



THE MISSIONARY LEADER

Vol. 25

SYDNEY, MAY, 1937

No. 5

Second Sabbath

MAY 8

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMME

Opening Hymn: "Forward! Be Our Watchword," No. 401 in "Advent Hymnal."
 Scripture Reading: John 1 : 35-49.
 Prayer.
 Offering for Conference Free Literature Fund.
 Hymn: "Hark! 'Tis the Watchman's Cry," No. 403.
 Reading: "The Call of the Hour."
 Reading: "Fires of Spiritual Passion."
 Reading: "The Joy of Service."
 Consecration call and signing of "Win-One" cards.
 Closing Hymn: "Win-One" Rally Song, or "Rescue the Perishing," No. 656.
 Benediction.

NOTES TO LEADERS

"The church of Christ is organised for service. Its watchword is ministry. Its members are soldiers, to be trained for conflict under the Captain of their salvation." — "Ministry of Healing," p. 148. The organisation of the church for the work it is commissioned to do centres primarily in the formation of "small companies" or "bands," which serve to advantage in the training process and also in the field of definite service.

The working band is the missionary unit. There is something wrong with the church member who has no interest in soul-winning work, for either he has not caught the real purpose of church fellowship, or there has been a failure on the part of the leadership to discern the talent and enlist it in service. It is generally recognised that the weakest point in our church missionary organisation centres in the band formation. To strengthen this, the first step should be a regularly appointed band leaders' meeting, at least once a month, and attended by all missionary officers and band leaders. The band leaders in turn should meet their respective bands for prayer and counsel. They should go with their members and show them how to give Bible readings, and direct and assist in any other kind of work.

Besides these working bands, classes should be formed for instruction in "The Art of Giving Bible Readings," "Work with Our Literature," and any other special lines for which there is a demand. Your Conference Home Mission Secretary will be glad to assist in the formation of such bands.

If a supply of "Win-One" cards is not available, please secure them from your conference office.

A.U.C. Home Missions Dept.

THE CALL OF THE HOUR

The first chapter of John is a personal workers' chapter. Its heading might appropriately be, "Won by One." In this chapter we read, "One of the two which heard John speak, and followed Him, was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother. He first findeth his own brother Simon." Verses 40, 41.

These are days of mass production; we are living in a time of mass psychology. But God does not save men by churches,

but by individuals. This is the method used and taught by the Master Teacher.

Jesus said to His disciples, "From henceforth thou shalt catch men." We are told by the wise man, "He that winneth souls is wise." (Prov. 11:30), and the marginal rendering is, "He that TAKETH souls is wise." Our business is to catch and take souls for the kingdom. Andrew's experience illustrates what is meant. He found the Saviour and experienced the thrill of thrills. True to the impulse of every converted soul, he wanted his brother to know Jesus also, and so "he first findeth his own brother Simon," and arm-in-arm they walk and talk together. Never for one moment did Andrew deviate from the objective of searching for his brother. He was to take him for Christ; to catch him away from Satan's net and hold him for Christ.

"With the calling of John and Andrew and Simon, of Philip and Nathanael, began the foundation of the Christian church. . . . There are many who need the ministrations of loving Christian hearts. Many have gone down to ruin who might have been saved, if their neighbours, common men and women, had put forth personal effort for them. Many are waiting to be personally addressed. In the very family, the neighbourhood, the town where we live, there is work for us to do as missionaries for Christ. If we are Christians, this work will be our delight." — "The Desire of Ages," p. 141.

There are other outstanding facts relative to personal evangelism revealed in this first chapter of John. First, personal evangelism is natural to life itself. Second, it must be characterised by much prayer. Third, it is obligatory upon all.

It was the natural thing for Andrew to go and find his own brother, after he himself had discovered Christ. God made man that way, and Andrew was only following human instinct, characteristic of all men, when he sought to impart to another the joy that had thrilled his own soul.

Personal evangelism must be accompanied by much prayer. In response to the question of the two disciples of John, "Where dwellest Thou?" Jesus, the Master Soul-winner, answered, "Come and see." Being in His presence filled the disciples with such an overflowing, radiant joy and peace that their future course of life was forever settled, and they returned to their accustomed environment with a **zeal and warmth of soul that led them forth to tell others of their experience.** The place to which Jesus took His inquirers was none other than the place of prayer. That was where Jesus ever loved to dwell, and that is where every successful soul-winner must dwell.

Deeply impressed by the urgency of the hour, our leaders assembled at the latest General Conference Council passed a recommendation calling upon all our people to "join in a world-wide Win-One movement, maintaining a definite prayer list, and by personal, soul-winning efforts seek to win at least one soul to Christ before the close of 1937." We earnestly call upon every one, old and young, seriously to consider this call of the hour and solemnly and conscientiously promise to

try to win at least one person to Christ during this present year. Are you one of "those who for a lifetime have professed to be acquainted with Christ, yet who have never made a personal effort to bring even one soul to the Saviour"? Remember that "saving, sanctifying truth cannot be shut up in the heart," and "if we are Christians" personal soul-winning work will be our delight.

Andrew found his man, "An-drew" him to Christ. Our greatest need in every church is for "An-drews" — men and women who have "found the Christ" and know the joy of His fellowship, and will at once go in search of kindred and friends and bring them into the presence of the loving Saviour.

Home Missions Dept.

FIRES OF SPIRITUAL PASSION

A glance at present-day conditions throughout the world is not calculated to inspire optimism, nor awaken or renew confidence in a speedy return of world stability and good will among men. Sin seemingly is tightening its grip upon the human family everywhere. The heart of man is desperately wicked. Unbelief flourishes in all directions. Irreligion proclaims itself with an increasing sense of pride. Indifference to spiritual matters spreads among men. Multitudes are becoming hard and cold to the appeal and challenge of the cross. With many there is not even enough interest to provoke inquiry. Surely the description given by the apostle Paul of the spiritual destitution of men, as "dead in trespasses and sins" (Eph. 2:1) is most applicable today.

Desperate as the situation was in the apostle's day, and discouraging as the outlook may be today, yet it was not hopeless then, nor is it hopeless now. The apostle, however, does not stop by portraying the facts of his day; he talks courage, and he presents and states the ground of true Christian optimism: "But God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ." Eph. 2:4, 5.

To preach Christ and Him crucified is the call of the hour. The world is more than ever in need of redemption. We believe we are right when we contend that along with the widespread tendency toward irreligion, there is a profound spiritual hunger in the world. There are multitudes who are truly seekers after God and His light for our day, but they know not the way to the Friend who offers salvation and redemption.

The church which has been wrapped in Laodicean comfort must bestir itself, and shake off the fetters and the dust. The fires of spiritual passion must be made to burn with new brightness and glow. In these days of storm and stress, life-saving crews are needed on a thousand coasts and shores where human beings are struggling in the surging swells and the roaring breakers. The day is at hand when a mighty and swift work must be performed. The battle is on. It remains for the church to summon all the spiritual power at its command. There is still unlimited opportunity for the performance of works of wonder and grace through faith, prayer, and loving, unselfish service. If the passion for souls has grown dull and cold, let us go to Calvary where the fires are rekindled, and let us plead with God for

the quickening of the Spirit in a measure that will bring fire down from heaven into our own lives and into the lives of those we are privileged to tell of the saving power of the gospel of Christ.

Nothing but the persuasive and atoning power of the crucifixion and resurrection of Christ, the reviving and enabling grace of the Holy Spirit, together with the boundless love of God filling the hearts of members of the church and the ministry, can avail to move and stir a world like ours to a consciousness of its lost condition.

The challenge of evangelism to our ministers and our laity is tremendous. The time is at hand when evangelism and personal soul-winning ministry must become the all-absorbing passion and business of the church. The timely revival of the "Win-One" plan will, we believe, mean new life and joy to thousands, both within and without the church. When ministers and church officers catch the vision of the unlimited possibilities of its far-reaching results in the home, the church, and the community, and unite in praying, planning, and training for its successful operation, what a flood of light will stream forth to the four corners of earth! The certainty of the statement in "The Great Controversy" rings with true and real meaning in these days: "By thousands of voices, all over the earth, the warning will be given. Miracles will be wrought, the sick will be healed, and signs and wonders will follow the believers."—Pages 611, 612.

