



THE MISSIONARY LEADER



Vol. 10

SYDNEY, OCTOBER, 1922

No. 10

Foreign Mission Day

(October 14)

Bible Study

Walking Even As He Walked

1. CHRIST has left us an example to follow in our Christian experience. 1 Peter 2: 21.
2. We should walk "even as He walked." 1 John 2: 6.
3. Such a life will be filled with deeds of love and self-denial. Eph. 5: 1, 2.
4. We cannot spare ourselves if we would faithfully follow Christ. Matt. 16: 24.
5. Peter was severely rebuked for suggesting that Christ should spare himself, in performing His work for our salvation. Matt. 16: 21-23.
6. Paul rebuked his friends for attempting to dissuade him from the path of duty. Acts 21: 12, 13.
7. The path of duty will lead us into all the world with God's message. Matt. 28: 19, 20.
8. He warned us that the path will be one of difficulty, pain, and persecution. Matt. 10: 16, 17, 18, 22.
9. But the reward is sure and His grace sufficient. Matt. 10: 28-32.

A Sabbath on Telina Mission, Solomon Islands

THE Sabbath was ushered in by the beating of the *tali*, which was the signal for the mission community to gather for the opening of the Sabbath. Sixty people met together in the native church for the service, which was conducted by Peo, whose subject was "The Word of God." A young man named Ghughe assisted him. These people, having no literature of their own, nearly all possess the English Bible and their teachers must first read the scripture from the English and then translate it before expounding its meaning. Ghughe would read a verse first in English and then one of the young people in the congregation would read the translation which had previously been prepared by Peo, after which he would proceed to explain the meaning of the text in question; then another verse would be handled in the same way, and so on till the subject was fully presented.

After about twenty minutes devoted to Bible study, the company were asked to join in a season of prayer, and without the loss of any time, twenty-five earnest prayers were offered to the throne of grace expressing gratitude to God for His loving power and imploring for strength to live free from sin.

At the close of the meeting the whole company arose and each missionary present bid them good night, while all present in

unison responded with a "good night, Mr. Wicks," or "Mr. Blunden," as the case might be.

Immediately following the service, teachers' meeting was conducted by the native teacher, and I was considerably surprised to notice that fully four-fifths of the entire company remained to this exercise.

On Sabbath morning the whole family were again assembled in the church for morning worship at 6.30 o'clock, led by the native worker. Then again at 9.45 the church service was held. The announcement had gone forth that the *bungard* from Sydney would speak and so a large number had made the journey to Telina in their canoes from the near by districts. About 170 people assembled for church, the men and boys taking their seats on one side of the room while all the women and girls sat on the other. At the front on the floor sat over twenty bright little lads who paid the closest attention to all that was said, and were not once guilty of any irreverence during the service.

Peo was the interpreter and the subject was "Jesus is the Only Saviour." All the school boys and girls used the English Bible and turned freely to the texts. It is impossible to describe the emotions which pass over the soul as one stands before such a company of nearly 200 people, won from the darkness of the grossest heathenism, and now rejoicing in the light of the gospel truth. Some of them are even yet engaged in their "devilism," but are struggling towards the light. Amongst the audience are murderers, adulterers, and priests and devotees of the devil worship, transformed by the blood of the Lamb, and turned "from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God."

One old man in the audience was named Lila. He belongs to a near by district and has clung to his *pondas* while others have broken away from them. He is a dirty, unkempt fellow, who came with his wife and a sick child to the mission for help several weeks previously. The little babe of six months had been treated by the devil medicine man but without effecting a cure. They therefore turned as a last resort to the missionary. A few days previous to this Sabbath the little one had died and received a Christian burial on the mission. Being the only child that had blessed their union for sixteen years, the parents were very broken-hearted at the loss, but the old heathen father was quite unable to shed tears of grief. On the early morning of this Sabbath he had come to the missionary's wife and told her that his heart was heavy and his grief very great, but he could not weep to relieve it, what should he do to break his sorrow. He was pointed to a Saviour who alone could supply all his need. The old fellow then told us that he had fully determined to break with his devil worship and all "the ways of darkness and come into

the light." He asked if we thought Jesus could save him.

At the service we made an appeal for any who may never have given themselves to Jesus and who were in trouble and sorrow to express themselves and we would pray for them. The old man was greatly agitated but did not respond. After the services Lila came and explained that he was not yet quite ready to stand up and speak, but as soon as his great sorrow was over he would be. He told Sister Wicks that immediately before coming to the mission for help he had been associated with another medicine man, named Tasa, in pronouncing curses on some of the mission people, and it seemed that all these curses had returned on his own child, and now he was *beto uka* (fully finished) with such things and determined to come fully into the light.

Thus are victories being continually gained in the conflict with the powers of darkness. Hardly a week passes by without similar experiences taking place in these islands.

In the afternoon the same company of people gathered for Sabbath school and sang heartily in English "Loyalty to the Master." A feature strange to the visitor, was the roll call, when all the members of the school answered to their names, called audibly by the native superintendent. Thus they overcome the difficulty of marking the record in their classes which would naturally arise with people who understand so little of these things.

The review was an exercise in which all took a brisk interest as the answer to every question was given in a general way by all present. Only five minutes was devoted to review, as these people desire as much time as they can reserve for the study of the day's lesson. The school was divided into a number of classes, well arranged; which were conducted by the young people who are in training to be missionaries to their own people. Every pupil has his lesson pamphlet open and they vie with each other in being first to reply to the question. The daily study of the Sabbath school lesson is an accomplished fact in the Solomon Islands Mission as it is a general rule that the Sabbath school lesson must be studied at daily worship each morning. Having no Bible in their own tongue, one full text translated into the native language is printed with the lesson. This forms the basis of all their Bible study, and gradually these people are acquiring a knowledge of scripture in the same way as do our people at home. Their lessons are thoroughly learned and young and old alike take a keen interest in their Sabbath school exercises.

No regular weekly offering is taken in the Solomon Islands Sabbath school. The reason for this is because these people have no regular income. On the Thirteenth Sabbath, however, a quarterly Sabbath

school offering is received, and at this time a special effort is made to give liberally. In this way perhaps more is received than would be the case if the offering were taken weekly. The offering may correctly be called a collection, as it is composed of coins, armlets, bracelets, and pearl-shell fish hooks which they value quite highly. Then the cash value of this varied collection must be realized before the true value of the offering can be computed.

On re-assembling after class study the superintendent conducts a brisk review with the children on their lesson memory verses, and the little ones are bright and brisk in their answers, as they vie with each other to secure first place in their replies.

Eighteen hundred black people from Sabbath to Sabbath in the Western Solomons are thus being guided into the way of life, as the truths of the Word of God are opened to their comprehension; and angels in heaven rejoice because souls are being born into the kingdom of God by the "Word of God, which liveth and abideth forever."

