



HOME MISSIONS DAY

NOVEMBER 14, 1942

NOTE TO LEADERS AND CHURCH OFFICERS

We would appreciate your co-operation and help in keeping the missionary phase of our church life before the believers. The old-time Home Missionary Sabbath has in many places gradually been forgotten. This Sabbath service when rightly conducted has always been a great blessing and a spiritual uplift to the members.

On the second Sabbath of the second month of each quarter we plan to have material on the front pages of the LEADER which can be used as a basis of study for that day.

It is the usual plan also to have a special offering lifted on that Sabbath which is used for providing free literature.

We would seek your support in helping to make this Home Missionary Sabbath a real missionary day for all who attend church. The missionary service is the indicator to the real life of the church, so we must keep the indicator pointing always towards Christian service.—EDITOR.

and verse 30 follows with: "Then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven."

The people of God have preached the return of Jesus, they have prayed, "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." They have sent missionaries to the far ends of the earth. For the past one hundred years, thousands upon thousands have worked to hasten that grand and glorious coming day; and still the instruction given by Jesus to His church is a challenge to every loyal believer. He says, as recorded in Mark 16: 15, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

What an urgent call to renew our determination this day, to do all we possibly can to give this message to every creature with whom we come in contact!

Shall we not again take up the challenge of our unfinished task, and re-dedicate our lives to the end that others may be given the most glorious message that has ever been given to a world, a people, a church, or an individual—that of preparing a life for eternity with Christ!

People Longing for This Truth

In "Acts of the Apostles," page 109, we are told that "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."

Messages are constantly coming to us proving the truth of that inspired statement. How many times our radio evangelists tell us how men and women, old and young, have listened to sermons over the air, and how they have been led to turn the dial to some Adventist broadcast, and immediately felt they had found the message to satisfy the longing of their hearts!

Think of a person in a capital city praying for light, and after turning the radio indicator around at the time the Adventists were on the air the ear caught some helpful and

heaven-sent words. And so in that busy city, with all the pleasures of the world outside, the ether waves conveyed to that home and to that longing heart a divine message. A letter of inquiry followed, studies were forwarded, and later that listener travelled over one hundred miles to be baptized. Scores of such people are still seeking to know the way to God's eternal home.

It was a young soldier, who although converted in another church, felt all was not well, and so prayed for more light. He was providentially led into contact with this people while visiting friends during his leave from camp. In a letter received this week he says he is now a baptized member, and is "ready and waiting for Christ's second coming." In the midst of the busy routine of military life that young soldier was longing and praying for more light, he went in search of truth, and found the people with the message of salvation for this day and generation.

It was in the year 1934, when the Chicago World's Fair was in progress, that a seeker after truth picked up on the grounds a "Souvenir of the World-Wide Work of Seventh-day Adventists." Seven years rolled by as this individual, still desiring to know truth, waited to meet a Seventh-day Adventist, but waited in vain. Finally a letter was written and addressed to our office. In the letter was enclosed that souvenir, which had been kept all those waiting years, with a request for literature. A list of our publications on the souvenir was marked, and seventeen different subjects were underlined. That letter was an SOS call to us.

We have the help. The people are calling for the help that we can give. Shall we keep them waiting by the radio in vain? Shall we leave them searching for us until they find some believer somewhere? Is it right for us to wait until they write for a share in those blessed things we possess? The gospel prophet says to the church, "Arise, shine; for . . . the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

The Spirit of Service Called For

Truly, much has been accomplished by this people throughout the years. We have sent missionaries into well over four hundred countries of the earth; language after language has been added to our list until we now tell the good news of salvation in more than eight hundred tongues, and print the message in over two hundred languages. But the grave question comes to us again and again: Are we as a people, are we as a church, are we as individuals, doing all that should be done commensurate with the times in which we live? At the close of the great papal persecution, Christ declared, the sun should be darkened, and the moon should not give her light. Next, the stars should fall from heaven. And He says: "Learn a parable of the fig tree; When his branch is yet tender, and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh: so likewise ye, when ye shall see all these things, know that He is near, even at the doors." Matt. 24: 32, 33, margin.

Christ has given signs of His coming. He declares that we may know when He is near, even at the doors. He says of those who see these signs, "This generation shall not pass, till all these things be fulfilled." These signs have appeared. Now we know of a surety that the Lord's coming is at hand. "Heaven and

The Spirit of the Work BIBLE STUDY

1. WHAT is the first thing necessary for effective Home Missionary work? 2 Cor. 8: 12.
2. How should we work? Col. 3: 23.
3. What deep feeling will this work call out? Ps. 126: 6.
4. Are only great acts of service worth while? Matt. 10: 42.
5. What should we not be ashamed to make known to others? Rom. 1: 16.
6. What is an essential element in successful work? Heb. 11: 1, 6, 33, 34.
7. What else is necessary to success in soul-winning? Eph. 6: 17.
8. What promise is made to those who work on right principles? Joshua 1: 8.

Our Relation to the Finishing of the Work

T. A. MITCHELL

You will notice in the accompanying picture a man who actually saw the falling of the stars in the year 1833. This man stands in the picture with two of our radio evangelists, who have spent some time with him talking about that outstanding "sign" that God displayed in the heavens to indicate to the world that the end of all earthly things is drawing near. That meteoric display which stirred the greater part of the inhabitants of the Western world, occurred one hundred and nine years ago, and the man referred to is now one hundred and twenty-two years of age, a centenarian and almost a quarter of a century as well. Surely we are drawing very close to the time for the fruit of the earth to be gathered into the kingdom of God.

Turn to that familiar text in Matt. 24: 29, and read it once again. It says: "Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken."

Notice that "the powers of the heavens shall be shaken" after the "falling of the stars,"



Our National Radio Evangelists visit Mark Thrash, who is 122 years of age, now living near Chattanooga, Tennessee. They talked together about the falling of the stars, an event which Mr. Thrash remembers vividly.

earth shall pass away," He says, "but My words shall not pass away."

Sister White says: "Now we know of a surety that the Lord's coming is at hand." This is truly a clarion call to each and all to labour for the winning of souls as we have never laboured before. "Testimonies," Vol. VIII, page 47, reads: "Every addition to the church should be one more agency for the carrying out of the great plan of redemption." We read from "Acts of the Apostles," page 111: "Long has God waited for the spirit of service to take possession of the whole church, so that everyone shall be working for Him according to his ability. When the members of the church of God do their appointed work in the needy fields at home and abroad, in fulfilment of the gospel commission, the whole world will soon be warned, and the Lord Jesus will return to this earth with power and great glory."

Never in the history of this world has there been such a call to the individual to render full-time and part-time service. We are told that 90 per cent of the inhabitants of the world are helping directly or indirectly in this World War No. 2, and calls are being echoed and re-echoed, over the air, in the newspapers, and from the public platform, for more men, more women, more youth, to give their time and talents; and even those who cannot render full-time service may be able to do part-time work in helping the war effort. People get together in groups, and faithfully toil to help make camouflage nets, to make garments, to study First Aid, and numerous other things. Men and women, old and young alike, help their country and answer the call of the King.

There is, however, still the challenge to be met. There is yet a divine commission, to go to every creature with the gospel message. Above every other earthly call is the Master's call to service—Christian service, full-time or part-time; the call is from the Lord our King.

He still says, "Go work in My vineyard." There is the challenge of an unfinished work, with but a short period of time in which to do that work. There is the challenge of men and women writing to us, coming to us, for help, while longing and praying for help. Shall we not at this late hour of earth's history accept the challenge and enter into that divine service, passing on to others around us those spiritual blessings that we ourselves have received?

Shall we not this day rededicate our lives, our all, for the giving of this message to those about us, in the fields, in the factories, in the homes, and in every walk of life, no matter where they may be found? Who is prepared this day to enter more fully into the Master's soul-saving service, and work more earnestly before the night cometh when no man can work? [Call for a response.]

SUGGESTIVE TALKS for Ten-Minute Exercises

NOVEMBER 7

"Remembers" for Big Week

REMEMBER that while you can do nothing of yourself, you can do all things through Christ, who will strengthen you.

REMEMBER that "the Lord imparts a fitness for the work to every man and woman who will co-operate with divine power. All the requisite talent, courage, perseverance, faith, and tact will come as they put the armour on."—"Testimonies," Vol. VI, page 333.