In our prayerful and earnest endeavour to bring some one to Christ before the end of 1937, let us remember that "there is no limit to the usefulness of the one who, putting self aside makes room for the working of the Holy Spirit upon his heart, and lives a life wholly consecrated to God."—"Testimonies," Vol. 8, p. 19.

STEEN RASMUSSEN,
Home Missionary Sec.,
General Conference.

THE JOY OF SERVICE

What blessed experiences are found in the service of our King! How they thrill and inspire the soul as they are entered into and related to the glory of God and the encouragement of fellow comrades! It is said that "the highest reward of service is perhaps the privilege of having been of service. Napoleon gave his soldiers, after a famous battle, a simple medal inscribed with the sentence, 'I was there,' and the name of the battle field; yet money could not buy from his veterans this little memorial of their part in the campaigns of the great warrior. To have been a soldier in the wars of God under the leadership of Jesus, will in itself be honour enough to a redeemed soul." Conquests are daily being won on the battle fields of sin, and when the victory is won, our Captain will bestow upon each soldier the medal of "a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth save he that receiveth it."

But even in this life we may have a foretaste of heaven through the joy which comes in service for others.

The day following a sermon on the subject of heaven, a minister met one of his wealthy members, who asked, "Pastor, you preached a good sermon yesterday about heaven, but you did not tell us where heaven is."

The minister replied: "I am glad of this opportunity to tell you now. I have just come from the cottage on the hilltop yonder. In that cottage is a member of our church, sick in bed with fever; her two little children are sick in another bed, and she does not have any coal, wood, flour, or bread. If you will go and buy a supply of groceries and take them to her in the name of our Lord and Saviour, and then read Psalm 23, and pray, you will find what heaven is like."

The man followed the suggestion, and in relating the experience said, "I spent fifteen minutes in heaven." So may we enter into a new understanding of the plan

of salvation and the reality of heaven through daily contact with needy souls.

Perhaps we sense our great responsibility, and long to do our part, and yet feel utterly incapable of the task; but the Lord can and will use the instrument that is surrendered to Him. A certain member felt that he could not engage in the most prominent branches of missionary service, but decided to do what he could, by personal visits, to induce others to attend church services. He began by calling at the store of a business acquaintance. On discovering that he was at home ill, he decided to visit him at home and extend an invitation to him to attend the services as soon as he felt able. He found the man sick, distressed, and discouraged, and there came to the visitor a sudden realization that he had a bigger message for this man than simply to invite him to come to church, and that he was rather to invite him to yield his heart to the Saviour. With a silent prayer that the Holy Spirit would take charge of the situation, he gradually turned the conversation into the channel of personal witness, ending in a personal appeal to this acquaintance to accept the plan of salvation. Soon both were on their

knees in prayer, and the interview ended with the man's decision to become a Christian, and the one who was willing to do what he could, had the glad consciousness of being a real soul-winner.

"There is no use in my trying to be a Christian; look at my feet," remarked an aged Chinese lady to a missionary, pointing to her deformed and bandaged legs.

"What have your feet to do with your not being a Christian?" asked the missionary, somewhat perplexed.

"Oh," said the woman, "if I am a Christian, I will have to go into the world and travel up and down, preaching the gospel, and I could not travel with these feet." We may smile at her simplicity, but was not the Chinese woman nearer to the Saviour's real thought, than is her average Christian sister?

We are indeed slow to realise that Christ is waiting for us to finish the work. The Lord cannot come for His people until we have given the gospel message to "every nation, kindred, tongue, and people." Our neighbours and friends in our community must be given opportunity to know the truth for the last days.

A.U.C. Home Missions Dept.

Ten-Minute Missionary Services

MAY 1

TOPIC:

SPEAKING FOR CHRIST

Suggestions for Talk

"The Lord has a place for every one in His great plan. Talents that are not needed are not bestowed. Suppose that the talent is small, God has a place for it, and that one talent, if faithfully used, will do the very work God designs that it should do. The talents of the humble cottager are needed in the house-to-house labour, and can accomplish more in this work than brilliant gifts." Of course it is true that all cannot preach, but preaching "is a small part of the work to be done for the salvation of souls."—"Testimonies," Vol. 4, p. 69.

There are some who feel that they have abilities to preach and do public work, and therefore pass by the most interesting and successful method—the personal touch. "The work of Christ was largely made up of personal interviews. He had a faithful regard for the one-soul audience. From that one soul the intelligence received was carried to thousands."—Vol. 6, p. 115.

"In the precious, delicate work of winning souls to Christ, there is one of three motives prompting every act: First, fear of loss of eternal life if we do not; second, hope of reward if we do; and third, love for souls for whom Jesus shed His blood. Prompted by either of the first two motives, men are led to do this work spasmodically, and but little is accomplished. On the other hand, labour prompted by love knows no defeat, fears no hardship, sees no barriers, and longs for personal contact. Love does not consider it a question of duty, for with the thought of duty there is also a thought of bondage."

In Proverbs 11:30, we read, "He that winneth souls is wise." "Win is a love term. We speak of a young man winning his bride. Win is a battle term. Men go into long, vigorous training in order to win the battle. It is also a financial term. Men will invest all they have in order to win large fortunes. The science of soul-winning transcends all other sciences in technique, delicacy, and importance. To win a soul is greater than to be captain of an army, for a captain's work is to kill and destroy, while yours is to bring life.

"Whether layman or minister, one can do nearly all the work the church expects of him, such as preaching, distributing literature, holding Bible readings, paying tithe, etc., and still be a sinner. But when it comes to speaking to a man about

his relationship to God, if he has sin in his own heart, unconfessed and unforgiven, it stands as a barrier against this delicate work.

"If a great burden for souls would only come upon an individual, he would find little difficulty in doing personal work. Suppose I were standing near a high bridge and saw a blind man approach, expecting to pass over. Suppose I knew that the workmen had just gone to their dinner, leaving a dangerous gap in the centre of the bridge. If I say nothing at all to my blind neighbour, simply look on while he presses forward, reaches the fatal gap, and is dashed to pieces one hundred feet below, I am guilty of his blood. I saw the danger, but raised no cry of alarm. His blood must be required at my hands. Dear brethren and sisters, will you not ask God to help you to reach at least one person a week, and ask him if he is a Christian? or if you know he is a Christian, ask him, 'How is your courage today?' I am sure this will bring results, and the Lord will bless you in this undertaking."

Home Missions Dept.

MAY 8

TOPIC:

"HIS PEOPLE SHALL BE WILLING"

"For He will finish the work, and cut it short in righteousness: because a short work will the Lord make upon the earth." Rom. 9:28.

"And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth lifted up his hand to heaven, and swore by Him that liveth for ever and ever, who created heaven, and the things that therein are, and the earth, and the things that therein are, and the sea, and the things which are therein, that there should be delay no longer." Rev. 10:5, 6. A.R.V.

Previous to this generation the march of events was slow, and no man living before the present century could expect to see many changes of importance during his lifetime; but during the last few years we have witnessed an acceleration of events that has been absolutely without parallel in history. Just now the world is running at a giddy pace, covering the progress of a century in one year. People are travelling today through the air faster than the speed of the bullets in the Crimea. Men are now working to perfect aeroplanes that will go round the world in one day. Time

has almost been eliminated, and space practically annihilated.

The accelerator of communication has been so stepped on that cabled messages can be sent around the globe in less time than it takes to walk from one street corner to another.

Some startling event happens, and it is immediately telegraphed over the country, and a few minutes later the newsboys in cities 3,000 miles away are selling newspapers containing the story.

And so the world is moving with such lightning-like rapidity that progress is measured these days in minutes.

