



THE MISSIONARY LEADER



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Foreign Mission Day

(Sabbath, September 12)

Note to Workers, Elders, and Leaders

YOU will find in the excellent reports which follow, that which will be of great interest and encouragement to the brethren and sisters in your church. A selected Scripture reading or Bible study may follow the readings, and it would be well to have a season of intercessory prayer on behalf of our workers in mission lands. Direct attention to some of the wonderful reports from our missionaries appearing in the AUSTRALASIAN RECORD, thus making this a live missionary service, one that will inspire and encourage all and gladden their hearts that they are connected with such a movement in which the power of God is so manifest.

A New Thing in Africa

BY PASTOR W H BRANSON

I AM glad to tell you that we have about 10,000 believers in the African Division,—the southern half of the continent,—who a few years ago were heathen but are now Seventh-day Adventists. Truly this is a miracle of Christ's grace. A few of Africa's people have been under gospel influences for a number of years, but of the 140 millions I suppose less than two millions are nominal Christians. Christian missions have as yet really done very little for the most of the people on the African continent.

The Seventh day Adventist Mission Society is now considered one of the leading societies in Africa. In some countries out there we are perhaps the strongest mission society, while in other countries we are just beginning our work, and there are still others that we have never entered. But it has given us a great deal of courage to know that during the last three and one half years the Lord has increased our numbers threefold. In that time we have gained 6,361 more believers. In this short space of time God has given us as many converts as in the thirty or thirty-five years before. We feel that this is a fulfilment of that scripture which says that God will set His hand to the work, that He will do a short work in the earth, and cut it short in righteousness.

We have in our Sabbath schools in Africa at the present time over 12,000 members, and in our educational schools over 10,000 in training. These are intermediate training schools and primary schools. In every village where our missionaries work, we establish little schools where we have funds and men for that purpose. These teachers are evangelists as well as teachers. They

preach, teach, conduct Sabbath schools and carry on regular evangelistic and educational work all the year round.

We believe that in a few years' time when these thousands are trained for service, we shall see a great work accomplished throughout the African Division, because these people are the ones who are the most successful in their work for the heathen. We have young men who have gone out of our school, who are gaining from 100 to 300 people every year in their evangelistic work. Some students from one of our schools went out into some heathen villages and in a month's time won 364 heathen to our truth. This, of course, is a new thing on the African continent. Our brethren laboured there for many years before they had a single convert. Only one here and there turned to the message. But during the last few years God's Spirit has been working in a very special manner upon the hearts of the heathen people and turning them to this truth in every part of Africa where I have visited. In other parts the people are literally pleading with us to plant schools among them and send them evangelists, that they may be taught the message that Seventh-day Adventists have for them.

From Out of the Savage Wilds to Hear

IN a personal letter recently received at the Mission Board office from Missionary Stahl, written just before leaving on a six-month's itinerary farther into the wilds of the headwaters of the Amazon, in eastern Peru, these stirring paragraphs are gleaned:

"We are very much encouraged by the way the work here is going forward. A solid foundation is being laid. These people who were crude savages only a short time ago and who were murdering their own people, are now by the grace of God becoming children of His. It is wonderful to see the change in them. When I see how these savages are consecrating themselves to God, it makes me feel that I want to be sure that I am in line myself. It inspires me to seek God more fully.

"We are made so happy to see that these people are beginning to understand the plan of salvation more fully. Many now bring tithes of produce and those who have money tithe it. Our church prayer meetings every Wednesday morning at 6.30 are proving a real blessing to us all. It is wonderful to hear these so-called savages, pray, so humble, so timid, and yet so earnest. They now pray for our people in all parts of the world. They have a burden for their own people, and are praying for them. Hence, the work is bound to go forward.

"Last Sabbath we baptised nineteen

more of the Campa tribe. Persecution has set in here. Messengers are being sent out trying to discourage the people. But we have instructed the people long ago that this would be so. We have told them even as to the words that the enemies would be likely to use. The work of the Lord is being furthered by this persecution. It takes out the weak and vacillating ones.

"Last week four Indians came a month's journey to visit our mission. They lived in the Ucayali district. They told us that they had never heard before that there was a living God, a Saviour, Jesus Christ. They had had communication with white men, but only to be deceived by them and made to work without pay. They had heard last year from some of their people that the true God was here at Metrero (that is what the mission is called by the savages), and so they came to find out for themselves. They had made a hard trip. They were haggard and worn, and they talked wistfully about having a teacher come to them. It seemed to them almost too much to expect that a teacher would come to them, that he would brave all the hardships of that terrible way they had come. They left, and as they told us good-bye they said, 'After the heavy rains are over we will return to learn more about the true God.'

"We are greatly encouraged as we see how God is touching the hearts of the people and preparing them for His message. Please pray for us that we may have strength to go forward with this work."

Encouraging Word from Russia

BY PASTOR W. K. ISING

ONE feature about our work in Russia that has strongly impressed us during our recent travels in that country is the missionary spirit of the rank and file of our people, deprived as they are of all the facilities essential for an aggressive work, such as literature and a staff of able colporteurs, educational and medical institutions, etc. This lack seems to inspire our people with greater zeal to put forth increased individual effort in missionary endeavour. Every brother and sister is an aggressive evangelist.

This personal activity compensates to some extent for the dearth of labourers. Russia embraces about one-sixth of the earth's territory and almost one-tenth of its population. Our staff of workers is pitifully small. And yet the work goes onward and is progressing at a remarkable rate. During the second quarter of 1924 over nine hundred new members were received into church fellowship, and it is expected that the total net increase for the year will be over two thousand. In view of the many handicaps and difficulties with which they must contend, this is certainly

an evidence of God's tender care for His people.

No printing has been done in Russia for about seven years, and the little stock of literature still in hand is greatly treasured. The few tracts and periodicals are put together in files and circulated among the neighbours who read them with intense interest, as religious literature is very scarce. Our young people have a very important part in this work, which they greatly enjoy.

A small beginning in printing was made while we were there. What is known as the "Declaration," which is a draft of our principles as they were adopted at the Moscow Congress of our brethren, has been printed in the Volga Republic of Germans. It will also appear in Russia, to be followed by other leaflets. When having a few days of counsel with our leading brethren at Moscow at the close of our visit, it was touching to see them admire this little leaflet as the first product, after so many years. It seemed to herald the dawn of a new day. As I beheld their beaming faces as the two copies then available made the round among them, I was reminded of the historic event some hundreds of years ago when Gutenberg printed the first line with his movable type.

Unlimited possibilities are before us in this great field and many thousand believers will, we believe, soon join our ranks.

