

The Missionary Leader

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No. 7

Home Missions Department

Church Missionary Programme

First Week

Opening Exercises.
"Home Missionary Experiences."
Reports of Work by Local Members.
Reading: "Every Shoulder to the Wheel."
Prayer for Interested Ones.

Home Missionary Experiences

Results of Half an Hour Each Week Devoted to Service

SOMETIME ago a sister in one of our small churches felt that she would like to do something to advance the cause of God. She was a busy woman, with the care of her home and three children. However, after careful thought and much prayer, she felt that she could spend at least half an hour each week in doing something for the Master.

Remembering that three families had recently moved into the neighbourhood, she decided to pay them a friendly call, and to improve the opportunity by leaving a tract with each one. The sister was cordially received. Who does not appreciate a kind word of welcome when moving into a new neighbourhood?

She was invited to come again, and she did so, calling week after week with other tracts. She also gave the people an opportunity to ask questions, which were generally answered by giving a tract on the subject under consideration.

In one of these homes lived a young man with his widowed mother. They belonged to the Roman Catholic Church, and for years this young man had been an altar boy in the church. In less than four months that sister had the satisfaction of seeing both this young man and his mother members of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. This sister may have thought half an hour a week too little to be worth giving, but was it? It will give eternal life to that young man and his mother, if they are faithful.

Visited Five Families Each Week

A report comes from another sister that she, too, has had the satisfaction of seeing a young man and his family accept the truth as a result of systematically giving away tracts each week. Her plan was to visit five families each week.

What an impetus it would give to this message if the majority of our Sabbath-keepers would visit five families each week!

Selling Tracts

A brother writes: "We are doing a good work here. This is a young church, with only seventeen enrolled members. They are organized, as far as possible, after the instruction and plans of the Home Missionary Department, with bands formed and at work.

"The literature band is doing a good work with the sale of tracts and small books. We cannot supply the members with the tracts fast enough. We send cash orders to our tract society, and in a day or so the tracts are all sold. We have now decided to send for them by the boxful instead of in packages.

"The Lord is indeed blessing the work here and our people are having a splendid experience. Several persons are interested, and are keeping the Sabbath already. This shows what can be accomplished when there is organization. . . . I am sure much more might be done if we could get all our members to work. There is something that all can find to do."

Every Shoulder to the Wheel

THE thoughts of the whole world have been sobered. Millions of hearts are serious and sad, made so by the loss of loved ones through war and the world-prevalent influenza epidemic. They are undoubtedly possessed, much of the time, by thoughts of meeting their loved ones again. Never in the history of the world have men's hearts been so stirred. Never have world conditions made it so universally opportune to bring from God's open Word answers to the burning questions of men's souls. Loyalty to God's law, the state of the dead, healthful living, the soon coming of Jesus, and kindred truths, together with the present-day prophecies of God's Word, should be quickly published to the world.

All who faithfully fill the place appointed of God for them here, will surely be taken to occupy the place prepared for them over there.

Let every one put his shoulder to the wheel and lift, and let each be found lifting when the Master shall come to his name in the judgment now taking place.

Church Missionary Programme

Second Week

Opening Exercises: Song; Prayer; Minutes; Scripture Reading: Isa. 6: 1-8; Song.

Reports of Work Done.
Study: "The Message's Loud Cry."
Plans for Work.

LEADER'S NOTE.—It is intended that all these suggestive programmes be supplemented by other statements from the Spirit of Prophecy, and interesting items from the *Record*. It would be well to join in special prayer for objects mentioned in the *Record* reports.

The Message's Loud Cry

FOR many years we have believed and taught that before this blessed message closes, it will go with a loud cry. Various views have been held with reference to this "loud cry," but all have been agreed that when this "loud cry" is sounded, the

earth will be lightened with the glory of God.

In "Testimonies for the Church" we have the following concerning the "loud cry," and the lightening of the earth with God's glory:

"In visions of the night representations passed before me of a great reformatory movement among God's people. Many were praising God. The sick were healed, and other miracles were wrought. A spirit of intercession was seen, even as was manifested on the great day of Pentecost. Hundreds and thousands were seen visiting families, and opening before them the Word of God. Hearts were convicted by the power of the Holy Spirit, and a spirit of genuine conversion was manifest. On every side doors were thrown open to the proclamation of the truth. The world seemed to be lightened with the heavenly influence. Great blessings were received by the true and humble people of God. I heard voices of thanksgiving and praise, and there seemed to be a reformation such as we witnessed in 1844."—*Volume IX, p. 126.*

One thing is certain: whatever ideas people may hold with reference to the manner of the coming of the "loud cry," in this vision which God gave His servant she saw the world lightened with the glory of God. This is in harmony with what the angel was shown in Revelation 18:1-4. In connection with this experience, hundreds and thousands of God's servants were seen visiting families and opening before them the Word of God. It is clear that when the "loud cry" is here, there will be many of God's people doing personal work. Thousands will be seen labouring for souls, praying with the people.

We believe we had a little foretaste of this experience in a meeting held a short time ago in one of our conferences. At the close of an encouraging general meeting, early one Monday morning forty-five people gathered in the church before going into the homes of the people, to scatter our literature and visit the families. A few hours after the people left the church, they returned to relate their experiences; and blessed indeed were the stories they told. They certainly did praise God for what He had done for them. Their faces shone, as they told of the joy the Lord had brought into their hearts.

In thirty minutes after they had returned, the forty-five persons had told their experiences. They had prayed in the homes of the people, had given treatments to the sick, had read to others, and had comforted those who were distressed. Hundreds of books were sold. A hunger had been created in the hearts of young and old to do more of this kind of work for God, and many were thanking God for the privilege of taking part in such service. All were convinced that the Lord had made plain how this experience in the "loud cry" could come about.

Fellow worker, are you preparing for the "loud cry"? Are you expecting to

be among the number who will have part in this great reformatory movement? Do you wish to be part of the vision referred to in Volume IX, page 126? Then follow the programme as God has outlined it. The earth will be lightened with the divine influence. Are you expecting to enjoy this divine light? Then join the workers who are visiting the homes of the people, carrying to them the Word of God. Here is what God says this work will do for those who engage in it:

"The despondent will soon forget their despondency; the weak will become strong, the ignorant intelligent, and all will be prepared to present the truth as it is in Jesus. They will find an unailing helper in Him who has promised to save all that come unto Him."—*Id.*, p. 82.

Church Missionary Programme Third Week

Opening Exercises.

Study: "Our Day of Opportunity."

Incidents: "Used Her Signs for Samples."

"Why Did You Not Tell Me?"

Consecration Service.

Our Day of Opportunity

RAPID have been the movements of the recent past. Great and important events have followed one another in quick succession. Wonderful changes have taken place. The frightful war of the past four years has been brought to a close, and we have been ushered into a new world, a world of changed conditions, of new responsibilities, and of new opportunities.

