



# MISSIONARY LEADER

Vol. 17

SYDNEY, NOVEMBER, 1929

No. 11

## Foreign Missions Day

(Sabbath, November 9)

SCRIPTURE READING: SELECTED.

### Planting New Stations

The following is from a letter written recently by Pastor W. D. Smith, from Malekula, New Hebrides:

This morning I am anchored at Nivimbus passage, on the Malekulan coast. We slept here last night in a temporary hut. Mrs. Smith and little Milton are with me. A party of our mission boys have gone up to the village where this tribe is living, and hope to bring the native women as well as the men down with them to us this morning.

Among those who went up are three enthusiastic Big Nambus men, and we are awaiting their return with much interest. One is a young man we took from here to Matanavat mission some weeks ago, and now he is returning home. We believe his contact with our mission boys has proved a blessing to him. Another is a Nivimbus boy who has been on our missions for a long time; he desires to remain with his own tribe if they want him to commence mission work with them. This is a voluntary offer on his part, and we believe it bespeaks good things. The third is a very earnest Big Nambus man who came to our training school last year. He told us that when a boy he was living at Tonmaru when Brother Norman Wiles laboured there, and he still remembers the songs Brother Wiles taught them. Now he appears to be one of the strongest helpers we have to break through the Big Nambus barriers. He is full of enthusiasm.

Later.—The boys have returned; but, lo, what is the news? Right on the very ground where they were sitting and speaking with the people who were planning to come down to the shore on the morrow, the silence was disturbed by musket shots, and it was found that a man had been shot. He was shot through the side, and they think the upper arm is broken. This incident put an end to the idea of the people all coming down to the shore at present. To some extent it spoiled the visit of our boys, and they came back disappointed. Nevertheless, the report they bring with them is most encouraging. They were accompanied by a few of the lush men, and the chief sent down word that they had made up their minds to have the mission, and requested us to return at the beginning of the next moon. Then this trouble will be ended, and they promised they will commence to build their houses by the sea shore and would all come down for school.

This gives you a little idea of conditions

among the people here still. We have no fears for ourselves. The Lord has taken that away long ago. But we need His loving help, and we constantly plead for grace and strength to be able to point sin-stricken souls to One who can save to the uttermost.

On the way home we anchored at Tonmaru, and while my wife and son visited Brother Wiles' grave, cleaning and putting some nice shells around it, I went on with our natives up to the village. Having heard that this tribe really desire our mission I went to investigate. Sure enough, after many days the blade is appearing of the seed sown by our beloved missionary years ago. Two of the men who accompanied us were men who were personally acquainted with Brother Wiles. After his death they signed on to a trader; but the good seed then sown found a resting place in their hearts, and now has produced two promising gospel labourers. They are filled with a desire to see their people lay hold of the gospel.

We had no sooner reached the houses on top of the hill, when a volley of muskets was heard in the distance. Then the tom-toms were sounded, indicating that a man had been killed. I expect to return tomorrow and will find out particulars then. The people seem anxious to have the mission come among them, and to-morrow we begin the work of building the first leaf house in what will be a new mission village. This news has caused great rejoicing among all of our Malekulan believers. We know that God is putting His hand now to bring these people to the light. The work cannot be done in any other way except by the power of His Spirit. You, dear brethren, I know will not cease to pray for us all out here. We have truly come to times when we may expect much of God and of these people. We earnestly trust that this is only the beginning of much brighter things.

### Prayer and World Influence

A RECENT letter from a missionary in Central Africa closed with these words: "I am convinced that the great things that keep us happy and forward-looking out here is

"Some one, unknown perhaps, and far away,

On bended knee."

Truly it has been said that in God's great power house it is the hand of prayer, grasping the levers on the divine switchboard, that releases the currents of omnipotence. However humble, unlearned, obscure he may be, here is the opportunity of world influence for every child of God.

On Sunday, with his prayer hand on the lever, he turns the power on Japan, and some discouraged missionary there, rising

to preach, finds himself filled with a new zeal and witnessing with a new tongue.

Monday he turns it on Korea, and some missionary mother, following her child to its grave in an alien soil, feels suddenly the Everlasting Arms around her and in her heart the peace of God that passeth all understanding.

Tuesday he turns it on Brazil, and some missionary teacher, conducting the school's morning devotions, feels suddenly the presence of God's Spirit, and in the eager, upturned faces sees the dawning of a new purpose, a new loyalty.

Wednesday he turns it on Mexico, and in some little outstation on the mountain side, as the native evangelist presents Christ to the thinly-clad group before him, suddenly the veil of ignorance and superstition lifts, and for the first time in their lives their poor, long-blinded eyes see Jesus.

Thursday he turns it on Africa, and the missionary physician and nurse that day, as they minister to the sick, the weak, the dying, gathered by scores in hospital, dispensary, the mud huts adjacent, find themselves gifted with a new skill, a new tenderness, to heal, to guide, to comfort, to lighten with the peace and joy of Christ, eyes that are soon to close forever.

Friday he turns it on China, and some native Christian there, without missionary friends to guide or cheer him, with no gunboats or concessions to flee to, the helpless target of murderous anti-foreign hatred, is suddenly filled with power from above to take joyfully the spoiling of his goods, to witness a good confession before his enemies, to suffer torture and death rather than deny his Lord.

Saturday he turns it homeward, and some student, anticipating applause, eminence, fame, catches a Spirit whisper, "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not;" finds himself thrilling to Paul's virile ambition "to preach Christ where He was not named;" hears a new compulsion in the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us," from lands whose needs are greatest of all and workers fewest of all;—and then from bowed head, in the hush of the inner chamber, comes "Here am I, send me;" and he girds himself for his task.

The disciple whose prayer hand, day after day, is on the lever, does not see these world effects he is producing. But God sees them. They come up for a memorial before Him. As Paul says, "Ye also helping together by prayer." And the day is coming when both missionary and intercessor will rejoice together.

A recent letter from a missionary to her home supporters has this beautiful closing: "Even with thousands of miles separating us we can work side by side, for

"There is a place where thou canst touch the eyes

Of blinded men to instant, perfect sight;





There is a place where thou canst say,  
 "Arise!"  
 To dying captives, bound in chains of  
 night;  
 There is a place where thou canst reach  
 the store  
 Of hoarded gold and free it for the  
 Lord;  
 There is a place—upon some distant  
 shore—  
 Where thou canst send the worker or  
 the Word.  
 There is a place where Heaven's resist-  
 less power  
 Responsive moves to thine insistent  
 plea;  
 There is a place—a silent, trusting  
 hour—  
 Where God Himself descends and fights  
 for thee.  
 Where is that blessed place—dost thou  
 ask "Where?"  
 O Soul, it is the secret place of  
 prayer."  
 —"The Desire of All Nations."

Time may here be given to a special  
 season of prayer for missions.

### Mission Life in the Cameroon

[The following extracts are taken from letters from Brother M. Raspal, who, with his wife, sailed from Marseilles, France, on March 2 of this year. They have taken up work in their new field of labour, the French Cameroon, on the West Coast of Africa.]

