



THE MISSIONARY LEADER



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SUGGESTIVE TALKS for Ten-Minute Exercises

December 2

"We Are to Work"

"While the angels hold the four winds we are to work with all our capabilities."—*Testimonies*, Vol. VI, page 21.

In this time of world turmoil, with the winds of strife sweeping over the earth with their holocaust of horror, like a besom of destruction, we stand amazed as we see how the angels are holding the winds so that this war will not hinder the advancement of the message. The work is onward in spite of the war. But note that the servant of the Lord has urged us "to work with all our capabilities" and to do it "while the angels hold the four winds."

This is an important message to every church member. May God help us to heed the timely council.

Remember: There is a great work to be done and WE MUST DO IT. "We are to work with all our capabilities."—*Adlai Esteb*.

December 9

"They That Sow in Tears"

THE Psalmist's text cannot mean tears of sorrow. For he says: "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.

The tears are tears of thankfulness and tenderness for the preciousness of the seed that is to be sown, and for the privilege of planting it in human hearts, to bring forth the fruitage of eternal life. So the hearts of our first pioneers were melted to tears as they saw the printed pages of our first paper. James White had borrowed a horse and buggy to bring home a thousand unfolded copies of "Present Truth," Volume I, No. 1, (dated Middletown, Connecticut, July, 1849). His wife wrote:—

"The precious printed sheets were brought into the house and laid upon the floor, and then a little group of interested ones were gathered in, and we knelt around the papers, and with humble hearts and many tears besought the Lord to let His blessing rest upon these printed messengers of truth."—*Life Sketches of Ellen G. White*, page 126.

What a harvest has sprung from that first paper, dedicated with prayer and many tears of love for truth and for souls! Other numbers were issued from the same printing press and brought down the tree-lined country lane to the house eight miles away. And we are told: "Always before the papers were mailed, they were spread before the Lord, and earnest prayers, mingled with tears, were offered to God that His blessing would attend the silent messengers."

In number and places of issue on all the continents and large island groups, the periodicals alone, to say nothing of the greater volume of books and tracts, amply fulfil the view that was given young Mrs. White in 1848, when she was shown in vision that her husband should start a paper, "small at first." "From this small beginning it was shown to me to be like streams of light that went clear round the world," she told him.—*W. A. Spicer*, in "Review and Herald," December 23, 1943.

December 16

Our Basic Need

THIS crisis hour calls for something more than thinking, planning, or living as usual. "All things are ready, but the church is apparently upon the enchanted ground. When its members shall arouse, and lay their prayers, their wealth, and all their energies and resources, at the feet of Jesus, the cause of truth will triumph."

There needs to be seen in each one of our lives now a certain rising to the supreme challenge of this historic hour. God has put within our reach weapons more powerful than the might of armies. Therefore God expects a great uprising of the church in a final demonstration of His matchless power over the world, the flesh, and the devil.

If the church today is to recover its ancient power and surpass it, it must lay fresh hold by faith upon Him who is its living Lord.

We feel sure that your hearts will be warmed and cheered, and that you will praise God anew as you see the wonderful work that He is carrying forward through human agencies in order that none "should perish, but that all should come to repentance."

May the Lord help us to consecrate and rededicate our lives to Him for greater service, so that the work of God in the earth may soon be finished, and Jesus may come.—*Louis K. Dickson*.

December 23

"The Lord Gave the Word"

THE Good Book says, "The Lord gave the Word: great was the company [marginal reading says "army"] of those that published it." Ps. 68: 11. From the very beginning of our work, Seventh-day Adventists have looked upon the publishing work as the one agency by which we could quickly carry the message to all the world. Beginning in July, 1849, when Elder James White published the first edition of our church paper, our literature programme has grown until we now operate 79 publishing plants around the world, employing 1,221 workers, which in 1938 produced 316 periodicals and hundreds of books, in 195 languages, representing a total value of £1,292,013. Truly we can say with the prophet, "What hath God wrought!"

However, this great publishing organization will do little good unless we use its enormous facilities to warn the thousands that live within

our borders. All too soon our presses will be silenced and our workers denied the privileges we enjoy today. While we have freedom of speech and freedom of the press is the time to work.

May the Lord lay a burden for souls on many hearts and may He richly bless those church members who are faithfully endeavouring to warn their neighbours and friends through the use of the printed page.—*E. F. Hackman*.

December 30

Do Your Best

"Do your best and leave the rest" is a wonderful axiom in life, and when applied to our missionary endeavours it spells success. What more can we do than our best? After that has been done the results can safely be left with the Lord—results which will surprise you.

The Master has promised, "Be thou faithful . . . and I will give you . . ." The servant of the Lord says, "We have nothing to fear for the future except as we shall forget the way the Lord has led us and His teaching in our past history." ("Life Sketches," page 196.) What a wonderful past it has been! Well may she add, "In reviewing our past history, I can only say, Praise God! As I see what the Lord has wrought, I am filled with astonishment and with confidence." We believe that this year our best will have measured up to, and even gone beyond, the attainments of the past.

We have come to the last Sabbath of our Centenary Year—are we all able to say "I have done my best"? Have we all been faithful in recording our missionary activities from Sabbath to Sabbath, from quarter to quarter? If we have not, then the records will not reveal all that has been accomplished. Recording faithfully our mission activities for the encouragement of others, and for the compiling of complete records is where we sometimes fail and do not "do our best."

See your church missionary secretary today and hand in your report. Let us close the year with complete reports from every church member.—*A.U.C. Home Missions Department*.

We can all scatter tracts wherever we go. Many will read a tract on the train, a bus, or during a lunch hour. We have the seeds of truth, we must be trustworthy sowers and go to the field. While some seed grows and ripens quicker than others, still we must sow and God will give the increase. He will win souls through the lives, lips, and efforts of surrendered men and women.

"There is no limit to the usefulness of one, who by putting self aside, makes room for the working of the Holy Spirit upon his heart, and lives a life wholly consecrated to God."—*"Desire of Ages,"* page 250.

Shall we not this day determine to enter the field of lay evangelism and scatter the seeds of gospel truth and "gather fruit unto eternal life"?

T. A. MITCHELL.

Missionary Volunteer Department

CHRISTMAS PROGRAMME

Address: A CHILD IS BORN

BUILD up an address centring around the following facts:—

I. "THE FULLNESS OF THE TIME"

The state of the world at the coming of Christ—a state of darkness and despair. Jesus, the Son of David, was born in David's city, Bethlehem, for He was to reign upon the throne of David.

His coming was ignored by the leaders of Israel. But angels announced it to humble shepherds; and wise men of the East followed the star until they came to Him, worshipping, and giving gifts.

II. THE NEED OF A SAVIOUR

Mankind is wholly unable to rid the world of the ills that weigh it down in agony and death.

There are *sorrow* and *misery*. No one can compute the weight of suffering that is crushing a large proportion of the human family.

There are *pain* and *disease* and *death*. In spite of all that medical science can do, man's life is brief and filled with infirmity, and death comes early.

There is *war* and the countless scourges that go with it.

Finally, there is *sin*, the root cause of all woe and pain.

No human wisdom or planning can banish these pitiless destroyers from the earth. Christ is the only hope for a dying world.

III. "I WILL COME AGAIN"

Signs of His return.

His coming will complete the salvation begun at His first advent.

Let us prepare our hearts to meet Him with joy.

Poem: A SHEPHERD SPEAKS

I was a shepherd caring for my sheep
That wondrous night when Jesus came to earth;

I little thought when darkness covered all
That I would witness such a holy birth.

We sat around as usual and talked,
And watched the stars and dreamed of other days;

Not knowing that upon that starry sky
A ne'er forgotten scene would meet our gaze.

An eerie stillness settled o'er the hills,
A peaceful calm unbroken through the night;
And as I now look back I can recall
That yonder David's town seemed strangely bright.

Then suddenly there came a brilliant light
That turned the darkness into glowing day;
And we were sore afraid, and tried to hide,
Our lips were dumb; we knew not what to say.

