



THE MISSIONARY LEADER



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No. 5

Home Missions Department

Suggestive Programme for Fourth Sabbath Home Missionary Service

(To be held on May 28, 1921)

Opening Song: "Christ in Song," No. 598.

Scripture Lesson: "Regaining the First Love."

Prayer: Especially for those interested in the truth through our efforts in the "Appeal" work.

Report of Missionary activities by members.

Song: "Christ in Song," No. 639.

Reading: "Until He Find It."

Reading: "The Signs of the Times."

Reading: "Methods That Bring Results."

Plans for a Strong Follow-up Campaign.

Closing Song: "Christ in Song," No. 536.

Benediction.

LEADER'S NOTE.—In the instruction given God's people through the Spirit of Prophecy, the soul-saving aspect of the "Appeal for Missions" work is kept ever to the front. We are led to believe that in the plan of God, it is intended that there should be from this effort a great ingathering of souls, as well as an ingathering of means for missions. But this cannot ever be realized, unless we as leaders lay wise plans with our people, for very definite follow-up work after the campaign. This programme is prepared to emphasize this fact. We urge upon each leader, therefore, to make the most of this opportunity to do definite work in your church, in arranging a programme which will reach every interested person found during the Appeal campaign. No better means can be formed for following up such interests, than the introduction of the "Signs of the Times." Take this opportunity of increasing your club.

H. M. BLUNDEN,

Regaining the First Love

WHAT great lack was apparent to the Lord in a very zealous church? Rev. 2:4.

What three steps were necessary to atone for this defect? Rev. 2:5.

1. *Remember.* Recall our past experience, the atmosphere in which we lived at conversion, the eagerness in our hearts to convey the truth to others, the joy of Christian service.

2. *Repent.* Confess our past negligence, promise reformation, and go forward with the work intrusted to us.

3. *Do.* "Do the first work"—personal work with associates, Christian help work, literature work, etc.

Let us resolve, by God's grace, to take all the steps in the order given by his Spirit.

It will take courage and faith in God to step out and actually *do* some of the "first works." When we first learned of the blessed truth, did we visit neighbours and leave literature with them? Let us do more of that work now. Did we write missionary letters to relatives, old friends, and interested persons? Let us do more letter writing now. As we advance step by step in the performance of the simplest missionary duties, God will add his blessing, there will come a new joy and satisfaction into our own hearts, souls will be added to the ranks, and we shall see the church going forward to victory.

"Until He Find It"

"WHAT man of you, having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it?" Luke 15:4.

"Every soul whom Christ has rescued is called to work in His name for the saving of the lost. . . . If the lost sheep is not brought back to the fold, it wanders until it perishes. And many souls go down to ruin for want of a hand stretched out to save."—"Christ's Object Lessons," p. 191.

These words suggest the central theme around which our entire programme should centre from January to December. It is the last clause of the text quoted on the front page. Inasmuch as we are nearing the end of the year, and the close of our Ingathering campaign, it seems fitting to give some serious study to various lines of follow-up work, and methods by which we could help the home missionary worker to get definite results, from the interests created through his personal work, "until he find it."

Through the years we have heard much about the third angel's message being a *warning message* to go to the world. We have set ourselves to the task of warning the great cities of the land, and have urged the members of our churches to warn their neighbours and friends. This is primarily the task God has assigned to His people. But we should ever remember that the message of the third angel is also a *winning message*. While we urge upon our people the importance of warning souls, we should also help them to become *winners of souls*. One of the greatest needs of this Layman's Movement to-day, is not so much arousing our people to *warn*, as to train them to *win* the souls of the lost.

A casual study of the work of past years by the members of our churches convinces us that, in many instances, *we have let go too quickly*. Many thousands of homes have been visited, scores and hundreds of honest hearted souls, have expressed their heart-longings for light to guide them on the way, and everywhere doors have been thrown open. But too often we have failed

to take hold of the hands that have been extended toward us, and consequently many have gone down beneath the waves of despair. *We have let go too quickly*. Does it not seem vitally essential that we educate, and train ourselves to be *soul-winners* as well as *soul-warders*.

The activities of the Layman's Missionary Movement covers a wide field, and in its various divisions, every phase of the work is organized as a soul-winning agency. But in all our plans we should hold before us the one great objective—that of winning men and women to Christ. Every line of endeavour by our people can be emphasized as essential to strong follow-up work, but for present interests we refer to our periodicals, with a special reference to the "Signs."

Every indication proves conclusively, that our tract and periodical work is approaching a great revival. A new awakening is sweeping the ranks of God's people, and in this inexpensive literature, they find a limitless supply of ammunition, that can be used conveniently while pursuing the various avocations of life. While our tracts and periodicals have been circulated by tens and hundreds of thousands, may we not expect that in the very near future, they will be scattered by the millions? It seems quite probable that the frequent allusion to the scattering of the printed page "like the leaves of autumn," will find its greatest fulfilment in the work of a great army of church members with the smaller literature.

"The Signs of the Times"

THE time is opportune for the *Signs of the Times* to make its appearance in a good strong way. We are rapidly nearing the close of a £25,000 campaign for missions, in which no less than 150,000 homes will have been visited by our faithful lay members. We naturally conclude that earnest, truth-seeking souls were found in many thousands of homes that have been visited. This presents a limitless field of opportunity to crystallize definite results from our efforts. Through the years, the *Signs* has won its way as one of the most effective missionary agencies published by this people, for reaping a harvest of souls from the seed-sowing of great campaigns, such as Appeal for missions, etc.

An Experience

The *Signs* is not limited to any particular part of the field. In all regions it fills a need, and reaches human hearts just as effectively as it does in your locality. From South Africa comes the following interesting letter written by Pastor W. S. Hyatt, President of the Natal Transvaal Conference:

"The *Signs* office sent us a club of forty-five *Signs of the Times*, and Mrs. Hyatt, with the aid of the Maritzburg church, has

been posting these out and mailing letters. First we had quite a number of papers on hand, and we selected about eighty names to whom we sent the first lot of papers, after which we sent out to all the same number of letters. To these we received thirty-seven replies. These people expressed their pleasure in having received the paper. The second letter we sent, we asked them if they did not want to become a regular subscriber, and you may be surprised when I tell you that eighteen of these people are now subscribers to this paper. Then we sent out to another forty-five people, and received twenty replies to our letters. The second letters to these will be sent out soon, and we hope to get a number more who will subscribe to our good old missionary paper."

Through-the-Mails Method

The use of the mails has become not only a popular, but also an effective method for the circulation of these papers. Work of this nature is especially profitable, for those who are unable to participate in house to house work in the vicinity of their own home. Many of our churches have their mailing lists, consisting of names of friends, relatives, interested people met by our colporteurs, etc. A wider field of opportunity was discovered recently by one of our enterprising Home Missionary Secretaries. The project developed from a deep conviction, that every home in the conference should be reached in some way with the message.

