



THE MISSIONARY LEADER



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Foreign Mission Day

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What Constitutes The Most Crucial Problem in Connection With The Great Missionary Task?

THIS was one of the questions asked by a Commission which was appointed to enquire into the problem of carrying the gospel to all the non-Christian world. Correspondence was opened up with several hundreds of leading missionaries in all parts of the world, as well as with the leaders of the church in Christian lands.

The larger proportion of the correspondents gave this significant reply:—

"The State of The Church at Home"

Those men expressed the idea that the "apathy and indifference manifested today among Christians at home are the greatest discouragements and hindrances to the extension of the missionaries' work."

Dr. J. R. Mott, General Secretary of the World's Student Federation, says on this point:—

"An essential part of the task of evangelising the world is the lifting of the church at home into a fuller spiritual life. As it learns the mind and heart of Christ and is possessed by His Spirit, it will become more missionary, and also mightier in all its missionary work. . . . Nothing less than a church tremendously in earnest can evangelise the non-Christian world." Read Isa. 60: 1-4, 10, 11.

The church exhorted to arise and shine.
I Thess. 1: 6-8.

Because of the condition of the church at Thessalonica it spread its influence throughout the world.

John 17: 20, 21.

"That the world may believe."

"The world will be convinced, not by what the pulpit teaches, but by what the church lives. The minister in the desk announces the theory of the gospel, the practical piety of the church demonstrates its power."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. VII, page 16.

How shall the church be lifted into a fuller spiritual life so that it may become mightier in all its missionary work?

1. By getting its eyes off itself to see the needs of others.

John 4: 35.

"Lift up your eyes, etc."

2. Getting on its knees before God in supplication for more labourers to send into the harvest.

Matt. 9: 36-38.

Note the importance made here of prayer. It is not GIVE to missions, it is PRAY.

F. S. Brockman, leader of the Student

Movement in China, speaking of the importance of prayer, says:—

"If the same energy, time, earnestness, and skill were put into getting prayer, as was given to enlisting men and money, and if equally practical schemes were devised for awakening the conscience of the church and for promoting the daily habit of prayer for the world's evangelisation, the church would do much to open the channels and let flow out the mighty power of the Spirit of God which is necessary for the convincing and converting of the world."

Another writer, Prof. Warneed, of Halle, says:—"It is much more difficult to pray for missions than to give to them. We can only really pray for missions if we habitually lead a life of prayer; and a life of prayer can only be led if we have entered into a life of communion with God."

Dr. J. R. Mott says:—

"The evangelisation of the world is not primarily a matter of members, wealth, knowledge, and strategy, but of the unhindered working of the Spirit of God. Such divine manifestation has been associated invariably with prayer."

"Only the work accomplished with much prayer, and sanctified by the merit of Christ, will in the end prove to have been efficient for good."—*Desire of Ages*, p. 362.

"There is nothing more needed in the world than the practical results of communion with God. We should show by our daily lives that we have peace and rest in God. His peace in the heart will shine forth in the countenance. It will give the voice a persuasive power. Communion with God will impart a moral elevation to the character and to the entire course of action. Men will take knowledge of us, as of the first disciples, that we have been with Jesus."—*Vol. 6*, p. 47.

The first petitions in the Lord's prayer are, "Thy kingdom come," "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Petitions for personal needs follow these two. Let us all remember our missions and missionaries in our prayers.

A. W. ANDERSON.

Evidences of the Rapid Progress of the Message

BY JOHN L. SHAW

A SURE and sacred hope held and quickened the advent believers from the very first. They expectantly believed in the near second and literal coming of the Lord Jesus in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory. As they gathered about the open Bible, studying the prophecies of the Old and New Testaments, there came to them abundant evidence

that Jesus would come and that He would come quickly. So sure were these pious believers of the certainty of their message that, leaving farm and shop and place of business, without promise of support, often with much sacrifice, they went forth to give to the world the evidence of their new-found faith. Their service of sacrifice has brought forth its fruit.

During the year 1920 more than three hundred workers left their homes, scattering to many corners of the globe, pressing on into less favoured lands, to seek others and tell them the glad message of hope in Christ; and those who hear will in turn go still farther on to tell the good news to their fellow men.

"We are sending our Indian teachers," writes a worker from the Lake Titicaca Indian Mission, "as missionaries to Bolivia." They hear the Macedonian call, and are leaving their homes and country to go as missionaries to their own brethren farther on. We are united with these soldiers at the front with our interests and prayers, in the blessed ministry to which they have been called.

How wonderfully the Lord is answering the prayers of His people by making an entrance for missionaries in foreign lands. Never was the world so wide open for the gospel. There are now only two dark spots on the map in Asia and one in Africa where the gospel may not be preached. The "World Survey" of missions, published by the Interchurch World Movement of North America, says:

"Tibet, Afghanistan, Nepal, and Bhutan are the only lands where it is forbidden to preach the gospel. In Portuguese East Africa, the teaching of Christ is opposed in the area controlled by a great company which, though from a nominally Christian land, does not wish to be hindered in its ruthless exploitation of the native by the spread of the knowledge that all men are equal before God. The French government forbids missionaries to cross the border from Siam into French Indo-China. In other limited areas, fanaticism and intolerance act as barriers against the Christian missionary. But with these few exceptions, the gospel can be preached today in every part of the world."—*Foreign Volume*, p. 18.

Our hearts have trembled at the vast changes in Europe. Russia, bleeding, torn, and starving, is upon her knees. Will this fate make more possible the entrance of the message? All through the country there is reported a great revival of religion. Not in centuries, Christian leaders tell us, has the Christian church faced such an opportunity as Russia will afford when commercial intercourse and other connections are re-established with the outside world. We pity the millions of starving people in Russia, yet we rejoice that hearts are being won to God.

In west and central Siberia nearly five hundred believers were baptized last year. In central Siberia alone Brother J. Wilson reports the organization of twelve new churches.

Pastor W. A. Spicer, writing from Europe, tells of a fine, well-furnished hotel building near Lake Geneva, with land, and a living spring bursting out of the solid rock, sending down a stream of four or five horsepower current. This property has been purchased at a nominal sum as a training school for Central-Southern Europe.

Of Italy he says: "I am surprised to see how the work is picking up in Italy. Good help has come from the former Austrian territory. Italy will make a different record for us now."

Of Jugo-Slavia Brother W. C. Ising writes:

"The Lord has most wonderfully blessed them in their publishing work. In twenty months they sold 1,150,000 Serbian crowns' worth of literature—some 4,000,000 pages. A boy of fifteen has been working for more than a year. Though small, he is full of grit and courage, and sells about 5,000 crowns' worth every month. Six years ago he brought his mother into the truth. The field missionary agent, though blind, is an active brother and has good success. His little son, eleven years old, conducts him on all his trips. How it did my heart good to see such things!"

