

THE MISSIONARY LEADER

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Foreign Mission Day

(June 10)

Bible Study

"If Ye Be Willing and Obedient"

1. WHAT is the condition laid down by God of our entrance into the promised land? Isa. 1: 19.

2. What hindered the children of Israel under Moses from entering Canaan? Num. 14: 26-30.

3. After the forty years of wandering, what command was issued by Joshua? Josh. 1: 10, 11.

4. What response came from the people? Verses 16-18.

5. What was the result of their being willing and obedient? Josh. 4: 19-24.

6. What experience of Jonathan shows how God can bless willing co-operation? 1 Sam. 14: 6, 7, 13-15.

NOTE.—"Angels of heaven shielded Jonathan and his attendant, angels fought by their side, and the Philistines fell before them. The earth trembled as though a great multitude with horsemen and chariots were approaching. Jonathan recognized the tokens of divine aid, and even the Philistines knew that God was working for the deliverance of Israel. Great fear seized upon the host, both in the field and in the garrison. In the confusion, mistaking their own soldiers for enemies, the Philistines began to slay one another."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 623.

7. What alone lies between the people of God and the promised land today?—Finishing the work. Matt. 24: 14.

8. What characteristic in His people will bring the day of God's power? Ps. 110: 3.

Our Work in Roumania and Russia

OUR native colporteurs have had many interesting experiences. The colporter work in Roumania has been carried on under very great difficulty. At times our only colporteurs were cripples from the war. They would go to the officer and say to him, "I have lost an arm [or possibly both hands, or my lower limbs] in the war. I cannot live on the pension you give me." The officer would say, "What shall we do? We have no more money." The colporteurs would then say, "We could do one thing—we have some good Christian literature, and we could sell it and earn a little money, and get on with what we earn and the pension." Every one of those cripples got a license, and they have had good success.

When the priests have arrested them, as they often do, these canvassers go to the judge and say, "You see I gave my arm [or my foot or an eye] for my country, and I have a license to sell this literature in order to get a little money to help me on my pension." And then the colporteurs would turn to the priests—those portly, well-fed priests—and would say to the judge, "What do you think that priest has given for the country?" Every one of them was released.

Tortured on the Rack

But not all had the good fortune that these had. Early in April three of our other colporteurs were arrested. Two of them were set free at once; the other was taken into a cell at night, and some officers went in where he was and said to him, "We expect you to give up your canvassing work."

Our brother turned to the officers and said, "I have given my life to this work, and I cannot give it up."

Then they said to him, "We expect you to give up the Adventist religion that you have."

He said, "I would rather die than deny my faith."

They said, "We will try you and see."

Then they put him on the rack under torture, and they tortured him until nearly morning. Then the poor man completely lost his reason. I know what they did to him. I have his picture; it is an awful picture, and it shows how they cut him up. They sent him at once to an insane asylum, and in two weeks he died. And when he was dead, the priests published his obituary all over Roumania, made up entirely of misrepresentations and lies. They stated that he belonged to a miserable sect of people, political allies of the Bolsheviks. They accused him of suffering with an unspeakable disease, as the result of which he lost his reason and died. But I believe that the angel of God wrote another story, put another record in heaven, for he was a pure and noble young man, and gave his life for his Master. Shortly before he died his wife was taken to see him at the asylum. He did not know her, but this is what he said, and it shows the spirit in which he died, "Don't hurt me! But I am an Adventist, and I never can leave the faith."

When our brethren heard of what had been done to this young man, they went to his grave, dug up his coffin, and photographed his body, and they took that photograph to the government and told that what had been done to this young man was equal to, if not worse than, the persecutions of the thirteenth century. The Minister of Religion said to our brethren, "If you don't stop this religion, we will do so and so," and denied that any cruelty or injustice had been done, and threatened our people with what he would

do. Brother Paulini said to him, "You might just as well erect twenty-six hundred gallows, for there are twenty-six hundred other Adventists who are ready to die on the gallows for their faith." And they knew that Brother Paulini meant what he said.

Our brethren took that picture in before those officials and explained what had happened, and a member of parliament heard of it and sent out a notice that in a week from that date he would speak in the Chamber of Parliament of Bucharest on "The Inquisition in Roumania." And he did speak on it; he gathered facts about our brethren, and gave a ringing defense of our faith and of our work in Roumania. The government was really for freedom.

Starving Russians

As to our work in Russia, I do not care to say much about it, because the situation there is such that the information we have is somewhat limited. I have gained some information and have been in several provinces, but I have not been across the line into Bolshevik Russia. I have tried to do so, but in vain. We have, however, received from Russia many reports and letters that cause us to cry to God for deliverance and help.

Brother T. Will visited a large church in Russia early in the spring, and he told some very sad incidents of how numbers of our people had died of starvation, and others had been put in prison and tortured. Many have died of the plague. Large sections of Russia along the Polish border today are all utter waste. In places you can travel a hundred miles and not see a single dwelling or person. The country is deserted.

One Adventist family in Russia had a very hard time—a man with a wife and six children. They had been obliged to sell their two or three cows, their goats and sheep; they sold their farm, sold all their furniture but one old wooden bedstead, sold all their clothing but just a very little. For several months they had one poor meal a day, and the children were so nearly starved they could scarcely walk. They had to stay in bed all winter for two or three winters in succession, in order to keep warm, and because there was not food enough to give them strength to be up and around.

Buying a Bible Rather than Bread

This Adventist brother had a chance to buy a Bible—a worn, second-hand Bible. All his books had been taken away from him three years before, and they were without the Bible and the Testimonies in the house. The man was told that he could buy the Bible for a thousand rubles.

Brother Will told me that this brother called in his wife and children and said to them, "What shall we do? We have just

sold such and such articles of furniture, and all our clothing except the very little that we have on, and we have this money. Shall we buy the Bible, or shall we buy bread?"

He turned to the children first, and they said, "Father, we know by heart all the texts that you know. Let us have the Bible. We should like to see you read the Bible at morning and evening worship again."

The mother said, "Father, you know the children need bread; but we know also that at this time, at the end of the world, they need the Word of God more than they need bread."

The children again said, "Father, we need the Bible, for then you can read out of the Bible some different texts from those which you have taught us."

Those poor people bought the Bible. They were true to the message. They suffered for it.

The last Adventist family to come out of Russia were on the way nearly fourteen days, and in those fourteen days they had almost no food. Our brethren were there on the border to receive them. The children each had on just a little garment; the mother had barely enough clothing to cover her body. The man had been a leader in our work; but when he came out of Russia he had almost no clothing—not even rags, as we understand it, but just some shreds hanging down his back. And this family told us they were far better off than multitudes left behind.