'Twas then the shining sky seemed filled with life;
A tender voice fell softly on our ears,

"Fear not," it said, "To you no harm shall come,"
And in that moment hope replaced our fears.

The story from that point is known so well;
The guiding words, the hymn so strangely sweet;

Our visit to yon stable near the inn;
The Virgin's song; the Holy Child, asleep.

And then the journey back with hearts aglow;
How happy were our thoughts, how bright the way!

We praised Jehovah, singing psalms of joy,
For from night's depths emerged eternal day.

I was a shepherd caring for my sheep
That wondrous night when Jesus came to earth;

The only one remaining to relate
The scenes attending such a holy birth.

—George W. Wiseman.

Hymn: "WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED"

Story: A MEMORABLE XMAS EVE

The polar desert lay barren and lifeless, stretching in a never-ending wilderness of ice from horizon to horizon. The frigid air chilled one to the bone, raging snowstorms literally rent the firmament; the dark nights lasted almost the whole twenty-four hours. Truly, this was no place for mankind to live. And yet this was the beginning of the third winter that the unfortunate ship's crew had spent shackled prisoners of fate. Their ship, duly equipped and well manned, had sailed forth to seek the explorer Franklin. Now they themselves were marooned in the treacherous ice fields, frozen to the spot. Slowly but surely the arm of death was enclosing them.

For many weeks sickness had raged among them, and already several of the crew slept the last sleep upon a couch of ice. Now the supplies were dangerously low. Everyone, officers as well as men, had long since given up all hope of rescue. They went about as in a daze, resigned, yet bewildered, facing the inevitable. With staring gaze they beheld their horrible fate—death by slow starvation in the bosom of the pitiless desert of ice; while each man for himself balanced his account with life whose sun was slowly sinking beyond the silent mountains of snow.

They were all in a state of perfect unconcern. Scarcely had they ambition enough to take a little nourishment, and to provide for the absolute necessities of their meagre existence aboard ship. The captain had done his utmost to maintain discipline, order, and cleanliness, but in the face of the universal apathy and chronic indifference, he, too, must give in. Life had already sent them her divorce decree, written in eternal ice. What pleasure was there in living, when death had already come to their hearts?

But there was one lad aboard whose courage had not failed. He nestled, confident and content, within the everlasting arms, and read upon the expanse of ice and snow the handwriting of his God. He was but a seventeen-year-old youth, and did not really belong to the ship's crew. His presence among them has a special story connected with it.

As a child he had played beneath India's tropical sun. Over there his parents were still proclaiming the message of the Prince of Peace. On his homeward journey to Germany, where he was going to continue his education, his ship went down in a storm, and as far as could be ascertained, he was the only survivor. The captain of our relief ship found him drifting on a piece of wreckage, and rescued him from certain death in the pitiless waves.

The providential circumstances of his rescue were very striking. The first mate, stanchly maintaining that it was by the captain's explicit orders, had changed the course of the ship. For several hours no one noticed it. When the storm had abated, they found the shipwrecked youth. Then it was that the altered course was discovered. It was unex-

plainable, a mystery indeed, since none of the officers had given any such orders. It seemed that a being from another world, impersonating the captain's stature and voice, had been in command several hours. The memory of this event and God's care over one helpless human being, had revived the captain's courage many times during the hopeless days that followed. But now foreboding and doubt had conquered even his brave spirit. The endless desert of ice, that for more than two years had shut off all hope of rescue, was to him an evidence that God had forsaken them.

It was the day before Christmas. Two men stood on deck looking out over the fields of ice. One of them was our German youth. He was all enthusiastic over a bright idea that he must tell someone.

"Tomorrow is Christmas Day," he said. "Let us have a joyous Christmas Eve tonight. We shall have a tree and many candles, and presents, perhaps. Then we shall sing some songs, and the captain will read to us the message of 'Peace on earth.' Thus we shall have a festive day even in the wilderness."

"You are only a child, Gerhart. Where would we get the Christmas tree? Such things don't grow at the north pole, you observe. And who would give us Christmas presents? And besides, Christmas and its joys are not for men to whose hearts death has already come." It was the ship doctor who spoke.

"Isn't it Christmas at the north pole as well as everywhere else?" persisted Gerhart. "Why should we not accept what it has to give? The Lord gave the children of Israel feast days in the wilderness; why can He not feed us with the bread of life in the wilderness, if we will let Him?"

The doctor laughed dryly.

"I do not wish to deprive you of your optimism, in case you might get some enjoyment out of it. You might give us a holiday celebration, if you can," he said.

"I cannot, but the Lord can."

"You are a great child, Gerhart. If God does care about us, which I doubt, how could even He accomplish such a thing?"

"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven," quoted the youth.

Then he went to the captain. "You know the despair of the whole crew," he began. "Their courage must be restored at any cost."

"And who do you think can do that?"

"God can."

"Nay, my boy, God has surely forsaken us." "Perhaps so, because of our unbelief. But if we return to Him, He will return to us, according to His promise."

Then he told the captain of his plan. His enthusiasm was contagious.

"You are right, my boy," said the captain. "The Christmas tree speaks to all its own message of cheer. It is a reminder of joyful childhood, a gleam from happier days. Perhaps as we gather around the tree with its message of peace and goodwill, hope will be rekindled in our darkened souls. Get everything ready, son, and then I shall come and say something about the meaning of the real Christmas spirit."

It was a busy day for the ambitious lad. Even some of the crew were inspired by his refreshing excitement, and they helped him in the preparations. Every available decoration was on display in the spacious saloon when the men gathered at the appointed hour. Even the ship doctor's pale face was bright in the candlelight, as he stood amazed looking over the crew. For what he had not seen in weeks, yes, in months, he now saw. Their downcast countenances were lighted up with a radiance he could not explain. It occurred to him that they must be arising from the dead.

When the captain, with Bible in hand, entered the room, he knew that a miracle had been wrought in their hearts that day. The reality of the presence of a mighty Personality almost overwhelmed him—the presence of Him about whom the angels sang so many years ago.

It was a rather queer-looking tree around which they gathered. It took real genius to make the dry branches and long sticks that had been inserted into a sort of stump look like the branches of an evergreen. Green paper and moss helped to make the effect. Small packages hung from the branches. But above all else, the imitation Christmas tree was brilliant with lights—lights superabundant, extravagant, sparkling, for just this once. Eyes long accustomed to the melancholy twilight around the flickering whale-oil lamp seemed to drink in the brightness, and hearts began to warm with the friendly glow. Forgotten was the darkness, the ice, and the shivering cold outside.

"My friends," began the captain, in a tone he had not used in months, "the Yuletide has come. We are celebrating it under peculiar circumstances, indeed. And yet this simple tree, representing as it does the spirit of Christmas, can talk to our hearts as no earthly voice can. It is as the voice from another world among us. It tunes our hearts for a spiritual meeting with our loved ones, who upon this day are gathered around the tree in the homeland. We feel that our parents, our brothers and sisters, our wives and children, are today thinking about us and praying for us. Though thousands of miles lie between us, we can meet them around the great white throne. The Saviour of mankind is with us tonight, as well as with our loved ones at home. Before Him, distance is obliterated and barriers broken down. His salvation extends from pole to pole. He gathers us all in His bosom. He is with us in His abounding mercy and love and in His limitless power. Let us open our hearts to the fullness of His redeeming grace. He who came to our doomed world to redeem us from sin with His own precious blood, will not leave us nor forsake us. With Him is abundant help and full salvation.

"Brethren; let us take courage, for unto us a Saviour is born. He can yet turn our darkness into light. What our future is we cannot know. God's ways are beyond our finite comprehension. But this we do know, we are in the loving Father's care. His promises are sure, though heaven and earth pass away. The realization of this wondrous truth is even now flooding my soul. Brethren, let us cast away our unbelief, and let us accept this glorious fact in all its abundant fullness. If He wills, He can indeed open up the way to deliverance. Perhaps He has led us thus that we might learn to know Him.

