



THE

MISSIONARY LEADER



Volume 33

Sydney, January, 1945

Number 1

Behind Prison Walls

WILLIAM A. BUTLER

**"I Was in Prison"**

A PRISON is not an inviting place. No one cares to spend even one night there, even though in modern prisons sanitation and healthful conditions are found. Nevertheless the prisons of this country are well filled. Crime in many countries is reaching appalling proportions. Murder, theft, banditry, destruction, are on every hand. The population of these forts for criminals would make a city of many thousands. Here may be found criminals of all classes, ages, and nationalities. Probably there are many more who should be incarcerated, but who have evaded the officers of the law.

Fear and hatred fill the hearts of these captives of Satan, as is plainly revealed on their countenances. Some have been highly respected citizens who occupied places of responsibility in business and professional life. But there is another class sometimes found behind prison bars—law-abiding Seventh-day Adventists in the United States and elsewhere. It is no doubt to such that the Saviour referred when He said: "I was a stranger, and ye took Me not in; naked, and ye clothed Me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited Me not." Matt. 25: 43.

Many of the prisoners when released are still bent on crime, and return to their old ways of living, mingling with their old associates, and sooner or later are placed in prison again. Others have not only been ashamed of their prison experience, but desire to be free from the kind of life that led them into prison. They are longing for a better life, and need a friend who can point out the way of victory over evil habits and tendencies.

The church has a duty to delegate someone to visit the prisons and reach out a helping hand. *Not every person is gifted along this line; therefore great caution should be used in arranging for this phase of Christian ministry.* We are to scatter the gospel seeds everywhere, not neglecting the apparently hardened soil behind prison walls. Who can tell into whose heart these seeds of truth may take root, and spring forth to eternal life?

The story of the notorious criminal Harry Orchard, is quite familiar. After taking the life of a prominent official, he was placed in prison and given a life sentence. The widow of the man who was killed was a Christian woman—a Seventh-day Adventist. The Spirit of Christ so filled her heart that she could forgive the murderer of her husband, and she manifested a personal interest in seeking to save the soul of the one who had committed such an awful crime. She visited him in prison and spoke words of kindness and forgiveness. Her attitude so touched his hard heart that he fully surrendered to God, and for more than a quarter of a century he has been a true Christian and a most loyal Seventh-day Adventist.

These words of Christ, "I was in prison, and ye came unto Me," bring us face to face with the responsibility that should rest heavily upon every Christian. Many of these prisoners are glad to receive Christian literature, and we should do much more than we are now doing to place our papers and small books where they can be read by this class of people.

Some years ago a woman called at the home of the writer, and it was obvious from her appearance that she was in great distress. She stated that her husband was in a certain prison, charged with driving and delivering a stolen car, but declared that he was innocent; and she desired counsel regarding what to do. He had served a year and a half, and now could be released on parole if some responsible citizen would act as his sponsor to help guide and encourage him to keep in the right way.

After giving some careful study and prayer to the matter, I volunteered my services, and promised to visit the man at stated intervals, and become acquainted with his habits of life and encourage him to be a faithful citizen. When I gave my word to this effect, the civil authorities released him from prison, and within a few days he was united with his family. He was assisted in starting a little business of his own, and now, after some eight or ten years, has proved his integrity, has a good business, and has established himself among men again. I believe this man was honest from the start, and innocently became involved in a situation which put him under penalty. There are many such people behind prison bars, and they should be reached by Christian interest and encouragement.

The question may be asked, But what can Seventh-day Adventists do in prison work? We should seek to co-operate with all law and order and with those who are delegated to carry out the purpose of the law. By properly approaching prison authorities, we can place our literature in the hands of prisoners. Our magazines, *Signs of the Times*, and small books are read with interest. Permission is readily granted for conducting religious services in the gaol, and giving spiritual help in a personal way. Such work should be in the charge of a minister who is recognized as a "chaplain." Young men may render valuable assistance in giving personal testimony, singing, praying, carrying on correspondence with different ones in the prison, and taking a personal interest in those who have been put behind bars. Such methods will go a long way in helping to reach many of these people and will give them a new vision and ambition in life. We have not done as much for this class as we should. We must give more study and consideration to this work.

