



THE MISSIONARY LEADER



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No. 4

Home Missions Department

Suggestions for the Sabbath Home Missionary Service

(To be held on Sabbath, April 23)

Note to the Leader

As the Appeal for Missions will probably be drawing to a close at the time of this Fourth Sabbath Missionary meeting, it is suggested that after a suitable but short opening by the leader of the meeting, the time be given to the members in which to relate their experiences during the campaign, and to tell of the blessings received as they have sought to enlighten and help the people, from whom they have solicited offerings for missions.

Through published reports and communications received from the Conference office, no doubt the one leading out in the meeting will have something of special interest to present, that will help to give this service a real good start.

The following facts may also prove helpful in refreshing the minds of the members, as to the many ways in which this Appeal work may prove productive of good.

Facts Concerning the "Appeal for Missions" Campaign

1. IT is an effective means of carrying the truth of the second coming of Christ to friends and neighbours.

2. It is a successful method of finding the honest in heart, who are looking for light and for a better Christian experience; and it opens the way for follow-up work in Bible readings, missionary correspondence, and personal visits.

3. It removes prejudice from the minds and hearts of people who have regarded us as proselytizers, and creates a spirit of Christian fellowship, when attention is called to the world-wide movement by Seventh-day Adventists to advance the gospel.

4. It gives the members of the church a new experience, strengthening faith and courage; it deepens the prayer life, and in some instances completely changes the aspirations. It acts as a reflex movement on the entire being, which is invaluable.

5. It develops workers in the church. To many, the "Appeal" work is the open door to missionary endeavor. It rekindles the first love, takes one out of the "sea of imperfect works", and inspires a burning desire for the salvation of others.

6. It helps to supply the needs of the Mission field, making it possible to carry this blessed gospel to the ends of the earth and to enlighten those who sit in darkness.

7. It gives the youth a vision of the possibilities which lie before them, and in consequence, many dedicate their lives to service in the Master's vineyard.

8. Above all, the "Appeal" campaign hastens that greatly desired event—the coming of the Lord.

Brother, sister, these facts may be demonstrated in your experience. Are you doing your part? —Selected.

Missionary Volunteer Department

Missionary Volunteer Programme

First Week

I Can Be A Soul Winner

Opening Exercises.

"Three Things I Must Do."

Reading: "First Essential: Study."

Reading: "Second Essential: Work."

Story: "The Man That Died for Me."

Reading: "Third Essential: Pray."

LEADER'S NOTE.—It would be well to have the outline of the subject for to-day, "Three Things I Must Do," written on the blackboard, and show the thought running right through the whole subject. Then have the "Three Essentials" presented by three different members who have been previously notified.

Beginning with this month we start on the new Reading Course book, "Advance Guard of Missions." Beginning with the third week, it is suggested that a little time of each meeting be devoted to the lives of the missionaries covered by the book. Please read the leader's note for the third meeting now, and plan accordingly.

Three Things I Must Do

Study

To find out God. Prov. 8: 17.

To find out men. 2 Tim. 2: 15.

To find salvation. 2 Tim. 2: 25.

Work

To enlarge my soul. 2 Peter 3: 18.

To enlarge the church. Acts 2: 46, 47.

To enlarge God's kingdom. Luke 13: 29.

Pray

To find more light. Isa. 9: 2.

To give more light. Ps. 119: 130.

To be a perfect light. Heb. 13: 20, 21.

This places before us three great essentials to become an active soul-winner.

First, to study; second, to work; third, to pray.

The First Essential

Study

1. To find out God.

The Promise is "Those that seek Me early shall find Me." Prov. 8: 17.

How many of our Missionary Volunteers have found the Lord? It is a question that we should ask as leaders, and it is one that each should ask himself or herself. Have I found the Lord? There is one means by which we can find the Lord, and that is the Bible. Then to find God for ourselves by studying His Word is the first great thing to do.

2. To find out men.

"A workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word." 2 Tim. 2: 15. The first purpose of a soul that has found God is to find some one else. To do this diligent study is necessary, that we may know how to divide the Word.

People have told me that they never heard the Scriptures taught with power, until they heard Seventh-day Adventists. The reason the Seventh-day Adventists can preach with power is because they know how to rightly divide the Word of truth.

To "rightly divide" means to be able to "handle aright, the word of truth" or "to hold a straight course in the word of truth" (Revised Version).

Every Missionary Volunteer should know the true doctrinal teachings of the Word, and if we can speak intelligently on these, we shall certainly "find out men."

3. To find salvation.

2 Tim. 2: 25. "In meekness instructing those that oppose themselves." If rightly instructed by the Word rightly divided, those who oppose themselves will come to give God the glory. To oppose themselves means to stand in the way of God's salvation. Any person who refuses to hear God's Word opposes himself. He is the one that will suffer, and in this sense he is opposing that which is for his own good.

The Second Essential

Work

1. To enlarge my soul.

"Grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour." 2 Peter 3: 18. There is no better way of becoming a live wire for the Master, than by continually growing in grace and in working for others. Anybody who has not had the experience, cannot comprehend the joy that comes to one by working for souls. A working soul is a growing soul.

2. To enlarge the church.

Acts 2: 46, 47. This working for others has for its primary object the winning of souls to Christ; thus we fill our ranks and God's church becomes strong. The Lord

will add to the church such as shall be saved. It is not for us to say that this one or that one will take hold of the message; God gives the increase.

3. To enlarge the kingdom.

"They shall come from the East, and from the West, and from the North, and from the South, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God." Luke 13:29. Our work must be for all, irrespective of class, colour, or culture. We must work to enlarge God's kingdom, and to do this all peoples must be sought out. Read the article, "The Man that Died for Me."

"The Man That Died for Me."

Many years ago I wanted to go as a foreign missionary, but my way seemed hedged about, and finally I went to California. Life was rough in the mining country where I lived with my husband and little boys. I heard of a man just over the hills who was dying of consumption, and my neighbour said, "He is so vile that no one can stand it to stay with him, so the men place some food near him, and leave him twenty-four hours. They'll find him dead some time, and the quicker the better. Never had a soul, I guess." The pity of it all haunted me as I went about my work, and I tried for three days to get some one to go and see him, and find out if he was receiving proper care. As I turned from the last man, vexed with his indifference, the thought came to me: "Why don't you go yourself? Here is missionary work, if you want it."

It was not the kind of work I wanted; but at last one day I went over the hill to the little mud cabin. There was just one room. The door stood open, and up in one corner, on some straw and coloured blankets, I found the dying man. Sin had left awful marks on his face, and if I had not heard that he could not move, I should have retreated. As my shadow fell on the floor, he looked up and greeted me with a dreadful oath. I stepped forward a little, and there came another oath. "Don't speak so, my friend," I said. "I ain't your friend. I ain't got any friends," he said. "Well I am yours, and—," but the oaths came thickly as he said: "You ain't my friend. I never had any friends, and never want any."