We are connected, in the providence of God, with the Advent movement. It is to be the greatest soul-winning movement of all time. The "Win-One" aim for 1937 is not a man-made plan. It is God's plan, and the Holy Spirit from heaven is God's method. All heaven is waiting for us, as the people of God, to consecrate to Him all there is of us, and then to experience that deep travail of heart for the salvation of those around us, that will bring the fullness of enabling grace and power for the completion of the work. God says His people shall be willing in the day of His power. Does this 1937 "Win-One" effort find you willing?

S. V. Stratford.

MAY 15

TOPIC :

EVERY CHRISTIAN WORKING FOR HIS NEIGHBOUR

The late Pastor A. G. Daniells, speaking at a meeting a few years ago, made the following striking statements :

"I was reading an article a short time ago by William T. Ellis, the great writer and war correspondent, and above all a real Christian. He climbed up Mount Sinai, and tried to find the rock on which Moses stood when God talked to him, and where God proclaimed the law. After he came back, one of the New York papers engaged him to write an article on the religious situation in America, and what could be done, and they gave him six months in which to do it. He spent six months going to churches in the large cities and country districts. He tramped from coast to coast studying religious conditions, and I have his write-up. It is a marvellous article.

"After describing the situation as he found it, — the desire of the people for light and the failure of the clergy to give it, — he goes on to show that if the situation is ever met, it will be by the members of the church going forth individually to give what they have received of Christ to their fellow men around them.

"Really, he points out as the hope of this country today just exactly what we have to work for in this Home Missions Department. I felt happy when I read that, and saw that God had put into the heart of such a great man as Mr. Ellis to show that exactly what we are trying to do is the only way of reaching the masses of the people in the land. He says the preachers cannot do it, for they do not have the contact with the masses, and they do not have the same vision. If the masses are saved, it will be by every neighbour helping his neighbour, every Christian working for his neighbour. Is not that our objective? Is not that what we are working for?

"Now, brethren, I want to put every ounce of influence I have into this home missionary work. I believe in it with all my heart. It is a great big movement full of meaning, and I tell you it demands our earnest thought. . . . Brethren, do you want to see the Lord come? Do you want to go to heaven? Do you want all your hopes that you have cherished to be broken, or do you want to see the coming of the glory land, and enter in with your wives and your children? . . . I would like to see the Lord come in my day, but I know that if I do, I must put all the earnestness of my life into this work. . . . There is much latent power and talent

wrapped up in our membership. If it were only rightly harnessed and attached to this work of God! Who can tell what we could do if we all threw ourselves into it?"

A.U.C. Home Missions Dept.

MAY 22

TOPIC :

MINISTRY OF OUR PERIODICALS

Suggestions for Talk (Matt. 13 : 3-8)

The work of those who scatter seeds of truth by the distribution of the "Signs of the Times" is aptly illustrated in the Saviour's parable. The importance of the literature ministry to this denomination is described by the Spirit of Prophecy in the following well-known statement: "The world is to receive the light of truth through an evangelising ministry of the word in our books and periodicals." Thus we see that Inspiration places the seal of approval upon literature as a soul-winning instrument.

Some of the staunchest members in the church today were reached through reading the "Signs," tracts, or other literature. Churches have been organised in places where no minister has ever been, the fruitage of which has come about through the reading of a tract or a magazine. Recently a lady was found who had been keeping the Sabbath for thirty years, without knowing that there were others of like faith twelve miles from where she lived.

Many a church would be revived if a systematic programme of literature distribution were started. Many are praying to save souls; they would like to be able to preach a sermon, but all they need to do is to sell, lend, or give away our papers and books.

We have found that the most fruitful way

of distribution is the systematic follow-up method, either in person in near-by territory, or by mail if territory to be worked is at a distance. First, the field nearest at hand should be thoroughly worked, and the "Signs," tracts, or other literature that will lead the mind step by step to the great truths of the Bible left in the same homes week by week.

Some can give more than others to this work, but it does not seem too much to expect that every believer could give at least one hour each week to this phase of Christian service. In that time, ten to twenty homes could be visited each week, and with all members taking part, what a large work could be accomplished! Interested persons would be searched out, opportunities for giving Bible studies found, and opening for cottage meetings developed.

A.U.C. Home Missions Dept.

MAY 29

TOPIC :

SOUL-WINNING EXPERIENCES

Text : Heb. 10 : 24

Suggestions: Personal experiences are very effective in meeting the apostle Paul's admonition to provoke unto love and to good works. Encourage the church members to tell what blessings God has granted to them in their service for Him. It will be well to plan this service a week in advance. Find out which members have had good experiences in their personal missionary work; then help them to outline their stories in such a way that they can be told in a few minutes. Do not exceed the ten-minute period. It is sometimes difficult to stop those whose hearts are overflowing with zeal for God.

Home Missions Dept.

Missionary Volunteer Department

MAY 1

LEARNING TO PRAY

By S. V. Stratford

BELIEVE

"He that cometh to God must believe that He is," Heb. 11 : 6. The atheist and the evolutionist do not believe that God is, and therefore do not know anything about prayer.

Adventist youth today certainly believe that God is: our very act of prayer is an expression of faith in the Presence; yet many times we feel that He is a long, long way away! We must not only believe that God is, but that He is "not far from every one of us,"—that He is near at hand in every moment of need.

Men think it is wonderful to be able to travel in a motor car at the speed of 300 miles an hour; and so it is! But prayer is far more wonderful; in fact, it is the most wonderful thing in all the world. Light, travelling over eleven million miles a minute, takes hundreds of years to reach us from Orion, the opening in the heavens; yet the angel Gabriel reached Daniel before he had finished praying. (Read Dan. 9 : 21-23.) It is a glorious thought that although God is far from us, through prayer He is very close to us! The great scientist, Sir Isaac Newton, said, "I can take my telescope and look millions of miles into space; but I can lay it aside, go to my room, shut the door, get on my knees in earnest prayer, and I can see more of heaven and get closer to God than I can with all the telescopes in the world!"

PRAY

"I often say my prayers,
But do I ever pray?
And do the wishes of my heart
Go with the words I say?"

"I may as well kneel down
And worship gods of stone,

As offer to the living God
A prayer of words alone."

Sometimes it would seem that some professing Christians are not very much different from the Hindu who turns a crank and the same prayer is sent spinning round on a little wheel over his shoulder. When we were children, we were taught to say the prayer which begins, "This night I lay me down to sleep." It was all very fit and beautiful at the time. As we have grown older we should have learned to formulate our own prayers, according to our needs and our blessings.

Samuel Chadwick once made the statement, "To pray as God would have us pray, is the greatest achievement on earth." Moody used to say, "It is more important for us to know how to pray, than it is for us to know how to preach; for if we have power to prevail with God, we shall certainly have power to prevail with men!"

Think of the marvellous things accomplished by the men who learned to prevail with God! John Knox grasped all Scotland in his strong arms of faith; his praying terrified tyrants. Whitefield, in the spirit of prayer, went to the devil's fair and took more than a thousand souls out of the paw of the lion in one day. A praying Wesley turned more than a thousand souls to the Lord. Finney's prayer of faith shook his whole country, and sent a wave of blessing on both sides of the sea.

Be it ever remembered that every great soul who became mighty in prayer had to learn how! Each was once a beginner! Should we not, as Seventh-day Adventist young people, seriously set our hearts to learn? Let us go right back to the A B C of it. First, have a meeting place with our Father, in some secluded spot in the out-of-doors if possible, or in the privacy of our own room; second, make prayer a conversation, the opening of the heart to God as to a friend, and the listening to the still, small Voice; and, third, make prayer

a concentration, the calling of every faculty of mind and body to the realisation of the Presence; the holding of the mind to that fact, and the tolerating of no distraction.

We are to spend some time, thoughtfully, each day in the contemplation of the life of Christ and in communion with God. Not only each day, but each hour we should remember that we need blessing and enabling from above.

WAIT

One of the last exhortations Christ gave to His disciples was: "Tarry ye . . . until ye be endued with power from on high." We are in the midst of a world of hurry. Do we not often feel too busy to pray, and especially to watch and to wait? Certain it is that the habit of drawing aside from the noise and activities of the world for the purpose of meditation and renewal of spirit, is more needed at this time than at any other time in history. Yet, somehow or other, it is becoming more and more difficult in the busy world to withdraw from the presence of others and be alone with God.