REMEMBER that "the church is a garden in which is a variety of flowers, each with its own peculiarities. Though in many respects all may differ, yet each has a value of its own.—*Ibid.*"

REMEMBER that possibly the people you meet may never have another opportunity to receive light and truth.

REMEMBER to do your work in such a way that Heaven can approve of it, and that you will not be ashamed to come back to the same field a second time and meet the same people.

REMEMBER to carry the sunshine of Heaven's love and peace in your face. It may cause a ray of light to penetrate the darkened soul of some discouraged person whose ears are closed to verbal appeal.

REMEMBER that the day of the worst weather may prove to be the *biggest* day of your Big Week.

REMEMBER that success comes from the Lord; therefore give Him the honour.

REMEMBER to settle up all your Big Week business with your church missionary secretary promptly so that she may be able to pass on her report to the conference in the prescribed time.

REMEMBER to keep account of all books, etc., sold, and of all papers and tracts given away, and report them to your missionary secretary.

REMEMBER that £2,000 is urgently needed for Monamona Mission, the natives of our own country.

REMEMBER that in order to raise this amount every church member will be needed as a volunteer.

REMEMBER to leave your order for supplies with your church missionary secretary today if you have not already done so.

NOVEMBER 14

Know Your Neighbour

"WHEREVER a church is established, all the members should engage actively in missionary work. They should visit every family in the neighbourhood and know their spiritual condition."—"Testimonies," Vol. VI, page 296.

This is a call to the whole church to visit the neighbourhood with such thoroughness that every family's spiritual condition is known.

It would need more than one visit, and more than casual visiting, to know the spiritual condition of those who are visited. It means that thorough work must be done. There should be a genuine burden for lost mankind, an earnest burden for perishing souls; not a desire to hammer home the truth, but a love that will draw others to the message of salvation; not a spirit to hurry people into our church, but a compelling desire to take Jesus to the people where they are.

By using the lending-library plan, or the tract-lending plan, a church member may visit a neighbourhood many times, lend a number of books, have many spiritual conversations, and get to personally know the family visited.

In this way every family can be visited and a thorough knowledge of their spiritual condition gained. Use books, periodicals, pamphlets, or tracts, for literature opens the way.

NOVEMBER 21

The Lord Helps

T. A. MITCHELL

"O LORD our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth! who hast set Thy glory above the heavens. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength because of Thine enemies, that Thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger." Ps. 8: 1, 2.

God is going to reveal His glory to all the earth, and He is going to use old and young to glorify His name.

He has used, and will continue to use, mere babes in the message. It is during the time when a person is drinking in the wonderful truths of this message, when they have what we term the first love for the truth, that God can take them and make them powerful instruments in His hands to convey His love.

The experience comes to us from Brazil of

a faithful yet humble consecrated young man who was working for Christ scattering truth-filled literature. As all the literature could not be delivered immediately, many orders were taken to be delivered later.

It happened to be a city where there were a large number of Roman Catholics, and to many of these people books were to be delivered. The literature worker was met by a man who said he was the spiritual leader in that place, and he said further: "I am going to announce to the people over the radio tonight not to receive you into their homes, nor take the Protestant books."

That young Christian prayed earnestly that God would work for His cause, and the following words were heard from the radio that night: "An Adventist young man is taking orders for books. The Adventists are very active in all parts. They should be honoured and respected at least for their earnestness and zeal in distributing their literature." At that moment the radio broke down, before any warning could be given. The next day the people gladly received their books.

This should give us all greater courage and faith to enter wholeheartedly into the Big Week effort, for the God whom we serve is able to "still the enemy and the avenger" and add His blessing to His servants.

NOVEMBER 28

Courtesy to Strangers at Church Services

AMONG the interesting experiences that come to those who travel about among our churches is the varying degree of cordiality in the temperature of our congregations. Of course, a well-known visitor or worker would not enter into this secret, for he is recognized and welcomed most heartily. But to a stranger—a travelling man, a tourist, or someone who happens to be in the city—who through the city directory locates the Seventh-day Adventist church and enters for worship, how often there comes a lonesome and queer feeling which can hardly be expressed! He feels himself among strangers, and yet in the heavenly family to which he belongs.

If it is a large city church which he enters as a stranger, he will probably be ushered to a comfortable seat and given a hymn-book; which is all well and good. Brothers and sisters on all sides are politely curious, but in the majority of cases hesitate to approach with a kindly word of welcome; and the stranger quietly passes out of the church without the glow and warmth of Christian fellowship which means so much.

Perhaps transient visiting women are more often affected by this exclusive atmosphere than are men. Instead of the cold, strange look by the person in the pew, how refreshing would be a kindly handshake and a word of welcome to the house of God! This need not involve pointed personal inquiries or extensive conversation, which would not be becoming on such an occasion; but it is possible for estrangement to melt away under the friendly smile and the cordial handshake. Better to make a mistake, and shake hands with a charter member of the church, than not to speak at all.

Many a timid and weary soul enters the portals of our churches week by week, some out of curiosity, others in search of something they have never yet found. The Holy Spirit directs the feet of many straying sheep into the sheepfold where the shepherd imparts the spiritual food for the needs of the soul. It is our duty, individually, to see that we contribute our part in keeping the atmosphere of the church cordial and friendly, and that every person, whether regular member, stranger, or visitor, is made welcome to our church home. Let us not forget that there is power in a Christian handshake.

"Just a handclasp—no words spoken—but, in some way it soothed the wounded soul. . . . Just a word of appreciation lightly spoken where two paths met, but it lit the lamp of hope in a pilgrim's heart. Just a smile, but it transmuted the dark mists of the moment into a rainbow of brightest beauty. Just a little act of courtesy, but it caused a stranger among strangers to say, 'Oh, how good is the heart of the world!' Seekest thou great things? Seek them not. Make them out of the opportunities that dot the pathway of your life."

Remember Big Week

"Victory Out of Chaos"	-	1/9
"Protestantism Imperilled"		1/9
"Bedtime Stories," No. 17	-	1/9
"Health"	-	1/-
"Morning Watch," De Luxe	-	9d.
" " " Plain		6d.

Missionary Volunteer Department

Spiritual Time-Bombs

Note to Leaders

As Big Week is this month, this programme should be given the week before it commences. It should encourage the young people at this time to do their part in "sowing the seed" of the printed page.

LEADER'S TALK

In these days we are very conscious that there is a dreadful warfare going on in this world of ours—it has even come to our very doors, and dark and fearsome are the reports of the enemy and his ruthlessness and cruelty.

I wonder if we are as conscious of another warfare which has been going on as long as this world has been in existence. Since the beginning of time, Christ's followers have been waging a war against the most cruel and dreadful enemy that has ever been—Satan. Unlike ordinary warfare, there is no armistice in the conflict of Christians and Satan—and there will be no cessation until the Lord returns to put an end to the battle of the centuries.

When Seventh-day Adventists proclaimed that the war in which they were engaged was one of a world-wide nature, the anger of the enemy was specially aroused. The Captain of the Lord's host knew that special ammunition was needed, and it was in 1848—nearly a century ago—when He showed His servant the nature of this ammunition. *Literature* is the ammunition. There is spiritual dynamite in literature—the *Signs*, those tracts, etc. Like the time-bombs used by the warring nations today, our literature explodes! Unlike the time-bombs of today, our literature is destructive only to sin and wrong. It blows out the old sinful nature, and blows in the new; it blows out the old man of sin, and blows in the new creature; it blows men and women into the Seventh-day Adventist Church.

Some of the young people are going to tell us about some of these time-bombs and the result of their explosion.

1. A TIME-BOMB CALLED "BIBLE READINGS"

A copy of "Bible Readings" was placed by one of our colporteurs on the island of Montserrat in 1934. The good book exploded, and blew twenty-two people into the Seventh-day Adventist Church. These twenty-two members have been loyal ever since, and propose to remain faithful until Jesus comes. The devil has not been able to blow out the light kindled in their souls by this good book, placed there eight years ago.

2. A TIME-BOMB LABELLED "SCIENCE SPEAKS"

A colporteur who has been working for twenty-two years with the Lord's time-bombs, recently sold two copies of "Science Speaks" (a book dealing with the evils of smoking) to two individuals in San Fernando who were addicted to the use of tobacco.

Let the colporteur tell the story: "One gentleman who had smoked for ten years, and whose smoking bill amounted to more than £17 10s. a year, purchased a copy of this book. As he read it, the facts were so convincing that he gave up the poisonous weed, and now he is happy in the freedom from this habit that bound him, and is busy telling others of 'Science Speaks' and of Jesus' power to break the chains of bad habits.