I reached out at arm's length the fruit I had brought him, and stepping back to the doorway, I asked him if he remembered his mother, hoping to find a tender spot in his heart; but he cursed her. I asked if he had a wife, and he cursed her. I spoke of God, and he cursed Him. I tried to speak of Jesus and His death for us, but he stopped me with His oaths, and said, "That's all a lie. Nobody ever died for others."

I went away discouraged. I said to myself, "I knew it was no use." However, the next day I went back, and went every day for two weeks, but he did not show the gratitude of a dog. At the end of that time, I said, "I'm not going any more." That night when I was putting my little boys to bed, I did not pray for the miner as I had been accustomed to do. My little Charley noticed it, and said, "Mamma, you did not pray for the bad man." "No," I answered with a sigh, "Have you given him up, mamma?" "I fear I have," I said. "Has God given him up, mamma? Ought you to give him up until God does?"

That night I could not sleep. That dying man was on my mind. I got up and went away by myself to pray, but the moment I knelt, I was overpowered by the sense of how little meaning there had been in my prayers. I had no faith, and I had not really cared, beyond a half-hearted sentiment. I had not claimed this man's soul for God. I fell on my face literally, as I cried: "O Christ, give me a glimpse of the worth of a human soul!" Did you, Christian, ever ask that and mean it? Don't do it unless you are willing to give up ease and selfish pleasure, for life will be a different thing to you after that revelation. I stayed on my knees until Calvary became a reality to me. I cannot describe those hours. They came and went unheeded; but I learned that night what I had never known before—what it was to travail for a soul. I saw my Lord as I had never seen Him before. I stayed till the answer came. As I went back to my room my husband asked, "How about your miner?" "He is going to be saved," I answered. "How are you going to do it?" "The Lord is going to save him, and I do not know that I shall do anything about it," I replied.

The next morning brought a lesson in Christian work I had never before learned. On other days I had waited until afternoon, when, my work finished, I could change my dress, put on my gloves, and take a walk while the shadows were on the hill-sides. That day, the moment my little boys were off to school, I left my work and, without gloves and shadows, hurried over the hill, not to see that "vile wretch," but to win a soul. I thought the man might die; there was a human soul in the balance and I wanted to get there quickly. As I passed, a neighbour came out of her cabin, and said, "I will go over the hills with you." I did not want her, but it was another lesson for me. God could plan better than I could. She had her little girl with her, and as we reached the cabin, she said, "I'll wait out here, and you hurry, won't you?"

I do not know what I expected. The man greeted me with an awful oath, but it did not hurt me as before, for I was behind Christ, and I stayed there. I could bear what struck Him first. While I was changing the basin of water and towel for him, things which I had done every day, and which he had used, but never thanked me for, the clear laugh of the little girl rang out upon the air like a bird's note. "What's that?" asked the man eagerly. "It's a little girl outside who is waiting for me." "Would you mind letting her come in?" he said, in a tone different from any I had heard him use before. Stepping to the door I beckoned to her, and taking her by the hand, said, "Come in and see the sick man, Mamie." She shrank back when she saw his face, and said, "I'm afraid." I assured her: "Poor sick man, he can't get up and he wants to see you." She looked like an angel, her face shining, her eyes tender and pitiful. In her hands she carried the flowers she had picked, and bending towards him she said, "I'm sorry for 'oo, sick man; will 'oo have a posy?" He laid his great bony hand beyond the flowers on the plump hand of the child, and great tears came as he said, "I had a little girl once, and she died. Her name was Mamie. She cared for me. Nobody else did. Guess I'd been different if she'd lived. I've hated everybody since she died."

I knew at once that I had the key to that man's heart. The thought came quickly, born of that midnight prayer, and I said, "When I spoke of your mother and your wife, you cursed them; I know now that they were not good women—you could not have cursed a good mother." "Good women!" he exclaimed. "O you don't know anything 'bout that kind of women! You can't think what kind they were!"

"Well, if your little girl had lived and grown up with them, wouldn't she have been just like them? Would you liked to have her live for that?" He evidently had never thought of it, and his great eyes looked off for a full minute. As they came back to mine, he cried, "Oh! God, no! I'd killed her first. I'm glad she died!"

Reaching out and taking the poor hand, I said, "The dear Lord did not want her to be like them. He loved her even better than you did; so He took her away. Don't you want to see her again?"

"Oh, I'd be willing to be burned alive a thousand times, if I could see my little girl once more, my Mamie."

O friends, you know what a blessed story I had then to tell, I had been so close to Calvary that I could tell it in earnest! The poor face grew ashy pale as I talked, and the poor man threw up his arms as though his agony was mastering him. Two or three times he gasped as if losing breath. Then clutching me, he said: "What's that, woman, you said the other day about talking to somebody out o' sight?" "It's praying. I tell Him what I want," I said. "Pray now! pray quick! tell Him I want my little girl again. Tell Him anything you want to!"

I took the hands of the child and placed them on the trembling hands of the man and bade her pray for the man who had lost his little Mamie and wanted to see her again. This was the prayer: "Dear Jesus, this man is sick. He has lost his little girl and he feels bad about it. I'm so sorry for him and he's so sorry too. Won't you help him? Do please. Amen."

Heaven seemed to open before us. There stood One with the print of the nails in His hands and the wound in His side. Mamie slipped away soon, but the man kept saying: "Tell Him more; tell Him everything; but oh! you don't know." Then he poured out such a torrent of confession of his life that I could not have borne it but for the One who was close to us that hour. You, Christian worker, know how He reached out after that lost soul. By and by the poor man grasped the strong hands. It was the third day when the poor, tired soul turned from everything to Him, the Mighty to save, "the Man that died for me." He lived on for weeks, as if God would show how real was the change. I had been telling him about a meeting, and he said: "I'd like to go to a meeting once; I never went to one of them things." So we planned a meeting, and the men came from the mills and mines and filled the room. Then he said, "Now, boys, get down on your knees while she tells you about that Man that died for me."

I had been brought up to believe that a woman shouldn't speak in meeting, but I found myself telling the simple story of the cross. After awhile he said: "O boys, you don't half believe it or you'd cry, you couldn't help it! Boys, raise me up; I'd like to tell it once. They raised him up, and between his short breathing and cough-

ing, he told the story. He used the language he knew:

"Boys, you know how the water runs down the sluice boxes, and carries off the dirt and leaves the gold behind. Well, the blood of that Man she tells about went right over me just like that; it carried off 'bout everything; but it left enough for me to see the Man that died for me. O boys can't you love Him?"

Some days later there came a look into his face that showed that the end was near. I had to leave him, and I said: "What shall I say to-night, Jack?" "Just good night," he said, "What will you say when we meet again?" "I'll say, 'good morning,' up there."

The next morning the door was closed, and I found two of the men sitting silently by a board stretched across two stools. They turned back the sheet from the dead, and I looked on the face, which seemed to have come nearer to the "image of God." "I wish you could have seen him when he went," they said. "Tell me all about it." "Well, all at once he brightened up 'bout midnight, and smilin', said, 'I'm goin', boys. Tell her that I shall see Mamie. Tell her I shall see "the Man that died for me," and he was gone."

