



MISSIONARY LEADER

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ZEALOUS IN SERVICE

T. A. MITCHELL

THE world rushes on from one midnight experience to another, and there is not a man from among the two thousand millions of earth's inhabitants who is strong enough to stem the tidal-wave of woe and sorrow that is rushing on and on across the continents and islands of this terrestrial ball.

We read in the sixteenth chapter of Revelation about the voice that John heard from the temple saying to the seven angels, "Go your ways, and pour out the vials of the wrath of God upon the earth." No one living can tell just the day the first angel will make his flight and empty out his vial, but we do know that that day and hour are hurrying on apace, and further we know that when that hour does come it will be too late to labour for the salvation of lost mankind.

How good it is to read those encouraging words from "Great Controversy," page 464: "Before the final visitation of God's judgments upon the earth there will be, among the people of the Lord, such a revival of primitive godliness as has not been witnessed since apostolic times. The Spirit and power of God will be poured upon His children. At that time many will separate themselves from those churches in which the love of this world has supplanted the love for God and His Word. Many, both of ministers and people, will gladly accept those great truths which God has caused to be proclaimed at this time, to prepare a people for the Lord's second coming."

The revival of primitive godliness is now being witnessed, and scores are being gathered into the kingdom of grace. God is doing a mighty work among the nations. The British and Foreign Bible Society alone during the year 1940-1941 scattered over 11,000,000 copies of the Scriptures. They tell us the Scriptures for the blind are now prepared in forty different languages.

In New South Wales 60,000 free New Testaments have been given to soldiers, sailors, and airmen who have enlisted in that State. From a little tract issued by the Society we relate the following experience from Crete. "We were in a valley where the olive trees grow, not many miles from Suda Bay. Our wounded lay under cover of the friendly shade. One morning, like a shot out of the blue, two Messerschmidts dived down upon us with their guns blazing away. For the best part of two hours they scorched that valley with bullets. The men huddled close to the trunks of the trees for what protection they afforded. In the midst of this I looked across to another tree, and there I saw one of the men reading his Bible."

"That evening, under the same olive tree, a number of men gathered and together read Psalm 37. Picture the scene: A group of men weary from looking into the face of death, drawing comfort from these words, 'Fret not thyself because of evil-doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity. . . . Delight thyself also in the Lord; and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord; and trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass. . . . Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.'"

The Record says of the true followers of Jesus, "For we are made a spectacle [theatre] unto the world, and to angels, and to men."

It was a Roman Catholic writer who wrote the following about Seventh-day Adventists: "The Adventists consider the whole world as mission territory into which God has commissioned them for work. They employ a host of missionaries, colporteurs, and other helping forces, far out of proportion to the number of

their members. These lay apostles work unceasingly, wander from house to house and look after their task faithfully and successfully. These lay forces are being trained in the most modern methods. If one stops to consider the tremendous energy of this sect, the spirit of sacrifice on the part of all its members, one can understand its successes. One can also understand the large editions and wide scattering of its literature. The spirit of sacrifice and the aggressive mind to work of members who have deepest interest for the commission entrusted to them, deserve full appreciation. Their courage and sacrifice in abstaining from worldly pleasures enable them to submit more and more fully the desires of the flesh to the mind. . . . The Adventists' spirit of sacrifice and zeal for their faith can certainly serve as an example for certain Catholics."

Another prominent religious leader of a numerically large denomination said: "Give me the numbers comprising the membership of our denomination, and the organization perfected by the Seventh-day Adventists, and I will evangelize the world in a few short years."

Zealous Amid Difficulties

Europe is being evangelized in some sections by the lay apostles in such a marvellous way that one conference leader has said of the work: "Every Adventist is a lay preacher. In one place severe persecution has been experienced by the twenty-three members of a small church. We had no pastor at this little church, and the members took turns at preaching. This was discovered by the local priest, and he complained to the civil authorities that the Adventists were preaching without a licence. The church members were summoned to appear

before the judge and pay a fine, or take out the regular preacher's licence, which was quite expensive. The religious liberty secretary of the union came to their rescue and went to court with them. There he presented to the judge a simple peasant woman dressed in the picturesque costume of the country, with her babe at the breast, and introduced her as 'one of the Adventist preachers.' The judge stared at the poor woman in surprise, and demanded, 'To whom do these people preach?' He could see plainly the foolishness of the accusations made by the priest, and consequently dismissed the case."

After visiting a certain section of the European field, the conference worker returned with a glowing report. He said: "You should have seen the faces of our lay preachers as they gave their reports! It made me think of 'the seventy' of the early days of the church when they returned with joy and reported their experiences to the Saviour." These laymen had divided their villages into districts, giving each lay preacher from thirty-three to thirty-six houses for visitation and Bible studies. At the close of two weeks of such effort, more than seven thousand people had been personally contacted. There was a great stir in the community. Backsliders who had not attended services in years, returned and said: "Our place also is in your prayer houses." Many began to pay tithe, both non-Adventists and members of the church who had become careless. Nevertheless, the good work met with opposition by the enemy forces, and several churches were closed."

It is that zeal for service in spite of opposition and trials that is going to finish this work on this war-torn world. It is that zeal inspired by God that will take this message of salvation to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people, and hasten the return of Jesus to gather His waiting children. We must be found among the zealous servants of Jesus. May that spirit of service fill our hearts with a burning zeal to work for the Master before the angel of mercy folds her wings and the angels of Revelation 16 make their flight.

SUGGESTIVE TALKS for Ten-Minute Exercises

MAY 1

Magazines in Public Places

Key Thought for Leaders

"There are many places in which the voice of the minister cannot be heard, places which can be reached only by publications—books, papers, and tracts that are filled with the Bible truth that the people need. Our literature is to be distributed everywhere. The truth is to be sown beside all waters; for we know not which shall prosper, this or that."—"Christian Service," page 153.

IN a certain place a number of men were in a committee discussing an important question which vitally concerned the future of the democratic form of government. Among those who championed the principles of democracy was a prominent Protestant minister who appeared in person before the committee and made an eloquent appeal for liberty and freedom. He quoted certain statements from the *Watchman Magazine*, our religious liberty journal, and when asked where he obtained that paper, he replied as follows: "My first contact with this excellent journal was in the reading-room of the public library in my city; but I became a regular subscriber, and value it as one of the finest pieces of literature that comes to my study."

On another occasion, a letter came in accompanied by a remittance for a year's subscription to the *Watchman* and this explanation: "While visiting the public library in my home town I found a copy of the *Watchman*. Its message appealed to me, and I find myself in perfect accord with its teaching."

Such experiences help to emphasize the importance of placing our magazines and papers in public libraries and other reading-rooms, where the thousands who frequent such places may be reached. There are some thousands of public libraries in Australasia, as well as many other types of reading-rooms. Here is a very promising field of missionary endeavour in placing our health and evangelical journals in all libraries and reading-rooms. We are aware that the world is flooded with pernicious literature. Yet, even though Satan is busy scattering literature that is debasing the morals and poisoning the minds of the young, there is a longing in the hearts of people for things that endure and satisfy.

Under an editorial caption, "The Fool Hath Said in His Heart," which appeared in a popular weekly magazine, there is this statement: "Within two years the production of fiction stories in the United States dropped 50 per cent. During the same period the sale of the Holy Bible increased by two million five hundred thousand copies." The editor's comment was to the effect that this revealed "a hunger for nourishment of the human spirit, and a revolt both from the illusion of sugary romance and from the disillusion of realistic sceptics; a flight back to pure truth."

It is becoming increasingly apparent that a weary humanity is longing for the message of

truth to be found in our magazines and periodicals, and it is highly important that we determine in our hearts to place this type of our denominational literature in every public library and reading-room.

MAY 8

"The King's Pocket"

T. A. MITCHELL

THE command given by Jesus includes all believers to the end of time. He said, "Go ye"; and that includes you, me, yes, each one of us. To help every believer to do his or her part in spreading this message, "The King's Pocket Folder" has been prepared. Each sister can make room for it in her hand-bag; every male member in the church can carry the wallet in his pocket, and give out a tract wherever opportunity offers. It may be on the train, the tram, in the bus, in the office, or the street; it may be anywhere on the highway of life.

Refills for the pocket wallet have been prepared, seventeen tracts on the fundamentals of the message. These tracts have been selected from over one hundred different tracts, and we believe this set comprises one of the best, if not the best, set we have ever prepared for distribution, and certainly at a reasonable price—4d. a set or three sets for a shilling. We wish every member to secure a few sets. Ask for "The Evangel series." They are prepared for workers, evangelists, and every church member. Remember, "The Evangel series" for refills for "The King's Pocket Folder"; "The Evangel series" for every envelope when a letter is posted; "The Evangel series" for every person in every walk of life. Order today.

MAY 15

Diligent Service

Key Thought for Leaders

"Remember that the Lord Jesus is the Master Worker. He waters the seed sown. He puts into your minds words that will reach hearts."—*Testimonies*, Vol. IX, page 41.