The message persistently moves on among the many nations of India, notwithstanding much unrest among the people and the perplexing problems resulting therefrom. In it all, our brethren in India are entering upon still greater plans. A new headquarters in the favourable climate of Poona, in West India, with a well-equipped publishing plant, is planned, and an enlarged English school in the mountains. This should mark a long step forward in our work in Southern Asia. Much of the money for this large undertaking is the gift of many Indian people interested in the cause of Christian education. Brother G. G. Lowry gives thanks for the little training school in South India. Already twenty-eight have gone out into the work from this little school at Bangalore.

We welcome with outstretched hands the 1,538 persons baptized in the Far Eastern Division last year. The Philippines and East China have doubled their membership during the last four years. Here is the testimony of Pastors I. H. Evans, C. C. Crisler, and their associates for the one thousand and more workers in that great division:

"For manifold mercies and blessings attending the forces in Eastern Asia; for the coming of well-nigh one hundred recruits from the homelands to join our forces; for the unflinching financial support; for growing constituencies; for new life and energy taking possession of the workers and believers; for open doors of opportunity in these lands where dwell a third of the human race; for liberty of conscience still vouchsafed,—for these and all other blessings bestowed by a compassionate and merciful Heavenly Father, we, the Far Eastern Division Committee in council assembled, render sincere praise and heartfelt thanksgiving."

How marvellously the labours of Brethren A. E. Flowers and L. M. Crowther, now resting in the Port of Spain

cemetery, Trinidad, and the labours of other workers since, have been rewarded. In that island alone, forty miles one way by fifty the other, there are more than six hundred church members. Pastor H. J. Eimed, arriving at Port of Spain from England, was impressed with the deep earnestness of our people. He writes:

"I have never attended anything so perfectly adapted and rendered as the thirteenth Sabbath programme. Little children to gray-haired parents, under the direction of Sister D. E. Wellman, entertained us with recitations, songs, dialogues, etc., packed full of the most touching themes studied in the Sabbath school."

Hope and good cheer are in the hearts of our brethren in South America. New interests are continually springing up. Brother W. E. Baxter writes from the interior of Venezuela, "This territory which we are entering has never been entered by any other Protestant denomination." Brother Baxter confidently hopes another couple will be sent to that needy field in 1922.

The secretary of the Committee on Cooperation in Latin America, returning from a recent trip in South America, writes:

"I am a thorough admirer of the soundly conceived work your board is doing among the Indians around Lake Titicaca in Peru. I only wish there were more such institutions in Peru, Bolivia, and Chile."

"No longer are the heathen to be wrapped in midnight darkness. The gloom is to disappear before the bright beams of the Sun of Righteousness. The power of hell has been overcome."—*"Christ's Object Lessons,"* p. 418.

The brethren in council in Africa say, "Now is the day of opportunity for Africa." The British government has given us freedom to preach Christ among the millions under their rule, including the great Tanganyika territory, from which missionaries were banished during the war. Pastor M. N. Campbell, returning from a visit to the Gold Coast, West Africa, sends word that the work there is growing encouragingly.

Brother D. E. Delhove, not far from Victoria Nyanza, writes that he plans to enter the Belgian Congo region from the east. The country, he reports, is thickly populated, the climate healthful, although near the equator. Some parts of the message have already been translated into the native tongue. "But we are short-handed," writes Brother Delhove. "There being only two workers in this vast territory, it is absolutely too much. We beg you to send the much-needed help at once."

North, east, south, and west the lines are being pushed, and from every outpost the call comes for the work to be pressed still farther on into the regions beyond. The whole world is waiting.

A great missionary convention years ago was held in London. Over the cable from a bishop in Africa the message was flashed, "Africa waiting." More than many words it stirred the convention. The providence of God sends us this message today. Not Africa only, but the whole wide world is waiting for the message from the heralds of the King.

"The whole wide world is pleading;
Ye men of God arise!

His providence is leading
To many a glad surprise,
Lo! ev'ry sky is bright'ning,
Rich promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields for harvest whitt'ning,
Invite the reaper's toil."

Missionary Volunteer Department

Missionary Volunteer Programme

First Week

Kindness

Opening Exercises.

Reading: "A Little Deed of Kindness" Part 1.

Reading: "A Little Deed of Kindness" Part 2.

Duet: "Christ in Song," No. 559.

Reading: "Don't Wait to Do Some Great Thing."

Recitation: "Give Them the Flowers Now."

A Little Deed of Kindness

"I WAS a father to the poor; and the cause which I knew not I searched out." Job 29: 16.

One of the most notable Scotsmen of the second half of the nineteenth century was Lyon Playfair,—latterly Lord Playfair of St. Andrews. He was a man of science, and for ten years he was Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. Afterwards he entered Parliament, and during a career of thirty years there he took office again and again as a minister of the Crown. In the year 1892 he was made a Peer. For a whole generation he laboured, first in the House of Commons, and afterwards in the House of Lords, to bring science and statesmanship, and also science and industry, into friendly alliance.

In what follows I am going to tell my readers a story about Playfair which is both interesting and touching. I read it in his *Memoirs*, written by Sir Wemyss Reid.

In the autumn of the year 1888, when he was Sir Lyon Playfair, he had occasion to go to the United States of America. While there he visited the Perkins Institute for the Blind at Boston, and was greatly interested in the case of one of the inmates, a little girl called Edith Thomas. This poor child had been deaf, dumb, and blind from her birth. When Playfair saw her, he noticed that she had on one of her fingers a little brass curtain-ring, the possession of which seemed to please her very much. The man of science had a fountain of tenderness in his soul; he was always fond of children, and also full of sympathy with any one in distress. So his heart was moved by the condition of this little girl. And he came back to the Institute on the next day, bringing with him a pretty finger-ring, which he gave to Edith, making her very happy.

A few days afterwards, the "Kindergarten" teacher of the little deaf, dumb, and blind child sent a letter to Playfair, enclosing a paper containing an attempt on the part of the child to write to him also. One wonders how it was possible that the girl could learn to write at all

and yet the lady-teacher said that this was her "second successful attempt at writing" a letter. What she wrote was as follows:—

"Dear Sir Lyon Playfair,—Sir Lyon Playfair sent Edith ring in box. Edith thank Sir Lyon Playfair for ring. Sir Lyon Playfair come to see Edith. Good-bye. Edith."

On occasion of Playfair's first visit, the little blind girl had examined him carefully, passing her fingers along his hands, wrist, arm, and face. Her sense of touch had become very strong and sensitive, as it was so much used, seeing she could neither see nor hear.