"Another man, who had smoked for thirteen years, also purchased the book, 'Science Speaks.' Although in the past he had tried to give up smoking, all his efforts failed to break this enslaving habit. At last, as the result of his reading this little book, his determination was strengthened, the tobacco was thrown away, and now he too is happy telling others of his victory."

This time-bomb blew the tobacco habit out of these people, and their money is being used in more useful channels.

3. REAL BOMBS SCATTER THE SEED

A brother in China, touching the literature ministry, tells of a bombing raid. "One bomb," he wrote, "made a direct hit on one of our chapels. It was reduced to ruins and the debris was scattered across the road. In the chapel were some literature supplies, including copies of 'World Struggles' and 'Way of Life.' From the wreckage the people, while gathering firewood, salvaged also these messengers of truth." And then he adds: "What we cannot sell, it seems must be otherwise distributed to the people."

While we regret the loss of the little Chinese chapel, we can nevertheless rejoice that the worshippers were not within when destruction rained down so suddenly. We also know that God can bless the truth-filled literature scattered by the blast of a falling bomb.

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings o'er your head.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

4. THE NEW TESTAMENT A TIME-BOMB

The scene is Unoccupied France. Colporteur Charvet saw a young man sitting on a public bench under the burning sun, his face buried in his hands. Entering into conversation with him, the colporteur finally offered him a New Testament. "I don't want it," was the reply. "I used to have one, but it was too big to carry, and I threw it into the water." The colporteur felt by intuition that this was not the real reason why he had thrown the book away. After a little more conversation and a few tactful questions, the young man opened up his heart and told the colporteur his story. "Several months ago I left my parents and went to the town to live my own life in my own way; but things did not go as I expected. My hope and my money gradually disappeared. Now I have nothing left. I intended to return home—that is my home there, the white house you see in the valley—but having come this far, I am ashamed to go farther. I am afraid, too; for if my parents should refuse to forgive me, there would be nothing left but death."

After this confession, there was only one thing for the colporteur to do. He opened his New Testament and read the parable of the prodigal son. The young man saw its application to himself, and broke down. Suddenly the colporteur conceived a great idea. Telling the prodigal to remain where he was, he went to the house in the valley that had been pointed out to him. Knocking at the door, he offered the New Testament to the old man who responded. The man opened it, and was soon joined by his wife. Asked what sort of book it was, the colporteur read them the same passage. The father was moved to the depths of his being by the powerful story which has, in the course of the centuries, brought tears to so many eyes and redemption to so many ill-spent lives. Then he opened his heart and told the colporteur his story. "We had a son once, and he was everything to us," he said. "Unfortunately, we did not get along well together, and he went away. We have heard nothing from him since. We would gladly forgive him if he would return, but we do not know where to find him." Then Charvet told him everything. "I know where your son can be found," he began. "He is quite near here, humble and repentant, and has sent me to ask your forgiveness. He wants but a word from you to return home."

A few moments later the overjoyed mother was weeping on her son's neck, and the father, after kissing him on both cheeks, was shaking his hands. Then they all gave thanks to God for His goodness, and gladly bought a Testament in which they could read together of the reconciled life in Christ.

Torch-bearers bringing the light of Christ to hearts that have never known the light, kindling the fire in hearts that have grown

cold—in every land thousands of these humble, earnest souls with their loads of books—let us pray for them, and let us support them.

5. TRACT BOMB EXPLODES AFTER MANY YEARS

"When I was a boy just beginning to learn to read, my father received some tracts from relatives who lived in Rhode Island. Among them was one dealing with the Sabbath and one with the signs of the times. For some reason, I put these two tracts in a small chest that I made for things I wanted to keep, and they lay there till I grew to be a man. I always said that if I ever had a family of my own, I would bring them up for the Lord. When I was grown, I united with the Baptist Church; but I soon saw they did not live as the Bible taught. After I married I became very much in earnest, and asked the Lord to show me the way. As I continued to pray, my mind was directed to these two tracts that I had kept in my little chest so many years. I saw from reading them that Sunday is not the Sabbath, and that the Saviour was soon to come. I wrote to the Review and Herald office, and got more tracts and pamphlets. When I saw clearly that Saturday was the Sabbath, I began to keep it at once. I had observed the Sabbath for more than a year before I knew there was an Adventist in Indiana. I wrote and asked that a worker be sent to my home. Elder S. S. Davis was sent here, and later Elders Davis and Harris held a series of meetings in a tent. As I had been very active in distributing tracts, there were a good number interested, and a church was organized here in southern Indiana. From this church a number of valuable workers have given themselves to the cause. And all this came as a result of some tracts given to a young boy.

6. STILL EXPLODING

God has given us wonderful books and tracts. Here is the simple story of what one little tract did. It had to do with a brother who was a farmer. He had brought into the market, as the native peoples do, the produce from his farm to sell there each day. But in addition to selling his produce, he always had tracts to wrap up with the produce and to hand out to his customers. One day he handed out a tract entitled "The Millennium." It was printed in Spanish. Let me give this experience as it came to me recently:—

"One day Santiago Casases came to our merchant, and when he left, one of these tracts was tucked into his hand. Upon reaching home he read the tract. What a strange teaching! One thousand years of terrible desolation to be upon this earth. Jesus Christ, the Saviour of men, coming back again to this earth to receive those who are waiting for Him, graves opening and the dead in Christ coming forth to meet the Lord in the air. It was all so new, so tremendously fascinating. Santiago read of the good news, and before long he and six other members of his family were believers in the soon coming of the Lord Jesus. They studied other features of the third angel's message, and accepted every point. But the influence of the tract did not stop there.

"Santiago gave the tract to his brother, who also read it carefully, and he, with seven members of his family, decided that it was a present truth, and obeyed the Word of God. Still the tract passed on its way, breathing forth the truth of God, and other relatives and friends became convinced of the power of the gospel, and turned to God with all their hearts. As a result of that tract on the subject of 'The Millennium,' twenty-four persons have accepted the truth and have already been baptized.

"The influence of the tract goes still farther, for several of those who accepted the truth are now in the colporteur work. One young man is in training-school, fitting himself to be a worker in the cause of God. So the one tract will reproduce itself a thousandfold."

Poem: JUST WHERE YOU ARE

Perhaps you cannot go away
To some far-distant clime,
To preach the glorious truth of God,
The message for this time;
But then your own home neighbourhood
Can be your mission field—
Just work for God where'er you are;
Let love her sceptre wield.

Perhaps you cannot preach like Paul,
In language clear and plain;
But you can live the truth of God,
And work in Jesus' name.
Perhaps you cannot do great things,
Nor mighty deeds each day;
But you can speak of Jesus' love,
Or give a *tract* away.

—C. P. W.

CONCLUDING TALK BY LEADER

Those who are blown into the Advent Church by these time-bombs, often keep right on serving the Lord and become bomb-setters themselves. We have heard many stories of our colporteurs, and often our hearts have been stirred by the wonderful stories of how people have been brought into the message—of how the Lord has led the bomb-setters off the track they had planned and so found a lonely man, a sick family, someone in distress, another who is longing to know more of Jesus and His great love for us all. This work of bomb-setting is going forward rapidly, the explosions are increasing, and soon Jesus will come and our worst and most terrible enemy will be vanquished for ever. Let us all be bomb-setters whenever opportunity offers.

We will press into the conflict with the products of the press;
We will press the battle forward to relieve the world's distress;
Pressing home the gospel message, that the Day-star soon may rise—
Scattering books, and tracts, and papers, till the message rends the skies.

Gold or Copper?

ELIZABETH BARNES

Introduction

If you were asked to name the most valuable metal in general use today, what would you answer? Platinum, of course. But you would be wrong at least in one sense, for the most valuable metal in the world is the humble copper. Measured by its usefulness, it is worth more than all the platinum, gold, and silver combined. For we could spare these three and get along, but if copper were removed from our reach, the modern system of living would be paralysed. Electric lights, telephones, telegraphs, radios, depend upon it. It goes into the making of practically every building. Motor-cars, steam engines, railway carriages could not be made without it.