Would not Leave their Post

We got official permission for Sister Reinke to come out, but she had been stricken with plague and was very ill. Whether she would live or die I did not know when I left Europe. The people were hoping she would get better and ultimately get out of Russia. Others had been coming out.

One man came to Berlin where we have an office—he was not an Adventist, but he came to us and said, "My daughter is an Adventist; her husband is an Adventist missionary. They are living in Petrograd, and they are starving, and I have come to ask if you will not take steps to get them out of the country. I know that if the head of some society will send them an invitation and provide means of transportation, then they will be able to come out."

I said to this father, a very nice old Russian gentleman, "If conditions are as you say, we will certainly get your daughter out."

We investigated and found that his daughter had translated one of our large books into Russian, and that she had been a worker in that country for many years, and her husband with her; our people knew them very well. Then we learned that the husband had been sick with plague for four months. They had no income from the treasury, because there is no tithe gathered or disbursed in that part of Russia. The man worked in a factory for a time, and his wife worked until she became so weak she could not do so longer. As soon as we could, we sent them word to come out of the country. And I must confess I was greatly surprised, and it touched my heart, when I received a letter from this sister just before I left Europe. In this letter she told of their sufferings and hardships, of how few Adventists there were living in Petrograd, and of what they were suffering. She wrote:

"You know we are the only workers here.

Of course, my husband does not earn much, and I am not able to work and earn much, and we should be very glad to go where we could better provide for ourselves; but if we should leave, there would be no one here to bury the dead, to comfort the mourning, no one to help the discouraged. We do not wish to leave our brethren and sisters here unless some one can be sent to take our place; and I thought I would write and ask you if, before you sent the invitation to us to come out, you asked God in earnest prayer about it and had the conviction that God wanted you to send for us. If you did that, we will come; but if you did not—if it is just human sympathy, if you do not have any genuine conviction from the Lord about it,—we wish to stay."

I had never been placed in just that dilemma. I was free to say that I had not made the question of their coming out a subject of special prayer, for it seemed the only thing to do. I was anxious to get them out. They are valuable workers in this cause. I hardly knew what to write back to them in reply to this inquiry. But I have prayed since, and I am very much of the opinion, friends, that those people will stay in Russia with those brethren who are suffering there.

We can send clothing and food to them from Moscow. The Red Cross can help us in meeting these people in the Volga district. I would that the same spirit of faith and devotion that characterizes our faithful labourers in Europe might rest upon us all, and that we might have the same sublime courage born of holy faith and zeal that would enable us to go into the jaws of death, as they have done time and again, rather than deny the Lord Jesus Christ. I hope that many such missionaries and heralds of the faith may be speedily prepared, some of them to come across the sea and help us.

I know you have an interest in Europe by the response which came to the call of the General Conference for help for Europe a year ago, and the response has been a great encouragement to us, and has resulted in much progress to the cause of God in that field. Our people are not complaining; they are not discouraged. We are now fifty-five thousand strong; we hope to be a hundred thousand strong. I am sure you will join with me in prayer for the work in Europe. Prayer is the mightiest power to bring deliverance.

We are bound to gain entrance into Russia. God wants that country open, and He will stay persecution and give us access to hearts and homes everywhere. It is faith and sublime devotion to this holy cause that we need. There is something about the dire need of the people there which puts courage into one's heart. It makes one feel grateful to be among them, even though realizing the inefficiency of his labour.

"WE must now be terribly in earnest. We have not a moment to spend in criticism and accusation. Let those who have done this in the past fall on their knees in prayer, and let them beware how they put their words and their plans in the place of God's words and God's plans."—E. G. W.

"EVERY individual who will enter the great programme of missions, will give, so that Christ who was given to him may be given again to the multitudes who do not know Him."

Missionary Volunteer Department

Missionary Volunteer Programme

First Week

Opening Exercises.

Topic: "Protestantism Gaining in Roumania."

Protestantism Gaining in Roumania

IT is remarkable to find such a hunger for the gospel in these lands of south-eastern Europe. On a recent visit to Roumania, I found our Protestant gospel workers expecting that the next twelve months would see a great increase in church membership.

For centuries the Greek Catholic Church had full power. All too successfully the way was closed for the preaching of the full gospel of reformation truth. But a new time has come. One can see plainly the hand of Providence breaking down age-long barriers and opening the way for the light to shine in. The governments of this south-east section have adopted more modern and liberal principles, denying the right of churchmen to control conscience, and proclaiming religious freedom. Particularly since the war, these constitutional provisions have been made. In consequence, one can see that a new era of progress has opened on the Lower Danube.

The statesmen are ahead of the churchmen in recognizing the principles that have been such a blessing to western nations. When the Catholic clergy in Bulgaria were complaining of the progress of unorthodoxy, a member of the legislature frankly warned them in a speech that if they did not preach the gospel themselves and give actual spiritual help to the soul, many more people would go outside the formal church services to get what they hungered for in the services of the Protestant sects. And so it is surely coming to pass.

Our own work in Roumania began along the old Moldavian border, where Russian peasant believers, crowded out by the intolerance of the old Russian church, made their way into Roumania, along the Black Sea coast. After a time their religious service was objected to by the local priests; but when the authorities found that everywhere the Seventh-day Adventists were industrious, temperate, and honest, keeping their homes neater and cleaner than the average of the community there, they said that was the kind of people they needed on the land. Thus a few groups were established on the borders.

But evangelistic work was begun about 1904, in Bucharest, the capital. Pastor Ginter, of Russia, held his meetings in the open court of a private dwelling. It was the only place he could secure. At the first meeting, two policeman, with guns and bayonets, sat on the front seats, with orders to arrest him if he said aught against the state church. Nonconformist propaganda was a new thing in Bucharest. But our worker was not there to attack any church or anybody. He preached the gospel of Christ, and one of those watching policemen opened his heart to receive the light.

Got the Preacher Out of Bed

A little group of believers took their stand on the Protestant platform. Among these, after a time, was the woman who had been bold enough to rent her court for the services. She had been rebuked by her priest for giving place to the services, and, on pain of excommunication, was forbidden to attend the meetings. But she sat on a balcony overlooking the court, and there the message of truth reached her heart.

At once it was found that many hearts were hungry for the gospel. Pastor Ginter was once awakened in the middle of the night by a knocking at his door. Opening the window above, he asked what was wanted. Three men were below. "Does Mr. Ginter live here?" they asked; "for we seek to know the way of salvation, and have heard that we can learn it from him." They had walked about ninety kilometers in search of the gospel teacher.

On through the years, with many an obstacle and trial, the gospel made its way in Roumania. A number in the service of the royal court found the truth; and by this and other means, the former Queen Elizabeth, so beloved by her people, became acquainted with the Adventist teachings and read our literature. She was an earnest evangelical worker, and often expressed admiration for the simple godly lives of our people.