The Hour Is Late

WESLEY AMUNDSEN

"In a legendary forest there was a sun-dial placed in a clearing sufficiently large to catch the sun's rays at any time of the day. Upon the face of the dial there were carved these words: 'It is later than you think.' Whether it was night or morning, he who told time by the dial was reminded of the flight of opportunity."

So to Seventh-day Adventists who look upon the dial of prophetic time, the fleeting shadows say, "It is later than you think." Our opportunity for giving the last warning message is fast fading away. The events of today are crashing notes of the great world symphony of dramatic music, a wild martial music which grows louder and wilder as it nears the final crescendo. The world knows not what will follow, but prophecy speaks and says, "There is no peace." It also says that in the near future "the kingdoms of this world are [to] become the kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ, and He shall reign for ever."

What is our duty in such a time as this? What are to be our main objectives in this crisis hour? "Let the gospel message ring through our churches, summoning them to universal action. . . . Putting on the armour of heaven, they [the church members] will go forth to the warfare, willing to do and dare for God, knowing that His omnipotence will supply their need."—*Testimonies*, Vol. VII, page 14.

"The battle-cry is sounding along the line. Let every soldier of the cross push to the front, not in self-sufficiency, but in meekness and lowliness, and with firm faith in God."—*Id.*, page 17.

It is voluntary service that God desires. He looks for willing men and women who, because of the love of Christ for them, will go out in the highways and byways to seek for

the lost. "If you fail ninety-nine times in a hundred, but succeed in saving the one soul from ruin, you have done a noble deed for the Master's cause."—*"Testimonies," Vol. IV, page 132.*

We have books, periodicals, tracts, and many means of organized instruction. At present we have the revised plan for instructing our people in the art of winning souls by holding Bible readings among the people. "Every church is to be a training school for Christian workers."

There must be action all along the line. Every line of service that we have among us must be utilized to the fullest extent. Let every Seventh-day Adventist church member stand in his lot and inquire of the Lord, "What wilt Thou have me to do?" It will be given him to know what his line of duty is.

If every Seventh-day Adventist wins "that ONE SOUL in 1945," we shall have a great influx of members in our Sabbath schools by the end of this year. May the Lord increase our faith, and may we go forth under the guidance of the Holy Spirit for the finishing of the work, for "It is later than you think."

SUGGESTIVE TALKS for Ten-Minute Exercises

JANUARY 6

A Great Work Is to Be Done

T. A. MITCHELL

"We are living in a time when a great work is to be done. There is a famine in the land for the pure gospel, and the bread of life is to be given to hungry souls."—*"Christian Service," page 152.*

We begin a new year with all its privileges, responsibilities, and opportunities. Souls all around us are needing the "pure gospel" and "bread of life." This year plan to save someone by personal visiting, personal distribution of literature, or some practical Christian help work. A surrendered life will soon be a Spirit-filled life and a Heaven-directed life. The 20th Century Bible Correspondence Course leaflets are free. Make plans to distribute or mail a number this month.

JANUARY 13

Thermometers or Thermostats?

ADLAI ESTEB

CHRISTIANS have a work to do in the world. It is not enough for us to know the condition of the world; we must do something about it. We must be more than thermometers. Thermometers record the temperature, but thermostats change the temperature. Christians should be spiritual thermostats. We not only know the times but we know also what should be done, and therefore should go about doing it. Israel of old had leaders "who knew the times and who knew what Israel ought to do."

We should make the world a better place every day because we have lived. We must radiate the cheer and comfort and love of God. We can and should make our homes and churches a little bit of heaven on earth. As God's chosen people we have a special work to do. And it is not enough to know the message—we must also give that message.

