



THE MISSIONARY LEADER



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A Larger Literature Ministry

B. M. PRESTON

SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS have been assigned and have undertaken the largest task any people on earth have ever been given and accepted; namely, to carry a message to every kindred, tongue, and people within the confines of one generation. It is impossible for us to grasp fully the magnitude of such an assignment, yet this is the programme outlined for God's remnant people. Never must we allow our vision of this task to become dimmed.

It becomes the serious responsibility of this remnant people, who keep the commandments of God and look with bright hope for the soon return of their Lord, small as they may be numerically and weak as they may be financially, to address themselves to accomplishing this stupendous task. In the very infancy of this movement, when there were less than a hundred believers in all the world, all of them poverty stricken, with no church buildings, no institutions, no publishing houses—and overwhelmed with the task facing them—God told His people they were to begin to print. The instruction was heeded. We need not relate here the ever-interesting story of the beginnings of the publishing work, but today we have the privilege of seeing with our own eyes the marvellous fulfilment of promises associated with that early instruction God gave to this people. Said the servant of the Lord: "It was shown to me to be like great streams of light that went clear around the world."

Printing has proved to be the most powerful single agency in proclaiming the message. All around the circle of the earth we see the fruitage of the literature ministry. Thousands of souls are rejoicing in the message as a direct result of first contacting this truth through reading the printed page.

The Scriptures teach that there are two gateways for reaching the mind with truth—the eye-gate and the ear-gate; for we read, "Blessed is he that readeth and they that hear the words of this prophecy." Someone has said, "A drop of ink will make a million think." If our papers, tracts, magazines, and books could have a testimony meeting in one place, what an interesting story would be related!

The power of the press is recognized by world leaders, whether in government, religion, or commerce. The late Pope Pius X is quoted as saying: "To build churches, preach, hold cottage meetings, establish schools, and to do all the good possible, is all right. But if you neglect to make use of the Christian press, the greatest and most powerful weapon of our day, and if you fail to scatter abundantly religious literature, all your other efforts will be in vain."

There are hundreds of villages, towns, and cities where little, if any, thorough, systematic effort has been made or is now being made to reach every family with this message. How are we going to carry the message to these unentered fields? In some of the great metropolises where we now have comparatively small churches, how are we going to reach the masses with this message? These are the questions to which the leaders of this movement must constantly address themselves.

The task will never be compassed by our ministers alone. It is our solemn and weighty responsibility to lead our laity forth in effective avenues of soul-winning service to accomplish the task of reaching these millions of unwarned souls.

In accomplishing this, there is no means more effective than a larger use of literature. We have large, well-equipped publishing houses,

and God has raised up an able staff of editors and writers. We have all the necessary equipment for a far greater use of the literature ministry than is now seen. This organization and equipment was lacking in the days of the pioneers of this movement. God is going to ask for an accounting of our stewardship of these vast publishing facilities that He has placed at our disposal. The time has come for a far greater use of the literature ministry.

Fishers of Men

H. F. BROWN

A NATIONALLY KNOWN publisher, Bernarr McFadden, has begun the publishing of a new monthly digest entitled, "Amazing Answers to Prayer—Your Faith." The first number bears the date of March, and has this as an introduction: "Never before in the history of the world has there gone up from the bewildered



For You

R. HARE

WHAT will you tell the Master
At last when day is done,
With life's sweet moments squandered,
And not a trophy won?
Your listless spirit waiting,
While tasks you might have shared
Are left undone for ever,
After all love has dared
To give your hand a portion
In Heaven's appointed plan,
That plan of holy service
Which saves your fellow man!

What will you tell the Master
When loving hands shall bring
Rich sheaves in holy gladness
To lay before the King?
With your weak hands all empty,
Without an offering sweet
To place with all their bounty
Before the Master's feet,
With all love might have cherished,
With all love might have done,
For ever left unfinished
At setting of the sun!

You cannot, dare not, linger;
His finger points the way.
Haste, then, be up and doing!
The Master calls today.
The fields are white and waiting,
The sun is sinking low,
The thorn-crowned Man of Calvary
Still whispers to you, "Go."
His presence holds the promise
Divinely sweet and true,
"Lo, I am with you alway!"—
Claim it; it is for you!

soul of humanity such an appeal for the renewal of faith. The time is ripe for a spiritual revolution." And in the editorial he says: "Who am I? From where did I come? Where am I going? These are queries that are so weighted with interest that at times they are almost breath-taking. . . . Instinctively we cry for help. Therefore do not evade the call of religion whatever may be your belief in the immortality of the soul."

Another writer says: "Amid other trends and moods manifested, the interest in God, the wistful outreach for God, the quest for God, the experiment which becomes an experience, has gone steadily on."

How true this rings to the Spirit of prophecy which says: "There are many who are reading the Scriptures who cannot understand their true import. All over the world men and women are looking wistfully to heaven. Prayers and tears and inquiries go up from souls longing for light, for grace, for the Holy Spirit. Many are on the verge of the kingdom, waiting only to be gathered in." ("Acts of the Apostles," page 109.) Yes, God is pouring out His Spirit on all flesh. Joel 2: 28. Now is the Adventist's opportunity to find these interested hearts.

After Jesus had brought life into the dead body of Lazarus his friends had work to do. They must "loose him, and let him go." John 11: 44. We must comb our territory to find the souls in whose hearts God has awakened spiritual life. And finding them we must remove from their eyes the bandages of prejudice, tradition, and superstition, so that they can see "wondrous things" out of God's law. Ps. 119: 18.

This trend of renewed interest in spiritual things will sweep millions into false systems of worship. Of this we were assured years ago by the Spirit of prophecy. In the book "Early Writings," we read as follows: "A train of cars was shown me going with the speed of lightning. The angel bade me look carefully. I fixed my eyes upon the train. It seemed that the whole world was on board. Then he showed me the conductor, a fair, stately person, whom all the passengers looked up to and revered. I was perplexed, and asked my attending angel who it was. He said, 'It is Satan. He is the conductor, in the form of an angel of light. He has taken the world captive. They are given over to strong delusions, to believe a lie that they may be damned.'"—Page 263.

The *News Week* of February 27, 1939 quotes a prominent English clergyman as saying: "Superstition is increasing by leaps and bounds. The fact is that we never outgrow our sense of the supernatural. If we cannot satisfy it by the practice of real religious faith, we fall back on rags and tatters of mouldy, moss-grown superstition."

In many of our churches we find an element that is fatigued by this "having toiled all night and caught nothing" fishing, and that is not anxious to begin again. A spirit of "What's the use? the people do not want our message!" seems to possess them. To them Jesus says: "Push out into the deep water and put down your nets for a haul. Simon answers, 'Master, we have tried all night, and we have caught nothing. But you tell me to put down the nets.' And so they did, inclosing such a shoal of fish that their nets began to break." Luke 5: 57, American Revised Version. Let us drop down the nets once again at the Master's command, and we shall be equally surprised at the results.

Years ago we were told: "Our people have been regarded as too insignificant to be worthy of notice; but a change will come. The Christian world is now making movements which will necessarily bring commandment-

keeping people into prominence." ("Testimonies," Vol. V, page 546.) And again, "God's people have a mighty work before them, a work that must continually rise to greater prominence."—*Id.*, Vol. VI, page 23.

Just now is our opportunity. We must quickly cast the gospel net on the right side—reaching out from home, office, church, and community into the deep waters where souls are to be found in abundance. We must never cease our toil until the gospel message reaches every home. Our fishing tackle may differ—but whether it is literature sales, lending, or free distribution; or through sermons, Bible studies, or personal heart-to-heart appeals, our labour will not be in vain, for the Master says, "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men."

Literature Work in China

R. H. COSSENTINE, *Director, Shantung Mission*

THE programme of home missionary work of Seventh-day Adventists is nowhere complete without literature distribution, and this is no less true in China than elsewhere. The home missionary leaders and the church members in China are aware of the value of wide and systematic distribution of literature by the laymen, and there is an increasing emphasis being placed on it. Much literature has been prepared by our Chinese publishing house for the laymen to use in missionary work. When taught how to do the work, our Chinese believers readily appreciate the value of literature distribution and engage in it.

Already great quantities of literature have been distributed by our members in China in both city and country. One method that works well in the country is to combine tracts with Scripture portions, and sell them in sets from door to door. Some sell the tracts alone. The idea back of this method is that people will give more attention to something they pay for than to what they receive free. The colporteurs taking subscriptions for our periodicals and books all carry tracts and distribute them freely, especially to those who do not buy the books or periodicals, so that they will realize that the colporteur is a missionary as well as a salesman.