In the years of clerical opposition, believers sometimes suffered imprisonment for their faith; but ever the work grew and souls were won. During the war, Adventists, called to service, suffered particularly from chaplains who delighted to hold them up to scorn for refusal to worship after orthodox forms, or to bow and kiss the cross held out by the priest. Yet all this reacted for the progress of the truth.

As I recently was looking at the detail map of Moldavia, the northwestern province of old Roumania, I saw many towns and villages underscored as having groups of Adventists.

"How did we get into all these places?" I asked Pastor Demetrescu, president of the Moldavia Conference.

"Well," he replied, "our people are great ones to tell of the truth. Villagers going to the next village tell the gospel to some one there, and from one door it spreads to the next."

Free Advertising in the Army

"Then too," he added, "as a result of the contact of our brethren with others during the war, many new villages were added to our list. The priest-chaplain would line up our brethren before the regiment. 'Look at these men,' he would say. 'They are Adventists; they are heretics. Beware of them. Don't listen to what they teach.' The result always was that some one at once wanted to know what Adventists believe; and as they came to our brethren and studied the Bible, they went home at the end of the war to carry the light to their villages."

At another conference, in Transylvania (formerly a part of Hungary), I learned of the recent baptism of more than two hundred new members in one section; won in the villages of the northeast Carpathians through the work of a Roumanian soldier, who had found the light while in service and returned to his home at the close of the war to work as a soldier of Christ. He is now

a colporteur, selling gospel literature in the Roumanian language.

Plans were laid in these conferences for increasing the production of literature. The main publishing centre will be in Bucharest, where a new property has been purchased for the headquarters of the Roumanian Union Conference. With state-church opposition, it is essential that the various conferences have their own properties in which to hold large general gatherings. It passes belief what some of the clergy assume to do. In places, they have tried violence. But the new constitution of Roumania has declared liberty of religion and of propaganda.

Baptists and Adventists Win Out

For a time, since this constitution was adopted, the clergy sought to secure prohibition of propaganda. The churches of the Adventists and Baptists were ordered closed until a basis was reached providing for no associate relationship between churches and really no propaganda; the minister to exercise his gifts only in the one church and place which he would be authorized by the ministry of religion to occupy. But our people entered protest on constitutional grounds. The Baptists (whose churches are generally only in Transylvania) entered protest likewise. Influential Baptists came from England to declare that it was unheard of in these enlightened days to proscribe Baptist teachings; that a church to which the premier of Britain, Mr. Lloyd George, and the President of the United States, Mr. Harding, belonged in England and America, surely ought not to be proscribed in the new Roumania. The protests were recognized by the government authorities as well grounded, and orders were given, allowing again the liberty of worship and propaganda. The Adventists, who are counted as the leading dissenting body in old Roumania, thanked God for the great deliverance; and a thousand new souls won this year, it is hoped, will be the thank offering to God for the granted liberty to teach and preach the Word of God.

Roumania has made great progress in recent years. Only in 1878, I think it was, this country became free from Turkey. The Roumanian nationality had been maintained, however, in a wonderful way through all the centuries. Here, in old Dacia, the Emperor Trajan planted his Roman colony beyond the Danube. When the empire had to draw back to its natural borders, these Romans beyond the river still "carried on." Amid Slavic and Moslem invasions and inundations, these Roman colonists preserved the old Roman traditions and name (Romania). Their language today is said to contain more than eighty per cent of Latin words. These are historic regions. The old towers and fragments of walls and gates in these cities and villages of the Danubian plains and of the Carpathians are reminders of many a conflict with Moslem armies, as the wave of Mohammedan conquest swept on from the Bosphorus to Budapest and even to Vienna. More recent ruins of buildings and bridges tell of the late conflict in Europe. Out of it all, Roumania has come with new territories added—Transylvania, Bukowina, Bessarabia, and other parts, and a population increased from eight million to seventeen million. Roumania is to play a modern part in southeastern Europe, and

it is a joy to see there the promise of light and liberty for the gospel to do its blessed work.

WILLIAM A. SPICER.

Missionary Volunteer Programme**Second Week****Investing in Life**

Song Service.

Scripture Reading: Eph. 2: 1-10.

Several Short Prayers.

Talk: "Burning and Shining."

Recitation: "My Camel and I."

Talk: "Sacrificing."

Talk: "One-Hundred-Per-Cent Christians."

Incident: "Saved by Her Son."

Recitation: "Just a Little."

Burning and Shining

SCRIPTURE: John 5: 35.

This is a thought-provoking Scripture lesson. The first part of John 5: 35 gives Jesus' description of John the Baptist, "He was the lamp that burneth and shineth." The second part gives Jesus' own conception of a Christian man—one who is willing to give his life for his God.

What is the significance of the lesson?

Just notice the two important words, "burneth" and "shineth." These are the two essential characteristics necessary to every Christian. John was a lamp that shineth—that implies a radiant life, Christianity expressed through personality, through the disposition. John was also a lamp that burneth. That implies an active life and a working life—Christianity expressed in deeds.

A life that is truly given to Christ must be a life that both burns and shines—it must be a radiant life and an accomplishing life. It is impossible to be a successful Christian by having only one of these characteristics. People who try that method never succeed.

Sometimes there are people who "shine brightly" without doing much burning. They somehow specialize in sweet dispositions and smiling countenances, gentle words, and that kind of thing—they are sort of front porch Christians. They are utterly successful so long as there is nothing to do, but the minute any hard work comes in sight, you have to count them out. There are "Christians" of that variety.

Then, sometimes, there are Christians who go to the other extreme, and burn violently without shining any to speak of. They have a passion for good works—they run about all day. They never fail to be at every service, and help to do all the hard work. But somehow, in spite of all the good things that they do, their dispositions could be improved. You never think of the beauty and sweetness of religion in connection with them. They are estimable persons, but not lovable in the least. They are even inclined to be critical and sometimes intolerant.

They do a lot of burning, but no shining, and although they would be startled to hear it, they are not real Christians. A real Christian is like John the Baptist of

old. "He was the lamp that burneth and shineth." To possess the "and" requires consecration—perfect consecration.

U. V. W.

My Camel and I

TALL was my camel and laden high,
And small the gate as a needle's eye.

The city within was very fair,
And I and my camel would enter there.

" You must lower your load," the porter cried,
" You must throw away that bundle of pride."

This I did, but the load was great,
Far too wide for the narrow gate.

" Now," said the porter, " to make it less,
Discard that hamper of selfishness."

I obeyed, though with much ado,
Yet still nor camel nor I got through.

" Ah," said the porter, " your load must hold
Some little package of trust-in-gold."