Terrible though the war has been, it has evidently been used of God to throw down barriers, to open the doors of nations and afford greater liberty for the preaching of the gospel. From far and near come touching appeals for help. Doors are wide open on every hand; and present conditions give promise of a little time of peace in which to carry quickly to all nations the message of the coming kingdom. This is our day of opportunity and of tremendous responsibility. The task before us is great, and its accomplishment calls for more than human wisdom and strength. When the battle with sin is over there is to be a triumphant pageant that will admit of no comparison with any celebration of the Allies to do honour to the heroes of their recent victory. No slackers will be in the company that celebrates the victory over sin, death, and the grave. The last clash of arms will have ceased, and the curse of sin will have been removed forever and ever. Christ will call to the angels and bid them: "Gather My saints together unto Me; those that have made a covenant with Me by sacrifice." Ps. 50: 5.

The demands of the hour constitute a mighty appeal—a clarion call from God—to us to arise and speedily finish the work committed to us. It is time to place ourselves, our children, and our means upon the altar of God for service. Soon it will be too late. Soon the last sermon will have been preached, the last Bible reading held, the last contribution made, the last book sold, the last tract or paper given away, the last convert baptized, and the last appeal will have been made for sinners to turn to God. Then our gifts

will be too late, our efforts in vain. Now, just now, is our time to labour, to pray, to give.

"Why Did You Not Tell Me?"

A CERTAIN doctor in Haiti was very popular among the people. It sometimes seemed that he performed cures that were almost miraculous. Later this popularity caused him to enter politics, and he became a leader in one of the revolutions. The opposing party was victorious, and he was exiled from the country. He went to another island, and there he heard the third angel's message proclaimed.

One of our workers was a pupil and personal friend of this doctor. A few months ago the doctor wrote a letter to this brother, in which he said:

"You have known this glorious message all these years, even while I received you as a friend in my home. I can never quite forget that you kept it all to yourself. Why, O why, did you not tell me?"

Will not many ask us this question when it is too late to use our means and other talents to tell the glorious news of a soon-coming Saviour?—*Review and Herald*, March 20, 1919.

Used Her "Signs" for Samples

THIS week I received a letter giving an experience that is worth passing on. A lady decided that she would do something for the Lord right around her home, so began in the neighbourhood and took some of her Signs and used them as samples, giving one to each of sixteen neighbours, and twelve of them gave her a yearly subscription. One was a Catholic, one a Lutheran, another a Christian Scientist, and the others of various beliefs. All knew that she was an Adventist, but they wanted to read the things printed in this paper. Why not use yours in this way and place the truth in some homes?

Church Missionary Programme Fourth and Fifth Weeks

LEADER'S NOTE.—Space will not permit us to furnish programmes for the fourth and fifth weeks of this month. Doubtless some of the societies will be glad of this opportunity to consider local conditions and local plans. But if there are any at a loss for subject matter for their meetings we would suggest to the leaders that they use some of the good matter found in the *Review and Herald*. Or where you do not have access to this paper some of the good reports in late numbers of the *Record* could be reviewed and a season of prayer engaged in for the fields under consideration.

Missionary Volunteer Department

Missionary Volunteer Programme

First Week

Opening Exercises.

Reading: "Drought."

Poem: "The Secret."

Reading: "Rose and Brook."

LEADER'S NOTE.—The reading entitled "Drought" should be handed to some one who has time to thoroughly read through and can place the emphasis so as to show the connection between the texts and the thought. Give some one the poem to memorize. Draw upon the blackboard a picture of an Eastern well, showing the circular low stone wall around its mouth, upon which people sat and conversed as did Jesus with the woman of Samaria.

Drought

THERE is perhaps no other country that has such a large proportion of its area in a continual state of drought as Australia, where the vegetation is solely of a drought-resisting nature, subsisting on a moisture that is derived from only about four to six inches of rain annually. Very few of us here in Australia realize the vastness of this country's interior, and although we may be living some hundreds of miles from the coast, yet comparatively speaking we are still only on the fringe of this vast continent. One time the writer had occasion to visit what seemed to him as he travelled, a distance inland, and after the train sped over hundreds of miles of almost treeless plains covered by perennial salt bush, he arrived in the city, thinking he could now say he had been into the interior of Australia; but upon landing and later on consulting a map, he was amazed to find that the city, Broken Hill, was still many hundreds of miles from the interior, and he came to the conclusion that he was still only on the fringe of this country of big distances. Of our 154 churches in the Australian Union Conference, not two are more than 400 miles from the coast.

Some of the richest soil in the world is to be found in the interior, but without rain it is almost barren. However, we see the wisdom of God in providing such a country with that wonderful little bush called the salt bush, which is the best of fodder for sheep and cattle, and the horses that come from this inland country are the strongest and hardest in the world. Thousands of these animals have been exported to India for military work, which is very strenuous there, and only the strongest of horses would be suitable. However, it sometimes happens that the back country experiences such an exceedingly severe drought that even the salt bush dies off, when the cattle and sheep have to be driven hundreds of miles to another district to await the growth of vegetation again. These cattle stations are so large that it is not possible for them to always fence off their land from their neighbours who are living say fifty miles away. The writer was visiting one such farmer one day when a motor car pulled up at his homestead and upon enquiring as to who the visitor was, he answered, "It is my nearest neighbour." "How far away is his house?" the writer asked, for previously he had scanned the whole country side from a neighbouring hill and could see no dwelling anywhere. "About forty-five miles," the farmer answered.

Boundary riders are employed whose work takes them away from the homestead for weeks at a time rounding up the cattle and inspecting the dams of water and other duties. You can quite understand how these lonely men become so attached to their dogs and horses. The

writer met one such rider who said that if his dog died he would feel it as much as the death of a human being. This man's dog was so faithful that sometimes it would be necessary in pointing out a mob of sheep for him to lift it on to the horse's saddle and there it would follow the direction of the rider's hand and see many miles away a mob of sheep and immediately set off to bring them in. Sometimes it would be long after sunset when they arrived. This dog was taught to drink out of its master's hat. He would patiently wait even with water close by, for his master to take off his hat and go down and fill it with water before he would quench his thirst. The dog was taught this because of the danger of poison and also to cause it to look to its master for everything, thus winning its affection. What a lesson of faithfulness to the Christian who is to affectionately look to Jesus for his all in all.