"In a special sense Seventh-day Adventists have been set in the world as watchmen and light-bearers. To them has been entrusted the last warning for a perishing world. On them is shining wonderful light from the Word of

God. They have been given a work of the most solemn import—the proclamation of the first, second, and third angels' messages. There is no other work of so great importance. They are to allow nothing else to absorb their attention."—*"Testimonies," Vol. IX, page 19.*

It is not enough to know this wonderful message—we must do something about it. Let us not be content to be mere thermometers—we must be spiritual thermostats.

JANUARY 20

No Hopeless Cases in God's Sight

ONE of the enemy's most effective implements in hindering the soul-winner is discouragement. He binds his victims with strong chains and is determined that they shall remain in his prison-house. As Christians and as ambassadors of reconciliation, we are to "proclaim liberty" to the captives and lead them to rejoice in the glorious provisions of the gospel which is able "to save to the uttermost" all who will accept the pardon offered. But it is so easy to become discouraged when our efforts seem to be in vain; and many times we are tempted to conclude that the soul is beyond help, having deliberately plunged into the depths of sin.

Let us never forget, however, the admonition which has been given to us, as follows: "We become too easily discouraged over the souls who do not at once respond to our efforts. Never should we cease to labour for a soul while there is one gleam of hope. Precious souls cost our self-sacrificing Redeemer too dear a price to be lightly given up to the tempter's power. . . . By the miracle of divine grace, many may be fitted for lives of usefulness. Despised and forsaken, they have become utterly discouraged; they may appear stoical and stolid. But under the ministration of the Holy Spirit, the stupidity that makes their uplifting appear so hopeless will pass away. . . . The slave of sin will be set free."—*"Ministry of Healing," pages 168, 169.*

Christ "delights to reveal His power to transform hearts," and He makes His children the channels of transforming power. Surely the "channel" should not become discouraged, when the "pover" is so abundant.

How often in our efforts to win souls, we "let go the arm of the Lord too soon"! We must never lose faith in the value of a soul nor in the unfathomable love which embraces all mankind. Man's worth is measured by the price God was willing to pay for his rescue. "Unto the uttermost" is a phrase of deep significance. It means that God stands ready to go to the depths to save the worst. Every human soul, to Him, is a jewel of surpassing beauty, and no gutter is too foul, no filth too

great, to divert Him from the offer of salvation.

Prayer is a mighty force in the hands of perseverance, faith, and love. This is a chain that is elastic enough to reach out to the ends of the earth and bring back the wanderer to the paths of safety.

"Prayer changes things." Let us take a new hold on the "arm of the Lord" and never let go; for in God's sight there are no hopeless cases. "Whosoever will, let him come."—*Selected.*

JANUARY 27

20th Century Bible Course Experiences

T. A. MITCHELL

"WHEN divine power is combined with human effort, the work will spread like fire in the stubble."—*Review and Herald, December 15, 1855.*

From the field comes encouraging news about the lay members' effort with the 20th Century Bible Course, and how the "divine power" is leading souls to the truth.

At the time of writing, over 2,000 people are enrolled in the Dominion of New Zealand, while in Australia the number is growing to a very encouraging figure. Among the first to accept the message was an elderly gentleman who was not a bit interested in spiritual things until the Bible Course for home study came to his notice. As he studied, the Holy Spirit did His office work on the man's heart, and today he is found each Sabbath day in Sabbath school and church.

In another district a church member encouraged her niece to enrol and study the lessons; as a result, the niece, a married lady, is worshipping with the Advent believers each Sabbath.

An evangelist stepped into a home where the lady had enrolled for the course, and he studied the lessons with her and her husband. When the lesson on the Sabbath was reached, the lady of the house said, "We always keep holy the Sabbath. Monday is the first day of the week, and Sunday is the seventh." The evangelist said, "Let us look at the calendar; then let us go to the Scriptures again as given in the lesson." These people then remarked, "Why, surely, the Jews and the Seventh-day Adventists are the only people keeping the true Sabbath." They then decided that they would keep the Sabbath, and the evangelist directed them to the nearest S.D.A. church.