Fundamental to the success of this effort, was the task of making every church responsible for every home in its city or district, as the case may be. Through various means, the name and address of every family in the territory assigned was secured, and the entire church launched its programme.

The church purchased a sufficient number of the *Signs* to supply every name on its list. The papers were wrapped, addressed, and a little insert enclosed in each one, giving the address of the conference and suggesting the regular subscription price.

The church wrapped and addressed its papers, and sent them to the Tract Society in bulk, by express or other means. The Tract Society in turn forwarded them at pound rates.

After a time, names came to the office with the necessary amount covering the subscription. These names were returned to the church looking after the territory in which they belonged; thus each church had its growing list of interested people. After a number of weeks this programme was repeated, and again new names were added to the lists of the church. Why not have your church follow this plan, with the list of names you have secured in your Appeal for missions work this year? Try it and see what the result will be.

Methods That Bring Results

REMARKABLE results have grown out of following up mailed copies of the weekly *Signs* with a few letters. These silent preachers can go where we cannot. Don't forget the instruction to send our literature through the mails.

Opportunities come daily to our doors. Be prepared for callers and agents. Have a rack hanging conveniently near. Don't allow your papers to remain hidden in a

book-case. Send them on their mission of giving the gospel.

You can always find travellers who will gladly accept a paper, and read it to pass away the time when riding. Be an opportunist. Remember to go prepared on the next trip. Mark some special article. It focuses attention.

The "rack" is a method that possesses great possibilities. Wherever a people have to wait, you will find some who wish to read. See that the rack is kept in good shape, and supplied with fresh, up-to-date papers and magazines. *Reading racks pay.* "Watch and Pray." Some day that neighbour will mention a special bit of news she has seen in the daily paper, and will ask, "What is the world coming to?" and you, in a tactful manner, will give the answer, and also pass over a copy of the *Signs*.

An increased number of our people are making a few calls each week, systematically leaving the *Signs*, and later suggesting a subscription. Let us plan definitely to give more time and thought to such work. *The time is short.*

Missionary Volunteer Department

Missionary Volunteer Programme First Week Ministry

Opening Exercises.

Three Minute Talk: "David Brainerd."

Three Minute Talk: "Bartholomew Ziegenbalg."

Topic: "The Christian Passport."

Topic: "Living One's Religion."

Reading: "What Can a Lad Do?"

The Christian's Passport

THE passport of a fellow worker just returned from Europe is an interesting document. So extensive has been his travel during the last few months, that the passport has a number of additional sheets pasted to the original, all conveying in minutest detail the description of the owner's personal appearance, business, destination, etc. Before he entered a strange country, it was necessary for his passport to be presented, and for him and the description of him to correspond in every particular. The slightest discrepancy would cause him to be rejected as a pretender, and to be prohibited from travelling through the country. Tourists in foreign countries these days must prove the genuineness of their mission.

It has often been the rule to apply tests to distinguish the false from the true. In the days of Israel, when the Ephraimites desired to go over Jordan, the men of Gilead required a watchword as passport, the correct pronunciation of the word "Shibboleth." Forty-two thousand failed to give this watchword, and perished at the hand of the Gileadites. Judges 12: 5, 6.

In passing through the enemy's country, the genuine Christian will produce his passport, his watchword, as ambassador for the King of heaven. There must be no pretence in his claim to being a servant of Jesus Christ. What is this watchword?

"The church of Christ is organised for service. Its watchword is *ministry*."—*"The Ministry of Healing,"* p. 148.

Christian, is your passport still in force, or does it need to be renewed? Do you ring true to your profession by performing acts which accompany true godliness?

As to the ministry which is required, the inspired instruction is:

"If any man minister, let him do it as of the ability which God giveth: that God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ, to whom be praise and dominion forever and ever. Amen." 1 Peter 4: 11.

Living One's Religion

GUSTAVE DORE, the great French artist, was once travelling in foreign lands. Through some accident, he had lost his passport. When he came to pass through the customhouse of another country and his passport was demanded, he told the customs officer that he had lost it, but assured him that he was Dore, the artist.

The customhouse officer did not believe him, and said, mockingly: "Oh yes, we have a good many like you! You are Dore, are you?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then; take this pencil and paper,"—handing these to him as he spoke,—and prove it."

"All right," said Dore. And with an amused smile playing on his face, he took the pencil, and began to make a neat little sketch of a company of peasants on the wharf, with their piles of baggage and the children playing about them.

The customs officer looked on with astonishment for a few moments, as the life-like creation grew under the pencil, and then said: "That will do, sir. You are Dore; for no man but Dore could do that."

This is the way we are to prove our Christianity. We must carry our passport in our every-day conduct. A Christian spirit which shows itself in smiling face and kindly words and right conduct, is the best introduction one can have. Sometimes it is a protection better than any armour.

What Can A Lad Do?

HE was only a lad, but he had sat at Jesus' feet all day, a small part of the multitude that had thronged the Master and hung on His words all through the long hours. And now the night was coming on, and still they all lingered. Suddenly he noticed that Jesus looked pale and worn, and yet he did not stop His ministry. Oh how he longed to be like the loving Teacher, who was doing so much for him and those around him!

Then the disciples came to Jesus, and urged that the multitude be sent away. Jesus only looked lovingly over the mass of men and women, boys and girls. He knew how spent some were, and he longed to give them what they needed. With a voice of sympathy He spoke: "Give ye them to eat," and then turning to Philip, He continued: "Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat?" Philip's answer was discouraging: "Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one of them may take a little." Then another disciple spoke, rather doubtfully it seemed to the lad, "There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes." Then quickly added, "But what are they among so many?"

The lad looked down at the small basket which hung on his arm. Did the disciple mean *him*? There were five barley cakes

in his basket, and just two small fishes. Surely it must be the Master could use them. With a beating heart, they were offered. The Master took them. As he saw Him break and bless them, a great gladness filled his heart. Would his little gift feed that vast multitude? "When they were filled, He said unto His disciples, Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." How the lad watched and counted as those baskets came in! Twelve! His one little basket had not only fed five thousand, but had filled twelve baskets with the fragments!

It was such a little gift, but it had been given freely and gladly. Under the Master's touch it had multiplied marvellously. It had done more than the lad had dreamed, but that is true of every consecrated gift.

H. M. H.

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Second Week

Some Armenian Experiences

Opening Exercises.

Three Minute Talk: "Hans Egede."

Three Minute Talk: "Count Nicholas Ludwig Zinzendorf."

A True Narrative: "A Brother's Search."

A True Narrative: "A Sister Found."

A True Narrative: "An Armenian Lad."

The Brothers Search

AMONG the many visitors at our meetings was a young Armenian, who for nine years had been a sailor in the Turkish navy, having been four years in service before the outbreak of the Great War. He belonged to one of our oldest Adventist families in Turkey, but had not yet given his heart to the Lord, thinking that doing so would lessen his chance for getting on in the world. His life in the military service seemed to make him still more indifferent. When his parents, with all his brothers and sisters, were sent into the misery of exile, his heart was filled with bitterness and hatred. While it was our common wish that he might find peace and rest, in the One who has taken all our burdens upon Himself, it looked as if he only grew more hardened.