"We felt honoured when we unfurled our country's flag in this unknown land. Let us now unfurl another flag, the banner of Prince Immanuel, the banner of the Homeland of eternal joy and gladness. 'Immanuel,' God is with us always, in life as well as in death. If He wills that the eternal snows of this great Northland shall be our shroud, we shall know the fullness of the Christmas joys when time shall give place to eternity."

The captain's voice faltered with feeling too deep for words. The forsaken men felt that angels from glory were walking among them. Heaven had come into their hearts in the midst of the wilderness. They were standing at its very portals.

After the captain had read the story of the angel's song they all sought the throne of grace upon bended knees. From the depths of their longing souls they called upon Him who heals the broken-hearted. In that hour they received courage to live, even in the face of apparent death. After Jacob's night of wrestling with the angel, "the sun rose upon him." It was even so with them. From that memorable day they saw God's sunshine upon the vast expanse of ice and snow.

Before retiring that night, the ship doctor looked up Gerhart.

"I thank you, my boy," he said with feeling, as he grasped his hand. "Your simple idea was born of God. Through it the Saviour came to us. We had more than a feast in the wilder-

ness. The realities of the eternal world came into my heart tonight. Henceforth, by His grace, I shall live unreservedly for Him who loves even me, whatever my destiny upon earth shall be."

From that night a new life came to the ice-bound ship. The crew was saved from the anguish of the fear of death, and the dark days were turned to light in the sunshine of His presence. Every day, as they gathered around the captain's Bible to study and pray, it seemed that they were gathered at heaven's open portal. They feasted upon the bread from heaven in the midst of the barren wilderness.

And they found that God had not forsaken them. Several times they shot big game to replenish their diminishing store. Then with the springtime came the hour of deliverance. The ship having sprung a leak, they abandoned her for an ice floe, from which they were rescued by a whaling vessel.

So they were saved to live for the Saviour of mankind, who found them amid the ice-bound regions of the north pole. But this memorable Christmas Eve was always a radiant star in memory's canopy.—Knut Bjort, translated by Elva Zachrisson.

THE GOLDEN LINK

By MARJORIE WEST MARSH

Notes

THE golden link that connects and binds together our chain of experiences with the life of Christ is the Morning Watch. What if this is a weak link? Remember the adage, "A chain is no stronger than its weakest link!" How about strengthening this golden link? Have your members really proved the value of the Morning Watch?

Discuss the Morning Watch in your society meeting at least once each month during the coming year. At this time, present the topic for the month, and discuss the thoughts to be studied. Pray especially for the blessings suggested for the month.

Give out Morning Watch Calendars in the society meeting. Make this an impressive ceremony if you have a small society.

Bible Study: THE MORNING WATCH IN THE BIBLE

1. What time did the Psalmist set apart for prayer? Ps. 5: 1-3.
2. Did Jesus follow this practice? Mark 1: 35.
3. How earnestly did the Psalmist pray? Ps. 88: 1, 2, 13; 119: 145-148.
4. What earnestness characterized the Saviour's prayers? Heb. 5: 7; Matthew 26.
5. Compare our need with Christ's need when on earth. John 15: 5; 5: 30.
6. When does the Lord renew His mercy to us? Lam. 3: 22, 23.
7. What should our petition be? Ps. 90: 14, A.R.V.

Talk: ALONE WITH GOD

The man in the telephone booth could hardly understand his friend with whom he had been connected. Finally he heard his friend say, "If you'll shut the door, you'll be able to hear me speak." Through the telephone he could hear the din of noise from the outside world, and knew that the closed door would cause them to be really alone with each other.

Perhaps one of the greatest needs of the Christian today is to get alone with God. There is no phase of the spiritual life that Satan so delights to attack persistently, and if possible interrupt, as our quiet time with God. Do not meet other people, even those of your own home, until you have first met the great guest and honoured companion of your life, Jesus Christ. Meet Him regularly. Meet Him with His open Book of counsel before you; and face the regular and irregular duties of each day with the influence of His personality definitely controlling your every act.

It is said that Turner, the great artist, was once visited by two friends, who desired to see one of his pictures. Before they were allowed to enter the studio where the picture was on view, he left them in a room with the curtains closed so as to exclude the light. He apologized for the apparent discourtesy by telling his visitors that they had to have their eyes emptied of the outside glare before they could really appreciate the beauty of his picture. It is a good thing to turn aside from the excitement and turmoil of modern life, and seek some quiet place for communion with God.

It is Mr. McConkey who tells the following incident: "On the shores of Lake Huron, one day, a little group of us were standing on the dock waiting for the arrival of the steamer. All about us was a babel of voices. Presently the young clerk said, 'Come into the fish-house.' (It was a fishing village, and there was a little warehouse where they packed their fish.) We went in with him, and he shut the door, and said, 'Listen!' As we stood there, we could plainly hear the sound of the approaching boat, and the peculiar intermittent beating of the paddles of a side-wheel steamer. Then we walked out of the door to the wharf, where the people were talking, and the sound of the approaching steamer vanished. Again with a friend we went into the room, and again we heard it clearly and plainly. We were in the place of stillness. There were no voices about to distract, or disturb, or break the silence, and there we could distinctly hear the approaching steamer. We went out and sat down upon the wharf, and in a few minutes the smoke from the funnels arose above the island. 'What a lesson!' we thought. When we get alone in the chamber of communion with God, we can hear the voice of God; God can reveal His mind to us as nowhere else."

Story: NO ORDINARY LIFE-BELT

A visitor in the home of a wealthy friend was surprised to discover hanging upon the wall of his host's bedroom a somewhat faded, water-discoloured life-belt. He inquired about it, and the host replied, "That isn't an ordinary life-belt to me. It kept me afloat ten hours after the steamer on which I had embarked had been sent to the bottom of the ocean by a submarine. I keep it where I can see it the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night. It helps to keep me thankful and appreciative."

If Christians kept Christ before them more consistently, they would not only be far better Christians than they are, but far more grateful Christians. The thought of pleasing Christ would be with them the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night.

Story: THE JEWEL IN THE DARK

"Did you learn your Morning Watch text this morning, Carl?" Mrs. Brock inquired of her son as he came bounding in from his paper route.

"Yes, mother," he answered as he prepared for the evening meal. "It's easy this time, a little short one. Don't see much use learning them, though; I forget them in a few days. But Miss Parker is a good teacher, and I'll do it to please her."

"Each one is a jewel, my boy," replied his mother. "Tuck them away in your memory, one by one; you will find them of value some day, real treasures in time of need."

Supper over, Carl did several small tasks, while his mother listened with interest to his account of the day's programme. "I should like to go to the library and read awhile, mother," he said presently. "There's a book there about all kinds of musical instruments that I want to see." The consent gained, he promised to be back before nine o'clock.

It was cosy and warm in the reading-room,

HE WHO WOULD HAVE FRIENDS

THELMA WELLMAN

Duet: "JESUS IS A FRIEND OF MINE"

Quotations: FRIENDSHIP

(Each one to be read by a different person.)

"It is not enough to believe in law and force, in things that have no pity, and never hear the cry for help. We need to know of an almighty arm that will hold us up, of an infinite Friend that pities us. We need to clasp a hand that is warm, to trust in a heart full of tenderness. And even so God has in His Word revealed Himself."—*Education*, page 133.

"You should be guarded against flattery. Whoever is foolish enough to flatter you, cannot be your true friend."—*Testimonies*, Vol. III, page 226.

"Everyone will find companions or make them. And just in proportion to the strength of the friendship, will be the amount of influence which friends will exert over one another for good or for evil."—*Testimonies*, Vol. IV, page 587.

"My friend is one whom I can associate with my choicest thoughts."—*Thoreau*.

"So long as we love we serve; so long as we are loved by others I would almost say that we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend."—*Stevenson*.