THANKS to the protecting care of our Heavenly Father, we have now safely arrived at the Adventist mission station in the Cameroon. In the short time since our arrival we have been able to look the place over somewhat, and find that a splendid work has been begun here. The government has definitely conceded us fifty hectares of good land on which to build and plant. We have been told by those who are supposed to be authority that ours is the best grant of land in this vicinity.

At present all we find here in the way of buildings is the grass hut with three rooms that we are occupying with Brother and Sister Jones. It is, in very truth, a hut. Our beds are right on the ground.

Eighty pupils are enrolled in our school.

From different places chiefs have come to ask us to open schools for their people. Sad as it is, we have to say No, for we have no teachers to send. Yesterday five or six chiefs arrived at the mission. They came to ask us to visit their villages, and to plead for a teacher to open a school among their tribes. They themselves have begun to put up the school building. Their villages are two days' walk from here, and there is no road leading to them. We promised to visit them.

Later.—Yesterday, Sabbath, we had a good service. More than a hundred persons were present. While I was talking to them, they listened attentively; and when I asked how many wished to serve Jesus, every hand went up. Truly the doors are wide open here in the Cameroon. All we need is workers,—strong, consecrated young people. I hope that soon you will send us these workers. The field is waiting for the

message, and we must make haste to reply to the numerous calls that are coming to us. If we do not, soon we shall be outstripped by the other denominations. The government is friendly to us, and the authorities expect us to do a good and substantial work out here. May God give us wisdom to solve the many problems that present themselves.

The number of pupils has increased to one hundred. The school building, which is also a grass hut, is filled. Very soon we must build a larger and more substantial one.

I was telling you in my last letter how some of the native chiefs, after walking two days, had found our mission. To-day there arrived at the mission a very noted chief. He had walked four days through forests and jungles to find our station. This chief is a Mohammedan, and he rules an entire Mohammedan region. He pleaded with us to go and open a school in his territory, saying that he himself would provide the money to erect the necessary buildings. All we need to do is to send them a teacher. In that section there is no mission school of any denomination, and no public school. Naturally, this is the opportune moment to respond to this appeal, but how can we? These Mohammedan people differ from the other blacks in that they dress according to Indian custom. I would say that they resemble more the Orientals. What a wonderful opportunity this is to "lengthen the cords" of our work here.

The hut in which we are living at present is simply honeycombed by the white ants. Inside of three months it will be uninhabitable unless it is entirely rebuilt. For the time being we are having it repaired sufficiently to shelter us from the rain.

To-day I set about to clean out and repair the well. The rain had washed into it all kinds of debris and living creatures. One day when the pail was drawn up, it contained not only water, but a rat and a serpent. The serpent was about three feet long, and one of the most venomous. While the workmen were tearing away the wooden planks that are used to cover the well, a huge serpent shot out. After uncovering the well, the men thought they saw another one at the bottom. Naturally, it is not very prudent to drink this water, but it is all we have. Happily we can boil and filter it, and this makes it fit to drink.

Here on the mission site serpents are not uncommon. Several have been killed in the schoolroom, at the dwelling house that is being constructed, near our hut, and even in the hut. Certainly the Lord protected us, and we praise His name for it. One must always be on one's guard.

Wild animals, especially panthers, roam over the mission property during the night. They come out from the forest, a part of which is on the mission grant. Our garden is just beside the forest.

It was in this same forest that we had the joy of baptizing five precious souls last Sabbath. More than a hundred persons were present, all of whom had attended the Sabbath morning service. While I was speaking during the morning service, more than seventy persons arose expressing their desire to join the baptismal classes.

Surely a bright future is before this field; but we need help, and that promptly.

## Missionary Volunteer Department

Missionary Volunteer Programme  
 First Week

### THE JOY OF LIVING

Song Service.

Opening Exercises.

Talk: "The Joy of Living."

Talk: "Happiness, Its Value."

Talk: "Cultivating Heart Sunshine."

(See RECORD dated October 14)

Illustration: "A Sure Cure."

Talk: "Christian Joy."

Closing Exercises.

LEADER'S NOTE.—It would greatly help to maintain a bright, cheery strain throughout the meeting if the programme were interspersed with suitable songs. "Christ in Song" presents a wide range of hymns fitting for this week's topic.

### The Joy of Living

I WONDER how many of our young people really feel the joy of living. We should. If we look at life aright we enjoy living. Isn't it good to be alive and well? To be able to walk around, see, and hear, and speak? Just to know that we are alive? And I believe that we may all enjoy living. It depends, to a large extent, upon our outlook in life. Did you ever hear of the elderly woman who had listened in a religious meeting to a number of long-faced testimonies about the Christian life's being a hard road, with many trials and tribulations, many ups and downs, etc.? Such testimonies did not find a response in her happy life, though she too really had hard trials. She arose and said, "Well, I thank God that while I have only two teeth in my mouth, they meet."

In city or country; in springtime or summer; in autumn or winter; in prosperity or adversity, we can still get joy out of living. If we only radiate some of that joy around us, soon we feel the general warmth that permeates the atmosphere.

The joy-note is not a matter of temperament, as some suppose; it is fine character; it is not intellectual, but spiritual. Mere philosophers cannot get it. It is not something that we put on as we do a garment. It is a part of the character, the nature itself.

And those who have and exhibit the joy of living are never those who have been without care, sorrow, failure, disappointment, and discouragement. They are rather those who have suffered and conquered, and who are willing to bear their share of the vicissitudes of life uncomplainingly. The joy of living comes from what we put into living; and not from what we seek to get from it.

One writer says: "We talk of life being the supreme gift to man, and yet we go around as though we were paying off a mortgage each day. We seek constant pleasures to offset the pain of living."

Young people should early in life begin sounding the joy-note of living, and make it a fixed principle of their lives. You need it; and the world around you needs it. Let us look upon life as a glorious privilege



of fine service, not dull servitude; of splendid giving, rather than petty giving; of unselfish trusteeship, rather than selfish ownership.

Let us face each day with gladness that we are alive; and let us so fill every day with joy-notes that it will become a fixed habit, and that it will bless and gladden all we touch.

## Happiness, Its Value

WE were created for happiness. If we are miserable, it is because we persist in holding gloomy thoughts, in looking upon the dark instead of the bright side of the picture. Lucy Larcom says: "He who turns the world upon its axis, so as to cause the changes of the seasons, meant us to receive some new happiness from every one of them. 'He hath made everything beautiful in its time,' and if we were as grateful as He is good, how would the seasons one and all ring with hymns of thanksgiving."

Yes, there is a dark side to life, if we will have it so. Many young people close the door against happiness and persistently look on the dark side. They seal up all the avenues through which joy and sunshine could enter. They cut themselves off from most of the good things God has provided for them by their doubts, fears, anxieties, jealousies, hatreds, narrowness, thoughts of poverty. These obscure all the brightness and joy of life. They shut out the sunshine. All these young people see are shadows.