Faithfulness and Liberality in the Solomon Islands

BY PASTOR H. B. P. WICKS

THE natives of the Western Solomon Islands practised in their heathen state, to a limited extent, the giving of tithes. They passed over one-tenth of a certain species of fish that they caught to their priests and idols; nor would they partake of that fish themselves unless the tithe had first been given. In like manner also the first fruits were given. They would not eat of the new season's nuts, nor of anything in a new garden unless a basket full was first of all presented to their idols. Hence when these people turn from their heathenism we have little difficulty in teaching them the true principles of tithing; and they are very faithful, in tithing not only their money, but also their garden produce. On all our missions there is sufficient tithe in food to sustain our native teachers. In some instances the food tithe comes in such quantities that it has to be turned back to them so that there will be no waste, as there is no way at all for turning it into cash.

All our thirty-eight churches are constructed of native material, with thatch made of the leaf of the sago palm. The life of such a building is from four to six years. In building their churches the natives are entirely self-supporting, with the exception of a packet or two of nails which we provide. Some time ago the people of Penjuku (where Brother Gray laboured for so long) desired an iron roof to their church. I figured it out for them and told them that if they could get £40 it would be sufficient for the size of building that they wanted. So every one who owned coconuts gave the full harvest of their nuts to this project. It took them about three months to gather the quantity—more than 44,000 nuts—and make them into copra, and when they had sold it they brought the money, £40, to

Brother Barrett, also £4 as tithe on the amount. This has taxed this little community to the utmost, and they certainly must have denied themselves a good deal in order to give such a splendid sum for their church building.

Some time ago some of our native brethren suggested that it would be better to have an iron roof on our church at our Batuna Training School; so it was mentioned to our people throughout the group, and they subscribed over £60 for this object. It is marvellous how these people give to help on the work that has meant peace and happiness to them; and often times their giving can be measured by the standard of the widow's mite, for many give all that they have.

Missionary Volunteer Department

Missionary Volunteer Programme

First Week

THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS

Opening Exercises.
 "Thinking of Others First."
 "A Schoolgirl's Effort."
 "Life's Helpers."
 "Politeness."
 "Courage for the Sake of Others."
 Closing Exercises.

Thinking of Others First

To be thoughtful of others first of all is a sacred duty which no man who pretends to gentility can afford to ignore.

Ruskin, the great art critic and philanthropist, was always extremely kind to his servants. A friend who was dining with him praised especially the rhubarb pie that had been served with dessert. Mr. Ruskin at once sent for the gardener and told him how his friend had praised his first rhubarb cuttings. The gardener thanked his master and the guest, and felt so much pleased over the incident that he determined, as he went out, to improve even upon his best.

George W. Childs, the great philanthropist, used to say that kindness to others is helpfulness to one's own self. "Learn," he said, "to think of others before thinking of yourself, and you will have friends enough, and of the best." Was there ever a person of charitable impulses, sociable, loving, kind, of tender spirit, thoughtful of others, who was not universally beloved?

"What is the happiness of our life made up of? Little courtesies; little kindnesses; pleasant words; genial smiles; a friendly letter; good wishes and good deeds. Once in a lifetime we may do a heroic act, but the opportunity to do one of the little things that make our lives beautiful comes every day and every hour. If we make the apparently trifling events of life beautiful and good, then our whole existence will be full of harmony and sweetness." How can we sweeten life but by the presence of little charities day by day? Are not kind words the music of the world? Are they not the antidote of revenge? "He is truly great," says Thomas à Kempis, "who is great in

charity." "Nothing can constitute good breeding that has not good nature for its foundation," says Bulwer. "Be kindly affectioned one toward another," says St. Paul; "in honour preferring one another." —Orison Sweet Marden.

A Schoolgirl's Effort

JUST now "efforts" are in the air! One, though only individual, deserves an expression of appreciation, and should cause us to praise God in that He has chosen, from His "fine-ranked army," one of the "weak things of the earth."

A young girl, a friend of the writer, became a marked figure in school when request was made that she should leave for home early enough on Fridays to keep Sabbath.

The opportunity was improved by the scholar, who distributed literature in school, and also by so effectively conversing with her fellow-pupils that thirty-six of them became members of a Bible class held by her.

The "effort" extended also to the teachers. One of the assistant mistresses has already transferred her Saturday classes to her sister. She refused to join an excursion starting on Friday evening. This lady and all the other lady teachers in the school (one of them a Roman Catholic), attended the opening meeting of our mission that has just begun in the picture theatre near Finsbury Park Station, a suburb of London. They mean to attend again.

Sixteen of the scholars also attended with their parents, and were so interested that they put our girl-missionary into the "witness box" during school hours, so that she could make it plain to them.

We pray that other young soldiers of Christ may wield the "sword of the Spirit" with like results. E. FISHER.

Life's Helpers

SOLOMON offers good advice for present-day conditions. His suggestion to the children of God is to "withhold not good . . . when it is in the power of thine hand to do it." Prov. 3:27. It would seem that many are too selfish nowadays to carry out this instruction. It costs so little to bring sunshine into darkened and saddened hearts, and it is always a boomerang to the giver. One writer has ably expressed it thus:

"It takes so little to make us glad:
 Just a cheering clasp of a friendly hand,
 Just a word from one we can understand,
 And we finish the task we long had planned,
 And we lose the doubt and fear we had;
 So little it takes to make us glad."

"Some people are gifted with the power of doing the right thing in the right way and at the right time. They are kind, gentle, sympathetic, and responsive. They think of others. They anticipate danger and point it out. They are on the lookout for service, and ready to perform it. They make it easier for those about them to be good and to do good. They do not hesitate to lend a helping hand at every opportunity. They speak the encouraging word. They straighten out the tangles that perplex and annoy their companions. They smooth rough places. They go out of their way to relieve distress or to supply a need. In

their presence the day passes pleasantly. Away from them, things look drearier, and burdens grow heavier."

Jesus came to "relieve the oppressed." His children will always consider it a privilege to walk in His footsteps.

"Stop a minute and say 'Hello'
As down life's road you go;
For a kindly word and a cheery smile
Will shorten the way by many a mile
For some poor fellow who's moving slow.
Stop a minute—and say 'Hello.'"

Welcome and happy are life's helpers.
There is room for many more.

LIZZIE M. GREGG.

Politeness

TRUE politeness aims at the real good of mankind, and endeavours to make every one easy and happy by contributing not only little attentions, but also services of a more substantial kind. This virtue is a coin, tending to enrich him who expends it even more than the one who receives it. It is a refining and softening quality, which polishes rudeness, temper, and haughtiness, and helps to make us blameless and harmless, and without rebuke.

Two boys, one the son of a prominent man, the other the son of a poor widow, applied to a merchant for a situation. A trifling incident decided the choice. Just as the two boys came together to the merchant's door, a poor ragged girl fell on the icy sidewalk, and lost her pennies, and cried bitterly. The first boy laughed rudely; but the other went to the girl's aid, and, fishing in the gutter for the lost pennies, found one, and replaced the other from his own little purse. The merchant observed all; and, though the first-named boy had strong recommendations, and the other none, the poor boy's politeness secured him the place.