"The desire for friendship is strong in every human heart. We crave the companionship of those we can understand."—*Elbert Hubbard*.

"Do not be rash to make friends and, when once they are made, do not drop them."—*Solon*.

"A good man is the best friend, and therefore soonest to be chosen, longer to be retained; and indeed, never to be parted with."—*Jeremy Taylor*.

"In prosperity our friends know us; in adversity we know our friends."—*Churton Collins*.

"Be courteous to all, but intimate with few, and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence. True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation."—*George Washington*.

"True friendship is like sound health, the value of it is seldom known until it be lost."—*C. C. Colton*.

"If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair."—*Samuel Johnson*.

"Life is to be fortified by many friendships. To love, and to be loved, is the greatest happiness of existence."—*Sydney Smith*.

Talk: QUALITIES I WOULD LOOK FOR IN A FRIEND

One of the first points to remember so as to avoid disappointment and disillusionment is that we cannot expect to find anybody who is faultless or perfect. An old Turkish proverb states the matter briefly, "Who seeks a faultless friend rests friendless." In fact, if we examine our own hearts and lives it is impossible to find perfection there, so why expect the unattainable?

One of the most important and endearing qualities to be found in a friend is his willingness to see your side of the matter. Generous understanding of the other's point of view is unusual; but when found it always makes for successful friendships. So many go on day after day sunk in their ruts, comfortably encased in their little prejudices and likes and dislikes, with no interest in the opinions of

their fellows. Give me the open-minded person, who is gifted with understanding.

Great is the lure to me of the merry, twinkling eye and the ready laugh. A sense of humour is one of the indispensable adjuncts to friendship. It cushions many a thorny experience, and saves many an embarrassing situation. A person who can laugh at himself will never puff up like a pouter pigeon over promotion and success. Too well he knows his weaknesses; too keenly he recalls his failures. This is not to praise biting wit which is exercised in a tactless, cruel way. Just be sure that your prospective friend can see the amusing even in a difficult situation.

The type of person who has assumed a false shell of sophistication and dares life to interest him or inspire him is a bad risk of friendship. Yet there seems to be a vogue for this sort of thing. Some seem to think it naive and ingenuous to enjoy the experience of every-day living. How much they miss by not savouring every interesting happening to the fullest!

The courage that can face difficulties without quailing is also to be envied. Dr. E. Stanley Jones in his book, "Abundant Living" tells of many who have met frustrations and difficulties triumphantly. Did you know that Glen Cunningham, until very recently the fastest human in a mile race, was so badly burned as a lad that doctors thought he would always be in an invalid's chair? Bishop Phillips Brooks of Massachusetts failed miserably as a teacher, but turned to preaching, and there found his true vocation. There are many intrepid souls who are "getting music out of life's remainders." Let us find them and learn the secret of their achievement.

There is the loyalty which never wavers, the steadfastness which braces one to do his best. That quality found in a friend is one of the most inspiring. No one desires blind, unseeing devotion, but the faith of a friend can be a challenge to attainment, to more effective character building.

Finally, we should seek for those who share our highest ideals and aspirations. The influence of friends is so powerful that it is well to choose wisely on this point. Says the prophet of the Lord:—

"The true followers of Christ will not choose intimate friendship with those whose characters have serious defects, and whose example as a whole it would not be safe to follow, while it is their privilege to associate with persons who observe a conscientious regard for duty in business and in religion."—*Testimonies*, Vol. III, page 24.

Talk: THE SUPREME TEST OF FRIENDSHIP

"Greater love hath no man than this," said Jesus, "that a man lay down his life for his friend." That sets a high standard for friendship, yet as we reflect on this, many instances come to our mind of those who were willing to make the supreme sacrifice. It might be interesting to analyse what instinct or training or devotion sends a soldier on the field of battle to try to rescue his comrade who is lying wounded. Undoubtedly, for the moment he is so exalted that he is filled with one unchanging purpose, and will not deviate from his course of action.

This present conflict has furnished many examples of selfless sacrifice, but none more appealing than that of Margaret H. Maloney, known as Peewee. A dainty little cashier from Rochester, N.Y., she had persuaded the Army to make an exception and let her in the W.A.C.'s even though she was but four feet, eleven inches in height. She was shipped with her company to North Africa, and was acting as supply sergeant, when Private Kenny Jacobs came into the W.A.C.'s kitchen. Feeling helpful, he poured some petrol into the stove to prime it, splashed some on his clothes, setting himself afire and collapsing in a mass of flames. Peewee threw herself upon him, and smothered the fire with her body, beating it

and after looking over the heavy book he had chosen, Carl curled up in a corner to read the boy's mechanical magazine. The curfew rang for nine o'clock; one by one the other readers left the library; lights were turned out; the great doors locked securely. Carl was left unnoticed, sound asleep in the dark building.

With a sudden start Carl awoke three hours later. Where was he? Oh, yes! In a panic he sprang up, stumbled on a bookrack and fell. Then all was quiet. He listened intently. The clock ticked. The tree branches swished against the building outside. What could he do? The door was locked; the windows were all high, with brambles and rocks beneath. His throat was smarting. His eyes stung! Smoke was choking him! His keen ear caught the sound of an ominous crackling and snapping that froze the blood in his veins and terrorized him. Should he run at the price of bruises and bumps? Where? The building was on fire, and he alone in it. If discovered, he would be held for setting it on fire, and nobody would believe his story.

One thought after another raced through his mind. He sobbed in distress and groped about frantically. Then, as if a voice spoke to him, came the words of the texts he had so faithfully learned, "What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee." "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee." Calmed and cheered as if by a friendly presence, Carl straightened himself courageously, and said aloud: "I will trust." His brain cleared; in his mind he could see the long room, the bookshelves at the left, the librarian's desk at the right, the telephone! "Why didn't I think of that before?" he eagerly gasped.

The crackling became more noticeable. The smoke choked him. He expected any moment to see flames burst from the closet in the corner where the smoke was pouring out, and destroy the treasures about him. At last he found the desk. Where was the telephone? It was not there! He sank into a chair, and as he did so his hand caught in a cord. The telephone! Yes. "I'll call Mr. Randolph. He'll know I am all right."

Mr. Randolph was his employer. He was just preparing for bed, and was indeed surprised to hear Carl Brock's voice at that time of night. "I'm locked in the library, and there is a fire here; I can hear it," said the boy breathlessly. Before Carl could grope his way to the door the sirens assured him the firemen were coming. A key unlocked the door. "Over there in that corner," screamed Carl. "A burst of flame saluted the men as the door was opened, but the great streams of water mastered them, leaving the blackened walls and water-soaked furniture to tell the tale. "A narrow escape," said the chief. "Good work, little chap! How did it happen?" he asked, laying a kindly hand on Carl's shoulder. Carl trembled with excitement and cold. He could scarcely speak, the relief was so great. He stammered out his story.

Just then Mr. Randolph made his way through the crowd, and cordially spoke his approval of his young employee, whose presence of mind had saved the valuable building and its contents as well as his own life. All at once Carl found himself the hero; but he managed to slip away in the darkness, and in a few minutes a panting, excited boy ran up the steps of home to be met by an anxious mother. In a few words he stammered out his story, ending with, "I'll never object to learning the Morning Watch texts after this! They were jewels all right, and they shone in my mind so I knew just what to do!"

Mrs. Brock listened with glad surprise as Carl told of the new courage given him just when he most needed it. "They were most valuable just then, son," she replied. "They're always valuable in some way."

out with her bare hands. Private Jacobs was carried off to hospital lucky to be alive, and Peewee went along for treatment of burns on her face and legs. A few months later, Margaret was given a Soldier's Medal, the first decoration awarded a W.A.C.