It is said of King Hezekiah that in every work he began "he did it with all his heart, and prospered." 2 Chron. 31: 21. The phrase, "he did it with all his heart," indicates an outstanding characteristic of Hezekiah. He never lost heart. He kept at his task and persevered until he succeeded. Many a time we have great admiration for a man who has achieved great success, but we may fail to realize that before that success was achieved there were many failures, many heartaches, and many tears. But failures, heartaches, and tears became buried beneath triumph. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Ps. 126: 5, 6.

So in all our work let us remember that as we scatter the seed we may often water it with our tears; but "Jesus is the Master Worker." He cares for the seed sown, He knows no failure; and the day is approaching when we who are faithful now will come with rejoicing, bringing sheaves for the heavenly garner.

MAY 22

A Sweet Savour

Key Thought for Leaders

"For we unto God a sweet savour of Christ, in them that are saved." 2 Cor. 2: 15.

It is said that long ago, in the days of Carthage and Rome, the bird fanciers used to anoint their tame pigeons with a fragrant perfume and then release them. The pigeons would fly into the woods where the wild doves were, and in the course of time those feathered companions would return home with them, drawn by the sweet aroma. On becoming tame, they were added to the owner's flock.

Even so, our Master, in the secret place, puts upon us the fragrance of His grace, that we, too, may become a savour of life unto life, alluring others unto Him from nature's uncouth state. The power and results of our service will depend upon maintenance of unbroken connection with heaven. "There is an eloquence far more powerful than the eloquence of words in the quiet, consistent life of a pure, true Christian. What a man is has more influence than what he says."—*Ministry of Healing*, page 469.

We need to visit the sick, the poor, and the needy besides our friends and neighbours, helping them spiritually where possible and leaving with them message-filled tracts, pamphlets, and books.

Each day of life brings its own opportunities with resultant experiences, and it is the Lord's plan that His children recount their experiences for the honour and glory of His name and the encouragement of fellow travellers on the way to the kingdom. Faithfully reporting the work done and the experiences gained while engaged in the Master's service, always brings joy to other believers, thus we become "unto God a sweet savour of Christ, in them that are saved." Shall we be more faithful in reporting, that others, too, may be encouraged in service?

MAY 29

Lending Library

THERE came to us not long ago an interesting experience related by Brother Weaks, one of the General Conference workers. It appears that a certain lady obtained a copy of the publication, "Our Times and Their Meaning," and had been greatly impressed with it. It was her desire to purchase a number of copies when her finance would permit, and these she planned to have forwarded to her friends.

A few days after the lady wrote the first letter, a further communication came from her,

and then still another letter, each containing long lists of names of her many friends to whom she wanted books sent, not only "Our Times and Their Meaning," but other of our good books we had called to her attention, such as "Our Lord's Return," "The Marked Bible," "Our Paradise Home," "Thoughts from the Mount of Blessing," "The Bible Made Plain," etc. The orders included one hundred and twelve copies of "Our Times and Their Meaning." The first order filled three large government mail-bags.

Though the letters would indicate that this woman is not a woman of wealth, money orders accompanying the letters had a total value of £90. In her letter she said, "I have used almost every cent I can put my hands on for this cause, for it is so vitally necessary to prepare people for this momentous event."

The names and addresses to whom the above books were sent make an interesting study. The books cover a territory reaching from New York City to Hollywood, California, from New England to Florida. They go to private homes, to business establishments, to schools, to taverns and clubs, to world-famous stars. Surely we should pray that God will use the books to His glory, that He will speak to hearts as they read the messages contained in them, and while praying that God may water the seed that has been sown, shall we not each and all of us build up that lending library and put to good use the books contained therein!

Missionary Volunteer Department

Mother's Day Programme

Poem: MOTHER O' MINE

Her shoulders have a little stoop,
Her hair is almost white,
Her eyes have lost a trifle
Of their lustre and their light.

She hasn't any style or class,
She owns no jewels rare,
She never had a model hat
Or Paris gown to wear.

She has no social aims or fads,
On tours she does not roam;
The only journeys that she takes
Are within the walls of home.

She never wrote an article,
She does not sing or paint,
And yet how saintly is her walk,
With never a complaint!

Her harp is but a cooking stove,
In gingham aprons long
She stirs and cooks and makes of life
One sweet, melodious song.

She loves the world and all that live,
She calls each man her brother;
I'm sure you'll guess her name by
now:

If I must tell, it's mother!

—Susan Hubbard Martin.

Talk: MOTHER AND HOME

The word "mother" is so full of meaning that its mere utterance brings to the mind visions of faithfulness, self-sacrificing love, and patience. The love which a mother shows to her child represents to that child the love of Christ. And obedience to mother and trust in her will lead to obedience to the Saviour above, and trust in His care.

Mother is called the queen of the home, an appropriate name, for she has the responsibility of caring for the children, and of seeing that everything is running smoothly. Without her, there would be no home. She it is who inspires enthusiasm for accomplishing things worth while. It is when mother is sick and must be sent to hospital, or when she is away for any other reason, that we realize more fully how much her presence means to us.

Willingness and readiness to help will make mother's work much lighter, and in return for our cheerful assistance she will give us everything a mother can give. The daily sacrifices which she makes for us cannot be numbered; so why should we not always do what she asks of us, and much more, too?

Obedience is essential not only in the home life, but also outside of the home. If we learn at first to obey our parents, we shall naturally obey the commands of our Father who dwells in the heavenly home above. It is mother who has taught us from infancy to obey, and when we become old enough to understand, she begins to teach us of God and His love and sacrifice for us. And through the study of God's Word, not only are we brought closer to Him, but we come to have a still deeper love for mother.

The time when you appreciate the teachings of mother the most is when you are no longer with her. It is then that you miss her counsel and advice. But remember, when your path grows weary and your troubles seem many, mother still cares.—Clara Johnson.

Acrostic: MOTHER

M is for the million things she gave me,
O means only that she's growing old;
T is for the tears she shed to save me,
H is for her heart of purest gold.
E is for her eyes with love-light shining,
R means right, and that she'll always be.
Put them all together, they spell
MOTHER,
A word that means the very world
to me.

Symposium: MOTHERS OF MEN

1. MOSES' MOTHER. "Younger than Joseph or Daniel was Moses when removed from the sheltering care of his childhood's home; yet already the same agencies that shaped their lives had moulded his. Only twelve years did he spend with his Hebrew kindred; but during these years was laid the foundation of his greatness; it was laid by the hand of one little known to fame.

"Jochebed was a woman and a slave. Her lot in life was humble, her burden heavy. But through no other woman, save Mary of Nazareth, has the world received greater blessing. Knowing that her child must soon pass beyond her care, to the guardianship of those who knew not God, she the more earnestly endeavoured to link his soul with heaven. She sought to implant in his heart love and loyalty to God. And faithfully was the work accomplished. Those principles of truth that were the burden of his mother's teaching and the lesson of her life, no after-influence could induce Moses to renounce." ("Education," page 61.) "There arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses, whom the Lord knew face to face." Deut. 34: 10.

"The whole future life of Moses, the great mission which he fulfilled as the leader of

Israel, testifies to the importance of the work of the Christian mother. There is no other work that can equal this."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* page 244.

2. SAMUEL'S MOTHER. "In the case of this prophet and judge in Israel are presented the possibilities that are placed before the child whose parents co-operate with God, doing their appointed work."—*"Counsels to Teachers,"* page 143.

"Hannah prayed and trusted; and in her son Samuel she gave to the Israel of God a most precious treasure—a useful man, with a well-formed character, one who was as firm as a rock where principle was concerned."—*"Testimonies,"* Vol. V, page 304.

3. DEBORAH. "The inhabitants of the villages ceased, they ceased in Israel, until that I Deborah arose, that I arose a mother in Israel." Judges 5: 7.

4. Great men have said this about their mothers:—

Abraham Lincoln: "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

Dwight L. Moody: "All that I have ever accomplished in life, I owe to my mother."

George Washington: "I attribute all my success in life to the moral, intellectual, and physical education I received from my mother."

Thomas A. Edison: "My mother was the making of me. She was so true, so sure of me, and I felt I had something to live for. I must not disappoint her."

John Wesley: "My mother was the source from which I derived the guiding principles of my life."

Wendell Phillips: "Whatever I have done in my life has simply been due to the fact that when I was a child my mother daily read with me a part of the Bible, and made me learn a part of it by heart."

Story: WHEN SACRIFICES CEASE TO BE SACRIFICES

Many parents feel they are making personal sacrifices in order that their children may have the advantages of a Christian education in our schools. If only they can have the joy and satisfaction later in life of seeing those for whom they have made these personal sacrifices engaged in God's work, they will cease to be regarded as sacrifices. The following incident will possibly make this a little clearer:—

In one of the Southern States in America there is a school for the white people who live in the mountains. Some visitors passing by one day saw up on the top of one of the mountains an old mountain woman—a white woman—out in the yard. They asked her what she was doing. She said, "I am cooking my dinner."

They said, "Why don't you cook it on the stove?"

She replied, "I don't have a stove." When they asked her why she had no stove, she said, "It went into Bill's head."

They asked her, "How is that?"