True politeness comes from that sincere kindness of heart that tenderly regards the rights and comforts of others. There is a class of people who are very scrupulous as to certain forms, and would rather violate one of the Ten Commandments than disregard a rule or practice of table etiquette. Such persons regard it as a grave impropriety in eating to raise the knife instead of the fork to the lips. An illustration of true politeness is related of Prince Albert, the excellent husband of Queen Victoria. On one occasion a humble, worthy man, who had befriended the prince in early life, called to see him, and was invited to come to the family table. He began to eat with his knife, as he had been accustomed, and the young people smiled. Prince Albert looked around upon them as if to say, "Stop that," and at once he himself began to eat with his knife, and continued to the end of the meal. After dinner one of the children asked him why he did so. Prince Albert replied: "It is well enough for us to observe the etiquette of the day, but it is far more important to avoid insulting people. I wanted my old friend to enjoy his dinner, which he could not, if he had seen you laughing at him. He is accustomed to use his knife, and it would be quite difficult for him to use the fork instead." This was true politeness. The world would be happier and better if there were more of it. There may be the most scrupulous following out of forms where the very essence of politeness is lacking; and those make a great mistake who observe the forms of

etiquette while they neglect to inculcate that kindness of heart, that unselfish regard for the welfare of others, which is the only source from which genuine politeness can come.—*W. R. Houghton.*

Courage for the Sake of Others

FROM Norway comes a moving tale of a lighthouse keeper. One day he went to the distant shore for provisions. A storm arose, and he was unable to return. The time for lighting the lamp came, and Mary, the elder child, said to her little brother, "We must light the lamp, Willie." "How can we?" was his question. But the two children climbed the long narrow stairs to the tower where the lamp was kept. Mary pulled up a chair and tried to reach the lamp in the great reflector; it was too high. Groping down the stairs she ascended again with a small oil lamp in her hand. "I can hold this up," she said. She climbed on the chair again, but still the reflector was just beyond her reach. "Get down," said Willie, "I know what we can do." She jumped down and he stretched his little body across the chair. "Stand on me," he said. And she stood on the little fellow as he lay across the chair. She raised the lamp high, and its light shone far out across the water. Holding it first with one hand, then with the other, to rest her little arms, she called down to her brother, "Does it hurt you, Willie?" "Of course it hurts," he called back, "but keep the light burning."

The boy was wise beyond his years. He would do the important thing, no matter how it hurt. Here the thing of chief importance was looking out for the men at sea. To put them first took real courage. But what of it? That is the attitude toward life of the worker worth while; he does not stop to ask, "Is this easy?" Instead he asks, "Is this necessary? Will it be helpful?" Having answered the question he proceeds to do his best. It may hurt at first, but the time will come when it will hurt so much to leave the service undone that the inconvenience involved in doing it is lost sight of.—*John T. Faris.*

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Second Week

GEORGE WHITEFIELD

Opening Exercises.

"Early Life and Conversion."

"In His Name."

"Successful Labours Under Difficulties."

"The Power of God in His Ministry."

Closing Exercises.

LEADER'S NOTE—The matter in this programme has been taken from the book "Deeper Experiences of Famous Christians," by J. Gilchrist Lawson.

Early Life and Conversion

THE name of George Whitefield, the prince of open-air preachers, will ever rank high among those of great soul-winners. His grandfather was a clergyman in the Church of England, but his father was a wine merchant and inn-keeper. George Whitefield was born in 1714. He was the

youngest of a family of seven—six sons and a daughter. His father died when he was an infant, and his mother was left to struggle through poverty with a large family. When four years old George had the measles, which through neglect left one of his lively dark blue eyes with a slight squint. This, however, did not mar the charm of his countenance.

His early life was stained with lying, cheating, evil speaking, small thefts, and other juvenile sins. "It would be endless," says he, "to recount the sins and offences of my younger days." At the common school of St. Mary de Crypt, his memory and elocutionary powers won him great distinction in the amateur theatricals of which he was very fond. At fifteen years of age he gave up common school and commenced helping his mother in the housework at Bell Inn. After remaining idle for some time he found that there was opportunity for him to work his way, as a servant, through Oxford University. At Oxford, when eighteen years of age, to his great delight and after long desiring it, he was taken into the band of "Methodists," which then numbered fifteen.

A book entitled "The Life of God in the Soul of Man," lent to him by Charles Wesley, opened George Whitefield's eyes to see that outward works and outward forms and ceremonies would not save the soul. When he read that "true religion is a union of the soul with God, or Christ formed within us," a ray of light instantaneously darted in upon his soul, and from that moment, but not till then, did he know that he must be a new creature. He wrote his acquaintances concerning his conversion, and they charitably supposed him to be insane. He shared great persecution with others of the "Holy Club," or "Methodists." The contempt and shame he suffered at Oxford helped to prepare him for the still greater persecutions of his later life.

In His Name

IT was on June 20, 1736, at the age of twenty-one, that George Whitefield was ordained by the Bishop of Gloucester, Dr. Benson. After his ordination Mr. Whitefield returned to Oxford, with great joy, to complete his course at the University. While there he was invited to occupy a friend's pulpit for two months in an obscure part of London. He accepted the invitation, and although his youth provoked sneers at first, great crowds flocked to hear him. At Oxford his rooms were often filled with praying students. He left the university full of fervour, zeal, and the constraining power of the Holy Spirit. After preaching a few sermons in England, with great power, he sailed for the United States. His few sermons in Bristol, just before he left England, stirred the whole city.

On his second visit, while waiting for his vessel to sail for America, crowds of people flocked out to meet him on his way to the city. Although he was only twenty-two years of age, Bristol was completely under his spell. Quakers and non-conformists generally left their chapels to hear him preach. The "new birth" preached with power from on high seemed to attract all conditions of men. Every nook and corner of the church was crowded, and half the people had to be turned away. Many wept bitterly when he left the city, as did the people of Gloucester when he left that city.

In London, while waiting for his vessel,

he was compelled to preach, and the large churches would not hold his audiences. Thousands went away for want of room. On Sunday the streets were crowded with people going to meeting long before the break of day. The stewards could hardly carry the donations made for the orphanage he hoped to start in America, so heavy and so many were the large English pennies of that day, which formed the bulk of the collections. Soon the clergy became jealous, and bitter opposition set in against Whitefield, and churches were closed against him.

About Christmas, 1737, he set sail for America, as weeping crowds bade him farewell. He left the charity schools of England £1,000 richer for his brief labours there. All on board the vessel were greatly blessed by his ministrations during the voyage.