Church members, we must link our lives with Jesus in seeking to save the lost. Shall we do more to promote the 20th Century Bible Correspondence Course?

Missionary Volunteer Department

ADVANCING WITH CHRIST IN VICTORY

R. H. LIBBY

(Use for New Year Programme)

Notes to Leaders

UNDER the topic, "Victory," in the index of "Messages to Young People," will be found helpful source material. Such books as "Victory in Christ" and other similar titles will provide ample help on the subject.

The service might well close with illustrations of the Victory experiences of Seventh-day Adventist boys in the army. Two or three such well-told experiences will be of real inspiration.

This subject could well afford occasion for a testimony service if time permits.

Bible Study: VICTORIOUS LIVING

1. What must we forget before we can advance? Phil. 3: 13.
2. How concentrated must be our efforts if we are to obtain victory? Phil. 3: 13.
3. In what direction does Paul assert that victory lies? Phil. 3: 14, 15.
4. Who has successfully travelled the way before us? John 16: 33.
5. Who can advance victoriously? 1 John 5: 5.
6. Who is responsible for our victory? 1 Cor. 15: 57.
7. How does John explain our spiritual successes? Rev. 12: 11.
8. What are some of the rewards for victory? Rev. 3: 5, 12, 21; 21: 7.

We live in a world today when the minds and attentions of men are fixed upon war and the science of war. Headlines constantly remind us that we are fighting a war to the finish. Our attention is drawn to modern engines of war, to the latest science of warfare, and we are stirred as we behold the staggering results obtained from the latest methods of battle.

We read of advance attacks of plane formations for the purpose of "softening" the enemy, of the follow-up work of the mechanized forces intent upon clearing away the broken defences, and finally of the occupation of the infantry, supported by the artillery and preceded by the armoured divisions. The science of war has completely changed almost overnight. And how many innocent men and women, as well as children, have gone to sudden death while peaceful nations struggled to learn how to defend themselves against these new tactics! At this moment a new lesson is enforcing itself upon our nation—that wars are not won today by merely holding the defensive. We are convinced that to win this war we must take the offensive.

The spiritual war that Christian youth must fight is not a new war. The enemy's methods are not radically different now from what they have been with the youth of other ages. But the enemy has long assumed the offensive in the battle for the souls of men. We may well observe the results to nations losing defensive battles, and recognize that our spiritual victories will come as we take the offensive against the enemy of souls. Advancing with Christ in victory implies the offensive. It means that we have discarded the idea of waiting for the devil to strike. We are to "go forward" as Moses instructed the Old Testament church, having "compassed this mountain long enough." It is time that we go forward with Christ in victory. With the Apostle Paul we are "forgetting those things which are behind," and pressing forward to the prize, to the victory in Christ.

To advance with Christ in victory, we shall have to forsake the sins that have so long beset us, and with forced marches press into the offensive against the hosts of sin. Nothing short of active service for God will create an offensive. Surprising will be the results when we begin actively to work for God as true Missionary Volunteers. As we work for other defeated souls our own defeats will become victories. The Master's ringing command, "Go ye!" will become a reality in our lives, and one day we shall stand victorious and behold our undefeated General crowned "King of kings and Lord of lords."

Talk: I'LL DO IT

A battle of the Civil War was in progress. The enemy had taken a position upon a hill and there had located a battery in strategic position. Time after time the brave officers had led the soldiers up the hill against the battery only to be forced to retreat with heavy losses. On a hill overlooking the scene sat the general on his horse watching the battle through his field-glasses.

After viewing the carnage of his men and seeing them repeatedly defeated, he sent a messenger to one of his captains in charge of the battle. In a short time the captain was at his side and respectfully saluted his general; then awaited his orders.

"Will you take that battery?" asked the general as he looked the young captain in the eye.

"I'll try, sir!" came the response, and saluting, the captain turned to go. But the old experienced general was not satisfied, and signalled for the captain to come to his side again.

The young man did so, saluting as before, and awaited once more his commander's orders.