In such a country as this did the patriarchs sojourn, and when they discovered a spring or a well of water they valued it so highly that it was given a well-chosen name expressing thanksgiving to God; "And he builded an altar there and called on the name of the Lord, and pitched his tent there; and there Isaac's servants digged a well." "And it came to pass the same day that Isaac's servants came, and told him concerning the well which they had digged, and said unto him, We have found water. And he called it Shebah; (that is an oath—margin) therefore the name of the city is Beershebah (the well of the oath—margin) unto this day." Gen. 26:25, 32, 33. So this important city and many others began by a very commonplace thing, the digging of a well and to them the joyful discovery of water. Earlier still in patriarchal times to illustrate the value that they placed upon a well, notice the words of Abraham to Abimelech: "And Abraham reproved Abimelech because of a well of water, which Abimelech's servants had violently taken away. And Abimelech said, I wot not who hath done this thing; neither didst thou tell me, neither yet heard I of it, but to-day." Gen. 21:25, 26. Upon understanding the physical geography of the country we can see that Abimelech's servants were guilty of a very serious crime and this Abimelech evidently realized and hastened to explain his innocence, and chided Abraham for not having told him before. Never, dear young people, when injured or seemingly ill-treated by another, stand aloof and dwell upon those injustices. Lovingly and humbly go to the one concerned and seek an understanding. Had Abraham done this in the first place it would have saved both him and his neighbour much painful misunderstanding. Also, you see, the results of those servants' disobedience placed their master in a very awkward position and when we as servants of the heavenly Master commit sin and act untruthfully, the world unconsciously blames our Lord and Master because of the transgressions we commit. When we as Christians sin we put Christ Jesus in a false light; in fact we make Him a liar. But when we are sincere and truthful and avoid sin we influence others to glorify God. Matt. 5:16.

In a warm and dry climate how very refreshing it is to view a sparkling spring. In a cold climate it does not appeal to one the same way. The special necessity of a

good supply of fresh water in a warm and dry country is apparent to all. Caleb's daughter, Achsah, with quick perception saw this necessity and "she said unto him, Give me a blessing, for thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And Caleb gave her the upper springs and the nether springs." Judges 1:15. Caleb's daughter showed great prudence and discretion in wanting "springs of water" something even more reliable than soakage wells.

Around the mouth of the well it was the custom to build a low stone wall three or four feet high upon which the people rested and talked to one another, thus the wall became a common meeting place for discussion and conversation. It was while Jesus was sitting upon the curb of a well "having become wearied with His journey . . . there cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water. Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink." John 4:6, 7. By the mouth of that well Jesus explained things that she had never heard before, saying, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Verse 14.

In a desert nothing so appeals to the human senses as the refreshing thought of a spring of water. The very word water becomes sweet and musical to the ear.

"That is the well whereof the Lord said unto Moses, Gather the people together and I will give them water." Then Israel sang this song,

'Spring up, O well; sing ye unto it;

The well, which the princes digged,

Which the nobles of the people delved
By the direction of the Lawgiver with
their staves."

Numbers 21:16-18.

This, one of Israel's sweetest songs, was written to commemorate the discovery of a well-spring of water.

How sweet is the promise in Isaiah, 35:6. (Call upon someone to read this text.)

A. C. CHESSON.

The Secret

Men wondered why in December heat,

The little brook with music sweet

Could glide along the dusty way,

When all else parched and silent lay.

Few stopped to think how every morn

The sparkling stream anew is born

In some moss-circled mountain pool,

Forever sweet and clear and cool.

A life that, ever calm and glad

One melody and message had—

"How keeps it so," men asked, "When I

Must change with ever changing sky?"

Ah! if men knew the secret power

That gladdens every day and hour,

Would they not change to song life's care,

By drinking at the fount of prayer?

—Selected.

Rose and Brook

"I WILL not give away my perfume," said the rosebud, holding its pink petals tightly wrapped in their tiny green case. The other roses bloomed in splendour, and those who enjoyed their fragrance exclaimed at their beauty and sweetness; but the selfish bud shrivelled and withered away unnoticed.

"No, no," said a little bird, "I do not

want to sing." But when his brothers soared aloft on joyous wings, pouring a flood of melody, making weary hearers forget sorrows and bless the singers, the little bird was lonesome and ashamed.

"If I give away all my wavelets, I shall not have enough myself," said the brook. And it hoarded all its waters in a hollow place, where it formed a stagnant, slimy pool.

A boy who loved a fresh, wide-awake rose, a buoyant, singing bird, and a leaping, refreshing brooklet, thought on these things, and said, "If I would have and would be, I must share all my goods with others, for

"To give is to live;

To deny is to die."

—Selected.

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Second Week

Opening Exercises.

Reading: "Drought."

Reading: "A Spiritual Drought and a Parrot's Remedy."

Closing Hymn: "We Plough the Fields and Scatter."

LEADER'S NOTE.—Nothing is so important as the understanding that we need the "latter rain," hence the heart preparation necessary to break up the fallow ground and pray for the spiritual drought to be removed. The reading entitled "Drought" should be divided according to the subheads and handed to good readers.

Drought

O soul of mine! we've wandered

In a dry and thirsty land,

With brazen skies above us,

And around us burning sand;

There was neither shade nor fountain

In that dry and thirsty land.

—Rossir.

Such is the poetic description of the land of Canaan which once flowed with milk and honey, but now is become a victim to the merciless tyranny of drought, in fulfilment of the prophecy of Deut. 28:22-24. "The Lord shall smite thee with . . . an extreme burning and with the sword, and with blasting, and with mildew; . . . and thy heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron. The Lord shall make the rain of thy land powder and dust: from heaven shall it come down upon thee, until thou be destroyed."

For thousands of years the waves of the Mediterranean have rolled upon the shores of the most prosperous countries on the earth, from the days of the ancient Egyptians to the time of the glory of Carthage on the south, and from the time of the Phoenicians, its first great navigators, to the time of the Byzantium Empire on the north. But now all this is changed.

It would seem as though the frown of God has rested upon the localities that once carried their teeming and thriving populations who in civilization sank to a lower level spiritually than the Dead Sea has geographically. What a name for the sea that once had upon its rolling billows the citizens of the prosperous cities of the plain! The saltiest ocean in the world is a reminder to those who, like Lot's wife, would forget the warnings

with which the history of the past has furnished us. Where once the inhabitants "dwelt under the vine and under the fig tree," an emblem of domestic happiness and peace, is now only to be seen the "degenerate plant of a strange vine." What once was the garden of the world has now through sin become a howling wilderness, and even the great nations of to-day see in most of those countries along the Mediterranean Sea not so much countries of commercial importance as of strategic importance. What a lesson to us as young people, of how God regards a neglect of God-given opportunities and special privileges!