But at one Sabbath meeting, when I asked who was willing to give his heart to the Saviour, I was greatly and gladly surprised to see him rise. His joy was our joy, especially when we saw his zeal and earnestness. The change in him was so evident that he himself wondered at it. He succeeded in getting the Sabbath free while in service. His new life of obedience and faithfulness, caused his superiors to respect him, for the Moslem is not less mindful than others of the sincerity of a real Christian life. They make a great difference between idol-worshipping Christians, and those who serve God in spirit and truth. They used to call one of our brethren a "Christian Moslem."

About six months after the baptism of this young man, the Great War came to an end. By the conditions of the armistice, Ottoman subjects who were Christian were released immediately from service, and in this way he gained his freedom. At the same time the exiled ones could return, but he learned from friends that with the exception of his little sister, all his relatives had died. He was now anxious to find this sister. From the relief funds which our brethren in America and Europe had put at

our disposal, we could help him. So he set out one day in the direction of Aleppo, and we had no news from him until one evening, a long time afterwards, he arrived in Constantinople with his sister. She was now twelve years old. All over her face, arms, and hands she was tattooed like an Arab girl. The Arabs did this with all the Armenian girls, to make them like their own. After many inquiries and a long search, he had found a trace of her east of Aleppo. There she was serving an Arab as a shepherd girl. For six years she had not seen her brother, and she had been in exile since she was seven years old. Her parents had been forced to go farther into the desert, and in order to save her from starvation and greater misery, they had sold her to an Arab, as many others had done with their daughters, that her life at least might be spared. There day by day, in the burning sun as well as in rain and cold, clothed with only a rough skirt, she cared for the sheep and goats.

In order to obtain her release the young man had to give proof that she was his sister. Fortunately, he had with him an old photograph of himself, and somebody was sent with it to her in the field. On seeing the picture of her brother, she exclaimed at once, "Halha Achoui!" ("This is my brother!") After this the owner did not attempt to keep her.

His first care was to dress his sister properly, after which he joyfully and triumphantly brought her away with him. But then, as he often complained to me afterward, the hardest work with her began. Among savage people, without any care, she had become quite a wild girl. To be free and to have a good brother meant to her to satisfy all her fancies.

Having no school of our own, we had to help the brother pay the tuition for his sister in another school. By-and-by her wild manners disappeared. Shortly before I left for Europe, this brother had to come to Constantinople on account of his work, because his country was menaced by new political troubles. He brought his sister with him. He could not find a proper school for her, and had to put her in an orphanage. She secured permission to see him on Sabbath afternoon of every third week. Once her brother succeeded in bringing her to our morning service, and she then expressed a wish to be baptized. Besides the influence of God's Spirit, this success is to be attributed to the faithful, loving work of her brother. This wish of hers to be one of God's people filled my heart with thanks and joy. May God hold her to the full realization of her wish.

H. ERZBERGER.

The Sister Found

A SHY Armenian lass recently arrived at the home of her brother in Takoma Park. Her face bears the brand of the Mohammedan crescent and stars, marks of slavery which can never be removed, and the look of shrinking terror which comes now and then into the soft brown eyes, as she talks of some of her experiences, is sufficient proof of the deep waters of sorrow and oppression, through which she has passed during the last six of her fourteen years. Her father was a wealthy merchant in Ovacik, Turkey, when the great World War began, and in their happy home Serapi, the youngest, was the pet and darling. Her mother was a devoted Seventh-day Adventist.

"It was in August, 1914," she told us (her brother acting as interpreter), "that the Turks came to Ovacik, where we lived, a village about ten miles from the city of Ismid, and took all the able-bodied men between twenty and forty for service in the Turkish army. In this way my brothers were taken from home.

"Turkish soldiers drove us out of the village by side roads instead of the regular highway. Thus they made our journey much harder, for the paths were narrow and stony. We were allowed but little time for rest, and often when we were so tired it seemed that we would drop in the way, the Turks would tell us we might rest; but just as soon as we sat down, they would drive us on.

"My father took a large sum of money with him, thinking he would be able with it to procure some comforts for us; but he did not dare to carry it himself, as the Turks would have stolen it. However, they seldom troubled the children, and so I, an eight-year-old girl, carried all our money in a belt on my person. But after all, it did us little good, because we were not allowed to hire wagons, and often the little food we were allowed to buy was taken from us by the Turks.

"All the way along the road the Turks beat and stoned the Armenians, and made them as miserable as possible. In this way we travelled for months, all the time meeting more and more Armenians on the way, till we were thousands and thousands in a line, so long that it seems it would reach from New York City to Washington. At first we did not know our destination, but finally learned that we were being taken to Der el Zor in the Arabian desert.

"As we passed through Turkish villages the Turks would come out and seize any pretty Armenian women or girls who pleased their fancy. Sometimes when they could not get them by force they offered money, and many were sold. The wives of my two brothers were taken by Arabians.

"We passed through Adana and Aleppo on the way, and were near the desert. Then one day my father left us for a little while, and an Arabian chief asked my mother for me. She knew she was going to die, and though he offered to pay for me what would amount to twenty cents, she refused the money, praying only that he would be good to me. Soon after this she was beaten until she died from injuries received. My father also was killed in the same way. The Turks cut out the eyes of my older sister in order to increase her suffering, and she soon died, after being terribly beaten.

"When my mother gave me to the Arab chief, she told me that I had two brothers in America, who were safe and would find me some day. This was my one hope. In the village where I lived with my Arabian parents there were seven houses, and in each an Armenian slave girl. I had been there but a short time when my face was tattooed. They bound me securely and held me, and then in sight of a great company who had gathered to see it, a woman whose business it was to do this work, marked the Turkish crescent and stars on my forehead, cheeks, and chin. This was very painful for a time.

"My Arabian father tried to be kind to me in his way, but his young wife—his sixth—did everything possible to make me miserable. Often she beat me and pulled out handfuls of my hair.

"After some time my Arabian father

decided that I should marry his thirteen-year-old son. I did not wish to do this, and all the time I prayed for my brothers to come for me. Finally, when I saw that they would force me to marry, I ran away. I ran away again, and again, but was always brought back. Finally, another Armenian slave girl went away with me, and we believed that we had really escaped. At last we took refuge in the house of an Armenian-Arabian who was friendly. My Arabian father soon came after us, and this friend pleaded for us. As a result of his pleading, my Arabian father promised that I should not have to marry for a year. I agreed to this because it was the only hope, and still I prayed for my brothers to come. Much can come to pass in a year.

"Now I cared for the sheep most of the time. There were about two hundred and fifty in the flock, and I took them out several hours' travel beyond the village. I was made to care for them all alone. One day when I was in the village with the sheep some one told me that an Armenian man was passing through. This was after the signing of the armistice and all Armenians were supposed to be free. I ran to speak with him, but I remembered only a few words of my language. I told him my name and asked if he knew my people. He said he knew them well; but just then my Arabian father came and took me away, and would not allow me to talk more. I sent a friend from another house, who told him about my brother in the Turkish army, and asked that he find him if possible, and tell him where I was and to come and get me.