And even gold itself, as we use it, depends upon the copper. For pure gold is so soft that it is practically useless. Some other metal must be mixed with it before we can have the watches and wedding rings, and other articles of the sort that we greatly prize. The metal is usually copper. Another important point about copper is that you rarely see it, seldom realize that it is there—strengthening, sustaining. You would never know that it is a part of the telephone or the motor-car, or the train, unless somebody told you. You can see gold always, but copper does its work unseen, unsuspected.

Doesn't copper remind you of some people? It does me—of a very dear friend of whom I will tell you presently, as an example. For the world depends upon the copper folks to carry on its work. Every home, every school, every church, every organization, in fact, has copper folks as its mainstay. True, there are gold folks who are seen in the foreground, and complimented and admired, but, when you come down to facts, the real, humdrum, substantial work of the world is done by copper folks—the plodders who are never found in the limelight, whose presence is many times unsuspected, yet without whom things just simply couldn't go on for a day.

Most of the gold folk of the world admit that, if it were not for these copper folks, they themselves would never have accomplished much of anything in life. If you talk with men or women who have become famous, whose lives and accomplishments make the shining gold of the world, and ask them the secret of their success, most of them will confess that their greatest inspiration, or the chance to really start on the career of their choice, came because of the self-sacrificing devotion of some quiet, humble person whose name is unknown to fame.

Reading: AUNT NELL

She is a treasure, our Aunt Nell! Brimful of wit and wholesome humour, with grey eyes that dance, and a ready smile that flashes on and off almost constantly, and such a jolly laugh. Her hair is grey and her face is wrinkled, and her hands show the results of years of hard work, but I can never think of her as old. She is just the same as when I first met her sixteen years ago, and lost my heart to her. "Other Mother" she has been to me since I lost my own mother many years ago. She has met her share of disappointments and trouble in her journey up the rugged hills and across the dusty plains of life. Even the valleys haven't always been shady and pleasant. Ill-health cut short what might have been a brilliant career in her college days; but she has been through several courses since then—by proxy. Her home was the rendezvous of young people—it is still. She dispensed understanding sympathy, or wholesome advice as it was needed, and for right good company when one yearns for society, she just could not be beaten. She fed us, and mothered us, listened to our confidences, prayed for us and with us, and—well, she *loved* us. And we? well, we love her, and to us she is "Aunt Nell."

Many of us have scattered from her community, and those of us who have known and loved her best, often long for her better-than-best advice. Nearly three thousand miles separate us from her, and I simply ache sometimes for a good visit with Aunt Nell. I know for a certainty that those who live round her today are enjoying the very privileges for which we who are denied them long. In her own quiet way this dear friend of good sense and smiles and cheer is giving herself to her young people and making this world a better, brighter place for all whose lives touch her own. Because she is her own priceless self, always ready to share with others her courage, her steady confidence and absolute faith in the Father above, they are inspired to go out from the warm circle of her influence to do and to dare—some of them fine things—for the Son of God and the sons of men.

Talk: THE GOLD—AND THE COPPER

I had a caller the other day, writes an American journalist, a doctor who is just beginning to make his mark in the world of medicine. There is every indication that he will go far in the line of his specialty. At the close of our visit, he remarked, "You know, I would never have had my medical course if it hadn't been for Amelia." Instantly my mind sped back to the Sabbath morning when Amelia sat beside me in church, and said with a misty smile as she watched Bert walk down the aisle to a seat: "There goes my motor-car, my fur coat, and my trip to America, and just about everything else I ever dreamed about having or doing."

For Amelia is no kin to this young man whom she has educated, from church school up! Not even a sixth cousin. When she was years younger than she is now, and just out of training as a nurse, she was called into Bert's home to care for his dying mother. It proved to be a charity case, but she stuck by till the end. Then because there was no one else to look after this lad, she took on the load, and right gallantly she has carried it. The world will never hear of her, she is one of those copper folk, but it will hear of her doctor, and he owes everything to her help and encouragement.

He has his eyes fixed on the mission field, and Amelia philosophically observes that she is going abroad after all—by proxy.

Talk: "PRECIOUS AS GOLD"

In Ezra 8:27 we read that "vessels of fine copper" are "precious as gold." In Bible days there was no china like we have today. The poorer classes had pottery vessels, and the wealthy silver, gold, or copper bowls and cups.

In ancient Egypt, Syria, and Greece the craft of coppersmithing was brought to fine perfection. The conscientious craftsman made each piece individually, beating it into bowls, ewers, and candlesticks, with a hammer. Into each piece went some of the very character, individuality, and integrity of the creator. On each piece went the mark of the maker. Let us watch a bowl in the process of making. A thick sheet of copper is placed over a hollow block, a special rounded hammer is brought

down upon it, blow upon blow, minute after minute, and the pliable copper responds to the loving, careful shaping of the craftsman, coming nearer and nearer to its final perfection. Copper is malleable and lends itself admirably to this kind of treatment. It yields—it is not brittle and stiff like many of the other metals. And what a warm, glowing, vital thing is the finished product!

There are people like that—malleable, pliant people, whom the Master craftsman has hammered and moulded into shape; who have been polished by deeds of kindness, cheerfulness, and unselfishness—a shining vessel—precious as gold and quite as attractive to those who appreciate the warmth and feeling that no other metal but copper can convey.

There's an energetic little mother who, in the past few years, has "taken in" sewing, gone out nursing when she could get a case, baked bread and pies and cakes for sale, worked in the local cannery in fruit season, and, when nothing else offered, has gone out as a general domestic by the day. Why? To keep her daughter in college! And there's a quiet farmer father who carpenters evenings, sells the things that mother bakes, and turns his hand to anything that offers when he has time to spare. He hasn't had a new suit in I don't know how long! Financial disaster followed a couple of bad seasons, and their little home was mortgaged, but daughter doesn't hear of these things. Father doesn't talk, he works. Why? To keep a daughter in college! And what does daughter do? Why, she studies, to be sure. She is an A student, popular and gifted musically and beautifully dressed. And does she appreciate it? Somehow we wonder when we meet her looking so dressed-up and chic: a shining attractive golden vessel. And then, somehow, we don't see her at all. Mother's tired face and worn hands, and cheap attire, and dad's greying hair and worn clothes and bent back eclipse her entirely. For we know of the copper here and are attracted to the warmth and glow of these homely copper folk.

Story: THE BROTHER WHO FAILED

The Monroe family was holding a Christmas reunion at the old homestead. It was the first time they had all been together under the one roof since the death of their mother thirty years before. The idea had originated with Edith, during a long convalescence, when a homesick longing for her own people had come upon her. Ralph Monroe for once laid aside the cares of his railroads, and the deceitfulness of his millions, and took the long-promised trip to the homeland. Malcolm came from the far-western university where he was president. Edith, flushed from her latest successful concert tour; Margaret, the wife of the successful lawyer—all were greeted warmly by James, prosperous and hearty, who lived on the old farm, whose fertile acres had well repaid his skilful management. Aunt Isabel came, too, a talkative, clever, shrewd old lady, beamingly proud of her nephews and nieces who had gone out from this humble farm, to destinies of such brilliance and influence in the world beyond.

I have forgotten Robert. Robert was apt to be forgotten. He lived on a bare, stony little farm a mile or so from James, who was somewhat ashamed of him, for he just about made ends meet.

They were a merry crowd, and such a talking and recalling there was that first evening! Soon Robert, who said little, slipped quietly away, and returned to his home. The next evening he came again, to find them all away, visiting. James said, "You had better wait; they'll be in presently for tea." So Robert sat down in the porch. He felt very happy. He loved his family. He was proud of their success and fame. There was no envy or discontent in his soul. He could hear voices faintly at the window above. Presently Aunt Isabel, talking to the little school-teacher who boarded with James, moved close to the window.

"Yes, I assure you, Miss Bell, I am proud of my nieces and nephews. They've all done well, all except poor Robert. He is a total failure."

"Oh, no, no!" said the little teacher.

"A total failure! He has lived sixty years, and hasn't done a thing worth while. If he has kept out of debt, it is as much as he has managed."

Robert Monroe stood up in a dazed, uncertain fashion. He, Robert, was a failure, a disgrace to his blood! Yes, it was true; he had never realized it before. Now through Aunt Isabel's scornful eyes he was seeing himself as his brothers and sisters must see him. There lay the sting. That they should think him a failure was agony. He cared not what the world thought. He started off, with a stricken look in his gentle eyes.