The merest handful was all I had,
Yet, " Throw it away," the porter bade.

Then, lo, a marvel ! the camel tall
Shrank to the size of the portal small ;

And all my riches, a vast estate,
Easily passed through the narrow gate!

—Selected.

Sacrificing

There is more involved in the investment of our lives for Christ than burning and shining—than even living a radiant and accomplishing life. Notice this scripture in John 12:24, 25.

When Jesus spoke these words, His mind's eye was looking ahead to the day of the cross that was coming. But He was not thinking of Himself alone; He was thinking of all Christians who should come after Him. He spoke truly.

Christianity involves not only living the radiant life, and the shining life, but it involves the sacrificing of life. You may ask, Did Christ mean that we should die for Him before our lives could be successfully Christian? Yes, in one sense. Our old selves must die. The old life must go—the old life in which we decided that we should do so and so. When we invest our lives in Christ, He does the deciding. He plans our lives for us.

A life before it is given to Christ and a life afterward is as different as a soldier's life before enlistment and afterward. There are probably some here who know what that means to the fullest extent. Before a man joins the army, he does pretty much as he pleases; he goes to town when he feels like it; he goes visiting when he desires. He is his own master.

But after joining the army, things change greatly and they change suddenly. His goings and comings are a matter for the officers to decide, on the basis of the need and the necessity and the work of the army. The man has nothing whatsoever to

say about it. The government decides whether his service shall be on the high seas in a submarine, in the front line trenches, or back in Australia.

It is a pretty serious business. But the soldier knows that, to a large extent, before he joins: still he joins, because he loves his country and believes that his country needs him.

The parallel is quite close. When you give your life to Christ, as you all have done in becoming Missionary Volunteers, it is as if you were giving it to your own country, only it is much more serious and means a great deal more. You are now no longer your own to do with your life as you please. The old life is dead—it is gone. You have come into a new life, and Christ is your Commanding Officer, and if you are to be a true soldier, you must do what He wants you to do.

You see, it is pretty serious business. But when the love of Christ comes into your heart, you want to enlist in His service. You are always ready to do anything because of the love you bear Him.

U. V. W.

One-Hundred-Per-Cent Christians

We know what usually passes for Christianity; we know something of the average Christian that we meet at school, in the shop, and the office, and probably we are not anxious to rate him one hundred per cent.

What are the tests? It is not alone to have one's name on the church books, or is it to be able to boast of a long line of Christian fathers and mothers. It is not alone to possess an exemplary life and character. It is something more than loyalty to our church. What, then, is it?

I am going to venture a definition. It is not to be found in the Bible, although I believe that it is as true as the Bible and is Biblical. One-hundred-per-cent Christianity is to have the whole life surrendered all the time to do the whole will of God.

No discussion of Christian life can begin without the word "surrender," for that is where Christianity begins. And there can be no genuine Christian life without submission to Jesus Christ as Lord. Not independence, but dependence; not self-sufficiency; but Christ-sufficiency; not self-possession, but submission. These are the great words in all Christian character.

And the whole life means just that. It means all the transactions of Mr. Business Man, all the doings of the inner office, the conversations at school and college, the sports and the small talk of the party. It means, as John Wesley said, that no amusement could be taken that could not be taken in the name of the Lord Jesus.

It means surrender, as we said, all of the time; therefore it cannot be a matter of feeling only. Sometimes the sun shines and we awaken in the morning as "fit as a fiddle," and ready to do big things. We smile at the table and greet our friends pleasantly. Then another morning everything is dark and dull, and everything goes wrong.

So let us not forget that last phrase, "all the time." And when we consider our own lives, we may know that God wants them in the very work and the very duty in

which we are engaged now. It may be humble, it may be hard to do, but that is part of being a loyal, one-hundred-per-cent Christian.

I do not know what Christ will do with your life if you put it in His trust company for investment. He may put it in foreign missions, or in social service, or in the ministry. It may be that He will put your life to working in your home town, but you may be sure that if your life is given to Him wholly,—one hundred per cent,—He will do with it wonders for the kingdom. Will you give it to Him? U. V. W.

Saved by Her Son

AMONG the interesting reminiscences of Rev. Dr. William E. Hatcher, printed in the *Examiner*, is the story of the little tow-headed printer's boy in a newspaper office who joined Dr. Hatcher's church in Petersburg, Va., although neither his mother nor any of his older brothers and sisters were in the least religious. It was hard for him to get to church, and impossible for him to come to evening meetings, but he was always in his seat when he could get there. And in spite of the strange isolation of his religious life, and his lack of encouragement, either at home or in his place of work, he persisted patiently, courageously, simply, in the way.

One day the boy's mother came to see the minister, and Dr. Hatcher received her with misgivings. He feared that she was going to oppose actively her son's association with the church.

But he need not have feared. The woman's eyes were full of tears as she spoke of Hugh. "There never was such a boy," she said. "I wish you could see him as we see him at home. Since he became a Christian, he is different, and in spite of us all, he has made everything about our home life different.

"He was a revelation to me; he was so peaceful, so obliging, and so helpful that I was lonesome whenever he was out of the house. Finally, I found that I could not go to sleep until he came home, late at night. There was one thing that bothered me. I used to put a little lunch in his room, and have a lamp burning at the head of the stairs. His room was next to mine, and I noticed that he moved around a long time before he went to bed. I wondered why he stayed up so long, and so one night I looked through the keyhole to see what the little fellow was doing.

"He had drawn the table up to the side of his bed, had his lamp on it, and was reading the Bible. After a time he stopped reading, closed his Bible, laid it on the table, and knelt down beside the bed. Somehow I knew that he was praying for me, and God was hearing him. It touched and softened my heart. I sprang to my feet, hurried into my room, fell down by my bedside, and gave my life to God for my boy's sake. I had to tell Hugh at once. The door was unlocked, and he was still awake; so I went in, sat down at the foot of the bed in the dark, and told him that I had accepted the Saviour, and that it was the way he had been living that had moved me to do so." —*Youth's Companion*.

"THE safest looking sin is the deadliest."

Just a Little

JUST a little kindness shown along the weary road;
Just a little lifting of another's heavy load;
Just a little pity that is tenderly bestowed,
May win a soul for Jesus.

Just a little sacrifice of ease that we have earned;
Just a little sharing of a lesson we have learned;
Just a little stirring of the flame that low has burned,
May win a soul for Jesus.

Just a little pleading in the name of Him who died;
Just a little earnestness, like His, who is your Guide;
Just a little longing for some lost one at your side,
May win a soul for Jesus.