In the course of the next year Sir Lyon had to be in America again; and when in Boston he went to the Institute once more and asked for Edith Thomas. He found that the child remained in the same sad condition. Her teacher was anxious to see if she would recognise her friend by touch; so Edith was merely told that a gentleman wished to see her. At first she felt Playfair's hands without showing much interest in him; but presently, on touching the skin upon his wrist under the shirt cuff, her face suddenly lighted up with intelligence, and, becoming much excited, she spelt quickly on her fingers, "It is the Englishman who gave me the ring;" and then she flung her arms around his neck, in her joy to meet again one who had done her a kindness. During the whole of his visit to the Institute, the poor wee lassie clung to him with every sign of tender affection, and kept constantly stroking his hands and face.

Part 2

This is a very touching story, and it is also true. It teaches us many things. I shall mention one or two.

1. How grateful we should be for five senses,—“the five gateways of knowledge”! These are, as John Bunyan has named them, “Ear-gate, Eye-gate, Mouth-gate, Nose-gate, and Feel-gate.” The first two are the most precious and useful of the five, and poor Edith Thomas wanted them both. She never either heard or saw a thing.

2. What a mystery it is that God should make any little girl with no more than two senses out of the five! His ways are not as the ways of men. “Clouds and darkness are round about Him.” “Now we can see through a glass darkly.”

3. God gives His afflicted children compensations. It is possible to make four senses do very much of the work of five. Edith, by means of one of the inferior senses, was able to recognise her friend. With the blind, to a certain extent, touch takes the place of sight. And we remember the prayer of blind John Milton, in the third book of *Paradise Lost*, when he thought of “wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.”—

“So much the rather Thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all
her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist
from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and
tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.”

4. The power of Christian sympathy and kindness. Good words are worth much, and cost little. Every kind action to the afflicted blesses both him that gives

and him that takes. It lightens a little the heavy load of trial; and it does even more good to the doer than to the receiver of the benefit. Sir Lyon Playfair's loving interest in the little blind deaf-mute must have greatly cheered and warmed his own heart.—*Charles Jerdan.*

Give Them the Flowers Now

CLOSED eyes can't see the white roses,
Cold hands can't hold them, you know.
Breath that is stilled cannot gather
The odours that sweet from them blow.
Death with a peace beyond dreaming,
Its children of earth doth endow,
Life is the time we can help them,
So give them the flowers now!

Here are the struggles and striving,
Here are the cares and the tears;
Now is the time to be smoothing
The frowns and the furrows and fears.
What to closed eyes are kind sayings?
What to hushed heart is deep vow?
Naught can avail after parting,
So give them the flowers now!

Just a kind word or a greeting;
Just a warm grasp or a smile—
These are the flowers that will lighten
The burdens for many a mile.
After the journey is over
What is the use of them? how
Can they carry them who must be carried?
Oh, give them the flowers now!

Blooms from the happy heart's garden
Plucked in the spirit of love;
Blossoms that are earthly reflections
Of flowers that blossom above.
Words cannot tell what a measure
Of blessing such gifts will allow,
To dwell in the lives of many,
So give them the flowers now!

—LEIGH M. HODGES.

Don't Wait To Do Some Great Thing

WHEN the little captive maid had directed Naaman, the Syrian general, to the prophet of the Lord, Naaman was asked, “If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it?” So thousands, ever since seem ready to do good, provided they can accomplish some wonderful act; and because they have not the means or the opportunity to do that, they live and die without being a blessing to any one.

We should remember that the happiness of life is made up of little duties, little courtesies, little kindnesses, pleasant words, genial smiles, friendly letters, good wishes, and helpful deeds. Once in a life time we may do a heroic act, but the opportunity to do one of the little things that make our lives beautiful, comes day by day and hour by hour.

On the wall of a room in my little home hangs a card with this message: “Remember that if the opportunity for doing some great deed should never come to you, the opportunity for doing good deeds is renewed for you day by day.” I think something of this thought was in the mind of the great apostle Paul when he wrote, “Be kindly affectioned one to another, . . . in honour preferring one another.”

Let me remind you of the story of Archie McKay. He stood outside the

door of a mission hall in Glasgow one wintry night. Scores of little waifs were there waiting for admission. “They had assembled long before the appointed hour; and as the keen wind swept searchingly around street corners, one little girl, who seemed to feel the cold more than the rest, kept shifting from one bare foot to the other, vainly trying to impart some warmth to her shivering limbs. The large-hearted Archie, who had been watching her for some time, at length, forgetful of his own discomfort, started forward, and with a more chivalrous spirit even than that of courtly Raleigh, who spread his rich cloak beneath the feet of his royal mistress, the untutored Scottish boy placed his tattered cap at the feet of the little maid, with the invitation, ‘You might stand on that.’ Who shall say Archie McKay was not as much of a gentleman as Sir Walter Raleigh?”

Let us remember this: “The secret of being loved is in being lovely, and the secret of being lovely is in being unselfish.”

“We little know how slight a thing
May dry the tears of woe;
The pittance small, the one kind word,
With which we all can part,
May take the sting from poverty,
Or save the broken heart.”

Don't wait. Whenever you can relieve want or distress, whenever you can cheer and comfort the sorrowful, do so at once; never leave it for others, never think it beneath your attention. And if you thus smooth the way for others, you will not have lived in vain, but many will rise up and call you blessed.—*Ernest Lloyd.*

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Second Week

The Teaching of the Stars

Song Service: Hymns, Nos. 375, 320, 330, 329.

Opening Exercises.

Gems of Thought.

Children's Hymn: “Christ in Song,” No. 253.

Topic: “The Teaching of the Stars.”

Reading: “The Greatness of God.”

Reading: “The Littleness of Man.”

Reading: “God's Wonderful Love to Man.”

Gems of Thought

THE book of nature has three leaves,—heaven, earth, and sea,—of which heaven is the first and the most glorious, and by its aid we are able to see the beauties of the other two. Any book without its first page would be sadly imperfect, and especially the great Natural Bible, since its first pages, the sun, the moon, and the stars, supply light to the rest of the volume, and are thus the keys, without which the writing that follows would be dark and undiscerned. Man, walking erect, was evidently made to scan the skies, and he who begins to read creation by studying the stars begins the book at the right place. . . . Every man may hear the voice of the stars. The lowest heathen are without excuse, if they do not discover the invisible things of God in the works which He has made.—*Spurgeon.*

EVERYTHING in nature, from the mote in the sunbeam to the worlds on high, is under law. And upon obedience to these laws, the order and harmony of the natural world depend. So there are great principles of righteousness to control the life of all intelligent beings, and upon conformity to these principles the well-being of the universe depends. Before this earth was called into being, God's law existed. Angels are governed by its principles, and in order for earth to be in harmony with heaven, man also must obey the divine statutes.—Mrs. E. G. White.