She said: "I will tell you. My boy, Bill, came to me one day and said, 'Ma, I want to go to that college at the foot of the mountain.' I said, 'Bill, I can't send you; I haven't any money.' He said, 'Ma, I want to go anyway.' I told him to fetch the calf. Then I put him astride it, and told him to go and tell the president that he wanted to l'arn up that calf. He went to the president and told him that he had come to get an education and that he wanted to l'arn up the calf. The president said, 'Well, you take that calf over to the barn, and I will give you a note to the matron, and we will let you come and see what you can do.' When the calf was l'arned up, he sent home and told me he wanted more money. I thought of the cook-stove, so I sold the cook-stove and sent the money to Bill, and that is how the cook-stove got into Bill's head."

This was her simple story. The day finally came for Bill to be graduated. As he stood on the platform delivering his oration, his eye kept wandering down to the place in the audience where an old woman sat with tears trickling down her face. It seemed to give him inspiration. When the diplomas were delivered to the class, he marched straight down from the platform with his diploma and put it into the old woman's lap. "Mother," said he—and how much that meant—"this is not my diploma; this is your diploma." To that dear old mother how light appeared all personal sacrifice which had made possible her son's college course! It

was her boy who had been graduated with honours that day. But the joy of this mother was nothing compared with the joy felt by parents who, after having made personal sacrifices, later have the satisfaction of seeing their boys and girls going about as soul-winners.

Boys and girls for whom these sacrifices have been made will share with parents their final reward. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

Out West, a mother, after listening to a stirring address on foreign missions by one of our ministers, was found weeping. The great need of the foreign field appealed to her heart. She felt that what she could give and do to aid the work was a mere pittance, and she was sad and discouraged. In speaking to her and trying to comfort her, the minister finally inquired her name. When her name was given, he said, "Are you the mother of Dr. —?"

"Yes," she replied.

He found she was the mother of one of our leading missionaries abroad, a man who under God was doing a remarkable work as physician and evangelist in winning souls. He then said to her: "Mother, cheer up; you have sacrificed to train your boy for service; you are entitled to some of the stars he will win."

Then, if not now, personal sacrifices made by parents to help their boys and girls, or neighbours' boys and girls, to obtain a fitness for service, no longer will be considered as sacrifices. For the joy of souls redeemed that was set before Him, Jesus "endured the cross." —D. H. Kress.

Reading: THAT LETTER TO THE HOME FOLKS

A minister's wife was finishing off the duties of the day when one of her boys came in to her with a book, saying, "I was in the library, mother, just now, and the librarian told me that this new book you wanted has got down to your name on the waiting list." After the work was done, she turned with a thrill of pleasure to her chair and the new book that so many of her friends had read and recommended in her hearing.

Just as she opened the attractive volume, the thought struck her that it was time for her home letter to be posted. Ever since she had left home twelve years before, she had not failed to write that weekly letter. If she left it till tomorrow, it would not reach them at the usual time. She was tired. What should she do? Laying the book aside, she went to her desk and commenced her weekly chat to her dear old parents.

Many years afterwards, this same lady, herself with silvered hair and failing strength, had retired with her husband from active service to a little home of their own, provided by their boys. One rainy afternoon she went up into the attic, and while rummaging among her beloved boxes, she thought of her parents' letters tucked away in a bureau drawer. They were just as she had put them aside long ago. She took out one at random. It read:—

"Our Dear, Dear Child,

"Pa and I had rather a dull day yesterday. It rained so hard that he couldn't attend to anything outside except to see that the new hired man fed the stock properly. I was a trifle upset for me; nothing for you to worry about the least bit, just a slight attack of 'flu, but it kept me on the sofa, and I couldn't read aloud to pa as I usually do in bad weather. He hates to read aloud himself, you know. We fell to talking about you, and of the first day pa took you down to the district school, and how proud you were of your new hair-ribbons and your first lunch basket. I remember there was a little apple turnover that I put in hot from the oven. Then somehow we didn't talk any more for quite a while, and the rain seemed to be going to sleep. Along toward five o'clock pa began to get restless. He kept getting up and going to the window. I didn't say anything, but we were both thinking of your letter, which was due.

"There, I just heard the train whistle. Didn't you, ma?"

"Yes," I said, 'the mail will be in in a few minutes.'

"Pa went over to the corner and took out his overshoes. 'Are you going down to the village in all this rain?' said I. 'It's let up a good deal,' said he, putting on the rubbers. "Why don't you send Hiram?" I asked. "Well, you know, ma, I set store on seeing that letter lying in the box, and I like to have it

handed to me and drive home with it in my pocket. I keep thinking all the way what a good time we'll have reading it over together. Katherine's a good girl. She never forgets us."

"The next hour seemed short to me, thinking of the treat that was coming, and when I heard the waggon wheels coming up the lane, I almost forgot about the 'flu, getting the lamp lighted and hunting for my nearsighted glasses—you know I'm always losing my spectacles. We thought we'd have supper before we read the letter, because so long as we had it right in hand it sort of made us happier to wait a bit. So afterward, when pa had put another log on the hearth and was all settled in his chair, I drew up my little rocker under the light and managed to read it to him.

"I was pretty husky, but we didn't either of us mind that. Katherine, that was one of the best letters you ever, ever wrote. We laughed until we cried over your reading the Bible to old Mrs. Cook and then walking off with her pocketbook. You always were absent-minded. But it was a funny thing for the pastor's wife to do, and we knew just how embarrassed you must have felt when you went back with it after prayer-meeting.

"And before we had finished we cried the other sort of tears, right from the heart, over the sweet, loving words you said of your old father and mother. God bless you, dear! You turned a dreary day into a bright and happy one. We are glad that at last you have succeeded in getting the library book you have waited for so long. I'm much better today, although I didn't venture out to church. Love from both of us.

"Your affectionate

"Mother."

And as the daughter sat on an old trunk in the attic and read these words, a wonderful comfort and happiness filled her heart. She remembered the night that she so nearly failed to write home. This voice from the past spoke to her as in benediction. She was reaping what she had sown, and the harvest was peace.—*Adapted.*

Poem: YOUR MOTHER

Above your bed when evening shades were deep,
And you were wrapped in childhood's perfect sleep,
Keeping her watch while only starlight gleamed,
She sat and dreamed.

She dreamed of paths your feet would bravely go,
Of wisdom into which your mind would grow,
Of pride her heart would feel the long years through,
Because of you.

She dreamed of days made better by your life,
Of blessings scattered in a world of strife,
Of hope and gladness planted in the land
By your strong hand.

She dreamed of realms beyond the narrow sea,
The great reunion of eternity.
Who else could hold a light to pierce the gloom
And guide you home?

Have you remembered? Do the flowers today
Carry your thoughts along the old home way?
What will your answer be when all is through—
Her dream come true?

—Clarence Edwin Flynn.

No Defeat

Introduction

AN indolent boy who had been causing his teacher much worry, and giving his father no end of trouble, was surprised one evening when he came home from school with a poor grade to have his father say: "Young man, if you do not pass your next examination, I am going to send you to the girls' school in the village."

The father had talked to the boy so much about his failures in school that the lad did not take his threat very seriously, and went on in his careless, easy-going way. But when he failed in his next examination, his father did send him to the girls' school, which, of course, was very humiliating to him.

The lad learned his lesson, and determined that from that day forward he would conquer his carelessness. Returning to his home, he got the dictionary, hunted up the word "impossible," and struck it from the page. He had drifted along, shunning the difficult les-

sons and experiences long enough. Never again do we have any record of his shirking or evading a hard task. If he had not learned this valuable lesson, we might never have heard of Lord Kitchener.

Few people there are today who do not have some hindrance, handicap, or hardship with which to reckon. Life's hopes may be dimmed by poverty, physical defects, poor environment, and a thousand and one other things. Few have ever won life's laurels without a struggle. The road has often been rugged and uphill.

A mere glimpse into the lives of a few who have fought and won in spite of handicaps may be an encouragement.

Symposium: THEY CONQUERED

1. FANNY CROSBY, when only six weeks old, became blind through the mistakes and blunders of a careless country doctor. She lost her sight, but not her courage. A poem which she wrote when only eight years old should be an inspiration to any young person who faces hard problems:—

"Oh, what a happy child I am,
Although I cannot see!
I am resolved that in this world
Contented I will be.

"How many blessings I enjoy
That other people don't!
So weep or sigh because I'm blind,
I cannot, and I won't."

Fanny spent no time weeping. In spite of blindness through the years, she wrote more than eight thousand hymns, and they have been sung in all parts of the world. That brave young woman, surrounded by physical darkness, faced life with a song. Her hymns have been an encouragement and a blessing to millions, and their influence will never die.

2. ELIZABETH BARRETT was the daughter of a well-to-do Englishman. During childhood her every wish was granted, but at the age of thirteen she suffered a nervous breakdown, and from that day was in constant pain. She was placed in a darkened room, and only the doctor and the members of the immediate family were allowed to see her. There in the sick-room this wonderful woman wrote the poems which won for her the reputation of being the Shakespeare of English women. She was later married to the famous poet, Robert Browning, and they were happy for many years.