The only safe way is to guard jealously the habit which will isolate us from others for the purpose of thinking upon the things of God. The absence of this daily reflection explains why so many Christians, both old and young, are losing in the battle with the forces of evil.

A young cavalry officer just prior to a charge suddenly discovered that his saddle-girth was loose. Quickly he alighted from his horse, tightened the strap, and, leaping once more to the saddle, led his company on to victory. Keep in mind, youthful followers of God, that the Christian who rushes into his activities and duties and temptations of the day and neglects to pray, rides with a loosened buckle, and is riding for a fall!

The disciples were to tarry "until" they were endued with power from on high. It is right here, perhaps, we make our biggest mistake of all. It isn't an easy thing to pray and be patient. We are so conscious of fleeting time: we beat on the doors of heaven and cry, "O Lord, make haste to help us!" Does it never occur to us that God may be trying to teach us to wait? In Jeremiah 42 we find that Jeremiah was asked to obtain word from God for war-weary, frightened men who hoped to be told to find shelter in Egypt away from the sound of the trumpet. "And it came to pass after ten days, that the word of the Lord came unto Jeremiah." The reply was ten long days in coming, and when it did come it advised His people to stay where they were and cease being afraid, and God would save them. But the people were not prepared to act on it, and they perished. If God keeps us waiting, let us fill in the time by seeking from Him the spirit of trusting acceptance of whatever the answer may be.

We are to wait until "prayer changes things," — changes our rush until it becomes quietness; changes formality until it becomes reality; changes surface froth until it becomes the quiet depths; changes discouragement until it becomes encouragement; changes annoyance to peace; until, having looked to God, our faces are radiant! (Read Isa. 40 : 31.)

WITH GOD ALL DAY

Begin the day with God;
Kneel down to Him in prayer;
Lift up thy heart to His abode,
And seek His love to share.

Open the Book of God,
And read a portion there,
That it may hallow all thy thoughts,
And sweeten all thy care.

Go through the day with God,
Whate'er thy work may be;
Where'er thou art—at home, abroad—
He still is near to thee.

Converse in mind with God;
Thy spirit heavenward raise;
Acknowledge every good bestowed,
And offer grateful praise.

Conclude the day with God;
Thy sins to Him confess;
Trust in the Lord's atoning blood,
And plead His righteousness.

Lie down at night with God;
Who gives His servants sleep;
And when thou tread'st the vale of death,
He will thee guard and keep.
— Author Unknown.

"PRAYER CHANGES THINGS"

From the pen of a war correspondent of the London "Daily Mail":

"A few weeks ago I stood outside the compound of Mr. Turley, the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Manchuria, and looked at a pleasant-faced elderly Chinese Bible woman talking with, and selling books to, a crowd of natives around her. Six years ago, when the Boxer movement arose in Northern China, the Boxers at Mukden determined to make an end of Christianity there. They stormed the Roman Catholic cathedral and butchered the priests and nuns and their converts in horrible fashion. They broke up the Protestant mission, with accompaniments of torture and shame which I dare not dwell on. They specially resolved to lay hold of this Bible woman, for she had been so active and successful that all knew her. At last they caught her, with two nieces, in a suburb of the city.

"The three women were thrown on a springless Chinese cart, and, surrounded by a howling mob, were led toward the centre of Mukden, where they were to be tortured, outraged, and killed. The two nieces were crying bitterly, and the old woman turned to them and spoke very earnestly. Why should they cry? Let them pray! God would help them! She herself started praying, and soon her nieces joined her, and their tears ceased.

"It was a long and weary ride. The roadway was blocked with carts, and the death tumbrel could move only at snail's pace. The fears of the younger women were now over. There was not a tremble or a tear from them. Soon an uneasy sense of awe came over the Boxers. Why were not these women afraid? One man suggested that some spirit was guarding them, and another spoke fearfully of the dangers that would fall on those who should offend the spirits, while others continued to shout loudly for vengeance. Still the cart moved on, nearer to the execution ground.

"As it passed under the shadow of the city walls a Chinese gentleman, well known in the locality, rode by in state. He cast his eye over the women. 'What fools you Boxers are,' he said, 'to kill these women, when they might be sold for good silver. I will buy them off you.' The Boxers, already uneasy, saw a way out of their difficulty, and seized the opportunity. The women, bound as they were, were tossed into the back of the gentleman's cart and driven out toward the country.

"When the cart got away from the crowds into a quiet part, the owner stopped it. The women's bonds were cut, and they were taken out. The Chinaman looked at them with a smile. 'Some day,' he said, 'when you are well-off again, you can pay me back what I have given for you today. Now you can go where you please.' Is it any wonder that that old Bible woman believes in Christianity and in prayer?"

lightly, for in her eyes still shone the light of joy, and the furrows in her face seemed but smile-paths. She sat before a large western window, the rays of the sinking sun casting a halo of glory about her. On her lap lay a letter, penned in a masculine hand, which she now and then touched lovingly. The envelope, bearing a foreign stamp, had slipped to the floor.

It was Mother's Day. How like that boy of hers to plan for that day, though it must be done a month before! Again she caressed his letter. Mother's Days had not always come on the second Sunday in May. Her eyes wandered past the panorama of spring outside her window to the golden gates of the sunset. But they did not stop there, for just beyond lay the golden Land of Memory. And she followed its mystic call.

She remembered the first Mother's Day. A lazy breeze rustled the white curtain near her arm chair, and carried the fragrance of honeysuckle and the hum of a bee as it idled through the neat cottage. The tiny form she held thrilled her through and through. To her, he seemed the most beautiful babe she had ever seen. But he was so tiny, she hardly dared touch him. What did the future hold for him? Jesus had once been as small as that! O that her boy might grow pure and good as He! What a responsibility was hers! Yet her heart overflowed with a joy before unknown.

ANOTHER MEMORY

In the same cottage room a light burned low. With sinking heart she bent over a small white bed and moistened burning lips, feeling hot, quick breaths against her cheek. Uncertainty had tortured for days. How could she give up her darling babe? Yet she would leave it all in the hands of a loving Father. Then she and daddy knelt beside the little bed and gave the precious life to Him to take or leave in their keeping, as He willed — but, oh, how her heart cried out that he might be spared!

At dawn the crisis was passed, the grave doctor smiled, and a grateful sense of relief almost overcame her. How good God was!

Through the days and weeks that followed, and always after that, her boy looked different to her. She knew now how Hannah felt about Samuel.

And now he was old enough to go to school. With a First Reader under his arm and a pencil in his hand, the boy stood in the doorway. He felt every inch of his height this bright summer morning.

"Good-bye, mother," he said gravely. And she kissed him and walked out to the gate with him, cautioning him to do just what teacher asked him to do, and to come home right after school. She wanted to take him to the schoolhouse, but she must let him enjoy this little adventure to the full.

When the gate closed and the boy trudged sturdily down the road, waving her a merry good-bye, she felt that the world her little man was entering was a pretty big place. Now for the first time he would look to others for answers to some of his questions. It was the first separation!

But he was still mostly hers. They would study his lessons together. They would still have their walks in the woods and their bedtime confidences.

As she turned back to the cottage, the dahlias nodded to her in the sunlight. Then she ran in to see if the bread was ready for the oven.

A DAY OF JOY AND THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

She was mending a pair of the boy's old trousers. She heard the door open and close, and glancing at the clock, saw that it was time for him to come home from school. But what could be the matter, for the boy usually dashed in with a lusty,

MAY 8

MOTHER'S DAY

There was a mother on whom rested the snows of many winters; but they rested

"O mother, where are you?" and a glowing account of some adventure in school or outside of it!

Slipping in beside her, he put his arm around her neck and said quietly, "Mother, I've been an awfully bad boy. I want to be good, I want to be a real Christian, and be baptised, so I can work for Jesus."

After a quiet talk they knelt together. How his prayer thrilled her as he consecrated himself to God, and told Him that he wanted to be a missionary for Him.