When Whitefield reached his destination in Georgia, U.S.A., he had but little opportunity to preach to large crowds, as two hundred people was a large congregation in the frontier settlements. But he won his way to the hearts of the people and scores were brought to Christ. The following year he returned to England and began to work in co-operation with the Wesleys. God was greatly blessing them, but their preaching was too plain to suit lukewarm, worldly, and fashionable churches, and the doors of these churches were rapidly closing against them. George Whitefield preached in one church where a thousand people were unable to get inside, and this suggested to him the idea of outdoor preaching, but even his Methodist brethren at that time regarded this as a "mad idea." Soon after this the people were so deeply moved by his preaching that they began to say aloud "Amen" to many things that he said. This seems to have been a new thing in those days.

Successful Labours Under Difficulties

EXCLUDED from many of the State churches, George Whitefield began his open-air preaching at Kingswood, Bristol, in 1739. There the rough coal miners gathered to hear him, and his audiences doubled and trebled until he found himself preaching to 20,000 people. Tears streamed down the cheeks of the coal-begrimed men, and hundreds and hundreds were convicted of sin and brought to Christ. Whitefield had now left off using printed prayers and written sermons, and prayed and preached as he felt led by the Spirit of God. Wherever he went the people flocked to hear him in such crowds that the churches would no longer have contained them, had they been open to him. When farewelling from Bristol, the crowd was so great at one of the Methodist Societies that he had to leave by mounting a ladder and climbing over the tiling of an adjoining house.

When evicted from a Church of England in London, while preaching, Whitefield continued his sermon in the church yard. He then began his open-air meetings at Moorfields, one of the largest, vilest, and most notorious pleasure resorts in London. Great was the astonishment of the London rowdies to see the tall, graceful young clergyman, with mild blue eyes, and clad in gown and cassock, standing on the wall addressing them on the second coming of Christ. The same day he addressed a more refined audience of 20,000 people on Kennington Common. After this he continued

to preach to great audiences of from 20,000 to 40,000 in both of these places. It is said that he received more than a thousand written requests for prayer at one of his meetings at Moorfields. The singing of the vast audiences could be heard for a distance of two miles. At Hackney Marsh he preached at a horse race to about 10,000 people, and the horses got but little attention.

The Power of God in His Ministry

ON his second and subsequent trips to America, Whitefield met with great success. He preached to large audiences, and won many souls to Christ. It was claimed that every student in Harvard University professed conversion to Christ during his meetings there. Returning to England he preached to great audiences in the tabernacle built for him at Moorfields, and also to vast audiences in many other parts of Britain. Perhaps his greatest meeting was at Cambuslang, near Glasgow, Scotland, where he is said to have preached to an audience variously estimated at from 30,000 to 100,000 people. All Britain seemed in a holy fervour over his preaching. The vicar of Bideford warned the people against Whitefield's preaching one Sunday evening, but next morning he preached to an audience of 10,000. Even the nobility gladly sat at his feet, and thousands of people would often stand in the rain listening to him.

Although frail in body and having weak lungs, God seemed to endow him with supernatural strength for open air work at a time when church doors were closed against him. The clearness and range of his voice has probably never been equalled by that of any other open-air preacher.

The vividness with which Whitefield preached seemed to be almost supernatural. One time he was preaching to sailors, and he described a vessel wrecked in a storm at sea. He portrayed her as on her beam and just ready to sink, and then he cried aloud, "What next?" The picture was so real that the sailors sprang to their feet and cried out, "The long boat! Take the long boat!"

Whitefield was a strenuous worker. When in his prime he seldom preached less than fifteen times a week. It is estimated that he preached at least eighteen thousand sermons, or an average of ten times a week for twenty-four years. He often preached as many as four or five times in one day.

He died in 1770, during his seventh visit to America, having preached up to and on the day preceding his death.

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Third Week

"THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN MY LIFE"

Opening Exercises.
 "A Famous Surgeon and the Bible."
 "Neither Too Big Nor Too Busy to Study the Bible Every Day."
 "Why Am I a Christian?"
 "The Value of the Bible."
 Closing Exercises.

A Famous Surgeon and the Bible

"THE most important thing in my life." That is what Dr. Howard A. Kelly,

world-famous surgeon and scientist, says about the religion of the Bible. He is one of the world's greatest surgeons and gynecologists; an authority on radium; a naturalist known for his interest in fungi and reptilia; an author of wide note in the medical and scientific world; an accomplished linguist and traveller—a man who has been honoured by scientific bodies and universities of America and Europe.

William S. Dutton, in *The American Magazine* says: "During the entire period of my visit Dr. Kelly did not mention a science; nor did he speak of radium, surgery, nor of his travels. Instead, for three hours—barring a short interruption to perform an operation—he talked to me of Christianity, of the promises of the Bible, of what they ought to mean, and have meant, to average men and women. He told me, simply and earnestly, what the Bible has meant to him, how his whole life is bound up in it, and how even his career and all his earthly interests are only of account as they are related to his faith in God.

"I listened with amazement, for I had come to think of great scientists as strongly inclined to skepticism. Yet Dr. Kelly left no room for any misunderstanding. He was most explicit, and made it clear that his faith is not a matter of blind inheritance. Since early boyhood, he declared, he has been as much a student of the Bible as he has been of science. . . .

"A veteran newspaper man described him to me as 'the most versatile genius I ever met.' And he added, 'Dr. Kelly never rests, at least not in the sense that you and I rest. When his mind tires of one labour he plunges into another, different but equally exacting. Diversion or recreation with him is simply a change in the character of the work he is doing.'"

Neither Too Big Nor Too Busy to Study the Bible Every Day

FOR more than twenty-five years, Dr. Kelly has spent from ONE to FOUR hours a day studying the Bible, usually in the original Greek text. He has read numerous books on Christianity and the various interpretations of the Bible, weighing their contents as a chemist balances his scales. And, not resting on the conclusions of mere reason, he has put the teachings of the Bible to definite trial in his life, making what might be called a laboratory test of Christianity. "The Bible," says Dr. Kelly, "does work, and it does just what it promises to do—transforms life. I have never met a man who really *knew* the Bible and rejected it. The difficulty has always been an unwillingness to give it an honest trial."

Mrs. Bradford, a sister of Dr. Kelly's, told an anecdote which is strikingly illustrative of Dr. Kelly. He doesn't let a minute go to waste, a reason why he, though one of the busiest men in the world, can devote from one to four hours a day to the Bible. At his home, no matter how late the others may stay up, Dr. Kelly is likely to be busy when they go to bed. Regardless of how early the family arise, he is up and at work before them.

"We had just arrived at Burgos, in Spain," related Mrs. Bradford, "on one of those raw, rainy days which chill to the bone. The inn was cold and damp, but it was the only one available in town. I got a fire started in my room, and, wrapping

myself up before it, exacted a promise of my brother that he also would get near a fire.

"Oh, I won't go out," he assured me, and left.