3. JOHN BUNYAN, the son of a tinker, was imprisoned in Bedford gaol because he dared to differ from others in matters of religion. During the twelve years of his confinement, his pen was busy. In the solitude of that dreary prison cell he wrote "Pilgrim's Progress," which, next to the Bible, has been the world's best seller. Had Bunyan enjoyed his liberty, he might not have written "Pilgrim's Progress," and millions would have been robbed of the comfort, help, and encouragement which have come from reading this allegory.

4. LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, one of the greatest of musical composers, knew hardship and struggle early in youth. His father, a court musician, was a drunkard. Often the three brothers, Karl, Ludwig, and Johann, were called from their play to bring their father home. The father's meagre salary was not sufficient to buy drink and supply the needs of the family, and often pieces of furniture, linen, or silverware had to be sold to obtain food.

Ludwig began to study music when he was only four years old, and when he was nine he had mastered all that his father could teach him. He went to play before the great Mozart, who prophesied that the boy would some day be famous. Surely the young musician had had struggles enough; but, when people were talking so enthusiastically of the distinction he had earned and of his future, he suffered a serious handicap. In the prime of life, his hearing became affected, and although he hated to admit it, he gradually became deaf. He consulted the best doctors, seeking relief, but to no avail. Could it be possible that he who was so passionately fond of music would not be able to hear those sweet strains which were life to him? Realizing the folly of bemoaning his lot, he determined to make the most of his remaining senses, and to do the best he could although he was not able to hear a sound.

He faced this disheartening calamity with fortitude and courage. He often shut himself in his room alone and went without food for days when composing music. Harassed by grief, poverty, and sickness, he continued to produce music which placed him among the greatest of composers. His music will thrill mankind as long as time shall last.

5. PAUL, great missionary of the Christian church, was afflicted, harassed, and sorely persecuted in his service for his fellow men; but never once did he swerve from the path of duty. This brave old warrior, scarred by many a battle, when facing death at the hands of the Roman government, looked back on his life and was able to say with confidence, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." When we come to the end of the journey, shall we be able to bear the same testimony?

Story: BENJAMIN WEST

Benjamin West was born in a Quaker home where pictures were regarded as a luxury. One summer day the boy was left to mind the baby. Impressed by the beauty of the sleeping child, he found two bottles of ink near by, and sketched a drawing of the baby in its crib. His mother appeared as he was finishing the sketch, and he could not hide it from her. He expected reproof, but his mother kissed him tenderly, and assured him the drawing was a very good likeness of tiny Sally. Every day from that time on he was busy drawing birds, trees, and flowers. Paper was scarce, and it was not long until the walls and doors of the farmhouse were covered with drawings.

The Mohawk Indians made frequent visits to his home, and they were captivated by his drawings. They gave young Benjamin some of the paints they used in decorating their faces. But he had no brush. In fact, he had never seen a brush or a picture. He had heard someone lamenting the fact that he had no brush, and one day the idea came to him that he could make a brush from the hair on the family cat. Benjamin's father could not figure out what was the matter with old Tom, for he seemed to be shedding his hair in patches. When he found Benjamin had been shearing the animal to make brushes, he was tempted to punish the boy; but the incident so amused the father that the boy was forgiven, and went on using the brushes.

A relative sent Benjamin some paints, pieces of canvas, and several engravings by famous artists. They were the first drawings the child had ever seen. His precious treasures were taken to the attic, where he spent several days in making copies of the engravings, forgetting all about going to school. Benjamin's mother did not know the young artist was in the attic, and when the schoolmaster came to inquire why the boy was absent, the mother found him in the garret, absorbed in his pictures. He was eight years old, and she was so delighted with his work that she interceded with the father, and Benjamin escaped punishment.

Benjamin West became one of the greatest painters of his time, and his works are well known to all lovers of art. His way was beset with hardships and handicaps, but he overcame them, and earned the fame accorded him.

Story

(See *Youth's Instructor*, February 3, 1942, or "Unsung Heroes"—"W. T. Dowling," or any other story.)

Conclusion

The young man or woman who has access to a bank account, and is deprived of the privilege of some hardship and struggle, doesn't have a fair show in life's battle. Even physical handicaps need not bar one from a life of usefulness.

The recital of struggle and achievement, of battle and victory, is an endless one. Thousands of other valiant and courageous souls have pressed on in the face of physical defects, lack of advantages, poor environment, and other discouraging circumstances.

After the foregoing brief glimpse into the lives of these men and women of achievement, you will agree with the well-known writer, Albert Atwood, who declares that we may all attain to a life worth while if we are "willing to pay the price." The real secret of our being a blessing is not in our environment's being ideal, but in our making the best of our surroundings, whatever they may be.

Temperance

Talk: EARLY ATTACKS ON ALCOHOL

ALCOHOL appears as one of the most ancient enemies of man. The Chinese say that one of their number, Iti, was the first to learn how to distil liquor. He drank to unconsciousness of the fiery stuff, and others followed his example. The emperor was alarmed at the havoc wrought by this "black magic" among his people, and, when he learned the cause, ordered Iti to be banished. The secret of distilled alcohol remained hidden for two thousand years, when it was rediscovered by an Arabian alchemist, Albucasis, about A.D. 1000.

The first attempt to educate against alcohol goes back four thousand years. It was in the form of a letter from an Egyptian teacher to his pupil. This is what he wrote:—

"It has been told me that thou hast left thy books, . . . and goest to the tavern, smelling of beer at eventide. If beer gets into a man, it overcomes his mind; and thou art like an oar started from its place; like a house without food, with shaky walls. . . . Thou hast taken an oath not to drink; hast thou forgotten it?"

An Egyptian writer (600 B.C.) says: "The higher priests did not drink wine at all . . . on account of the injury it did to the body. It was oppressive to the head, a barrier to invention, and an incentive to crime."

Severe punishment was inflicted in some lands upon persons who drank or who sold liquor. In India (900 B.C.) a law forbade its use by priests, merchants, and sailors, under penalty of being branded by a hot iron and imprisoned or exiled. Chinese rulers (about 500 B.C.) ordered the beheading of men who sold liquor.

Religious leaders stood opposed to drinking. In 500 B.C. Buddha gave as one of his eight commandments, "Walk steadily, . . . and to do this drink not liquors that intoxicate and disturb the reason."

Epicurus was one of the great philosophers of Greece. He taught that happiness is the end and aim of life. "We cannot live happily," he said, "without living wisely, nobly, and righteously." Over his gate was this greeting:

"Passing Stranger

"Here you will find good cheer. The master will receive you kindly; but, take note, you must expect only a piece of cake and a drink of water."

Plutarch, in his "Lives of Great Men of Greece and Rome," tells us that their kings were not allowed to use wine. Of the Persians, in the days when they were building a strong nation, we are told that being "strangers to the use of wine, they drank water only." Later in history, they became great drinkers, which may have led to their eventual defeat by the enemies that surrounded them.

From these facts we learn that even before the Christian era there had been narcotic problems, and that, to lessen drinking, people had used (1) severe punishment, exile, and death; (2) religious commands; and (3) education. The wisest men of the time had become aware of the ill effects of strong drink on health, morals, strength, and leadership.

Story: THE EMPEROR'S VICTORY

Many years ago the wise and learned and fearless Babar was emperor of Afghanistan, the Punjab, and Hindustan. He wrote his deeds, good and bad, in a book with complete truthfulness. Let us hear two stories about himself which he tells us in this book. The first is a story of a conqueror who was a defeated man.

While Emperor Babar was once touring in the Punjab, his camp was pitched a few miles from a great river, and the camp was carefully guarded by sentinels. One night the guard was suddenly alarmed by sounds of horses galloping, and shouts and laughter and groans. The captain of the guard and his men seized their weapons to prevent the horsemen from entering the camp. Suddenly the captain of the guard called to his men, "It is the emperor; salute." It was indeed the emperor and some of his courtiers. Let us hear what he wrote about it in his book:—

"About the time of noonday prayers, I mounted to take a ride, and afterward going on board a boat, we had a drinking bout. . . . We continued drinking spirits in the boat until bedtime prayers, when being utterly drunk, we mounted our horses, and taking torches in our hands, came at full gallop back to the camp from the riverside, falling sometimes on one

side of the horse, and sometimes on the other. I was miserably drunk, and next morning, when they told me of our having galloped into the camp with lighted torches in our hands, I had not the slightest recollection of it."

From the age of thirty till he was forty-four, though he believed that it was contrary to the law of God to drink wine, this great emperor frequently made himself drunk. He often vowed to give up the use of strong drink, but could not abstain. It seemed as though Babar the conqueror of Delhi was to become Babar the slave of wine.

But Babar escaped from slavery. It was at a time when his army and the army of his enemies were face to face and about to fight a great battle.

According to custom, Babar was walking along the front of his army inspecting the watchmen who were looking for the coming of the enemy, and arranging his soldiers to meet them. Babar knew that the battle would be fierce, and that if he could not conquer his enemies, his whole power would be destroyed and his empire ruined. He asked himself, "Is there anything in which I am sinful? Is there anything in me which turns God's favour from me?" And he remembered his drunkenness. There and then he resolved by the aid of God once for all to give up the vice, and to do it so that all should know.