"This man found my brother very soon after he reached Constantinople, and my brother at once borrowed money of the tract society and friends, and started for the desert. All this time the day when I must marry my Arabian father's son was drawing nearer, and I prayed and prayed for deliverance. After several months my brother located the village. Then he went to the chief over that section, and told him he had come for his sister, who was held as a slave, and asked for an escort of soldiers. Two came with him to our village, but I was away with the sheep. When my Arabian father saw my brother, he said, 'You look like my daughter Marie,' for they had changed my name from Serapi. My brother asked them to send for me, and this they did, sending along some decent clothes with which I could appear, and also a picture of my brother, which I at once recognised. My brother came only a few weeks before I should have been married to the wicked Arabian young man. He took me back with him to Constantinople, and finally we are here in America where all are free. I am so happy to be here."

L. E. C.

An Armenian Lad

IN a little Armenian village where American missionaries had a mission, a happy Armenian family lived. There was but one child in the family, a boy nine years of age. One day, during the Great War, a band of Turkish soldiers came to this village. Many Armenians were shot down in cold blood. This little fellow saw both his father and his mother fall dead, pierced by Turkish bullets. He was so badly frightened that he started to run, and he continued to run until he came upon some Arab tents far away from his home. He pulled aside the tent door of one and looked in. The owner invited him inside, and

gave him food and clothing. For two years he remained with these new-made friends. When the boy was eleven years old, the Arab who had befriended him called him aside and said: "Now you are eleven years old. To-morrow you must become a Mohammedan. I will have the sign of the crescent placed upon you."

The boy looked at him earnestly, but said not a word. He returned to the tent and lay down. He lay very quietly until he felt sure that every one was fast asleep. He then arose and went out into the darkness. He wandered on and on, day after day and week after week, until he came to the Bagdad Railway, which he followed to Aleppo, 490 miles distant from his starting-point.

The little fellow had lived on what he could pick up on the way, some of his food being unspeakably repulsive. When he reached Aleppo, he lay down beside an old car near the railway sheds and slept.

Early the next morning before daybreak, a Near East Relief worker went out to search for hungry children. When she came upon the sleeping boy, she thought he was dead; and he was more dead than alive. But while his body was wasted almost away, his soul was still full size. The woman touched him, and he turned his great frightened eyes upon her. Quietly his fears, she took him home with her, cleaned him up, and gave him food. She then pointed to her snow-white bed, and told him to lie down and go to sleep. He stood thoughtfully looking at the bed, but made no attempt to acquiesce. She repeated her request, when he asked timidly if he could say, "Our Father." She told him he could. She then asked him if he had remembered to say it ever since he left home. He assured her that every night and morning since he ran away from his home tragedy, he had said the Lord's Prayer.

Such loyalty deeply touched the heart of his new-found benefactor. But desiring to further test the little fellow, she asked, "Why did you leave the Arabs if they were good to you, and gave you food and clothing?" He made no reply. He seemed not to know just what to say. The lady repeated her question, and then from the depths of his soul the little soldier of the cross said, "O lady, you don't understand; you don't understand! I'm a Christian boy!"

Here was the secret of the child's life, the secret of his self-imposed exile, wanderings, and starvation. He was a Christian boy, and gave up all rather than become a Mohammedan and forsake his Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. Would that we who have so much greater light, might be as true to Him who gave His life for us, as was our little Armenian friend!

F. D. CHASE.

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Third Week

A Family of Reformers

Opening Exercises.

Three Minute Talk: "Childhood of the Wesleys."

Reading: "John Wesley's Preaching: Spiritual Results."

Reading: "Fifty Years' Toil of John Wesley."

Reading: "Wesley's Death and Burial."

Topic: "Charles Wesley's Hymns."

Closing Hymn: "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

John Wesley's Preaching: Spiritual Results

IN London and the regions round about, mass meetings were held, and they were followed by an extraordinary number of conversions. Men who had sneered at religion, cultured men and illiterate men, ladies in emblazoned carriages and people from the slums, gathered to hear the rediscovered facts of the New Birth and the life of faith in Christ.

These are the words in which Wesley expressed his own belief in the reality of a changed life. He was convinced that it was a Divine process, and that it changed the whole bias of life:

"I have seen many persons changed in a moment from the spirit of fear, horror, despair, to the spirit of love, joy, and peace; and from sinful desire, till then reigning over them, to a pure desire for doing the will of God. That such a change was then wrought, appears not from their falling into fits, or crying out, but from the whole tenor of their life, till then, many ways wicked; from that time, holy, just, and good. I will show you him that was a lion till then, and is now a lamb; him that was a drunkard, and is now sober; the whoremonger that was, who now abhors the very garment spotted by the flesh. These are my living arguments for what I assert, namely, that God does now, as aforesaid, give remission of sins."

Fifty Years' Toil of John Wesley

NO OTHER man has left behind him such a record of achievement. It is not putting it too strongly to say that John Wesley preached more sermons than any other preacher who has ever lived; that during his life he covered greater distances than any traveller of his day. Nor is this all; in those same years he wrote and edited the extraordinary number of two hundred books!

Every year he travelled between four and six thousand miles, mostly on horseback. Day after day he preached, sometimes twice, and often, on Sundays, thrice or even four times.

His three chief centres were London, Bristol, and Newcastle. From these he pushed out year by year, into remote and inaccessible corners of the kingdom, crossing also to Ireland, and penetrating far into Scotland. There were days when he arrived at his inn at nightfall, after a ride of ninety miles, and jotted down in his *Journal*, "I was no more tired than when I set out in the morning." Once, in an urgency, he covered, in two days, two hundred and thirty-eight miles.

And what miracles of difficulty many of these roads were over which he toiled! Even the turnpikes and highways were trenched with ruts like the furrows of a field, and strewn with large stones. We read of his horse taking three hours to travel fourteen miles. Up the steep fells of Cumberland and the "enormous mountains" of Scotland, through Lincolnshire fens and across bleak moors where snow-wreaths lay like death-traps, the unresting evangelist again and again made his way. Once, after a heavy snowstorm,—"but surely, if we cannot ride, we can walk at least twenty miles a day," cried the eager apostle, and for twenty miles he waded deep in snow, dragging his reluctant horse behind him.

Food was often hard to find, for hospitality was more than once withheld from the unknown visitor, and a bare floor in a shed was his bed. But rest was sweet to the tired traveller, and a wooden mattress did not hinder sleep. "Brother Nelson," was his morning greeting once to his friend, "Brother Nelson, let us be of good cheer, I have one whole side left, for the skin is off but on one side." And, the same day, dining off the blackberries on a hedge,—"Brother Nelson, we ought to be thankful that there are plenty of blackberries; for this is the best country I ever saw for getting a stomach, but the worst that ever I saw for getting food."