She was sure that this was the happiest moment of her life.

And now he was nearly grown up. School days had finished, and as the woods were putting on a faint tinge of autumn, she and daddy drove the boy to the little station. He was going away to college. All vacation they had planned and worked for it. She had been busy the last few days putting the finishing touches on his clothes and room-furnishings and packing them. Of course she wanted him to go — she wouldn't have him stay for the world, but it was a tremendous pull on the heart-strings just the same. What a vacancy he would leave in the little home!

Soon the train came puffing in, the final good-byes were said, and the boy was gone. All the way home, as she went about her work, questions filled her heart and thoughts. Will he be homesick? What kind of roommate will he have? Who will his friends be?

But he was in the hands of One who — could it be possible? — loved him more than she, and she knew that he was in safe keeping.

REACHING THE GOAL AND GAINING A DAUGHTER

She was sitting in the special seat her boy had reserved for her. She could hardly believe that they were really here, and that the event toward which they had looked and worked for years had really come — the boy's graduation.

She was dressed in her prettiest, a dress she had made especially for this momentous occasion. Dad had a new suit. They had always been proud of this boy of theirs, but this was the proudest hour of their lives.

The programme progressed slowly. There was the president's speech, the music, and class history. But the supreme moment came when the class president stepped forward to deliver his address. She drank in every word, and while he was speaking she suddenly sensed that her boy was a man, ready to stand in his place in the world. And although it was hard to think he was not her baby any more, she was glad.

And now the boy was going to be married. She could not have found a sweeter little wife for him had she done the choosing herself. She used to dread the thought of this event, but now she was happy to be gaining such a dear daughter.

The strains of the wedding march floated out on fragrance-laden air. The little church was beautifully decorated. How like the day when she had pledged her love to the man who was still by her side! As the sweet bride came slowly to join the noble young man waiting at the altar, her mother-heart thrilled with pride and happiness. For how could she be sad when they were so happy, and when this was but another step to the fulfilment of the life goal before her son? And she had always wanted a daughter.

THE GREATEST SACRIFICE AND THE REWARD

"Mother, my call has come!" exclaimed the boy, appearing in the garden where she was hoeing peas, with a letter in his hand. "They want us to sail the last of next month."

Oh, he could not know what that meant

to her! Yet she had known it would come, for had they not worked and planned for it all his life? Consent or decision was not thought of, for that had all been settled. And she was glad. What a disappointment, had she not had the privilege of making this sacrifice!

The day for sailing came so quickly. She was glad she could go to the boat with them. But as the distance between the shore and the boat widened, she felt that she could not endure the strain. It seemed that the tie that had bound him to the little home circle was being forever broken. But she knew where to look for comfort. The one sacred spot in her heart that he alone had occupied since the day he drew his first fluttering breath, was left empty, but for the sweet memories of the days when he was all her own. Yet she would not for a moment withdraw the sacrifice.

But was there a reward?

Suddenly she realised that she was sitting alone in the dark, even the last purple glow had faded from the western sky.

Turning on a light, she read again the letter from her boy. How she enjoyed his newsy letters, which came every week, telling about their work and life on the little mission station, and reminding her that she had a part in it all, because she had made it possible for him to be there. And how she would prize this Mother's Day letter, written, as the boy declared, to the "best little mother in all the world," in which he tried to tell her what she had meant to him.

Oh, it was indeed a privilege to be the mother of such a son as hers!

MOTHER LOVE AND CALVARY

I bent my ears to a lily's cup,
And thought that it spoke to me,
By the stainless white of its petals light,
Of a mother's purity.

The heart of a red, red rose I crushed
And it seemed that within my eyes
There was shadowed the gleam of the
crimson stream
Of a mother's sacrifice.

I considered the sun and the moon and the
stars,
The winds and the tides of the sea,
And found in the span of their beautiful
plan
All a mother's constancy.

Then I lifted my eyes to a hilltop lone,
Where Love hung high on a tree.
And, lo, it was there I could best compare
My mother's love for me.

— Jane Alford.

MAY 15

OUR BEAUTIFUL WORLD

By Opal Hoover

God tells us in Genesis that He created the sun to rule the day and the moon to rule the night; He tells us that He created the stars in the heavens. But He does not tell us in that account of the magnificent splendour of the sunsets and sunrises; He doesn't mention the silver magic of the moon or the twinkling beauty of the stars. We are told in Genesis that the water was divided from the land, but we are not told of the grandeur of the mighty oceans, of the placid serenity of lakes, or of the rippling music of the streams. The Bible relates the creation of animal and plant life, but it leaves untold the graceful stateliness of trees, the dainty fragrance of flowers, and the joyous songs of birds.

All of these things have come to us through the loving care of our heavenly Father, and each morn brings its fresh surprises and tokens of an almighty untiring Creator. I think it will please Him

if we take time to think on these beauties of the world in which we live.

LIGHTS IN THE FIRMAMENT

"And God said, Let there be light:
and there was light."

God made the sun to rule the day and the moon to rule the night, and then He threw in for good measure the twinkling stars that Byron so aptly refers to as "the poetry of heaven." Who has not thrilled to see the glorious grandeur of the rising or setting sun as the magnificent colours are flung across the sky "like a regal tent o'erhead," or who has not responded to the silent beauty of the moon? And what one of us is there who has not known his troubles to shrink to nothingness under a starlit sky?

Archibald Rutledge, the great nature lover, said that a sunrise suggests "not alone a magnificent spectacle of Nature, having in it the grandeur of the mighty rhythm of the universe, serene and infallible; but invariably it suggests to me the presence of Him who planned it all. And I feel also, every time the morning comes, a sense of forgiveness of God for all my shortcomings and downright sins. Sunrise is to me a splendid pledge that God pardons

NOTE

NO PROGRAMME HAS BEEN PREPARED FOR MAY 22

me, and gives me another radiant chance at least three hundred and sixty-five times each year. During the accepted span of life, the human heart has the privilege of being humbled and being cleansed through seeing more than twenty-five thousand sunrises."

Rutledge has said further that "granting that the sun does rise in obedience to law, it is a law established by Him 'who pillared the blue firmament with light.'"

A mountaineer man told a companion of his, early one morning as he was walking along the road, "It's hard to be mean at sunrise." "And it is true," as Rutledge said, "that the pageants of Nature always have in them spiritual power for us, if we do not drive through life so fast that we are unwilling to give their silent splendour a chance to redeem our souls."

The natural beauties, so fresh and living from the hand of the Creator, inspire man to produce other things of beauty, to interpret his feelings. To express the feelings within us, we turn to the poets and musicians to whom God has given a small portion of His own creative art. One evening while Beethoven was walking with a friend down a street, the story is told, he heard some one playing one of his own compositions. He entered the house and discovered it was a blind girl playing by ear. To please her he went to the piano and played a number for her. She begged for more. The candle in the poor little room burned low, flickered, and went out. The moon, shining full, came through the window and flooded the room, the piano, and the musician with its mystic light. Beethoven, thrilled with its beauty and enchantment, began to play. The result was his immortal "Moonlight Sonata," a composition that expresses for us a thankfulness to God for the silent beauty of a moonlight night.

A man who spent a night out in a severe storm wrote; "I knew in a way where I was, but to locate myself better I looked toward what I believed to be the west.

"Through the heavy arras of rain, to my amazement, I saw a little rift in the storm rack, hardly bigger than my hand, in the very heart of which the evening star gleamed in dewy-silver solitude. In all the stillness of felicity it shone serenely, saying to my heart, 'This storm is an impostor. It is momentary. The sky is here, and the stars; and all shall be well.'

Stars fill me with a sense of God; and the heart cannot help being grateful when it remembers that the beauty and the wonder of them may be accounted things not to enable us to exist, but gifts of love to make us joyous."

THE WATERS

"And God called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called He Seas."

"The world is so fair and fresh every morning that it seems to have been made last night. The green leaves dancing in the morning breeze glitter beneath the flood tide of early sunshine. The air is spiced with the breath of sweet brier and with grapes. Little white clouds sail along in the fathomless blue sky. Young birds are calling. But over and under and through it all sounds the music of the sea. There is nothing young about that. When the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy, the accompaniment was played by the ocean."