A Lesson from the Sahara

There is surely a time coming when the curse will devour the earth, and every portion of its surface will be as lifeless as the Sahara Desert, which is described by a traveller thus:

"The surface consists partly of tracts of pure sanddunes, and partly of a dry calcareous crust of rock and shingle. Beneath this sandy and porous crust, however, there exists, often at very slight depths, impervious rock and clay which may be called the true floor of the desert, on which the sand rests like an accumulated layer of dust in an unswept room. The rivers and torrents which descend from the distant mountains, partly from the great Atlas range, partly from the High Sahara on the west, and partly from the mountains in the mid-desert to the south, pass beneath the sand until they encounter the water-tight rock, within which they secretly circulate and extend for great distances. So that though when in the midst of the desert and surrounded by blinding white sanddunes, the very idea of water seems absurd and its existence impossibly remote, yet it is often present at a distance underneath. This secret reservoir—so tantalizingly close, so difficult of attainment—of what in the desert are veritably the waters of life, is a phenomenon which has always haunted the Arab imagination, and has expressed itself in all kinds of legends and quaint theories and explanation."

The first scientific experiment to open a fountain in the North African desert was made by the French engineers more than half a century ago. The first sinking began on May 17, 1856; on June 9, the water-bearing strata was pierced and a river of water 6,000 quarts to the minute, gushed forth. The joy of the natives was unbounded, and the news of this French achievement spread with incredible rapidity throughout the south, bringing pilgrims from long distances to visit the scene of the marvel. The new well was solemnly christened by the assembled natives, and received the name of "The Fountain of Peace." A picturesque account has been given of the expectation and suspense, anxiety and triumph, with which the boring was watched day by day; and when the people saw with their own eyes this fountain of water which the French had set running within four weeks, it is stated that they gave themselves up to manifestations of delight. All the people were embracing each other, the women fairly screamed for joy, the night passed in dancing and festivity; a goat was sacrificed at the mouth of the well, the sheiks of the neighbourhood gathered round it to recite their prayers, while young girls danced to wild music and the

men, according to their custom, fired their guns into the air.

So again we read how water was reached at the dying oasis which had almost turned back into the desert. When shouts of the soldiers announced that water was flowing the natives rushed up in crowds. They threw themselves on this new spring we set flowing out of earth's bosom. The mothers bathed their children in it. One old sheik could not master his feelings, but, falling upon his knees, he lifted up his shaking hand toward Heaven and thanked God and the French.

A Precious Gift

As the Bible was written by men who lived in dry and thirsty lands where the heaven above could become an inverted bowl of brass, while the earth beneath lay scorched and parched as with the breath of a furnace, we can appreciate the value they placed upon the following language: "In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the House of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and uncleanness." And so throughout the Scriptures the most precious of all earthly possessions is a water-spring, and the most importunate of all prayers is the request, "Give me to drink." Yet this most touching appeal of the Saviour's was treated with contempt and He died, for your sake, dear young people, with a burning thirst such as only the extreme heat of a summer's day upon a brow protected from the sun's rays only by a crown of thorns, could produce. Instead they heartlessly offered him "vinegar mingled with gall."

In one of the Australian art galleries is a beautiful picture illustrating a severe drought. It depicts a large mob of sheep slowly driven along a dusty road by weary drovers with their dogs. The appearance of the sheep indicated that they had travelled a long distance and were almost dying of thirst. Suddenly the leading sheep ran forward to a pool of water which they scented, as did also the dogs. In vain the drovers tried to keep them back. The mob with marvellous energy ran forward right into the pool, many dying because of drinking so large a quantity after so prolonged a drought. It is a very pathetic picture and was painted to show the terrible tortures of thirst.

In Psalms 32: 3, 4, David said: "When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long. For day and night Thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer." The soul that is thirsting and hungering after righteousness will never be turned away, for the promise is that "he shall be filled."

Pilgrims to a Better Land

As the time came for Israel's entrance into the land of Canaan, God led them from Egypt through a desert wilderness for forty years, until they longed with intense longing to enter the promised land; and when they were permitted to do so, vast was the contrast between the land of their sojourn,—a land of great droughts (Hos. 13:5),—and the land flowing with milk and honey. Every furlong of green grass and every grove of waving palms must have spoken to their hearts of God's wonderful goodness. To them it was a sudden transformation from barrenness to Edenic beauty, from a land of no water to the banks of the overflowing Jordan.

When the time comes for God's people

to be emancipated from this present evil world with its wilderness of temptation, and placed in the heavenly Canaan, vaster still will be the contrast, from being in a land where a "righteous man who can find?" to be placed in the happy company of all sinless angels, and to be associated in friendly terms with men and women who loved not their lives unto the death. Heaven will appear beautiful to the eyes of Adam and Eve, but more glorious still will it be to the redeemed of the last generation, because greater still will be the contrast to us who are living in days parallel to the time of Israel's wanderings, days of spiritual drought, of prevailing unbelief, and open rebellion against the government of God. Then God called His people out of Egypt to teach them to keep His commandments, including His holy Sabbath, also the principles of righteousness, temperance, health reform (as recorded in Deut. 14), dress reform, tithing (Lev. 27: 30), and light concerning man's atonement. These principles of righteousness God had given them before, but they had forgotten them.

A similar work is God accomplishing to-day, not because these same principles are altogether new, but simply because His people had forgotten them, and a full understanding of their duty was necessary before they could enter the heavenly Canaan.

Just before the Israel of God is translated, this earth becomes almost barren because the fire hath devoured the pastures of the wilderness and the rivers are dried up. "How do the beasts groan! the herds of cattle are perplexed, because they have not pasture; yea, the flocks of sheep are made desolate." Joel 1: 18, 20. It will be a time of great drought, because of the sun it is written: "Power was given unto him to scorch men with fire." And spiritually there will be a drought, too; for "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine in the land, not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord." Amos 8: 11.

Let us draw a lesson from man's greatest friend in the desert, the camel. This animal kneels at the close of day to have its load lifted off for the night, and next morning it kneels again to receive its load for the day. We, too, morning and evening, are to kneel in humble prayer and joyful praise to God.

A Spiritual Drought and a Parrot's Remedy

ONCE upon a time, it does not matter when nor where, the deacons of a certain church met to consider the state affairs in their little Zion. Things were going wrong. There were few conversions, many empty pews, and grumblers enough to stock a dozen churches. Even the collection plate was getting black in the face, and when that is the case it is time to pass an Ecclesiastical Reform Bill. Great was the talk, and, alas! they fell upon the poor minister as the root of all the evil. One said he preached too long and frightened the people away. Another, that his doctrine was different from that of his sainted predecessors. Another, that he did not visit enough. Another still, that he lacked unction, fire, and force. Well, sinners must have a scape-goat, and who so fit for one as the minister? Now in

the corner of the room there hung a parrot cage, and on the perch within stood a fine green parrot. Lately arrived in this country, it knew no other language than that which it had heard at sea. It was evidently puzzled by the talk of the brethren, and held its head on one side as if it wished to master the subject under consideration. One thing was certain, it meant to have its say in the matter as soon as the opportunity offered. The chance came. A lugubrious brother, in a long and mournful speech, was still bewailing their unfortunate circumstances, and in coming to a close said, "Well, my brethren, I am sorry things are as they are: our minister may be a good man, yet, think of it as I will, I see no remedy but—"

"Work, you lubbers, work. Work, you lubbers, work."