Kneeling there, with my hands over those poor cold ones, that had been stained with human blood, I asked to understand more and more the worth of a human soul, and to be drawn into deeper sympathy with Christ's yearning compassion, "not willing that any should perish."

The Third Essential

Pray

Nothing can be accomplished for God without much prayer. We have come to a knowledge of the truth of God but we must ever be learning more.

1. To find more light.

Isa. 9 : 2. The Light has shined, but it must shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. Prayer is needed that the Holy Spirit may teach us more of His truth.

2. To give more light.

Psa. 119 : 130. "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light." There is no way in which light can come to a person, except by the entrance of the Word. As God gives more light, let us pray for honest hearts to accept this light, and to become light-bearers to others.

3. To be a perfect light.

Heb. 3 : 20, 21. "Now the God of Peace. . . . make you perfect in every good work." We should aim at perfection in our work for God. When first we start out to do anything for the Master, we usually make mistakes. Because of this many become discouraged. Perfection is not reached in a day. It requires hard work for a pianist or an artist to become perfect, and it is so with the Christian soul-winner. We all have to make a beginning, and the Lord will, if we allow Him, make us perfect in every good work.

EVERY man, woman, and child in heathen darkness is a challenge to the church.—S. Earl Taylor.

"A NEED, a need known, and the power to meet that need, constitute a call."

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Second Week

Goals

Opening Exercises.
Talk or Reading: "Goals of All Kinds Desirable."
Reading: "Paul's Goal."
A True Story: "A Shepherd Boy's Goal."
Discussion on Goals, Opened by Leader.

LEADER'S NOTE.—As the last item on the programme, we would suggest that a little time be devoted to a discussion on goals, in which the leader encourage the members to give their own experiences in setting goals, and the help they have derived therefrom.

Goals of All Kinds Desirable

THIS striking statement in "Christ's Object Lessons" encourages us to believe that we should have not only denominational and conference goals, but individual goals: "Thousands pass through life as if they had no definite object for which to live, no standard to reach. Such will obtain a reward proportionate to their works. Remember that you will never reach a higher standard than you yourself set. Then set your mark high, and step by step, even though it be by painful effort, by self-denial and sacrifice, ascend the whole length of the ladder of progress." "God will accept only those who are determined to aim high. He places every human agent under obligation to do his best." (Pages 331, 332, 330.)

When Nehemiah and his co-workers were rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem, the threats and taunts of the enemy had no effect on them. They attended strictly to business until the work was completed, because they "had a mind to work." Consecrated determination is as much needed to-day. Another feature of their success is recorded by Nehemiah in this way: "We made our prayer unto our God, and set a watch."

Greater responsibilities and larger goals are being assigned to our young people now than ever before. Doubt as to whether we can reach them should have no place in our mind, for the Lord is our Leader, and His power is ours. Just as truly as He told Moses and the children at the Red Sea to "go forward," is He saying to Missionary Volunteers at this time, "Advance!" With Paul, let us say, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

In youth we have physical strength, zeal, the enthusiasm which smiles at obstacles and storms, go-at-iveness, and stick-to-it-iveness.

In the past the young people have, through God, accomplished much. Most of their undertakings have been reached and passed, and we cannot believe that it will be otherwise at this time. The calls are coming louder to the young people to step into our work.

We shall reach the goals by each Missionary Volunteer's becoming responsible for winning one soul for Christ; by each learning the doctrinal texts; by each making himself a winner of a Standard of Attainment or a Reading Course certificate, or both; by not only being a working member, but a reporting one; by each

giving his share of the money to be given by the young people during this year, to carry the gospel to the fields beyond.

Co-operation Wins

We will accomplish this by all working together. One writer has said that "a single star seems nothing, but a thousand scattered stars break up the night and make it beautiful." So it is in finishing this work in the earth, and in reaching our social goals. Although God takes note of individual efforts and places His blessing upon the doer, if only one or a few individuals, or even a few societies, do their part, the work will not be done; but by all doing their part earnestly and unitedly we shall accomplish great things for God. So let us pledge ourselves, that we will each bear our part in reaching the goals set for us.

Paul's Goal

DEFINITE efforts bring definite results. Paul believed in goals. He said, "This one thing I do." Success in anything demands a definite goal. Theodore Roosevelt wrote encouragingly when he made the following statement: "Far better is it to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows neither victory nor defeat." Let each one accept the responsibility which rightfully belongs to him and do faithfully all that is possible.

A Shepherd Boy's Goal

HE was a shepherd boy in the Balkan Mountains. He had learned reading and writing from a teacher educated at Robert College. He had imbibed from that teacher a strong desire and a firm resolve to follow his example, and be a teacher of his people.

The poor shepherd, his father, was astounded at the boy's determination, and assured him that he could not help him in the least.

"I know it," said the lad, "but I am going." And with a "Good-bye, father" and a "Good-bye, mother," he started, on foot, to find Robert College, one hundred and forty miles distant.

He was sure of meeting with a ready hospitality in all the Bulgarian villages through which he would pass. Arrived at the college in shepherd's trim, a sheepskin jacket and cap, wool side out, he applied to the president for work, and was assured that there was no place for him.

But he did not want wages, only his food, and was willing to be served in the kitchen. He was told that if there was work for him, he would be paid for it, but as there was none he must go elsewhere.

Two hours later, he was still lingering around, and a student was sent to tell him he must go away. He coolly replied that he did not come there to go away.

The student, finding him so persistent, took him to professor Long, who had lived in Bulgaria and knew the people well. The boy confessed his determination to work for his bread, and pick up an education from the Bulgarian boys. He would be satisfied with the crumbs that fell from the master's table.

It was an impracticable idea, but the easiest way to dispose of him seemed to be to give him a hard service on the supposition

that, after a few days' experience, he would change his mind and disappear. But he did the work faithfully and cheerfully, and the Bulgarian students resolved to help him to the utmost of their ability. An arrangement was made by which every evening one of their number helped him in his studies.

The weather became cold, wet, and stormy. He was told that his room was too damp and cold for winter; and as there was no place for him, he must leave. But he serenely replied that it was a better room than he had ever occupied before, and he desired nothing different.

After a few weeks he came to the president, and wished to be examined for admission into the freshman class of the preparatory department.

The president replied, "You came after that class entered; you have been working all the time, and you cannot have overtaken them."

"Well, perhaps not, but please examine me."

So one of the professors examined him, and reported: He can get into that class, but that class can't get into him. He is ahead of them." So again the shepherd boy triumphed.

But the president said, "If you should go into that class in that dress, they would cry out, 'Baa! a sheep has come to school!'"

"O yes!" the boy said, "I have thought of that, but my compatriots have promised to make me look decent, one giving a coat, another pants, and so on, in case I pass the examination."

So he captured Robert College. Friends became interested and paid half of his expenses, and the other half he earned as assistant in the laboratory, where his neatness, carefulness, and skill were highly valued. He became head master of a department in a national school. He reached the goal for which he left the sheepfold in the Balkans.

—CYRUS HAMLIN, D.D., LL.D.