"The sea is mighty, but a Mightier sways its restless billows. Thou, whose hands have scooped its boundless gulfs and built its shore, Thy breath moves o'er it evermore."

God's control of the mighty ocean is a warrant of His power and might to control the forces that strive against our souls. He assures us that He will not let the deep waters overflow us, and we feel safe in the keeping of Him who stilled the tempest on Galilee, and who has brought peace to many whose hearts were sinking in the storms of life. David told us that God set a bound to the sea that the waters may not again cover the earth and destroy it. That is a promise of which we are reminded whenever we watch the waves reaching up toward the shore, just to the very edge of the sand, and receding again to the deep. That same power is available for every need of God's creatures.

When the waters were separated from the land, God saw fit to give us streams and rivers and rain "to satisfy the desolate and waste ground." He sent forth "springs into the valleys, which run among the hills." I think that God must have loved the beauty of streams, for He has put a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, in heaven to make glad the city of God.

In God's Word we find that He has many times used the streams to point out spiritual lessons. He has promised through Isaiah: "Jehovah will guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in dry places and make strong thy bones; and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not."

"A watered garden"—we can appreciate the beauty of that if we have ever been in an arid country which can yield no green things, no lovely flowers with their rich beauty and delightful fragrance. In such a country, to come upon a watered garden is an inspiration. Jesus assures us that the person who has come to Him for living water can live a life full of beauty and inspiration to those about him.

Lenier has interpreted for us the joy of service, using a river as an illustration. It doesn't stop in the gorgeous scenery of the mountains, or in the cool, restful, and sequestered valley, but hurries on to do its appointed task of watering the plains.

God, in His thoughtfulness, has made for us shining rivers to add beauty to the landscape, to make fertile the valleys, and to teach us lessons of divine import.

EVERY LIVING THING

"And the earth brought forth grass, . . . And God created . . . every living creature that moveth."

Let us imagine this afternoon that we were with Jesus when He was talking to the multitude on the mount. "In His teaching from nature, Christ was speaking of the things which His own hands had

made, and which had qualities and powers that He Himself had imparted. . . . Jesus plucked the beautiful lily, and placed it in the hands of children and youth; and as they looked into His own youthful face, fresh with the sunlight of His Father's countenance, He gave the lesson, 'Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' Then followed the sweet assurance and the important lesson, 'Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?' Just a little lily, yet it had a lesson of life to teach.

God has two books, the Bible and Nature. We read of God, of His love, of His creative power, and of His Spirit, from the Bible. But when we step out into the world of Nature, we see evidences of God, feel His Spirit near us, and partake of the gifts of His love and marvel at His creative power. We feel with Elizabeth Barrett Browning that "earth is crammed with heaven."

The Bible calls attention to the song birds that enrich the world with their cheering melodies and their brilliant colours. Jesus tells us to learn wisdom from watching them. I wonder how many of us take advantage of that source of wisdom. The Biblical record of the life of Adam tells us that Adam knew the creatures around him by name. We would do well to pattern after him, for I believe it pleases God to have us take notice of His gifts to us—gifts that we might look upon as "life's extras." Even the sparrow is found worthy of mention in the Bible; we are assured that God sees even a sparrow fall. Surely He cares for us who were made in His image.

You remember the same thought was expressed by Bryant. He was standing on the shore at evening, revelling in the glory of the sunset colours in sky and water. He saw a lone waterfowl silhouetted in the heavens against the glowing sky. He watched it make its sure way through the wide heavens and disappear from sight; and then as Bryant slowly turned home through the gathering twilight, spicy with the odour of fir trees, there was born in his mind the beautiful poem, "To a Waterfowl."

We would not fail to mention the trees as we talk of God's created things. Joyce Kilmer said, "I think that I shall never see a poem lovely as a tree." Trees are such friendly things. We learn to love them after a long association, very much as we love human companions. It was to the shelter and companionship of the trees that Jesus went before His crucifixion when His disciples had failed to wait with Him. In the words of Sidney Lanier:

"Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods My Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him;
The little gray leaves were kind to Him;
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came."

MAY 29

LOYALTY TO THE SABBATH

(A Junior Programme)

Read Ezekiel 20 : 12.

The badge of our order, the sign between God and us, as young Seventh-day Adventists, that we are His children, is the Sabbath. It is also a sign to the world that sets us apart and makes us different. So, as loyal Seventh-day Adventists, we honour and respect this emblem, as we do our flag. We do nothing to desecrate it in any way. From the very beginning of its sacred hours we give our interest and at-

tention to the Sovereign to whom the day belongs.

By regarding the Sabbath loyally, we are preparing ourselves for the tests of the future. The time will come when it will be much more difficult to keep God's Sabbath holy than it is now. Some time we may be faced with bitter persecution, or even threatened with death, for refusing to desecrate God's holy day. Will we stand true then?

Our present attitude toward the Sabbath, our love or lack of love for it today, will help determine the stand we will take in the time of test.

GOD'S SIGN

(A Dialogue for Six Boys)

(A group of Junior boys meet at the home of one. Arrange a table with a lamp and a few books, and place the chairs informally.)

George: I never realised how important it is to be careful about the Sabbath until Pastor Williams gave us that talk in Missionary Volunteer meeting, did you?

Walter: No, I didn't. Of course I've heard a lot about Sabbath-keeping, and I've tried to remember not to do the things dad and mother said not to, at least most of the time, but it didn't mean anything special.

Harry (knocks and enters): Hello, everybody. What's this all about?

George: Oh, you weren't at M.V. meeting last time, were you?

Harry: No, I had a bad cold, but Walter told me to come over tonight, as Miss Warner had given us a problem to solve.

Walter: Yes, after Pastor Williams' talk on the Sabbath as God's flag, Miss Warner announced that there would be a contest between the boys and girls to see who could find the most quotations from the Spirit of Prophecy showing that the Sabbath is God's sign. So since we have an "Index," I asked the boys to come over here.

Carl: Pastor Williams said that the Sabbath was the badge, or sign, that we are God's children.

Walter: You take the "Index," Carl, and read off the references that look hopeful. I'll hand out the books to the boys.

Carl: All right. Here, this looks good: "Sign of allegiance to God," under the heading "Sabbath." George, take "Patriarchs and Prophets" and look up page 307. Harry, look up pages 349 and 350 in the "Testimonies," Volume 6. Walter, "The Great Controversy," for you, page 605. Stanley, will you read "Testimonies," Volume 7, pages 105 to 109; Volume 8, page 94; and Volume 9, pages 16 to 18 and 234. Ed, you look up page 148 in "Gospel Workers," and I'll look up this one in "Counsels on Health" myself.

Walter: Here is a good one in "The Great Controversy," page 605: "The Sabbath will be the great test of loyalty; for it is the point of truth especially controverted. . . . While one class, by accepting the sign of submission to earthly powers, receive the mark of the beast, the other, choosing the tokens of allegiance to divine authority, receive the seal of God."

Carl: Ed, here is a pencil. Keep a list of these references that we decide to present. That's a good one to head the list. I have one myself here in "Counsels on Health," page 238: "The observance of the true Sabbath is to be the sign that distinguishes those who serve God from those who serve Him not."

Ed: Will this one do? "In all ages the Sabbath has been the test of loyalty to God. 'It is a sign between Me and the children of Israel forever,' the Lord declares." That's in "Gospel Workers," pages 148, 149.

Carl: That's to the point all right.

Stanley: Here's another one that speaks of it as a test. "The Sabbath is the Lord's test, and no man, be he king, priest, or ruler, is authorised to come between God and man." That's from "Testimonies," Volume 9, page 234.

George: I have one, found in "Patriarchs and Prophets," on page 307: "All who keep the seventh day, signify by this act that they are worshippers of Jehovah. Thus the Sabbath is the sign of man's allegiance to God as long as there are any upon earth to serve Him."