It thrills my soul with rapture to think that He whom we love has all power. . . . If I had a little power of my own, I might depend upon it, and live apart from my Lord as long as I had an independent fortune. But since all power is in Him, what have we to do, when we rise in the morning, to get through the day, but to wait upon Him for power for the day?—C. H. Spurgeon.

If we will but listen, God's created works will teach us precious lessons of obedience and trust. From the stars that in their trackless course through space, follow from age to age their appointed path, down to the minutest atom, the things of nature obey the Creator's will. And God cares for everything and sustains everything that He has created. He who holds the unnumbered worlds through immensity, at the same time cares for the wants of the little brown sparrow that sings its humble song without fear. When men go forth to their daily toil, as when they engage in prayer; when they lie down at night, and when they rise in the morning; when the rich man feasts in his palace, or when the poor man gathers his children about the scanty board, each is tenderly watched by the heavenly Father. No tears are shed that God does not notice. There is no smile that He does not mark.—Mrs. E. G. White.

The Greatness of God

A THOUGHTFUL man, when he looks up to the heavens on a clear night in January, and sees "the moon walking in brightness," and Orion, and the Great Bear, and the Pleiades, and the Twins, and the Milky Way, does not think so much about man as about God.

The height of the stars suggest the divine immensity. A famous astronomer (Sir John Herschel) has told us that the rays of light from some of the most distant star clusters must have been two millions of years on their way. What an infinite space, accordingly, there must be between the earth and the farthest off star in the arch of night! Yet God fills that space. Heaven is His throne; the earth is His footstool. He says, "I dwell in the high and holy place." "Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord." "Behold, the heaven, and heaven of heavens, cannot contain Thee."

A second truth suggested is God's power. We sometimes think of the earth as very large; and indeed it is so big that even the highest mountains are in comparison only like little grains on the surface. But some of the planets, such as Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, are vastly larger than the earth. And what shall we say about the stars? Of these far distant suns about 3,000 are visible to

the naked eye, and there are more than 20,000,000 visible by means of large telescopes. Of the telescopic stars probably 18,000,000 are in the Milky Way—that great belt of faint light across the heavens which is nothing else than a pathway of thickly crowded stars. But God made all these. How great must be the Power who spake them all into existence by His word! "Lo, these are but the outskirts of His ways; and how small a whisper do we hear of Him! But the thunder of His power who can understand?"

A third truth is God's wisdom. Think how wonderful is the science of astronomy! Those who study it learn a little about the arrangement of the stars, and their motions, and the order that is maintained amongst them. Only a little, however; for, as a recent teacher on the subject has told us, the whole starry system is *alive* with movements, the laws of which may one day be recognised, though at present they are too complex to be understood. Man has not been able even to give a particular name to each of the 3,000 stars which are visible to the naked eye; the best that he can do is to group them into "constellations," and name these. But the Lord "telleth the number of the stars; He calleth them all by their names." "His understanding is infinite."

The height of the stars also suggest the divine goodness. Here we pass over the important uses of the stars to man, in teaching him to mark the flight of time, in guiding him across the pathless sea, and in helping him to cherish worthy thoughts of the Creator. Enough to say also that we can scarcely doubt that each sun in the sky is the centre of a system of worlds, inhabited as ours is. Almighty God has "other sheep, which are not of this fold." Throughout His vast creation He is making multitudes of creatures happy in the enjoyment of His gifts, and of His love. "O give thanks to Him that made great lights; for His mercy endureth for ever."

There is a second truth of which "the height of the stars" reminds us.

The Littleness of Man

WHEN man looks only to his own works, and considers the successful achievements of his brains and hands, he is tempted to think that he himself is great, and to cherish an undue sense of his own importance. He delights in the thought of the feats of engineering which he has performed. He has erected the Eiffel Tower. He has built the Forth Bridge. He is covering the land with a network of railways. He is able to tunnel the solid mountains. He makes the lightning carry his messages. He lays his telegraph cables under the sea. What stately palaces man has erected! what noble cathedrals! what magnificent cities! We remember the proud words of King Nebuchadnezzar as he walked upon the palace of the kingdom of Babylon—"Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honour of my majesty?"

But let man go out at night under the open sky, when the heavens are spangled with the glory of the stars, and how small he feels! The height of the worlds above suggests to him that he is but a worm creeping on the earth. He cannot con-

trol the weather of his own little planet; even his forecasts of the weather, made only a few hours in advance, are sometimes wrong. He hears Jehovah saying to him, "Canst thou bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?" And he in turn replies in the words of the Psalmist, "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained; what is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?" We notice now one great truth more.

God's Wonderful Love to Man

THIS, of course, we cannot learn from the stars alone. They lead us to think of God's goodness to His creatures, but they do not tell us of His grace towards sinners. There is no gospel message written on the heavens, or sounded in the music of the spheres. It is the Word of God that speaks to us of His love in redemption. That blessed Book assures us that He who numbers the stars also "healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds." "Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones."

He who gives the stars all their glory has made common cause with our evil race. Nineteen hundred years ago He became a babe in Bethlehem. Immanuel—that is, "God with us"—came not to the largest world, but to the lost world; to the one in which His creatures, made in His image, had fallen and were perishing. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The Lord Jesus has come to create a new universe of starry human souls. Each redeemed heart is a star, and each company of the redeemed is a constellation. He has "in His right hand seven stars;" and of him that overcometh he says, "I will give him the morning star."

Thus we see that the God of love has shown His glory more clearly and brightly on the earth than in any other world. He reveals His greatness best of all, not in "the height of the stars," but in the coming so very near to us, as He has done in Jesus Christ. "For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear him."—Charles Jordan in "For the Lambs of the Flock."

The Teaching of the Stars

"BEHOLD the height of the stars, how high they are!"

As soon as it became proved that the earth rotates on its axis, instead of the sun and the whole heavens revolving around it every twenty-four hours, men had to make up their minds to the thought of the inconceivable distance of the stars. At the same time the astronomers began to make efforts to measure the distance.

What conclusions have these wise men reached on this subject? They tell us that the moon is 238,000 miles from the earth, while the sun is distant 91,000,000

miles. Were a railway train to leave the earth on January 1, 1901, and to go at the rate of thirty miles an hour, it would not reach the sun until the middle of the year 2239. This enormous distance of the sun is inconceivable to our minds; and yet we are taught also that some of the nearest stars are more than 500,000 times farther away from the earth than our sun. All those twinkling points of light are blazing suns; and it is believed that many of them are some hundreds of times larger than our own.

When we "behold the height of the stars" we are reminded of some truths of the very greatest importance.—*Selected.*

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Third Week

Making the Sabbath a Delight

Song Service.

Repeat in Unison the Fourth Commandment.

Opening Exercises.

Recitation: "The Best Day of All."

Talk: "Remember the Sabbath Day—for What?"