Each Sabbath the church members receive tracts from the home missionary secretary to be distributed during the week. A tract-a-day programme is on. At the session of the North China Union Mission which convened in February, 1939, two hundred thousand tracts were ordered for the churches to use in working out this programme. And this was done in the face of war conditions, when freedom of movement is much restricted.

The seed of the gospel is thus being sown all over China. A goodly harvest has already been realized, but a vastly larger harvest is to be reaped in the future. It has been my privilege to visit many persons who, having received a tract or pamphlet from some humble home missionary worker, have come to the chapel to secure more literature and to study about the things already read. Many of these continue on into full knowledge and acceptance of the third angel's message.

One plan for the work is to carefully survey and map out the area around the meeting place, and then call upon the members to volunteer to assume the responsibility of carrying the message of Christ's redeeming love and soon coming to a stated number of households in a given area during the period decided on by the workers—usually about three months. To secure contacts they are to deliver tracts in systematic order to each of the homes for which they are responsible. As they see people becoming interested they call on them on Sabbath morning before Sabbath school and endeavour to bring them to the service. The reason for starting in the area around the chapel is that it will be easier for the interested people to come to the chapel near by. The first area has been worked as planned, another area adjacent to the one already worked is mapped out and worked, and thus gradually a whole city or rural district may be systematically covered. Opportunities will appear for the opening of branch Sabbath schools, and then the Sabbath school officers and members link up with the home missionary workers.

Note

NOVEMBER 11 is Big Week Rally Day.

See Supplement enclosed for programme.

On that day, November 11, all churches are invited to set apart their offerings to swell the Conference Free Literature Fund, and thus help to provide for the "Interpreter of the Times" and other literature supplied for our annual Home Missions Effort.

On November 18 the Big Week Offering will be received.

A. U. C. HOME MISSIONS DEPT.

SUGGESTIVE TALKS for Ten-Minute Exercises

NOVEMBER 4

The Saving of a Life

ERNEST LLOYD

YEARS ago a steamer out on Lake Erie caught fire, and headed at once for the nearest land. All was wild confusion, as men and women struggled for means of escape. Among the passengers was a gold-miner returning to his eastern home from California. He fastened the large belt containing his gold securely about his waist and was preparing to swim to shore. Just then a little sweet-faced girl in the crowd touched his hand, and looking up beseechingly into his face, said, "Won't you please save me? I have no papa here to save me. Won't you, please?"

What would he do? He gave the belt of gold, that had meant such a hard struggle, one swift glance. But that soft child-touch on his hand, and that face and voice, strangely affected him. He couldn't save both—which would it be? The quick-as-a-flash thoughts came all in a heap. Then he dropped the gold, took the child, made the plunge, and by and by reached land, utterly exhausted, and lay unconscious. When his eyes opened the child he had saved was bending over him with tears of gratitude flooding her eyes. A human life had never seemed so precious. He had lost his gold, and his years of toil, but he had saved a life, and in saving it had found a new life springing up within himself.

"Won't you please save me?" We hear it today—the murmur of anxious voices, heart-cries of men and women and children longing for the help that we can give. Sometimes we hear it quite near our homes. But it comes most from out of the distance, from far-away lands, where fathers and mothers and children grope in awful heathen darkness, despairing, yet seeking the light, and pleading for us to show them the Way. How pathetically distinct are the words of their cry, "Will you save me? I have no one to save me. Won't you?" We can give but one answer. The gold and the life must go. "In His name" and by His power we can save them, and as we give our means and energies to this noblest of tasks, we shall be blessed with a new touch of His life springing up within us.

NOVEMBER 11

A Neglected Opportunity

H. F. BROWN

As a good Christian man passed through a cemetery with a minister, he pointed to the expensive tomb of a wealthy man who had died some time earlier. He told the minister the following story:—

"I can never see that tomb without such compunctions as make me very unhappy. I had known him in business and somewhat in social relations from boyhood, but had never spoken to him on the subject of religion; and when he was in the height of business prosperity, having acquired a fortune, my attention was so directed to his spiritual welfare that I became very restless, and the duty of going to him and speaking to him on the subject became so impressed upon my mind that I could not shake it off. I left my house with the purpose of seeing him. I had but

little courage, and the fear of being rebuffed by the proud man shook me terribly; and before I had gone over half the distance, I returned to my house, only to be driven out again, for my conscience upbraided and alarmed me. Before reaching his house I turned back again, but I was checked, turned toward his abode again, and after ascending the steps, retired trembling and afraid, but was driven back to the door again, put my hand upon the bell-knob, and hesitating a moment I did not ring, and went down from the steps every joint in my limbs shaking from the weakness induced by the conflict through which I had passed. He died not long after that without my having ever said one word to him on the great subject of salvation, and I am always unhappy when I think of him."

WINNING SOULS

There are probably few Christians who would deny having had a similar experience. We can speak on any other subject with considerable freedom, but when it comes to the most important subject of all, we are excessively timid. The facts of the case are that we have no need to fear, for often the person regarding whom we are concerned has already been made approachable by the Holy Spirit, and is simply waiting for someone to speak to him. "We have a solemn work to do to proclaim the message of warning to the world. . . . Will men arise in the judgment and say, 'You never told me that these things were so?'"

We must make the most of the opportunities we still have that this charge may not be laid against us.

The time has come for us to take part in distributing the literature of the advent movement through what we term "BIG WEEK." By this means the foreign mission work benefits financially, and those who purchase the books are in possession of literature with a message which, accompanied by the blessing of God, may mean their soul's salvation. Let us not neglect this opportunity to go forth in His strength, and as we thus yield ourselves as channels of blessing, God will supply the strength and courage to witness for Him in this way.

NOVEMBER 18

A Definite Answer to Prayer

A LADY belonging to another denomination was given a copy of the *Signs of the Times* by one of her fellow church members who did not care to read it. This good woman found the paper so interesting that she asked her friend for other copies. As she studied them she realized that the messages they contained were somewhat similar to a book she had in her home, but which she had only partially read. It was "The Great Controversy." She took the book down from her shelf, read it through, and started to keep the Sabbath in the best way she knew, without knowing that there were other Sabbath keepers in the town.

Naturally this made some break between her and her friends, and she felt rather lonely in her new-found faith. One morning she prayed most earnestly that the Lord would send to visit her someone who observed the Sabbath, and who would help her to understand the Bible better. A few moments after the prayer had been offered there was a knock at the door. The caller (a Seventh-day Adventist minister) explained that he was distributing literature in that vicinity, and had been impressed to call on her. She asked him if he kept the true Sabbath, and when he replied in the affirmative, she knew that God had answered her prayers. She invited him into the home, Bible studies and literature followed, and within a short time she accepted all points of truth, and is now a staunch member of the Seventh-day Adventist church. This sister is letting her light shine, and is sending literature to many of her friends, endeavouring to interest them in the truth in the same way in which she received it.

We are reminded of the statement in the Spirit of prophecy that, "In His wisdom the Lord brings those who are seeking for truth into touch with fellow beings who know the truth. It is the plan of Heaven that those who

have received light shall impart it to those in darkness. Humanity, drawing its efficiency from the great source of wisdom, is made the instrumentality, the working agency, through which the gospel exercises its transforming power on mind and heart." Again we read: "With almost impatient eagerness the angels wait for our co-operation; for man must be the channel to communicate with man. And when we give ourselves to Christ in whole-hearted devotion, angels rejoice that they may speak through our voices to reveal God's love."

May God bless you all and use you to witness for Him as you visit with the Big Week books during this coming week.

NOVEMBER 25

No Limit to God's Power

WM. A. BUTLER

A MAN in Czechoslovakia who had recently begun to keep the Sabbath was discharged from his position because of failure to report for duty on the Sabbath. He sought work elsewhere, but without success. The weeks slipped by, and it became necessary to sell their furniture, and then their clothing, until finally the family was facing poverty and real hunger. The crisis came on a Sabbath morning. The parents were in great distress. They sought the Lord in prayer asking for guidance, that in some way bread might be provided for the children, who were suffering because of hunger. They also prayed that God would touch the heart of the former employer, and make it

possible to obtain work. As they rose from prayer, they noticed that a man had entered the room, and recognized the man for whom they had been praying.