—*Rubie T. Weybury.*

Missionary Volunteer Programme**Third Week****A Glimpse of Home****Opening Exercises:**

Topic : "A Glimpse of Home."
Reading : "Jesus Longed for Home."
Reading : "A Great Home Coming."
Reading : "One Glimpse Suffices."
Reading : "No Disappointment There."
Reading : "Every Ambition Realised."

A Glimpse of Home

THE months in school, with their usual routine of study and recreation, were pleasant. But the old farmhouse was ever on the horizon of thought, and the longing heart kept the hand of hopeful anticipation pointing homeward. Each spring when the school year had closed, with the trunk packed, the college good-byes over, and the ticket in hand, one dear old spot on the map loomed up before me to the exclusion of all else. And when the train made the last curve where the familiar country road smiled back to me, I fairly burst with joy.

What pleasure to reach the end of the road after nine long months of school! There was not much splendour! Just a good, plain, comfortable farm home. Yes, it was home! The welcome was there. Love was there. And the blessings of plenty surrounded the roof that sheltered it. With the passing years, the path that led homeward lengthened. Duty pressed that home leagues and leagues away. Obstacles arose. But somehow the way never grew too long, too lonely, nor yet too rugged, to travel frequently at whatever cost of personal sacrifice, for at the end of the path was the home that never disappointed, the home that never failed to be a place of rest for the weary, footsore traveller, nor yet a place of cheer for the lonely heart.

As I close my eyes today to shut out my immediate surroundings that I may see once again that dear old spot, gratitude fills my heart. The relentless hand of Death has laid low the pillars of that home. But it can never tear from my heart the blessed lessons it taught; and bitter loss brings precious gain, for somehow the embers of that which is lost shed rays of gentle light

upon the pathway leading to another home. Old Father Time is ever at work making changes that tug at our heartstrings and force home to us an ever-deepening realisation of the uncertainty of all around us. But there's an end to the road, and if the scales have fallen from our eyes, we can catch glimpses of the home at the end of the way. It is a home that will not disappoint. —*MATILDA E. ANDROSS.*

Jesus Longed for Home

A good many centuries have rolled by since Jesus assured us that He was going back to the Father to prepare a place for those that love Him. It must be a long wait for the Master; for an intense longing has been burning in His breast to have His loved ones with Him. Even when standing in the shadow of the cross, it was not the ignominy or the suffering that burdened Him most. His unselfish heart was aching for those He loved. At the last supper with His disciples, He looked forward to that happy reunion, and we can feel the longing heart behind the words: "But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it anew with you in My Father's kingdom." To His Father He expressed the same deep desire for His loved ones. "Father," He said, in that wonderful prayer, "I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am." That longing is still burning the Saviour's heart; for He is a changeless Friend. The promised home is still waiting for those who love Him, for His word cannot fail. And the signboards along the way show us that Jesus is about to come to take back with Him to that beautiful home those who have made a covenant with Him through sacrifice.

What a glorious home coming that will be! Receptions for earth's greatest celebrities cannot compare in the slightest degree with that grand gathering when the faithful shall look up into the sky and say: "Lo this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us." Says one, "No human pen can portray the scene; no mortal mind is adequate to conceive its splendour." Jesus comes as a conqueror. With Him are all the armies of heaven to gather the elect from the four corners of the earth. It will be an hour of inconceivable distress to the rich and poor, learned and ignorant, famous and obscure, who have been enticed by Satan to leave the path that leads home. But to those who have made Christ their daily victory, this will be a time of supreme and final triumph.

A Great Home Coming

FROM rugged mountain fortresses, from lonely desert regions, from prison cells, from quiet fields of service, from musty graves, and from the silent deep, the angels will gather the elect to meet their Lord and Saviour in the air. Then will these mortal bodies put on immortality and be fashioned according to the glorious divine pattern. Attended by all the heavenly host, Jesus will return to the Father with the redeemed, immortalised throng,—the purchase of His own precious blood. What inexpressible gratitude for deliverance will fill the hearts of those who, having known earth's sorrows and fears and suffering, now bid them for-

ever farewell! What unutterable joy will thrill their hearts as Jesus opens the pearly gates, and His melodious voice bids them, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world"!

But sometimes we forget about the wonderful home of the redeemed. We forget to gaze at it through the Book of books. Said a young Christian one day, "If I knew more about the home of the saved, I should be more anxious to go there, and more willing to endure the hardships encountered in the way of the cross." Did she give expression to the longings in your heart? Perhaps so. But after all, may we not know all we need to know about that home until we reach it? I remember still how interested I was in the changes at home,—the new piece of furniture, the changes in the garden, the horse that had been added to the barnyard family. Many of these were pleasant little surprises. But after all, it was not the house or its surroundings that made home. It was the love, the loved ones, the joys and comforts there, that made home. It is not so much the things our eyes see as the joys our hearts feel that spell home.

One Glimpse Suffices

ON Memorial Day, a few years ago, I saw one of nature's masterpieces in the mountains of Colorado—saw it in its true grandeur. Some friends and I were up in the Cripple Creek district, when we caught sight of Pike's Peak. Several times I had been disappointed in old Pike as seen from certain places in the vicinity of Colorado Springs. But never again can disappointment spoil the majesty of that peak for me. After that day, whenever old Pike comes to view, I always see, towering sublimely into the sky of deepest blue, a huge dome of crystal white sparkling with a million jewels in the bright afternoon sunshine. And I see crouching at its base the dull, colourless foothills that once deceived my wondering eyes. It seems almost unjust to attempt to describe the picture, for these words fall so distressingly short of even crudely outlining it.

And somehow, each time I recall that picture, it impresses anew upon my heart a most helpful lesson. It is this: Some have not a true conception of the home at the end of the way. They are disappointed in their meditations concerning it. On the other hand, some have caught a true vision of the home that God has prepared for the faithful, and never again can the world and its innumerable inducements cause them to stray from the path. For although "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," the Spirit has taken many an earnest seeker up on the Pisgah of faith and let him look at the home beyond the vale of tears. And day by day, as the Christian climbs up into the mount of communion with God and His Word, does the picture of that home become more indelibly imprinted on his heart. It is ever with him. Satan may come with flattering offers of wealth, fame, popularity, or pleasure; but, like Moses, he turns his back on all these inducements, "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season;" and "esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt," he pressed forward, for he, too, has "respect unto the recompense of the reward."

No Disappointment There

IT is a home that will not disappoint. There will be rest for the footsore traveller, and cheer for his lonely heart. There will be no shortage of funds for carrying out plans; there will be no waning health to keep the ambitious from pressing on to chosen goals. No gossip will mar the tranquillity of that blessed home; harsh words will never stain lips or pierce hearts in that happy family. There will be no tired nerves, no aching backs, no broken hearts. There will be no crippled bodies, no blind eyes, no deaf ears. No one will be sick or sad. There will be no funeral trains, no broken family circle. There will be the happy reunions for which the heart sighs. It will be a place of love and joy shut in; of woe and sorrow forever shut out, for Jesus will be there and the nail prints in His hands will be constant reminders that His love can never fail. Through all eternity the dwellers in that celestial home will be happy in the presence of one another.