"Will you take that battery, captain?" asked the general with emphasis. The young man, seeing his commander in earnest, replied with similar emphasis: "I'll try, sir!" and again he turned away to make the attempt. The battle-scarred general was not satisfied, however, and for the third time he called his captain to him, and striking one gloved fist into the other hand, the while looking intently into the face of his under-officer, cried, "Captain, will you take that battery?"

The young man realized the urgency of the situation, and unhesitatingly he saluted and replied, "I'll do it or die, sir."

Needless to say the battery was taken and the victory won.

Jesus Christ is asking me, is asking you, today, "Will you conquer the enemy?" As we behold those wounded hands and see that pleading look, how can we but answer, "I'll do it or die, Lord!"—*Adapted.*

Poem: NOW

Rise! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armour
And forth to fight are gone;
A place in the ranks awaits you—
Each man has some part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern today.

Rise from the dreams of the future;
Of gaining some hard-fought field,
Of storming some airy fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield;
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honour, God grant it may!
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or the need so great as today.

Rise! if the past detains you,
Her sunshine and storms forget—
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret—
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever,
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife today.

Rise! for the day is passing.
The sound that you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle.
Arise! for the foe is near!
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
When, from dreams of a coming battle
You may wake to find it past.

—*Author Unknown.*

Story: BY THE TOUCH OF THE MASTER

Many centuries ago a number of workmen might have been seen dragging a great marble block into the city of Florence, Italy. It had come from the great marble quarries of Carrara, and had been brought to the city to be made into a statue of a famous man. But it contained some flaws, and Donatello, a celebrated Italian sculptor, when he saw it, refused to accept it; so there it lay in the cathedral yard, a useless block.

Some time later the great artist, Michelangelo, chanced to pass that way and saw the block. As he looked, there rose up in his mind a vision of beauty, and then and there he resolved to make of it a great statue.

On the 11th day of September, A.D. 1500, early in the morning, Michelangelo began his work. Day after day, week after week, he chiselled patiently away. He allowed no other hand to touch the marble. The days lengthened into weeks, and the weeks into months, and still the task was unfinished. Michelangelo was not idle, however, for he worked so hard that often he would sleep in his working-

clothes. On one occasion a friend questioned why he should spend so many days and weeks upon what appeared to be trifles, to which he replied, "It is these trifles that make perfection."

Finally, after more than three years of continued labour, the statue was finished, and on January 25, 1504, on the invitation of Michelangelo, a company of the greatest artists of his time assembled to view the work. They were a famous company including the architect Michelangelo, the great master Cosimo Roselli, the renowned artist Botticelli, also San Gallo, architect and engineer, with Leonardo da Vinci, the first painter of Italy, as well as Pietro Perugino, the teacher of Raphael.

The marvellous work was unveiled, and it stood for the first time challenging the admiration of one of the most famous assemblages of artists and architects that the world has ever known. They were all united in its praise, and their judgment was unanimous. It was a masterpiece and deserved no common place. It must stand in the public square as a tribute to the glory of their renowned city.

In May of that year it arrived in the great square of the city of Florence, where it stood for centuries. It is now within the walls of the Academy of Beautiful Arts, and were you to go there today you would behold the famed "David" by Michelangelo. It represents the Shepherd King, the sweet singer of Israel, in the strength of his ruddy youth. The eyes are full of keen perception, the right arm is poised so as to hold the sling, the body agile and strong. In one word, it is a masterpiece of art.

But Michelangelo's "David" is more than that. It contains an everlasting lesson for him who strives for mastery. Do you feel deserted and overcome? Then remember what a master can make of a useless block of marble. The lesson is one of hope, and it inspires us to know that no matter how worthless our lives might have been in the past, how great our failures, with the Master Artist of the universe to touch us with the divine chisel, we may know that characters may come forth which will one day be masterpieces in the great hereafter. In illustration of this, remember the worthless Jacob who became Israel, a Prince of God. Remember Simon, the swearing backslider, who became the apostle of Pentecost; and Mark, the coward, who became the courageous standby of the Apostle Paul.