By way of apology, and in explanation of his presence, the employer said, "For three days I have been greatly troubled about you; I feel that I have been unjust in discharging you. But I shall now restore you to your position. I will also see that your furniture is redeemed at my expense, and that the time you have lost is covered by wages."

There was great joy in that home. This faithful couple knew that God had answered their prayers. But they did not cease to pray for the employer that he might be won to Christ and rejoice in the truth. After a few months they had the joy of knowing that the man had become a Sabbath keeper. Those who patiently suffer for truth's sake often receive rich rewards in bringing others to Christ.

A blind lay brother in Peru is a successful colporteur. It is necessary for someone to lead him from home to home, but he sells the literature, and talks the truth and gives Bible studies. His earnest Christian life has a far-reaching influence. Fifty people have united with the church as a result of the efforts of this blind worker. There is no limit to what may be done for God in winning souls to this blessed truth when we are consecrated and desire to do what we can.

Have you won one soul to Jesus this year? Do you have a prayer list, and are you diligently watching for opportunities to be a witness for the Master?

HE CONTEMPLATED SUICIDE

Prepare a sketch of Elijah's life, emphasizing the following points:—

1. A fearless reformer: 1 Kings 18: 17-40.
2. Rebuked kings: 1 Kings 21: 20; 2 Kings 1: 16.
3. Mighty in prayer: 1 Kings 17: 20-22; 18: 36-38.
4. Fed miraculously: 1 Kings 17: 6; 17: 15; 19: 5-8.
5. Let the old man of sin take control: 1 Kings 19: 4.
6. Divinely honoured at the last: 1 Kings 19: 5-18; 2 Kings 2: 11.

Though Elijah let the old man of sin come in and take control in so far as to cause him to desire to give up life, yet he responded when the Lord spoke to him, and renewed his courage in the Lord. Conclude by repeating Isa. 44: 22.

HE CURSED AND SWORE

Prepare a sketch of Peter's life, emphasizing the following points:—

1. Was naturally impulsive: Matt. 14: 28; 17: 4; John 21: 7.
2. Tenderhearted and affectionate: Matt. 26: 75; John 13: 9; 21: 15-17.
3. Self-sacrificing: Mark 1: 18; gifted with spiritual insight: John 6: 68.
4. Allowed the old man of sin to come back into his life: Mark 14: 67-71.
5. After pentecostal baptism became a "rock": John 1: 42; Matt. 16: 18; Acts 1: 8.
6. Became courageous and immovable: Acts 4: 19, 20; 5: 28, 29, 40, 42.

Before Peter's real conversion and baptism by the Holy Spirit, his life was full of contradictions. He allowed the old man of sin to make him deny his Lord with cursing and swearing. However, God understood and led him into a deep and rich experience where the old man of sin could be crucified daily. Conclude by repeating Isa. 55: 7.

Missionary Volunteer Department

Remembers and Don'ts for M.V. Officers

1. REMEMBER your organization's high purposes.
2. Don't let your meeting become monotonous.
3. Don't get discouraged when things go hard.
4. Remember that your meeting won't succeed unless you work hard for success.
5. Don't drop into the front seat after the announcements are made and sit with your back to the audience. Sit in front (at least two of you). Face the audience. Study the group. Are they receiving the help the meeting should give? If not, why not?
6. Remember, your band work won't succeed of its own accord.
7. Don't fail to be cordial.
8. Remember that your society will not succeed without much prayer, much hard thinking, much hard work, and regular executive committee meetings.
9. Don't fail to keep a scrapbook or clipping file for plans, methods, and suggestions.
10. Don't fail to saturate all your work with prayer.

2. Well educated: Acts 7: 22.
 3. Identified himself with Israel: Heb. 11: 25.
 4. Let the old man of sin come back: Ex. 2: 11, 12; then fled: Ex. 2: 15.
 5. Called to leadership after forty years: Acts 7: 30-37; Ex. 3: 1-10.
 6. Restored to favour with God: Ex. 33: 11.
 7. Divine burial: Deut. 34: 1-6.
- Though Moses in a moment of anger murdered an Egyptian, thus allowing the old man of sin to come back, yet we have sufficient evidence of his repentance and humility before God. Conclude by repeating Eph. 1: 7.

HE DECEIVED

Prepare a sketch of Jacob's life, emphasizing the following points:—

1. Naturally crafty: Gen. 25: 31-33.
 2. Let the old man of sin take possession of him: Gen. 27: 18-29.
 3. Came back to God: Gen. 28: 10, 20, 21.
 4. Enjoyed communion with God: Gen. 32: 9-12.
 5. Was disciplined by affliction: Gen. 42: 36.
 6. Became a man of faith: Heb. 11: 21.
- A severe conflict waged in Jacob's heart between the lower and higher nature. But though he allowed the old man of sin to take possession of him at times, yet finally he emerged a tried and faithful soul whom we shall one day meet in heaven. Conclude by repeating Acts 5: 31.

HE WAS TREACHEROUS

Prepare a sketch of David's life, emphasizing the following points:—

1. Divinely chosen to be Israel's king: 1 Sam. 16: 13.
2. Was handsome: 1 Sam. 16: 12; Courageous: 1 Sam. 17: 34-36; Poetical: Psalm 8, 19, 23, etc.
3. General trend of spiritual life: 1 Sam. 18: 14; 1 Kings 15: 5.
4. Let the old man of sin come back: 2 Samuel 11, 12.
5. Confessed and repented deeply: Psalm 51.
6. Has place among the heroes of faith: Heb. 11: 32.

David's life was filled with fine aspirations, noble deeds, and splendid accomplishments, yet stained with gross sins. Though he allowed the old man of sin to come back into his life, yet his confession and repentance were very sincere, and the Lord abundantly pardoned him. Conclude by repeating 1 John 1: 9.

Dumb Messengers Which Speak

THE dumb messengers which speak are none other than the thousands of pages of truth-filled literature which this advent people are distributing. "The pen is mightier than the sword." The influence of the printed page is far-reaching. It reaches the human heart. The printing and spreading of literature formed a part of the programme associated with the early days of our movement. Through this agency many souls were won to the advent faith.

"After coming out of vision, Mrs. White said to her husband, 'I have a message for you. You must begin to print a little paper and send it to the people. Let it be small at first; but as the people read they will send you the means with which to print, and it will be a success from the first.' From the small beginning it was shown to me to be like streams of light that went round the world."

These predictions were made in 1848 concerning the rise and spread of the Sabbath truth. To look at the situation from a human standpoint at that time, reason would say that prediction could never be fulfilled. One man remarked to one of our labourers soon after the prediction was made, "It will take you 144,000 years to do what you propose." "What," they would say, "three preachers—Elder White and his wife, and Elder Bates—all penniless, with less than one hundred adherents all of whom are destitute of money, going forth with a few hundred copies of an eight-page tract on the Sabbath question, to give a warning message to all the world! Preposterous assumption!" While those thus reasoning said, "Impossible," faith in the message and the testimony of assured success said, "In the name of Israel's God it shall be done! and trusting in His strength it must be done."

THE FIRST SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST PAPER

From the time the testimony was borne concerning the publishing work, many prayers were offered by those observing the seventh day, that the Lord would open the way for the printing of the little paper. The great lack was money with which to secure the publication of the first number. In the month of

SENIOR PROGRAMMES

When the Old Man Came Back

NOTE.—The characters of Moses, Jacob, David, Elijah, and Peter are considered under this heading, revealing the lengths to which the human heart will go when it allows "the old man of sin" to come back. However, in these instances, each man repented and turned from his evil way, and will be saved at last. A character study from such a viewpoint should give us a great deal of encouragement, since as human beings we are all subject to like passions.

HE MURDERED

Prepare a sketch of Moses' life, emphasizing the following points:—

1. Circumstances which led to his being adopted by the king's daughter: Ex. 2: 2-10.

June, 1849, Elder White had the opportunity of mowing forty acres of timothy grass with a hand scythe, at seventy-five cents per acre: and thus he was enabled to produce the first number of the little journal.