Edith, who had come up quietly, on the other side of the porch, and did not know that Robert was near, had also heard, and saw that look as he went blindly by her. The flashing anger in her eyes now turned to pity, but she did not follow him. Not then, not by her alone could that hurt be healed. Nay, more, Robert must never know that she knew of any hurt. It was justice, not comfort, he needed. That night she gathered the family together, and laid before them her plan.

The Christmas dinner at the old homestead was a merry one. Mrs. James had spread a feast that was fit for royalty. Laughter flew from their lips and nobody appeared to notice that Robert sat silent, and ate little, with his head bent even lower than usual, and, if they spoke to him, he shrank still further into himself.

Finally, when dinner was over, Robert gave a sigh of relief. It was almost over, his ordeal. Soon he would be able to slip away and hide himself and his shame from their eyes. Suddenly Malcolm rose in his place. Everybody looked expectant but Robert, who still sat with bowed head.

"Brothers and sisters, to each of us here some measure of success has fallen; but only one of us here has been supremely successful in the things that really matter—the things that count for eternity as well as time—sympathy and unselfishness and self-sacrifice.

"When I was a lad of sixteen, I started to work out my own education. Mr. Blair at Avonlea offered me a place in his store, and all summer I worked hard for him, giving of my best work. Then a sum of money was missing from his till. I was suspected, and sacked in disgrace. All the neighbours, even my family, believed me guilty; but there was one who believed in me. "You shall not give up as though you were guilty. You are innocent, and in time it will be proved. Meanwhile show yourself a man!" He gave me money and sent me to school and to the university. I was sneered at and shunned, and would have given up in despair but for him. But the year I graduated, the real culprit confessed. I was cleared, and ready to start my life work—thanks to my brother Robert. I owe all my success to him, it is his, not mine."

Robert had looked up at last, amazed and bewildered. But now Ralph had risen. "I've got a story, too," he said. "Forty years ago, as I was starting in business, I was offered a chance to make money. Robert saw through it, and pointed out that it was shady, because I had not enough perception to see it. I backed out, and vowed that I would never do anything crooked as long as I lived. Today I'm a rich man, and every penny is 'honest,' and if it had not been for Robert's good advice and help, I would be a poor man or behind prison bars, as all those other men are today who went into that deal. I hope my son will be as good and honourable as his Uncle Robert."

"My turn next," said James. "I haven't much to say—only this. After mother died I took typhoid fever. I was alone, but Robert came and nursed me, and never was there a more devoted or tender nurse. The doctor said he saved my life. That is more than any of us can say—that we have saved a life."

Edith wiped away her tears. "Years ago there was a poor ambitious girl with a voice. Her only chance of a musical training was to get a teacher's licence and earn the money. But mathematics was her snare, and she failed. Then her oldest brother came and told her he had enough money to send her to train her voice. He made her take it. Years later she discovered he had sold his beautiful horse, which he loved, to give her that money. She made good, and today her success is all due to Robert."

Margaret did not try to stand. "I was only five when mother died," she sobbed. "Robert was mother and father to me. Never had a child so wise and loving a guardian. I have

never forgotten the lessons he taught me. All of the good in my life I owe to Robert. His patience was wonderful."

Suddenly the little teacher rose, with wet eyes. "I have something to say, too," she said resolutely. "You have spoken for yourselves. I speak for the people of Whitesands. There is a man in this settlement that everybody loves. Last autumn, in a storm, the harbour lighthouse flew a distress signal. Only one man was brave enough to go out and see what was the trouble. That was Robert Monroe. He found the keeper alone with a broken leg. He returned and forced, yes, forced, the terrified doctor to go back with him.

Four years ago old Sarah Cooper was to be taken to the poorhouse. She was broken-hearted. One man took the fretful old creature into his home, and for two years waited on her, and, when she died, Robert Monroe's name was on her lips—the best man God ever made.

Eight years ago, Jack Blewett wanted work. No one would hire him, for his father was in prison, and many thought Jack should be there too. One man took him on and helped him, and kept him straight, and today Jack Blewett is a respected man in the town. There is hardly a man, woman, or child who does not owe something to Robert Monroe."

As Kathleen Bell sat down, all sprang to their feet, and began to sing Auld Lang Syne. Robert Monroe stood erect, with a great radiance in his eyes. His reproach had been taken away. He was crowned among his kindred with a crown of pure gold.—*L. M. Montgomery.*

Conclusion

Unsung heroes and heroines! How many of them there are in every land around the world! Men and women who quietly do great deeds and remain unhonoured and unappreciated often by those who have benefited by their sacrifice.

Oh, let's appreciate these copper folk who so lovingly and unselfishly stand in the background and let someone else reap the glory. Things just couldn't go on without them. And if we chance to be copper folks ourselves, let's not despise our lot, and sigh because we are not the gold and silver personalities of the world. But instead let us serve faithfully so that we shall become indispensable.

Your Ration Book

L. ROSENDAHL

Note to Officers

It will greatly add to the interest of this programme to make a large model ration book, with the cover printed as:—

No. 7777777

YOUR RATION BOOK Issued for Your Protection

NAME: Miss Volunteer.

ADDRESS: (Your Society's Name.)

Under the cover, which will be used to introduce the programme, you will have a sheet divided into ten equal parts and marked 1M, 2M, etc., and on the top of this sheet you will have the word "Income" printed in large letters. Then the next sheet will be headed up as "Time." There will be one row of tickets divided into seven marked 1D, 2D, to 7D. These are to represent the days of the week. The next portion of this sheet will be marked into twenty-four equal squares, and each square marked 1H, 2H, up to 24H—to represent twenty-four hours in each day. As each speaker talks on his ration ticket he can either cut them out himself, or you could appoint someone to do this as each speaker comes forward. It is a good idea to have the same person give the *Introduction* and the closing talk on "*Your Identification Card*."

Introduction

Let me introduce you to your ration book. (*Read cover page while pointing, and state that Mr. is included in the Miss—Miss standing for Missionary. It would be well to mention the significance of the number 7777777—seven sevens, perfect number.*)

No doubt you will be wondering just what commodities we have here rationed. No, it is not tea, nor butter, nor even clothes. It will not take you long to find out, so we invite your attention as each item is presented.

Talk: OUR TALENT OF MONEY

Our income is a precious gift and talent lent to us from God. In our ration book you will notice that a whole sheet is given for our "Income," and ten coupons are issued for this—1M for the first tenth, and so on.

The first tenth is the first to be removed, representing the tithe, yours and mine. All Seventh-day Adventist youth know that one-tenth of their income is not their own, but God's. Listen to the promise of God to the faithful tithe-payer. (Read Mal. 3: 10.)

If you are always careful to put aside your tithe it will become a habit, and you will never miss it that way.

"The Lord has specified: The tenth of all your possessions is Mine; your gifts and offerings are to be brought into the treasury, to be used to advance My cause, to send the living preacher to open the Scriptures to those who sit in darkness." "In that day [the last day] when every man shall be judged according to the deeds done in the body, every excuse that selfishness may now make for withholding the tithe, the gifts and offerings, from the Lord will melt away as the dew before the sun."—"*Messages to Young People*," pages 308, 307.

Now the second coupon cut out represents a second tithe. It has been suggested that we as a church and young people learn to give systematically, not just on the spur of the moment, as it were, but to lay aside a portion of our money each week for offerings and for helping the poor, and perhaps even buying literature to give away, and to help those who cannot buy their own. By putting aside one-tenth of the amount of your income after you have deducted the first tithe, you will find that soon you will have a neat little sum with which you can work in a way to help in various mission activities. Of course, when you are not earning much this wouldn't be possible; but then, if you give something regularly each week as a fund for offerings you will find you will always have a fund to draw on when needy calls come to you. This is just a suggestion, but when put into practical use it will bring a blessing. Listen to what Mrs. White tells us about systematic giving: "Those churches who are the most systematic and liberal in sustaining the cause of God, are the most prosperous spiritually." Surely this can be said about an individual, too, who is systematic in his giving. "The angel of God places benevolent acts close beside prayer."—"*Testimonies*," Vol. III, page 405.

The eight coupons left represent the balance of our money. Are we just going to spend this money haphazardly, or is it our duty to spend wisely and economically in supporting ourselves, and in daily living? "Our money has not been given us that we might honour and glorify ourselves. As faithful stewards we are to use it for the honour and glory of God. Some think that only a portion of their means is the Lord's. When they have set apart a portion for religious and charitable purposes, they regard the remainder as their own, to be used as they see fit. But in this they mistake. All we possess is the Lord's, and we are accountable to Him for the use we make of it. In the use of every penny it will be seen whether we love God supremely and our neighbour as ourselves."—"*Christ's Object Lessons*," page 351.