So said the parrot, and abruptly finished the brother's speech and started the entire body of deacons into a state of abnormal activity. Horrified at the untimely timeliness of the parrot's remark, the good brother who owned the bird sprang up in anger—he was but a man—and made a dash at the cage with the full intent of teaching the poor creature the dumb alphabet by twisting his neck.

"Stop, brother, stop," cried one of the brethren. "You may wring the parrot's neck, but you cannot wring the neck of truth. The bird is right, we are wrong. Work is the remedy after all."

They tried the remedy, and the result was all that could be desired.—*London Freeman.*

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Third Week

Opening Exercises.

Text: 2 Tim. 2:15.

Reading: "Standard of Attainment."

Reading: "Are You Ready?"

"Why Reach the Mark of Proficiency?"

Reading: "How to Succeed." (See *Record* of June 23.)

LEADER'S NOTE.—Aim to give the Standard of Attainment Course a new impetus. Inquire how many in your society are taking it. Enlist the interest of all, and plan high to have some from every society commence the course. These young people who study systematically and faithfully God will be pleased to use. Do not allow this special programme to be cut out. If a worker is present, ask him to take the last two readings and to add personal experiences. Afterwards, plan to take the course yourself and speak to the others.

Standard of Attainment

DURING the last few years special departments have been organized in the denomination with the object of assisting the young people in the church. Realizing that now as never before Satan is busy to ensnare the young, plans have been made to enlist their interest and sympathy in the cause, and to prepare them for a place in the Lord's work. However, not all can immediately go to our colleges and schools, so a course called the Standard of Attainment Course has been arranged that goes deeper still than the Reading Course, which in itself is

excellent and will be continued. In addition to a complete study of our doctrinal books the Standard of Attainment Course includes a study of our denominational history and a complete study of our doctrinal texts, also a text book on grammar and English is included. You are given your own time in the finishing of the course, and as the books are completed an examination is held. Those who pass the course receive a certificate which is sent out from our Union Conference Office in Wairoa. The details of the Standard of Attainment will be explained to you if you will get into touch with your leader or State Missionary Volunteer Secretary.

Are You Ready

WHY study for the Standard of Attainment, or keep up with the Morning Watch and other outlines of work and study as laid out by those who deem it a privilege and duty to do all in their power to assist the youth in carrying this message to the world in its appointed time? Perhaps a experience of a few years ago may help some one to realize at least one great value of doing this, of knowing and having the Word instilled into the mind until one can speak words of comfort to the afflicted and point sinners to Christ.

I spent a number of days and nights beside the sickbed of a girl friend almost eighteen years of age. She had not been reared in a Christian home, and her knowledge of a Saviour's love was very limited. As the physician said it was only a matter of a little time, only a few short days, before her decease, I felt sad as I realized that this young life, so pure, so kind, and loving, would soon be no more. There was no one else in the neighbourhood to hold out the hope we had, no one she cared to talk to so much as to me.

How could I, then, let her lie there and see her lifeblood ebb away without saying something to her about her soul's salvation? I was greatly troubled. Her mother felt that her daughter would recover. She could not believe that she would die. I prayed earnestly that God would give me opportunity to speak some word to her of His love. I knew that should I speak to her on this subject, her mother would worry lest it might make her worse. Still I felt she must not go in that condition; so I continued to ask God's direction.

Hour after hour passed by, and it seemed the enemy was making sure of his victim, and that the right moment would never come. Her parents apparently gave little thought to God, but at an unexpected moment the broken-hearted mother slipped a Bible into my hand and said, "Read and talk to her." How often we are surprised when God answers our prayers! My heart bounded with joy, but soon sank in despair. Where, O where should I read? What words could I read in these anxious moments, and where should I find them? The more I tried to think, the more confused I became. It was then I felt my shame, reared an Adventist as I had been, that I knew so little about the truth which God had intrusted to me. I felt deeply that every Christian should study to show himself approved unto God. I read as best I could, but great anxiety was mine as I felt that her life was fast slipping into eternity, and I

really did not know how to break the bread of life to her.

Had I studied such outlines of this message as are laid out by our Standard of Attainment, I am sure I could have done better. I am sure that as I folded her hands in rest on that July morning, I could have done it with less sorrow. I might have felt when she called to me, "I am dying," that God was calling His own; but now as thoughts come to me of those anxious days, they leave inscribed on my memory, "An opportunity ineffectively improved, and without excuse."

May all who read this be spared the pain it leaves in my heart. You may be called to comfort a dying companion who has never thought of Christ until he feels his life ebbing away. Are your words of comfort ready? Have you studied to show yourself approved unto God? If not, you will find this a most difficult place. Will your mind be stored with words of comfort, or will it be so shattered and confused with embarrassment by the situation that you cannot point the dying soul to Christ, and show him the love and sympathy that is needed?

Are you ready to give, with open Bible, comfort to the sorrowing heart? As trouble thickens on every hand, when men's hearts are failing for fear, when they are trembling at their own neglect, when they long for words of comfort, are you ready to minister to them? Are you storing in your minds words or passages from God's Letter that will help you to stand as Daniel stood? May God help us each to improve the opportunities that now lie within our reach. MAE MARK.

Why Reach the Mark of Proficiency?

(Suggestions for Talk)

NOT long ago a company of young people in one of our large American cities went out in rowing boats. They were having a very good time, and no one, it seemed, dreamed of danger; but upon reaching a treacherous place in the stream, the canoes suddenly capsized. It was not far to land, but twenty-one—all but two or three—were drowned. They could not swim, and the few who managed to make their escape could not swim well enough to rescue others from that dangerous current.

Does not this experience contain a solemn lesson for every Missionary Volunteer? We have reached a very serious time in the history of the world. Even in lands where churches are plentiful and Bibles may be found in the majority of homes, hundreds of people, young and old, are daily sinking into Christless graves. These, too, the Saviour has purchased with His own precious blood. Then why this waste?—Here is one reason: Few know the way into "the secret place of the Most High" well enough to lead others into it. Do you know that way well enough? Do you understand the Guidebook? Can you lead others into the rift in the Rock of Ages?

The Standard of Attainment is promoted by the Missionary Volunteer Department for two reasons: That you may learn the way, and that you may be able to teach it to others. Thousands of young people have reached this mark of proficiency that they may become better soul-winners, better able to answer with

a "Thus saith the Lord," the arguments they meet. In Australia and England the Missionary Volunteers have done very thorough work. The young people in the West Indies, in India, and the Philippine Islands are represented in the Attainment membership. If we could see things as they really are, we should discover young people in many lands and speaking many languages, all striving for the Standard of Attainment goal. Workers in South America and in the West Indies have been translating some Standard of Attainment helps to enable their young people to climb faster toward this mark of proficiency.