MRS. WHITE'S ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST PAPERS

Mrs. White says of the beginning of the publishing work:—

"My husband began to publish a small sheet at Middleton, eight miles from Rocky Hill, Connecticut, U.S.A., and often walked this distance and back again, although he was then lame. When he brought the first number from the printing office, we all bowed around it, asking the Lord, with humble hearts and many tears, to let His blessing rest upon the feeble efforts of His servant. He then directed the paper to all those whom he thought would read it, and carried it to the post office in a carpet bag. Every number was taken from Middleton to Rocky Hill, and always before preparing them for the post office they were spread before the Lord, and earnest prayers, mingled with tears, were offered to God that His blessing would attend the silent messengers. Very soon letters came bringing means to publish the paper, and the good news of many souls embracing the truth."

As we pause today, and look back to the humble beginnings of our great work, does there not come a desire into our hearts to prove faithful in finishing the work so that the Master may come and gather us home into His glorious kingdom? As young people, we have been greatly favoured. Think of the literature connected with our movement. Is there any better? To scatter the truth like the leaves of autumn and thus hasten the glorious tidings of a coming King is our work today. May God give you and me the desire to do more for the Master!

WHAT A TRACT ACCOMPLISHED

While passing the Exhibition Gardens in Melbourne one day, a man noticed a small tract hanging on one of the iron pickets of the fence surrounding the gardens. Taking it off the picket, he was struck with the singularity of the title, "Which Day Do You Keep, and Why?" Thinking that it might furnish a good topic for discussion at a mutual improvement society of which he was a member, he took the tract along with him and suggested to the officers of the society that the subject of the tract should be entered upon their syllabus. His request was acceded to.

As the time approached for the discussion of this subject, one of the members of the society mentioned to some of the officers that he had met a man who seemed to know a good deal about this interesting subject, and suggested that he be invited to take part in the discussion. His suggestion was followed.

The invited guest was the late Pastor J. O. Corliss, who, with the late Pastor S. N. Haskell and others, was at that time labouring hard to make a commencement in Australia.

Well, the result of that discussion was astonishing. Pastor Corliss was so successful in convincing his opponents in the discussion of the correctness of his views, that seventeen of them decided to keep the Sabbath of the Lord, nearly all of whom subsequently became active and successful workers in the cause. Two of them were printers, who sold their business and started the Australian publishing house, and one of them later became a most successful evangelist.

This small company of converts, won to the message as the direct result of one tract hanging on a picket fence, was the nucleus of the first church in Australasia.

This should encourage us to keep on sowing the seed, and God will surely provide the harvest.

OVER THE OCEAN CURRENTS

A home missionary worker who believed in sowing the seed beside all waters, attended a school outing on the Delaware River. She noticed some of the children throwing bottles into the river. (They had carried soda water on the trip to drink with their lunch.) "What are you doing?" she asked. "We are writing our names and addresses on pieces of paper and putting them in the bottles," the young people replied, "and throwing them into the river."

A new thought came to her; she had brought along some tracts to distribute if she found an

opportunity. So she said, "I am going to put a tract in my bottle, and send it out for someone to read."

So she put a tract into a bottle, writing upon the margin her name and address. With a prayer in her heart, she threw the bottle into the water. Five years later she received a letter from a sailor of the United States Marines. He told her that he was on a man-of-war off the coast of Cuba. He had fished the bottle out of the water, and had found the tract which had been set adrift nearly five years before.

He wrote that he would like to receive more publications. He told the lady in his letter that she would have one star in her crown of rejoicing in the kingdom because of sending this tract so full of truth to him across the sea.

Thanks - Living

NOTE TO LEADERS.—CONSCIOUSNESS of the needs of others often makes us more appreciative of our own blessings and comforts, and makes us wish to show our gratitude by helping others. A plan for your consideration is to build an Altar of Gratitude. A table or large box will serve, and could be decorated with fruit and vegetables and garments. Through your church elder or Dorcas Society leader, obtain information about some worthy cause needing help, such as a poor family, an orphanage, a hospital, a mission school, prisoners in gaol, etc. During the singing of a thanksgiving hymn, members may bring their articles to the altar and place them there.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Thanksgiving Day! The roots of the idea thread their way far back into the remote past. The chronicles of long centuries before the time of Christ inform us that thanksgiving days were frequently celebrated. On these days gratitude was tangibly expressed in offerings and sacrifices to God in recognition of His many mercies. Ultimately, special days for this purpose were designated and incorporated into the religious ritual of the ancient nations.

In its modern aspect and atmosphere, Thanksgiving Day is distinctively an American institution. The Pilgrim Fathers instituted the day because their first harvest was sufficient to carry them through the winter of 1621. The day was celebrated by religious services in the churches. It was a day when the scattered members of the family would get together at the old homestead.

The privilege of being truly thankful on Thanksgiving Day is not restricted to those who have, but it belongs as well to those who have not. When the austerities of misfortune are abundant and testing, when the face of fortune frowns upon us and it seems that her discipline is harsh and arrogant, we are naturally inclined to feel that there is nothing in us or about us that can be an inspiration to thankfulness. Some of us have seen our cherished hopes tumble into the abysmal depths of dismal failure. Some of us know the sting of irreparable loss. Yet nothing is gained, but much is lost, by allowing ourselves to be soured by misfortune. Adversity may deplete our purses, but, if we permit, it will greatly enrich our experience and multiply the excellencies of character. There are few so deprived of blessings that they cannot find as much to be thankful for as a coloured man I once heard about. He was a devout Christian, and always wore a bright and happy face no matter what happened. One evening he attended a mission, and someone said: "Well, uncle, what have you to praise the Lord for tonight?"

"Oh," he said, "I was coming down the street tonight with a loaf of bread. I had spent all my money on that bread, and I laid the parcel down on the footpath to tie my shoe; and while I was tying my shoe, a big dog came along and took that bread and ran off with it. Praise the Lord!"

The man said: "Look here, uncle, what are you praising the Lord for about that?"

The coloured man answered: "I am praising the Lord because I've still got my appetite left."

Thankfulness makes the ordinary and the simple things shine with new lustre, with added richness and beauty. Someone has well and

gracefully said: "Thankfulness raises the blessings we have to higher degrees of worth, and thereby enriches us. If thankfulness does not create new roses, it paints a finer hue on those we have; if it does not load our table, it puts a delicious sweetness in our simple fare; if it does not clothe our bodies in costly raiment, it lends a sweetness of behaviour to our bodies, so that we do not need such raiment to make us attractive."

BE GRATEFUL!

(Read Psalm 100)

About two years ago it was reported that a young man in New Jersey killed himself because something had happened to his nerve centres, and he could no longer feel anything he touched, taste anything he ate, nor could he smell anything; and though he could still see and hear, he felt that life was no longer worth living. Not to be able to feel, taste, or smell—that would be tragedy; but there is something which is surely equally tragic. That is to live in the midst of beauty and grow indifferent to it; to live in the midst of suffering, want, and need, and be unmoved by it; to be the recipient of friendship, love, mercy, encouragement, help, and accept it all as a matter of course with a shrug of the shoulders, saying, "Why not? the world owes me a living, anyway," or to experience God's continuous love and care and not to yield one's life to His leading.

What this world hungers for is a sense of gratitude, such as prompted Paul, in every letter he wrote, to thank God again and again for His continuing grace and mercy. But the age in which we live tends to destroy such a glad response on our part.

A good prayer to repeat would be: Lord, help us not to want the world on a golden platter, but to desire above every gift the ability to appreciate and to be grateful for every plot of grass, each sunlit hour, each refreshing rain, each night of rest, each day of worthwhile toil, each breath of fresh air, each meal, each friendship, each hour of prayer, remembering how much we rely on these for our happiness; knowing that without these boundless gifts of life that have their source in heaven, man could not remain sufficient unto himself for five short moments.

A RICH MAN

An old clergyman had gained the name of being a rich man, not because of large bank accounts or property holdings, but because he lived as most other preachers have to live, on a small salary, temperate, economical, contented.

One day the assessor called at his home and began to question him.

"Is it so, Mr. Pastor, that you have capital?"

"Yes," said the preacher, "in a way I am a rich man."

"In that case," said the assessor, pulling out his books, getting ready to write, "just how much is your wealth?"

"I am enjoying good health," said the preacher, "and health is better than riches."

"What more have you?" asked the other.

"I have a good wife, and she is worth more than pearls."

"You are to be congratulated," said the assessor, "but what more do you own?"

"I have healthy, well-behaved, intelligent children, a gift from the Lord, which makes me rich."

"Do you own anything more?" asked the assessor.

"Oh, yes, I own citizenship in heaven, and the Spirit gives me the assurance in my heart that I'm a child of God."