Are you using your talent of money as God would have you? Just a word of caution—be careful how you cut those coupons.

Talk: PREPARATION DAY AND SABBATH OBSERVANCE

(7 D coupons)

Now we turn over to seven coupons marked D. After cutting out five for the five working days of each week, we have numbers 6 and 7 left.

Now, the sixth day, that is Friday, of each week to an Adventist youth is usually filled with some regular routine work or study, but this day, we are told both in the Bible and also by Mrs. White, should be one of preparation for the Sabbath. She tells us everything that can possibly be done on the six days

should be done. We should not rob God of one hour of holy time. Even our baths should be taken and everything should be in readiness before the sun sets Friday evening. Most of all, our hearts should be prepared to welcome the coming Sabbath day.

The last coupon represents the Sabbath. What a privilege we as Seventh-day Adventist youth have in keeping God's day holy! He tells us, "It is a sign between Me and you, that ye may know that I am JEHOVAH." If we stop to think how God has sanctified and blessed the Sabbath, we shall be more careful in what we do and say in its holy hours.

We are told in "Testimonies," Vol. II, page 702: "When the Sabbath commences we should place a guard upon ourselves, upon our acts and our words, lest we rob God by appropriating to our own use that time which is strictly the Lord's." Again on page 703 we read: "God requires not only that we refrain from physical labour upon the Sabbath, but that the mind be disciplined to dwell upon sacred themes. The fourth commandment is virtually transgressed by conversing upon worldly things, or by engaging in light and trifling conversation. Talking upon anything or everything which may come into the mind, is speaking our own words."

Don't you think it would be well if each of us would pray that prayer of David's at the commencement of each Sabbath: "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer?"

If we did this, I am sure we would have fewer regrets at the close of each Sabbath. Have you ever thought of the great blessings God has promised us if we keep His day in His way as He would have us? Through the prophet Isaiah, He tells us: (*Read or repeat from memory Isa. 58: 13, 14.*) Now these blessings are conditional, and if we do our part God will certainly do His.

Talk: TEMPERATE LIVING

(Cut out eight coupons marked "H" for eight hours' sleep, and two coupons for two hours of happy time to take in nourishment.)

Maybe you think that eight hours' sleep is too much, or maybe not enough. But any person who realizes the benefit of regular sleep will agree that to be strong and healthy, regular hours must be kept for sleep. Every Missionary Volunteer should try to be "temperate in all things."

"This body is ours to use for work in this world. Treat it well, give it sufficient nourishment, sleep, and exercise to keep it from becoming lazy."

Now for our two happy hours of eating. Are you remembering Paul's admonition: "Whether therefore ye eat or drink or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God"? Much could be said about the happy atmosphere at meal-times and also proper mastication of food, but we shall not take time to go into these subjects, save to ask you if you are only eating and drinking that food which you know to be nourishing, free from disease, and that on which you can ask God's blessing.

Some think it clever to vary their diet on a visit to the city—maybe all right if the variation is not a complete change, but to relish some tasty pie or saveloy—just to do something that is forbidden, something like the "stolen fruit is the sweetest," is cutting things very fine. Do you remember who else did that? Yes, it was Eve; and do you realize the influence her wrong act had on the human race as well as members of the heavenly courts? No, you never shall this side of eternity.

What influence are you allowing to pass on to others in this respect?

Why, we as Adventist youth with the extra knowledge we have given us through His messenger are blessed with an abundance of good things from which to choose. Some time ago a delegation of our ministers was travelling aboard a liner. There were just enough to make up a full table, and knowing that they were vegetarians, the cook arranged some very tempting, delicious menus for them—vegetarian, of course. This soon became noticed among the passengers, and envious eyes were often cast on their table—in fact, they were regarded as the "favourites" almost. Many passengers said to our men, "Well, if that is the variety vegetarians can have, we think it a much better proposition than the

same old dishes for every meal." This, of course, was a very exceptional case of good treatment from the ship's crew, but goes to prove in a practical way who is really better off.

Then there are other exceptions, of course, when travelling, or when our young men are in camp, they may have to eat some things which otherwise they would be quite glad to leave alone. It may interest you to know that our American boys serving in this country have quite a name for being temperate, in one of our big cities.

Let us remember that "moderation, refinement, discipline, and training of the body and mind are the means to physical and mental health."

"May we have strong, healthy bodies that we will gladly present to our Saviour" as a "living sacrifice" for what He has done for us!

Talk: EVERYDAY WORK—A BLESSING

(Cut out eight coupons marked "H," and explain that they represent eight hours spent each day in work by the average young person.)

Main thought in talk to emphasize the dignity of labour, etc. Punctuality, honesty, etc. Going the other mile when necessary.

Study "Messages to Young People," pages 210-218. Many helpful extracts could be read from these passages.

Quartette: "WORK, WORK, WORK"

"Christ in Song," No. 558

Talk: RECREATION—AND STUDY FOR SELF-IMPROVEMENT

(Cut out coupon for Recreation and one for Self-Improvement, etc.)

Recreation needed by each young person each day. Type of recreation that is Christian, etc., and suitable for different vocations in life.

Study for Self-Improvement—such as hobbies. Boys may choose wireless, wood-working, etc. Girls may choose needlework, cooking, or anything useful which appeals.

This is necessary to make a good, all-round Christian.

See "Messages to Young People," pages 171-180, on "Study and Self-Improvement"; also pages 379-381, 385, 386, on "Recreation."

Talk: PRAYER AND BIBLE STUDY

(Cut one more coupon marked H.)

This coupon represents one hour each day for prayer and Bible study. This surely seems little in comparison with all the other activities with coupons. In some cases individuals may require two—and then we can always lift up our hearts to God in prayer during the day.

The daily reading of the Bible will store your mind with rich treasures of divine wisdom. The Psalms, the Proverbs, and the Gospels will give you truth, instruction, and inspiration. Let divine truth guide you in all your thoughts, plans, and ideals. God is your infinite source of supply. He pours forth His riches to you in abundant measure, and they are yours to take if you will.

Cull some thoughts from "Messages to Young People," pages 247-264. Suggest some good books for the young person's devotional library: "Alone With God," "Steps to Christ," current Reading Course books, etc.

Vocal Solo: "SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER"

"Advent Hymnal, No. 239

Talk: MY IDENTIFICATION CARD

We would not complete our discussion if we did not mention our Identification Card. In civilian life we are not ashamed of our identification cards. In fact, we have nice little "holders" for them, and carry them around quite proudly. This sense of respect and pride should also be the case in our Christian life. We should not be ashamed that we are followers of Christ. Our Christian character and simple faith in Jesus as our Saviour is our identification. A child of the King will not need an identification card to be known, for by his observation of the Sabbath, his dress, deportment, and Christian living he will be known. It should be readily seen when meeting a Seventh-day Adventist Missionary Volunteer that although he is in the world, he is not of the world.

"If the heart is right, your words, your dress, your acts will all be right."—"Messages to Young People," page 131.

Our identification card today is useful in many ways. We obtain our ration books with them, we can use them to prove our identity in case of emergency, in case of accident or possible evacuation or invasion; but our heavenly identification card, our Christian character, and simple faith in Jesus, will be most important when our King shall come to claim His own. There will be no question then regarding our identity, we shall be all for Him, or lost, yes, eternally lost. May you, at this moment, answer the call of the Galilean and decide just where your identification card will carry you.

Special Item (Chorus):

"THE YOUTH OF THE WORLD" "Junior Song Book"

(It is a nice change in this to have the boys sing in unison, "The Youth of the World"—that is, in chorus of piece—and the girls answer softly, "For the Man of Galilee," and so on.)

JUNIOR M.V. DEPARTMENT

"God Make My Life"

Note to Leaders

THE soloist for the central hymn, "God Make My Life a Little Light" (A.H., 569), should be the same throughout. The same reciter should be chosen for all the Scripture passages. The recitations of the "light" and the "staff" are most suitable for boys. The others will be best rendered by girls.

Solo: First stanza, "God make my life a little light." A.H., 569.

Reciter: Jesus said: "I am the light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." "Ye are the light of the world. A city set upon an hill cannot be hid. . . . Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

A small soloist or a group of Pals: "Jesus, High in Glory." A.H., 581.