He sent for his gold and silver drinking cups, and ordered them to be smashed to pieces there on the field of battle and the pieces given to the poor. He called for all the jars and skins of wine in his camp, and poured the wine out upon the earth. Three hundred of his nobles followed his example. Then they went to battle with their enemies and won a great victory.

"I renounce the use of wine," said Emperor Babar in his book, "purifying my mind." He never drank intoxicating liquor again.

Let us remember this story. Intoxicating drink was a greater enemy to the emperor than any enemy that came to fight him. That same enemy will cunningly debase and ruin our minds if we give way to it. There is but one way to defeat the enemy. Let us not wait, as Babar did, till the enemy has almost completely enslaved us, but now and always let us resolve, by the aid of God, never even to taste any intoxicating liquor.—A. C. Clayton.

Dialogue: COCKTAILS

A young man and a young woman, with an older man (one with story-telling ability) enter. Young man orders drinks from another young lady (waitress), then the three sit down at a table.

Waitress brings three glasses and places on table.

Young man: I took it for granted you liked cocktails, Uncle — (naming older man). I know Marie does.

Older Man: I'm sorry to disappoint you, John, but I'm afraid you'll have to drink without me this time. I just couldn't drink that if you paid me. Don't worry, though, I'll get something else. I'd advise you not to drink it, either. (Goes to side, gets a glass of some other coloured drink from girl. Comes back and sits down.)

Young man: Really, now, Uncle —, what's the harm in a cocktail occasionally, anyway? I don't have them often, but now and again on occasions like this when one meets old friends, it's great to have a chat over a social glass, and I don't think anyone has a right to say I shouldn't. Of course, anyone is a fool to get drunk, but an occasional cocktail doesn't affect you.

Young woman (tossing head): That's what I think, too! It doesn't hurt anyone to be sociable. A mere cocktail or two doesn't do anybody any harm. Personally, I don't care for liquor much, but I've no right to tell others what they should or should not drink.

Older man: I disagree with you there. Let me tell you an experience I witnessed concerning this very thing—the drinking of cocktails to be sociable. I think when you hear it, you will agree with me that the drinking of cocktails can be as dangerous to the community as the drinking of beer and other such beverages, and we should raise our voices in protest against one just as much as the other. Listen:—

It was a private musicale held in a prominent home to which I was invited. I went because the host and hostess are old friends, and because I love music. Before the programme began, punch was passed. I took

none—I could tell by the smell that it was no drink for a teetotaler—but most of those present drank one, two, or several cups.

But apparently no one was the least bit drunk. No one acted foolishly, or reeled, or staggered, or was unsteady in moving about. No one's tongue was thick, so far as I could notice. Indeed, it was all apparently very pleasant and harmless. For the moment the argument seemed all in favour of the social glass that cheers but does not intoxicate.

After cocktails, we talked a little, and then the performers were called upon for entertainment. They were all amateurs, but particularly gifted amateurs and friends of the host and hostess. First there was a beautiful symphonic trio; then a girl sang; then a young man stood up to play a violin solo. That he was very nervous was plainly evident. He made a bad start which the accompanist tried to cover. Then he made another mistake, and another, and another, and still another. Then he stopped. His face was deeply flushed with humiliation. "I'm sorry," he faltered. "I'm terribly sorry. I shouldn't have taken anything to drink when I was going to play. It affects my muscular control. I just can't play. You'll have to excuse me." And, looking very much distressed, he sat down.

The next number was a 'cello solo. That went off nicely. Then the crowning event of the evening was announced—a series of piano solos by a gifted and brilliant girl of twenty who was just ready to go abroad for further study. I saw as soon as she came forward that she was white and quivering. She announced her first number in a voice that trembled—the difficult "Liebestraum," by Liszt.

Her touch seemed uncertain, but she did well enough until she came to that part toward the middle where the music grows very complicated, and must be played very quickly. Then she stumbled—tried to go on, and—smashed up! She rose to her feet and the tears were rolling down her cheeks. "I, too, shouldn't have taken any punch," she said. "My fingers will not handle that passage. I'm sorry. I hope you'll give me another chance some other evening." And then she stumbled back to her seat, sobbing.

Young man: Well, I don't see what this story has to do with the points we were discussing. Of course the two performers were fools to get themselves into such a fix, but still it was their own business—wasn't it?

Young woman: And what right has anybody to say they ought not to drink that punch, or to try to stop them?

Older man: The sequel to my story answers your question. Both of them—the young man who couldn't play the violin because he had lost muscular control, and the young woman whose unsteady fingers refused to do her bidding—got into their respective cars, took the wheels, and drove home.

Young woman: Now I understand. Those young people whose muscles were uncontrollable were a danger to the public whilst in that condition they drove their cars. I never thought that one cocktail would affect you like that. No more cocktails for me.

Young man: Or me, either. Thank you, uncle, for helping us to see the harm in that which we thought so innocent and harmless.

Talk: DARE TO BE A DANIEL

A young man, son of a president of a college, was leaving his home in America for Paris, to take up a special course of study in surgery. As he was saying good-bye, the girl to whom he was engaged said, "Good-bye, Charlie, dare to be a Daniel."

Shortly after reaching France, the young student was invited to a great doctor's house, to meet some of the leading surgeons of the city. At the dinner table a gentleman filled his glass with wine, and, as a compliment to the youthful visitor, said, "Let us drink to the mothers, daughters, and sweethearts of America," at the same time telling a servant to fill the young man's glass with red wine.

Charlie wrote to his mother: "Mother," he said, "for a moment I was in agony. I would rather have faced a cannon. All had risen, and in the hand of each was a glass of wine I had promised not to touch, taste, or handle. My head seemed to swim, and I was on the point of taking up the dreadful glass, when I clearly heard the words, 'Dare to be a Daniel.' They shot through my head like an electric flash. I filled another glass with water and, rising, said as well as I could for the great lump in

my throat, 'I beg leave to say that to mothers, daughters, and sweethearts of America the purity of this sparkling water illustrates the lives they aim to lead, and I ask permission to use it in their dear names.' Every glass of wine was instantly put on the table, and the toast was drunk from glasses filled with water."

What a victory! And what a lesson to each one of us to do what is right in every case. Whenever temptation comes, let us resolve to be true to our colours, as Charlie was, and perhaps by our faithfulness we may be the means of leading others to do right.

JUNIOR M.V. DEPARTMENT

Weeding the Garden of the Heart

BERTHA W. FEARING

Leader's Introduction

TAKE the texts Luke 12: 15 and Ex. 20: 17, building the programme according to your Juniors' needs. Be sure to emphasize that when a weed is uprooted, some useful plant must be put in its place. Ask them to name some of the useful habits that may be substituted for envy and jealousy.

1. What is the tenth commandment? What does it mean to covet?

2. To what other sins does coveting sometimes lead?

3. How can jealousy and envy hinder the work of a church school or a J.M.V. Society?

4. What did Jesus say about coveting? Luke 12: 15.

5. What must we do if we find ourselves in danger of committing this sin?

6. Who will help us to resist it?

7. What prayer should we pray? Ps. 119: 36, 37.

8. Paul says in 1 Tim. 6: 6 that "godliness with contentment is great gain." Why do we need both these elements in life?

Talk: OUR GARDEN

"What are you doing?" asked Harold, as he saw his friend Edward in his garden.

"Digging out weeds," answered Edward.

"Those aren't weeds," said Harold as he came closer; "you are digging up corn."

"Well, when it is my potato patch, corn plants are weeds," said Edward. "Someone dropped some corn here after the potatoes were planted, and now the corn is taking from the soil the strength that should be raising potatoes."

"But corn is good," protested Harold. "It isn't fair to call it a weed. Thistles and dandelions and such things are weeds."

"Perhaps folks who like dandelion greens would think they should not be called weeds," replied Edward, "and I've heard that camels eat thistles. My idea of a weed is any sort of plant that grows where it shouldn't."

It is not wrong to want a certain position, or to want very much a certain grade in school; but when this desire gets in the wrong place, it becomes a weed. When it interferes with our being happy with someone over his success, when it makes us moody and disgruntled because we want something that someone else has, this desire is a plant that must be weeded out. It is a weed of envy or jealousy.

Perhaps you are thinking that there are some things of which we might well be covetous. In 1 Cor. 12: 31 it says to "covet earnestly the best gifts." Under this heading we might place such things as talents, time, education, health, Christian experience, virtue, money, and many others which are very desirable; but when we covet talents to be used selfishly, when we are watchful of our time to be used for our own pleasure, or when we desire education or money, not to help others, but only for ourselves, it may be coveting the best gifts, but the spirit of unselfishness is not coupled with it.