Recitation: "Does it Matter?"

Talk: "How to Spend Ideal Sabbaths."

Story: "Buddy, the Leader."

Special Note

Fifty-two Sabbaths each year—that is one-seventh of every one's life. Surely the question of the best way to spend all this time is one of great importance to each one of us. That is the question before this meeting.

We take our Sabbaths for granted, and so do not half value them. We do not realize their vast possibilities for mental growth, for spiritual uplift. We use our Sabbaths, most of us, in a careless, haphazard way, without system, without planning, without consecration. Let us change all this. It is part of the wonderful blessing bestowed upon man by the Creator. It may be made a delight for time and eternity.

Remember the Sabbath Day—for What?

THE Sabbath is something more than a religious institution. It was divinely given to fill a real human need. While it is a memorial of creation and of the power of God, and its observance is commanded, it has another purpose, or rather, this other purpose is a part of the wise planning of God for the children of men.

Our physical need of one day's rest in seven is well established. Corporations that are considered soulless are carefully arranging the work of their employees so that they may enjoy a day of relaxation. Not from any sentimental or religious reasons are they doing this, but because they believe that one day of rest puts added vigour into the six days of labour. But that is not all.

The concern of this programme is not the need of the day of rest, but the way that this day, divinely ordained, should be spent. How best can we rest when the Sabbath comes?

There seems to be a different conception of the best way to "keep" the Sabbath day than that of a decade ago. This is particularly true in the cities; but it even extends, to some extent, to the

rural churches. Ask the fathers and mothers who have been long in the way, of their original understanding of how the Sabbath should be kept. Or how did the Methodists keep Sunday a generation ago? There is much food for thought in a consideration of these questions. A frank, kindly answer would cause the thinking young person some concern if he were soundly conscientious in his desire to do his full Christian duty.

Study Isaiah 58:13, 14; Nehemiah 13:15-18, holding the fourth commandment in mind. You will not be able to wander from the two great principles: First, that the keeping holy of the Sabbath day is a recognition of the Creator and His creative power.

Second, that if we have worked honestly and hard, we need rest at the end of the week. We need physical rest, we need mental rejuvenation. We need most the mental consideration and study of eternal things that lifts the soul of man from the petty and mean to a knowledge and understanding of God and His purpose for us.

Third, there is spiritual strength and fortitude in quiet communion with God that the past mistakes may be forgiven and left behind, and moral strength obtained for the future and its problems.

In the light of these things, we may welcome the Sabbath day—it will be a delight to us. It will be the day of the week most blessed. We may further use its sacred hours for the bringing of cheer and comfort to others.

We can honour the God of the Sabbath by showing forth His ideals and His spirit. It is not a sin to eat an apple plucked from a tree on the Sabbath or to read some other book than the Bible. It is necessary to challenge ourselves, however, to see if our acts and words and thoughts partake of the spirit of Christ on His day.

It is not always easy to settle detailed questions concerning conduct on the Sabbath. Two men, riding into the heart of Chicago on the elevated road one Sabbath, fell to discussing the keeping of the day. One felt that riding on the trains was all right, but that to ride in the automobile was wrong, because the automobile would not have been used if it were not for the ride. The final fest of all these questions is, "Can I honour Christ in doing this?"

Let us aim first to get closer to Him by prayer and study, and the detailed questions will then be settled for us; and as Christians we cannot judge our neighbours. We can show forth Him, however, in our lives, that these neighbours may know that we find the day truly a delight.—*Selected*

How to Spend Ideal Sabbaths

CHRIST healed on the Sabbath, claiming the Sabbath for the service of man. Religious work is rest, because it is different from week-day work and because the joy it brings is itself food for the soul. No Sabbath should pass without an attempt to do some good to somebody.

The Sabbath is for fellowship. First of all it is home day. What attention do we give our homes on Sabbath? It should be the family day. The rest of the week we are scattered; on Sabbath we should get together for some hours at least.

Some part of an ideal Sabbath should

be given to good reading. The Bible comes first, of course; then some good book. Devotional books are not sufficiently read. The experience of saints is a stimulus. What books have we found helpful?

Some time may be profitably spent in writing letters to the sick, especially to confirmed invalids who are liable to be forgotten. There are topics enough. If the invalid is a church member, there is church news to write.

Hospital visitation, when possible, is an ideal way to make the Sabbath the Lord's day. A group of Volunteers can do this work, can sing for the patients, visit from cot to cot, distribute tracts or other good literature, and bring with them an atmosphere of good cheer.

If we study the life of Jesus, and see how He kept the Sabbath, we shall know how we ought to keep it, for "shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

Summing it all up, we shall find that "heaven's work never ceases, and men should never rest from doing good. The Sabbath is not intended to be a period of useless inactivity. The law forbids secular labour on the rest day of the Lord; the toil that gains a livelihood must cease; no labour for worldly pleasure or profit is lawful upon that day; but as God ceased His labour of creating, and rested upon the Sabbath and blessed it, so man is to leave the occupations of his daily life, and devote those sacred hours to healthful rest, to worship, and to holy deeds. The work of Christ in healing the sick was in perfect accord with the law. It honoured the Sabbath."—*"The Desire of Ages," p. 207.*

A good Sabbath day's work for us is to seek out some friendless sufferers, as Jesus did, and do what we can to make them more comfortable and happy.—*Adapted.*

Does It Matter if We Break the First Hour of Sabbath?

'Twas only the clothes that I had to remove,

And I thought, loving God, how could You reprove

For an act, such as that,—for 'twas hardly work,—

And truly 'tis sin, home duties to shirk.

'Twas only my shoes that I blacked up a bit,

And John, all the while, declared I should quit;

As if God didn't know how company came in,

And He'll surely forgive (if the act is a sin)

Yes, I did bake my pie after Sabbath came,

But that wouldn't praise or dishonour God's name.

It's always the pie, or the bread, or the cake;

But God never sees it, that's all a mistake.

Does God say to work when the Sabbath is new,

That the thing matters not if we don't or we do?

And 'tis sin if we work later on in the day?

Now be frank with yourself, tell me, what does He say?

If it's clothes, or your shoes, or your cake, or bread,

God's Word says obey—not excuses instead;
 God surely will send all the plagues of the Word
 On those who obey not after they've heard.
 'Tis a sin to the God who gave us the law,
 To behold in our lives such a breach and flaw.
 He will smite with a curse all who trample it down,
 And to those who obey, give a robe and a crown.

—Carrie M. Nichols.

Buddie, the Leader

BEHIND Jack and Dapple came the Branson spring waggon, and the Branson family, homeward bound from Sabbath school. Today the Missionary Volunteers had conducted the after meeting, and the leader had announced that next week the junior society would give a programme at four in the afternoon.