Reciter (Boy):

I should like to be a tall lighthouse lamp,
Or a searchlight shining far,
Or a big electric coloured sign,
Or the headlights of a car.
But there's not much chance of things
like that
For people like you and me;
So we must just shine as far as we can,
Burning bright and steadily.

A candlelight will shine a long way,
Or a lamp in a window set.
You never can tell just what they mean
To some man by perils beset.
The light of a little life like mine
May shine in the world's dark night;
And someone may thank the candle flame
That guided his steps aright.

If one light's lit there will soon be more,
And the first will not grow dim;
But shine more brightly still, I think,
For those who are lit from him.
So I shall shine as clearly as I can,
And this, too, I would say,
'Twill not go out when this life ends,
But will shine to the perfect day.

Solo: Second stanza, "God make my life a little flower." A.H., 569.

Reciter: Jesus said: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

And Paul says: "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? for ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body."

Soloist (or a group of Juniors sing):

"All Things Bright and Beautiful." A.H., 593.

Reciter (Girl):

I wonder what flower you'd like to be
If you could have your way:
A hollyhock tall or a violet small
Or a foxglove by the way.

Would you like to be an anemone,
Or a sunflower, tall and fine;
Or a hyacinth or some meadowsweet,
Or a twining columbine?

Would you like to be a peony,
Or a wild rose in the hedge?
Would a pansy's face or laburnum's grace
Be a great privilege?

Would you rather be a primrose shy
Or a bean flower's scented bloom?
Or you might wish long for some quiet place
In a well-protected room.

But each flower fills its own small place,
Each helps the year along;
The colour and scent for which it was sent
It lavishes all day long.

So whether we're tall, or tiny and small,
We'll be God's garden flowers;
To brighten the place and give of our grace,
And use every gift that is ours.

Solo: Third stanza, "God make my life a little song." A.H., 569.

Reciter: O sing unto the Lord a new song; for He hath done marvellous things. Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: break forth and sing for joy, yea, sing praises. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof and be glad. O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together.

All sing: "Praise Him." A.H., 562.

Reciter (Girl):

There are all sorts of songs that people sing;
There are sad songs and glad ones,
There are good songs and bad ones;
But the songs that people love most to hear,
That they keep in their hearts for many a year,
Are the bright and the true and the fine ones.

So if I must make a song of my life—
A sad song or a glad one,
A good song or a bad one—
I'll make it a song people love to hear,
A song of good hope, of courage and cheer,
That will brighten the lives of the sad ones.

I'll make the music of courage and faith—
A trumpet call to the dreary,
A rallying call to the weary;
I'll write the words of endurance and trust,
Of the weapons that time can never rust,
And how battles are won by the brave ones.

I'll write the music that's sung in the dark
By the brave hearts and the true ones,
By aching hearts and sad ones,
And the words shall tell of a Friend that's true,
Who comforts and helps us the dark night through,
Who's the best of all friends to have by one.

And I'll sing my song on the roads of life
To friendly souls and lone ones,
To cheery souls and sad ones;
Till the loneliest soul shall know of a Friend
Who will travel with them to the journey's end,
Who's the Living and Faithful and True One.

Solo: Fourth stanza, "God make my life a little staff." A.H., 569.

Reciter: Jesus said: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, . . . for My yoke is easy, and My burden is light."

And Paul says: "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ. . . . Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Soloist (or group of Juniors): "Master, Hast Thou Work?" A.H., 586.

Reciter (Boy):

The staff on which a man would lean
May be sound and good at the heart.
It's not just his looks,
It's his strength that counts,
And that's ever the hardest part.
It's easy to look all polished and smart,
But the staff worth while must be good at the heart.

The staff worth while must take hard knocks,
And not be an atom the worse.
You may spoil his looks,
By hooks and by crooks—
To be weak is the only curse;
For a staff must guard a man's head outright,
And be nothing the worse for the hardest fight.

I'd be a man's staff for the difficult day
And the awkward hour of a fight.
I would battle for truth,
With vigour and youth,
With my soul and my mind and my might;
For a staff that would lend a man its strength
Must be supple and strong and be good at length.

Just a staff at the end of the day,
Deep-notched and battered and scarred;
But a heart as sound
As the day it was found,
That a man has gripped and leaned upon
hard;
And to know that I never let him down,
Will be all a staff can ask as a crown.

Solo: Fifth stanza, "God make my life a little hymn." A.H., 569.

Reciter: And Mary sang: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. . . . For He that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is His name."

And Paul bids us speak one to another "in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, sing-

ing and making melody in your heart to the Lord."

While John said of the redeemed: "They sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests: and we shall reign on the earth."

Soloist (or older girls and boys): "God Is With Us, God Is With Us." A.H., 420.

Reciter:

I would make my life a hymn of joy
To the Lord whose name is love;
Whose power will sin and sorrow destroy,
Whose service shall all my powers employ,
And fit me for life above.

I would make my life a hymn of praise
To the Lord whose ways are truth;
Whose kindness will brighten all my days,
Who leads me always in righteous ways,
Who ever renews my youth.

I would make my life a hymn of trust
In the Friend who saves from sin;
Who helps me to do the thing I must,
Who saves my soul from the way unjust,
And who makes me pure within.

I would make my life an endless hymn
To the King of eternal love;
Sung in glory which time shall never dim,
By all who, eternally saved by Him,
Shall dwell in heaven above.

All now unite in singing—

A.H., 339: "I've Found a Friend; O Such a Friend."

Closing Hymn: A.H., 569. (By Juniors and congregation.)

—Adapted from programme by W. J. May.

Sabbath School Mission News

NOVEMBER 7

Experiences from India

"Persecuted, But Not Forsaken"

WE have a sister in the Telugu Mission of South India who is a staunch Seventh-day Adventist. She has a brother and a sister who are also believers in the third angel's message. Whenever I visit these members, my mind at once goes back to the home of Mary, Martha, and Lazarus, in the humble home of Bethany. I always take a great delight in visiting this home, for the faith of our brother and sisters in this home is very strong, and their knowledge of the message is remarkable.

But one very sad thing is that this sister is being troubled on every side for her faith. The whole village is at work, trying her patience. I am far from exaggerating when I say that this sister has been tried in the furnace of hardships, and yet her faith is as strong as ever.

To make clear some of the troubles she is having, I shall give here two incidents that took place of late. This sister has some wet land in her village. On two different occasions, the heathen villagers had driven their cattle at night to graze in her paddy fields, a few days before the harvest. They burned her house on one summer day. All this was done to turn her from her path of duty.

Despite all these troubles and hardships, she could say with Paul, "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed."

I am, therefore, happy to say that there are men and women in every land who are faithful and true to the truth even under adverse conditions. Thanks be unto the Lord for the good spirit our people are manifesting under such

circumstances. May God bless this sister and keep her faithful till the end, is my prayer.

O. ISRAEL,

Departmental Secretary, Telugu Mission,
South India.

Whipped on the Back

WE have some Sabbath schools in different sections of the Coimbatore district of South India. In one village we have more than eighty members. Most of the Sabbath school members are very poor in this world's goods. They represent the depressed class of the community. They do not own land, but work for other landlords. Most of these landlords are Hindus, and they have no sympathy for Christians, and they very often treat their servants very cruelly. Sometimes some of our church members come to church services with stripes on their backs. When the landlords are not pleased with any behaviour of their servants, they very often whip them on their backs. For a long time our people found it very hard to keep Sabbath. The sincerity of our people in keeping Sabbath, and their faithfulness in other duties, have now changed the heart of the head man of the village, and he has now granted Sabbath privileges to the Adventist people who are working on his farm.

When the children of the depressed class go to school they have to sit outside of the classrooms, and they are not permitted to water the plants lest they pollute the water in the tub. We have now put up a small school shed for our children in this place at a cost of about £5, and we need a small church building very badly. Very often we receive calls from other sections of this district, asking us to send them someone to preach the message we represent. We wish and pray that the Lord will help us to answer these calls before long.

C. JOHN.

An Indian evangelist.

A Missionary Tour by Native Workers in Fiji

W. G. FERRIS

CAPTAIN ELIJAH is in command of the mission ketch *Loloma*. He is known everywhere in Fiji, and is respected by all because he also commands a sixteen-stone personality.

A wave of excitement passed over the Young People's meeting the other Sabbath when the leader announced that Captain Elijah would tell the story of his recent missionary trip to North Vanua Levu. Elijah spoke with an eloquence that would be the envy of many a young preacher in the homeland.