"Anything more?"

"No; otherwise I own nothing," said the preacher.

"Mr. Pastor," said the assessor, "you are a rich man, but unfortunately your wealth cannot be taxed."

Not all of us value our blessings as did the old preacher. But if we should stop to take inventory, most of us might count ourselves wealthy.

HOW TO DEVELOP GRATITUDE

How shall we grow in appreciation and gratitude? One valuable way is to form the habit of thinking of the gifts of life in terms of what they cost over against what we pay for them. For instance, we say a book costs 5s. But that is not the total cost. That may

be what we paid for it. But it cost someone time, sacrifice, mental exertion, and a lifetime of gathering the material and the perspective which enabled him to make that book available to us. When we pay 5s. for a book, what do we get? So many pages of paper and printing? To think of a book in that way would be the grossest kind of ingratitude. When one buys a book, one purchases a part of someone's life, buys an insight into another's soul and aspirations and perhaps into the frustrations and the seekings as well.

So we could go on. Hear one of the symphonies composed by Tchaikowsky and then read the tragic story of his life. Think how comparatively little it costs us to hear his music, and what a tragic price he had to pay to be capable of producing such soul-stirring harmonies. With very little effort we may settle back and enjoy his "None but the Lonely Heart," but before such a song could be born the composer paid the cost with a broken heart, and a distracted mind which never could adjust itself to an awful tragedy in his own personal life. We spend a few moments now and then to run into some art gallery. If only the pictures hanging there could tell us what they cost the artists to produce them, we should not be so hasty to pass casual judgment and flit on to the next picture.

A little formula that might serve to guide us in building toward a greater sense of gratefulness might include such steps as these: First, Grow aware! We need even to be aware of ugliness, if for no other reason than to be grateful that life has favoured us so much more than it has some others who must live in squalor and ignorance.

Second, Grow in understanding! We cannot wholly appreciate that which we do not understand. How often some new interest has opened up to us simply because someone took the trouble to explain it!

Third, Grow in appreciation! We tend to judge the value of anything by its utility. We need to learn to enjoy some things, not because we can use them, but because they can feed our imaginations and souls.

Finally, Give expression to your gratitude as you feel it! Even if we say only, "Thank you," we do something valuable to our souls when we remember to say it. Some people have learned beautiful ways of showing gratitude. An organist in Washington dedicates the pieces he plays in recital to people to whom he has been most grateful, and sends a little note to them stating what he has done. A little word of appreciation makes many a tired mother beam with joy. A compliment sincerely given can make a man's soul soar. The person who learns to say thank you in little ways leaves behind him singing hearts as he travels the pathway of life. And his own heart sings in the saying. Gratitude is an art. It may be developed. Indeed, it must be, or life will become as salt that has lost its savour. BE GRATEFUL!—*Adapted.*

JUNIOR M.V. DEPARTMENT

Denominational History

PROGRAMME NO. 12

(From "Pioneer Stories," Chapter 23)

JOSEPH BATES had come up for a conference at Topsham, Maine. It was in November, 1846, over two years after the disappointment. Some of the others present were James White, J. N. Andrews, J. S. Gurney (with whom Bates had worked in the South), and Ellen Harmon. Three months before, she and James White had been married. Thus she was given by the Lord a strong protector, on whom in her weakness she might lean, but to whom she was to be the greatest strength. You know how strong and fearless and devoted James White had been, and you know how faithful Miss Harmon had been in the work God had given her to do. But perhaps you do not know, as they could not know then, how great and mighty was to be the work they should accomplish in the years to come. From this time on we know Ellen Harmon as Mrs. Ellen G. White.

TWO LEADERS EXCHANGE VIEWS

At this time Mrs. White did not see the importance of keeping the seventh-day Sabbath, which Joseph Bates urged, and Joseph Bates was not sure that the visions of Mrs. White were from the Lord, though he was sure she was a good and faithful Christian who believed what she told. And here the Lord brought them both, and all the brethren with them, to believe the truth each had.

Bates had been, as you remember, a captain of ships on the sea. All seamen study the stars, for these are often about all they have to see, and the captains have to sail their vessels, oftentimes, by the positions of the stars. So Captain Bates was a great lover of astronomy, which means the study of the stars and other bodies in the sky. Mrs. White, on the other hand, knew nothing about it, for you remember how she was kept from school. And when Joseph Bates tried to talk with her about the heavenly bodies, she could not understand very much, and told him she had never looked into a book on astronomy.

But one day, here in the conference, she was taken off in vision when he was present, and for the first time the Lord showed her some of the planets—which are worlds much like our own. Through telescopes men have discovered many things about them which we cannot see with our naked eyes. For instance, Jupiter, the largest of the planets near us, has not one moon, as we have, but four; while Saturn, another planet, has at least eight, though only seven had been discovered then. And up in its sky it has great beautiful bands of different colours which extend all the way around it.

In vision, then, Mrs. White was taken to see these planets, and as she talked about them, describing them, Captain Bates, his face wreathed in smiles, would say, "Now she is viewing Jupiter," and, "She is describing Saturn," and so on. She told much more than astronomers knew about these, for they are not sure the planets are inhabited, but she saw that they are. On Saturn she saw good old Enoch, who was translated without dying five thousand years ago. He said that was not his home, that he was only visiting there, that he lived in heaven, where God dwells, and there he was waiting until the earth should be restored as it had been in Eden. The people of these worlds were all very much more beautiful and strong than the people of earth, for sin had never entered there.

But after seeing the planets, she seemed to pass over a great distance in the heavens, until she came to the place that is called "the gap in the sky." When she began to describe this, Elder Bates rose to his feet in great excitement. "She is giving a more wonderful description," he said, "than any astronomer ever dreamed of." And still she spoke of its great beauty, with the four great stars far apart as its gates, and the glory, the wonderful glory, shining through. The heavens beyond, she said, made a region more enlightened. This indeed is the gateway from our part of the universe into the central heaven where God dwells.

A WONDERFUL GAP IN THE SKY

I am sure you want to know where this wonderful gap in the sky is. It will not look to you at all like a gap when you see it. You would have to look through the most powerful telescope in all the world to see much, and then you could not see as much as she saw in vision. To us it looks just like a faint star, but through the telescope it is shown to be a very glorious place, with many great stars in it, and a place of wonderful light in the centre. Now let me tell you how to find it in the sky, though you can probably never see anything of its glory until in the company of Jesus you pass through it on the way to heaven.

In the summertime—for in midwinter you cannot see it at all—in the summertime, if you look up into the sky toward the north, about half way up to the zenith (the top of the sky), you will find a group of stars, known as the constellation of Orion. The middle one of the three stars which form "the sword of Orion" is fainter than the other two, as you will see. It looks rather hazy. It is not really one star, but a great many, millions upon millions of miles apart, only they are so far away from us that they look like one star.

And in the middle of them all there are four stars, which are still millions upon millions of miles apart. And all in between these four stars is a glorious light, the light of the great heaven beyond. This is "the gap in the sky" through which Jesus will come. That makes it seem nearer, just as if the way home were being pointed out to us.

Well, when Joseph Bates heard this vision, he was very happy. He was sure now that the Lord must be giving the visions, for he had made sure before that Mrs. White knew nothing of astronomy, and here she was telling more than he knew. And he said he was the happiest man alive.

A VIEW OF THE GOLDEN ARK

A few weeks after this, while still at Topsham, Mrs. White was given another vision, in which she saw the sanctuary in heaven in the same form as it had been on earth. In the first room of the sanctuary she saw the altar of incense, the candlestick with seven lamps, and the table of shewbread. Then Jesus raised the veil that separated it from the most holy place, and she entered. There she saw an ark of purest gold, over which stood two shining cherubs, or angels, their faces turned toward each other, and looking down in reverence upon the ark. Over the ark was a brightness that appeared like the throne of God. Jesus stood there, and as the prayers of His people on earth came up to Him, He offered them up before God, with the incense from His censer.

Then she saw the ark opened, and within it was the law of God, the Ten Commandments written on tables of stone. To her astonishment, as she looked upon these ten great words, she saw the fourth commandment encircled with a greater, more brilliant light than the others, for it is the great commandment which holds men to God. If everybody had always truly kept the Sabbath, there would never have been a heathen in the world, nor an infidel; for the Sabbath reminds us of the God who is the Creator and Redeemer. God has never changed His command which says, "The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work." But Satan has brought men to leave the Sabbath and to take a heathen holiday in its place. Thus, without knowing it, many dishonour God.