Yet we have had examples of even a more selfless love than that of Jonathan, who was to his rival the most tender and faithful of friends. The supreme example is that of Jesus, who laid down His life for us when we were sinners and rebels. It is comparatively easy to be devoted to friends, but a much more difficult matter to be friendly to one's enemies, to say nothing of making the supreme sacrifice. Yet there have been those who, like the Master, were glad to count not their lives dear. There is a story told that in Formosa it was the custom among a tribe to kill a man each year and lift up his head to their ancestors. These beings were supposed to be greatly honoured by the human sacrifice. A Chinese interpreter asked, "Why?" When told why, he added, "The next year you kill a man in a red cap." Next year the chief shot a man in a red cap. It was the interpreter! The shock of this stopped the custom, and now the interpreter is enshrined as a god by those barbaric people. They recognized the selflessness of his gesture.

How many times have gallant pioneers in medicine risked their lives that others, both friends and enemies, might live! We may think of Dr. Walter Reed dying that others might be saved from the curse of malaria. Dr. Jones tells of a young doctor, a missionary in China, who was ravaged by typhus. He had been attending many cases of this dread disease, and at last was stricken himself. There was a slight chance of recovery, but he learned of a Chinese coolie woman who would die without a necessary operation. He had his assistants hold him up, one on each side, as he operated and saved the life of this unknown woman. But the shock was too much for him—in two days he was dead. One might multiply many instances.

A principle that is worth thinking of is that if we release the resentments and animosities toward our enemies, even if it is not necessary to lay down our lives for them, that it will make life more rewarding in unexpected brotherliness and good cheer. Says a thinker: "We may discover, as a contemporary philosopher suggests, that loving our enemies because we first love God is better treatment for nervous indigestion than an operation or an analysis."—*"Abundant Living."*

Talk: FRIENDS I WOULD LIKE TO MAKE IN THE NEW EARTH

(This is a suggestive topic that an alert speaker could develop with great profit and enjoyment. We all have our favourite Bible characters, there are many things which have not been related about their lives, and there are aspects of the stories we know upon which we would love to have them enlarge. The speaker could choose his own favourites, and think of the various features he would like to discuss. I should love to talk with Job, Moses, Samuel, David, Ruth, Jonah, Peter, and Paul.)

Hymn: "I'VE FOUND A FRIEND"

JUNIOR M.V. DEPARTMENT

THE MORNING WATCH

SYBIL M. KING

Notes to Leaders

THIS topic may be made very real and practical. If you have had experiences where God heard and answered your prayers, or you know of some persons whom the Juniors know who have had an outstanding experience in answer to prayer, it will help to give a real, living touch to the programme.

You may have time to ask the Juniors to relate personal experiences. This will help.

One topic has been arranged as a discusional feature. Have someone to lead out in this who has the ability to create a real interest, and to lead the Juniors in expressing themselves freely.

Talk: THE GARDEN OF PRAYER

A tourist once chanced to see through an open gate a beautiful flower garden. He walked in, and to his delight, he saw one of the most beautiful flower gardens that he had ever seen or heard of. As he walked through its winding paths, new beauties greeted his gaze until he was lost in wonder and admiration at its beauty and fragrance. Just as he turned into one section of the garden, he came upon the gardener who was cultivating and caring for a bed of beautiful flowers. The visitor stopped, and made some inquiries.

Then his eye caught the boarded windows in the mansion nestling among the trees and shrubs, and this at once told him that the master of the beautiful garden was away. So the visitor asked the caretaker when his master expected to return. His answer was, "I do not know."

The visitor responded by saying, "The way you keep this garden one would think you expected him tomorrow."

The gardener looked up, and very thoughtfully replied, "No, I keep it as though he were coming today."

What a lesson for Christians! Should we not keep our heart garden beautiful by the sweet fragrance of prayer as though Jesus were coming today?

Jesus told His disciples and all His people to "Watch and pray," for "ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." Matt. 26: 41; 24: 42.

Jesus is coming soon. Of course, we don't know the day or the hour, but if we keep our hearts as that gardener kept that beautiful flower garden, free from weeds and insects, which are symbols of sin, there is no question as to whether or not we shall be ready when He comes.

Jesus prayed in the garden. Sometimes He prayed in the morning hours, sometimes He prayed all night, but the morning hour seemed to be His favourite time. Can't you imagine that there were lovely flowers opening their petals wide, casting their lovely fragrance, and birds singing their early morning songs when Jesus prayed in the garden?

Have you ever found a secluded quiet spot where you have been free to drop down on your knees, and lift your heart to heaven in prayer very early in the morning? If you haven't, you try it once, and see whether you won't experience a still small voice which will help you sing aloud that lovely hymn:—

"I come to the garden alone,

While the dew is still on the roses;

And the voice I hear, falling on my ear,

The Son of God discloses."

Then through the day, you will experience:—

"And He walks with me, and He talks with me,
And He tells me I am His own,

And the joy we share as we tarry there

None other has ever known."

The Morning Watch is the tower of strength for the Christian. If we meet our Lord early in the morning, we aren't so likely to lose Him during the day. Each day started right is more likely to be ended right.

Days begun and ended with Jesus in the garden of prayer go to make up the life of a sincere Christian. It is a beautiful thought to meet Jesus in the morning when the dewdrops like glistening pearls are on the grass and flowers. But everyone isn't privileged to be near such a place. However, it matters not where we are, or what the circumstances may be, we can make of that place a beautiful

garden of prayer. Jesus will meet with us, and where Jesus is, everything becomes bright and beautiful.

One evening, a little street urchin, ragged and dirty, heard some beautiful music that seemed to come from a street corner near his home, which consisted of a dark room in a tenement house. He soon followed the crowd that gathered to hear what was going on. As the music ceased, a young lad stepped forward, and gave a wonderful testimony of the joy he had found in spending the early morning hour with Jesus in prayer.

It was new to the little fellow, who was all eyes and ears as he stood there unnoticed among the crowd. But seeds of joy and happiness were being planted in his young heart as he learned that this Jesus to whom the young man talked made sick people well if they but asked and believed.

Jimmy—for that was the little urchin's name—thought of his little sister on a cot in a corner of that dark room, for she had been sick for nearly a year. A hope burned in his heart that she might be well again and able to play with him if he would ask Jesus to make her well. So right there on the crowded street corner, he lifted his heart to Jesus, and said, "Please make Sissy well."

A closing prayer, and the open-air service was ended, and the crowd dispersed. Jimmy, walking slowly but thoughtfully to the tenement house, climbed the dark winding staircase on tiptoes so that if perchance Sissy were asleep, he would not waken her. The creaky door opened, and to his amazement, his sister sat up in bed—"Oh, Jimmy, where have you been? You should have been here. I got up and walked across the floor. Oh, Jimmy, I feel so much better!"

Jimmy was speechless. Could it be possible that the Jesus he learned about tonight and the little prayer he had offered on the street corner had made his sister well! It took some time for Jimmy to explain the happenings of the evening and all that he could remember of what the young man had said about talking to Jesus, but before they closed their eyes that night, a covenant was made between them that early in the morning they would join their voices in asking Jesus, the Friend of those who are sick and helpless, to restore health and strength once more to Sissy, whom he longed to have as his playmate.

Before the dawn of day, Jimmy called in a whisper to his sister, "Sis, let's get up."

"All right," came the answer. And soon two hearts were united in asking of Him, who is the Creator of the universe and more willing to give than we are to ask or receive, a complete recovery.

We don't know what they said; those prayers were simple as one might suppose; but their simplicity and the faith of two such unfortunate creatures appealed to Jesus' great heart of love, and of course they were answered.

Prayer is the key that unlocks heaven's storehouse. Can't you see why angels wonder that we pray so little?

The street corner and the attic room were turned into gardens of prayer. Discover your garden of prayer, and remember the best place is anywhere, and the best time—early in the morning.

Talk: KEEP THE MORNING WATCH

"By the grace of God, I will," these are the first words of our Junior Pledge. Every Missionary Volunteer has promised to keep the Junior Law, and this means he will keep the Morning Watch and spend some time each morning in private devotion. Are we living up to our promise? If we are, we are receiving

strength and help to live each day a life well pleasing to God.