Yes, my young friend, regardless of your past, Christ longs to make your life one of victory by His divine touch.—*Adapted.*

Poem: HAVE YOU AND I?

Have you and I
Stood silent, as with Christ, apart from joy
or fear
Of life, to see by faith His face;
To look, if but for a moment, at its grace,
And grow by brief companionship, more true,
More nerved to lead, to dare, to do
For Him at any cost? Have we today
Found time, in thought our hand to lay
In His and thus compare
His will and ours, and wear
The impress of His wish? Be sure
Such contact will endure
Throughout the day; will help us walk erect
Through storm and flood; detect
Within the hidden life, sin's dross, its stain;
Revive a thought of love for Him again;
Steady the steps that waver; help us see
The footpath meant for you and me.

—*Author Unknown.*

DEEPENING the SPIRITUAL LIFE Through DEVOTIONAL HABITS

By EDNA EDEBURN

WATERING THE SPIRITUAL LIFE

(Note: This symposium can be given by seven persons, or adjusted to more or less as the case may be. If your society is a large one, the exercise may take the form of a council. If your society is small, the parts could be previously assigned to members and have them given as talks, from the floor. The leader of the symposium would be the one sponsoring the religious activities in the society, or perhaps the regular M.V. Leader.)

LEADER: Our meeting today is to discuss devotional habits as a means of deepening the spiritual life. An exchange of ideas is always helpful, and I feel we need the inspiration that will come from this sort of discussion. James, just how do you think we should plan our time to secure the most opportunity for prayer and personal study?

JAMES: Your question reminds me of a little story I heard about John Erskine and his piano teacher. The teacher asked John how much practicing he was doing. "Three or four hours a day," he answered. "Do you practice in long stretches?" asked the teacher. John said, "I try to." "Well, don't!" exclaimed the teacher. "When you grow up, time won't come in long stretches. Practice in minutes, whenever you can find them—five or ten before school, after lunch, between chores. Spread the practice through the day, and piano-playing will become a part of your life." Now that does seem like good advice, doesn't it? Here a little, and there a little, and if we actually look to God a little at a time, it will soon become a habit worth having. We shall turn to Him as naturally as the sunflower turns to the sun all day. That's just the way God wants us to be—companions indeed.

LEADER: I think you have the right idea about using the odd moments. Ethel, what can you say about the Morning Watch? I see you always carry your calendar in your Bible, and I know you must be faithful in this line.

ETHEL: Well, to my mind, that is the first and most important thing in the morning. When we actually keep it as we should, we will not dare to start the day without the help that we know comes from it. It is like sending our roots down for their nourishment for the day. Then I like this quotation I found recently: "God has given us our intellectual and moral powers; but to a great extent every person is the architect of his own character. Every day the structure is going up." And that surely sounds as if each person is responsible for the kind of structure he is building.

LEADER: Some may have the mistaken idea that Christians do not have temptations to meet. Should our motive be that we will be safe from temptations?

RALPH: No, the devil will continue to tempt those whom he sees in prayer and Bible study and in Christian ministry, until he has either won or lost them. The active Christian is the one who is tempted the most, because Satan is trying so hard to keep him on his side. In "Desire of Ages," page 71, I read: "He [Christ] was subject to all the conflicts which we have to meet, that He might be an example to us in childhood, youth, and manhood. . . . From His earliest years Jesus was guarded by heavenly angels, yet His life was one long struggle against the powers of darkness."

LEADER: I like this little poem by Whittier on the Bible. Would you like to hear it?

ALL: Yes.

LEADER: (reads):—

"We search the world for truth, we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful,
From graven stone and written scroll,
From the old flower fields of the soul,
And, weary seekers of the best,
We come back, laden from our quest,
To find that all the sages said
Is in the Book our mothers read."