There is a Grecian story of a man who killed himself through envy. The citizens in the city in which he lived had reared a statue to one of their number who was a celebrated victor in the public games. So strong was the feeling of envy which this caused in the heart of one of the hero's rivals, that he went forth every night in order, if possible, to destroy the monument. After several efforts he moved it

from its pedestal, and in its fall it crushed him. This is symbolic of the suicidal action of envy on the soul. The weed of envy had crowded out every good impulse in the man's life.

Juniors, do you have any weeds growing in your garden? Weed them out before they are deeply rooted, or they will leave a scar that cannot be erased. By clean cultivation, by pulling them up by the roots at the first sign of their appearance, our heart gardens may be free from weeds that will stifle the growth of the good, productive plants. God will help us to uproot these weeds, and to have a garden productive of helpfulness, unselfishness, kindness, humility, and love.

Talk: HOW TO KILL JEALOUSY

"There were two business men—merchants—and there was great rivalry between them, a great deal of bitter feeling. One of them was converted. He went to his minister, and said, 'I am still jealous of that man, and I do not know how to overcome it.' 'Well,' he said, 'if a man comes into your store to buy goods, and you cannot supply him, just send him over to your neighbour.' He said he wouldn't like to do that. 'Well,' said the minister, 'you do it, and you will kill jealousy.'

"He said he would; and when a customer came into his store for goods which he did not have, he would tell him to go across the street to his neighbour. By and by the other began to send his customers over to this man's store, and the breach was healed."—D. L. Moody.

Symposium: SENTENCE SERMONS

(Pass these out before the meeting starts, recording that the Juniors read them in order.)

1. "Content furnishes constant joy; much covetousness, constant grief. To the contented, even poverty is joy. To the discontented, even wealth is a vexation."—*A Chinese Sage.*

2. "Cultivate unselfishness. It is a great thing to be generous in the support of every good cause; it is greater to be generous with kindness and good cheer; and greater still to be tolerant in passing judgment on a weak brother."

3. "The secret of being loved is in being lovely, and the secret of being lovely is being unselfish."

4. "The man who has lived for himself has the privilege of being his own mourner when he dies."

5. "Selfishness seeks to get the utmost amount of good out of the world with the least possible return."

6. "No true Christian will envy another man, for he will realize that in Christ he has all things richly to enjoy."

7. "Envy will eat into the very centre of the heart, and put an end to all growth, all joy, all freedom. As I would warn a child against the tiger's hidden den, so would I warn myself and you against this all-destroying envy."

8. "Every kind of evil may come from envy, but the commonest evil is that envy which makes us discontented and irritable, ready to speak slightly of the person we envy."

Poem: THOUGHTS

A naughty little weed, one day,
Poked up its tiny head.

"Tomorrow I will pull you up,
Old Mr. Weed," I said.
But I put off the doing, till
When next I passed that way,
The hateful thing had spread abroad,
And laughed at my dismay.

A naughty little thought, one day,
Popped right into my mind.
"Oho," I cried, "I'll put you out
Tomorrow, you will find!"
But once again I put it off,
Till, like the little weed,
The ugly thing sprang up apace,
And grew into a deed.

So, boys and girls, heed what I say,
And learn it with your sums;
Don't put off till tomorrow, for
Tomorrow never comes.
Today pull up the little weeds,
The naughty thoughts subdue,
Or they may take the reins themselves,
And some day master you.

—Author Unknown.

"Care for My Body"

Poem: CONSECRRATION

I'm building a body for Jesus,
To be of some service for Him;
I pray that He'll help me remember
My purpose which must not grow dim.

He says that it is His temple;
Kept holy and clean it must be.
He left us this word in the Bible;
I'm sure it was written for me.

So daily in true consecration
I bow at His feet, and I pray
That I may but know of His watchcare
O'er all of my members each day.

For what is more wonderful truly
Than physical laws God has made?
Each fibre and nerve of my being
Has on it these principles laid.

Whether I am eating or drinking,
Or working or resting, 'twere well
To do everything to God's glory,
And all selfish motive repel.

Not only for this day I'm building,
But for days that shall lengthen to years
When the harvest of souls shall be ended
And the sign of the Saviour appears.

—Author Unknown.

Talk: CARE FOR MY BODY

1 Cor. 6: 19, 20. Our bodies belong to God.

1 Cor. 3: 16, 17. God holds us responsible for the care of our body.

A mechanic was talking about the engine of his new motor-car. It was the latest thing in motor engines, and the best on the market. He was proud of it. While the men were talking, someone asked him if he ever cleaned the spark plugs. "Sure," he answered, "what kind of a mechanic do you think I am? I'll never let any carbon collect on these plugs."

"What kind of oil and petrol do you use?" asked another.

"Only the best. You know, a fellow can't afford to take a chance with cheap fuel and oil in as costly a piece of machinery as this."

Boys and girls, do you realize that each one of you has to take care of a piece of machinery which is more delicate than that motor? How many of you are careful that no inferior fuel (the food we eat is fuel) goes into your bodies? How many are careful not to run those engines of the digestive system all the time? And how many of you give your bodies enough rest? How many Juniors are as careful that no nicotine shall collect on their "spark plugs" as the mechanic was that no carbon should collect on his? You should be at least as careful with the piece of machinery that belongs to you as the mechanic was with his motor-car engine.

The use of tobacco will hinder your human machine from functioning properly, the same as carbon hinders a motor engine from functioning as it should. Many boys and girls do not recognize this fact, but have an idea that it is manly or womanly to use cigarettes. The only reason they have this impression is that they are not acquainted with the harmful effects of tobacco. It is natural for every Junior to want to copy the lives of those who he thinks are making a success. And in this way, boys and girls are sometimes led into harmful practices. We should always remember that it is not safe for us to do something because another individual does it, someone who is apparently meeting with success even though he is doing this particular thing which we have been told is wrong.

A few years ago a young man by the name of George Young entered a swimming contest on the Pacific Coast. The course of the swimmers was from Catalina Island to the mainland twenty-six miles away. There were one hundred and three men and women who entered the contest, but there was only one individual who swam the entire distance, and that was George Young. He attributed his success largely to the fact that he had never used tobacco or liquor and had always endeavoured to secure the proper amount of rest and sleep.

Juniors often meet with other boys and girls who do not hold to the same high ideals, and the temptation will come to indulge in certain practices that may be harmful. Temptations do not stop when we become Christians, in fact oftentimes the temptations are

the strongest following the surrender of our hearts to God. It was so in the experience of Jesus. Satan came to Him tempting Him to indulge His appetite in a way that would have been harmful. That which enabled Jesus to succeed will enable us to succeed when these temptations come. In every instance, you will remember, He said, "It is written." As long as we follow God's Word we are on the safe side.

Story: THE SEVEN APPLES AND THE GANG

"But, mother, our whole gang are going on a hike tonight, and I want to go too. They'll call me a sissy if I don't." Melwood wore a disappointed frown as his mother repeated, "No, I would rather you did not go."

He threw his cap down and resolved that mother was prejudiced. It was because Chuck was going, that was all. But Chuck was the best leader the gang has ever had, even though he did have a Children's Court record.

"Will you bring a dish of apples from the storeroom, son?" asked mother. "I want just six of the nice red ones. Fill the dish up with the others."

Melwood chose six rosy apples, which fitted exactly around the edge of the dish. Then he put a spotted one in the middle and heaped the dish with the ones his mother used for pies.

"Thank you, son," said mother, removing the cooking apples to another dish. "We shall leave these seven apples just as they are."

"I'll bring up another good one for you," offered Melwood; "that middle one is too spotted for baking."

"I am not going to bake these this time. I shall keep them up on the shelf for another purpose."

Melwood thought this strange, but he put the dish of seven apples on the shelf as mother directed.

Two weeks passed. The gang had taken two more hikes. The vivid accounts of the fun they had had were almost too much for Melwood. Though he did not think it right to keep secrets from his mother, he read again the note from Chuck. He could almost hear his pulse throb, as he read:—

"Why do you always have to listen to your mother? Sissy! Why do you have to tell her everything? We'll be down on Third Avenue waiting for you at seven sharp. If you don't come this time, just consider yourself out of the gang. Chuck."

Maybe he was a sissy after all! Well, he would show them that he wasn't. He would still be in the gang.

Mother seemed quite concerned about Melwood that evening, he was so restless and kept watching the clock. Finally he told her he had a headache, and went to his room. Mother was busy washing dishes. Now was his chance to slip out.

The boys were waiting on Third Avenue when Melwood arrived.

"Hurrah!" said Chuck; "we knew you weren't a sissy. Come on, gang, we're headed for the old mill!"

After exploring the old building for a while, they gathered in one of the rooms to await orders from Chuck.

"Let's light up first, then get down to business," and taking a packet of cigarettes from his pocket, Chuck passed them around to the six boys.

"I don't smoke," said Melwood; "thanks, just the same."

"You don't smoke!" echoed Chuck. "Oh, come on; you'll get used to it. We did. It takes more than one drag to make a man out of a sissy, you know."