The morning hour for prayer and Bible study helps to start the day aright. It will banish gloom, sadness, temptation, and every hindrance.

"Prayer makes the darkest clouds withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw.
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

"Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright,
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees."

"Morning Watch" suggests the time. Early in the morning Jesus went to the mountain or into the garden to pray. He knew the weakness of human flesh and His need of a fresh supply of strength and power to meet the severe and cunning temptations of Satan. If Jesus needed the blessing of the Morning Watch, or prayer period, do you not think that we need it even more?

Prayer is power. Few of us realize this fact. By prayer great changes have come into the lives of people, and conditions have changed completely. The queen of England said that she feared the prayers of John Knox more than all the armies of the world.

In 1839 the sultan of Turkey decreed that not a representative of the Christian religion should remain in the Turkish Empire. When Doctor Goodell, an American missionary, heard this, he went to his friend, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, who was president of Robert College in Constantinople, and said, "It is all over with us. We have to leave."

To this, Doctor Hamlin replied, "The Sultan of the universe can in answer to prayer change the decree of the sultan of Turkey." They gave themselves to prayer. The next day the sultan died, and the decree was never executed.

How true this little poem is:—

"Prayer changes things.
No matter how heavy
The burdens you bear,
You cast them on Jesus,
He'll carry your care,
For nothing can hinder
The soul that will dare,
For prayer changes things."

Prayer will change our lives, and make us strong Christians in this world of trouble and sin. Let us by the grace of God be faithful in observing the Morning Watch each day.

HE WHO WOULD HAVE FRIENDS

Talk: GUIDE IN MAKING FRIENDS

ALL of us want to have friends, no matter how much we may pretend that we do not care when we are feeling upset with someone we like. It would be a most dreary world without someone who understands and is interested in everything we do. It is good that no one has to tell Juniors that the first rule to have friends is to be friendly and willing to take the lead in being kind to those whom we want for companions. Sometimes the older folk become wrapped up in their own affairs and forget to be as friendly as they should, but not the Juniors. They are usually full of energy and enthusiasm, and are no sooner in company with others of their age than they are comparing interests.

And that leads us to a most important reason for being friends—that of liking to do the same things. A boy who is fascinated with collecting stamps has no trouble at all in finding another boy who enjoys that pastime. What

pleasant hours they can share looking at each others' collections, hunting for new stamps, and building up their information! Or perhaps you are anxious to learn the secrets of the birds—and by the way, it is a good way to get some exercise, too—there are many others who are trying to discover the mysteries of these bright-coloured visitors who come back in the spring. The girls will notice that in the bird world it is exactly the opposite from that of the human world—the males wear the bright colours and the females the dull browns, greys, and so forth. There are many other illustrations of similar hobbies which we might consider, such as making model aeroplanes, swimming, hiking, and wood carving. You will think of others.

Another most important point in thinking of the friends we want is that we choose those who are brave and face up to life and do not quit. Good sportsmanship of the true type is necessary to any Junior who wants to make a success of friendship. He will never allow himself to be as poor as the boy in the story told by Dr. John Sutherland Bonnell in *The Presbyterian*. Chaplain Thomas of the Annapolis Naval Station had gone to see a high-school baseball game. While he was sitting in the bleachers, he noticed a friend who was a scout for the Philadelphia Athletics. On being approached by the chaplain, he explained that he was there to sign up the young pitcher on the mound, as he was very promising material. The boy would get \$500 a year, and his way would be paid through college. In vacation he would follow the team about and learn to play ball. Those were bright prospects, though the boy did not know that he was being considered. Everything went well until the seventh inning. Then the pitcher's team began to let him down. Finally in utter disgust he took off his cap and threw it on the ground, saying, "I am through with you fellows for keeps." Chaplain Thomas said that the scout just said quietly to him, "Good-bye, I'll see you again sometime."

"Wait a minute," said the chaplain, "didn't you say you were going to sign that boy up?"

"Yes, I was, but I am not interested any longer. You see, he's a quitter. When he has that in his blood he'd let his team down in any emergency every time. We are not building the Athletics out of that kind of timber."

Boys and girls who do not by Jesus' help overcome the habit of quitting and poor sportsmanship are not chosen to be missionaries or to become really successful in anything they do when they grow up. One good rule would be that one will try to avoid being afraid of difficulties and will not associate with those who are.

Choose for your closest chum someone who thinks right and wants to do the right thing under every circumstance. Though we do not realize it, our friends are able to exert a powerful influence over us. Have you not noticed that when you have been thrown with those who are careless about the use of slang, that the first thing you know something pops out before you really think? That happens with grownups as well as Juniors. The same thing is true with other bad habits; those who are with us all the time change our thinking until the first thing we know we are doing things we would never have dreamed of doing before pursuing this dangerous friendship. To be real friends and chums, we must be able to share our highest dreams with each other. There is no fun in talking to someone about wanting to be a missionary and to do good for the people when his only idea of a good life is to make all the money he can and spend it just as fast as possible. He just wouldn't understand.

Last, don't forget to have for friends at least two or three who like to laugh and see the funny side of life. Now this doesn't mean to giggle at nothing, or to tell shady jokes that are really not funny. But it does mean that

a good sense of humour helps to make life happier and easier. Try to see something funny when you feel like crying, and in no time there will be a shifting of the clouds. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

Talk: FRIENDS I WOULD LIKE TO MAKE IN THE NEW EARTH

Haven't you wished as you read the many interesting stories in the Bible that there had been space to tell more of the details? Did you not have a desire to talk with some of your favourite characters and learn more about their lives than we already know? Undoubtedly, you have been curious to know more of what Moses experienced in the glittering court of Egypt and of the merciful and just reign of Joseph as prime minister of the same mighty land? Perhaps you have wished you could have heard more of David's songs that were never recorded in the Bible, for he must have written and sung many to his harp in those lonely days of tending the sheep in the hills.

One of the happiest anticipations we all may cherish is that if we are faithful it will be our privilege to talk with some of those beloved men of old, and add to our store of information. We shall learn even more of their trust in God and the reasons for that faith and devotion.

I am going to mention a few things that I am curious about, and that will start you thinking about your own special preferences. One of the men who has always fascinated me is the great figure of suffering, Job. From him I should like to know more about the daily life he enjoyed before all the dreadful things happened and he was deserted by all. I should like to find out what kind of friends he had before his trouble, and why he thought they had deserted him. I should like to talk with Moses about the kind of lessons he was taught in the wilderness that prepared him for leading multitudes of his people out of Egypt. His reactions to the view of the promised land from Mt. Nebo would be good to know. We are not told anything about this, though we can imagine his pleasure at that beautiful scene.

I would be interested in finding out from Jonah some of the things he did as a prophet after that trip to Nineveh to warn the godless city of the judgment to come. Was that the high point of his experience, or were there other commissions he performed willingly instead of being a reluctant messenger? I should like to ask Peter if it is really true that he was crucified head downwards because he did not feel himself worthy of being crucified in the same position that Jesus was. I should like to hear from Paul's own lips of the beauty in Greece when he preached there in Athens. And the tales of his adventures on land and sea while preaching Jesus to the Gentiles would fill many a thrilling hour.

The girls would like to know what kind of clothes Esther wore as the empress of Ahasuerus, and the boys would like to know from David how he felt trying to go out to fight the Philistine in Saul's armour. We should all like to know how manna tasted, and also the unusual flavour of the water that gushed forth from the rock in the wilderness. It would be good to know from Methuselah how it felt to be almost a thousand years of age in those days when physical vigour was not affected much by years.

Since I like good music, I should like to ask David about his songs and Solomon about his orchestra and the singers who performed in the temple. It would be interesting to hear the song of Moses after the triumphant crossing of the Red Sea. Oh, yes, there are many things to discover about music in the Bible.