If the native young people in Central Africa have courage to enlist in the race for this goal,—and they do, for all the members of one mission station society are studying for Membership of Attainment,—then surely young people who have had far better advantages, have no excuse for drawing back. If the native boys in India, and China, and in various island mission fields can obtain Standard of Attainment certificates, why cannot you? And are you not as ambitious as they to become successful soul-winners?

Sabbath School Missionary Exercises

(July 5)

A Thousand Converts

DURING the month I have been in Fiji I have had some interesting experiences. I have seen how the gospel, the power of God unto salvation, can change lives. I have seen the mighty working of the Spirit of God upon these semi-civilized people. I have just returned from a trip up into the interior. In company with Brother Parker I spent seven days living with the natives of Colo. I lived in their huts, slept on their beds, ate food grown, prepared, and served by the natives: everything done in native style. We travelled many miles on foot, walking along native paths, through dense tropical forests, with mud over the boot-tops, and fording flooded mountain streams. Several times the natives carried me across the stream on their backs. Twice in two miles I had to wade through flooded streams up to the waist, the strong current nearly carrying me away at times.

But what interested me most of all is the wonderful awakening of these people. The interest reported has not been over-estimated. One can hardly realize it,—over one thousand natives desiring to unite with the remnant church. We must have more workers from somewhere. If we have not native workers, then white workers must step right in now. The Spirit of God is doing its appointed work. We must not neglect this interest: our people should rise as one man and do their part now—right here in Fiji. Although whole towns are desiring to unite with us as a people, as individuals they have an intelligent grasp of the principles of the message. Wonderful changes have taken place in a few months.

One chief held out up to a month ago, then he took his stand for the truth. He now believes and practises our teaching with all his heart. Speaking before his

people—130 were present—he told us that what caused him to investigate and think seriously about the truth was the wonderful change that came over his people when they became Seventh-day Adventists. He recognized the power of God. He pointed men in the congregation out to us and told of their changed lives. "Why," he said, "when the bell rings, all go to church, and a number of them take part in the services and the Sabbath school who previously had no interest in spiritual things." His people have all given up intoxicants, smoking, and the use of unclean foods. Thus he was led to investigate and as a result he found the truth.

All at this place are now Seventh-day Adventists. As we approached this town we were greeted by natives who had lined the path leading up from the water, and they were singing from the heart some of our good songs of the message. It stirred my soul as I listened and watched these people who are hungering for the bread of life. I believe that if work could be done at once right through Colo, thousands would unite with us.

As we visited different towns, chiefs from other towns desired us to visit them. The natives are taking a deep interest in the extension of the work. They say all the people of Colo right up into the mountains will unite with the church of God in Fiji. The Lord is doing great things. He is rising up to finish the work. May we all be faithful and endure to the end.

W. GILLIS.

(July 12)

Island Jewels

AMONG those who have recently been baptized in Moorea, Society Islands, is one by the name of Omea. He has a fine physique and is generous hearted.

Our brother was formerly a member of the Protestant church, and a drunkard. Of him it might be said, "Ye have lien among the pots." But now his changed condition, the open countenance and honest look, the cleanly person and upright carriage, is fittingly contrasted in the beautiful prophetic promise, "Yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." In this pleasing transformation Satan certainly has been at his right hand to resist, but in the struggle of months the angels of mercy have stood close by, and we have watched the contest with unusual interest, and have seen and realized the effects of a repetition of those words, "Take away the filthy garments from him. And unto him he said, Behold, I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with a change of raiment."

Formerly, after a Sunday's drink, Monday would witness the storm in the home as he would take by force from the children's hands one of their pet sucking pigs to pay the costs to the Chinese wine seller. Now they await his home coming, which is not with staggering gait and blood-shot eye, but with a beaming face, and with food for their little mouths, and soft words for her who shares with him the burdens of the home. Upon one occasion as he was boarding a schooner leaving Papeete for Moorea, he was accosted by his former drinking associates, and they endeavoured to take him by force to a close-by vessel where they were drinking; but falling in

their attempt they stood upon the wharf as his vessel was pulling out, and repeatedly mocked, asking him if he were a minister. But Satan's device failed again, and our reformed brother was glad to witness for his Saviour in such a way and in such a place. Would we do better in the homeland?

His wife, formerly a slave to the tobacco habit, has found deliverance by that same power, and a few days ago this couple walked hand in hand into the water where Pastor Lyndon proclaimed upon them the holy name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

As I think again of this particular case my heart takes on fresh courage, and I thank Him who has given me a part in this work among His people who give and go for the reclaiming of the lost. And in the grand harvest so close at hand, there will truly be an equal sharing of the spoils with those who go forth to battle and with those who stay by the stuff.

H. A. HILL.

(July 19)

Sabbath School in the Solomons

"IF you were with us on Sabbath morning," said Brother D. Nicholson in a talk given at the Union Conference, "you would see dark objects appearing on the distant sea. They grow larger, and take the shape of canoes. Then the natives on shore at the station begin to tell what canoe this or that one is. Enthusiasm reigns. The natives have eyes like hawks, and can pick out the canoes at a great distance.

"As the canoes from every direction touch shore, the people put on their clothes and come to the meeting-house. All who come to church remain for Sabbath school, chiefs and all, old and young, seventy or eighty of them, perhaps coming in by canoes and going without food in order to attend.

"We have numbers of young men who can conduct a review of the lessons they have learned, that will cover a period of six months."

"And they are punctual in attendance," added Sister Nicholson, speaking in a Sabbath school rally at the New South Wales camp-meeting. "I have never known a native to come in late. One day a family did arrive after Sabbath school had opened, and they turned back without coming in, rather than be late.

"On one occasion, when there were no canoes available to bring some of the natives across the lagoon to the Sabbath school, they swam the entire distance, holding their clothes above their heads to keep them dry. They did this rather than to break their record of perfect attendance, and I am glad to say that they succeeded in reaching the school on time."

One of our most successful native Sabbath school workers, Pana by name, has been sent to assist Brother Tutty at the newly opened mission station of Dovel. Pana is a cousin of Pao, who came to Sydney last summer. Brother Nicholson has sent us a free translation of a letter this young native brother wrote to Pao. Note the missionary spirit and burden for souls manifested by his letter:

"Dear Brother Pao,—

You hear my words now. I am in the midst of people living in dark-

ness, who are like one just awaking out of sleep, because of perplexity. But I know Jesus is with me, and this is good. You tell Tatagu that I do not know the time of my return. I have no mind in this, because I am looking for sheep lost in darkness. One word again. You teach Namusu the Bible for baptism, and tell the baptized men and women to be true and stand strong. Roni is willing to follow the Bible. You teach him and tell his people.