A short time ago a survey was conducted in New York city among some 140 Christian laymen. This revealed that the large majority received more spiritual help from the Bible, devotional literature, and prayer, than by listening to sermons or participating in worship services. Which only proves that our spiritual progress can be measured by the effort we put into it ourselves, not by what others impart. You know we get more good out of preparing a talk than from listening to someone else's production. Now isn't that the truth?

MARY: That's why, if we study a thing out for ourselves, it is ours, and no one can take it from us.

LEADER: That's just right, Mary. I've been hearing so much lately about the great awakening in the hearts of all peoples in Bible reading and prayer. It seems as if the world is ripening for just this sort of thing.

ETHEL: You know, we have always been told that God would call to our minds the Scriptures we had learned, at the time we need them. This must have been true of that soldier standing in the foxhole awaiting, he knew not what, repeating over and over the 23rd Psalm. This may have been all he knew, and if it was, it was a consolation; and besides, it was seed sown on good soil. His buddy in the foxhole heard the words. After the battle he went to his chaplain, repeated what he could remember of it, and said he wanted to learn the whole passage. The chaplain gladly gave him a Bible, and later saw him eagerly reading it and memorizing passages for himself.

SYLVIA: I read a touching incident the other day of a soldier on Guadalcanal who wrote to his mother and asked her to read daily the same chapter that he would be reading—9,000 miles away. I think I have the clipping in my pocket. Here it is: "Out here I have had time to think about the deeper things of the spiritual life. . . . Back home we went to church once in a while; but the fact is that the church and the Bible meant very little to us as a real power in our lives."

But I have been reading my New Testament, which the chaplain gave me, and it has caused me to think very seriously about my soul and the future. I am writing you, mother, to ask that you read with me a chapter from the New Testament each day. I have read through the Book of Matthew and will soon begin to read Mark. . . . This is my plan: Beginning about the middle of the month, you and father will read the first chapter of Mark, and I will read the first chapter 'way across the other side of the world. Each day we'll read the next chapter, and I shall feel that somehow we are united, sort of joining invisible hands; and I know that, if I come back, the church will mean more to us than ever in our lives."

LEADER: Aren't those interesting experiences? This meeting would not be complete without a word about Sgt. Johnny Bartek, and his Testament. Mary, do you think he just happened to have that Testament with him?

MARY: No, he was accustomed to reading the Bible at home, and to attending church, although he says he was not deeply religious. I am sure it was because of this that he had the Testament with him. And, too, because of his faith in what the Bible meant to him, he, then a private, was brave enough to take his Bible and read it on the sixth day afloat

on the raft. "Captain Rickenbacker and the others seemed relieved when I started to read, and I know I was," he said. Each day of those strenuous days on the raft, in the South Pacific, he read his Testament. He says this: "Without the Bible we might have given up. But ever so often we'd run across a passage that would force hope back into us like a dry sponge in a basin of water. I'm glad that plane fell—it took a lot of nonsense out of my life."

LEADER: Do you think our personal religious experience has any relation to our reverence for the house of God?

RALPH: Yes, it is bound to have. If we in our personal devotions reverence God, we shall naturally have the same reverence for Him in our churches. For He has promised that where two or three are gathered, He is there.

LEADER: Hazel, how can we best demonstrate to others our spiritual activities?

HAZEL: By helping others, we are demonstrating that we are followers of Him who "went about doing good." In fact, that seems about the only way to grow spiritually—by imparting to others. And to have anything to give, we must have a daily supply ourselves. Which all comes back to the point that we need our Morning Watch the first thing, then getting the habit of calling on God in prayer during the day as we need Him. The more we do this, the more we feel that companionship with Him.

LEADER: James, do you still have that poem entitled, "Opportunities for Today"?

JAMES: Yes, I do. Shall I recite it?

LEADER: Please do. It is so fitting.

Opportunities for Today

There are many opportunities

Along life's busy way;

And many opportunities

We're meeting every day;

There are many little kindnesses,

And cheery words to say;

But because of our activities

We let them slip away.