Immediately after the close of the Sabbath school a dozen or more natives collect on the missionary's verandah for medical attention. One wants quinine for fever, another, an old woman, presents the side of her head which reveals an ulcer and receives a sprinkling of iodoform. Then comes a mother with an infant of six months, which swallows a dose of castor oil while the missionary holds its nose to force it down. Then a little chap presents the sole of his foot to have some boracic acid sprinkled over a crop of sores which spread half-way across the foot. The next is a young mother with a fat little naked baby of three months, as black as ink, but with red hair bleached by the application of lime. An aged woman of perhaps seventy summers steps forward wearing an old calico gown, tied in a bunch with a string around the waist so that the front of the gown reaches not quite down to the knees, while behind it extends not nearly so far. She asks the missionary to look at her eyes for, says she, "I can't see as I used to." A hope has arisen in her heart that as others are receiving healing perhaps she too might recover her sight.

For half an hour this work of mercy proceeds, and then from the church near by the sound of music announces that the young people's meeting has commenced. The young people's meeting lasts for about thirty minutes, and is conducted entirely by the young people themselves. The programme consists of a short Bible study and reports of missionary labour.

The last hour of the Sabbath is spent by the missionary and his wife in a round of visits amongst the old people dwelling on the mission property.

And then as the sun sinks in the west, casting its glorious rays across the placid waters of the beautiful island-studded Marovo Lagoon, the mission family are found assembled once more in their church to bid farewell to the day of rest which has left so many blessings in its train.

H. M. BLUNDEN.

Suffering for the Gospel

IN one of our outstations about forty miles from the mission is a place called Santiago Oje, where the enemy has been working hard to hinder. In this place there were some forty or more Indians who have been calling for years for a teacher of the true gospel. Again this

year it was impossible to send them a teacher. I therefore visited them as often as possible but this only made them more desirous for a local teacher. Delegations came every few days, generally with animals to carry back the teacher and his belongings. Once they waited day after day for two weeks begging for a teacher. No reason short of a promise would satisfy them. Never a week passed but that some one came to renew the request. Finally arrangements were made making it possible to promise them their desire. Joyfully they came with cargo animals to carry their teacher to their district. It was a happy crowd who conducted the teacher, Brother M. Viscara, and myself to their homes. I spent a few days and returned.

The arrival of the teacher aroused the enemies to begin doing all kinds of irritating things, ridiculing, and abusing our brethren in foul language, even threatening them and the teacher with death if they did not renounce Protestantism.

After a few months of this state of affairs, a priest in company with a fanatical official visited the district to celebrate a feast and urge upon the Indians to run out "the evangelists." A large mob was raised, although the priest and official left before this was done. The mob of several hundred, after their drunken feasting, came to our schoolhouse and with slings and whips drove out the teacher and students, burned the house, and tore down the adobe walls. From there they went to the different houses of the brethren. All who would renounce their faith, received alcohol to drink, and joined the mob in its work. Two families of the brethren did this, and their houses were spared. All the rest of our brethren they drove away and destroyed their homes. Several who tried to defend their homes were nearly killed and barely escaped with their lives. These ten families, about thirty-five people, chose to leave their earthly possessions rather than deny their Lord. Death was promised them if they returned. They lost everything, homes, food, animals, money, and all their clothes that were not on their backs. Our teacher also lost his clothes, books, some money, and a mule. Surely the promise of Matt. 19:29 will apply to them.

Of course they came at once to the mission with the word. I telegraphed the state prefecto and at once received back an order for the local official to go with soldiers to stop the mob and capture the ringleaders. The local official for one pretext and another did not obey this order, as he had been bribed for \$500 to do nothing. Although the state official is willing but not insistent that justice be given, the local man has done nothing as yet after two months of waiting.

The fugitive brethren are still at the mission and with our local church members. We are doing all possible for them in the line of food, clothing and shelter, but still they are suffering greatly for food and necessary clothing.

It means more to accept the truth and be faithful to it here than in more favourable countries. In the homeland we little appreciate our good free government and officials. We ask the prayers of our brethren and sisters that these poor, ignorant, suffering, faithful brethren may soon be permitted to return to their ruined homes.

ORLEY FORD.

Missionary Volunteer Department

Missionary Volunteer Programme

First Week

What Is Your Friendship Worth?

Song Service.
Opening Exercises.
Leader's Talk Based on 1 Sam. 18:1-4; 19:1-7.

Talk: "A Friendship and a Life."
Reading: "This is My Friend."
Solo: "Jesus is All the World to Me."
(Songs of Zion No. 13.)
Reading: "The Value of True Friendship."
Recitation: "Friendship's Prayer."
Story: "Cbums."
Closing Exercises.

A Friendship and a Life

ONCE upon a time there was a certain young man whose life depended upon the friendship of another. This young man had been promised the throne that really belonged to the young man upon whom he depended for his life. Yes, Jonathan and David, I hear you say. But wouldn't it have been easy for Jonathan to have allowed his father to kill David? Then maybe he could have reigned in David's place. But there was no thought of jealousy in Jonathan's pure heart. [The one giving this talk should then tell how carefully Jonathan planned to save his friend, how, although he knew David would reign in his place, he vowed his love and asked David to be good to him and his house after he was king. Base this part of the talk on 1 Samuel 18:1-4; 19:1-7; 20:18-42.]

This is My Friend

"LET me tell you how I made His acquaintance.

"I had heard much of Him, but took no heed.

"He sent daily gifts and presents, but I never thanked Him.

"He often seemed to want my friendship, but I remained cold.

"I was homeless, and wretched and starving, and in peril every hour, and He offered me shelter and comfort and food and safety, but I was ungrateful still.

"At last He crossed my path, and with tears in His eyes, He besought me, saying, 'Come and abide with Me.'

"Let me tell you how He treats me now:

"He supplies all my wants.

"He gives me more than I dare ask.

"He anticipates my every need.

"He begs me to ask for more.

"He never reminds me of my past ingratitude.

"He never rebukes me for my past follies.

"Let me tell you further what I think of Him:

"He is as good as He is great.

"His love is as ardent as it is true.

"He is as lavish of His promises as He is faithful in keeping them.

"He is as jealous of my love as He is deserv-ing of it.

"I am in all things His debtor, but He bids me call Him friend."—*From an old English manuscript, found on the person of one of our fallen heroes in France.*

The Value of True Friendship

ALL true friendship is mutual, each is a friend to all the others involved in the relationship. A person may be a friend, a true friend, to one who is his enemy. But there is no friendship between them. Jesus was a friend to Judas; Judas was an enemy of Jesus, betraying the Prince of life for the price of a dead slave.

In true friendship there is mutual love, for friend comes from a word meaning to love. That means that there is love of each for the other. All else called friendship is mere veneer.