Discomforts could not interrupt his steady persistent toil. His day began at four, and by five he was preaching,—nor does he ever seem to have failed of an audience in that still hour of the morning. And always, on the long rides, in the hot sun or in the teeth of an easterly gale, out came a book from the saddle-bag, and Wesley, the reins flung loose on the horse's neck, would be deep in the volume,—often with infinite risk to life on roads cruel to horses. Many were the spills and narrow were the escapes on those long rides.

His first visit to Newcastle reveals his superb optimism. It is a city, he tells us, beautiful to look at, but—"I was surprised; so much drunkenness, cursing, and swearing (even from the mouths of little children), do I never remember to have seen and heard before, in so small a compass of time. Surely this place is ripe for Him who 'came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.'"

"Surely this place is ripe for Him!" The very conditions which would have dashed the spirits of any ordinary man, roused Wesley like a challenge. Here was the place for him to work! To win converts here will surely give joy to the angels!

Wesley's method of going to work in Newcastle, may be quoted as his method for a hundred other towns. The very next day after arriving, being Sunday, "at seven I walked down to Sandgate, the poorest and most contemptible part of the town; and, standing at the end of the street with John Taylor, began to sing the hundredth psalm. Three or four people came out to see what was the matter, who soon increased to four or five hundred. I suppose there might have been twelve or fifteen hundred before I had done preaching; to whom I applied those solemn words: 'He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed.'

"Observing the people when I had done, stand gaping and staring upon me with the most profound astonishment, I told them, 'If you desire to know who I am, my name is John Wesley. At five in the evening, with God's help, I design to preach here again!'" And at five, from the top of a little hill, surrounded by a vast crowd, he preached his new surprising gospel. They had never heard it in such sort before, and hardly could a way be made through the dense mass of people, when the preacher went to his lodging for the night. They pressed upon him, following him to his door with the cry: "Come and tell us all this again." But the seed sown, the sower could not stay, and next day he was off to Birstall.

The journeys and labours of these fifty years make what Mr. Augustine Birrell

well describes as the "most amazing record of human exertion ever penned or endured." Year after year he preached in many places, in England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland. He loved the crowded streets of cities, but no hamlet was too small for him. There were towns and villages, in corners of the land the most remote, to which he made it a duty to pay a yearly visit.

Wesley's Death and Burial

A few hours before John Wesley fell asleep, in his eighty-eighth year, he called for a pen and ink. But his hand could not hold the pen. "Let me write for you sir, tell me what you would say," said his attendant. "Nothing," returned he, "but that God is with us." The last word he was able to speak was "Farewell!" and "without a lingering groan" this man of God died.

Ten thousand mourners came to look their last on the resting labourer. With a design to prevent crowding and accidents, he was laid in his grave between five and six in the morning. There was an appropriateness in the hour; it was the hour at which, for fifty years, he had preached almost every day.

It was a simple funeral, as he had desired,—no hearse, no coach, no pomp, nothing but the tears of those who loved him. When the officiating clergyman came to the words; 'for as much as it hath pleased Almighty God of His great mercy to take unto Himself the soul of our dear brother,'—he paused a moment, and with a break in his voice, instead of brother, read *father*. In an instant the vast congregation broke into a cry of sorrow, and for a time deep sobs drowned all utterance,

"Such a life had such a close."

Charles Wesley's Hymns

Charles Wesley was five years younger than John. Less robust than his brother, and of a quieter and gentler spirit, he lacked his vivacious charm. But there was a rich vein of poetry in his nature, and he was destined, in days to come, to do as much by his sacred songs for the revival of religion, as his brother John did by his sermons. Of at least twenty of his hymns it may be said that they should be bound in gold. If all the rest perish, these are priceless, and cannot perish while Christianity lives, for they are treasured in many memories. "Jesus, Lover of my Soul;" "Hark! the Herald Angels sing;" "Soldiers of Christ, Arise!"—the very titles stir the heart. Of the first of these three Henry Ward Beecher has said: I would rather have written that hymn, than have the fame of all the kings that ever sat on earth."

And Southey, himself a poet-laureate, says: "No hymns have been so much treasured in the memory, or so frequently quoted on a death-bed."

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Fourth Week

Our Tongues for Christ

Opening Exercises.

Three Minute Talk: "Christian Frederick Schwartz."

Topic: "A Language That Witnesses."

Topic: "A Manner That Attracts."

Incident: "Doing the Best I Can with What I Have."

A Language That Witnesses

PART of the life that wins is a language that witnesses, and a very important part it is, too. There is perhaps no other way in which a Christian is more liable to fail than in his words. Somehow the tongue is an obstreperous member. We put it on the altar of consecration, and alas! it is off again before we know it. But the victory over the tongue can be won. It should be won. Yes, and it must be, so that our words may truly witness for the Master. Wherever we go, our words should prove that we belong to Jesus.

In recent years we have heard much about tainted food. We know something of how unsafe it is to use such food. But do we realize that fresh, pure speech is as necessary to the Christian's spiritual growth as fresh, pure food is to his physical health? But how may our words be tainted? you ask. They may be tainted with profanity or vulgarity; but more often they are tainted because they are irreverent, unkind, or insincere. Sometimes the words may be pure in themselves, but the way in which they are spoken taints them. Sometimes they flow too freely for safety. "When the pen flows too freely," run the instructions for the use of a fountain pen, "it is a sign that it is nearly empty, and should be filled." Some who understand human nature pretty well, tell us that a tongue that runs freely in idle chatter reveals emptiness of mind. And such a mind needs filling, for an empty mind is the enemy's retreat, and is in danger of moving to Gossip Town. Speaking of Gossip Town, one poet says:

"The principal street is called, They Say,
And I've Heard is the public well,
And the breezes that blow from Falsehood Bay
Are laden with Don't You Tell.
In the midst of the town is Teltale Park;
You're never quite safe while there,
For the owner is Madam Suspicious Remark,
Who lives on the street, Don't Care.

"Just back of the park is Slanderers' Row;
'Twas there that Good Name died,
Pierced by a shaft from Jealousy's bow,
In the hands of Envious Pride.
From Gossip Town Peace long since fled,
But Trouble and Grief and Woe
And Sorrow and Care you'll meet instead,
If ever you chance to go."

One young woman, who was desperately in earnest about taming her tongue, formed the habit of confessing to the Lord during her evening devotions, all the unkind remarks she had made through the day. Her testimony years after was: "I felt so ashamed as I repeated such words before God, that all day long I tried to guard against having any to confess at night. I grew to hate this sin; and then, of course, I stopped it. The trouble before had been that I didn't really hate it, although I thought I did." Has not this follower of Christ left a good example for us, who are determined that our words shall always witness for Him?

A Manner That Attracts

THE life that wins, which we as witnesses are called to live, is adorned with a spirit of Christian courtesy, a manner that attracts. Says one writer,

"As Christian young people, and as those who desire to secure to ourselves and the work of God the good will of those about us, we should be intensely solicitous lest our carelessness, discourtesy, or indiscretion unfavourably prejudice any against the last gospel message. One untimely action of one of our number may result in great loss to the work of God. The work with which we are connected, stands or falls in the minds of many by our course of action."