But the dark side is largely of our own making. Every time we look on the supposedly dark side, not with the thought of improving things, but just to pity ourselves; every time we complain or find fault, we are only weakening our power of resistance and adding to our troubles. Many physical and mental ills have been caused by persons allowing their minds to dwell upon the dark side of things.

Young man, young woman, do not be deceived with the thought that happiness is to be gained by mere human endeavour, or through "chasing rainbows." There is a genuine, true happiness, which springs from a true source. And there is a counterfeit. Many a young person has thought to gain happiness by attending questionable amusements or indulging in popular worldly pleasure. But this kind of happiness is much like the opiate, the narcotic; there is no real benefit derived; it is a delusion and a snare. When the effect has gone, it leaves us in a worse state than at the beginning.

Nor can we hope to have real happiness so long as we are violating a moral law. Conscience, that monitor that God has placed to warn us, will not permit us to be happy in the midst of wrong-doing. It would be contrary to all law and reason. What, then, is the source of true happiness? "Happy is that people, whose God is the Lord," says the Bible. God knows. We accept His Bible as true. Then, true happiness lies in the yielded, God-filled life; whatever our station or vocation in life, this is true.

## A Sure Cure

PERHAPS you have noticed at the railway ticket-office, at the cashier's desk, or at some other place the sign, "Keep Smiling." There is a reason for this request. People have acquired the habit of frowning when

things do not suit them, when they are paying out money, or receiving correction, etc., and these things are likely to bring a frown.

"Keep Smiling" implies a steady, regular, habitual smile; not the worked up artificial one, but the smile that will not come off. Why cannot we cultivate the habit of smiling—not merely the facial smile, but from the heart out? Even though the heart away down deep may be bearing a load of sorrow or loneliness, still the true-blue smile, kept steadily in its place, is able to lead multitudes. "Keep Smiling."

We have all heard that "a laugh is the best of sauces." Smiling, laughing, being pleasant, thinking pleasant thoughts, have been known to cure cases of dyspepsia completely—at least one could suffer no injury from trying it.

I heard of a case which shows the benefits of good spirit and cheerfulness. A friend of mine had a crushing sorrow. Despondency, chills, indigestion, insomnia, and other kindred ills followed. She felt this condition fastening itself upon her, and determined to throw off the gloom that was making her life a burden. She established the rule that she would laugh at least three times a day whether occasion presented itself or not. She began to train herself to laugh easily at the least provocation. She was soon in excellent health and good spirits, and her home became a cheerful, sunny abode. At first her husband and children were amused with her, but they respected her determination because of the grief she bore, and after a while the funny part of the idea struck her husband and he began to laugh. Following out this programme, brought her out of her gloom and worry and put her into a new way of living. It relieved her indigestion, banished her headaches, gave her poise and peace, and caused her whole home to be better. Before you condemn or cast aside this suggestion, try it out by taking a good, hearty laugh three times a day—prove the benefit of it in your own experience.

—A. T. Rowe.

"It is easy enough to be pleasant  
When life flows along like a song;  
But the man worth while is the man who  
will smile  
When everything goes dead wrong.  
"For the test of the heart is trouble,  
And it always comes with the years,  
And the smile which is worth the praise  
of earth  
Is the smile that comes through tears."

## Christian Joy

EVEN trouble should not quench laughter. Sorrow often rolls like a dark flood over human lives, and it may sometimes seem that there could be no gladness in the heart thereafter. But however great the grief, joy should live through it. Christian joy does not have its source on the earth, but in heaven, in the everlasting hills. People who live in the valleys amid great mountains have water even in the driest, hottest summer, because they receive their supply from springs which flow out of the mountains and are unaffected by heat or drought. The Christian's springs of joy are perennial, because they flow from under the throne of God. No matter what goes wrong, we should still sing and be glad.

Along the shore one sometimes comes

upon fresh-water springs, which bubble up on the edge of the salt sea. The tide rolls over them and buries them out of sight for the time, but when the brackish floods ebb again the springs are found again as sweet as ever. So, after the deepest sorrow should the heart's fountains of joy be found, still pouring out their streams of gladness. Christ says much about His people having His joy, a joy which the world can neither give nor take away. Paul also makes it very clear in his teachings that we should rejoice always, and that joy is a fruit of the Spirit, an essential quality of the complete Christian life.

It is not hard for young people to laugh; it comes naturally to them. They should cultivate laughter as a Christian grace, never losing the art, nor allowing it to fall into disuse. They should seek always to be careful. Living near the heart of Christ, faithfully following His commandments, and obeying conscience, their lives may be full of gladness and song. Of course they will find thorns in their path and the sun will not always shine. But there will be ten times more gladness than sorrow in their life, and even the clouds will bring rain with its blessing, and pain will make the song sweeter, if softer. One tells the story in verse thus:

"I woke in the night; the stars were hid,  
The skies were cold and gray,  
My soul grew sick with a nameless fear,  
And I scarce had faith to pray.  
"I thought of the day's mistakes with tears,  
Of wrong that outmeasured right;  
When, lo! from a rainwashed tree near by  
A bird sang in the night,  
"So soft and low, so fearlessly,  
So full of a glad content,  
Of a faith that knew the day would break  
Though the wet boughs o'er her bent.  
"I said to my heart, 'Behold a sign!  
Heart, let us read aright,  
That faith is easy and hope is sure  
To him who sings in the night!'"

—J. R. Miller.

## Missionary Volunteer Programme

### Second Week

## THE POWER OF MUSIC

Opening Exercises.

The Leader's Lead.

Reading: "A Musical Proof of Dispensational Truth."

Talk: "The Effect of Music."

Talk: "Singing the Old Songs."

Close with a little service of song.

LEADER'S NOTE.—It would be well to add one or two additional stories showing the power that music has been in changing the course of men's lives—in leading them from the paths of sin to the feet of the Saviour.

## The Leader's Lead

GOD, the All Musical, in every great movement connected with His work of creation and redemption, has always had special music exactly appropriate for the time and the occasion. At creation's dawn there was no note of sadness in the great anthem of praise, when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy over the finished work, when the Supreme Judge Himself had declared



that all was very good. But when redemption is finished, in the great song of praise that is sweeter than any chord in creation's song, there is added the strain, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." This sweetest song of all, will have in it a pathetic touch of sadness, a memory of sorrow and pain then forever ended. The song at redemption's consummation is wondrously fitting for the glorious victory over death and sin.

In the early advent movement the hymns on the subject of the coming of the Lord, sung with intense earnestness and solemnity, had a wonderful effect on the hearers. James White, one of the chief leaders in the great Second Advent Movement, was very musical, a powerful and excellent singer. And there were many others who sang with heart and soul and voice, and with telling effect the message of the coming of the Lord. At one time an Adventist company was arrested for disturbing the people with their singing. At the command of the judge before whom they were tried, they sang three of the thrilling advent hymns, and were set free at once with the statement that, "If people are disturbed with that kind of singing they ought to be disturbed."