The true friend in the sacred bond is therefore unselfish. He does not love, he is not a friend, to obtain advantages, to secure profits, to aid himself; his purpose is to aid, help, advantage the one he loves, the one to whom he is a friend.

In the lower senses of the word, "The rich hath many friends," Prov. 14:20. But the original Hebrew word means mere associates, hangers on, those who admire and flatter and praise, that they may get something.

Now a rich man might be a true friend to these associates and desire to help them, but they who forsake him in his adversity are like leeches who can find no more blood to suck.

Jonathan was a true friend to David; he risked reputation and an unreasonable father's wrath, in order to help David in his adversity. The story of Damon and Pythias shows the same unselfishness—willingness of a man to die that his friend might live.

The worth of Jesus to all was His very life. He gave His life to all, freely offered it to publicans and sinners to whom He was the greatest of all friends. The worth of His friendship was the value of Himself. What a priceless boon to those who enter into relationship with Him.

Abraham was called the "friend of God." That is, Abraham sought God's interest and glory. That was the dominant purpose of his life, and so he responded to God's call to go, not knowing what it meant, not estimating its cost. The friend of God found friendship with God, having the divine current of life and love and the uniting bond.

The true friend will not flatter when the object of his affection is in the wrong; for he knows that the pursuing of a wrong course is bound to bring evil. He would save his friend from evil, and therefore his reproach, his warnings, his entreaties. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful" (Prov. 27:6), which Helen Spurrell renders: "The wounds of a friend are faithful; but the kisses of an enemy empty as vapour." Yet how often our selfish hearts refuse the healthful wounds, and enjoy the empty, deceitful, foggy kisses.

Do not seek friends; seek to be a true friend. Let that be your purpose.

Do not seek to pamper those you love; seek to make them resolute, self-denying, strong, true, and kind.

Let your friendship be broad and expanding. The friendship that narrows dies, but let its breadth be the unfenced fields of God's truth.

Let your friendship be deep enough to wade to the very heart of your friends' woes, and to pour upon them the water of life from the deep wellsprings of God. Be a palm tree in the desert. Let the roots go deep.

Be a growing friend, drinking in knowledge and wisdom from God in life all around you.

In short, be a trusting, abiding friend, unwilling to believe any report of ill save on fullest proof. Be a true, honest, charitable friend, with no pretenses, willing to differ if the difference be not fundamental to character.

Keep always for your basis friendship with God and your friendship will be of eternal worth, and will help others to the same ideals.

MILTON C. WILCOX.

Friendship's Prayer

CALL him thy friend who laughs with thee
When laughter is thy choice;
The rose-wreathed cup who quaffs with thee
When bidden to rejoice.

But fain would I do more for thee,
And this the test and sign,—
If thou dost love me, pour for me
Life's wormwood, not its wine.

Pain's dreary vigils keep with me
When mirth and jest are flown;
In silence let me weep with thee
When thou dost grieve alone;

Thy darker moments share with me
When pleasure fails thy need;
Thy burden let me bear with thee,
And crown me friend indeed.

—Annie Johnson Flint.

Chums

MAVIS walked sullenly to school, assuming a very dignified manner, for she knew Lorna would appear at the next corner, and Lorna had hurt her deeply.

The next corner brought Mavis face to face with Lorna, who greeted her cheerfully, unconscious of wrong doing.

Mavis uttered a stiff "Good morning," and Lorna, feeling the repulse, walked on silently with her friend.

All day at school things went awkwardly between the two girls. Lorna made several attempts at friendliness, but each time was repelled by Mavis' icy manner, and finally decided to let her "pout it out."

However, Lorna went home in tears and explained to her mother that something had gone wrong at school, she didn't know what, and Mavis was angry, and wouldn't talk to her.

"Why, whatever could have happened?" her mother exclaimed in surprise. "You and Mavis have been such wonderful friends for more than a year."

"I don't know, mother, but I think the world of Mavis, and I can't stand it to have her act like that. I wish I knew what is the matter, but how can I find out when she won't talk to me?"

"Try hard to think if you have done or said anything to hurt her. Perhaps she

thinks you ought to know without being told."

"The only thing I can think happened yesterday, but I can't believe that's it. Miss Hartman asked me to run down to the butcher shop to get a bone to experiment with in physiology, and she said I might ask one of the girls to go with me. I could have asked Mavis, but I happened to see the new girl, Gladys Ortman, and I thought it would be nice to ask her, and maybe it would help her to feel acquainted. She was glad to go with me, and we had a jolly time. I liked her, and last night when we started home from school, I asked her to walk with Mavis and me as far as she could. After she left, I said, 'I just love Gladys, don't you?' and Mavis didn't answer. But, mother, surely it can't be that!"

"I hope not. I don't like to think her so small. Perhaps the trouble will be straightened out tomorrow; we will hope so."

Two blocks east and one block north in her room upstairs sat a weepy-eyed girl bending over her diary.

"O little diary," she wrote, "you are the only friend I have, and I must bring to you my heartache tonight. I can't tell my trouble to any one else. No one would understand. I am different from other people. I feel things harder, I am so sensitive. Oh, little book, I can hardly write the awful words, but my very best, most loved friend is surely forsaking me. O Lorna! Lorna! how could you do it?"

The next night, the diary continued, "After school Lorna hurried away with Gladys and didn't say a thing to me. Oh, my heart is breaking! I can't write any more."

Lorna and her mother at the same hour were having a little consultation over the dishes.

"I tried to be nice to Mavis today, but she acted worse than yesterday, and I couldn't get near her. Gladys was lovely to me, and we played croquet together at recess, and she walked part way home with me. What shall I do about Mavis, mother?"

"My dear, I don't see why you and Mavis can't be good friends and take Gladys in with you, and have a good time together. We'll see what can be done about it."

When Lorna came home from school the next evening she found a note saying her mother was away and might not be back before six o'clock. Though Lorna knew nothing of it, her mother was having a little confidential talk with her teacher that afternoon.

An hour later Miss Hartman was sitting with Mavis in her little room upstairs.

"I am sorry, Mavis," she said, "that you and Lorna are not happy together any more. I wish I might help you get the trouble settled. Can't we arbitrate it some way? Won't you tell me about it?"

"Well, Miss Hartman, you know Lorna and I have always done everything together, and have been the closest kind of friends; and that day when Lorna asked Gladys to go with her down town, it just hurt me so I can't get over it. And this is how I feel."

Mavis gave Miss Hartman her diary, which she read slowly. Then with a sympathetic understanding of the tragedies of a thirteen-year-old, she began,

"My dear girl, you are not so friendless as you think, for I am sure I understand how you feel, and I am sorry for you. It is too bad to spoil a happy friendship. I

wish that you and Lorna could get together and take Gladys in with you. Think what fun you three could have! Then, besides, don't you think it would be the kindest thing to Gladys? She would be so lonesome left without a chum."