Many plans had been made to visit the hundreds of people in that isolated district, which seems to be the most neglected of any in Fiji. Captain Elijah was inspired to make this trip with Beni Vaceloa in a small twelve-foot sailing-boat. Beni had been with Captain McLaren when they visited some of the wild islands of New Guinea, and he, too, was very anxious to go this time. We all gathered at the beach to bid them God-speed, and thought of Paul and Silas.

From Vatuvonu it took them a day to row and sail twelve miles, and they slept at a Catholic Mission school for the night. They were treated very kindly. In the morning they both asked for knives, and helped to cut grass until 10 a.m. "These fellows are certainly different from other visitors," could be heard from everyone. This practice was repeated at other places, and they were gladly received wherever they went.

That evening was spent at the village where the faithful minister, Meli Sokai, was stationed. They spent some time there in prayer for Heaven's blessing upon their mission. The following day was spent in rowing across the bay, and gladly they stepped ashore, for most of the forty-mile journey had been covered by hard rowing. Some small children ran down to meet them, and they informed them that the near-by villages were empty, for all the adults had gone away up the coast to attend a big feast.

Elijah and Beni felt rather lost, or like new canvassers, not knowing where to go. They stepped behind a big rock and there prayed to God for guidance. On stepping out from this sacred spot they were both surprised to meet Willie Takesa, a boy who had been to our Buresala school. Willie, too, was very surprised to meet them, and all agreed that they were brought together by divine appointment. Together they walked inland some distance to Willie's village, where after a bath and a good meal a crowd quickly gathered for a meeting. They answered questions on Bible subjects until early morning.

The following day they went further inland, and following the usual procedure of being welcomed they presented the subject of Daniel 2. The local choir added to the success of the meeting with its brilliant singing.

For several days they walked along the coast, giving our *Raramas* to folk who simply pleaded for papers.

They came to one village, and learned that this was the place where most of the people along that coast, and also for miles inland, had gathered to welcome a new European minister. Feeling a little nervous about going into the village to meet such a crowd, they turned off into the bush and asked for divine direction and help. Quietly they slipped into the village, and a lad invited them into his house. They were not very happy about going to such a small house, so silently prayed to be taken to a better one. A sick chief saw them pass, and called them in to talk with him. They talked for a while, and then the chief sat up and told them that he had not been able to do such a thing for a long time. He suggested that their very presence had given him strength, and he wanted them to stay. This chief's home became their centre, while they stayed, for nearly a week.

While the crowd waited for the European minister to arrive, much interest was centred on the house where these two native visitors lived, and many came in to talk. For the Sabbath they quietly slipped away to another village, and spent the day studying with the only man there, and he was greatly interested. That night they returned to the larger village and preached to a crowded house. All day Sunday the crowd came to their house and

brought in a flood of questions. Sunday night a request was presented by the chiefs to the local minister that these two visitors be allowed to speak to all the people at a special meeting. The people gathered and special singing was arranged, but when the minister announced that only three local men were to speak the crowd was indignant. The chiefs stood up and left the meeting-house in a rage. Women and children also left, and in no time the only ones left, out of a congregation of between 300 and 400, were these two visitors. They felt very badly about the situation, and stayed until the close of the service. They then went to their house, and the crowd followed them, demanding a meeting over there. This was followed by an all-night sitting answering questions. The Bible was used for every answer, and many called out, "These answers are not in our Bibles." When it was pointed out that the Bibles were the same, they were greatly surprised.

Before leaving they were presented with the great feast that was intended for the European minister, and when they walked down the coast the crowd followed them for two days. They had difficulty in reaching their small boat because the crowd wanted them to stay in order to hear more from the Word of God. They finally left, with the big crowd, men, women, and children, all out in the water with only their heads showing, and calling out, "*Sa Moce* [good-bye]; come back again."

As a result of this visit a leading chief came across to our recent district meeting and pleaded for a school to be opened in his village. He promised the land and the building if we would supply a teacher. We have not the means here in Fiji for an additional teacher, and would gladly welcome help from the homeland.

NOVEMBER 21

An Impressive Missions Talk

O. U. GIDDINGS

(Former Director, Cuale Mission Station)

OUR medical work, wherever it has been established in the mission fields, has not only been an entering wedge, but continues to build up and strengthen the various lines of evangelistic work which the missions carry on after they become established.

We spent a few days with Dr. Morel at our hospital up in the central Belgian Congo. One day, after he had finished his second operation for that day, we sat down to lunch in his home, and were beginning to eat when a native orderly came running from the hospital to say that a native chief had just been brought in who was about to die. The doctor went immediately to investigate, and found the man in a very serious condition. He had been carried a distance of eighty-five miles in the usual native way—tied to a pole. The doctor tried every way he knew to help him, but without avail. It seemed that nothing could save the man's life but an operation, and even that might fail if gangrene set in. Orders were given to prepare for the emergency operation as quickly as possible.

The operation was successful, and within a few weeks the chief was on his feet again, and he was in better health than he had been for several years. Then one Sabbath morning at the close of the Sabbath school, the superintendent told the doctor that a native woman, not one of our own people, desired to speak to the congregation. When the doctor learned upon inquiry that she was the wife of the native chief upon whom he had operated, he said, "Let her speak." There was a hush in that native congregation of about two hundred as the woman, dressed in gaudy attire, and with strings of glass beads around her neck, brass anklets on her legs, and elephant-hair bracelets on her arms, walked calmly up to the front of the church. She told how a man in her village, who was ill as her husband was, had died because the medicine and the efforts of the native doctors were powerless to help him. She had finally prevailed upon her husband to try the Songa Mission doctor. She had said to him, "Next time, you will die like your brother did who was as ill as you." Then continuing, she said, "Now I know that the God of the people of Songa Mission is a strong God, and there is none like Him among the native people. There is no native doctor with whom God works as He works with your

doctor. There is no people among the Baluba (native tribes) like these at this mission who gave us food, firewood, medicine, and a place to sleep. I praise your God today, and thank the people of this mission and your doctor."

That was a most impressive missions talk for those who were present that day. Let us give freely that other medical missions may be established where such experiences as the foregoing may be multiplied to God's glory, and to the saving of lives and the salvation of souls.

NOVEMBER 28

The People of Tonga

MISS M. FERGUSON

"He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till He have set judgment in the earth: and the isles shall wait for His law." Isa. 42: 4.

"And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." Rev. 5: 9.

What precious promises are these! We have the assurance of God's Word that after we have given the gospel to the people of the islands we shall meet them and dwell with them throughout eternity in the new earth.

About 2,000 miles east of Australia is a group of 150 small islands, known as the Tongan or Friendly Islands, dotting the ocean between latitudes 17° and 23° south. Of these islands only thirty-six are inhabited, by approximately 32,000 people—a warm-hearted, affectionate, hospitable people, for whom our Saviour bled and died; and today He is pleading with us to tell them of His love. This quarter we have the privilege of helping to give the gospel to these dear people. May we make the most of this precious privilege!

Let us visit a little company of believers for one Sabbath. At 9 o'clock we meet together for the church service, for it is the custom of the Tongan people to hold the service before partaking of food. At 3 p.m. all assemble for Sabbath school, and after the lesson study the classes again unite for the closing exercises, when old and young repeat the memory verse. After a short interval we again gather together for the Missionary Volunteer meeting, and it is inspiring to hear the children and youth take part in the programme, which has been translated for them from the *MISSIONARY LEADER*. The majority of them have memorized their parts, and recite or sing them as creditably as our young folk in Australia.

It is good to see the faithful ones who attended our schools twenty-five years ago training their children in the fear and admonition of the Lord.

Several of the Tongan customs are similar to the old Jewish customs of Bible times, but space will permit of the mention of but one. On the death of a person, the neighbours and friends gather in the home to mourn with the bereaved during the first night. In olden times in Tonga much of the night would be spent in wailing, but now the friends sing the songs of Zion, endeavouring to bring comfort to the bereaved by reminding them of the blessed hope of a glad reunion. To us who prefer to mourn alone this custom may not appeal, but it is the way the Tongans show their sympathy; and were their friends to leave them alone during the first night of their bereavement, they would indeed feel neglected and unloved.

We believe the Spirit of God will guide in the work of spreading the message among the Tongan people, and we know that there will be some of these dear brethren ready to say, "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us." Let us help them by our prayers and offerings.

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