Buddie Branson was the silent member of the home-going group. Mr. Branson expressed surprise at Neighbour Higley's slowness in putting in his crop. He believed the man depended too much upon hired help, and didn't look after the business enough himself. Mrs. Branson wondered if Mrs. Howe's incubator was hatching, she knew it was about time; and, oh, she nearly forgot, would "papa" please stop at Wright's and let her get Mrs. Wright's recipe for butter-scotch? Buddie's twin, Tweedie, was full of excitement over a gopher trap he was planning, and little sister chattered about everything she saw.

"A penny for your thoughts, Buddie," little sister challenged.

But Buddie shook his head. His thoughts were not for sale today.

In the afternoon, Tweedie rushed in, calling, "Say, Bud, come quick. I've got one in a hole right now, out in the yard. You gotta help me! Aw, ma, make him come!" as Buddie made no move to lay down his book, and only shook his head.

"See here!" his father answered, looking up from the market reports, "leave Bud alone if he wants to read. Hunting gophers isn't a Sabbath job anyway. There goes the mail carrier. Run down and get my paper."

"Bud, come on! I'll race you down to the box!" Again Bud only shook his head, keeping his eyes on the page.

At his father's second order, Tweed dutifully brought the mail, and the family, with the exception of Buddie, for the next hour were entertained with letters, newspapers, and household magazines.

"What's the matter with Bud today, anyway?" Tweed looked up to enquire. "He seems to be feeling the weight of his office something awful, or else he's sick. You'd think he was president of the Foreign Mission Board instead of just the leader of the junior society in Morristown."

"No more of that, son," his father ordered. "Bud isn't troubling you. If he wants to be quiet, that's his business."

The rest of the day Bud enjoyed in peace, and milking time found him with an armful of pails, whistling cheerfully, as he went to the barn.

At four in the afternoon, the next Sabbath, the junior society was called to order. The fathers and mothers were all present.

"Our programme today," Buddie announced, "is about Sabbath observance." There followed then a Bible study, a reading, a special song, and then Buddie arose, a little pale, and said, somewhat tremulously:

"Dear fellow juniors and all: I've been thinking a lot on this subject, and I have been reading in the 'Testimonies,' too, and I believe how we keep the Sabbath is just as important as that we keep it. The Sabbath is God's day. The texts which we have read this afternoon show that God is very particular about His day. Being professed Sabbath-keepers won't save us. The Sabbath does mark us as different, but being different won't save us, either, unless we are different in the right way. Brother Mason, have you anything to say?"

"Well, of course, I don't know; but I think," Brother Mason responded, rising slowly, "that we ought to keep the Sabbath and keep it right; but I don't think we should make it a burden. It is supposed to be a delight. Perhaps some of the others can say more."

"Thank you, Brother Mason," Buddie answered, "but the question is, what is making the Sabbath a burden, and how shall we make it a delight? Ought it to be a burden to us to spend one day with our Best Friend and to talk about the things that please Him? Little sister, do you find it hard to play school with your dolls?"

"No, Buddie, I'd rather do it than anything. It's so much fun."

"Tweed, is it a burden and grief to you to spend a day snaring gophers?"

"I should say not!" Tweed responded heartily.

"The thing we love to do," Buddie continued, "is a joy to us and never a burden. It would not be hard for us to forget the market reports and sporting page and all our worldly affairs for one blessed day of communion with Him, if we loved Him enough, and had truly worshipful hearts. He asks us not to do our own pleasure on that day, but to find our delight in heart-to-heart visiting with Him. It is this kind of Sabbath-keeping that will put the seal of God upon our foreheads and give us a place in the new earth at last."

"Father, what do you think about it?" he asked.

Slowly Brother Branson arose, and said: "Brothers and sisters, I feel convicted today that I haven't been keeping the Sabbath. I have been cheating God out of His holy time. I think and talk about my business when I should be feeding my soul with the bread of life. I am thankful that my boy has opened my eyes, and I, for one, am determined to make the Sabbath a true delight."

"I've been thinking all week about this, and I have been praying that God would help me to be a real Sabbath-keeper," Buddie continued, "and I am wondering how many will join my father and me in this resolution."

Mrs. Branson arose, and confessed with tears that the going down of the sun on Friday had often found her baking the last ovenful of bread, or scrubbing the kitchen floor, and that she had often been careless of her conversation during the Sabbath hours; but she determined that day to give God His day wholly.

One by one others arose and made similar confessions and resolutions.

"Juniors!" Buddie exclaimed, "how

many of you will take a stand today for true Sabbath-keeping? and promise before God with His help to have the true spirit of worship on His day?"

Every junior arose, and Tweedie stood long enough to say: "Last Sabbath I tried to get Bud to help me snare gophers, but he wouldn't do it. I am glad I have a Christian brother, and I am going to keep the Sabbath with him after this."

Buddie whistled as he and Tweedie carried the milk pails to the barn, but he said to himself, "I am glad I am my brother's keeper." IDONA HILL.

The Best Day of All

(From a Child's Viewpoint)

WHICH day of all the seven,
 Do I like the best?
 I like God's day—the day
 Of holy rest.

What makes me like the day
 Jehovah blessed?
 On that day Jesus comes
 To be our Guest.

But do I not grow tired,
 With naught to do?
 I'm "doing" all day long,
 And nice things, too!

And will I tell you what
 These "nice" things are?
 I ride to Sabbath school
 Behind old "Star."

(I like it better than
 The day school, 'cause
 We sing the nicest songs—
 And teacher draws!

I think she likes me, for
 Her face grows bright
 Whenever I can say
 My lesson right.)

I like the sermon, too,
 I understand
 'Bout Jesus, and about
 The better land.

When we get home, we have
 The nicest s'prise—
 The bestest dish for lunch
 Ma can devise!

And, then, we take a walk,
 Through field and wood,
 And hear the birds and bees
 Say, "God is good."

And when we gather round,
 At set of sun,
 To sing and thank the Lord
 For what He's done,

My heart is full of glad.
 More than my play,
 More than my toys, I love
 The Sabbath day.

MRS. J. F. MOSER.

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Fourth Week

Praising God in Song

Opening Exercises.

Study: "Praising God in Song."

Talk: "Singing God's Praise."

Talk: "Jesus, and Shall It Ever Be?"

Reading: "Jesus Sang."

Talk: "I'm But a Stranger Here."

Recitation: "Remember."

Talk: "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

Praising God in Song

THE Angels Sing. Luke 2:13, 14; Job 38:4-7.
God is Pleased to Have His Children Sing. Ps. 69:30, 31; Matt. 21:9, 15, 16.
What to Sing. Col. 3:16.
The Redeemed Will Sing. Rev. 15:2, 3.