"Oh, but I want Lorna all to myself. Gladys can find somebody else. I want just Lorna."

"Do you think that is just exactly right, Mavis? Isn't it a little bit selfish? We are told, 'Love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous,' and Jesus said, 'I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me.' Let me tell you, dear, that the highest, noblest love is that which gives itself unselfishly to all. Wouldn't you rather be loved by many friends than by one or two? Wouldn't you like to have it said of Mavis Howard, that 'she is loved by all who know her'? Then you must do some big, generous loving. You must love all, if you would be loved by all.

"Don't you think it more beautiful, more like the religion of Jesus, to open your heart to all of God's children than to devote yourself to one who happens to please you, and leave out others who may be hungry for a little love and friendship? Dear girl, 'the wisdom that is from above is . . . gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality.' Let yourself expand and grow into the fine, big-hearted woman God intended you to be. Good night, dear."

Alone, Mavis sat thinking. Suddenly she picked up her diary and read again the recital of her wrongs.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, doesn't that sound silly and babyish and selfish? It's a wonder Miss Hartman didn't laugh."

"O mother!" Lorna exclaimed, coming home from school the next day, "It's all right! Mavis is just like herself again, and she wants Gladys and me to come over tonight. Mother, may I go?"

IDONA HILL.

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Second Week

As a Man Thinketh

Opening Exercises.

Bible Study.

Leader's Talk.

Talk or Reading: "How Do You Think?"

Recitation: "Others."

Talk or Reading: "The Thinking That We Do."

Special Music.

My Resolve.

Close by Repeating Psalms 19: 14. (Emphasise the word "meditation" when asking that this text be rendered for a close. "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart"—i.e., the thoughts of the heart, the innermost thoughts—"be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer.")

Leader's Talk

Let the leader or some one chosen by him outline the real need of the times in this very line. The world needs thinkers, men and women who give study and attention to the problems of the times and whose conclusions will bear the test of analysis. Then enlarge upon the thought

that the thinkers of the world are its leaders. We all unconsciously follow after the men and women who think and who know what they are doing. It is natural, it is inevitable. The great Book that we have been given promotes thought. The majority of the leaders of Christendom have been its students. It is a mind sharpener, and helps in the forming of clear thoughts. Let the leader's talk be along this line.

Bible Study

1. How do thoughts make us what we are? Prov. 15: 26, first part.

2. What does the psalmist say about God's words? Ps. 12: 6.

3. What was one of Jesus' final instructions in the Sermon on the Mount? Matt. 5: 48.

4. What blessing is pronounced by Jesus on the pure? Matt. 5: 8.

5. What, then, must we think of Philippians 4: 8?

How Do You Think?

"HOW few never think who think they do!" said Jane Taylor.

She may not have referred to young men or women, or to professed Christians, but she might have done so, with all truth. The Christian religion should produce clear, straight thinkers—logical reasoners.

Yet it seems to be so easy to get along without thinking. We find it less trouble to take the lighter ideas that float around on the surface rather than to dive deep and discover for ourselves the underlying currents that control the tides.

In that same essay in rhyme Jane Taylor observes, and truthfully,

"Though man a thinking being is defined,
Few use the grand prerogative of mind."

A man in a responsible position, greatly interested in young people, who had taken time to advise and help them, was looking over his morning's mail. There was one blue envelope in the stack, the handwriting of which showed that it was from a young friend whom he had many times advised and in whom he had a real interest.

Opening the letter, he found that it told of a marriage and of plans for the future. Near the close of the letter he read these sentences: "I consider my marriage God's work, for little did I think that—would be my wedding day. It was all so sudden and quickly carried through, even we are surprised as well as our friends."

While he was, of course, happy for his young friend's marriage, his mind challenged the statement. There was something wrong there. Did this young person really mean that because the wedding was sudden and because it went through so quickly, it was necessarily God's work? It was so written. Other parts of the letter confirmed this underlying belief, that because things were quickly done, because certain pleasing and pleasant opportunities presented themselves, therefore, "My marriage was God's work."

Of course the marriage may have been God's special work, but the reason given for believing it was His work is surely not a sound one. That line of reason would cause us to attribute to the Deity many sudden and startling things,—accidents, injuries, and faulty judgment, as well as hasty marriages, with all the attendant

ills. That is the logical conclusion for such expressed thoughts.

But there was another letter. It told of differences of opinion with certain influential men. It related quite in detail the reasons why the work within a denominational institution was abandoned. It vauntingly told of the quick openings for more lucrative positions in commercial and professional lines that had been accepted.

The writer of the letter summed up the matter: "I know I was not without blame, but I certainly was not as bad as I might and could have been, else the Lord would not have opened up these delightful positions for me."

Do you reason out your Christian experience along those lines? Do you believe that time and chance—the passing events of the day—are sent of God, if, for the time being, they are favourable to your own desires? Would you maintain that because you might have been worse, but by some exercise of will-power was not, therefore, the Lord rewarded you handsomely, because you were not so bad as you might have been?

Our character is formed by the thoughts we think. We decide our destiny by the conclusions we draw, consciously and unconsciously. Inaccurate thinking is dangerous. We become creatures of circumstances. We jump to conclusions! We give snap judgment. We decide that God above does this or that from and for the same reasons and motives that we would define our own course of action. We make the changing wind of everyday events in a sinful world our guide. If we meet long-continued hardship, misfortune, a series of accidents, then our first thought is that God has shown by these means His displeasure.

What would have become of the patriarchs of old, of the reformers, of the pioneer missionaries, of the heroes of faith of all ages, if their reasoning—their thinking—had been along these lines? Think!

We admire men of judgment, men of keen foresight. We marvel at their ability to grasp the significance of circumstances and to discern the future, through the trend of events. Yet their ability is pre-eminently the product of clear, straight, unbiased thinking.

There is much solemn truth in the ancient maxim of the Romans, "I think, therefore I am." The process of your thinking will determine the whole course of your life. Your ability to think deeply will evidence itself in your life's success, in your personal religion, in your attaining of a life hereafter. There is always a certain reward for clear, logical thinking.

U. V. W.

The Thinking That We Do

I WAS out in Colorado last summer, and visited some of those rainless valleys where the farmers must depend upon irrigation to water their crops. During the long summers when the sunshine is uninterrupted except by sunsets, the country that would otherwise be a desert, blossoms as the rose. Night and day there comes to the listening ear the constant murmur of running waters. The snow line on the mountains melts and recedes as the season progresses, shedding its crystal streams in ever-abundant supply to the thirsty lowlands. While there I observed some simple facts about the irrigation business.