Your brother in Christ, Pana."

(July 26)

The Blessing of Giving

ABOUT five years ago I had the habit of dropping a penny into the mission collection every Sabbath at the Sabbath school.

It was a rather small offering, but I did not think very much about it; and if I did not give more, it was partly because none of the other people did—most of them anyhow.

Then I attended an annual meeting, where the leading brethren called our attention to the needs of foreign missions, and urged us to raise the donation to five pence a person per week. This I did quite willingly, though I was a rather poor man at that time; my wife had been ill for some years, and I was greatly in debt. My own health was not the best either. I remember one Christmas morning I had only coarse, dry bread for my breakfast—no butter—and only cold water to drink. But I thanked the Lord I had even that.

Then an accident happened which was the beginning of a change in my affairs. I had borrowed an implement—an American compositor's stick—from one of my friends, and was unfortunate enough to lose it. I was rather sorry because I was unable to find it; I should, of course, have to pay its worth to the owner.

Then the thought came to my mind that the Lord knew where the stick was, and He could help me to find it. I sought him earnestly for help. I found the stick a few days later, and gave a shilling the next Sabbath as a thank offering.

Two weeks later I lost my raincoat, and tried in vain to find it, visiting several places and asking for it. I also advertised, but the coat seemed to be totally lost. I was on the way to buy a new one, when I remembered my experience with the compositor's stick, and again sought the Lord for help. Three days later I found the coat in a machine shop, where I had left it. This time I gave two shillings into the collection as a thank offering.

The next Sabbath I heard the Sabbath school leader expressing his joy over the fact that the collection was rising, and he said that he had intended to change a sixpence the former Sabbath in order to give a part of it, when he noticed a two-shilling piece among the collected money. He felt somewhat ashamed, and dropped his sixpence into the collection. I found this rather inspiring, and it caused me to give two shillings the next Sabbath also.

The following week I was favoured with some unexpected good business, and thankful to the Lord for this, I gave two shillings in the next collection.

From that time not a week passed during two years that I did not find some reason to bring the Lord a thank offering, and I kept up the two-shilling standard

until two years ago, when I felt so thankful to the Lord for all His goodness and also felt so burdened to bring the good news of salvation to the heathen, that I enlarged my weekly donation to five shillings.

I kept this up for two years, and in this time business affairs all changed. I have paid all my debts, and saved money besides. I have a nice home and a good supply of clothes, besides being able to help people in want with considerable money. Some time ago I enlarged my weekly Sabbath school collection to ten shillings a week, and at the same time I began to help more liberally some friends who were in want.

Then I wrote down my experiences in a small paper I am publishing. A copy came into the hands of a rich gentleman, and he wrote that he would place £55 at my disposal, to give away to poor people. I gladly accepted his offer, and had great joy in distributing his generous gift.

Encouraged by the good example of this gentleman, I decided to give £5 into the collection the next Sabbath. Two days after I was able to earn £55 in one business deal. I have made it my aim to be able to give £5 into the Sabbath school every week. By the grace of the Lord I have already been able to do this a few times, and the spiritual blessings I receive from the Sabbath school—the peace of mind, passing all understanding—I consider worth more than all the riches of the world.

H. M. L.

Foreign Mission Day

(July 12)

Promises to Those Who Pray

1. ALL that we need. John 16: 23, 24; 14: 13, 14.
2. Peace that passeth understanding. Phil. 4: 6, 7.
3. Nearness to God. Jas. 4: 8.
4. Showers of blessing. Zech. 16: 1.
5. Renewal of strength. Isa. 40: 31.
6. Deliverance in the time of trouble. Ps. 50: 15; 91: 15.
7. Guidance in adversity. Isa. 30: 18-21.
8. Help to bear our burdens. Ps. 55: 22; 1 Peter 5: 7.
9. Guidance in our daily duties. Prov. 16: 3.

Progress in Europe

PASTOR J. Wibbens, in charge of the work in Holland, tells how marvellously the work has been advancing in these days of strain and stress:

"The progress in gaining souls is in some parts of our union and sister unions unheard of great. Three ministers, all that were left on account of war conditions, gained in one field 150 members. Wonderful success has also attended our workers in winning souls in the districts of West Russia, where the populace has suffered tremendously on account of the war. In Roumania the Lord has simply used the war to the furtherance of His cause. Ministers in uniform preached the gospel in cities and towns which were before tightly closed, and reaped in one or two quarters, 111 souls. Instead of being checked on account of war conditions, the Lord simply used the war for

His ends. O, what a soul-inspiring thing is this wonderful message! In July, H. F. Schuberth told us that in some sections of Germany our meetings were closed by the authorities. A month later he sent me a copy of a letter from the Minister of War, stating that full liberty for the holding of meetings had been given us again.

"Some time ago I gloried in the fact that we had sold in the little field of Holland £2,400 worth of literature in one year; but last quarter, notwithstanding much rainy weather, we sold £800 worth. And so it is in the field in general. It is no more a question of whether our books can be sold; that was settled long ago. The question is now where to get the paper to satisfy the demands. We have now a special book depot for our canvassers in the Hague. Dutch books and pamphlets are all printed here; but of course we have no printing office of our own. When the war is over plans will be worked out to erect one. Machinery is not to be had now. Everything is terribly high."

From Damascus to Cairo

BY the grace of the wonder-working Providence of God, we are now, my wife and I, in Cairo, Egypt. We were "as dying, and behold we live." Several mammoth volumes could be written respecting those things we heard and saw in Turkey since the present war broke out, especially since Turkey entered the European conflict.

No doubt you will be interested in the following sketch of some of our experiences:

I was about to be called to military service when I was sent into exile with my wife. I saw the hand of God in many circumstances during our banishment. Human language is not able to describe all the atrocities committed by the Turks upon the poor Armenians. Many of our members and some of our workers could not be found, in spite of all possible research on our part. Probably not one of them is alive. We shall meet them on the glad morn of the awakening. We would have shared their fate had not God come to our help graciously. We were "saved from the mouth of the lion."

The Turkish Government had planned to send me from the place of our exile to Derzor, Mesopotamia, when God sent me in a miraculous manner to Damascus, the safest of the exile places Armenians were sent to, thus saving us from the terrible massacre. Glory to His holy name! He saved me above all from the greatest danger—the danger of denying the Christian faith.

The Turks had come, these late years, to the conclusion that, in order to keep their country in safety, all the population should be *Turks* and *Moslems* by any means. They thought that the land could be better secured if all had the same opinion and religion. Therefore it would be a necessity that the Christian should accept Islamism. They first made a trial with the poor Armenians in Damascus where we were. They proceeded this way: They heralded that those who would not accept Mohammedanism would be sent to an unknown place and their families to another. They began to arrest the Armenians with their families

and imprisoned them, not in a building, but in a ruined place, leaving them without bedding, food or water, to force them to become Moslem. Not a few accepted the Mohammedan religion for fear of death.