"Well, all right, then, I'll show you I'm not a sissy. Give me a light," and in spite of his real feelings regarding cigarettes, Melwood tried to act the part. What would mother say if she saw him now? What would dad say? Dad didn't smoke. Was dad a sissy? It did not take many puffs, however, to produce a real headache. He did not like Chuck's jokes, either. In the midst of a big laugh, Melwood slipped outside for a breath of fresh air. He did not like that choking sensation in his throat. If that was what the gang called fun, he would rather not be in it; he would rather be called a sissy. They were still laughing; they would not miss him.

Mother was still in the kitchen when he entered the house. Had she missed him, he wondered.

Suddenly on the still night air came the sound of the fire-bell. "There must be a fire at the old mill," said mother in a subdued voice. "I can see the red glow and the smoke in that direction."

The old mill! Melwood buried his face in the pillow and tried to think. What if Chuck and the gang were still in one of the rooms? No, they surely got out in time. He would like to watch the fire from the window, but mother would smell his breath and would know he had been smoking. Anyway, his head really did ache terribly now; he would rather stay in bed.

Next day Melwood went with a number of children after school to view the ruins of the old mill. It was a total loss. When he reached home and began to give mother an account of the fire, he found she already knew all about it and gave him further information.

"I had company this afternoon," said mother. "A detective called thinking you had been with

the gang on their hike last night. But I told him you were home all evening because of a headache, and that you were no longer a member of the gang. I am afraid Chuck has led the boys into serious trouble. I am glad I can trust my boy. Will you bring down that dish of apples you put on the shelf some time ago? I think I can make use of them tonight."

Melwood placed the dish on the table. A swarm of tiny fruit flies arose. The once-spotted centre apple was now hopelessly withered and brown, and a brown spot appeared on each of the rosy ones where they had touched it.

"Now I know why you saved this dish of apples, mother. It was to show me what Chuck was doing to our gang." Then he told her of his decision at the mill, and how he would rather be called a sissy all the rest of his life than to be a member of that kind of gang.—*Mrs. John F. Underhill (abridged).*

Sabbath School Mission News

MAY 1

God's Care for His Children

W. G. TURNER

AMONG the Kikuyus, of Kenya, many methods have been attempted to hinder our efforts for this needy people.

In one centre, government officers were informed that the Adventists were conducting a day school without the necessary permission. An officer who was advised to visit this centre was told that it would be best to go on Saturday, for that was the day when most of the students appeared to be in attendance.

He noted the complaint, and later visited the district. He chose Saturday as his visiting day, in order to find the students in a large number attending this supposedly unauthorized school.

After walking through the woods for some miles, he finally found a nice building filled with more than two hundred people. When he reached the entrance, the teacher saw him, and immediately told the people to stand up, a sign of respect always given officials in Kenya.

The officer noted this action, and walked to the teacher, Hezekiah, and said, "Are you the teacher?"

"Yes, sir," replied Hezekiah.

"Where is your blackboard?" asked the officer.

"I do not have one, sir."

"Where are your slates?"

"We do not have any slates."

"Where are your lesson books?"

Taking his Sabbath school lesson pamphlet, Hezekiah showed this to the officer, saying, "This is our only lesson book, sir."

The officer looked it through, and then noticed people sitting in groups. He said to Hezekiah, "Do you have classes?"

On being told that classes were conducted, the officer asked to be taken to different ones, and instructed each teacher to continue with his or her work.

This was done, and as this officer noted the questions and listened to the answers readily given, he was deeply impressed. He found that the people could answer the questions of the Sabbath school lesson pamphlet in an intelligent way.

After visiting several of the classes, he called Hezekiah to him and said: "I am very much pleased with the order you have here and the respect you and your people showed me when I came here. You astonish me with your Sabbath school work and your pamphlet and the way in which these people understand the Bible. I am told that you are an evangelist, and that you travel over a lot of country, telling the people the things you believe."

"Yes, sir," said Hezekiah, "I rarely sleep two successive nights in one village. I go everywhere."

The officer said, "Go right ahead with your efforts. You are doing splendid work."

He reported to those lodging the complaint against us that the charges were not true. And so the work goes on.

MAY 8

Will No One Go?

THE following story comes to us from South Africa. It tells of the burden that is on the heart of a native worker for the salvation of his own people.

One night the missionary was sitting in his room—he was tired, for it had been a long day for him—when a knock sounded on the door.

"Come in," he cried wearily.

The door opened and John came in. His face was ablaze, as though he had made some great decision.

"Padre, I have come to say farewell."

"Why, John, where do you wish to go?"

"Padre, I must go to my people that I may speak to them the words of life."

The missionary agreed with him that God might be calling him to this work, but wanted him to wait until such time as he could be ordained.

"No, padre, I think that God is calling me now. If I find my people, and if they will listen, I will ask that a missionary may be sent to do this work."

So John bade farewell to his friends, and started out in quest of the work to which he believed the Holy Spirit was calling him.

Many months passed before John reached the place where, as a little boy, he had played at the door of his mother's hut. He sought his people out and tried to tell them his message. At first it seemed to them as idle tales, and though they treated him with toleration and even with kindness, no one would listen to him. He clung, however, to the thought that if God had sent him, it was his duty to go on teaching them, whether they would hear or whether they would not. Nevertheless John, unknown to himself, had planted the seed of life in some hearts. All the time God was watching, and He saw that the good seed was taking root. The people were watching John's life, and they saw that he had some secret which they did not possess; he had no fear of ghosts or spirits; no unaccustomed noise terrified him; he needed not to be in a crowd to forget his fears in laughter and merry-making, and when alone his face was full of joy and peace. All these things were noticed, and one day he was summoned to appear before the chief. John wondered if the "sangome" (witch-doctor) had "smelt him out," and if so, what fate awaited him—a quick or a lingering death. He commended himself to God, and set forth with the men who had been sent to fetch him.

Arrived at the chief's kraal, he found the chief seated beneath a tree with his armed warriors beside him. The chief signalled to one of his indunas (head men), and he stepped forward to speak to John.

"Oh, muntu [black man]! You are one of us, and yet you are not as we are. Your heart is not as the heart of one of us; you do not think as we think; you do not laugh as we laugh. Our hearts are often heavy with fear, but your heart sings always. We are afraid of being alone, for we are afraid of our own thoughts, yet when you are alone your thoughts

are the thoughts of joy. The sun shines and the sky is blue, the hills and the veldt smile, and we rejoice, but night comes and all is dark, and we are afraid. We cry as children cry for their mother, but the sky is empty, and there is none to hear; we stretch out our hands in the darkness, but we only grasp emptiness. We grow old, and we have no hope. We die, and we would be glad to die, but we are afraid of the darkness of death. Oh, Jabulayo [you who are happy]! Tell us the secret of your joy, before our hearts faint within us."

Then, like Nehemiah of old, John "prayed unto the God of heaven" that He would speak to these people by his lips.

"Bayete! 'Nkosi [the royal salutation]! I thank the Lord of heaven and earth that I am permitted to speak to you of my joy. For this thing I prayed, praised be the Lord that He hath heard my petition. For this cause my heart danceth for joy, and in my song will I praise Him."

From that day forward, John was able to speak to the people the message of salvation, and he had the joy of seeing many turning to God, and bringing their sins and their sorrows to the foot of the Lord Jesus. Sad faces lighted up with new-found joy, frightened eyes lost the haunted look, and a sense of peace and security now reigned in many a once troubled heart.

Now that the way was open for the work, John prayed with all the strength of his honest heart that God would send someone to instruct these people, who now willingly listened to the gospel message.

Time passed away, yet his prayer was not answered. John was prematurely aged by all he had suffered in the days of his youth, and though not an old man in actual years, he knew that he had not much longer to live—and yet God had not answered his prayer. Who would teach his people when he died? Would they remain faithful if no one was sent? Would God answer his prayer?

Christ is longing to answer such prayers as those of this humble native; yet we may bind His hands by our unwillingness to serve. May we so give that the work will go forward unhindered by any lack on our part, to a triumphant conclusion.

MAY 15

Accused of Making Trouble

AGNES POROI

It is now just thirteen months since we have been left on our own without a European leader, but we are of good courage, and doing our best to keep the work up till our new superintendent arrives.

While the work seems slack, with little interest in some parts of the inland, there is keen interest in other parts.

In the district of Pueu, where our native workers have been stationed more or less for the past three years, there is a keen interest now, and has been for some little time. One man, a deacon from the Protestant church, came to some of the meetings held by our worker. He became interested, and then there was trouble in the home between him and his wife. She went to the governor and complained, and next thing our worker was called to Papeete to the police station to answer an accusation of making trouble in the homes of the people, between husband and wife. He was reprimanded and told that if any more such trouble was caused by him he would be sent back to his home island, which is Raiatea.

After this, our worker, Henry Brothersen, returned to Pueu. What could he do? Well, he did not visit the deacon's home any more, nor the homes of those who would make trouble; he just held his meetings in his own home and in the home of a friend.

This deacon above mentioned did not mind all this trouble, neither did he become discouraged. Although his wife said she would leave him, he still came to where the meetings were being held, and then stood out for the truth, and is keeping the Sabbath now. His wife is still very bitter towards the Adventists, but at the same time she can see that her husband is better to her than previously. She seems to be getting a little tamer these days, and we are hoping and praying that the Lord will turn her heart, too, to see the truth, and with her hus-

band step out and keep God's commandments. Her husband is ready for baptism now.