Think you that the close of this work will come and find us using any music inappropriate for our great message? Every great religious movement has had music of its own appropriate for the time and the occasion, and for the special message. This message, in its closing power, will have such music. We do not need to imitate the music of Babylon, any more than we need to imitate the preaching of Babylon.

Thank God that we still have some real advent music, but we shall have a far greater revival of distinctive advent singing, appropriate for the most solemn and awful crisis the world has ever known. The old advent hymns, when sung with the advent spirit, bring into the meetings the presence and power of God, whose Spirit is so effectively banished by much of the modern light music many have been accustomed to hear and to sing in the popular churches.

Listen to what Robert Harkness, the well-known composer of sacred music, has to say concerning the popularity of present-day music.

### A Musical Proof of Dispensational Truth

THE other evening I checked up on several radio programmes. The musical items were vocal and instrumental. They included piano, violin, banjo, and other instrumental solos. The musical grade ran from the lofty classics to degenerated jazz. The programmes came from near and far. Some were rendered by highly trained symphony artists, others came from immature "would-be" musicians. The composers represented America, England, Germany, Russia, Poland, Italy, France, and Norway.

The outstanding feature of this heterogeneous array of musical performance is the fact that fully 80 per cent of it was in the minor key. We are living in an age of minor strains. True it is that there is a combination of distorted rhythms associated with these minor strains. To the student of the prophetic Word these musical facts have a deep significance. It is both interesting and important that the signs of the times should be clearly heralded in the music of to-day.

In thinking of this evident musical con-

dition, it is well to consider a few general musical facts relating to the proper place of the major and minor keys. Every musical expression of faith, hope, confidence, joy, and victory requires the major key as its medium of interpretation. The cry of a new-born soul can be expressed only in terms of the major key. Every suggestion of sadness, despair, gloom, and grief must needs find expression in the minor key. The doom of the unrepentant sinner calls for the minor strain.

The minor key finds its most complete expression in the weird music of heathendom. Such music is but a suggestion of spiritual doom. All heathen music lacks real melody. It is devoid of musical form.

The music of all oppressed nations is in the minor key. It is the piercing wail of broken hearts and subjugated spirits. Sibelius, the "tone poet" of Finland, emphasises this fact in his great compositions. The Bhajans of the Hindus give us added proof of the fact. The colourful minor themes of the Hopi and Navajo Indians are an added testimony. In most of the religious systems of the world, minor strains predominate. Mohammed even went so far as to prohibit the use of music in all Mohammedan rites. We can go back to the liturgies of the ancient Assyrians and Greeks only to find minor strains in the ascendancy.

Now the question arises, what do these minor strains indicate? There is a clear purpose and a Scriptural reason for the superabundance of minor strains. The minor key first expressed itself when Adam sinned in the garden of Eden. The apostle Paul in Romans 8: 22, 23 suggests the real cause of all minor strains: "For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now . . . waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body."

The insistence of minor strains in the music of to-day is but a prelude to and preparation for the days pictured in Matthew 24. There is a striking dispensational suggestion in every minor composition. Minor strains constitute a sure sign of the times. The age in which we live is undoubtedly close to the end of the dispensation of grace, and the nearer we come to the end of this dispensation, the more pronounced will be the minor strains and the more chaotic the musical forms. But every minor key has its relative major. World events in nations, as well as in individuals, are decidedly in the minor key. Such a condition would be hopeless in the extreme were it not for the major key of hope and peace, found only in our blessed Lord. God's programme is in a major key. His plan and purpose, so plainly outlined in His Word, give hope and assurance of the dawn of a day when the body of Christ shall sound forth paeans of praise in the major key. As we hear the minor strains of our modern musical radio and other programmes, let us remember that "weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

—Robert Harkness.

### The Effect of Music

THERE was never such a flood of cheap music, dance music, "ragtime," as to-day. A Christian musician writes: "I have been living next door to a dance hall, where there has been ample opportunity to study jazz music. I consider it the most insidious robber of the morals of our youth that has been invented by Satan. And it must

not be supposed that it is all a jumble or jargon of sounds, as I thought at first. Night after night have I studied carefully, by ear, the harmony of this invention. It is the most systematic, well worked out, balanced, intricate music to be found, with this exception: the tunes are monotonous themes stolen from great masterpieces, or the original themes are extremely inane. It is a queer combination of exciting undertone with an empty, spell-binding theme. Have you ever seen the snake charm its victim, or the cat its prey? This is our modern jazz."

But, praise God, music when used for His glory is a mighty force that attracts people to Christ through the message of salvation.

The story is recorded that in a San Francisco court-room thirty dishevelled, red-eyed, hardened drunkards awaited trial. Suddenly a clear, strong voice from below began singing:

"Last night as I lay sleeping,  
There came a dream so fair,  
I stood in old Jerusalem,  
Beside the temple there."

The judge, making inquiry, found the song to proceed from a prisoner below, also awaiting trial. As the song went on every one showed emotion, some dropped on their knees, one buried his face and sobbed. The sobs cut to the very heart, and the song welled on through the court-room:

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem,  
Sing for the night is o'er;  
Hosanna in the highest,  
Hosanna for evermore."

The judge looked into the faces of the men. There was not one whose better impulses had not been stirred by the song. He did not call the cases singly. A word of good advice and he dismissed them all. The song had done more good than punishment could have accomplished.

### Singing the Old Songs

IN one of his addresses to the students of the Moody Bible Institute on evangelistic singing, Charles M. Alexander said: "Don't be afraid to sing the old songs. Take the one, 'Tell Mother I'll Be There'; that has led more men to Christ than any other one song I know of. Don't be afraid of a song because you fear it may be considered sentimental. Strike for the hearts of the people, don't bother so much about their heads." He said there was a great demand all over the world for gospel singers equipped to sing and who have character behind them and a knowledge of the Bible. "All over the country people may be down on sermons, but not on singing or the exposition of the Bible."

Let us as Adventist young people sing of the coming of Christ, of the heavenly home, and of the great truths of our distinctive message. Why not learn by heart many of the hymns we sing? You will always be glad to know them. Then let us put the spirit of our experience into our singing. Some who heard Jenny Lind sing the solo, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," say they will never forget the tone of personal certainty, founded on faith, with which she uttered "I know."

May God give us a revival of true advent singing, old and new, that will shake the world, and hasten the time when we shall join in the victory song of Moses and the Lamb at the coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.



## Missionary Volunteer Programme

### Third Week

## WORKING WITH OTHERS

Song Service.

Opening Exercises.

Leader's Talk: "Sympathetic Co-operation."

Talk: "Strength in Unity."

Recitation: "Team Work."

Talk: "Working With Others."