One of the most happy things to know about heaven and the new earth is that we shall not be idle or bored, but shall ever learn new things, and make new friends. Best of all, we shall have opportunity to know Jesus better and love Him more through the years of eternity.

Sabbath School Mission News

Note for Superintendent

As Thirteenth Sabbath falls on December 23, the Christmas week-end, we would suggest that you hold your Thirteenth Sabbath programme on the 16th of December.

December 2

Malaria and the Gear-box

PAUL WHITE

(Jungle Doctor on Safari)

It was three months since the last thunderstorm had deluged the plains, and now there was nothing green to be seen. The baobabs were gaunt skeletons, and the thornbushes looked like gigantic barbed-wire entanglements.

The hospital was quiet for once. Following the drying up of the pools, the mosquitoes had gone—and malaria with them. The people had built new houses and our campaign for clean homes was reducing tick fever. Nothing dramatic had happened, and I felt that everything was as it ought to be—and then came trouble in the form of a man on a donkey. He brought a letter which told of the serious illness of an African pastor's child, eighty miles away. It was too far to carry her in, and she was altogether too sick to walk.

I called Daudi and Samson and we gathered together the necessities and put them into a kit bag, and then, leaving the hospital in the capable hands of the Sister, and after saying good-bye to my wife and small son, we were in the car and away.

To me it was a nightmare drive. As we bumped over rivers and drove laboriously through sand, I kept looking at my watch. I felt every hour was vital in saving the life of that child. The car seemed to crawl and the clock to race. I held my breath as we came to a particularly bad river, and prayed silently. We crossed it uneventfully. Ten miles of bone-shaking corrugations and we turned off. Six miles of dense thornbush jungle were behind us. We had been able to do it in half an hour. It was cruelly slow. Simultaneously, Samson and I realized that the radiator was boiling. He went to pour in some water, and I raised the bonnet. Imagine my feelings when I saw that the fan belt was broken. It was almost new, and what was worse, we had no spare. At once we set to work to repair it. We tried splicing rope, but this slipped uselessly. Idea after idea proved futile. Suddenly a grin spread over Samson's face: "Bwana, give me a shilling, please," I did so. He went off through the thornbush. I strode up and down, feeling tempestuous inside. Why did this happen? Then I went round to the shady side of the car, knelt beside the running board, and told my heavenly Father all about it. I asked that the child might not suffer through this delay, and that we might hit upon some idea that would help us complete our journey. I pulled out my Testament and read, "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds." I let that soak in.

Then came the sound of Samson's running feet, and looking up, I saw him with a strip of cowhide in his hand. This he cut into strips the width of the fan belt, soaked one in water, and fitted it loosely in place. When it dried it fitted tightly. We leapt in and drove on.

It was just before sundown when we arrived. Our little patient, wrapped in two cotton blankets, was lying on a crude bed, made from bush timber. The child's temperature was 105 degrees. She was unconscious. After a thorough examination I felt reasonably sure that it was malaria of the brain. The blood slide under the microscope showed the blood cells were alive with malaria. Daudi

held the little girl's arm while I injected. Slowly I ran in that solution, which could mean life to our little patient and death to malaria.

Later I was sound asleep rolled in my blanket when I heard the mother's voice calling urgently, "Bwana, Bwana, come quickly!" I jumped up and hurried to see my little patient. At first I thought she had a fit, but it was merely the tremendous shivering of a severe malarial attack. The mother brought a kerosene tin full of hot water and we sponged her down. In the gloom behind the bed stood the father. "Things are not too good, Simeon," I whispered. Together we knelt and asked that the measures taken might have God's blessing upon them, and we asked for the life of the little girl.

At four o'clock in the morning I found the temperature was down to 100 degrees. Her pulse had a reassuring feel. When I awoke again it was broad daylight. My little patient was lying huddled under her blanket. The little girl's lips were moving. I put my head close and picked up one word, but that was enough: "Nadabuka." I'm hungry. It was the most cheerful thing I had heard for days. I called the mother, who was dozing by the fire. "Marita, she says she's hungry." She grasped my hand, and tears ran down her face. Hurriedly she poked up the fire to make some thin gruel.

Simeon came towards me, and said, "What news, Bwana?" "Very good news," I replied. "She is conscious and asking for food." "Thank God," he said. "Bwana, without your help she would have been dead by now. Surely God sent you to our country to help us."

I spent two or three days on the spot making perfectly sure that the little girl was on the way to complete health. On the third morning she was well enough to come to the door and wave to us as we moved off on our way back to the hospital.

December 9

The New Hebrides Mission FAITHFUL NATIVE WORKERS

A. G. STEWART

THOUGH lying close to the other groups of islands in the South West Pacific invaded by the national enemy, and being the base of a strong defence force, the New Hebrides, so far, have been free from invasion, and our mission work has been kept intact throughout the years of war.

When the conflict became imminent and the large island of Guadalcanal in the Solomons became the object of a tense attack, most of our European missionaries were evacuated and the work largely left to the care of the native workers. After about a year's absence these missionaries returned to find the work being well cared for, though the Training School operations had practically ceased. The largest mission boat, the *Le Phare*, was taken over by the American Army for observation work, and the other two launches were left in the care of the native workers.

Daniel, who had served so long and faithfully on board these launches and also the *Le Phare*, felt it to be his duty to care for the vessels. With one safely beached on the island of Aoba, he used the other to keep in touch with our workers on the islands of Malekula and Ambrisu, until requested by the District Officer to refrain from travelling by launch thus consuming fuel which was then rationed. Daniel was then asked to go as a guide or pilot by a section of the defence forces because of his local knowledge of anchorages, etc. This he did for a while, though

his responsibility to look after our mission launches pressed upon his mind, and he prayed that he might be released to do his God-appointed work.

The opportunity came in a remarkable way, for the vessel that he was aboard as pilot was discovered to be running short of fuel oil, much to the concern of the responsible officer. Daniel came to their rescue by saying that he knew where there was a supply on an island not far distant, for that was where he had left our launches for safety. So, to the relief of the navigator, he directed them to our mission anchorage and supplied the necessary fuel oil. He then repeated his request to be allowed to go ashore and care for the mission launches, and his request was granted.

When our missionaries finally returned, they found Daniel at his post of duty with both launches being cared for.

On a recent visit to the islands Brother Frame and I had quite a trip around one of these launches, and there was our faithful native captain and other members of the crew taking good care of both ship and passengers.

We are surely greatly indebted to these native workers for their loyal and willing help. It is certainly a privilege to have a part in their support through our Sabbath school offerings.

THIRTEENTH SABBATH
December 16

Fulfilling a Definite Need

A. D. PIETZ

FOR some years the need of a district school at Atchin has been felt among the workers in the New Hebrides, therefore it was voted at our recent yearly committee meeting that we endeavour to establish a district school at Atchin.

Perhaps some are not fully acquainted with the actual method of education in the islands, therefore a little explanation may be helpful. We could say that the school work is divided into three stages: (1) the village school; (2) the district school; (3) the training school. In the village school the native teacher begins the work, teaching his students the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic. From the village school the student who desires to further his education is taken to the district school, and so on, till he attends the training school. As is the case here in the New Hebrides, the whole field is divided into three districts. At present district schools are operating in Aoba and Tanna districts.

The problem that has faced us here at Atchin is the fact that we are located on a small island off the coast of Malekula, and all gardening is done on this large island, Atchin being large enough only to house its some six hundred inhabitants. The folk who live here are quite used to rowing their canoes across the three-quarters of a mile stretch of water; but to bring folk from other large islands to a small island and supply them with canoes to get to their gardens would be a big problem even if you could get them to come and do it. Much thought has been given to the best method of establishing this important phase of the work, and at last we seem to have found the solution to the problem.

We have decided that we shall build up the whole thing on the big island and not on Atchin at all. The idea has quite appealed to the natives around my field and, although the work has only begun, many are making plans to come and be in attendance when the school opens.