"After an hour or so I slipped over to his room to see if he was comfortable. There was no fire at all, and the room was empty. I hunted the place over, but found no sign of him. Neither of us could speak Spanish, and I was near my wits' end, when a servant, divining my distress, motioned me into the kitchen.

"There, seated at a table, his back to the open fire, was my brother. About him were the cook, the scullery maid, the porter, and some other servants. Howard was reading aloud from a Spanish Bible the Gospel of St. John. The servants were telling him when he made a mistake in pronunciation, they being the teachers, he the pupil, and all enjoying themselves mightily. Before we left Spain he could speak and write Spanish, and he learned it in large measure from the Bible."

This is the man who spent three hours the other week talking to me on Christianity. During the past ten years he has travelled thousands of miles, speaking every Sunday in the State of Maryland to tens of thousands of people on the same topic—"Christian Citizenship and Its Obligations."—*William S. Dutton in the American Magazine.*

Why Am I a Christian?

"LET'S begin at the beginning," said Dr. Kelly. "As far back as I have any memories, the claims of the Christian faith have been vital in my thought. My mother was the daughter of an Episcopal clergyman, and she was the most devout Christian I have ever known. When I was three years old she began teaching me Bible verses. The Civil War was on, and father was away at the front. Doubtless the seriousness of the time and my mother's sincere faith registered upon me, small as I was, and left indelible memories.

"As a child, of course, I had no doubt of the truths she inculcated. Mother taught me that the Bible was the best of all books.

"As I grew older I naturally continued to go to the fountainhead, to the source of highest authority, and so I became a student of the Bible. The intimate experiences of life have shown me that the Bible is a living word, just as definitely God's word to me—and to each man who reads it—as a letter received in the morning's mail from my mother to me, personally. As such, the Bible is its own defence and needs no apologist.

"Then there was the example set by my mother's life. The Bible in our home was not a book of record of births and marriages. It was in constant use. Mother not only asserted its value, but she convinced us of it by her own life and her use of it. As little children, the first steps we took in knowledge were the illuminating Bible stories. Afterward came its teachings and, as members of the Episcopal Church, we learned the collects and had further teaching in church and Sunday school and Bible class. . . .

"I realised, from God's living word and from experience, that Christianity was especially adapted to our human needs, and that it was a workable proposition. So I made a definite resolve to make it a part of my own daily life and to show the world it could be put into practice!

"When I took up medicine and surgery as a life calling, I also resolved, by God's grace, to attain as high a place in my profession as in the lay, and to hold it as long as possible, that men might not say that being a Christian interfered with the due meeting of all life's obligations.

"To a Christian, the road to all material success must ever be the faithful performance of duty. In a very real sense, however, there need be no goal of earthly attainment, except this: 'Moreover, this is required of stewards, that a man be found faithful.'"

"Mere scoffing at the Bible," Dr. Kelly continued, "has never disturbed me in the least. Scoffing is invariably the child of ignorance, and blindness to plain facts. I was disturbed more by the critical attitude of sundry learned men with large reputations, often my professional colleagues, than I was by any scoffing. But this critical attitude, too, has always been due to ignorance of the Bible's teachings.

"I have never in my whole life met a man who really knew the Bible, and rejected it. The difficulty has always been an unwillingness to give it an honest trial. As our Lord Himself says, 'Ye will not come unto Me, that you may have life.'"

"Very early I felt called upon to prepare to meet some of the commoner objections. Therefore I consulted many of the ablest writers in opposition and studied the various religions of the world. All this resulted in but a firmer conviction as to the unassailability of the Word of God. But higher criticism was a disease which shook the faith of many for two generations and it had to be taken seriously. In the matter of higher criticism of the Book itself, archeology came to my rescue to prove, in every single point at issue, that the Bible is right. History always supported it, and demonstrated its minute accuracy. Unfortunately, a favourite weapon with many of my fellow Christians is ridicule, which only produces bitterness, and comes back like a boomerang to strike him who threw it."—*William S. Dutton in the American Magazine.*

The Value of the Bible

THERE is no one thing that holds society so closely together and keeps it from slipping back to darkness and barbarism as does the Bible. Take away the Bible and you remove the sun around which our social system revolves. In this day in which we are privileged to be living, any child can possess a Bible and call it all his own. When we stop to think that the Bible or parts of it, is printed in 725 different languages, and that these copies are being scattered world-wide, it seems that it should stir the hearts of us as young people to take more time to read the Book of all books.

Edmund Burke, one of England's brightest minds and greatest orators one hundred years ago, said: "When I went to Shackleton's school I read the Bible morning, noon, and night, and have ever since been a happier and better man for such reading. The Bible is not a book, but a literature, and indeed an infinite collection of most varied and venerable literature."

Sir Matthew Hale was the great Lord Chief Justice of England. "Every morning," he says, "read seriously and reverently a portion of Holy Scripture, and acquaint yourself with the doctrine thereof. It is a

book full of light and wisdom, and will make you wise to eternal life."

"If we abide by the principles taught in the Bible," declares Webster, "our country will go on prospering and to prosper; but if we and our posterity neglect its instructions and authority, no man can tell how sudden a calamity may overwhelm us and bury our glory in profound obscurity." Later he says: "The Bible is a book of faith, and a book of doctrine, and a book of morals, and a book of religion; of special revelation from God."

"The first and almost the only book deserving of universal attention," said John Quincy Adams, an honoured president of the United States of America, "is the Bible. The Bible is the book of all others to be read at all ages and in all conditions of human life. I speak as a man of the world, and I say to you, 'Search the Scriptures, an invaluable and inexhaustible mine of knowledge and virtue.'"—*Selected.*

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Fourth Week

CARELESSNESS

Opening Exercises.

"Jeremiah 48:10."

"The Marred Pattern."

"Self-Respect."

"Neglectfulness."

Closing Exercises.

Jeremiah 48:10

"CURSED be he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently." R.V. One serious thing taught in this text is the possibility of one being cursed while engaged in the work of the Lord. Mr. Webster gives as a definition of negligence, "Omission of duty." That means to leave undone or to be done by another what it is our duty to do. To thus live in connection with the church of God is surely an unsatisfactory life to the church, as well as to the individuals so doing.

A statement from "Christ's Object Lessons" will emphasise this point. "The work to which as Christians we are called is to co-operate with Christ for the salvation of souls. This work we have entered into covenant with Him to do. To neglect the work is to prove disloyal to Christ. . . . Habits of negligence should be resolutely overcome. Many think it a sufficient excuse for the grossest errors to plead forgetfulness. . . . It is a sin to forget, a sin to be negligent. If you form a habit of negligence, you may neglect your own soul's salvation and at last find that you are unready for the kingdom of God."—*Pages 358, 359.*

Mr. Webster gives as a synonym to negligence, "Carelessness."