LEADER'S NOTE.—If you have access to the book, "Missionary Volunteers and Their Work," look up the following points and work into your talk:

1. Value of organisation. (Page 323.)
2. Strength in co-operation. (Page 324.)
3. How co-operation can help in our society. (Pages 324, 325; also 315, 316.)
4. Failure to co-operate hinders others. (Pages 325, 326.)
5. Promoting co-operation. (Pages 328, 329; also 72-80.)

If you do not already possess a copy of this book, you would certainly do well to purchase one from your Conference Tract Society. You will find "Missionary Volunteers and Their Work" invaluable in your labour for the young people of your church.

### Sympathetic Co-operation

NIGHT had fallen over the frontier village. The ringing of the fire bell startled every one. People rushed to their doors to see where the fire was. The furious ringing continued. When no flames appeared, men ran to the town hall to inquire the cause. "Little Ruth Larson is lost!" passed from lip to lip.

Men and women searched here and there and everywhere throughout the neighbourhood, but failed to find the little girl. Then some one called all the anxious people together and organised a systematic hunt. Men mounted their horses and rode to every farmhouse for miles around the village, spreading the tidings. First, every home in the village and country was to keep lights burning in the windows that night, in the hope that the little lost child might see the light and come to it. Secondly, everybody willingly joined in the hunt. Some kept the lights burning and watched for the coming of the child. The rest were organised into groups.

Nobody thought of himself that night, and nobody slept. At four o'clock in the morning the child was found.

This little story illustrates to us the value of systematic co-operation—all worked together with the one objective in mind, the finding of the little child. Before the Seventh-day Adventist Church is the enormous task of warning the whole world of the approach of the day of doom, and of spreading the glad tidings of salvation. Think you that this task can be completed in the short time which remains without the whole-hearted co-operation of the church members?

No matter what other talent you may have in your Missionary Volunteer society, no one will be able to display an ability superior to the art of working with others. If there is one thing that is absolutely essential to the success of every young people's society, every church, it is co-operation,—the ability to live and work with other people. No other trait of character is

more necessary in the mission field than adaptability,—being willing to do a thing in the manner that the other person prefers, as long as it is in harmony with true Christian principles.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology, recognising the need for young people to learn how to live and work with others, established a department of humanics. Its purpose is "to teach the student how, after he goes out into the working world, he can get on with people. It is to teach him that he does not know it all, that even the humblest worker may have something to show him, that it is good to have criticism and good to heed it, that Rome is not built in a day, that he is to attend first to the work that impinges on the tasks of others, that courtesy always pays, that honesty is more than the best policy, that co-operation is the only kind of operation."

It is said that Lord Rayleigh discovered an element that refuses to unite with any other element. It is in the air, but not of it. He tried to unite it with oxygen, nitrogen, carbon; but in vain. He subjected it to extremes of cold and heat, but it would not unite with anything. Then the scientist tried to discover one single function of this element, but he could find none. So he gave it a Greek name, "argon," meaning "doing nothing; useless." No Seventh-day Adventist young person will want to be called "argon."

Christ has given us the highest kind of lesson in co-operation. He came to this earth and "was treated as we deserve, that we might be treated as He deserves."—"The Desire of Ages," p. 25. He put Himself in our place, that He might understand our needs and help us. Let us extend the same sympathetic co-operation to our fellow men.

### Strength in Unity

CALL to the front a member and wrap around his wrists a thread. The thread is easily broken. Wrap the thread around his wrists a dozen times. It is not so easily broken. If enough thread were wrapped around a person's wrists it would be impossible to break it. Heavy ropes are made of fine strands. Great cables are made of comparatively small wires.

The Delaware River Suspension Bridge, at Philadelphia, has the longest single span in the world, 1,750 feet, almost one-third of a mile. This great span is hung upon cables made of wires. Each wire is less than one-fifth of an inch in diameter, of the finest quality high carbon steel galvanised. The cables are thirty inches in diameter. Each cable contains 306 bundles of sixty-one wires each, or 18,666 wires. The strength of one small wire alone seems small in comparison with the size of this wonderful bridge, but 18,666 of these little wires, properly bound into a great cable, carry the hangers of the bridge.

The process of building a large suspension bridge is most interesting. First, towers are built on opposite banks of the stream. Wire after wire is then drawn across from tower to tower and down to the anchorages. Each wire is adjusted to the intended sag of the cable, and when all wires are in place, the mass of wires is squeezed into circular form and bound with a spiral wire wrapping. The hangers are clamped to these cables and the floors are attached to the lower ends of the hangers.

Why is a cable of many fine wires preferable to a great solid wire or a steel beam in the construction of such a bridge? The greater the number of component wires the more flexible is the cable. The individual wires contract in the cold weather and expand in the warm weather. A certain amount of "give" is necessary. What lessons can we learn from the construction of a suspension bridge?

(Invite suggestions from the members and list on the board as given.)

### Team Work

It's all very well to have courage and skill,

And it's fine to be counted a star,  
But the single deed with its touch of thrill  
Doesn't tell us the man you are;  
For there's no lone hand in the hand w  
play;

We must work to a bigger scheme;  
And the thing that counts in the world  
to-day

Is, How do you pull with the team?  
They may sound your praise and count  
you great,

They may single you out for fame,  
But you must work with your running  
mate,

Or you'll never win the game;  
For never the work of life is done  
By the man with the selfish dream,  
For the battle is lost or the battle is won  
By the spirit of the team.

It's all very well to fight for fame,  
But the cause is a bigger need,  
And what you do for the good of the game  
Counts more than the flash of speed;  
It's the long, long haul and the dreary  
grind

When the stars but faintly gleam,  
And it's leaving all thought of self be-  
hind,

That fashions a winning team.  
You may think it fine to be praised for  
skill,

But a greater thing to do  
Is to set your mind and to set your will  
On the goal that's just in view;  
It's helping your fellow man to score  
When his chances helpless seem;  
It's forgetting self till the game is o'er  
And fighting for the team.

—Edgar A. Guest.

### Working With Others

HOW essential in everyday life is team-work! And it is one of the vital lessons that the young men and young women should learn. If you would learn a good lesson in team-work, pay a visit to a motor building plant, and follow a car or a tractor along the platform from the very first operation of assembling, and see it pass off the platform at the other end and be driven off all ready for market. Every piece, every nut and bolt and screw, must be in place, and every part functioning with every other part, or it is shoved aside and has to be gone over a second time.

Or watch a team of well-trained horses pulling a heavy load. Now they are stuck in a mud-hole. The driver gathers up his lines, perhaps speaks a word to them; they know his voice; they have confidence; they are trained to do team-work. They give each other a knowing nod, settle into





their traces, brace their hind legs, there is a creaking, a splashing of mud, the wheels begin to move, and they pull out of the hole.

But did you ever see a team stuck and the horses pull one at a time, with jerks? They broke their harness, but did not move the load. What was the matter? They had not learned team-work.

So you or I are each just a part of the team; we are only some part of the machine of life. We do not live or work alone. We have to work with others. And if we find ourselves unable to work with others, set it down in many cases that the fault is with us instead of with the other person.