Singing God's Praise

THERE is a pretty story about the Far North where the night is months long. It is said that when it is near dawn, the natives send a messenger to the highest point of the land to look for the first gleams of day, and when the messenger catches a glimpse of a sunbeam, he cries, "Behold the sun!" Then all the rest of the people take up the shout, "Behold the sun!" Young and old rejoice that the long night has ended at last, and that daylight, sunshine, and warmth are to be theirs for a time.

Whether or not the story is true, there is a lesson here for us all. Those Northern people may forget in the long day that they were so glad when the morning came, and we sometimes forget to be glad and grateful to our Heavenly Father for all His goodness. But we can say in the morning, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and then we can be sure of having shown our gratitude at least once a day.

One of the sweetest ways for us to praise God is by singing hymns. Does that sound like an uninteresting thing to do? Just try it for a while, and you will find out that it is just as nice as any other kind of singing—nicer, in fact. Why not learn by heart the hymns we sing and study about today? It is so easy to learn them, and you will always be glad to know them, and to be able to sing them without a book.

When you learn these hymns and sing them, remember that you are learning hymns that are sung all over the world. Some of them have been translated into other languages, but even in English they are sung wherever missionaries are stationed. Some years ago England went to great expense to have the national anthem translated into the different languages—dialects, we call them—spoken in India. It was translated into Arabic, Persian, Hindustani, and the rest, so that all the natives, no matter what their tongue, could unite in singing, "God Save the King." If you take your Bible, and turn to the New Testament and read in the fifth chapter of Revelation, verses nine to thirteen, you will see a picture of what will happen when all the world has learned of the gospel. All nations and all peoples will sing praises to our God,—praise that boys and girls should give daily to their loving heavenly Father.—*Adapted from the Junior Herald.*

"Jesus, and Shall it Ever Be?"

ALL young people should have a special interest in this beautiful hymn; for it was written by a boy, and a boy only ten years old at that. Perhaps, like other boys, Joseph Grigg sometimes found it hard to stand up and speak a word for Jesus. He was born about 1720, and lived in England. His parents were poor, but he studied for the ministry, and for many years was the pastor of a church in London. Mr. Grigg wrote a number of other hymns, but "Jesus, and Shall it

Ever Be?" and "Behold a Stranger at the Door" are the best known. The song we sing today has lived and been sung nearly two hundred years, and it will live as long as Christians need it to help them tell of Jesus' love. How glad we should be that God put it into the heart of a boy to write these words!

Jesus Sang

"AS a child, Jesus manifested a peculiar loveliness of disposition. His willing hands were ever ready to serve others. He manifested a patience that nothing could disturb, and a truthfulness that would never sacrifice integrity. . . . Often He expressed the gladness of His heart by singing psalms and heavenly songs. Often the dwellers in Nazareth heard His voice raised in praise and thanksgiving to God. He held communion with heaven in song; and as His companions complained of weariness from labour, they were cheered by the sweet melody from His lips. His praise seemed to banish the evil angels, and, like incense, to fill the place with fragrance. The minds of His hearers were carried away from their earthly exile to the heavenly home."

At the Last Supper, "before leaving the upper chamber, the Saviour led His disciples in a song of praise. His voice was heard, not in the strains of some mournful lament, but in the joyful notes of the Passover hall:—

"O praise the Lord, all ye nations:

Praise Him, all ye people.

For His merciful kindness is great toward us:

And the truth of the Lord endureth forever.

Praise ye the Lord."

—MRS. E. G. WHITE.

"I'm But a Stranger Here"

THIS is a hymn that children have loved to sing since it was first written, and they will like it still more when they know its story.

It was written by a young minister who was about to die. His name was Thomas Rawson Taylor, and he was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1807. His father was a preacher, and the boy studied at various places where his father laboured. He was very anxious to become a preacher, too; and while he was going to school, he took the time to visit the villages and small towns near by, to preach to the people.

When he fell ill, and knew that he could not live many years, he stopped school, was ordained, and became the pastor of a small church. But in less than three years his strength failed, and he was obliged to go home. Here he helped his father when he was able. It was during this time that he wrote the simple, beautiful words of his hymn, which have been a help and comfort to many thousands of sick and suffering people ever since.

His was a lovely life, and its work of ministry and service will never die. His last words were those of a brave Christian—"I want to die like a soldier, sword in hand."

Remember!

REMEMBER, three things come not back:
The arrow sent upon its track;
It will not swerve, it will not stay

Its speed; it flies to wound or slay.
The spoken word, so soon forgot
By thee; yet it has perished not:
In other hearts 'tis living still,
And doing work for good or ill.
And the lost opportunity
That cometh back no more to thee;
In vain thou weepst, in vain dost yearn.
These three will never more return.

—Selected.

"Onward, Christian Soldiers!"

NEARLY fifty years ago Dr. Sabine Baring-Gould, an English clergyman, conducted a mission at Horbury Bridge. The girls and boys who came were from poor families where food was often scarce, and so it was but natural that they should take special delight in the school feasts. The hall where the feasts were given was a long distance from the mission building, and so the pupils marched in procession, with flags and banners, and the cross at the head of the line. Of course there must be music, and since they had no song that seemed to be just the thing, Mr. Baring-Gould wrote one for the occasion:—

"Onward, Christian soldiers!

Marching as to war,

With the cross of Jesus

Going on before."

The children liked it from the start, and sang lustily all the way.

However, they did not know the famous tune that we sing, for it was not until several years later that Sir Arthur Sullivan, another Englishman, wrote the famous march-like tune that fits the stirring words so well. Indeed, he considered the tune too "brassy" for church music, but people thought otherwise, and very soon it found its way into practically all the hymn books. It was this tune, together with his many other musical compositions, that won for the writer the title of "sir."—*Our Jesters.*

Sabbath School Missionary Exercises

(August 5)

Good News From The New Hebrides

THE new Sabbath-keepers from the island of Ambrim are making good progress, and they are very zealous in their relations with the mission. Nothing seems to be any trouble for them.

A few weeks ago they had a lesson on preparing food for the Sabbath, so ever since they have been doing their cooking on Friday. In order to do this they make an oven by digging out a hole in the ground and heating stones, and then the food is covered over and left until it is required on Sabbath. It keeps hot for a long time in these ovens. In order to keep the pigs away they decided that some should sleep near the oven, so for several weeks two of the boys have slept outside on Friday nights. It is just such practical, simple acceptance of the Word of God with native converts that makes the work interesting. When once natives yield to the gospel they become very keen on details and find pleasure in the Lord's service.

There are twenty Ambrim people here now, and they are making such rapid

progress in accepting the truth and living that we fully expect to have ten or twelve ready for baptism before long. One girl, who came from the bush and was dressed in a grass skirt, can now read and write, and a few mornings ago she surprised us by leading out and naming the books of the Old Testament. She seems very happy and contented and has lost her heathen timidity.