Missionary Volunteer Programme Third Week

North American Indians—No. 1.

Opening Exercises.

Five Minute Talk: "The Life and Work of Marcus Whitman."

Reading: "How Timothy, a North American Indian, Found the Truth."

Reading: "How Our Medical Work Helped Among the North American Indians."

LEADER'S NOTE.—The Missionary Volunteer Reading Course book for six months, beginning with the present month, April, is "Advance Guard of Missions." A portion of the time of each meeting during this six months, will be devoted to the consideration of the lives of the missionaries we read of in this book, taking them up in order. In this meeting a five minute talk is called for on "Marcus Whitman," the first life sketch in the book. The one giving this talk should previously make a careful study of the subject and bring out the prominent and helpful features in the life of this man. If a number of the members are reading the book, the leader might ask at the close of this talk, for others to tell the impressions they have received from the life of Marcus Whitman. Encourage all to read the book, and announce the portion of the book to be considered next week. Call attention to the fact, that the two readings following tell about our own work among the North American Indians, the same people for whom Marcus Whitman laboured.

How Timothy, A North American Indian Found The Truth

ABOUT the year 1890 a missionary school was being conducted by the Methodists at

Port Simpson, in British Columbia, near the border of Alaska. Among the Simsim Indians attending this school, was a young man named Timothy, whose eyesight began to fail. Being anxious to help this promising young convert, the kind-hearted missionary furnished him with the means of transportation, and sent him for treatment to an eye specialist with whom he was acquainted, in Oakland, California.

Under the care of this specialist, Timothy's eyes improved rapidly, and he was soon able to walk unaided about the streets of Oakland. One day, while strolling past our old Pacific Press building, his attention was attracted by the machinery operated in the basement. As he stood looking, an Adventist boy stepped to his side, spoke kindly to him, and asked him if he would like to go through the building.

Timothy eagerly accepted the invitation, and there followed a wonderful hour for the young Indian, as the work in department after department of the printing office was explained to him. At last they reached the book bindery, where "Bible Readings for the Home Circle" was being finished. The Indian boy, understanding English fairly well and being able to read some, examined the book eagerly, and into his heart came a great longing to take a copy home to his people. But having no money with which to purchase it, he did not make his desire known.

A little later Timothy started on his journey home. While in Victoria, British Columbia, waiting for his steamer, he noticed a large tent, and entering, he heard one of our Seventh-day Adventist ministers explaining the Scriptures. After listening for a little while, he said to himself, "That sounds like the man in Oakland at the book house."

After the sermon the boy went forward to a table where books were on display. The people in charge spoke kindly to him, and the very first book he looked at proved to be "Bible Readings for the Home Circle."

Timothy now had money with which to purchase the coveted volume, and when he resumed his homeward journey that precious book went with him. As soon as he reached Port Simpson, he began to read and study it with his people. Over and over again it was read until almost completely worn out.

Timothy died while still a young man, but his life, though short, was not lived in vain. Before his death he, and many others of his people, came to believe the truth regarding the state of the dead, which later proved the opening wedge for the Sabbath truth and other points of faith.

After Timothy's death, God did not leave this people without light. Some of the Indians continued studying the wonderful book, under the leadership of a young Simsim chief named Henry Pierce.

When the British Columbia Conference was established, its first president, Pastor J. L. Wilson, took an active interest in the Indians of his territory. One of his first acts was to encourage a missionary colporteur named Davis to visit them. This young man sold many of our books to the Indians, but he always found their favourite to be "Bible Readings for the Home Circle."

And so we see that the Christian courtesy of a young man in Oakland, proved an important link in the chain of circumstances, that carried the light of present truth to the Indians of the far Northwest. Pastor T. H. Watson, who was the first Seventh-day Adventist minister to live and

work among these Indians, has often wished that he might learn the name of this young man, the story of whose kindly act is a household tale among Timothy's people. ELIZABETH J. ROBERTS.

How Our Medical Work Helped among the North American Indians

IN June, 1901, the first Seventh-day Adventist missionaries, Pastor T. H. Watson and Pastor A. M. Dart, with their families, were sent to Alaska. They landed first at Douglas, a mining camp; a strong village of the Tlinkit Indians was also situated there.

From the very first, Pastor Watson felt the appeal of these poor, ignorant natives, and often walked down through their village. For a time the Indians paid no attention to him, for the white man had so often betrayed their trust that they were suspicious; but at length the Lord gave an opportunity to win their confidence.

One day, as the missionary was passing through the village, he noticed a pale, emaciated Indian with one leg gone, sitting on a log near his shack. Approaching, he asked the man if he was sick.

The Indian replied, in excellent English, that his leg had been shot off, the doctor had not fixed it right, and so it had never healed. Further conversation brought out the information that his name was Jack Sheeshan, for many years interpreter for Governor Brady, of Alaska.

Our missionary's sympathetic interest in his troubles finally caused Jack to ask, hopefully, "Are you a doctor?" "No," replied Pastor Watson, "I am not a doctor, but I understand a good deal about the care of the sick, and I should be glad to try to help you." So an appointment was made, and early the next morning our missionary went to Jack's shack and examined the diseased leg. He found it in a serious condition: the end of the bone was bare, the flesh never having healed over it; there was much inflammation, and blood poison, no doubt, would soon have ended the poor fellow's sufferings. As the missionary realized the Indian's great need, and looked into his eyes so full of suffering, but now shining with renewed hope, he determined to seek the Lord earnestly for wisdom and help to give relief.

Relying on simple treatments, hot water, massage, and disinfecting ointments, accompanied always by earnest prayer, he visited the lowly shack for forty consecutive mornings, and the marvellous result of perfect healing and the return of health to the Indian followed. Better still, Jack Sheeshan gave God the glory, not only for the healing power, but for sending the missionary to his help.

While these treatments were being given to the afflicted man, the other Indians of the village came in and out freely. Slowly but surely their confidence was gained, until, by the time the wounded leg was healed, they listened gladly to the Bible message as it was read and spoken to them.

The results were even more far reaching, for the news of the missionary, his work, and his teaching, was carried to other villages miles away, and from one of them Chief Jackson travelled seventy miles to beg that his people, too, might be visited and taught the truth.

In dealing with primitive people, this and

many similar experiences prove, that acts of simple Christian love and kindness establish lasting confidence, while a show of pomp and power only cause awe and distrust.

ELIZABETH J. ROBERTS.

Missionary Volunteer Programme Fourth Week

North American Indians—No 2.

Opening Exercises.

Three Minute Talk: "On the Life of John Elliot."

Three Minute Talk: "On the Mayhews."

Three Minute Talk: "David Brainerd."

Reading: "Chief Jackson's Visit."

Chief Jackson's Visit

SHORTLY after our missionary's wonderful experience with Jack Sheeshan, Chief Jackson, as mentioned in last week's programme, made the seventy-mile trip from his village on Admiralty Island to visit him.