One of the lessons that we must learn early in life is that we absolutely must manage to get along with people. Whether they do as we should like or not, whether they work as we would work, or however disagreeable they may be, if we are thrown together with them and must work with them, we should try to learn the secret of getting along with people—doing team-work.

Then we should see the importance of team-work from another standpoint: For the good of the whole team. In athletics a man is not a good player until he learns to sacrifice himself when it is necessary, for the good of his team. There may be an opportunity for him to make a good record for himself as an individual star, when by so doing his team would be injured. If he has been well trained and has a keen sense of honour, he will be willing to sacrifice himself for the good of the cause he represents.

In no place is team-work more needed than in the church in its various departments. The young person, before he can be of any real value to the church as a whole, must learn to count himself just a part of the whole, and to work for the success of the whole work. From the janitor to the pastor the church must be one great united, co-operative soul-saving, soul-inspiring institution; there is no place for the individual star who tries to add to his stardom at the expense of the institution.

In the home is a good place to learn team-work. The spirit we manifest in the home will be the same spirit we will exhibit to the world. We simply must learn the grace of unselfish co-operation for the good of the family, for the good of the school, for the good of the community, for the good of the church.

—A. T. Rowe.

### Missionary Volunteer Programme Fourth Week

## "REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY"

Song Service.

Opening Exercises.

Dialogue: By Leader and Three Juniors.  
Leader's Talk: "Remember."

Story: "A Little Sabbath-keeper."

Poem: "The Mainspring." (See RECORD dated October 28.)

Closing Thoughts.

LEADER'S NOTE.—We would suggest that this Junior programme be given in the form of a round-table discussion, three Juniors and the leader sitting out in front during the entire meeting. After the

usual opening exercises, these four could draw their chairs up in a semi-circle formation and proceed with the dialogue—following with the other items. Additional stories or poems could be included at the leader's discretion, but it would be well if the entire programme were given by the group of four.

*Closing Thoughts.* These could be expressed by one of the Juniors—perhaps in the following words: "I really want to observe this day as would be pleasing to Him in whose honour it was set apart. I want to gain just the biggest blessing I can each Sabbath day. Who will join me in the determination to do my level best, with God's help, to be a real true Sabbath-keeper?"

### The Dialogue

*Marion:* Well, of all things! You don't believe it's right to take kodak pictures to-day? Oh, come, Jean, don't be so narrow-minded!

*Jean:* That's the last distinction in the world to which I aspire, Marion. I'm only trying to spend my Father's time in ways that will be most pleasing to Him. And when He gives me six whole days out of every seven in which to do the things I want to do, isn't it only fair for me to be willing to do His way just one day?

*Marion:* Yes, but honestly, Jean, would it hurt your conscience to just snap a few pictures while we are out for our walk to-day?

*Jean:* I couldn't really do it and not have my conscience trouble me—for it would not be keeping the Sabbath properly. There's our influence, too. We mustn't forget that.

*Marion:* To tell the truth, Jean, I've never stopped to think much about these things. We're so busy with all sorts of things all the week, and—well, I guess it's just because Sabbath is the handiest day for doing such "odd jobs" that it's got to be sort of a habit.

*The Leader:* Yes, it's easy to follow the easiest way. But I wonder if it isn't usually "the broad way," when we come right down to things and consider our comings in and goings out in the light of what Jesus would have us do? At least that's been my experience.

*Harry:* There are several questions in my mind about Sabbath-keeping, and now that the subject has been opened for discussion, tell me, please, what do you think about Sabbath motor driving?

*The Leader:* It would all depend on what motive prompts the drive, whether it is right or wrong. If one goes just for the sake of going somewhere, for recreation, or "to pass dull time away" as some put it, then that without a doubt would be "doing thine own ways," "finding thine own pleasure," yes, and "speaking thine own words," too, as conversations run on such outings. But on the other hand, there are many proper and highly worthy Sabbath uses for the motor car. Trips of necessity and deeds of mercy and kindness which a car makes possible, are certainly above question.

*Marion:* I don't believe the Master can bless us in the use of His time for unnecessary journeys.

*Harry:* And now here's another question. Is it all right to buy cold drinks on Sabbath? Ginger beer and such like? What do you think, Marion?

*Marion:* Well, some folk who profess to be Sabbath-keepers do.

*The Leader:* Yes, I know; but that hardly proves it to be right. Of course emergencies may arise; but buying things not absolutely necessary anywhere on Sabbath means breaking the fourth commandment.

*Marion:* But wouldn't you stop at the bakery on the way home from church to get some fresh bread for lunch?

*The Leader:* I certainly do not believe such practice is right, and I'm sure you don't either, Marion. The Lord has designated a "preparation day" in which to prepare for His Sabbath. Carelessness, or forgetfulness, is no excuse for sin.

(The leader follows right on with the talk on "Remember.")

### "Remember"

HAVE you ever wondered why God says, "Remember," at the beginning of the Sabbath commandment? I suppose you have each often asked your father, when he was about to set out on a trip, to bring home something for you. Perhaps you asked him half a dozen times while he was getting ready to go, then just before he left you said, "Father, please remember to bring it home."

Why did you say "Remember"? Because you wanted him to be sure to keep it in mind, and you were afraid that with all his other business he might forget. So our Father in heaven must have felt that it was necessary to call our special attention to His holy day, so that we would not forget to prepare for it and keep it sacred.

How much of each week does God give us in which to work and play? Do you not think that after we have had six days in which to do our own work, we ought gladly to keep the seventh for God? Once a little girl came in from play and found her mother making cakes. The girl had been playing with several children in the back yard. When she saw the cakes all spread out on the table, she exclaimed, "O mother, may I have one for each of the children out there?" Her mother gave her enough for each one, and of course they were all pleased. But one boy ate his cake almost at a single bite. Then he snatched the one which the little girl had for herself. What would you think of such a boy? Yet some people act about the same way. After God has given them plenty of time for themselves, six days of each week, they even try to use His holy Sabbath for themselves. But, let us remember God has commanded us to keep His day holy, and to lay aside all our own work.

Now, just what does it mean to "remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy"? First, before it comes, we need to remember to get ready for it. On Friday, not only our houses need to be made neat and clean, but we ourselves must prepare for it in mind and body. If the Prime Minister were expected at your home, don't you think you would have everything looking as neat as possible, clothes all in good condition, and a hearty welcome all ready for him? Of course. Then how much more ought we to prepare to welcome God's holy Sabbath, and even the Lord Himself, for His presence is in His day of rest.

When the day comes, it is to be a "delight" to us (Isa. 58:13), the very best day



of all the seven. It isn't meant to be a sad or gloomy day. One thing we are to do upon the Sabbath, which Jesus always did. What is it? Luke 4:16. Yes, we go to church to meet with God and study His Word. Then what else did Jesus do on the Sabbath? He went about doing good. Luke 6:5-10. We, too, may spend part of the Sabbath day in acts of mercy and love. Perhaps we can visit those who are sick or in distress, and brighten their lives with songs of praise and words of cheer. Walks in the fields and forests, singing, reading the Bible, the *Youth's Instructor*, and *Our Little Friend*, and the interesting Reading Course books, are other things which the Lord is pleased to have us do.