The bush has been cleared for a place in which to erect houses and school buildings. Now we expect the medical side of our work to help us along. Each Sunday morning folk from miles around come to us with their sicknesses and we are able, with the Lord's help,

An Interesting Letter

to give quite a deal of help. Now we are going to ask them to help us a little by supplying us with native material to build houses and other buildings on the site.

Another problem that faced us was the obtaining of ground to make gardens. The Lord, however, has solved this problem by stirring up liberal hearts, who, without being asked, have come to us and offered us ground on which to plant our gardens. This ground also is now in the process of being cleared in preparation for good gardens. It is beautiful fertile soil.

We are trying to push the work as much as possible so that the gardens will be ready to start school at the beginning of next year. The project is a big one and will take quite a deal of effort to get moving, and then to keep going. However, we are determined to do the very best we can.

Of course, Sabbath school members, we cannot do very much without you. You must have a share in this work. Naturally, there will be some expense incurred in the erection of such a school, and then, when it is finished, the teachers it helps to train will need wages, so we look to you again.

The natives want to see the work finished. They want to see Jesus come, and so do you, I know. I know, too, since you have been so loyal in times past, you are not going to fail us now. So now to work, to give, to pray, for the finishing of the work and the winning of souls for the kingdom of God.

May the Lord bless us all as we individually do our share in the grandest work ever given men to perform.

December 23

Ahmed's Search for the Light

P. KENNETH SIMPSON, Lucknow, U.P., India

SEVERAL years ago a handsome young Mohammedan attended Pastor J. B. Conley's lectures at Lucknow in India and longed to join our church. He was a successful barrister, a graduate of Lucknow University, from a well-to-do family, as cultured and refined an Indian gentleman as one would find anywhere, but he was not happy. He longed to become a Christian and be baptized into our church, but his family made it impossible for him to do so. Three times he had tried to change his religion, but each time he was unsuccessful, for his father, who was a retired official, was a very bigoted Moslem.

When a very young lad he attended a mission school, and became much interested in Christianity. His parents, fearing he might become a Christian, transferred him to another school, but he ran away and tried to get some missionaries to baptize him. He was found and taken back to school again, but continued to attend Christian meetings at every opportunity he had. Later he attended Ewing Christian College, and was hoping, when of age, to embrace Christianity, when he was sent by his father to the Law School of Lucknow University in order to get him away from the Christians. His marriage was arranged into a wealthy family, and he was to marry a beautiful girl in the hope that this would keep him for ever connected with Islam. But about that time he began attending Pastor Conley's meetings and found what he was looking for, as he later told me. For five years he kept the truth in his heart and silently witnessed for Christ, always hoping some day to be baptized. He married and was making plenty of money, but his young wife had no sympathy with his religious views, and it was not long before he determined to leave all for Christ, and go to some place where he could be baptized and join our church.

It was in Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, that he found another tent mission being con-

ducted by our workers, and soon joined the class along with others who were studying for baptism. At last the time came for his baptism to take place, and he was very happy. However, on the day before the service some relatives who had recognized him in the bazaar, notified his family. He was traced to our worker's home and closely watched till found alone, then kidnapped and taken back to Lucknow, where he was held for some time virtually a prisoner in the palatial residence of some friends. After some time there he managed to smuggle out a letter to Pastor E. R. Reynolds, our missionary in Lahore, and he wrote to me about his case. I sent an Indian worker to the address given, but he was at first unable to see him.

Later our workers were able by a clever ruse to get a message through to him, and one day I was surprised to meet the young man at my bungalow. How happy he was to see me, and how he did long to get some of our literature and to come to our meetings! He saw me several times and attended our church once. I began to plan for his baptism, for I found him well read in all points of our faith. But again his relatives found him reading our literature and took him away from the city where he could not be under the influence of missionaries. Before he left he made an effort to see his wife and his small babe, who had been born while he was held a prisoner.

He begged his wife to come with him, and suggested how they might both go to some distant city where both might become Christians and live happily together again. But she would have nothing to do with him if he continued to study the Bible, and refused to be taught Christianity. She said, "If you want to become a Christian you can do so, but I will never go with you. Consider me as dead. If you wish to see your son again then give up your Christian ideas, otherwise you will not see him again. He will not belong to you." Ahmed chose to follow Christ, and was taken away by his family. We cannot understand the struggle he must have gone through.

Again he escaped and came to see me in Lucknow. I had arranged with Pastor Streeter for him to be taken into our Roorkee High School for some Bible study, and he very gladly went to work at anything they had for him to do in order to pay for his board and room. Soon he was busy teaching the lower standard subjects to the children of our workers to pay for his tuition. He joined the baptismal class and was very happy until one day he was seen in a village, where he went with some of our school boys to conduct a Sabbath school, by a government official who knew his father very well. He evaded his questions, but the next day a car was seen to drive up to the school compound, and inquiries were made of the students about Ahmed and where he was. Again fearing he might be kidnapped, Ahmed decided to flee away rather than be discovered. That night found him on a train bound for some distant province, without telling anyone where he was going. While at the school he had endeared himself to all who knew him for his earnestness and faithful study and work. Needless to say many prayers followed him, and in a few months a letter came telling us he was safe, but unable to tell us where he was lest he be found. He was still determined to become a member of our church, and we believe he will remain faithful to his Lord.

We believe Ahmed is still living the life of a true Christian, and perhaps ere this has been baptized into our church. He has kept the truth in his heart and although one of God's hidden disciples, he will one day shine forth as one of the Master's jewels and be found in Christ's kingdom.

Let us who have been brought up in the light of this message so work and pray for those in lands of darkness that many may be found like gold tried in the furnace and purified at last for heaven's storehouse.

[The following letter is from a young Papuan man who was helping Brother Lester Lock in the Press when war broke out in Papua, and was written recently to Pastor Lock.]

Dear Pastor Lock,

I am very happy this morning to write again once more. We have a glad day now, all enjoying with us in baptism. I think you will be glad when you read this letter. The letter which you wrote on June 14 has come safely through to me, and I was very glad to read it over and hear the stories that you wrote them to me. I am glad when I hear Lester will come back to Papua and carry on the work with us. Mrs. Wiles is at Aroma now. Mother and I were glad that we can hear of you in this bad time.

We have just gathered now on the time of the quarter end. We are all well. This week we have our baptism class and today twenty-four of us were baptized. We have a very good day now and I am happy to follow in Jesus' way.

Everythings are going well here at Belep. We always think of you because you had spent many years with us in Papua, so we feel like your true son, and you like our true father. I want say thank you to you because you missionaries bring gospel of peace through to us, and now we boys from east to preach the same thing that you bring to us.

Geno, my sister the second from me, was married. And my small brother Josies is with her, but Keto and Solomon and I with our mother at Vailala now. I am glad to help the work of God to Vailala people.

Dear Taubada, I am kindly asking you for hymn books. Very very please would you send me one Christ in Song and one Advent Hymnal. The ones which have music in them I want. Because we have no hymns. I have one Advent Hymnal here, but it has no music in it. I will be glad when I get those hymns. Also I am very glad to receive the Records which Pastor Stewart sent to me, and I found some interesting stories in them. Some letters from Solomon Islands I read them. It makes my heart feel good. I thank God because His taking care of His people out there in this bad time.

I have many things to write about them but no time to tell you. Tell Pastor Stewart thanks for the Records that he has sent them along to me. I will write to him later on.

Very very please send those two hymn books with music in them, will you? Don't forget them. I will give money to Mr. Howell and he will send it to you. And also one thing I want is a Missionary Leader. Did you still printing those papers now? If so, I want them please and will give you pay for it. I want you to send them every time. I think that is all I can write. School is going well here. We are glad that Pastor Campbell is helping school here at Belep.

I must close it here for this time. And hope to get yours soon as you receive this letter. I wish that I could see you, but I know we will meet again when Jesus comes in His kingdom.

Tell Sinabada [Sister Lock] I will write her later. So good-bye. May God bless you abundantly.

I am your son in the message,

Kila Galama.

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