His first words on reaching the house were, "You Mr. Watson?" "I am," was the answer. "I come to talk with you 'bout my people," announced the old Indian. It being about dinner time, the missionary invited his visitor to eat with him, which invitation greatly surprised and pleased the chief, as such treatment was very unusual from a white man to an Indian. During the meal, the missionary questioned his visitor as to his country and people. "Good country, good people, and *hi-u* fish," was the brief but comprehensive answer.

When questioned as to the meaning of *hi-u*, the Indian explained by saying, "Stickum paddle, paddle no go way." To say that a paddle thrust in among the fish would remain upright, sounded like a "fish story" sure enough, but later it was proved to be true at certain seasons. The simplicity and honesty of the old man's answers won the missionary's confidence and sympathy; so arrangements were made to have the chief's two sons, Will and Frank, come after him in a large canoe within a short time, and take him to visit their village.

But in the meantime the missionary's wife heard disquieting tales. She was told that it was a tribal custom with these Indians, that in case one of their tribesmen was killed by a white man, four white men must pay the penalty with their lives. She urged her husband to wait for a steamer to take him to the Indian village, rather than to go off into the wilderness alone with them.

But the missionary felt that as his promise had been given, he could not unsettle their confidence by changing his plans. Later he found that he had decided wisely, for it is a very serious matter to break, or even change in any way, a promise made to an Indian.

The Missionary Fulfils His Promise

At the appointed time the chief's sons arrived with their canoe. A good supply of healthful food was packed, the bedding was rolled in heavy tarpaulins to protect it from the rain, and all was loaded into the canoe for the journey. Armed only with the word of God and the sword of the Spirit, the missionary said good-bye to his anxious wife and daughter, and embarked with his dark-skinned companions.

There being a fair wind, the Indian boys hoisted their sail, and the canoe glided swiftly on its way. As they sailed along,

Pastor Watson engaged the boys in conversation, inquiring especially about their own family; the rather startling fact soon came out that their youngest brother had been killed shortly before by a drunken white man.

The missionary's mind reverted instantly, of course, to the report heard by his wife. "Is it true," he asked the boys, "that when a white man kills an Indian, four white men must die to pay the penalty?" Frank's face hardened as the question was asked, and he answered briefly, "Yes." At this reply the missionary wondered that he felt no fear for his own safety, but instead, a feeling of deep anxiety for the salvation of these boys took possession of him, and he breathed a silent prayer that God might help him lift their minds above harbouring such cruel, revengeful thoughts.

His first move was to show them that he was absolutely unarmed. Then, taking his Bible from his pocket, he said, "Boys, I should like to read you something from God's book." They made no objection, so he read to them the precious words of Jesus, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you;" and also the command of God, "Thou shalt not kill." They listened, but made no comment on what they heard. As darkness approached, it began to rain heavily, so the canoe was beached and a place chosen for their camp. Soon Will, the older of the boys, had a bright fire burning under the sheltering boughs of a giant spruce tree, and preparations were made for supper.

The Power of Kindness

The Indian boys' provisions consisted of dried fish and seal oil, both noted for strength of flavour and odour. The missionary felt that here was an opportunity to gain their good will, so he insisted that they all eat supper from his box, and save their own foods for some future time. The boys gladly accepted his invitation, and after he had given thanks to God, they all ate the supper he had prepared.

This was the first time these Indians had ever tasted health foods, but their liking and approval of them were self-evident. A pound can of protose was voted a good sample, a large pot of cereal coffee was drained to the last drop, while whole wheat sticks disappeared in surprising quantities.

After supper the beds were unrolled, and it was found that the boys' blankets, not being carefully protected, had been soaked by the continued rain. Again the missionary threw precedent to the winds, for when his dry, comfortable bed was ready, he said, "Come, boys, sleep with me; your bed is too wet." A look of surprise spread over their faces—such an invitation had probably never before been heard by an Indian from a white man. As if not believing their ears, Will asked, "What you say?" The invitation was repeated. A few words of council in their own tongue followed, after which Will answered, "Frank sleep with you; I watch." It might be mentioned as characteristic of Indian caution, that not once during all the trip down and back did both boys sleep at the same time.

Being weary, the missionary, after bowing beside his bed in silent prayer, lay down to rest with full confidence that the God whom he served would care for him through the night. Frank lay down beside him, but Will sat under the great tree beside the camp fire.

Sometime in the night Pastor Watson was suddenly awakened by feeling a hand on

his forehead. Instantly many thoughts flashed through his mind, and the question came, "What can this mean?" But he neither moved nor spoke; putting his trust in God, he awaited developments. As the hand moved slowly down the side of his face, the tension on his nerves was terrible. On the hand moved until it reached his shoulder, then it began carefully to tuck the covers in close to his body. As the missionary realized that that act indicated kindly care instead of heathen revenge, the feeling of relief was beyond expression, and his heart was lifted to God in thanksgiving, for he knew that he had gained the friendship of these boys.

A Friendly Welcome

About four o'clock of the second day they reached Chief Jackson's village, situated on a beautiful little bay, the entrance to which was protected by an immense rock, forming a land-locked harbour. When the Indians first saw them coming, they disappeared into their huts; but as soon as the canoe was recognized, they flocked to the shore to welcome their guest.

During his stay the missionary examined the surroundings carefully, and found everything exactly as Chief Jackson had represented, and most satisfactory in every way. Later on, industries were started here, and the Bible truths were taught and gladly received by the natives. The greater part of the tribe of four or five hundred Indians wished to be baptized at once, but the missionary felt that this was not advisable until they were better grounded in the knowledge of the truth, and industries were established that would make them self-supporting, for they were always discriminated against commercially as soon as they became Sabbath-keepers.

ELIZABETH J. ROBERTS.

Sabbath School Missionary Exercises

(April 2)

Echoes from Fiji

IN a personal letter, Sister Ida Brandster gives us the following information in reference to their work in Fiji:

"Mr. Brandster and I both like Fiji very much. It is a beautiful place and wonderfully blessed with an abundance of food, and all the essentials for making life happy. Soon after coming to Fiji we were stationed at Naquia, where we have been ever since. This is altogether a different life from Suva or Buresala,—purely native surroundings. We scarcely see a white face from one month to another. But we have become accustomed to this, and have learned to love the natives. We are living in a native house made of reeds and leaves, with no floor nor ceiling.

"Owing to difficulties arising in connection with the purchase of the land, we have not been able to erect our intermediate school building. In the meantime we are trying to carry on the school in the church here, with very few facilities. The boys and girls just sit on the grass under the trees with their slates on their knees, but they are doing very well under the circumstances. We have an enrolment of over seventy, with ages ranging from about six to twenty-six. Some are very bright, promising young people. Had they all the advantages of the

white children, they would be equally as intelligent. In addition to the regular studies, Mrs. McLaren and I have a girls' sewing class every Wednesday afternoon.

"My husband is getting on well with the language. After being here four months he was able to preach and pray in the Fijian."

Brother Albert P. Ward sends the following note of cheer:

"Since returning to the Lau Group I have made three visits to a neighbouring island, besides visiting every village on our own island.