But we are not to find our own ways, nor speak our own words. Suppose Eric has been reading a history of the Indian wars, and is in a most interesting part. Sabbath day comes, with time to read. Eric would so much like to read his book. Do you think he should?

Perhaps Ethel and Mary, who are chums, meet only on Sabbath, and have so many things to talk about—their new summer frocks, the coming school picnic, and a host of other things like that. Should they talk of these things on God's holy day?

One lad was tested on these very points, more perhaps than most of us have ever been. His father had once been a professed Christian, but had given up everything for the sake of making money. His mother had become discouraged, and was fast losing her Christian experience.

(The Leader calls on one of the group to read the story.)

### A Little Sabbath-Keeper

JOHN'S uncle asked him to go to camp-meeting with him. The invitation was accepted. During the meetings that followed, John became convinced that he must consecrate his life to the Lord. While among Christian people, this was comparatively easy to do, but the real test came after he returned home. He could be as honest as he chose; there were times when he could slip off by himself, and read his Bible and pray; he could guard his words and actions so as to set the right example before his brother and sister. But as the Sabbath drew near, he began to wonder what he should do. He feared his father's stern commands, and for a few weeks he wavered, doing as little as he could upon the Sabbath, and apparently working the same as his brother.

But John was not satisfied. Finally, as the next Sabbath drew near, he promised the Lord that he would keep it faithfully. At the breakfast table Sabbath morning his father told the boys that the cattle would have to be driven to town that day, and he had made arrangements with the shippers. John's heart sank like lead, but he obeyed his father, and again worked upon the Sabbath. Before the next week had passed, he had earnestly prayed over the matter, then he went bravely to his father, and told him quietly that he could not break another Sabbath. To his surprise no opposition was made, and a happy boy found that God opens the way for those who prove true to the tests He gives them.

At the next camp-meeting John was ready for baptism. He had been earnest before, but now he was doubly so. The influence upon the rest of the family was greater than he had realised. One Friday evening

his father came in from his work before the beginning of the Sabbath. The next morning he prepared for Sabbath school, and went with his wife and children for the first time in many years. Having surrendered to the Lord on this point, soon he was paying tithe and serving the Master faithfully.

We are being watched, as was John. Let us be true to the test, so that we, too, may win souls for Christ. When our Saviour comes to take us all home with Him, He expects to find us keeping His commandments, and doing His will in everything. A boy or girl who is in the habit of breaking the Sabbath will not be ready to meet Jesus. The Sabbath will be kept in heaven (Isa. 66:22, 23), and in order to keep it there we must learn to do so here.

## Sabbath School Missionary Exercises

(November 2)

### Our Work in Fiji

BY PASTOR E. B. RUDGE

ALMOST forty years have elapsed since John I. Tay landed in Suva from the mission ship *Pitcairn*, to open the way for the establishment of the message in the islands of Fiji. Shortly after arrival, this pioneer fell a victim to pneumonia and died. He was followed in the work by Pastors J. E. Fulton, J. M. Cole, and C. H. Parker. In planning wisely and well for the building up of a strong work, these workers launched out in three lines of endeavour that are more or less closely followed to-day,—evangelism, school work, and the publishing of literature in the native language. A survey of the development from those early days down to the present, reveals much that is of interest.

### A Story of Growth

The story of the years is one that tells of steady growth and development from a day of small beginnings to what is now a fairly strong and partly self-supporting work, as the following facts show.

At the beginning of 1929, the adherents of the mission numbered nearly 2,000, of whom 701 are baptised members, gathered together in 60 organised churches and companies.

Our Sabbath schools number 58 and have an enrolment of 1,216 members, whose offerings for the first two quarters of this year have amounted to £247. As a general rule, all members are well acquainted with the lesson study, and it is a rare occasion to go into a school where every member cannot accurately recite the memory verse.

The mission staff comprises fourteen European and sixty native workers. Nine schools are operated by the mission, including Buresala Training School and Wainibuka Intermediate School. In these schools almost 500 of our youth and children are receiving a Christian education. That this little army of youth offers a fine sphere for work and is yielding very gratifying results, is evidenced by the fact that last year approximately thirty of these were baptised at our two senior schools.

### Appreciation

The steadily increasing tithes and offerings of recent years may be taken as an

indication of the appreciation of the native believers of the happiness the message has brought them. Offerings from all sources, including tithes, for 1928, amounted to £1,513, which lacks but a few pounds of the amount required to support the entire native staff. In several of the more prosperous districts earnest efforts are being made to attain self-support.

### Some of Our Needs

While in the past we have established our work in the more populous provinces of the colony, there still remain about eight provinces with a population approaching 40,000 where work remains to be begun. To cope with this work we need more native evangelists and village school teachers. We need increased facilities and an additional teacher at Buresala to hasten the work of preparing teachers. An urgent need of the Vanua Levu-Taveuni [Vah-nua Lev-oo Tah-vee-oo-nee] district is an intermediate school to meet the needs of the youth of that large area. For this purpose we have requested a grant of £1,000 at this year's council meeting. Funds are sorely needed to enable us to care for some hundreds of children attached to our mission in various districts, and to extend the work in new centres where excellent openings await our entrance. Who will help? The next Thirteenth Sabbath will be your opportunity.

(November 9)

### Fijians Helping Themselves

BY PASTOR E. B. RUDGE

DOUBTLESS the Sabbath school members in Australasia will be interested to hear a little of what the native believers in Fiji are doing to help on the work in their own land. The average native is without regular income, and depends upon the produce of his gardens to provide what little money he may require to clothe himself and pay his annual taxes. His income is small and precarious. In view of this, it is really surprising to see what he does toward the support of the local work.

In the month of February of this year, we dedicated a fine little church at the village of Wailevu [Wi-lëv-oo], Wainibuka River, built of wood and iron, at a cost of £175. All the money was found by the natives themselves, almost £100 of it within twelve months of the finishing of the building. Recently these believers have placed an order with the Buresala [Boor-re-sah-lah] School for seats for this church which will cost them £35.

Nestled among the hills in the upper reaches of the Wainibuka River, is the little village of Burelevu [Boo-re-lev-oo]. Two years ago, at the request of these people, a native worker was stationed among them. One year later they called for a school teacher, who was sent among them to commence a school with an alarm clock as the main article of his equipment. Nine months later when visiting the village, I was deeply interested to see what these two men had accomplished. As a result of the combined labours of workers and believers, they have a fine native church, a school building with several blackboards and a table, some textbooks, etc., two well-built homes for the workers, two dormitories for the school children who come from near-by villages and who remain at the school during the weekly sessions. They also find their own lighting and other things that are





needed. In a few weeks, under the care of this teacher, the attendance grew from twenty to fifty. A striking feature is the attendance of a number of boys who left a coastal mission school operated by the Catholics and taught by a European, in order to attend this little school in the hills.