The Turks themselves formulated the following request to be presented to the Turkish Government by the Armenians:

"I had believed before the war that the Islam religion was true, but for fear of my nation I would not dare to confess it openly. But now as I enjoy full liberty I willingly accept the Moslem religion without being forced by the Turkish Government. Graciously accept me as such."

My wife and I had made the decision to die rather than deny our faith, because we had heard that those in other places were put to death on the way to exile, for their refusal to accept the Moslem religion. But our God became a very present help in that trying hour and saved us miraculously. Glory to His holy name!

The government had burned our house, and sent us into exile. Part of our furniture, with my dearly loved books, were burned during the fire. Those who were with us sold their few things to live on, but later, thousands died because of starvation. "A bite of bread!" were the last groaning words of many while giving up the ghost.

The Lord opened the way for us to come to Egypt. We rode on camels for thirteen days, crossing deserts full of difficulties and dangers. We arrived at Abulesel, and from thence, by the help and permission of the English Government, we reached this place safely. We rejoiced at being welcomed by our people in Cairo, and were comforted.

We are convinced that the Lord has a work for us here. He saved us, and brought us here. We surrender ourselves unreservedly to His blessed will and do as His providence shall guide us, till the time when we go back again to our own field to undertake the work. We do hope the dear readers of these lines will rejoice with us and praise the Lord for the wonderful works He does to the children of men. Brethren, pray for those who are still in Turkey, a country full of dangers and calamities.

A. M. BUZUGHERIAN.

A Visit to the West Indies

I WAS asked to visit the islands of the West Indies to help our brethren there and look over the work. I think I will tell you of the trip I made down there.

Their custom for their meetings is different from ours. When they came to decide on the hour that I should speak to them they said five o'clock in the morning. I said, "That is early for me, but if it is your pleasure we will have it then," and so we had the meetings then. They were always present and really enjoyed the meetings.

Some mornings I got there a little before five, but the people were there before me. I said, "How is this? When I go away the people are here and when I come back they are here." The minister said, "These people, many of them, do not have a clock or watch, and so when they wake up in the night they don't know the time, so just get up anyway and start for church."

Found True Hospitality

I went to stay with one family and they only had one bed and I was to stay there

over night. I wondered where everybody was going to sleep. They said, "Now, that is your bed." They had made it up as nice as they could. I looked around and said, "I do not want to be inquisitive, but I want to know where the rest are going to sleep." I found they slept on the floor and had given me the only bed they had.

This family was instrumental in starting the work in that place. At one time their house was burned and they were stranded because of their poverty, and I said, "Hadn't you better give the whole thing up?" but they said, "No, we have only one thing to live for and that is giving the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ." There is nothing else worth while. I found from others that the revelation of the gospel in that family had made them missionaries for others.

We have a good work going on there in British Guiana. We have about seven hundred believers in that country, something like fifteen different companies. Some are South American Indians, some are natives, and some are English speaking people.

How the Work Started in British Guiana

You may be interested to know how our work took root down there. There was a brother working among the ships here in New York who would visit captains and place bundles of literature on the ships and ask them to distribute this literature in the harbours where they landed.

He thus became acquainted with the captain who came down to Georgetown, and so asked him to take some literature down to Georgetown. The captain said, "I am not a missionary." The brother said to him, "But you can carry missionary literature, can't you?" So he finally prevailed upon him to take it. When they reached Georgetown he distributed the literature and said to himself, "Now I have gotten rid of it, so I've done my duty." One man who got some of the literature took it home with him. He was taken sick. A lady came in to see him and he said, "There are some papers on the table a ship captain gave me as he said, 'There, I have fulfilled my promise.' I suppose there is something in them for us." The woman took a paper home and began to read it. She compared its teachings with the Bible and began to obey the Lord and soon there were six or seven other believers with her, and soon they had a company there.

She was so glad to get the good news that she folded the paper and sent it to another island to her sister, and several others read it and believed, and as a result we have seven hundred believers in British Guiana and three hundred in the Island of Barbadoes.

A Rough Gold Miner Converted

I learned something of how the work was going up in the country that was hard of access. I found the message had gone up into the gold fields, way up there in the country of perpetual snow, among rough men who did not seem to care for God nor man nor anything else in the world.

There was one man up there who had been a hard man himself, but somehow the Spirit of God rested on him and he said, "I wish I had a Bible to read." The men laughed at him and asked him if he was

getting religion. He said, "I wish I had a Bible to study." They could not find any Bible, but one woman said, "If you are so anxious to read I have a book that says something about religion. You may have it if you wish." He said he would like to have it. He became so absorbed in that copy of one of our books he did not want to do anything else. He went down to Georgetown and found our people down there and began to study and examine the Bible and was thoroughly confirmed in the message of truth for the time.

After he had been down there for a time he said, "I would like to go right up there to the miners and sell this book. I think I can sell one to every man I meet." They told him all right, to go ahead. He started out with two or three boxes of books. He went up there and, of course, had had no experience. He started out and a woman came to the door of the first house he approached. He started in canvassing her and tried to sell one of the books. She was just getting interested in it when a man who had been in another part of the house heard what was going on. He said, "What are you trying to sell this woman?" He got angry and threw the book out on the street and turned the man out of the house. The colporteur was not looking for anything like that and said, "Have I come up here for such an experience as this?"

He went to his house and got down on his knees and prayed. He went out again and the next person did not treat him that way. He sold several books. A day or two later he met the man who had thrown him out and spoke to him very nicely, but the man did not speak. In a few days he met the same man again in such a position he could not help but speak to him. It was very embarrassing to him, but the man said, "How can you speak to me after what I have done to you?" They had a talk and the man made an appointment with him for a Bible study. He finally accepted the truth and became a co-worker with this brother in the cause.

A Leper Missionary

I was interested in another company up there. Near Georgetown there was a company of believers who were all lepers. It seems as though there was a believer who became a leper and they put him in the lepers' asylum and he began missionary work. I found a Sabbath school there of twenty-one members and most of them were baptized believers. They told me of the offerings they gave for foreign missions. I did not know how they could give money when they earned nothing. They said, "You see, the government allows each one so much for tobacco, and as we do not use it we give that money to missions."

There is something about the gospel of Jesus Christ when it gets into the hearts of men and women that leads them outside of themselves; it enlarges their horizon; it helps them to see the needs of other people and to give themselves to the help of their fellow men. Friends, that is what Christianity is wherever it is found, and if it is filling your heart that is what it is going to do for you. J. L. SHAW.