Who Am I?

Can you guess who or what is referred to in the following statement quoted by Dr. Copeland?

"I am more powerful than the combined armies of the world.

"I am more deadly than bullets and I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest of siege guns.

"I massacre thousands upon thousands of wage-earners in a year.

"I am relentless. I am everywhere; in the home, on the street, in the factory, at railway crossings and on the sea.

"I bring sickness, degradation, and death, and yet few seek to avoid me.

"I destroy, crush, and maim. I give nothing, but take all.

"I am your worst enemy.

"I am—CARELESSNESS.

"There is no doubt that sickness, miserable lives, and early death are the effects of carelessness. If we could get every man and woman, boy and girl, to take heed of the things which bring misery and illness, what a changed world it would be!

"You neglect to wash your hands before eating. You neglect to cover your nose and mouth before you cough and sneeze. You get your feet wet and go around all day in moist shoes and stockings. You disregard all the rules of eating in your choice of foods. You leave the windows closed at night.

"All these are examples of carelessness. They make for ill health. You suffer by forgetting to do these things or else you make trouble for others by your carelessness.

"I verily believe that carelessness is your worst enemy. Turn over a new leaf and see if you and yours are not happier."

God has surely given great light to His people today. In view of that fact and the danger of the sin of omission through carelessness, the words of the apostle Paul bring this article to a fitting close. "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip. For if the word spoken by angels was steadfast, and every transgression and disobedience received a just recompense of reward; how shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation; which at the first began to be spoken by the Lord, and was confirmed unto us by them that heard Him." Heb. 2:1-3.

CHARLES THOMPSON.

The Marred Pattern

LONG ago there was a weaver who expected a large sum of money from weaving a beautiful web. The support of his family and of himself depended on whether the web was woven exactly like the pattern. To do this the greatest care was required, and he must keep his eyes constantly fixed on the model. But day by day as he worked he grew weary; he looked away from the pattern many times to talk with friends, and to look at the pleasant things about him. He enjoyed the society of his friends, and felt that it was not necessary to relinquish this even for the sake of his important work.

Finally the day came when the web was to be taken from the loom. He had used the finest of material and the richest of colours; but, alas! when the loom was opened, the pattern appeared marred and broken. Where he had stopped his work for the pleasure of an idle hour with his friends, where he had looked away from the pattern, appeared unacceptable changes in what should have been a beautiful web. The weaver's livelihood was gone; he had spent all he had for material for the web. His anguish was great and his despair hopeless, for it was now too late to repair the mischief. Dearly indeed did he pay for his carelessness.

God has given us all a web to weave, the web of our own character. There are many careless weavers. Even among our own young people are those who slight their work. We have been given a pattern of a

perfect life; divinity itself in the form of humanity is set before us. Our future life in heaven depends on whether we keep our eyes on the pattern. How easy it is to look away! Many of our young men turn from the divine model and seek to form their lives after the men of the world. And sometimes our young women look to the follies and frivolities of present-day society for a model for their lives. In many ways the dress, manners, and occupations of the world are imitated. Let us each look to himself to see if he falls in any of these ways. Let us not turn to the distracting things about us, but keep our eyes on the perfect pattern, that our lives may be fashioned by it.

But our case is not an exact parallel to that of the weaver. The first deviation he made from the pattern ruined the web. But God is merciful and gracious to us; and if we have failed in the past, He will cover the marred places in our character with His own perfect life. Let us turn to Him with our whole heart, that in that day when He shall gather His people together, we may be found without fault before the throne of God.

LORENA WILCOX.

Self-Respect

A little fault into a sin may grow;
A sin into a crime for all the world to know.

ONE of the world's great writers has told us that,

"We build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount its summit, round by round."

How these words ring home to young people! Each thought, even if unspoken, each little word, every act that we perform, leaves a lasting impress upon the character. Even as one worm-eaten plank in a ship's timber may some day send the ship to the bottom, so one little fault, if persisted in, may wreck a character for eternity.

There is another aspect to this question, which may be overlooked; and that is the importance of making more than spasmodic, aimless efforts to overcome any failing. It is just as harmful to the character to try now and again to overcome on some point, and then decide that the effort has been wasted and that further trying is useless, as it is to go on one's way indifferent about it from the beginning. Such a course will inevitably tend to weaken one's self-respect, and without self-respect it is impossible to attain to anything worth while. "Respect yourself or no one else can respect you," might be expressed thus, He does not respect himself, so no one else can respect him. Genuine self-respect can be based only upon the faithful performance of one's duties day by day and week by week, not upon the doing of things impulsively or hastily and then spending time in vain regrets, wishing they had been done some other way. If a mistake has been made, the best way is to realise quietly that it is a mistake, and then either set it right, or if this be impossible, determine to avoid such an error in the future.

There is no more important possession than the habit of accuracy,—speaking accurately, performing one's tasks accurately, that is, faithfully, and in all one's ways striving to conform to the standard of accurate thinking, saying, and doing. This gives self-respect, wins the respect of others, and makes that person's services valuable in whatever line of work may be taken up.—C. F.

Neglectfulness

A RICH gentleman had but one little child, a little daughter, four years of age; she was the joy of his heart, his constant companion; wherever he went, if possible, the child went with him.

One very warm afternoon, taking a book in his hand, and accompanied by the child, they walked to the cliffs. The father sat down to read, while the child ran about gathering flowers. After a little time, owing to the heat, the father went sound asleep. When he awoke, he gazed all around; the child was nowhere in sight. He called her name, but received no answer. Becoming alarmed, he hastened to the edge of the cliffs, and, looking over, noticed some flowers a little distance below the edge; leaning farther over, he thought he could see the child lying at the bottom of the cliff. With all haste he made his way down, and there lay his child, dead—some of the flowers were clasped in her little hand.

Taking up the body, he carried it home. In answer to the questions poured upon him, he said, "My darling child has been killed through my carelessness." For a time he almost lost his reason; and, in bitter remorse and self-accusation, would repeat, "I killed my child! I killed my child!"

When I read that story, I thought how many are wandering today on the cliffs of pleasure. Do we know of young people who are on the edge of the precipice, whilst we sit by and sleep the sleep of indifference?

Oh, what a terrible awakening it will be by and bye, if we find that through our own carelessness those whom we might have warned have fallen over the cliffs of perdition, and we have to exclaim "Lost! lost! through our carelessness!"

—Adapted.

Sabbath School Missionary Exercises

(September 5)

NOTE TO THE SUPERINTENDENT

Attention should be called to the fact that we have now come to the month in which our Thirteenth Sabbath offering is to be made. As it is necessary to plan early, this first Missionary Exercise is particularly appropriate.

A Heathen Gives His Thirteenth Sabbath Offering

BY F. C. GILBERT

PLEASE attend a Thirteenth Sabbath school service at a general meeting in one of the provinces of Central China Union Mission.