In the Colo North district last year the natives raised almost £90 to help in the erection of a native teacher's house of wood and iron, at a village in the centre of that district. This year they plan to raise a similar amount for the erection of a school building at a village down near the coast. The natives of Colo North are the poorest in Fiji, yet for the year 1928 their total offerings were a little over £100. May God bless these humble efforts to extend the work.

(November 16)

### How God Worked

PASTOR D. N. NICHOLSON told this story illustrating the way God works with young men who have come from heathen conditions: "On the Telina mission, in the pioneer days of our work in the Marovo Lagoon, Solomon Islands, we had gathered a large number of young people about us. The leading men of the villages in the district were afraid to leave their former customs, and they continued to offer sacrifices to the dead. In order to keep the young people under our influence, we encouraged them to plant a garden where they could grow their own food under the direction of the mission. Many of the heathen people recognised that their control over the youth would be broken if the young men could obtain a livelihood independent of them. It was an anxious time for the Telina mission.

"One day Pana, Peo, and some other leading boys came and informed me that a taro disease had attacked the mission garden. This disease was a very destructive one, which always spread very rapidly, and usually destroyed a whole garden in two or three days. I was very much concerned by the news, and evidently showed it in my face. Pana looked up at me and said, 'Why don't you go over into the garden and pray God to prevent this disease going any farther?' I felt I had not faith to do this, and so I said to Pana, 'Would you like to go across with some of your companions and offer prayer there?' They went immediately and had their prayer season in the taro patch.

"Great issues were at stake. On this occasion, as in others, it was very necessary that we be careful in prayer, as the natives were watching closely to see if the God whom we served would answer our prayers in the way we requested.

"On the Sunday morning I went to the garden with all the young people of the mission. The garden looked green and beautiful. It was about one and a half acres in extent. Pana pointed out to me a little patch about nine feet square where the disease had started its deadly work, but where, in answer to the prayer of these boys, it had suddenly been arrested and had gone no farther.

"All the natives felt that a miracle had indeed been wrought. Never before had they seen this disease arrested when it had once started. The attention of all the surrounding villages was directed to the mission and to the living God who could in such a wonderful way answer prayer. Spiritualism was rampant in the lagoon district in those

days; but from that time a change began to take place. It had been the custom of the natives all around the lagoon to offer sacrifices to the spirits whenever a new garden was planted; but from this time onward requests were made for the mission young people to visit their villages and pray to the true God for His blessing whenever a new garden was to be made. This knowledge spread from village to village, and many turned to the Lord.

"This incident, with other experiences, was the means God used to prove to these people that He lives, and that He is stronger than the spirits which they worshipped.

"If we had the childlike faith and trust of those native boys, would we not see more answers to our petitions?"

(November 23)

### "Give Me a Heart Like Thine"

"WHAT are you looking for?" was asked of a heathen devotee, on one of the sacred mountains of China, who had climbed the thousands of stone steps upon his knees. "Oh," he said, "I am looking for heaven." "Have you found it?" "No, I feel and I feel but I cannot find the door." All that the non-Christian nations have been feeling after, all that in the darkness they have sought, stumbling blindfolded, is for them now in Jesus Christ; not in a dry code, not in a hard and cold system, but in a loving and ever-living Person. The gospel's blessings are His gift. Its truths are His teachings. Its redemption is "through His blood." Its triumph is His resurrection. Its example is His life. Its abiding power and joy is His Presence with us and His Spirit in us.

This "word of the gospel" that we are charged to carry is a word whose length and breadth and depth and height God alone can measure, and yet a word so simple that the African Bushman can understand and welcome it, so simple that it can rest on the heart and lips of every little child throughout the world.

The church's missionary work has been broadly defined, therefore, as seeking to present Christ to men so intelligently and effectively that they will accept Him as their Saviour and Lord, conform their lives to His teachings, and aid in extending His kingdom.

The path of duty is clear. To each one of us comes the heavenly vision that came to Paul, and that came in another form to the rich young ruler. With the one we may go away sorrowful. With the other we may obediently ask, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" One path leads toward the sunset of dead hopes in the deepening gloom of an unsundered life. The other shineth more and more unto the perfect day, the vision growing brighter and brighter, until it shall "Bring us where no clouds conceal The beauty of His face."

The motive of obedience to the clearly revealed will and purpose of God should be sufficient, re-enforced as it is by the joy and the overwhelming responsibility of saving the lost from the misery and doom of "sin that bringeth forth death," there being "none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

To these are added other, deeper, motives. Shall not the love of Christ constrain us? "To know Him and the fellowship of His

sufferings was Paul's passionate longing. Some day we shall share His glory, shine in His likeness, sit with Him on His throne. But only in this brief earthly life can we have fellowship with Him in suffering. We who hope to share His heaven, shall we not count it a privilege and joy unspeakable to share in His labours and sacrifices for the saving of men, for the reaching of the unreached, that He may see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied?

He is calling us into the yet deeper fellowship of His compassion. In His two greatest parables, one picturing what God is, the other what a true Christian is, He shows us compassion as the impelling motive of each. "But while he was yet afar off, his father saw him, and was moved with compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him." "And when he saw him, he was moved with compassion and came to him, and bound up his wounds."

By what may His church to-day measure her likeness to her Lord? By her compassion for the countless multitudes with suffering bodies and darkened minds, spiritually guideless, groping, lost, "as sheep not having a shepherd." What prayer above all other prayers does His church need to pray? This prayer, "Give me a heart like Thine."—"The Desire of All Nations."

(November 30)

### Where Millions Call

Beyond the rolling billows' foam,  
Or working quietly at home,  
Our place we'll fill.  
Where millions cry to us for aid,  
We'll take the burden on us laid,  
And do God's will.

Perchance the way o'er stones may lead,  
Whence comes the call to sow the seed,  
Yet we'll not shrink;  
Who knows but bitter tears will flow,  
And some in death will be laid low,  
As we shall work?

It may be in a sunny land,  
That we'll be called to take our stand—  
The need's the same.  
E'en in fair lands the hearts are sore;  
They need the Name; they need it more,—  
Emmanuel's Name.

Ofttimes, though lonely be our lot,  
Though foreign sun be burning hot,  
We will not fail.  
Before stern trials from heathen foes,  
From stormy seas, or fever's throes,  
We will not quail.

We'll tarry here but for a day,  
For soon we must be on our way  
The seed to sow.  
From our dear friends 'tis hard to part;  
But idle be—we've not the heart,  
So forth we go.

To Him who holds the heavenly prize,  
Who waits His own in yonder skies,  
We give our all.  
Ah, then we'll better understand  
Why came the voice from far-off land  
Where millions call.

Send each one forth in Thy dear name  
Till tribes of earth shall love the same  
As we do here.  
O, give us strength, Thou God of heaven,  
As Thou Thy love to us hast given:  
This is our prayer.

FRANCES LIGHT.