As the Master's representatives, we should be acquainted with the laws of good social usage, that our words and conduct shall not reflect upon Him or His work. Cicero has well said: "Any man may make a mistake; none but a fool will stick to it." But always our study of good manners should be done in a sweet Christian spirit that ever seeks the best for others. Then the lessons will be learned more quickly and be less easily forgotten. Then it will become natural for us to heed such advice as the following:

"Choose cheerful, helpful subjects of conversation; avoid the habit of grumbling and finding fault.

"Do not interrupt another while he is speaking.

"Do not contradict another, especially when the subject under discussion is of trivial importance.

"Do not do all the talking; give the tired listener a chance.

"Choose subjects of mutual interest.

"Do not exaggerate.

"Be a good listener."

Writers have much more advice to give us. Much of it you and I will never find time to read. But let us study at least one good book on this subject. Then let us practise its teachings at home in our everyday life. Aside from this, let us be closely observant of the best type of manhood and womanhood around us. But above all else, let us not forget that the spirit of real refinement in thought, word, and manner is to be learned at the feet of Jesus, and may best be summed up in these words:

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

"Doing the Best I Can with What I Have"

THE story is told that when Moody first rose to speak in prayer meeting, one of the deacons assured him that he would serve God best by keeping still. Another critic, who praised Moody for his zeal in filling the pews of Plymouth church, said that he should realize his limitations, and not attempt to speak in public. "You make too many mistakes in grammar," said he. "I know my mistakes," was the reply, "and I lack many things, but I'm doing the best I can with what I have." He then paused, and looking at the man searchingly, inquired, "Look here, friend, you've grammar enough—what are you doing with it for the Master?"

We are too prone to criticize the other person. Some one has said,—and I am not so sure but that there is some truth to it,—that the very fact that we are led to criticize others, proves that we are guilty of the same offense.

Moody had a good answer for his critics. "I know my mistakes," he said, "and I lack many things, but I'm doing the best I can with what I have." To every one of us God has given some talent. But the question is, What are we doing with it? Are we, like Moody, using it? God has done His part. He has given us all something to use in His service. But are we using it? Are we reciprocating? True, some of us may not have as many or as great talents as others. But when what we have is consecrated to Him and to His service, it will produce results in saving sinners.

"Talents that are not needed are not bestowed. Supposing the talent is small. God has a place for it, and that one talent, if faithfully used, will do the very work God designs that it should do. . . . Your voice, your influence, your time,—all these are gifts from God, and are to be used in winning souls to Christ."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. IX, pp. 37, 38.

So if this be true, there is not a single excuse for one of us. He will help us improve these talents. Using them will polish them.

"To every worker Christ promises the divine efficiency that will make his labours a success."—*Id.* p. 34.

So let us then, like Moody, do the best we can with what we have. God will help us improve. He will care for the results. —*J. L. McConaughy.*

Sabbath School Missionary Exercises

(May 7)

Touching Experiences in Fiji

THE vacation passed all too quickly and we were just about to open school, when a notice was issued that owing to an epidemic of measles, no schools should open for another three weeks. In one way this was a relief to me. My vacation had been spent in nursing a critical case of blood poisoning. The anxiety and care of this, in addition to my already depleted energies, after carrying the burden of the year's work, made it a question whether without rest I could enter another school year. But now my need was met by this extended vacation.

Tired and worn out the other day, I threw myself down to rest, when a knock at the door, with a request to attend an urgent case of sickness, made me get up. I suggested that they call a doctor, because of my exhausted condition. They were too poor and could not afford it, and it seemed impossible for the patient to be taken to the hospital. It meant an effort for me to go; but the scene passed before my eyes of a woman suffering for four days, lying in poverty, in ignorant loveless hands. I knew all it meant, and I reproached myself. Tired as I was, could I close my heart to human suffering and cries? O no! I must go. And there in a small room, on a dirty floor just with a sack under her, lay a poor woman exhausted, looking pitifully for help. I was deeply touched. The Lord blessed and within an hour she obtained relief.

Come with me again where a young woman is passing through the same experience, in the hands of a merciless mother-in-law. Her husband had been imprisoned the day before. She managed

to send word quietly to me to come to her help. Pen cannot describe it. O, if you could only see and come in touch with human suffering, as I do! You would think no sacrifice too great on behalf of the needy.

I long sometimes for the Lord to touch the heart of some self-sacrificing lady doctor to come to this needy field. I know that this need cannot be met in this Union Conference, because we have none to spare, but from some other part of the Lord's vineyard the need may be met some day.

The patient just mentioned, who was an inmate of our home for over six weeks, had some Bible studies, and now she is reading our literature. I ask your prayers on her behalf, and also for the workers in this field. We feel our helplessness and inability to cope with the darkness that overwhelms us sometimes. But we esteem it a privilege to have a part in this closing work. ELLEN MEYERS.

(May 14)

A Self-Sacrificing Spirit

CHINA is suffering very much from the famine. Only this week we have learned of some who have but one article of clothing, and these are living where snow is lying on the ground. Already disease has set in, and the after effects will probably be worse than the lack of food.

Every year here in Shanghai, we give our employees at the Press a feast for the Chinese New Year. A feast means much to the Chinese. But the Press employees themselves came, and asked that instead of their having the feast, the Press give the money to our church in Honan for the famine-stricken members. Not only this, but some gave half a week's wages toward the fund. This shows a beautiful spirit of love and sympathy for others, and it is good to see the Chinese sacrificing to help.

If ever there was a call for self-denial on our part to help others it is now. The Chinese generally are responding well, but it costs much to feed 20,000,000 people. BESSIE A. DOWELL.

It is sad indeed to learn of the conditions in China, and of the many who are falling in death through starvation. But how much sadder it is, to know that a vastly larger number throughout our world-wide mission field, are starving for want of the bread of life. If our members in China are willing to make such sacrifices for their countrymen, in a time of famine, should not we be still more willing to sacrifice of our means for those who are suffering from spiritual famine?

(May 21)

A Wonderful Deliverance

DURING our recent visit to Java, the following incident was related to me by Pastor Munson's son, Albert, who is the superintendent of the East Java Mission:

In a native village, on the slopes of Kloet—the scene of the awful catastrophe of last year—there lives an elderly Chinese woman, who is a member of our church in Soerabaya. Like all natives in the East, she is very poor, and makes a scanty living by selling fruit and vegetables grown in the native village. Twice a year, this sister brings to the mission a bag of coppers—the tithe of her meagre income. During the

eruption of Kloet, when so many lives were lost, it was thought that this aged Chinese sister was lost too, and all hope for her safety was given up. Imagine the surprise at the mission, when the elderly sister came along as usual with her bag of coppers! On being questioned as to her escape from the disaster, she told how the burning lava poured down the slopes of the mountain, destroying villages and hundreds of lives. As it came to the top of her village, the lava stream suddenly divided, and passed on either side, leaving the village and its inhabitants unharmed. They were in utter darkness for days, but as soon as she was able to travel through the debris, this sister's first thought was to pay her tithe.