"While the glory of God like a molten sea, Bathes all that happy company."

And the Father is waiting to welcome to that beautiful home all who will come. The Saviour is yearning for all to come. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. . . And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Yes, heaven is waiting for you and me. The last invitation is now going forth to earth's millions. Come, is the invitation that falls from the lips of mercy. Come enjoy the inexpressible gift of eternal life. Friends, we must accept the invitation.

Every Ambition Realized

YES, friends, we must reach that home. "There every power will be developed, every capability increased. The grandest enterprises will be carried forward, the loftiest aspirations will be reached, the highest ambitions realized. And still there will arise new heights to surmount, new wonders to admire, new truths to comprehend, fresh objects to call forth the powers of body and mind and soul.

"All the treasures of the universe will be open to the study of God's children. With unutterable delight we shall enter into the joy and the wisdom of unfallen beings. We shall share the treasures gained through ages upon ages spent in contemplation of God's handiwork. And the years of eternity, as they roll, will continue to bring more glorious revelations. 'Exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think' will be, forever and forever, the impartation of the gifts of God."

The world marvels that men and women will go to prison and even to the scaffold for their religion. But if the world could catch a glimpse of the home that is awaiting the faithful, it would understand why they count not their lives as dear as their religion, and why they go out amid greatest dangers to teach others about the home that is waiting for all who will enter in. Just one distant, lingering glimpse of that home, and we shall understand why Europe has been baptized in the blood of martyrs; why Huss, Tyndale, the young woman of Solway, and thousands of others have given up their lives, rather than their allegiance to God. We shall understand why men and women turn their backs on

money, fame, and pleasure, and take up the cross and carry it into heathen lands, that the hopeless may look and live. We shall understand the passion that burned in the young hearts of Norman Wiles and his wife when they gave up home comforts to live and die among the cannibals of the New Hebrides. We shall understand why that same passion is causing thousands at home and in heathen lands to lay their all upon the altar for others and for the home beyond. And if we will but look steadily at that home, we, too, shall get the vision and follow in their train; we, too, shall go home by the way of the cross.

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Fourth Week

Victory by Faith

Song Service.

Prayer for more faith.

Scripture Reading: Heb. 11:1-10; 12:

1, 2.

Reading: "The Secret of Farragut's Victory."

Talk: "The Walk of Faith."

Recitation: "No Unbelief."

Talk: "Faith Like This?"

Talk or Reading: "How to Believe."

Reading: "How 'Chinese' Gordon Served."

The Secret of Farragut's Victory

WHEN Farragut—that noble man who succeeded because he believed that he should succeed—was talking with the commander of the fleet off Charleston, who delayed and delayed making an attack with his whole force of monitors, and who finally gave it up and never brought on a battle, this commander complained that the government did not give such and such arrangements and combinations, that he had not this advantage and that he lacked that advantage. And when he got through his story, the old hero Farragut said to him, "You have not told one reason." "What is that?" said the man. "You did not believe you could do it." That was the story in a few words. When Farragut meant to run the forts on the Mississippi, he believed that he could do it, and he did it; and when he wanted to run the fire in Mobile Bay, desperate as it was, he said he could do it, and he did it; and it was the power of his faith that carried him through.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The Walk of Faith

"So on I go—not knowing,
I would not if I might;
I'd rather walk by faith with Him,
Than go all alone in the light;
I'd rather walk by faith with Him,
Than go alone by sight."

The Christian pathway oftentimes appears to be dark, and we seem to be alone. The best ambitions of life are not realized, and the work of life seems a failure. A sea of difficulty engulfs us. Like Paul, we are tossed on the sea of Adria, and sun and moon and stars for many days are obscured by clouds. But it is then that we need to exercise faith. We walk by faith, and faith sees: it sees the invisible, eternal

things of God. In the darkness we can develop strength and beauty of character. In gardens and parks there are flowers which bloom only as the shades of night come on. The evening primroses, the four-o'clocks, and the night-blooming cereus wait for the darkness to reveal their beauty and yield their perfume. It is even so in the garden of mankind. As the darkness creeps upon us, we should not grow despondent, but be cheerful. The darkness is but the cloud with which the Lord surrounds Himself when He wishes to come near to us with a blessing. Let the precious beauty of Christ's character unfold amid the darkness, and the fragrant perfumes of His life be diffused everywhere. The just live by faith, and amid the deepest gloom they hear the Saviour say, "It is I; be not afraid." G. B. THOMPSON.

Faith Like This

SHE was alone with the children and one other in their little home in the South African bush among the Kaffirs in the early days of pioneer work among them. Her husband, the preacher, was away on a preaching tour. Suddenly a crowd of Kaffirs fully armed appeared outside the house, and demanded that one other, a girl who had been sold to them as a slave. The white woman opened the door, and stood squarely in the doorway, with one hand on the doorknob and the other holding one of the children by the hand. "You cannot have her," she said. The crowd drew closer. "You can get her only over my dead body," said the woman.

Then the Kaffirs withdrew a little, and while the woman remained in the doorway with her hand on the doorknob the savages began to throw their short spears at the post close to that white hand, until the shafts stood quivering in the wood all around it. But the hand never moved an inch. Then, overawed by the woman's courage, the Kaffirs withdrew; and they never did get the slave. That brave woman's son is a noted American business man, and he is deep in the missionary work of his own city. You cannot tell him much about the heroism of faith that he hasn't already seen in his mother and father. Would your hand have remained on the doorknob? Does your faith and mine line us up with heroes of faith, or do we go around talking about what little faith we have, and how fitful it is,—as fitful as a sputtering candle flame?—Selected.

How to Believe

FAITH always acts without effort. If we find that it requires an effort for us to exert our faith, this is because we have lost our faith. Faith never has to "try" to be faith; the moment it tries, it ceases to be faith. If we say to a friend, "I am going to try to believe in you," those very words declare that we do not believe in him. We do not have to try to believe in one in whom we have confidence. The facts that we know about the life of a really trusted friend are such that our faith in him acts without effort or trying on our part; it is spontaneous, automatic. So of our faith in Christ. When we are trying to trust Him to meet our needs, we are distrusting Him. The way to get over

this failure of effort-making faith, which is not faith at all, is to face the facts about Christ. It is what we know of the facts of a friend's character and life that makes our faith in him spontaneous and instinctive. When we stop to think who Christ is, what the perfection of His character is, what are the sufficiency and completeness of His saving and keeping work, then we forget all about our faith in our unconscious confidence and satisfaction in the Perfection at which we are looking. To have a great faith, we need only face our great Christ.—Trumbull.