After she had had this vision, the matter seemed very different to Mrs. White. She had been keeping Sunday, and thought it didn't matter much which day was kept. But now she and James White, her husband, began at once to keep the Sabbath and to study this truth in the Bible. And so they were united with Joseph Bates, and he with them. Thus at last these three great servants of God were brought fully together for their great work.

Once Upon a Time

FIVE GOLD MICE

ONCE upon a time five gold mice were given as a present to the Israelites. It all came about this way. The tribes of the fighting Philistines were very proud of the golden ark, with the gold wreath round it, which they had captured in battle. They thought it was the idol of the men of Israel, and carried it in the autumn sunshine, with great rejoicing, down the long valley to the plains by the sea. They put it into the temple of Dagon, in the city of Ashdod, to show that their idol was greater than the idol of Israel. Dagon was only a large block of wood cut into the figure of a man with a fish's tail, and in the morning that ugly idol was found lying on its face and broken. A plague of painful boils broke out amongst the Ashdodites, and their prince sent a message to the princes of four other Philistine tribes that the golden ark should move on to another city, as the men of Ashdod did not care to have it any longer.

Drivers took it on a bullock-waggon through the river at the shallow ford, and across the yellow plain for ten miles to the city of Gath, that stood on a white cliff at the foot of the lower hills in the vale of Elah. They told the people why they brought it, and the people of Gath took it about from place to place until they too were plagued with boils, and would keep it no longer.

A council of their priests, chiefs, and wise men was then called, to consider how they might get the golden ark back again to the men of Israel, for they wished they had never taken it. The priests and wizards said solemnly that they must put it upon a bullock-waggon without drivers, and send a present with it, to please God, and all would be well. The present was to be five gold mice, and five gold boils, one for each of the five Philistine cities, and these they called images.

They also said the cart must be quite new, and drawn by two milk cows that had never been in harness, and that their calves must be shut up at home: and if the cows walked away with the cart to the hills, God had been punishing them; but if the cows refused to go, then the plagues were only natural. The goldsmiths made images of five tumours, and when they came to make the images of the five gold mice for Ashdod, Gaza, Askelon, Gath, and Ekron, other walled towns and even open villages thinking they would get some good from it, asked to join in sending gold mice also; so that there were many gold mice sent as presents with the ark of the Israelites.

The five princes met; and when all was ready they put the little gold mice and the gold boils into a box, and placed it upon the new cart, alongside the golden ark. The calves were led away home, and the cows set free. The people stood round watching to see what they would do. The five princes followed at a distance, wondering much; for the cows had no drivers, and were leaving their calves behind.

The cows approached Beth-shemesh slowly, dragging the small waggon, and turned into the field of a man called Joshua, and stood there. When the people saw what was on the cart, they shouted with gladness, and running down from the village, gathered round about it, rejoicing that the golden ark had come back. Opening the small box, they placed the gold mice and the images upon a large stone, and in their joy resolved to have a sacrifice and a feast. Breaking up the new cart, they made a fire with it; and killing the two cows, they burnt part of them as an offering to God, and feasted on the rest, rejoicing greatly that the ark which had been lost was restored.

And so the precious golden box of Israel, which had been lost in war, was returned in peace, to be put again behind a new purple curtain, and a new tabernacle, to rest in the dark under the wings of golden angels in the great tent of the people.

A HONEY LUNCH

Once upon a time, a king's son, returning from a battle, espied a full honey-comb and so had a honey lunch that day. This is how it happened. Up the long valleys from the sea the Philistines came with their chariots, horsemen, and foot soldiers, armed with swords and spears, and their bowmen with shields of bull-hide. The men of Israel said they were like the sand of the sea for multitude, as they saw them coming over the ridge of the hills, and putting up their hundreds of black tents at Michmash, at the head of the gorge leading down to Gilgal. When the men of Benjamin saw the Philistine army, they hid in caves and woods, old water-cisterns, thickets, and cliffs, some even fleeing across the Jordan at the shallow fords, to hide among the hills of Gilead on the other side. Of King Saul's three thousand chosen men only about six hundred remained to fight, for they had very poor weapons, their conquerors having taken away their swords.

Saul's large tent was spread out at Migron, under a pomegranate tree that rose like a tower of crimson in spring, and covered the ground with russet fruit in autumn; and he waited there from day to day. But Prince Jonathan grew impatient, and it fell upon a day that he bade his young armour-bearer follow him, with his shield and sword and brass-headed spear; but he did not tell his father where he was going. The two men, with sandals strapped on their feet, went down the long rocky pass, their tunics drawn up through their leather belts, ready for a fight. Climbing up the shining crag on hands and knees, they surprised the men on guard; and their cries alarmed the men in the camp, who thought they were attacked by many warriors, and fled for safety, and the watchers on King Saul's crag saw them running. Then King Saul grasped his spear, and called for the

checkered ephod and the breastplate with the tribal gems; and while the priest stood gazing into the gems of light and truth, to learn what the king should do, the noise in the Philistine camp increased.

King Saul commanded all his fighting-men to hasten down and attack the Philistine camp, shouting with an oath that no man must stop for food as long as there was daylight to slay their enemies; and with fierce yells the tribesmen ran down the gorge and fell upon the flying Philistines. Then the Israelites who were hiding in caves and dens came out and fell upon the Philistines, Jonathan leading the chase.

It was the time of the honey harvest, and as they were running through a wood they saw marks of honey upon the ground. The wild bees, in the trunks of fallen trees and in the clefts of the rocks, had filled their hives so full that the honey was dropping out; for in that land some honey-combs are so large that men dig them out with spades. Jonathan's men were hungry and tired with the chase, and longed to eat the honey, but they were afraid of the king's oath. But Jonathan himself was on the shining crag when his father shouted the command, and he did not hear it; and seeing the golden honey dripping down, he stopped, and turning the handle of his spear, thrust it up into a cleft where the honey-comb was, and brought it out dripping with sweetness. Skimming the honey off with his hand, he ate it until his hunger ceased, and he felt strong again. His men were astonished, and told him of his father's command; but he said it would have been better if the king had let them eat and be strong. But although they were faint with hunger, the young men would not touch the honey, and continued their pursuit of the Philistines.

And thus led by Jonathan, the men of Israel chased the Philistines out of the country to the gates of their own city.

THE BLACK QUEEN

Once upon a time, the black Queen of Sheba decided to pay a visit to King Solomon. This is how it came about. King Solomon was counted a wise king, although in some things he was far from wise. He loved gold, jewels, and precious stones; but he also loved trees and flowers and birds, and spoke to his people about them. He liked to drive out in robes of purple and gold, but he also liked to stay at home and write and walk in his lovely gardens and meditate and talk with learned friends.

Merchants carried the fame of King Solomon's magnificence and cleverness into other countries, and princes came to see him, bringing presents of silver and gold dishes, embroidered robes, inlaid armour, spices, and horses, and he entertained them with lavish splendour.

The Queen of Sheba was rich and clever, and in her far country she heard such wonderful stories of Solomon's magnificence and wisdom, that she resolved to mount a camel and go to Jerusalem, to see this king and try him with questions.

King Solomon heard that the black queen was coming, and made preparations to receive her. She came riding in a little house on a splendid camel covered with a blue camel-cloth, with hangings of beads and shells and coloured tassels that almost touched the ground. A bodyguard of black soldiers surrounded her, and she was followed by more camels laden with boxes and bundles of sweet spices, rare wood, gold, and jewels of emerald, topaz, and onyx, as presents for the king; and she looked through her curtains as she rode through the city and up the steep street to the king's house on Zion hill.

He received her in his throne-room; he feasted her in his banqueting-house, where all the dishes were of gold; and he rode with her along the king's private way from the palace on Mount Zion to the temple on Mount Moriah, and all the way the road was lined by the tall soldiers of his bodyguard with their gold shields; and he took her into the temple itself and showed her its magnificence.

King Solomon entertained the black queen lavishly, and her soldiers and slaves also, showing her his garden of paradise, his king's stables with forty thousand Egyptian horses, his battle-chariots of red and green, his drivers, riders, spearmen, and bowmen, his presents from kings, and the five hundred gold shields

of his guards hanging upon the palace wall, and all his riches of gems and gold, while he talked with her of peace and war, of learning and trade, of trees, flowers, and stars, and of many wise sayings.