"The picture rolls are a great help in teaching in the Sabbath school. Children from another church come to our Sabbath school, to learn the Bible lessons as taught by the pictures. Only last week a new boy kept his first Sabbath.

"My interest in the Sabbath school is the same as when I left Australia. I have not missed a Sabbath school for the whole year, although I have attended no less than six schools during this time. I have just completed my year in studying the Sabbath school lesson every day. We started as soon as we heard of the plan, and always have it for morning worship."

(April 9)

Ingathering in Tonga

SISTER Margaret Ferguson, a school teacher from West Australia, who went to Tonga in November of last year, under appointment of the Union Conference, writes as follows from her new field of labour:

"A few weeks ago, Sister Bessie Smith and I decided to visit some of the native villages, in the interests of the Ingathering for missions work. As we cannot speak Tongan we wrote out a short appeal, and Brother Jone Latu translated it for us. It was then copied on the typewriter, and we gave it to the people to read for themselves. We had no Tongan magazines, so we took a few Australian ones to show to the people, and also some Tongan tracts on the "Second Advent." At 7.45 a.m. we left home to visit Homo, a village about eight miles away, and we returned home in the evening with 16s. for missions. It is a difficult matter to persuade the people to give money, when we are able to say only a few words in their language, and quite a number of them are not able to read Tongan. However, we trust the Lord will bless the tracts which were distributed.

"We have also commenced visiting the natives in the villages near at hand, on Sabbath afternoons, to distribute tracts. The "Second Advent" is the only subject we have in the Tongan.

"I am sure I shall enjoy the work here, and am studying the language as much as possible. School has been closed for vacation but will reopen soon.

(April 16)

Pumpkin Seeds for Missions

IN a lecture delivered in Victoria by Brother A. H. Ferris, our missionary on furlough from Norfolk Island, some remarkable incidents were unfolded of God's leading and care over His work.

Brother Wright, formerly of Australia, who has been in Norfolk Island for the past five years, wishing to advance the cause of missions, decided to devote the

proceeds of his whole crop of pumpkins to the cause of missions.

A Sydney firm offered him £140 for the seeds, and these were duly dried and packed in kerosene tins, making sixty-four tins in all. Brother Wright did not insure the cargo, but placed it in the care of a higher than earthly power, and consigned it to the steamer for Sydney.

The next news received by wireless was that the steamer was stranded on the beach, at Lord Howe Island, and that all the cargo was being thrown overboard. Poor Brother Wright was much distressed. Was his £140 worth of seeds going into the sea with the rest of the cargo? And that with no insurance on them? Again he committed the matter to the Lord, and waited for further news.

In due time he received a letter from the Sydney firm enclosing a cheque for £100, and intimating that the remaining £40 had been charged by the shipping company for salvage. Undaunted their owner told the shipping company the whole story of why he had raised and sold the seeds, and of their miraculous escape from destruction, and concluded with a plea that the additional £40 be restored to him. After considering the matter further, the shipping company cheerfully conceded to his request.

(April 23)

On the Border of Tibet

MOUNTAIN-GIRT Tibet lies in the heart of Asia, north of India and west of China. It is still "the great closed land." Few Europeans have ever been inside its borders. No other country has so isolated itself from contact with the modern world.

For a century, missions have sought in vain to get into this land of the Great Lama, the head of Tibetan Buddhism, a religious system that has barred all the gateways to missionary approach.

More recently there are signs of a weakening of the age-long resistance. Meanwhile, at several points, mission outposts have been planted among the Tibetans in West China.

The Seventh-day Adventist outpost is Tatsienlu, China, and we are at last among the Tibetans. Dr. and Mrs. J. N. Andrews have recently opened a dispensary in that city.

We quote from one of the Doctor's Letters:

"Our dispensary brought us immediately into touch with both Chinese and Tibetans. Every time, nearly, that we go out into the street, we meet several big smiling Tibetans who perhaps can scarcely say a word of Chinese, but who feel friendly and acquainted by having been at the dispensary, and who bow smilingly and whole-heartedly as we pass. We thank God for this means of getting close to these people.

"Every few days we are called into some new Tibetan compound. We are convinced that without this 'entering wedge' we could live here for years and not get the acquaintance and entrance into Tibetan homes, which we have already got in these few months.

"These Tibetans do not seem at all afraid of foreigners. They have heard that the foreign doctor can do wonders with a knife, and they are willing to let him use it. They make little trouble about the anæsthetic. A man knowing not a word of Chinese would come, led by a friend whose language was scarcely more fluent. I motion to

them with an anæsthetic mask over my face and exaggerated breathing motions, to give them the idea of deep breathing. Then when the mask is on the patient's face, he breathes deeply in spite of the unpleasant odour—and soon the man is asleep. Those who have taken it had little idea of what I meant to do, but seemed willing to trust us. Just lately we performed a serious operation on a fine old gentleman, the secretary of the former Tibetan king. We have become well acquainted with him, as he speaks Chinese to some extent, and he is always very pleased to help us in learning Tibetan phrases."

Tatsienlu, West China.

(April 30)

Letting Their Light Shine

SISTER Miller, our Bible worker for the women in Shanghai, China, visited a home where there is a little girl, only twelve years of age, who has for three years led out in the Sabbath school work. Every week she teaches her mother and grandmother and her little brother. These with others every Sabbath repeat the memory verse for the day; and a regular Sabbath school is conducted, the little girl being the superintendent. This child of God, Sister Miller says, prays with power. Every day she holds worship in the home, and is a soul-winner for Jesus. Some Sabbaths as many as seventeen meet together to study the Word of God, and the Lord surely is blessing her work, as seen in the interest shown in the services.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not." The Saviour is still bidding the lambs come unto Him, that they may witness for Him, and thus become His helping hand in finishing the work.

I wish you could all meet dear old Mo Ta Ta, who lives at Nansiang, a few miles from Shanghai. It has been my privilege to see her several times, and I love to look upon her beaming face, and hear her talk of the goodness of God. When Sister Miller and I last visited her, she told us how the angels of God accompany her along the road as she comes to the services twice a week. She walks over two miles each way every time she attends the service. Sister Miller asked her many questions concerning the angels accompanying her. She says that they are very bright and shining. Those of us who know this dear, humble servant of God, and how near she lives to the Lord, believe that the Lord does permit her to behold the angels that encamp round about His children. Mo Ta Ta is unable to read, but she knows the Scriptures well, and after attending a service, she goes to her village and tells her neighbours all that she has heard.

BESSIE A. DOWELL.

"GOD tries the faith of His people to test their character. Those who in times of emergency are willing to make sacrifices for Him are the ones whom He will honour with a partnership in His work. Those who are unwilling to practice self-denial in order to carry out God's purposes, will be tested, that their course may appear to human eyes as it appears to the eyes of Him who reads the heart."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. VI, p. 104.