Naturally the water is 'all from above

and is absolutely pure. It is directed through the farms by ditches, and is kept on the tops of the ridges as far as possible, else how could the slopes of the ridges be irrigated? In other words, the life-giving liquid is made to do service all the way down as it seeks its level. With a comparatively slight start in the desired direction, it helps to make its own ditch. Just enough water, and no more, is cut off the main streams to irrigate each farm or orchard along the way. Where the stream is the stillest, it is the deepest; and where it spreads out over much ground, it is exceedingly shallow.

Now that is very much like the thoughts that run through my mind—and yours; or at least that is the way they ought to run. I am more and more firmly convinced as I grow older that we can't think pure things, right things, true things, straight things, beautiful things, unless our thoughts are started from above. Every good gift comes from above. That means that no one can think correctly unless he thinks the way God thinks. And God gives us examples in the Bible of how he thinks. For instance: man says, if you want to go up, go up; God says if you want to go up, go down first; for "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Man says, "Do others, or they will do you;" God says, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." And in a thousand other ways God's way of thinking runs counter to man's way of thinking. Men call God's mode of reasoning paradoxical; but the paradoxes of Heaven are the highest kind of wisdom. Every train of thought started by the Bible is safe and straight.

The other day a celebrated musician said, "I am so glad I was taught Bible stories when I was a boy. They have been the greatest stimulus and the best training for the development of my imagination that I have ever received." No! fiction and fable and fairy tale are not necessary to train the imagination. The Word will do it best.

Then we must keep our thoughts in elevated channels if we would have them serve us and others efficiently. It is difficult at first to direct them along the ridges, but with a hearty effort at the start they will soon be forming their own habit-ditches, with scarcely a conscious worry on our part. It is remarkable what your mind will do for you when you have made it your servant by directing it aright at first. There are absolutely no limits to its thought possibilities. Any achievement any mind has ever accomplished, your mind and mine, with the same direction and perseverance, can accomplish.

We need to spend much time in quiet places, and think deeply, to keep on following a seed thought till we have reached the tip of every leaf and the end of every rootlet. We need to concentrate and specialize more than we do, till we have fathomed the deeps of science and logic. We are astonished beyond expression these days at the remarkable discoveries and inventions of the men who are sounding the possibilities of radio telegraphy and telephony. We are coming to believe that everything is possible with science. Yet there are just as great and wonderful discoveries awaiting the persistent seeker in other fields of thought.

A famous discoverer said reverently, "I think God's thoughts after Him." And every discoverer of truth does the same. Every great and worthy goal reached by the mind is simply following the thought

of God. Let him who aspires to be a great thinker in any field first get a training in divine thinking from the Book of books.

ROBERT B. THURBER.

Others

LORD, help me live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way
That even when I kneel to pray,
My prayer shall be for—others.

Help me in all the work I do
To ever be sincere and true,
And know that all I'd do for you
Must needs be done for—others.

Let self be crucified and slain
And buried deep; and all in vain
May efforts be to rise again,
Unless to live for—others.

And when my work on earth is done
And my new work in heaven's begun,
May I forget the crown I've won,
While thinking still of—others.

Others, Lord, yes, others;
Let this my motto be.
Help me to live for others,
That I may live like Thee.

C. D. MEIGS.

My Resolve

IT takes a pure life and pure thoughts to make a pure eye. Remembering that "blessed are the pure in heart," I will despise filthy thinking and dirty talk. I will stop it when I can and get away from it when it can't be stopped.

It takes an unselfish life to make an innocent eye. I will try to think more about others and their good qualities and to forget about my own. I will praise others instead of praising myself. I will listen to the stories which the birds and trees and flowers tell, so that even when alone my mind will be filled with the wholesome thoughts God gives us. I will live in the pure clear air of God's love, refusing to think of anything that is not of "good report."

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Third Week

Every-day Life Made Easy

Opening Exercises.

Scripture Reading: Psalm 37: 1-19.

Talk: "Courage."

Hymn: "Christ in Song," No. 530, first and last verses.

Talk: "Keep the Heart in Tune with God."

Hymn: "Christ in Song," No. 231, first two verses.

Talk: "Quickly Make Amends."

Solo: "Christ in Song," No. 85.

Talk: "Forbearance and Patience."

Duet: "Christ in Song," No. 581.

Poem: "Looking Unto Jesus."

Closing Exercises.

Courage

IT is easy to see that, according to the Psalmist's idea, the way to bring peace and comfort into every-day life is to go forward

courageously to meet its duties, with the assurance that God means kindly toward those who are doing right and are steadfastly doing His will. The only safety in this world is in courage. Cowardice is the greatest danger. Some people go mincing their way along, examining cautiously every step they are to take, as though they thought God had hordes of wild Indians ambushed in the thickets along the path of life to suddenly swarm out and tomahawk them. Such an idea of God would be more true of the devil than of the perfect Father who is revealed to us in the Bible. If we go along the way of life feeling and acting as though the whole world were against us, and that we had to pick out our own way and take care of ourselves, then we have a sure recipe for misery. When we get it into our hearts that it is not the devil's world, but God's world, and that He has not deserted it, but is still in it, causing all things to "work together for good to them that love God," we can afford to go on without fretting because of "evil-doers." We can see wicked men prospering and good men passing through hours of trial, and yet know that the "all things" will work out their righteous result in the end. Some day we shall diligently seek after the wicked man who prospered for a time, and he will have disappeared; and we shall see the good man, who for a while was passing under the cloud, with his face shining like the sun, and the rainbow of God's promise spanning the cloud through which he has been safely led.

Keep the Heart in Tune with God

Another way to make every-day life easy is to keep the heart in tune with God's will. God always wants us to do right. We shall always have discord when we are conscious that we are doing wrong. But if we will simply ask what is right, and try to do that every-day without any compromises in the matter, or any quibbling over it, we shall find that our hearts will sing a very pleasant tune. Nothing can ever seriously disturb us except the consciousness that we ourselves have done wrong. No storm of trouble can beat about us so fiercely that angels may not visit us in its midst as they did Paul on shipboard, or Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane. No dungeon can be so dark that God's messengers will not find their way into it, and no prison walls are so solid but He can shake the doors open. In the midst of every trying experience, if the heart is at peace with God, there will be sweet music there that will more than make up for any outside trials. Keep the heart right, and you are sure of melodies of happy meditation that will make the most toilsome day full of pleasant things. Some one sings:—

"There's a cricket within the Christian's heart,
And a pleasant song sings he;
Let him sing of the mercy and love of God
That hourly falls on thee.
Let him whistle them out full, loud and clear,
And never be drowned in sorrow's tear,
And all through the dark of trouble's night,
Let him chirp and sing till the morning light!"