As I listened to this story of escape from death and destruction, the word of the psalmist kept running through my mind: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee." Ps. 91: 1, 5-7.

(May 28)

Led By a Dream

BROTHER and Sister Murrin went to the Philippine Islands, from the Western Washington Conference, about a year ago. Sister Murrin writes:

"It makes our hearts sad to think of leaving the people at Ilo Ilo, as we have learned to love them very dearly. We have baptized seventy-one since June. It is remarkable the way the Lord speaks to them, and helps them in their seeking after the truth. A few weeks ago a woman came to Ilo Ilo from D——, about fifty kilometers distant, searching for the Bible. One night she dreamed, and in her dream she saw three persons being baptized. She then asked the Lord that if He had a book that could teach her how to become a Christian, to send it to her; and in her dream, God told her that His book was not in heaven, but down here on earth. So she started to search for it. When she arrived at Ilo Ilo, the Spirit of God led her to walk on the beach where we were gathered for a baptismal service, and there she saw just three persons being baptized. She then recognized that this was an answer to her prayer, and immediately sought one of our company to teach her from the Bible, and it is safe to say that there was never a more earnest student. She has gone home now to tell her friends of her experience, and spread the message.

"Two weeks ago we had planned a baptismal service for Sunday morning, but on Thursday afternoon there came up a terrific rain storm, and by Sabbath the rivers were all overflowing their banks, and we could not see how the candidates could come, as some of them were in distant B——. However, we went to the chapel Sunday morning and there we found them waiting. They had swam the flooded river and walked in through the heavy rain. When we reached the beach, the waves were coming in higher than our heads, but even this would not defeat them in their purpose, so Mr. Murrin took sixteen out into that rough sea and baptized them, and then they started home again rejoicing."

Foreign Mission Day

(May 14)

Finishing the Work

1. GOD gave Christ a work to finish. John 5: 36.

2. It was Christ's meat to do God's will and finish His work. John 4: 34.

3. And at last when His life-work on earth was ended, He could say, "I have finished the work." John 17: 4.

4. A few hours later on the cross, He cried, "It is finished." John 19: 30.

5. Paul's desire also was to "finish" God's work. Acts 20: 24.

6. When his active life was about to close, he could say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course." 2 Tim. 4: 7.

7. "In the days (or years) of the voice of the seventh (the last) angel, when he shall begin to sound (he began in 1844), the mystery of God (which is the gospel) should be finished." Rev. 10: 7.

This angel sounds from 1844 till the end of the millennium, but in the years when he shall begin to sound, the preaching of God's truth must be brought to a close. This work is soon to be finished.

8. The Word tells us that God "will finish the work, and cut it short in righteousness." Rom. 9: 28.

This text means that the great work of preaching the message to all the world will be finished up speedily.

May God give us all the spirit of Jesus, whose meat was to do God's will, and whose chiefest desire was to finish His work.

All are to be missionaries.

J. E. FULTON.

The Marquesas Islands

THE first missionaries to the Marquesas were Europeans, Messrs. Harris and W. Pascoe Crook, of the mission ship *Duff*, who landed on the island of Tahuata as early as 1797. Mr. Harris stayed but one night, but Mr. Crook remained for eight months, at the end of which he was compelled to flee by night to a vessel, owing to the hostility of the natives. Finding the natives of Tai-o-hae more friendly, he determined to remain among them; but was finally obliged to flee for his life to a passing ship, which took him to Tahiti. In 1825 he returned again to Tahuata with native teachers from Tahiti; but they were all compelled to flee at the end of two months. Other attempts were made to gain an entrance; but so hostile were the Marquesans that no one could long remain alive.

On August 10, 1833, three European families of an American missionary society, sent out from Honolulu, arrived in Taiohae Bay, Nukuhiva. The names of the male missionaries were R. Armstrong, B. F. Parker, and W. P. Alexander. Chief Hape received them, built a house for them; but later became unfriendly. Owing to tribal wars their lives were threatened, and after eight months they fled, having passed through many very trying experiences. A large tamarind tree, near the old royal residence in Tai-o-hae, is said to have been planted by these missionaries.

In 1834 some English missionaries arrived at Tahuata, but in 1841 all were compelled to leave, not having achieved

any lasting success. The natives had said, "What shall we get for hearing your lessons? You seem to wish to make speeches to us. Well, give us powder and we will hear you afterwards."

Nothing further was done in the group, until the arrival of the Hawaiian missionaries, in 1853.

These faithful Hawaiian missionaries, filled with love for their Master, endured privations, often suffering at the hands of the heathen natives, frequent attempts being made to secure their bodies for cannibal feasts. One of these, Kaivi, after nineteen years of labour, during which time he raised up a church from among the heathen, became deranged in mind and was taken back to Honolulu.

The grave of another, Kauwealoha, is at Uapou. It is said of him, that when at one time it was suggested to him that the mission be abandoned, owing to shortage of funds and discouraging results, he had said he would not desert his work, even though his salary might be taken away from him; but would dress, if need be, as the natives did, and labour with his hands to support himself while in the field.

The results of mission work in the Marquesas, have been far from commensurate with the efforts put forth. In a summary published after sixteen years of missionary effort by Protestants in the group, it was stated that there were only thirty-four church members. In Rev. Jas. Alexander's book, "Islands of the Pacific," he says, "No mission field in the Pacific has been more discouraging."

Our work began in the Marquesas in July, 1919, upon the arrival of Brother and Sister Sterling at Tai-o-hae Bay, Nukuhiva. The Lord has blessed their efforts so that, aside from a little company of nine native adults and three children at Tai-o-hae, they have been enabled to visit other parts of this island and Uapou, have held meetings and distributed literature, so that the leaven of truth is already working in several small communities. Interests are springing up, and calls are coming for missionaries and teachers.

A Brief Sketch of Our Work in the Marquesas Group

(Culled from letters from Brother and Sister Sterling)

AFTER nine uneventful days at sea from Tahiti, with light winds and calms, we reached the island of Nukuhiva, in the Marquesas Group, and dropped anchor in the spacious bay of Tai-o-hae.

The schooner by which we came to the Marquesas landed us in the little village of Tai-o-hae, which skirts Tai-o-hae harbour. It was not our intention to begin work on Nukuhiva, but rather on Hiva-oo, eighty miles to the south-east. But being left here by the schooner, we took it as an indication of Providence that we should start our work here.

Tai-o-hae, though once having a large native population, is now nearly abandoned. I do not think the total population of this valley to-day is over one hundred and fifty souls. Many that we meet here have come from neighbouring groups of islands. A real Marquesan is very rare in Tai-o-hae.