Foreign Mission Day

(April 9)

Lessons from the Experience of Nehemiah

1. HIS work was preceded by earnest prayer in private. Neh. 1: 8-11.
2. When the way began to open he offered instant prayer before advancing. Neh. 2: 4, 5.
3. Before starting operations in his new field he studied carefully the situation. Verses 12-15.
4. He encouraged himself and others in reviewing God's opening providences. Verse 18.
5. He met ridicule by earnest prayer, and did not let it hinder the work. Neh. 4: 1-6.
6. When open conflict threatened, he resorted again to prayer and watchfulness. Verses 7-9.
7. When compromise was suggested by his opponents, he rejected their proposals and pushed on with the work. Neh. 6: 2, 3.
8. When at last the work was completed he ascribed to God the power and the glory. Verses 15, 16.

Niue Island

NIUE ISLAND is situated midway between the Cook and Friendly Groups, and has a population of about four thousand. Niue is a land of rocks and stones, yet withal a dense vegetation grows luxuriantly. Bananas, coconut trees, and other plants are often seen growing vigorously, seemingly out of a bed of rocks, showing that there must be some good soil to feed upon, hidden away in the crevices of the rocks. The climate is somewhat warmer than Rarotonga. The island is supplied with water from cisterns put down by the government. There is generally one to each village, so the natives have to carry all the water they use to their homes; nevertheless they are spoken of as being a very clean people. They are slightly darker in colour than the Rarotongans. Both men and women are much addicted to the tobacco habit.

The Opening of Our Work

When in 1911, it was proposed to send a worker to Niue, so great a stir of opposition was made, by the only missionary society operating there, that it was decided to wait for matters to quiet down. This became known to the deacon of our church in Rarotonga, himself a native of Niue. At his own charges he returned to Niue, and worked among the people until they consented to receive a worker.

But it was not until the year 1915 that another representative of the truth went to Niue. Sister Vai Kerisome, a native of Niue, having accepted the message in Samoa, after attending our school at Avondale, returned to her homeland to carry the light to her people. The next year Pastor S. W. Carr and wife were sent to open up mission work in that field. Of their welcome to their new field of labour Pastor Carr wrote:

"May 10 (1916) found us in our new island home, and all were glad to welcome the boat, they having been shut away from civilization for five long months, as no boats run here during the hurricane season. Vai Kerisome, who for nearly twelve months had been waiting, watching, and praying

for help, gave us a warm welcome, and as her brown friends crowded around for a handshake, we quickly felt at home. Most of the Europeans, of whom there are but sixteen adults on the island, also gave us a hearty welcome. For the time being we are settled in Alofi, the capital, and Sabbath school, Sabbath service, Sunday school, worship, and Sunday services are being conducted in this town. The attendance is excellent, despite the advice of the head missionary to his people to keep away from us. We have now had time to visit all the villages, of which there are eleven on the island, and hold services in most of them."

Further Developments

Writing four months later, Pastor Carr says: "God's blessing is resting upon the work in Niue, and Sabbath school and church service are now conducted in three of the eleven villages on the island, and a week-day service is held in another village. The whole island has been stirred through our coming, as it has been the settled policy on Niue for sixty-seven years not to allow any other mission to come here. Once, many years ago, a Roman Catholic missionary arrived, but he was met with such coldness and disfavour that he went away again on the same boat. We find the language becoming much easier, and we are now able to conduct Sabbath school and simple services in Niuean.

In February of 1917, Tongia, Niue's last king, at the age of ninety, passed away. Pastor Carr was privileged to visit him just before his death, and pray with him. This king was but a boy when, in 1830, John Williams landed at Niue for an hour or two.

Four Sabbath schools were organized, and two church buildings erected. One of these being at Avatele, the very spot where twenty-five years before, the ship *Pitcairn*, with Pastor Cole, Brother J. R. McCoy, and Dr. M. G. Kellogg on board, first anchored, and the Niuean, who was her pilot, is now a member of our Sabbath school.

In November of 1919, Pastor Carr was transferred to Fiji, and on May of last year (1920), Brother and Sister E. J. Giblett landed in Niue, to take up the work that Pastor Carr had left. Of their reception on the island, Brother Giblett writes:

"As we came near to the land we could hear the shouts of the people welcoming our ship, as it was the first ship for the year, having been absent from the island for six months, or during the hurricane season, which usually lasts from December well over the month of April.

"We sighted the island on the eastern part. The landing place being on the western side, we sailed around the northern end of the island, and as we passed along we could hear the welcoming shouts, and see the torch lights of the people, as it was evening when we arrived. A goodly number came off in their canoes to meet us, and talk with their native friends who were among the crew of the vessel.

"We did not leave the ship until the following morning, which was Sabbath, and on landing were warmly welcomed by the white people who came to meet us, also our dear Sister Vai, whom we were so glad to meet again, and who has been standing firmly for the message all these years and during the absence of the missionary.

"Mr. Cowan, one of the teachers of the government school, kindly took us to his home, where we stayed until we were able

to get settled in our little mission home at Lalotiale.

"We thank the Lord that He has given us such kind friends here. Surely it is an evidence of His guiding care and love over us.

"In the afternoon of the same day we met with a few of the people in our little church and spoke a few words, which Vai interpreted to those gathered there."

In the last letter received from Brother Giblett, he says he thinks the work could be greatly advanced by the publication of a little monthly paper in the Niuean language, in which the truth for this time could be presented to the people. He says that the few who understand the Rarotongan and Samoan languages, and who take our papers printed in these tongues, eagerly look for their papers as the boats arrive.

Answered Prayer

"HE maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. . . . So He bringeth them unto their desired haven. Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness!" Ps. 107: 29-31.

During the passage from Auckland to Niue on our little sailing boat, the *Jubilee*, the Lord gave us two very definite answers to prayer. With the hope that some may be encouraged who read this, we pass it on.

When we were seven days sail from New Zealand, we encountered very stormy weather and rough seas which broke over our deck continually, making it necessary for the passengers to stay in their cabins.

"All hands on deck," was the command given to the crew, and all night could be heard the sound of hurrying feet, as they passed our cabins, and the hoarse voices above the roar of the tempest, as orders were shouted from different quarters of the boat. We longed for daylight to come, but the storm did not cease with the morning. The rain poured down in torrents, so we were obliged to keep the doors and portholes of our little cabins closed, as otherwise we would have been drenched. We had shipped such heavy seas during the night, that the water had swamped over the foot-board at the door of our cabin, and the steward had to bail it out. Our luggage on the floor was soaking wet.

All day the weary tossing and rolling continued, and as night again drew on, the strength of the storm increased. One of the seamen, who was overhauling the life-boat beside our door, told Mr. Giblett that they were preparing for a very bad night, as the worst of the storm was yet before us.

We put our little ones to bed, and listened to their prayers that Jesus would keep us safe through the storm, and bring us to Niue. Then we earnestly sought the Lord that He would bring us safely to the desired haven, which we believed it was His will that we should reach. The peace that came into our hearts was an assurance to us that Jesus would do what was best.

Quickly the answer came! the boat soon became steadier, the storm began to abate, and in about half an hour we were sailing with a fair wind in a direct course for Niue. We went to sleep praising God for His mercy over us, and for the evidence of His wonderful power over the elements.