In this same district of Pueu, is another man, Leon Sanford by name, and his wife Averii, the latter being the Government school teacher for Pueu. She is a very nice person, and has become very interested in the truth. She has taken her stand, and is ready for baptism, but Leon, her husband, has been one of those that we call out here "the devil's own."

His first wife left him years ago, for he used to beat her unmercifully when he got drunk, and that was a regular business every Saturday night, and during the week as well, sometimes. Later he married the one he is with now, the above mentioned.

After his wife took her stand, the Bible studies were kept up in his home, and he too used to attend them sometimes. Our worker took special pains to follow him up and give him special studies; he too became interested, and is now keeping the Sabbath, has given up his drink, and is trying to give up his tobacco, too. He is, by the help of God, trying to straighten out his crooked life. It appears almost a miracle to see such transformations in this wicked island of Tahiti; but it is possible. Leon's friends shake their heads, and say it won't last; but we can see the workings of the Spirit of God on the hearts of the people.

Those named are not the only ones, there are other interested ones, too, waiting to be sought out.

Dear brethren and sisters, do not abandon Tahiti as fruitless. It is true the work has been slow and hard, but the time has come when God is searching out His jewels. There are honest-hearted ones hidden here and there, and we must search them out. Please help us to search them by your prayers and offerings.

MAY 22

20th-Century "Daniels" of the New Hebrides

[THE following is quoted from a letter written to Pastor G. M. Masters, Union Conference Sabbath school secretary, by Pastor Keith, superintendent of the New Hebrides mission, shortly after his recent arrival there.]

Dear Brother Masters,

Since returning to our field of labour, we have come in contact with a few interesting experiences. I am sorry we cannot write in detail concerning the work here; the full story will have to wait for some future date. However, I am pleased to report that we found our work being carried forward in all departments. Owing to an irregular mail service, the Sabbath school pamphlets have been slow at coming to hand. Nevertheless, Sabbath school has been carried on in some instances with back-number pamphlets until such time as the new ones arrive.

A few days ago some of our boys told us a rather interesting experience that you will be able to pass on to the Sabbath school family. They were employed by a trader for several months. As labour is very scarce, this man tried to get our boys to work on the Sabbath. He told them that now the missionaries have gone it would be all right for them to work on the Sabbath. The boys stood firm. Stronger pressure was applied, but the answer consistently was, "Me fella no work along day belong God." Failing in this, he then cooked pig in their rice and sent it along to the boys. The natives have a rather keen sense of smell, and they quickly detected the deception. Like Daniel of old they stood the test. They would not defile themselves with food that had been cooked with the flesh of pigs. One more test remained: Wine was brought out and urged upon them, but once more the tempter received a crushing defeat. They were then left in peace.

My heart was filled with gratitude to God for such men who have been won from heathenism and who, under the grace of Christ, can give such a witness of the power of God unto salvation. Surely from the islands of the sea God is preparing a people who will shine as jewels in the kingdom of Christ through all eternity.

I have greatly appreciated the excellent work that has been accomplished by the various missionaries who have laboured in these islands. The foundation laid in the early days of our work is now being revealed in the stand the boys are taking when the tests come.

All this was made possible through the faithful offerings of our Sabbath schools. In the days to come, many heavy calls will be made to rebuild and strengthen the work in the various islands.

I am confident that when our people hear the full story of the way God has blessed our native membership, our folk will respond magnificently to supply the men and means to quickly finish the work. I wish I could reveal some of the things I hear. Truly God alone is our refuge in these days of war and peril.

Soon "the night cometh when no man can work." Now, in the sunset of this world's experience, God is calling His people to arise and lay all on the altar that the work may be finished and His kingdom come.

Not only in Australia are the churches combining and consolidating; interesting developments are taking place here. Rev. 12:17 is being fulfilled, and is only a foretaste of Revelation 13. We are endeavouring to school our boys to these events. Time is short, and what we do must be done quickly.

I trust on my return to tell our Sabbath school members some of the things I have seen and heard. When we talk about sacrifice, I wonder if we fully realize the meaning of that word. From time to time I have spoken about sacrifice, but when I see men giving their lives for the kingdoms of this world, and under the most appalling conditions, all I can say is, May God open our eyes to the value of one soul saved for His kingdom. If the people who profess to be giving the last message of mercy to a perishing world would fall on their faces before God, and ask Him to reveal to each one what the word sacrifice meant, means would flow into the treasury in such abundance that the work would be speedily finished.

MAY 29

The Old, Old Story, and the Mob

DR. JACOB CHAMBERLAIN

"SWING shut the gates. Let no one pass in or out till we have made away with these preachers of other gods. No news shall ever go out of the city as to what has become of them."

It was in a walled city of twenty thousand inhabitants, in the kingdom of Hyderabad, within twenty miles of its capital. We had been travelling since early morning, preaching in all the towns and villages on our way, and arrived before the gates of the city during the heat of the day.

About three o'clock my four native assistants went into the city. I promised to join them when the heat should be a little less. Later I went through the iron gates. The city with its high granite walls lay four-square, with a gate in the middle of each side, and the main streets running from gate to gate.

Just after entering the gates I met my assistants returning, with a hooting rabble following them, and they told me that it was not safe to attempt to do any work within the city.

"Have you preached to the people?" I asked them.

"No, sir; only sold a few books and tracts."

"Then we must do so now. Did we not make a solemn vow that we would not pass a single town or village without proclaiming the Master's message? and have we not His covenant, 'Lo, I am with you'?"

We walked with slow and firm step up the street to the market, and took our stand against the massive pillars that supported the roof.

"Leave this place at once!" was the angry cry of the crowd.

"Friends," I said, "I have come from far to tell you some good news."

"No," said some who were evidently leaders, "we will not hear you. Dare to say a word

against our gods, and we will loose this mob on you."

We had seen the angry mob tearing up the cobble paving-stones, and gathering them in the skirts of their garments to stone us with.

"We have no desire to abuse your gods," I said, "but we have come to deliver a message. We will not go until we have proclaimed that message."

Then came the order, "Swing shut the city gates."

I saw one nudge another, saying, "You throw the first stone." I was not conscious of any anxiety about my personal safety. I seemed to feel the presence of the Master, as if He were standing by my side with His hand on my shoulder, saying, "I am with you. I will tell you what to say." "Brothers," I said, "it is not to revile your gods that I have come. I have come to you with a royal message from a King far higher than your Nizam. I have come to tell the sweetest story that mortal ears ever heard; though it is evident that you do not wish to hear it. But," I said, "I see five men before me who do wish to hear my story. Will you please step back a little? I will tell these five who want to know my message; and then you may stone me." I had been carefully scanning the crowd, and had selected my men. They were honest men, and responded to my invitation to step forward.

"Now will you five men please stand before me, and I will tell you alone. All others step back, step back. As soon as I have told my story you may come forward and stone me."

The five came forward, the rest reluctantly stepped back a little.

"Brothers," I said, in a subdued tone, "what is it that you chant as you go to the river for your daily ablutions? Is it not—" I chanted the following in Sanskrit:—

"I am a sinner, my actions are sinful. My soul is sinful. All that pertains to me is polluted with sin. Do Thou, O God, that hast mercy on those who seek Thy refuge, do Thou take away my sin!"

These five Brahmins at once became my friends. One who correctly chants their Vedas and their mantras, they look up to with respect.

"Now do you know how God can take away the burden of our sin, and give us relief?"

"No, sir, we do not know. Would that we knew."

"I know; I have learned the secret: shall I tell you?"

"Yes, sir, please tell us."

The multitude, seeing the Brahmins conversing with the foreigner with evident respect, quieted still more, and pressed forward to listen.

"Step back, step back," I said. "It is only these five to whom I am to tell my story."

Then, as I recounted the love of God the Father, who "so loved the world," the mob became an audience.

Gradually I had raised my voice until, as I spoke in the clear, resonant Telugu, all the multitude could hear. And as I told them, too, far away here in India, that it was for them Jesus Christ had suffered this agony on the cross, shed His life-blood, and died, I saw tears coursing down their cheeks, and dropping on the very pavement stones they had torn up to stone us with. How they listened as I went on to tell them of the laying of His body in the tomb; of His bursting the bonds of death on the third day, and coming forth triumphant over the last enemy; of His associating with and teaching His disciples for many days; and of His ascension from Mount Olivet, passing up through the clouds to His Father and our Father to prepare a mansion for us. I told them that now all we had to do was to repent, and forsake our sins, and lift up the voice of prayer to God.

"Then," I said, "He will do all the rest."

"Now," folding my arms, and standing before them, I said, "I have finished my story. You may stone me now. I shall make no resistance."

"No, no! We don't want to stone you now. We did not know whose messenger you were, nor what you had to tell us."

They purchased all the Gospels and tracts we had with us, and escorted us to our camp, begging us to forgive them for the insults they had heaped upon us.

Thus the gospel story reaches the hearts of men. "It is the power of God unto salvation."

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