One is filled with pity as he contemplates the sudden disappearance of a race, so strong and vigorous only fifty or seventy-five years ago. Melville says of them: "I was es-

pecially struck by the physical strength and beauty they displayed." Figueros, who chronicled Mendana's voyage of discovery, speaks of their "good stature and fine form." Captain Cook says they were "in almost every instance of lofty stature, scarcely ever less than six feet in height."

Now their strength and beauty have departed, and with leprosy, elephantiasis, and tuberculosis preying upon them, the time is not far distant, even if the world were to continue, when the Marquesans would be classed along with the mound-builders of America, and other extinct races.

The seat of the French Government for this group was once located here in this bay. There remain several European houses, which were formerly occupied by French officials and traders. There also remain some signs of the old fort on the hill guarding the harbour.

We are housed in one of the dwelling houses which the government opened to us, and have been very kindly treated by the French official and his wife.

Dilapidation meets the eye at every turn here at Tai-o-hae. I wish I could describe to you how it appeared to us, and how it made us feel on the day of our arrival, but I will not attempt to do so. Numerous European houses, stores, boats, etc., are rotting and falling to the ground. Water is laid on through the village, the pipes being mostly above ground as the land is too rocky to bury them, but the pipes are rusting away and leaking here and there. There are no roads, even the main road being merely a foot-path through the weeds. Old residents tell of days when business was lively and ships frequent, but all that is past now.

The whole population of this valley is Catholic, except for three or four natives who have come from Tahiti and Rarotonga. A resident priest is here, who has been in charge for thirty or forty years. Five nuns are conducting a boarding school for native girls. A government school is also conducted by Captain Doom's wife, who is a Protestant.

The island is just about as destitute of Bibles of any description, as you would fancy the interior of Africa to be. And worse still, the natives do not know what a Bible is. Not having had the Bible, they are ignorant of its contents, therefore they have no questions to ask us regarding it. This is a new experience for us, for wherever we have been in the past we have been besieged with questions for several weeks after landing. Not one question has been asked us here.

They are suspicious of the Protestant Bible, therefore I have been using a large Catholic Bible in the Tahitian language, which was lent to me here. When they see the Imprematur, which proves it to be Catholic, they are ready to listen and to give assent to what is read therefrom. I spoke to an audience of about thirty, on Friday night, dealing with Daniel 2 in as simple a way as possible, and using a Catholic Bible from which to read. The poor people were delighted, never having heard anything about the subject before.

Adventists are an unknown sect to these people. Strange to say, we found an old copy of "Hymns and Tunes," sheepskin binding, in the hands of a young native here. None I have asked know where the book came from, nor how it reached Nukuhiva. Its history might be of interest if it could be learned.

The Catholic priests have become thor-

oughly aroused as to the work we are doing here, and they have begun to work against us. First they spoke against us in church on a Sunday, warning the people to keep away from our house. Later they got out a little pamphlet, hand-written and duplicated on a mimeograph, trying to sustain Sunday sacredness from the Bible. They have also told the people to hand over our tracts to them (to the priests). Of course they have the complete control over some, who do anything that the priests say. Others have a mind of their own.

We are told here that when men gathered in groups in the past to talk, the conversation was upon any subject but the Bible; they did not know enough about the Bible to talk about it. But now, since the teachings of the Roman Catholic church have been questioned, conversations frequently drift to the teachings of the Bible. Arguments are frequent, but their arguments are based on hearsay, as they do not know what the Bible says. Only a very few have the Tahitian Bible, and few are able to read it intelligently.

Nearly all the natives here understand the Tahitian street dialect. Some speak it more fluently than others. But Tahitian is not their everyday language. Scriptural truths can be made more plain and forcible to them in their own language. Yet the task of learning the Marquesan dialect is a difficult one. The villages are so separated by mountains that there is a marked difference between the language spoken on one side of the island and that on the other.

A few are taking their stand for the truth. Two couples are keeping the Sabbath, also a married man, whose wife is a faithful attendant at the Catholic Church; her faithfulness dating from the time her husband began to keep the Sabbath. I think that in time she may come with her husband. Then we have one or two other couples who are interested.

Arrival of Native Helpers

We were very glad to greet our native helpers, Tihoni (Johannie) and his wife and little girl. They were twenty-six days coming from Tahiti, but he was able to distribute literature in the Paumotu, and had several Bible studies with different people. They have seen more than we have of this group. They have called at all of these islands with the exception of one near-by island, and an uninhabited island.

We are very glad to have helpers and we thank the Lord for hearing our prayers. Their hearts seem drawn out as they see the darkness of this people.

If we could only get Bibles for these people, even if they are in the Tahitian language! We have been urging the people to procure Bibles, both by voice, pen, and press, and there is interest to secure them. Tihoni brought us a few when he came, but they are all gone.

A Trip to the Island of Uapou, Marquesas Islands

About two years ago a native of Switzerland, by name of Tissot, residing in the Marquesas, arrived in Tahiti on business, and sought out our workers there. He explained that through reading a copy of "Great Controversy" belonging to his father-in-law, the Sabbath truth had come to him, and he had begun to obey it. He was given more literature, and he left with the request that missionaries be sent to the Marquesas Islands.

Upon our arrival in the group, in response to his appeal, we were landed on an island only twenty-six miles distant from the island of Uapou where he resides; and there, for six months, we looked out at Uapou nearly every day, corresponding with our brother as opportunity offered but unable to meet him face to face.

In January of this year we arranged to leave the work on Nukuhiva for a week, meet Brother Tissot on Uapou, and at the same time ascertain the prospects for starting a mission on Uapou.

We found Brother Tissot surprisingly well grounded in the truth for one who had been instructed almost entirely through reading alone. We were the first workers to visit him in his island home. On Sabbath afternoon we had a Bible study together on the subject of faith, in which we dwelt on God's care for the faithful during the times of trouble before us. God's promises seemed very precious to his heart, and he found it difficult to keep back the tears. After the study we engaged in singing for an hour, accompanied by our folding organ. Time after time he turned aside, or went inside the house to dry his tears, as the songs of Zion were sung.

Brother Tissot's wife is not with him in the truth, but we feel that she is changing her attitude, and will, ere long, stand by the side of her husband in this message.

We held several meetings with the natives, where a good impression was made, and the desire expressed that we might remain longer. In a visit to another village, in company with Brother Tissot as guide, I met for the second time a Catholic of Spanish descent, who is very favourably inclined toward the truths we teach. He is reading our literature with open mind, and I feel the Spirit of God is leading him into the light. I believe that Uapou is ready to hear the message. O, that we had some one to place among them right now! They are very ignorant people. Some, not satisfied with Catholicism, have turned Protestant, but they are in darkness as to the message of God for this time. Must they wait on?

Later Developments

Brother Tissot accepted the truth wholly through reading. A few months ago he requested baptism. After several Bible studies with him, I became convinced that he was ready for this step; so on the last Sabbath of my stay with him, it was my privilege to baptize him in the river, just where it enters into the broad Pacific. We trust that as the river widens into the ocean, so his influence among the people of Uapou may lead to the salvation of many souls in heaven.

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