There are six provinces in this Union. A general meeting is held once a year in each province where we have believers, when the workers and believers gather

at the time of the annual convocation. The brother who has charge of the Sabbath school at this particular service is a native Chinese, whose soul is deeply interested in the world field.

After the opening exercises he gives a mission talk, but not on any part of China, his own land, for the Thirteenth Sabbath offering is devoted to a particular field. He says nothing of the four hundred and thirty-six millions of heathen in China who are in need of the truth. He passes these by for today. He is telling of the needs of mission lands far away, of the millions located in other parts of the world. He tells of their poverty, of their dire destitution, of their dead and their dying. He tells of their cry for the gospel, the only remedy which God has to save poor lost men. He tells of what God is doing for many of these helpless people in the land to which the special Sabbath school offering is to go, and how much more is to be accomplished, and must be done in a short time.

His ear catches the appeal of the helpless millions crying for help from God. Then he calls: "Who will help? Who will give for the cause of present truth now, that these multitudes may enjoy the blessings of grace as we enjoy them? Who will today sacrifice for the Saviour that the truth may reach these helpless millions? How much will you give this Thirteenth Sabbath for missions?"

Listening to this pathetic appeal, with his eyes riveted on the speaker, is a humble Chinese coolie with his usual work-a-day garb. He is not a Christian, he has not yet openly given his heart to the Lord; he is not a baptised believer. He has attended meetings at the chapel and has been influenced by the teaching of the missionary. And he is interested; his heart is touched; his soul is fired; his sympathies for the poor of other lands have been stirred. He is a common coolie, and if he earns sixteen cents a day he is doing well. [This amount equals eightpence Australian money.]

"May I help, teacher?" he asks. "Yes," said the speaker, "you may help if you wish." The coolie is grateful he too can assist. Unfolding carefully a tuck in his native dress, he brings forth a bank note. He eyes it, and his face is aglow. Walking erect and with a courageous gait to the stand in front of the pulpit, he places this note on the table, as his gift for this particular Thirteenth Sabbath offering, for those who are in such destitution.

"Is it a dollar?" the question is asked by some. "He is not a church member," remarks another. "He has been coming to the meetings," says still another, "but he has not yet been baptised."

The brother in charge of the service looks at the note given by this coolie, and imagine his surprise to see that the gift is TEN DOLLARS. "Ten Dollars!" repeat several. "Is it possible that this poor man has given ten dollars for a Thirteenth Sabbath offering, and he not a church member nor yet a member of the Sabbath school?" several remark. "But he must have in his heart a love for these poor people, yet he is so poor himself. Surely this man is not far from the kingdom," still others say.

This poor coolie, not a believer, gave for the heathen as his Thirteenth Sabbath offering an amount equal to sixty-four days' or nine weeks' pay.

Dear Sabbath school member, what are you going to do on the coming Thirteenth

Sabbath? May God help us each to catch the vision of the needs of the field, and make the next Thirteenth Sabbath offering as great a blessing as possible.

(September 12)

The Joseph of Malekula

BY W. D. SMITH

WE have commenced a baptismal class at Tonmiel. A little over a week ago we had a very interesting meeting with the seven candidates and others who will probably be baptised later. At the close of our meeting I stated that if any one had anything to say, not to be afraid to speak about any matter at all. I did not expect any one to speak in the meeting, but as soon as I had finished speaking, Meten, who has been our most faithful boy on the mission, stood up, and with a freedom in his manner and a most pleasant expression on his face, told us of his hope in God and of his determination to be faithful to the Saviour and to the message which had come to his heart. This boy had been looking forward to going down in the watery grave of baptism, and it was evident from his life as well as from his words that the Spirit of God has done a thorough work for this dear soul. Others spoke in this meeting in a similar way, and I was especially impressed with the way three of the women spoke. In their testimony they said it was quite out of their ordinary custom for women to stand up in the presence of a number of men to say anything, but that God had given them power to do so. They also told of their earnest desire to follow Christ and be faithful to the teaching of the Bible. It was a wonderful meeting to me.

How little we knew what the following week had in store. A severe epidemic which seems to be running through different islands in the group has visited Tonmiel, and although many have suffered much with it, the majority are all right again. We regret to say, however, that poor Meten fell a victim, and died a few days after taking ill. This sickness affected the lungs and the head principally, causing the patients to cough continuously, greatly weakening them. Poor Meten who did not have a very sound constitution, was unable to withstand the power of the disease.

We buried him with the assurance that angels would mark the place of his grave, and that he will come forth in the first resurrection.

Meten's death has caused a wave of sorrow to pass over those he has left behind, but it is truly wonderful how reconciled the people seem to his death.

The spiritual condition of the people up till just recently was a source of much anxiety to the departed brother, but before he was taken away he had the joy of seeing many of his people turn from their vile habits and follow Christ. I looked upon Meten as the Joseph of Malekula. Now he is gone we know the Lord has someone to take his place, and we pray that we may have heavenly wisdom and love to lead on those that are still with us.

At the close of this reading, call attention to the fact that Malekula is a part of the field to which our Thirteenth Sabbath offering is to be given in three weeks' time.

(September 19)

An Awakening in the New Hebrides

BY PASTOR J. E. FULTON

FOR many years our work has moved slowly in the New Hebrides, but this has not been because of a lack of efficiency or fervour or earnestness on the part of our workers there. Many hardships have been endured; many tears have been shed; many prayers have been offered; much hard work put forth. But those days were days of seed-sowing; and just as the seed is sown, so the harvest day finally comes. There may be a delaying of the heavenly moisture for a while, and God sometimes for reasons best known to Himself delays the harvest; but His promises are sure; and today throughout the New Hebrides we see evidences that God is working there toward the finishing of His work.

We bring a good report. All our missionaries are of good heart. True, they battle with many difficulties, with the dreaded malaria; but they are not discouraged by any means, and their faces are bright, and beaming with hope. We want to assure our dear Sabbath school members everywhere that we have an excellent band of workers—men and women of whom we should be proud, and who are giving their best for the Master. And we are glad to pass on to you the word that as a result of their earnest labours, many excellent native people have received the message and are rejoicing in the truth. Some of these are developing into good workers.

We wish we might throw on a screen before your eyes the pictures of some of these fine native men and their wives, and their children. You would all be rejoiced. None of them have had good opportunities, for we have no training school, only as the missionaries now and then, in their busy life, have a few hours to teach and to instruct. But God has wonderfully blessed these meagre opportunities, and native workers are doing excellent work in teaching what they have learned to the heathen people. Yes; heathen people! Don't forget it, fathers and mothers, and don't forget it, children, that the New Hebrides, where we are labouring, is a land of the densest heathenism, where cannibalism is still carried on in most of the sections in which we are working. Men and women are fighting and devouring one another; and witch doctors are practising their hellish arts, bringing the people into terrible bondage.