Stanley: Here's another good one: "The observance of the Sabbath is the sign between God and His people. Let us not be ashamed to bear the sign that distinguishes us from the world." And farther down on the page it says: "The Sabbath is ever the sign that distinguishes the obedient from the disobedient." From "Testimonies," Volume 7, page 105.

Harry: I read in Volume 6, pages 349 and 350: "As the Sabbath was the sign that distinguished Israel when they came out of Egypt to enter the earthly Canaan, so it is the sign that now distinguishes God's people as they come out from the world to enter the heavenly rest. The Sabbath is a sign of the relationship existing between God and His people, a sign that they honour His law. It distinguishes between His loyal subjects and transgressors."

Harry: Why, it seems as if the Sabbath is a most important thing, if we are to be Seventh-day Adventists, doesn't it? And I'm so glad I am one.

Ed: Boys, I believe that if we are going to be loyal to God and keep His Sabbath in the times of trouble before the end, we ought to be practising now.

George: So do I. Let's do it, and help each other. What do you say?

All (rising to go): Let's.

Stanley (still looking at his book): Add this one from Volume 8, page 94, to the list before we go: "The keeping of the Sabbath is declared to be a sign of the loyalty of God's people."

Walter: If any of you find any other good references, tell Ed, so he can add them to the list before next Sabbath.

Use with this programme the poem, "Remember the Sabbath Day," given in the "Australasian Record" dated May 3, 1937.

TRUE TO THE SABBATH IN FRANCE

A company of Seventh-day Adventists were serving in the non-combatant forces in France during the World War. They had found officers who had regard for their Sabbath principles, and had arranged duties accordingly. The young men were engaged in unloading cargo from ships. But now and then officers were in charge who were only irritated by religious convictions out of the ordinary.

On one occasion, after various measures of discipline and punishment for declining Sabbath duty in cargo moving, a group was sentenced to the punishment known as "crucifixion." It meant being tied with arms and legs outspread to the wheel of a gun carriage. As the time came for the punishment, search for a physician was made, to and fro in the camp, for the ordeal could not proceed without a medical certificate that the offender was physically able to endure the punishment; but no physician could be found. So the young men were marched back to the barracks.

Later that evening an officer appeared, saying, in substance:

"Now, look here, lads. We have been discussing your case. You are good workers. We wish all the men were as faithful in work. But you cannot play with the British army. Orders are orders. But we do not want to see young men like yourselves punished. We have had a council about it, and have this proposition to make. You work overtime during the week to make up time lost on your Saturday, and we will let you off on that day; we will also revoke this punishment. I will call the guard out and leave you alone to consider it. In five minutes I will come back for your answer."

The young men needed no five minutes to consider. They spent the minutes rejoicing at this manifestation of the delivering Hand. When the officer returned, they said: "We are glad, sir, to accept the proposition, and are thankful for it."

But later some of these youth in France fell into the hands of men who decided to break down with a hard hand this regard for the Sabbath on the part of a little group of non-combatants, troublesome enough in war time.

Seventeen of the young men were in it. They were roughly handled, cruelly beaten and knocked about, — contrary to regulations, — and at last, exhausted and bruised and some seriously injured, they were put into the barrack prison, each in a cell by himself. Then a little later, when they were sorest and weakest with reaction from the beatings, they were visited, each one alone, and each one was told that the other

sixteen had given in, and had consented to work on Saturday; and each one replied, "I am sorry to hear the others have decided to do it, but I cannot. I cannot disobey God on any account."

That was a fine answer from seventeen young men. They were like other youth — had their faults, their weaknesses. But when the crisis came, the grace of Christ gave them patience and strength to answer as "men of the martyr breed."

The sequel should be told, in a few lines. After the answers had been given, an army chaplain passed. He heard groaning. He inquired, and demanding of the guards his right to know and investigate, he found the young men, learned their story, and took the case up with the higher authorities. The result was the return of the young men to England, and ultimately their release from all army service. — "Youthful Witnesses," by W. A. Spicer, pp. 224, 225.

Sabbath School Missionary Exercises

MAY 1

BUILDING A HOME AND HOSPITAL MALAITA, SOLOMON ISLANDS

"We are always busy on Malaita. Forty thousand people to be warned; untold numbers of the sick to be treated; thirty native teachers to supervise on their various stations on this large island, and the hospital and school here at the head station — all these make heavy calls upon the missionaries' time." Thus writes Brother A. F. Parker from Malaita, Solomon Islands.

"As we had been without a home, the carpenters came a few months ago to build us one, also a hospital. Arrangements had been made for a large boat to convey in one trip almost all the timber required for the house; but when the time came to do the work, the price charged for the use of the boat had risen to almost half the budget allowance for building the house. So we had to try to find another way of getting the timber from our sawmill at Batuna across the 150 miles of open ocean to Malaita, through some dangerous tides-rips to be encountered on the way.

"We finally decided to take the bulk heads out of our own boat, the 'Portal,' and do the freighting ourselves. Back and forth, back and forth, the boat has been running, ten times in all, and still two more journeys must be made. We have had some fine weather, but also some very bad trips. Our engine is far from being in a good condition, but for the most part it has behaved reasonably well. We shall welcome the new engine that we are hoping to receive.

"Heavy seas have been encountered. Once the boat had to turn back. Twice we had to run to shelter at a midway island to bail out the boat as the pumps would not work. On one occasion the fly wheel was throwing water about the engine room before an anchorage could be reached. A severe storm ripped out our sails, and another left little of one awning.

"Now we have our house finished, and all that is left to do is to make a home of it. The hospital is also well under way, so we can look back at it all with satisfaction. We are indeed glad that we now have a proper house in which to live, and that Dr. Parker is able to take some of her patients into the hospital for treatment and protection.

"We are very thankful to the Lord for these buildings, and to all the Sabbath school members who have given of their little that we might have a place to call home. We have cut all our timber at our own mill in the Marovo and this has enabled good buildings for small sums of money.

"We ask that you will all remember the work on Malaita in your prayers."

MAY 8

VISIT TO A NEGRO SABBATH SCHOOL

It was Pastor A. H. Piper's privilege to visit a large Sabbath school composed entirely of Negroes, and to take the service in this church of 700 coloured members, during his visit to America to attend the General Conference. A description of the Sabbath school is interesting.

"Entering the church, a stranger and alone, I was happy to see the words, 'Information Desk,' with a young man sitting right there in the porch to give information. When greetings had been exchanged he said, 'It will be necessary for you to register first,' and he led me to another desk bearing the notice, 'Visitors, please register here.' 'This school knows how to care for its visitors,' I thought to myself. Here I signed my name and address, and the young woman in charge asked, 'Is there anything I can do for you?' She pressed a button, and a brother came along, just as black as my suit. 'Deacon Smita will stay with you until the Sabbath school is over, and will show you all the divisions of the school.' Deacon Smith took me to a seat down near the front.

"On the wall I noticed a large picture of a very happy, smiling face, and the words underneath, 'You are on time.' Just after Sabbath school began, the picture was reversed, and there was a girl with a very sad face, 'What a pity you're late!' That is the way they tried to impress the necessity of being early.

"A Negro doctor has been the superintendent of the school for thirteen years. His opening remark was a very hearty welcome to the people, and then he said, 'The special message for the Sabbath school today is found in 'Testimonies,' Volume 8. The reading of the statement was followed by a few helpful thoughts. A Negro girl announced the first hymn and conducted the singing in a very able way. A beautiful prayer followed, accompanied by the soft notes of the organ, as if the music were in the far distance.

"Another coloured girl announced the second hymn, took the baton, and conducted the singing. The minutes stated that the teachers' meeting that week had been attended by twenty-seven teachers. The superintendent commented that while twenty-seven was good, it was not good enough. He said, 'Every teacher who accepts responsibility in this Sabbath school, must accept it on the understanding that he or she is expected to attend teachers' meeting.' Each quarter that superintendent conducts a helpful convention for his teachers.