The black queen gazed upon his magnificence of purple and gold, of cedar-wood houses richly decorated, his choirs of singers and musicians, the meats on his table—harts, gazelles, roebucks, and fatted fowls—and the apparel of his slaves, with their hair glittering with gold dust, until there was no more spirit left in her; and turning to the king of the ruddy cheeks and dark eyes, she exclaimed:—

"The report which I heard in mine own land of thy sayings and wisdom was true indeed, and I would not believe it. But now that I have seen it for myself, the half of thy greatness and wisdom was never told me. Happy are they who stand before thee and hear thy wisdom. Blessed be God who made thee king, to give judgments with justice."

Bidding farewell to this wonderful young king, the black queen mounted her kneeling camel and took her seat in the little house of wicker-work strapped on the saddle, with its silk curtains of rich red. Surrounded by her wild soldiers, with their tufted spears, with slaves and servants riding on camels behind her, she rode through the city and over beautiful Mount Olivet, parting the silk curtains to have a last look at the wonderful city ere she rode down to the fords of Jordan, on the way to her distant land, her eyes dazzled and her heart satisfied with the glory and the splendour of the wise and witty Jewish king.

Such was King Solomon in all his glory. But we remember the beautiful saying of Jesus, spoken amid the green hills of Galilee, "Consider the lilies of the field. . . . And yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

FOUR BEGGARS

Once upon a time there were four poor lepers who lived in a miserable hut near the gate, and close under the walls of Samaria. They were beggars and outcasts, for the guards would not let them into the town; and they were afraid to wander away, lest the Syrian soldiers should kill them. They were very miserable, for they were starving, and said to each other that they would stay no longer there, but as soon as it was dark they would steal away to the Syrian camp in search of food; and if they were killed it would not matter, for they were dying of starvation anyway.

They watched the sun going down over the hills of red and purple, and the stars coming out in the skies of deepening blue; and when the night was dark enough they stole out like shadows from under the wall, unnoticed by the watchmen on the towers, and set off on their painful journey, down the stony path to the plains, and out towards the wide camp of the Syrian army, where the horses were neighing and the camp-fires burning. No voice challenged them as they approached the camp, and in desperation they hastened on towards the low black tents, each with a horse or a mule tied to a peg at the door; and the men were astonished that the Syrians kept no watch and slept so soundly within their tents. There was nobody to be seen anywhere, and bending down, they looked into the first tent they came to, but there was nobody inside. It was empty. They went on, peering into one tent after another; but every tent was empty, and they wondered yet the more. Now the truth was that there was not a man in all that great camp—nothing but horses and mules, tents, fires, and food, and weapons of every kind.

Just about the time when the poor beggars were stealing out from the shadow of the city walls, the Syrian soldiers heard strange sounds coming from over the plains, which they took for the noise of many chariots and horses rushing rapidly towards them. A cry arose, spreading like the wind through the camp, that the king of Israel had got the kings of the Hittites and the Egyptians to come to his help, and that they had hidden themselves until the darkness came on, and were now rushing upon them to destroy them all. And the Syrians fled from their camp, leaving everything behind as they ran towards the hills and the Jordan river, flinging away their spears and shields in their terror.

Seeing no one, the four starving lepers went into a tent, where there was food, and ate and drank until they were satisfied; they then rummaged and rifled, and finding gold and silver, they carried it away and buried it where they could find it again. Then they went into another tent, and another, and searched them until they were tired, and one said to his companions:—

"This is a day of good tidings, and we keep it to ourselves. We are not doing right. If we wait till morning, the men on the walls of Samaria will see it for themselves, and we shall be punished for not bringing them word. Let us go and tell the king."

So they left the camp while it was yet dark, and returned, climbing up the weary hill, which did not seem so steep now that they were no longer starving, and creeping close to the walls, they shouted to the watchman at the gate that the Syrians were gone. The watchman replied that he did not believe them; but, all the same, he sent a soldier to tell the king.

One of the chiefs offered to take horses and drive out to the Syrian camp and see if anything had really happened. The city gate was opened, and the brave man drove clattering

out in the moonlight, and the people on the city walls saw him going down the winding hill and across the plain to the Syrian camp, and on still towards the hills. After a time they saw him driving his galloping horses back to Samaria, and they opened the city gate to let him in, and shut it again as they crowded round him, for he was shouting joyfully. The Syrian camp was deserted, he cried, and all the road towards the hills strewn with Syrian cloaks, Syrian water-bottles, Syrian shields, spears, bows, arrows—everything that could hinder them in their flight towards the Jordan and their own country. The people could scarcely believe their ears, and screamed and yelled with delight.

The gates were flung open by order of the king, and the people rushed upon the deserted camp, and spoiled the tents of the Syrians, finding so much plunder there, and such stores of food, that flour and barley were sold at the city gate that day, as the prophet had said.

And so those poor lepers, outcasts from their friends, went back before the dawn, with good tidings of deliverance, to the people who had showed them no kindness, thus returning good for evil, and kindness for cruelty.

Dick: What did you sell?

Tom: Onions, tomato plants, a bunch of cress, a bundle of rhubarb, and a dozen cucumbers. When the corn was ready I put a notice, "Corn for Sale," at the gate, and I got 2s. for selling it.

Dick: Did you sell anything else?

Tom: Yes, I got 3s. for selling lettuce. But where is your tin?

Dick: Here it is (shows tin), and it's full, too.

Tom: How did you do all that?

Dick: Oh, ours is the family tin. We all helped.

Tom: Why, what did you all do?

Dick: Well, I have two hens of my very own, and sell all the eggs they lay. Mother has a bed of poppies and stocks. She sells these flowers to a neighbour and a restaurant not far from home. Jack mows Mrs. Jones's lawn. Joan saves stamps; and then we have our "thankfuls."

Tom: "Thankfuls?" What do you mean by that?

Dick: Why, every Friday evening when we gather for worship, we think of the things that have happened during the week for which we are especially thankful. Then father puts in a penny for each one.

Tom: Well, I'm going to try to do better next year.

Dick: Yes, let's all try to have more next year.

Sabbath School Mission News

NOVEMBER 4

Investment Promotion Day SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMME

Welcome	Minutes
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Song: "Planting Seeds" (Tune, 283, "Christ in Song")	3
Poem: "What Will You Say?"	2
	60
Benediction	

INVEST YOUR TALENTS

(Tune, No. 594 in "Christ in Song")

INVEST your talents for Jesus,
Time, strength, and labour of love;
Let your whole life be surrendered
To Him, who reigneth above.
Work with one purpose each moment,
And that, the gospel to give;
See that you keep Truth's light shining,
Lighting the world where you live.

CHORUS: (Repeat first four lines of first stanza)

Invest your talents for Jesus,
That as a trust He has lent,
Angels will be your co-workers
When thus your powers are bent,
That others, too, may be rescued
From the destruction of sin,
And Christ's most glorious kingdom
May on the new earth begin.

Invest your talents for Jesus,
Lay up your treasures on high;
There, place your heart's true affection
When the Lord calleth, reply,
"Take me and use me, dear Master,
Let Thy love from my life flow,
Drawing souls heavenward ever,
Who will rejoice, Thee to know."

—Malinda Rodenberg.

INVESTMENT SUGGESTIONS

(An exercise for small children. If desired, appropriate motions may be used, all in the exercise taking part while one child speaks. All repeat the last two lines of each verse.)

First Child:

HAVE you all been wondering
How to plan for your Investment?
Listen closely, while we tell
Just a very few suggestions.
Work and pray, do your best,
You'll find something to invest.

Second Child:

If you have a plot of ground,
Buy a few good garden seeds,
Plant them with an earnest prayer,
Hoe, and keep away the weeds;
Work and pray, do your best,
You'll find something to invest.

Third Child:

If you are a skilful cook
Roll out carefully some pies,
Make some bread, or mix a cake,
And a sum you'll realize.
Work and pray, do your best,
You'll find something to invest.

Fourth Child:

Take a needle and some thread,
Sew some useful things to sell,
Every stitch just perfect make,
And of course they will take well.
Work and pray, do your best,
You'll find something to invest.

Fifth Child:

Boys can mow their neighbours' lawns,
If they're strong and like to work;
Trim the hedges, sweep the path,
Surely no one here will shirk.
Work and pray, do your best,
You'll find something to invest.