How "Chinese" Gordon Served

THERE was once a captain who led his soldiers to victory with no weapon but a small cane. His name was "Chinese" Gordon. He was an Englishman, but his soldiers were native Chinese. These Chinamen had a notion that the cane the captain carried was a magic wand and that the captain himself led a charmed existence, for when the troops were under fire, he had a habit of suddenly appearing right in the hottest part of the fire, brandishing his small cane while he shouted words of encouragement to his men. And yet the bullets never seemed to touch him.

How those Chinese soldiers loved their captain! And well they might, for "Chinese" Gordon was one of the bravest Christian heroes the world has ever known. Yet he never carried a sword, he wore no belt or buckles, and his only weapons were his short cane and some field glasses.

But the secret of his success was not in his "magic wand" as the Chinese soldiers thought. The thing that made "Chinese" Gordon a famous captain was something far more powerful than any magic you have ever read about. What was it? We find the answer in his own words:

"If it were not for the knowledge I have that God is Governor-General, I could not get on at all."

He stayed in China for five years, fighting in the cause of the oppressed people of that country. Through his power as a leader and his unflinching bravery, he saved China from a band of conquering rebels. But the greatest thing about him was that he never took any credit to himself for the things he did.

"I only did my duty," he said when he returned to England and his countrymen would have made a hero of him.

A few years after his adventures in China he went to another part of the world, away down in Egypt, and there in the Sudan he helped to free the black slaves from their cruel taskmasters, the Arabs. In that country there were not only the dangers of battle, but the marshes were full of ants, mosquitoes, flies, scorpions, snakes, and poisonous plants. And there again we see him fearless and daring.

"So there is an end of slavery, if God wills," he wrote in a letter to his sister. "I go up alone with an infinite Almighty God to direct and guide me."

And God did direct and guide him, and the slavers' power was broken, and Gordon Pasha, as they called him in the Sudan, was again the deliverer of an oppressed people.

Other captains there have been who have fought and won great battles. Some have ruled their men through tyranny, or force of arms, and relying on their own strength. Those captains have passed away and no

one remembers them. "Chinese" Gordon is dead now. He died in battle, a martyr to the cause for which he fought. But down there in the Sudan, and in China, and in England he lives in the hearts of the people whom he so valiantly served. And all around the world he is honoured and loved, for he has left to all who come after him the memory of a life so full of mercy and good deeds that it can never pass away.

Let us place him in our hall of heroes, a captain valiant and great, not because he was a captain, but because he was first a Christian.—Della M. Ryan.

Sabbath School Missionary Exercises

(June 3)

A Response from Africa's Millions

BY W. H. BRANSON

IT was the privilege of the writer to visit the Somabula Mission station at Gwelo, Rhodesia, Central Africa. There we met Brother de Beer and Brother W. A. Smith, with their families, and had the privilege of going with them to visit some of their out-schools.

This station has twenty-two out-schools and out-stations, with an attendance of about five hundred. The average Sabbath school attendance at the main station and out-schools is over one thousand. By appointment, several large companies met us at different points along the way, and services were held with them in the open air under the beautiful trees by the roadside. At one place a company of several hundred waited all day long, and, as we approached the place in the evening, we could hear them singing hymns, the words of which we could not understand although the tunes were very familiar. We were told that they had been doing this practically all day while waiting for us. On this trip a large number were baptized and we saw many evidences of God's providences in connection with the work there.

On Sabbath we met with the training school at the main station, and in the afternoon the students and workers were given an opportunity to bear testimony. Some of these testimonies were so touching that I took them down as they were given to me by our translator who was present. I am sure that our Sabbath-schools, who are helping the mission work in this field, will be very glad to know just how the truth appeals to an African native's heart, so shall give you a few samples of the testimonies these native young men bore in that Sabbath afternoon meeting.

One splendid young man, whose name is James, said, "I praise the Lord to see and hear His servants who have come from afar. I am so glad to hear the words that they speak; they are very sweet to me. But I do not want to hear only, for the Book says that the man who hears only builds his house on the sand; so I want God to give me grace to both hear and do. I want power to give this message to others that those near and far may hear the good news of the gospel and be saved."

Another said, "I thank the Lord for all His blessings. As they come some of them

fall on me. I am so glad to hear of the advancement of the work. This church house in which we worship is built of big and little bricks. The little bricks do not fall out just because they are little, but they help to hold up the wall. So I want to be a little brick in God's work to help hold up the gospel."

Another: "I thank the Lord for sending His servants from beyond the great sea from a country we do not know, to bring the truth to us in Africa. I give my heart anew to Him today. I was recently in Bulawayo and there saw a power station, and I want to be like a wire to carry the light far away to the heathen round about us. I want to help to bring the truth to them."

Still another: "Today I choose to serve Jesus. He may use me and send me wherever He wants me to go. I am willing to help save the lost sheep. I want to help to bring the truth to them. I want the Lord to put a live coal upon my lips that I may tell the truth with power."

Well, it was certainly good to be in that testimony meeting. The mission church was crowded to the doors. Scores of testimonies similar to those above were given by our native believers and workers who were present. These testimonies revealed to me the fact that the African natives are capable of grasping the truth and gaining an intelligent knowledge of it, and that the Spirit of God is able to move upon their hearts and to give them a desire to pass on the light to those who may not have heard.

As we were leaving the mission the next day and this was our last service together, all joined in singing "God be with you till we meet again," and I think the song never touched hearts more in any congregation than it did those who were present that day. As we left the church it was with a feeling in our hearts that African missions pay.

(June 10)

Pioneering on the Congo Border

BY S. M. KONIGMACHER

EVEN away up here in the heart of the Dark Continent, some rays of light preceded us. We found a boy who had dreamed that he saw two men clothed in white, and the brightest one told him a teacher was coming to his district. That boy is now our head teacher.

The first Sabbath meeting was held under a big tree near our grass hut. After singing a very simple song, "Jesus is Calling," we taught the natives of the Saviour, using the picture rolls. On the arrival of a second delegation we had Sabbath school all over again. A month later we built a pole and grass church, but the classes had to go outside to recite. Now we have a well organized Sabbath school in a brick building and it would surprise you to hear those present recite their memory verses. There is no factor more helpful in developing native teachers at a mission than the Sabbath school.

After the usual experiences of hardship, sickness, and discouragement the work has grown until now we have six out-schools located among three different tribes. When Benjamin, a native teacher, opened his school, he went to all the chiefs near by and told them he was the teacher and he wanted them to send the children to school. He has one hundred pupils who are so inter-

ested that they gather around the bonfire at night to study.