Quickly Make Amends

Another way to make every-day life easy is to be quick to make amends for any blunder into which we may have fallen. We are very human, and are as prone to make mistakes as the sparks are to fly upward. Some people's mistakes never seem to hurt them much, they repent of them and get out of them so quickly. I have seen a horse so nimble-footed that it would stick its foot into a badger-hole while going at full gallop and get out so quickly that it would not stumble, while another with less sense and agility would run its leg in up to the knee and turn a somersault, to the great risk not only of its own neck, but of its rider's. There are two kinds of people illustrated by this figure. Some people are like David, who was a man after God's own heart, not because he never blundered, but because he was quick to repent and confess his sin and take a new track. How many times when we find we have misjudged a friend, and through some misunderstanding have taken a wrong position, if we at once confess it we may make it all right, while if we go on stubbornly holding a wrong position, because we do not like to seem changeable, we darken not only one, but many days. A German soldier, an ensign, made a blunder during some manoeuvres of troops which were being inspected by Frederick the Great. That passionate king ran after him, stick in hand, that he might beat him. The ensign got away and jumped a ditch, leaving the king on the other side still brandishing his cudgel. The colonel of the regiment came up to the king and said, "Sir, the young ensign doubtless committed a blunder. I have just received his resignation from your majesty's service. I am sorry, for he was really a good soldier, but he can take no other step." The king said, "Send him to me." The ensign came, expecting to be beaten, or possibly sent to prison. On his entering his presence the king said, "Here is your captaincy, sir, which I tried to give you this morning, but you ran away so quickly I could not catch you." How much better it was for the king to turn it that way than stubbornly hold out in the wrong, and, besides doing an unjust and foolish act, lose a good soldier.

Forbearance and Patience

In addition to all these things, in order to make every-day life easy, we shall every one of us have need of forbearance and patience. To retain the quick word and hold it back so that it does not get said, will save many an uncomfortable half-hour. It may rankle in the heart for a minute, but if you set your teeth together and do not say it, the person who has vexed you, not knowing you wanted to say it, will not be hurt, and five minutes later you will thank God for your restraint. Most of us need to pray the prayer of the hymn:—

"Sweet Patience, come!
Not from a low and earthly source—
Waiting, till things shall have their course—
Not as accepting present pain
In hope of some hereafter gain—
Not in dull and sullen calm—
But as a breath of heavenly balm
Bidding my weary heart submit
To bear whatever God sees fit;
Sweet Patience, come!"

—Louis Albert Banks,

"Looking Unto Jesus"

O, eyes that are weary and hearts that are sore,
Look off unto Jesus, and sorrow no more;
The light of His countenance shineth so bright
That on earth, as in heaven, there need be no night.

Looking off unto Jesus, my eyes cannot see
The troubles and dangers that throng around me;
They cannot be blinded with sorrowful tears,
They cannot be shadowed by doubtings and fears.

Looking off unto Jesus, my spirit is blest;
In the world I have turmoil, in Him I have rest;
The sea of my life all about me may roar:
When I look unto Jesus I hear it no more.

Looking off unto Jesus, I go not astray,
My eyes are upon Him, He shows me the way;
The path may seem dark, as He leads me along,
But following Jesus, I cannot go wrong.

Looking off unto Jesus, my heart cannot fear,
Its trembling is stilled, when I see Jesus near;
I know that His power my safeguard will be,
"For why art thou troubled?" He saith unto me.

Looking off unto Jesus, O, may I be found,
When the waters of Jordan encompass me round
Let them bear me away in His bosom to be,
'Tis but seeing Him nearer whom always I see.

Then, then I shall know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face;
I shall know how His love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

MARY GALE.

Missionary Volunteer Programme Fourth Week

India The Needy

Missionary Song Service.
Opening Exercises.
Talk: "Serving Others."
Special Music on Subject.
Symposium: (a) "They Want Peace Within." (b) "The Famines of India and Christian Schools." (c) "The Offering."
Recitation: "Giving."
Story: "Twins."
Closing Exercises.

Serving Others

ONCE upon a time in a great city, a terrible plague broke out. Men and women and children were stricken, and a great many people died. No one seemed to know what caused the fever, and the physicians tried in vain to stop it.

Some people said that the city was not kept clean, and that caused the disease to spread so rapidly; others declared that the poor families in the slums were responsible, because their homes were so untidy; and soon a big force of men was at work cleaning the streets, and making the people keep their homes free from dirt.

But still the plague continued, and the people sickened and died. It was not only in the poor homes that the disease was found; even in the big, rich houses where every care was taken and much money spent, the sickness spread.

At last a messenger came to the city from a village some distance away, begging for help. That messenger had come once before when the city was free from the plague, but no one had paid any attention to him then, and he had gone away without help for that poor little village.

You see, the village had the same plague that was sweeping over the city.

Now the city people were a little more sympathetic, and they sent a physician out to the village to see whether he could help the sick there. Soon the physician sent back to the city this word: "You must send to this village all the doctors and nurses you can spare. The plague is spreading from here to the city, for the water that the city uses comes from this place, and is carrying the disease. Help this village, and you will stop the spread of the plague in your own city!"

The city people followed the doctor's advice, helped the village to clean up its streets and houses, and to care for its sick, and soon the plague lessened and finally died away. They might have worked forever in their own city, without stopping the plague, for it was coming in all the time from the village through the drinking water. As soon as they helped others, the plague stopped.

Christ's command was to go into all the world,—not just to the ones nearest you. If the disciples and those who came after them had simply told those in their own land about the Master, we could never have heard about Him.

And so we must send help to India and all parts of the world for their sakes and for ours too. When we obey Christ's command to go to all nations, Jesus comes near to us and makes us better Christians. Then in the new earth we shall meet the people we have helped to save, and we'll be glad we did help, for we learned to love and serve the Master better ourselves because we gave to others.—Adapted.

They Want Peace Within

RECENTLY when touring in the villages I stopped at a traveller's bungalow to take lunch. Near the bungalow were fields of ripening grain and some poor men driving the birds away by means of slings. After I had fed my horses and sat down on the bungalow verandah to take lunch, these poor old men came around to have a look at the tonga and horses. When I had finished eating, I asked them if they would like to hear something about God and what He had done for us, to which they replied, "Yes, we should be glad to." If you remember, Zacchæus climbed up into the tree out of curiosity and got converted, so this seems to be a similar case.

Being comfortably seated on the verandah, I began to tell them of God and His Son, Jesus Christ, and how He is the only remedy for sin, and the only way by which sinful men can approach their Father in heaven. There were five persons in the audience, the two old men, a woman, a Christian man who was accompanying me, and a young man who was in charge of the bungalow. One of the old men especially seemed all absorbed in the message. Then I stopped for a minute, and he told me he had visited all the holy shrines and bathing places in reach of his home and had not found peace within his heart yet. He said, "From childhood I have gone from place to place in search of salvation and that inward peace, but I have not found it. Now I am an old man, and I want to be saved."