Sixth Child:

Girls can care for little ones
While their mothers are away,
Rock the babies quietly;
"Twill not seem like work, but play.
Work and pray, do your best,
You'll find something to invest.

HOW THE TINS WERE FILLED

(A dialogue in which Dick meets his friend Tom going to Sabbath school on Thirteenth Sabbath.)

Dick: Hello, Tom, are you going to Sabbath school, and is that your Investment tin?

Tom: Yes, and it's nearly full. (Shakes tin.)

Dick: Why, how did you earn so much money?

Tom: Well, mother said I could sell all the spare garden stuff this year, and have the money for my own.

Dick: Spare garden stuff! What's that?

Tom: Why, any vegetables grown in our garden that we do not need for home use.

PLANTING SEEDS

(Motion song for children. Tune, No. 283 in "Christ in Song")

WE are planting tiny seeds
In a straight and narrow row.¹
God will send the sun and rain,²
And will make them sprout and grow.³

CHORUS:

For the Investment,
For the Investment,
For the Investment,
Investment for our King.

We shall hoe, and pull the weeds,⁴
Do our part with constant care,
Trusting God to prosper us,
Taking time to stop for prayer.⁵

In the garden of our hearts,⁶
Plant, dear Lord, some precious seeds
That will grow, and bear much fruit
Daily, in kind, loving deeds.

Motions:

1. Children make motion of seed planting.
2. Point upward.
3. Hold hands down, gradually lifting.
4. Make motions of hoeing, and pulling weeds.
5. Reverent attitude of prayer.
6. Point to heart.

WHAT WILL YOU SAY?

WHAT will you say when the Saviour of men
Calls for His children so dear—
Lonely and weary, as you might have been—
Dying in darkness and fear?

What will you say when He points to His hands,
Wounded by nails long ago?
Love's wondrous message He gave for all lands;
Friend, are you telling them so?

How will you answer while viewing His side,
Pierced by the rough spear of hate;
Have you done aught for your Lord crucified?
Many are lost while you wait.

What will you do when the uplifted cross
Stands once again for your view?
Ah, can you say, "E'en through sorrow and loss,
I have lived only for You?"

Then when shall open the portals of rest,
Just for the faithful and true,
Can you reply, "I have given my best,
Joyfully toiling for You?"

Ah, will He say, while your glad heart thrills
With the joy only toilers know,
"Come, child, enter in; you have done My will;
We have finished our task below?"

—Stella Putnam.

NOVEMBER 11

First Impressions

BROTHER D. A. FERRIS, who is now located on Malaita, Solomon Islands, writes of his arrival in that field as follows:—

"Upon arriving at Tulagi I was greeted by Pastor N. A. Ferris and family. It was a pleasure to meet them after a number of years, also to have his valued help in getting through the usual customs formalities. As soon as this part was over, we set out for the Marovo Lagoon to attend the annual council meetings.

"While at Batuna an opportunity opened for a visit to the Amyes Memorial Hospital. It was indeed a pleasure to visit this centre and to see the wonderful work which is being done for the sick folk by Dr. E. Finkle and Brother and Sister J. Gosling.

"Again from Tulagi, after taking a full load of cargo, we set out for Kwilibisi the head station at Malaita. How strangely fascinating it seemed as we sped in the dead of night along the wonderful Siota Pass! How accurately the crew boys judged the sharp bends and narrow passes, describing the while points of special interest connected with 'those other days'! After clearing the entrance to the pass our course was set for the north end of Malaita.

"Sime, our native leader, who has cared for the work on Malaita in the absence of Brother A. F. Parker, was with us, and he recounted his story with such enthusiasm and life that could be inspired only in one who was genuinely in love with his task, and who was determined that the work in hand should succeed. As we passed up the coast faint threads of smoke away up in the hills were eagerly pointed out as villages that have recently been visited and where the people are awaiting help. Then as we drew nearer our destination, flashes and answering flashes indicated that our own villages had seen and recognized the *Portal*.

"One pauses to wonder if just such a scene did not inspire the impassioned outburst, 'Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest'; and again, 'Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? Behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest.'

"The *Portal* moved nicely up to the mission wharf, and we were met by the school boys and girls. They were glad to welcome us to our new home. We had a look over the mission, and found everything neat and in order, and well cared for by the native workers in charge. Brother Parker and Doctor have worked hard to organize and build up the head station and medical centre here at Kwilibisi. There is much yet to be done, and we pray for Heaven's blessing as we continue the work so well established.

"We are depending on the Sabbath schools for the support needed to carry on the work, also to open up new centres of endeavour. May God help us all to be faithful."

NOVEMBER 18

WILL BE SUPPLIED BY YOUR CONFERENCE SABBATH SCHOOL SECRETARY

NOVEMBER 25

Daphne's Boat

M. L. WARD

DAPHNE grew up in an atmosphere of missionary endeavour. She was taught to be kind and thoughtful—interested in the welfare of others. With her mother, she found much joy in making scrap-books for hospitals and invalid children, visiting sick people, and making little dainties for them. Her father and mother had been influenced by the same kind of teaching, and had attended the Australasian Missionary College with the idea of becoming foreign missionaries.

While this ambition was not realized for a number of years, still many of the friends of those college days went out to mission fields and corresponded regularly. So, as Daphne grew up, many letters from these far-away missionaries gave a sense of reality to mission work. Now and again a curio from a foreign

field would find its way into the home, and these were much treasured by all. Shortly before her death Daphne was looking forward to the arrival of a parcel of curios from the British Solomon Islands. These arrived before she passed away, but as the parcel was in Melbourne and she in Warburton, she never saw them.

Much missionary literature, too, was to be found in Daphne's home. Daddy worked for some years in the publishing house, where missionary books and magazines were printed, copies of which he brought home. Daphne early learned to read, and became exceedingly fond of books. She learned to choose the best in reading matter, and was very happy with her lovely book friends. Even large books were a great delight to her. Many a time she might be found with a volume beyond her years—and a dictionary beside her to explain the big words! Imagine her, then, with such delightful books as "The Land Where Jesus Christ Lived," "Stories of Clever Dogs," "Elephant Tales"—by a personal acquaintance, a missionary in Burma—"Pilgrim's Progress," "Escape from Siberian Exile," "Story of John Williams," and "The White Queen of Okoyong—A Story of Mary Slessor." This last-named book (906 pages) had been read four times, and the little bookmark still rests at the place towards the end of the story to which she had read for the *fifth* time. This is the story of a Scotch girl who became a much-loved missionary in Africa.

Maybe it was this book that helped to fire her young heart with a desire to be a nurse, to travel, to become a missionary, with a special interest in Africa. Daddy had talked much of Africa, for Daphne's parents had read the "Story of David Livingstone," too; and they had entertained in their own home a missionary on furlough from Africa! Pastor Joseph and his wife from a mission field near the great Victoria Falls had stayed with them for a week or two. Had not Daphne seen the maps and heard daddy talk with the missionary about the needs of the poor black people, and how glad they were to receive the good news of Jesus their Saviour! Had she not heard of the plans made to support a native worker out there in that "Dark Continent"! And had she not heard of the need of a boat on the great Zambesi River that would be so useful

to the missionaries travelling in those parts!

What wonder, then, that as she came to lay down her young life at eleven years and nine months, it should be with a feeling of disappointment. She could never work for God as a missionary. Can you catch the childish message as she whispers, "Write and tell Pastor Joseph that when I grew up I wanted to be a missionary to Africa?"

In the Savings Bank to Daphne's credit stood an amount of nearly three pounds. It was planned that this should be given to help purchase the boat so needful on the Zambesi. As her parents told several friends of this plan soon after her death, they decided that they, too, would like to have a part in procuring the boat for Daphne's sake. Imagine the pleasure of her parents as they were soon able to transfer £10 to the mission field in Africa for this purpose. Pastor Joseph wrote from Africa acknowledging the receipt of the money, and saying that when the boat was obtained they would call it the *Daphne* in memory of "the little missionary." Pastor and Mrs. Joseph had lost their own little son (an only child) in Africa. He was taken to hospital with typhoid fever, and they never saw him alive again.

Word has since been received that the boat is now running on the headwaters of the upper Zambesi. The *Daphne* carries missionaries and their supplies for long distances up and down the river. It gives much pleasure to all who had a part in buying that boat to know that while Daphne herself could not go, her effort is not lost, and God is blessing her influence and using the boat as a messenger instead of "the little missionary" herself.

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