Sometimes at night I take a walk over to the houses, and it is a very interesting sight to see them all with their books, some singing, others reading, and still others helping the younger boys to master a lesson. I have been interested to learn that one man and his wife have been waiting for two years to come to Atchin. A friend wrote to them while they were working at Vila, and told them that the Bible was taught well at Atchin, and at that time they made a decision, that they would come whenever the opportunity offered. They have accepted the truth so earnestly that I feel sure the Lord has especially called them to His service.

D. NICHOLSON.

(August 12)

Forsaking All for the Truth's Sake

THE Missionary Volunteer Department is this year supporting the work in the Solomon Islands and Eastern Polynesia. Each conference has certain workers which it supports in the islands, and these workers occasionally forward us interesting matter for the young people's encouragement. The following is a letter sent to the young people of Victoria, which will be of interest to all.

"It is now over seven years since Pastor and Mrs Jones in the little boat *Advent Herald* arrived at Viru, which became our first mission in the Solomon Islands.

On the site of the mission there were very few people, but as the mission home and church were built, native homes were soon in course of construction, showing that a live interest was being taken in the move that was on foot.

As soon as possible, school was commenced and the young people began to realize that to worship the great God instead of their *pondas* brought more joy to their hearts and peace to their minds.

One boy, Keri by name, was connected with another mission, which was situated some miles from Viru, but the message of mercy soon reached his ears, and he felt that he was not getting what his heart wanted, so he came to Pastor Jones, who was pleased to receive him into his little flock that had gathered around him.

Keri proved to be an honest boy and after going through with his schooling in a satisfactory manner, he was buried with his Lord in baptism among the first who received this ordinance.

The work pushed on and teachers were needed. Keri was chosen as one to help his fellow men, and although knowing only a very little, he did his best until he was recalled with the object of getting more training, but by this time the Viru missionary had to return to the homeland and was unable to come back again.

Patiently the people waited, but no missionary came and our boy who had been living a dependent life began to feel that it was of no use waiting longer, so, he began to build a house on his father's land. Persistently he worked at it for days endeavoring

to make a home for his little family that are now growing up around him.

Just as things were beginning to look comfortable for him our going to Viru was made known to him. Did he stop to question the cost? No! Immediately he was on his way to our mission where he is now again living a dependent life, being pushed from house to house where opportunity affords. The other day I asked him his desires, and he said, "My one object is to do God's work. I have not come here because my friends are here, but I have come to get a training from the Bible and then go wherever God wants me to do His work."

Surely such a boy has learned the force of the words, "Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life."

J. D. ANDERSON.

(August 19)

Ful Singh

IT was an Indian woman who stood at the door of the mission. She was evidently in trouble, and wanted me to help her. Calling an Indian boy to interpret for me, I enquired as to what I might do for her. This was her request: "Please will you come to see Ful Singh? The devils are worrying him; they won't let him sleep; he is frightened; he jumps and screams, and shakes all over; he is calling for you. Will you come to see him?" Of course I would go and see him! And, as Brother Martin happened to be standing with me at the time, I asked him to accompany me. We took with us the good old Book, the words of which have so often cast out devils; and made our way to the little Indian house where Ful Singh lay.

Ful Singh is a little boy who used to attend our Indian boys' school, but who, so far this year, has been unable to attend on account of a very severe illness. I had been to see him frequently, and had given him all the help that my feeble knowledge of nursing could render. He had heard the story of Jesus, and now, in his extremity, he believed that the servants of Jesus could bring to him the relief he craved.

At the house we were met by the boy's father, who took us in to the dirty, stuffy little room where Ful Singh and his brothers slept on a big bed. The room was full of smoke, for they had been burning something which produced an odour similar to that of burning sealing-wax, in the hope that it would drive the devil out of the house; but this heathen practice had sadly failed—as it always does—of bringing about the desired result.

The father spoke Fijian and the little boy understood English, so Brother Martin gave a short study in Fijian, and then I told the simple story of how Jesus when on earth delighted to visit and to heal little boys who were ill, and of how the devil always had to flee when Jesus came near. We explained to him that if the devils came when we had left they would have to go away again, if he prayed to Jesus and repeated some of the words we had told him. Then all knelt in humble prayer to ask the great God in heaven to be with little Ful Singh.

These poor people seemed loathe to let us go from them, and could not thank us enough for our visit and the relief it had brought to Ful Singh. The father asked us to promise that we would come again, for, said he in broken English, "You not here, devils come; boy fright, shake, cry,

hot; you come, devils go, boy all right." What a pitiable scene! What a testimony to the power of Christ!

But listen, brethren and sisters, there are sixty thousand such darkened souls scattered all through this island group; and at present but one European worker to help them. Our call is for more helpers. We look to you for this help. How long will you be in sending it?

GEORGE M. MASTERS.

(August 26)

After Fifteen Years

WHEN the tract of land was purchased where Rusangu Mission in Africa now stands, a small village of natives were living on the land. They moved a short distance from the mission and settled again. A man, Chilembi by name, the headman of this village, was then in the prime of life. This man has grown old and feeble almost within calling distance of the mission, but he has ever remained stolidly indifferent to every effort of the workers to turn his heart to God.

Sabbath morning, February the 11th, word was sent him that in the afternoon Rusangu Mission would hold a service at his village. It was a beautiful afternoon, and a company of nearly one hundred from Rusangu were in attendance. Our head native teacher took charge of the meeting. The discourse was on the power of God. He spoke of the power of God as manifested in the creation of all things; using many illustrations from nature, showing that the creative power of God is still at work. He then spoke of the power of God to change the human heart, and make man fit to dwell in His presence. In closing he told them that God in mighty power would call the sleeping dead from their graves to life again. At this juncture a chart was presented, showing the second coming of Jesus, and the resurrection of the dead.

The old man listened attentively to the sermon, and when the chart was unfolded, he arose and took his stand directly in front of it, looking in awe and wonder at the inspiring scene. When the chart was taken down, he silently took his seat again.

Wednesday morning of this week, in company with his oldest son, a middle aged man, this old native came to the mission; he wanted to visit Mfundisi and ask some questions. We went out under the trees, and talked of many things, then opportunity was given him to ask his questions; after a short silence he asked, "How can I become a Christian?" We told him that Jesus was inviting all men to come unto Him and be saved. We read John 6:37, where Jesus says "He that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." We then told him that in order to become a Christian he must accept Jesus as his Saviour; confess and forsake his sins; study the Word of God, and follow its teachings. After reading other scriptures we had prayer together.

At the close both he and his son said the matter was clear to them; they wanted to be Christians. In parting, the old man said, "I will teach my children to keep the Sabbath and be Christians." Our hearts rejoice to see the movings of the Spirit of God upon the hearts of this old headman and his son.

WALTER W. WALKER.