There is a terrible hatred on the part of many of the heathen people to anything the foreigner brings them; and so they hate the mission. Old heathen men have, in one place in particular, started schools in which to teach the children the mysteries of heathenism, so as to keep the young people away from the mission school. On Atchin, at times when the bell rings for our school to call the children to learn the ways of the Lord, these old men have their heathen bells sounded to call the young people into groups and tell them how good heathenism is.

So a terrible battle is on in the New Hebrides; but we want the Sabbath schools to know that God is working. On Ambrym there is a marvelous awakening, and many have left their heathenism; and fear has taken hold of many of the heathen people. We met some there who have recently

turned away from darkness and are now rejoicing in the light. The history of one man by the name of Charlie shows how God works on the hearts of heathen men; for even while Charlie was carrying on his heathen practices, his heart longed for something better. He had heard of God; and so he used to bow and pray that the Great Spirit on high would lead him into light. When our mission started he sent his sixteen-year-old boy to the mission to see if it was really genuine, saying to himself, "If my boy gets good there, I'll follow." Today Charlie is the assistant teacher in the Sabbath school—a fine man with a bright, genial face, showing that God's image, in spite of the sin, has not been blot ed out. We saw the house where Charlie lived as a heathen, a low dirty place in which you would scarce y want animals to live. But today Charlie lives in a new house, well-built, high above the ground, with good light, and comforts within. He is lean, and his family are rejoicing with him in the message. Oh, what a difference God's work makes!

(Thirteenth Sabbath, September 26)

Definite Victories in the New Hebrides

BY PASTOR J. E. FULTON

IN the reading last week we wrote in general terms of our work in the New Hebrides. In the reading that follows, we give some actual instances of how the gospel is winning its way in this dark land.

From Ambrym young men have volunteered to go out as missionaries. Some have gone to Malekula, another island, where they had to learn strange languages, and meet people that hated the mission. These men have met difficulties. Their lives have been threatened: the wild bushmen have hunted for them with muskets; but time and again the restraining hand of God has kept these evil men from doing harm to these native missionaries. One of these good men by the name of Joel was threatened for a long time, and a band of bushmen hid in ambush to kill him. He passed by within rifle's length of where they were hiding, and no harm came to him. When he had gone into the house, and the bushmen were discovered by others, they fired their guns at the house, too high to hurt anybody, and fled. Who held them back from killing Joel? Ask Joel; and he will tell you, "The angel of the Lord would not allow them to shoot when I was close to them."

Joel's brother, whose name is Joe, was deceived by some of these bushmen saying that their chief wanted him to come to their town and start the mission. He went, and when he got into the town he asked for the chief's house. He was directed thither, and when he got into the house, it was full of natives with guns. The greeting he received was, "Shoot him! Shoot him!" It seemed that Joe must die. But in that house was a man who knew him, who sprang out in front of him, just as the muskets were raised to shoot Joe, and said, "Don't shoot him! Don't shoot him! If you shoot him you must shoot me first, and then you know trouble will come to you." The muskets were lowered, and Joe retired and went back to his home on the coast. What kept these men from shooting? Ask Joe,

and he will tell you, "Just as God closed the lions' mouths, so they did not hurt Daniel in the lions' den, so God would not allow these ferocious cannibals to devour me." And simple faith tells me that Joe is right.

One of our good young men, who was developing as a worker, has recently been poisoned by these wicked heathen people. He has left his bright Christian wife, Julia, and a little daughter only three and a half years of age, Maggie by name. The heathen grandmother, against Julia's wish, took Maggie away from the mission to try to keep her from the influence of "The Sabbath Mission," as it is called. But little Maggie had learned, in her simple way, a good deal about the truth, and when her grandmother offered her swine's flesh, she said, "No; I don't want to eat any pig. I belong to the Sabbath Mission." And she said to her grandmother, "You ought not to eat pig either, because it will make you sick." And she said, "I am not going to eat it, because if I eat it, it is wrong." When asked if she were happy where she was, she said, "I don't want to stay

Fourth Child:

"Go ye . . . and teach all nations."

Fifth Child:

We have our churches, homes, and schools,

Our noble, helpful teachers,
Shall not we gladly, share

With all our fellow creatures?

Sixth Child:

"How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believe? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach, except they be sent?"

Seventh Child:

Now on this happy Thirteenth Sabbath

Let's open hearts and purses,
Thus shall we show our gratitude

For blessings God disperses.

Eighth Child:

"God loveth a cheerful giver."

All:

"Give and it shall be given unto you, good measure, pressed down, and shaken together."

—Adapted.

LISTEN!

Immediately on his return from the New Hebrides, Brother Fulton wrote for the Sabbath schools the interesting Missionary Exercises here given for September 19 and 26. These should be read distinctly and impressively so that all can hear. The wonderful results in the New Hebrides Group are but a foretaste of what God is waiting to do. All will want to have the privilege of helping the work in that field by a good Thirteenth Sabbath offering on September 26. Let us plan early, and encourage all to do their best.

here. You can hold me now; but when I grow big I am going back to the Sabbath Mission." And so again we have the text illustrated, "A little child shall lead them."

Oh, dear Sabbath school members everywhere, don't cease to pray for the New Hebrides. Pray that God's missionaries, both white and dark, may be kept amid the dangers, from sickness and death; and pray that God may continue to give them good success. And while you pray, give liberally for the work there, so that we may employ more missionaries, and win many more of these dark-skinned people.

To Give Is to Live

[An exercise for eight primary children]

First Child:

"To give, is to live" I've heard it said;
I more than half believe it;
To send a gift is better far
Than simply to receive it.

Second Child:

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Third Child:

How many, in this world of ours,
The things we have are needing!
Dear little ones, who know not God,
Are for the Bible pleading,

A Call From the New Hebrides

(To be sung to tune 619 in "Christ in Song")

TODAY the call is sounding,
From Hebridean strands,
"Come, preach to us the gospel,
And break our heathen bands.
Come, tell us all of Jesus,
Of how He frees from sin,
Of how He loves the heathen
And plants new hope within."

For some have heard of Jesus
And walk close by His side,
They cry to God that others
May hear of love so wide,
But some there are so darkened
They know not how to pray;
For superstition holds them
Fast in its dreadful sway.

Today the call is sounding
From Atchin's wave-washed shore,
From Santo's storm-tossed beaches,
Where Malo's breakers roar,
From Malekula's hill-sides,
From Vila's sheltered bay,
From Ambrym's waters restless,
From isles untaught today.

Some of us may be bidden
To go and teach the way;
All of us may give freely,
And all may boldly pray,
That God will send His Spirit
To those who watch and wait,
That Christ may win the heathen
Before it is too late.

HENRY STOCKTON.

The Missionary Leader

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