I read to him the sweet invitation of Jesus, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The poor man's face lighted up and

he looked at his friends and smiled, as much as to say, "I have found that peace within." He then told me of his village, urging me to come there soon, and tell this story to his friends and neighbours.

This represents the condition of millions in India. They have sought for that peace that passeth understanding, but they have not found it. There are many of these seekers, too, who would gladly follow Christ if they had opportunity. May the Lord help us in bringing the message to those who are desiring salvation.

S. O. MARTIN.

The Famines of India, and Christian Schools

OF all events in the recent history of India, the famous famine of Rajputana of 1896-97 is one which still chills the hearts of the people who experienced those terrible days. God sent His servants, the missionaries, to save as many as possible of the people.

The country of Rajputana lies in the heart of the northern part of India, and is a very sandy country with a poor water supply. The people are mostly dependent on the rain, which comes only twice a year, for water to grow the crops, and if that fails, a woeful time occurs.

It is of one of these times of rain failure that I am writing. Everything dried up and it became impossible to secure food. It was a fearful time. Children died from hunger in their parents' laps. Then it was that the missionaries gave great help. They gathered many thousands of boys and girls who were fainting and dying with famine and put them in boarding schools in different parts of India. Here they fed them and clothed them and cared for them just as they did their own children, besides giving them all a good education.

Today they are Christian young people. Most of them are very well educated, some even having received degrees from colleges. Many are pastors of churches or teachers of schools, or village preachers, helping spread the gospel light to their heathen countrymen. Some have had the privilege of embracing this present truth.

All this God has done by the means of schools. We who are carrying this last great message are in great need of such schools where our young people will not only get a secular education, but can get such an education as will give them a better knowledge of God and His word of prophecy, and will make them able to carry this last message to the souls which are still in darkness, so that the end may come soon and we all may be gathered unto our reward.

A. GARDNER.

The Offering

THERE was great excitement in the little village named Leopard Place, because there was to be a special thanksgiving service, and it was to be conducted by the missionary. There was very little variety in the life of that village, and occasions such as these were red-letter days indeed. The people were poor, but they nevertheless were conscious of God's goodness to them, and wished to bring some gift in token of their gratitude.

There lived in that village a boy whose name was Andrew, who was studying in our little village school. Now Andrew had been planning for this day, and for quite a

long time he had been spending all his spare time working in the fields, that he might earn enough money to buy a goat to give as an offering. It was very hard work, but at last the goat was bought, and almost the first sound we heard as we entered the little leaf church, was the bleat of that goat.

On the following day there was an auction of the gifts, and as coconuts, pineapples, and eggs were put up for sale, the excitement increased. At last the goat was brought in, and we wondered just what it would realize. The bidding was fast and furious, and at last it was knocked down to one of our workers at a good figure. But the goat had not yet fulfilled its mission, for this brother put it up for sale again, and at last it was bought in at a good round price. No wonder that we made a record offering that year.

Andrew is still with us, seeking to fit himself for the work of preaching the gospel, and needless to say, we have great hopes for him.

H. G. WOODWARD.

Giving

(For two small children.)

FIRST CHILD:

"Mary had a little lamb
With fleece as white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go."

SECOND CHILD:

"I wish I had a little lamb
With fleece as white as Mary's,
I'd have it sheared and sell the wool
To help the missionaries."

TOGETHER:

"But even if we have no lamb
With fleece as white as Mary's,
There are lots of things that we can do
To help the missionaries.

"We'll pray, and earn some pennies
By doing things, you know,
To help our missionaries
To heathen lands to go."

—Selected.

Twins

AREN'T they cute!

That's just what you would say if you saw the tiny brown girl twins trotting along the street in the mountain village of India, way up close to the Himalaya Mountains.

But one day, when the missionary sahib and mamma came along touring to this village, they found the two little tots—Carrie and Cora, we'd call them—s tumbling along the street so weak from hunger that they could hardly stand, and their little bones almost-ticking through their skin.

What was the matter?

Why, in that part of India there was a belief that it was "bad luck" to have anything to do with twins; so when the papa and mamma of Carrie and Cora died, the people were afraid to take in the twins, or even to give them anything to eat.

You better believe the kind missionaries took Carrie and Cora right into their tent and fed them. And when they went away, they took the twins with them, and carried them to another village where the people had learned the Jesus way, and the

mamma sahib said to one of the Christian mothers, "Will you take Carrie and Cora into your home, and feed them and take care of them just as if they were your own babies?"

And the brown mother smiled all over her face, and reached out both her arms, and gathered in both the twins, and said, "O yes, I will take them. The poor little things! You will see how fat and shiny they will look, when I have fed them plenty of rice."

That is just one of the good things that missions do. If this mother hadn't learned the Jesus way, she would have been just as afraid to take the twins into her home as the people were in that other village.—*Everyland.*

Sabbath School Missionary Exercises

(October 7)

A Visit to Namosi, Fiji

EARLY in June Pastor Rudge and Brother McLaren held a meeting in Namosi district, where Timoci Nawara an ordained minister has been working for three years. Of this meeting Brother Rudge writes:—

"Here the spirit of our people is different from that found anywhere else in Fiji. Timoci seems to be quite an organizer and has undoubted ability for leading his people. He is a mild-mannered, quiet-appearing man, but has real strength of character that enables him to hold well the confidence of the people. Three years ago we had nothing in Namosi. Today we have two organized churches, one church building, and 120 Sabbath-keepers, thirty-nine of whom are baptised. These folks have been won—one by one—and the baptised believers are good clean people. Without soliciting help from any one, these folks have built the neatest little native church, seating about 100 people, that I have seen in Fiji. The building complete with lamps, table, pulpit, and mats is a picture of neatness and is a testimony to the zeal of these people. The building is surrounded with a neat bamboo fence, and ornamental shrubs. We knew nothing about this building, other than that there had been talk of erecting it, until Timoci came in one day to buy his lamps and said the job was finished. We dedicated the church during the meeting.

"These folks wanted a church school for their thirty odd children, and asked for a teacher. When I told them of our difficulties, they said, 'We don't want a teacher for nothing, we will pay his wages.' I said 'What about a house?' They promptly said, 'We'll build one,' and they are going to do it free of cost to the cause. We plan to put a native teacher here.

"The district is also calling for two more teachers. We may be able to supply one later on. There was an excellent spirit in all the meetings, which were well attended. We hope to get several bright men from this centre for Buresala. One woman decided for the truth during the services.

"This meeting was most encouraging.

The experience fills us with hope for the accomplishment of greater things along this line in the future."