Three days after the storm we experienced a calm. Like a mirror the sea stretched around us; so different from the angry billows that a few days before had threatened

to engulf our little craft. Everyone was able to walk about the deck, though some of us were feeling rather unsteady. For two nights and days we were becalmed. Through the light part of one day we only sailed two miles. We all felt very weary with the long delay, and weak from the want of nourishing food.

Again we called on the Lord in our trouble, asking for a wind to carry us quickly to the end of our voyage. Again the tender pity of our Heavenly Father was shown toward us, in sending us a good wind from a favourable quarter, which continued with more or less strength till our destination was reached.

For these precious experiences we would indeed "praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men."

It was on her second trip after this, on her way from Auckland to Niue, that the little boat, *Jubilee*, with all on board, was lost, and has never been heard from since. This has made us feel very sad, as we knew the crew so well, the old captain having been exceptionally kind to us on our way over. The loss of this boat, so shortly after our recent experience on her in the storm, has made our deliverance seem all the more providential. AGNES J. GIBLETT.

A Meeting with the Natives in North Luzon, Philippines

THE account of the journey Brother and Sister Sevrens made over mountain trails, into one of the northern provinces in the Philippines, has been published in the *Review*. In our reading for to-day, we will join with the brethren in a meeting they had with the natives and the welcome given them. Brother Sevrens' narrative of their experiences follows:

"The day after our arrival we sent a runner with a message to Puyao the chief. He is called 'king.' He is really only president of one municipality, but has more influence than any other man in the province. He lives in a suburb about fifty kilometers away. The municipalities here are very large. We were told that if we could gain Puyao that we were sure of success. We felt that the best way to work among these people would be through schools, as the people have no written language and cannot read English, except very few who are being educated now.

"That day we spent exploring the trails leading out of the town. The town itself is new, being formed by settlers from outlying districts. The land is very rich here. More of it is a gradual slope covered with virgin hardwood growth. Ferns, fern trees, and plants of all descriptions were everywhere to be seen. Clearings had been made and the people were growing camotes and tobacco. Below the town were rich rice fields. There is plenty of land which is homestead land. Timber is free and there is plenty of water. It seemed an ideal place to open a mountain farm school. The people will not go down to the lowland to live in the valleys.

"We went around and visited a number of people in their houses. We found some sick with sores and skin diseases. Brother Hay produced his faithful medical box, and with a coconut shell of water and a piece of surgical soap he would treat the afflicted. Later in the day others came for treatment. Sabbath morning before breakfast at least twenty must have been treated for various

ills. At evening many more came, and again Sunday morning. How grateful the whole family would be for just the simplest kindness shown. Some sores were terrible and needed a long course of treatment.

"Sabbath morning while eating our breakfast of rice, eggs, and cocoa, we were somewhat excited by the announcement that Puyao, the president, had come. A short, alert looking man, dressed in knickerbockers and wearing a coat, soon came smiling up the stairs to welcome us. He had a good knowledge of Ilocano, and so through Brother Hay we had a good visit. It is not many years ago since he followed the custom of headhunting. Now he is a loyal supporter of the government, and anxious to help his people.

"We told him what we had come for, — to see about opening a mission. He seemed especially pleased when we spoke of a school. He asked us many questions about our mission. We told him as well as he could comprehend. There was to have been a meeting that day of the councillors, but Puyao wished to talk the matter over with them informally, so the meeting was postponed till evening. As the different representatives from the various sections of the town arrived, they came to see us.

"In the evening, we were invited down to the council hall. We four white workers sat up in front and the councillors were seated along the side of the room, outside of three tables which were arranged in the form of a hollow rectangle. There were two lights, a lantern and a large students' lamp. Most of the councillors had on knee trousers and coats, though a few had a geestring only.

"Puyao opened the meeting, and told formally what we were there for. Then different ones welcomed us and thanked us for coming to their 'poor town,' and hoped that we would come there and have a school and teach their children the right way. Each of us were then called upon to speak. We told them that we were their brothers, and that we wished to help them and teach them about our Father, of Jesus and His coming.

"Then Puyao made a speech which summed up the minds of the people. Oh, I do wish you could all have been there. It thrilled us through and through to see the way God was going before us, and giving the people a heart hunger. As Puyao said, it did seem as if the Spirit of God was there. It was a wonderful meeting. And we must rise to the call, or be recreant to our trust. God never mocks us by opening a door unless He also shows the way to enter.

"I cannot tell all that Puyao said, but it was somewhat as follows: 'Your words are not like the words of [here he gave the names of workers of other missions who have already been there to visit]. We understand all that you say. Before we did not know about Jesus and His second coming.' Then he pointed to the lantern and said, 'This is a little light, but we want you to come and teach us a better way, that we may have great light,' pointing to the lamp. We do not want the Roman religion. [The Catholics had tried to open up work in this province, but the people were not very willing to receive them. In fact when the priest asked Puyao about schools he told them that they did not want any more schools, and so as yet the Roman church has not done anything.] The priests lie. That is why I told Padre Miguel, when he came here, that

we did not want the Romans here. They also want money for everything. They will not even bury you without money. I cannot read, and I do not know much, but I can see and I know the fruit. Great will be our happiness if this mission will come and make a school here and teach us. I hope that you will come soon.'

"Then he also spoke about Mrs. Sevrens teaching the girls how to make proper clothing. Most of them wear only a short skirt. We were asked what we would like them to do to help in getting a school. The land is free, as we can take it up from the government as homestead, or at a low price. There is plenty of water on the section we looked at, and which Puyao recommended. There is plenty of hard wood for the cutting. The soil is very rich. Puyao promised with the concurrence of the council, all the labour we wanted to level the land, cut the timber, and help erect the buildings. We were to feed the workers. As we could not possibly have asked for more co-operation, the next question was when would we come.

"How sorry we were to have to say that we were only a small committee with no power to act, or even make a promise. We said that we might never be able to open a school—a pitiful thing to say. We said that we would do all that we could to hasten matters. And indeed we must hasten. Never it seems to me has there been so opportune a time to open territory like this, with the people so anxious.

"When we had gone upstairs we talked it over and decided the call was so urgent, and the opportunity so great, that there was only one thing we could do, and that was to cable to Shanghai, as the Division Committee was then in session. This we did, telling them the province was open to us, 'Imperative we enter.'

"We have this year two boys from this province in school. I believe they have come to us for the purpose of learning the truth and then going to their own people, though they are not conscious of this.

"The next morning early we bade our new friends good-bye and started homeward. Brother Hay went west, as that is his headquarters for this field. Brother Strahle went north to visit some colporteurs there, and Mrs. Sevrens and myself with our constabulary guard went south.

"We had a pleasant trip back to Manila of which we will not enter into detail here. It seemed good to have a real meal, and go to bed knowing that we need not roll out before dawn into the cold. We had travelled three weeks, and yet had not been in all the sub-provinces. We had seen people separated by high mountains, differing in speech, dress, and customs. We found opportunities for doing genuine missionary work with the raw material. We had found an opening which calls us to advance while there is a receptive attitude. The question is, can we go before the loss is great?"

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