In our testimony meetings, the boys repeatedly thank God for deliverance from snake bites and wild animals, also for being healed from sickness.

In Rhodesia, and over in the Congo, there are millions of natives who are unevangelized. In the Congo Free State alone there are more than fifteen and a half millions of people, and no Adventist within the borders of that entire territory. The deputy governor has offered us the privilege of opening up missions among those people, but so far no one has been prepared to accept the call. How sad that a generation after the time of Livingstone, a generation after Africa has been opened for the gospel, there are millions who have never heard of the Saviour! An old native, Temba Temba, once told me that he remembered the visit of Dr. Livingstone to his father's kraal when he was only a little boy. He said that the doctor had a Book with him, which he told his father was a letter from God. When they entreated Dr. Livingstone to remain with them, and teach them to read the Book, the doctor said, No, he must press on to the north; but he promised them faithfully that when he returned to his own country, he would send some one who would remain with them, and tell them about the true God.

"I have watched the path for that teacher ever since I was a little boy," said Temba Temba. "I have grown old, and my children, and grandchildren, and great-grandchildren have grown up around me; and at last, when I am blind, and cannot see the Book, you come to me with it. Why have you waited so long? Dr. Livingstone promised us the Book when I was a boy. It never came until I was too old and blind to see it. Now you can teach it to my grandchildren, but it has come too late for Temba Temba. Why?"

(June 17)

Evangelistic Efforts Among the "Xosa" People

BY E. M. HOWARD

DURING the month of June, 1921, the writer went to Grahamstown to hold an evangelistic effort in that part of Kafirland Mission field. There are about five thousand natives in the locality of Grahamstown, and as we have only one native evangelist working there, we feel that there is much for him to do.

One Sabbath morning a number of believers gathered in the African Methodist church. In the congregation was the minister of the Ntsikana Memorial church, so it seemed quite in order that the people be urged to follow the advice of Ntsikana in returning to and accepting the teachings of the Word of God.

In the afternoon Pastor B. E. Beddoe, who was visiting Grahamstown at the time in the interests of the European work, spoke to the same company telling them the story of Jesus who died to save all mankind. The spirit of God touched many hearts.

Announcement was made of an open air meeting to be held the following afternoon. When we arrived at the place of meeting a few minutes before the time appointed, it was inspiring to see a large number of natives seated on the grass waiting for the service to begin. Looking up the road we saw a company of natives marching in a procession led by their minister. They

were singing a hymn which was composed by the prophet Ntsikana. This minister had called his congregation together at the church one hour before our service began. He told them of what he had heard the previous day, and that God had sent His ministers from across the water to teach them the truth of God. He then asked them to follow him to the service.

At the opening of the meeting, over two hundred were present. We presented the Sabbath question and showed them they were not following their prophet in keeping Sunday. God in his love and mercy had now sent them the true light.

At the close of the meeting the procession formed and returned to the church, where the minister held a service with his people. He told them that if they were true to the teachings of Ntsikana, they would have to accept the new light which God had sent them by these missionaries who had come across the sea to teach them the right way.

Now, as you read this brief account of the meeting you naturally would say, "What a splendid opportunity for a harvest of souls!" Yes, it was, but there was no one available at the time to reap the harvest. "The harvest is ripe, but the labourers are few." It was impossible for me to stay, as I had urgent calls to other parts of the field. But oh, how happy we are to know that loving liberal hearts across the sea are looking forward to the thirteenth Sabbath when they will be able to give of their God-given means so that the unwarned thousands of old Kafirland may also "hear." Much of this field is virgin territory and wherever we hold meetings during our travels, hundreds are ready to listen. If we had a number of strong men to send to these places, it would not take long to warn the Xosa-speaking people. We know these men are coming in the near future, for we have faith to believe that the large offerings made this thirteenth Sabbath will open the way for their coming.

When our brethren and sisters, who sacrifice here for the spread of this message, get to the other shore on the sea of glass, they will have the joyous reward of seeing a large company from Kafirland who will "help to swell the chorus" of Moses and the Lamb.

"Coming, coming, yes, they are,
Coming, coming, from afar,
From the wild and scorching desert,
Afric's sons of colour deep;
Jesus' love has drawn and won them,
At the cross they bow and weep."

"Coming, coming, yes, they are,
Coming, coming, from afar;
All to meet in plains of glory,
All to sing His praises sweet:
What a chorus, what a meeting,
With the family complete!"

(June 24)

Evangelizing Central Africa

BY W. E. STRAW

NEVER was there a time in the history of the work in this field when the door seemed so wide open for the gospel, and the calls so urgent as now. Our few labourers are working faithfully to give the message, and the Lord is blessing their efforts. At no other time since we began our work here have such results been seen. The number of people brought into the truth in the last two years by one of our missions

almost equals its entire membership at the close of the first twenty years of its existence. We are sure much more could have been accomplished had we had means with which to answer all the calls that came to us.

Within our field there are great unentered areas teeming with people who must hear the message before the Lord comes. There is the great Portuguese East territory with its two and one-half million for whom nothing has yet been done. Last year we put into our appropriation a call for funds to open two stations there, but as no funds were available we could not do this. Again this year we made request, but again it could not be granted. How much longer must we delay in giving these people an opportunity to hear the truth? From what source will the men and money come for this work? "Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power."

We are glad to report that within the last two years we have been able to open three new stations in our field. One is in Northeast Rhodesia near Lake Mweru on the Kalingwesi River. Another is about one hundred miles west of Livingstone up the Zambezi River. This will give us an opening into West Barotseland, North Bechuanaland, Angola, and German West Africa. The third is in the Belgian Congo, and is the first effort we have made in that great country which is more than one-half the size of the United States and has a population of fifteen million. But what is one station with only two families among so many? For two consecutive years we have asked for funds to open another station there, but because there was no means available it could not be granted. In fact, the opening of these new stations has been accomplished almost entirely by the reorganizing of our work and a readjustment of our funds. But this has brought hardship to our old established work because we have had to divide our funds and workers, thus compelling the older missions to run very shorthanded.

It is very disheartening, after we have stirred up an enthusiasm among our boys and sent them out to preach the gospel in new places and to secure openings for new schools, to be unable to answer the calls they bring back to us for workers. But this is often the case. Just recently a boy returned to the mission reporting that four villages had begun to keep the Sabbath, and asked for help to carry on the work there. We had to reply that there were no funds to take on more labourers. We have had to give a similar reply to a number of our boys within the last few months. How long must this condition continue? To finish the work will require sacrifice on the part of every Seventh-day Adventist, and a cutting off of some of our luxuries, and perhaps some of our so-called necessities. When God's people are willing, His power will be manifested and the earth lightened with His glory.

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