"The review, also conducted by a young woman, was very enjoyable. Then Deacon Smita showed me the various divisions at work. The young people meet in the church basement; the children have a very beautiful and well-equipped room. All the

mothers with infants were in a room separated by plate glass from the main auditorium, so that they were near the others and yet no sound from the restless infants could be heard through the glass. Amplifiers from the speakers' table and the pulpit enabled the mothers to hear everything that was said.

"As we entered each division, a whistle was blown, everybody was attention, and the leader announced, 'Elder Piper from Australia is here. We will hear him talk.' This was the first notification I had of it. In each room I told them a story.

"Before closing the school, this announcement was made: 'All those who have a birthday coming next week, will you please rise.' And when they stood up, ushers passed down the aisle and gave them each an envelope so they could bring their birthday offering the following week.

"The offering chart was divided into four columns: Class number, teacher's name, offering aim of each class, and amount given each week. The whole school could see at a glance whether the aim had been reached, and if not, which class had fallen short. The superintendent drew attention to the fact that it was class 7, or class 27, and asked them to pull up before the end of the quarter.

"The church elder has an office in the church, where he spends two hours every day, so that people may come to him if in need of counsel. Arrangements were being made to open a clinic at the church for three hours daily, where one of our doctors would give free service to the poor in the neighbourhood.

"A Negro woman in uniform read the church announcements. All the church officers wear a uniform on Sabbath, the deacons in light brown and the deaconesses in white. They, with the ushers, both men and women, wear the name of their office on their arm.

"When the service began, there began also a continual succession of comments, 'Amen,' 'Praise de Lord!' 'Hallelujah,' 'Give it to them!' and numerous other remarks, all to the point, and all expressive of deep appreciation. They had told me to take no notice of the clock, as they did not mind if the morning service continued till three or four in the afternoon.

"When I concluded, the church elder arose and said, 'We have been hearing what God is doing for the people of the South Seas. Is He doing as great a work of grace upon your heart? Let us hear from you.' And he turned the meeting into a revival service, in which many testified, and seventeen men and women came forward.

"Finally the meeting closed, and as we entered the porch, there was an arresting announcement of the midweek prayer meeting. Deacon Smith, who had cared for me during Sabbath school, had also arranged for a brother with a car to take me to my destination. I left the Negro church feeling that those officers care for their work in a way that is very helpful. I shall never forget my visit there."

MAY 15

STORY OF A PAPUAN BOY

(Note. — Please give this story to one who will prepare to tell it, not read it.

"Lamai [pronounced La-mi] was one of our best boys, both in character and in intelligence," writes Miss Jean Lock, daughter of Pastor W. N. Lock, of Papua. "We had great hopes of Lamai doing a wonderful work for God, but — he was a leper. It seemed terrible to think that when we had so few really reliable boys, one who was so promising should be thus afflicted.

"For some time he had complained of a bad toe, and we had treated it unsuccessfully. At last, becoming alarmed, we took him to a doctor who diagnosed the trouble as that terrible plague, leprosy. He told us that it was a nervous type and not contagious, but that the young man would not be able to do much work. So Lamai

had to give up all idea of active work in the cause of God.

"After spending some time in the hospital, he returned home, incurable. His life seemed to be doomed to failure. However, he still served God faithfully, and tried to do his part towards spreading the gospel, at the same time praying that the Lord would heal him, as He had the lepers of old. He used to write to us and plead with us to pray and ask God to heal him. His faith never wavered, though he gradually grew worse.

"Last year we received word that he had been completely healed, and was praising God for His wonderful gift of restored health. He is also rejoicing in the hope of the greater gift of eternal life held out to him.

"He is now doing a fine work for the saving of his fellow country men in Papua."

MAY 22

BURMA'S CHALLENGE

Pastor Harold Baird, who has laboured for sixteen years in the great land of Burma and is now back in Australia on furlough, is the writer of our Missionary Exercise today. Brother Baird writes:

"Burma is often spoken of as the Land of Pagodas, and true to this title it possesses thousands of pagodas or shrines, some large, some small, some white, some golden, all dedicated to the worship of Buddha. Yes! Burma is a Buddhist land and thousands of Buddhist priests are zealously working that it may always remain such. But, thanks to the loving God of the Universe, His plan for the saving of mankind, and the warning of the world, embraces Burma with its many peoples and languages.

"In the year 1813, that faithful apostle to Burma, Adoniram Judson, began missionary work for the millions of Buddhist Burma. He battled against great odds and saw only meagre results. Nevertheless, he was used of God in a very wonderful way to lay the foundation for the preaching of the gospel. He gave the Burmese people the Word of God in their mother tongue. Other devout missionaries were used of God to translate the Bible into other tongues of the people of Burma, and so today, we missionaries of Burma have the foundation laid in a very appreciable way for the establishment of Sabbath school work.

"There are at present approximately one thousand people enrolled in our Sabbath schools of Burma. These meet together in twenty-five companies. Our largest Sabbath schools are found in centres where we have schools, and are composed largely of school children, quite a number of whom are not yet Christians, but are children from heathen homes. A real live interest is taken in the daily study of the lesson. At the end of one quarter there were so many names handed in from one Sabbath school for perfect attendance and daily study that the Union Sabbath School Secretary had to send away post haste for a new supply of certificates. Quite a number of boys and girls are also the proud possessors of Sabbath school bookmarks.

"Birthday offerings are encouraged. A good number of the Sabbath school members do not possess any record of their age or birthday, but count the day of their 'new birth' or baptism, as their birthday.

"Our Sabbath school membership in Burma is still very small when compared with the total population of the country. Just think of it! A possible 1,000 studying the Bible on the Sabbath, while 14,499,000 go about their daily tasks, knowing little or nothing about the Word of God! There are large sections of Upper Burma where the light of the gospel has not yet penetrated. There are other sections of the mountain country where the simple hill folk accepted the gospel many years ago, but are sadly in need of teachers to instruct them further in the way of truth. In many villages, through the lack

of teachers to teach the Word in its fullness, the light has burned dim to such an extent that the nominal Christians are turning back again to their old spirit worship.

"We ask our Australasian Sabbath schools to pray for the work and workers in Burma. We believe that the honest in heart must be gathered out. 'Not by might [army], nor by power, but My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.'"

MAY 29

LITTLE THINGS

[Exercise for several children, all joining in the last stanza.]

We lightly speak of "little things,"
But oft forget to count
The separate trifles, thus to find
The aggregate amount.
We say, "How can our little help
Enrich the great world field?"
The Lord can multiply the seed,
And give abundant yield.

The world is made of little things,
A saying true as trite;
We find our courage in the word,
As each one gives his mite.
And so, to keep ourselves in heart,
While here we bring our hoard,
We'll call to mind some "little things"
Wherein great power is stored.

GRAINS OF SAND

The mountains high, the ocean beach,
The broad and fertile land
Are debtors to the multitude
Of tiny grains of sand.
The winds and waters drive and cut,
And sift out grain by grain,
Not knowing whereunto their work
May by and by attain.

GRASS BLADES

One little blade of grass alone —
How trivial and forlorn!
But He who causes two to grow,
Where one did greet the morn,
Is piecing out the fair green robe
Which doth our earth adorn.

GRAINS OF WHEAT

The boundless prairies turn to gold
Beneath the summer sun;
The histories of harvest fields
Show fortunes lost and won.
The heads of wheat must slowly fall,
And ripen grain by grain,
Else toil of hand, and hope of bread
Alike will be in vain.

RAYS OF LIGHT

From one great source come all the rays
That make the perfect day,
And every small and radiant beam
Will find its own bright way.
Which one of all could well be spared,
No mortal tongue can say.

FRAGMENTS

The "crumbs swept up," the morsels
saved,
The things of trifling cost,
Are precious fragments in His sight,
Who said, "Let none be lost."

CORDS

Of frail and slender filaments,
A cable may be wrought,
And none can say one fragile thread
May count therein for nought.
'A threefold cord,' the Scripture says,
Is difficult to break;
With love and prayers and offerings,
Our triple cord we make.

ALL:

Until, like clustered diamond points
Around a central gem,
Our little deeds and gifts will shine
In Jesus' diadem.

—Selected.