(October 14)

"I Wanted to be in Time for School"

HOW often our young people, situated under very favourable circumstances try to get away from school. How often the question, Why were you not at school yesterday? has to be plied to young Australians. School days are days the like of which we never have again. But few enjoy them as does the native. Perhaps it is because he has for centuries past been steeped in the deepest of heathenism and darkness. Now the light has come and as one expressed it, "We are in the light, now we can walk." The light of the gospel has brought its joys to these people and they are walking.

School is the great asset of the mission to lift the Solomon Islander from his former ways. After he becomes acquainted with mission life, remarkable changes are seen.

After attending school the boys and girls begin to realize that they are living in a world larger than an estate. Yesterday one boy said to me, "Before the missionaries came I thought that Viru was the only place. I thought the sun rose here, and just went over there and was finished." Such ideas are giving way, as they hear of God's work in all lands, and with desires to help others and be with those who meet in the earth made new, many are giving up their old ways, the betel-nut and pipe being the two last things to be discarded.

Knowing then that the missionary spirit burns brighter as the native learns, we put much of our energies into the school work; and last week we were made glad as the experiences of two boys came before our notice, one of which I shall relate.

Varane, a boy who has visited Australia, and who is very bright for a native, has just commenced attending Viru school, after having had the care of Nono, one of the mission outstations, for some time. On Fridays he returns to Nono and helps with the Sabbath meetings.

Returning last Friday he found that his old chief, who has had a badly poisoned hand, had been taken to Telina expecting to go on to Tulagi (120 miles) the only place in the group where there is a hospital. Desiring to speak with him before going, Varane stayed at Nono for Sabbath, then as the sun sank he left for Telina, a distance of about thirty miles. With the two boys who accompanied him in the little native canoe, Telina was reached by three o'clock in the morning.

After having an hour's talk the return trip was commenced, and he arrived back at Nono at six o'clock on Sunday evening. Resting for another three hours, Varane with two Viru boys left Nono and came on to Viru, arriving at midnight, after having rowed from seventy-five to eighty miles.

In the morning at sunrise all were at worship, after which they went to their allotted work. Whilst working with them I was told of the experience and turning to the boy I said, "Why were

you in such a hurry?" he answered, "I wanted to be in time for school."

J. D. ANDERSON.

(October 21)

Breaking New Ground on the Cook Islands

Atiu

A GLANCE at your missionary map will reveal to you that about one hundred and twenty miles north from Rarotonga is the island of Atiu. It has a population of about eight hundred souls distributed throughout five villages of close proximity.

The week following the New Year festivities we commenced our public meetings for the people, and the village meeting houses were freely opened to us, while at the same time they were closed to our Catholic opponent. By our invitation, the Protestant native missionary announced from his desk, on the Sunday of our first meeting, his desire for his flock to be present at our service that evening, which he also attended.

Three days later he issued a decree from the same desk, forbidding any to attend further meetings, but his decree was just three days too late. His flock had tasted new provender, and were hungry for more, and He who had said, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness," was present to fulfil His promise,—"For they shall be filled."

On the ninth of April, "many Catholics and Protestants stood with us around our little organ on the beach of the Pacific Ocean, and joined heartily in the strain": "I see the new creation rise, I hear the speaking blood;

It speaks,—polluted nature dies, sinks 'neath the cleansing flood."

Upon this solemn occasion eight adults went forward to show their faith in the crucified Saviour, and have since fellow-shipped with us, forming the nucleus on this island for the church of God's remnant people. For these souls who have taken this definite stand we ask a continuance of your prayers, that they may follow on to know the Lord, and obtain a rich personal experience.

There are others still in the balance, and the prospects for the enlargement of the little company are very hopeful. Our Sabbath school membership stands at thirty-seven, and for the opportunity of teaching these we have been very thankful.

About twenty miles from Atiu is the small island of Mitiaro, with a population of three hundred souls, and while we were at Atiu, word came to us that one man there had commenced to keep the Sabbath, and was quite diligent in teaching a few youths whom he collected together on Sabbath. This man wrote to us afterwards, urgently requesting that we go across to his island and teach them, but as much as we desired to do so, opportunity failed us, and we were obliged to put him off until some future time.

We are personally represented now on five of the seven islands of the lower group, and the two remaining islands are willing to give us a hearing as soon as we can go to them. Out of the four islands of the northern group two have small companies of believers, and there are souls on the remaining two who are favourable toward the truth. We feel

thankful for the opportunity of labouring among them, and hope for health and strength to remain among them even unto the end.

H. A. HILL.

(October 28)

In the New Hebrides

THE progress of the message in the New Hebrides Islands has been slow. The forces of evil seemed very strongly entrenched and while most heroic efforts have been put forth there since a base was established upon the island of Atchin, it has been a work of faith, of patient seed sowing, leaving results with God.

On his visit to this group Pastor Blunden saw evidences on the island of Atchin of a changing sentiment coming about among its heathen population. The following account given of a testimony meeting held while he was there clearly indicates this. Pastor Blunden says:

"An evidence of the influence of the gospel might be found in the following testimonies which I heard in a Sabbath meeting in our little church on Atchin.

"Malrosres said: 'Before, our island was bad; now it is getting good. Our forefathers saw it very bad; now it is getting better, but it is not right yet. Some of us come and hear, and some of us not yet. We hope it will be better later. If the whole place was good it would stop good as in other places. My talk is finished.'

"Meltie, an elderly man who possesses two wives, yet who is a regular attendant at our meetings and seems keenly interested in the gospel, spoke as follows: 'Before, Atchin was very dark. Then Mr. Parker came. Now Mr. Stewart come behind. Before, we stop very bad, now, we get better. Some come to hear, and some not yet. It will no doubt be that others will come to hear and all old customs will finish, but not yet. We hear of God and that His place is clear and bright, but we not go yet, only some of us go.'

"Melek Semmin, who is an influential man on the island, said: 'Before you come Atchin was very dark. You missionaries came and it is as though you had opened a door and helped us to stop good.'

"Melek Woraim (Shean), a man who protected Brother Parker in a time of danger, spoke as follows: 'It is true what others say. Before we were very dark. You have come and make it bright. All of us like the work that is being done. You are making the place good. You thought of us and came out to us, and you see some of us appreciate the work, and we like the work of God. You people who stop in Sydney, send men and medicine to help us to stop good here. We appreciate what you do for us and eventually we will be one in heaven.'

"After the testimony meeting three of these men offered prayer. They expressed thanks to God for the coming of the school; they prayed for those who had not come to the mission yet, and asked the Lord for His peace, good gardens, and health. Their prayers also indicated that they looked for the coming of Christ.

"Let us all unite in earnestly seeking the God of salvation that His hand may be stretched forth in saving power among the people of Atchin, that soon the change may come and many of these judgment-bound souls break away from their dreadful heathen practices and give their hearts to God."