Let us plan to be more thoughtful,

And drive the cares away;

Let us plan to be more careful

Of what we do and say;

Let us plan to be more prayerful

Along life's busy way;

Let us plan to be more cheerful,

And watch, and help, and pray.

—Bertha Stottlemeyer.

LEADER: Then there is a poem I gave to someone else called "The Empty Prayer." Unless we follow up our prayers with actions, they mean nothing. Who has that poem?

HAZEL: I have it. (recites.)

The Empty Prayer

I knelt to pray when day was done,

And prayed, "O Lord, bless everyone;

Lift from each saddened heart the pain, *

And let the sick be well again."

And then I woke another day

And carelessly went on my way.

The whole day long I did not try

To wipe a tear from any eye;

I did not try to share the load

Of any brother on my road;

I did not even go to see

The sick man just next door to me.

I prayed, "O Lord, bless everyone."

But as I prayed, into my ear

There came a voice that whispered clear:

"Pause, hypocrite, before you pray;

Whom have you tried to bless today?

God's sweetest blessings always go

By hands that serve Him here below."

And then I hid my face, and cried,

"Forgive me, God, for I have lied;

Let me but see another day,

And I will live the way I pray."

—Selected.

LEADER: Well, my friends, our time is nearly up, but I have enjoyed this immensely. I feel so encouraged now in promoting our religious activities. There is another part in our programme today, I am told, so we must adjourn at once.

Talk: PREPAREDNESS

There's a reason why the tree growing on a windy mountain slope is more rugged than the one in the valley. It has more to buck up against. There's a reason why its roots dig deeper into the earth. The foundation must be deep enough and strong enough to keep the tree upright. As the harsh winds blow and the rain and sleet strike the tender branches, they become stronger and more rugged. When winter comes they are ready to brace against anything that might come. This, because their roots have dug deep into the soil for good nourishment. They have prepared the tree for its rugged outdoor life.

So it is with the Christian life. The roots may be likened to one's daily Christian experience. If they strike deep enough into the ground of faith and service, the seemingly difficult trials that come will not overcome the Christian. A daily Christian experience means a constant growth in character. Only this can prepare a Christian for the future. We have the remarkable experience of Daniel who prepared himself for the work God had for him to do. He rose to almost the highest position any man could on the earth, and was used of God as a faithful witness. But this was only because he prepared himself for it.

The story is told of Engineer Williams who for many years ran his engine over the same track. Around a curve in the road he could see half a mile ahead a bridge over a stream. One night he got to thinking what might happen if suddenly he rounded the curve and saw the bridge gone. So he planned just what he should do in an emergency. He would move one lever to shut off the steam, and another to throw on the brakes. Each night as he came to this place in the road he went over in his mind just what he would do to safeguard the passengers in case the bridge was gone. One night it happened. The bridge was gone. Melting snows from the mountainside had washed it away. But engineer Williams knew just what to do, and he didn't lose any time thinking about it—not a habit like that. He automatically did what he had planned to so many weeks before. The huge mass of iron and steel came to a stop just before the danger point was reached.

So in our Christian life. We can form habits that will cause us to turn to God and receive help, because we are in the habit of doing so.

JUNIOR M.V. DEPARTMENT

CALLED TO SERVE

Introduction

DR. JOHN WATSON says: "Service is the crowning glory of man, and however humble a man's sphere, he can, by exercising to the fullest possible degree his responsibilities as a citizen, render worthy service to his day and generation."

The true objective of the Christian's life must be the same as that of Christ. "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." Phil. 2:5. Through ministry to others, we are brought into a closer fellowship with Christ. "Christ's followers have been redeemed for service. Our Lord teaches that the true object of life is ministry. Christ Himself was a worker, and to all His followers He gives the law of service—service to God and to their fellow men. Here Christ has presented to the world a higher conception of life than they

had ever known. By living to minister for others, man is brought into connection with Christ. The law of service becomes the connecting link which binds us to God and to our fellow men."—"Christ's Object Lessons," page 326.

It is a law of the kingdom of God that whoever would be greatest must serve most. "But it shall not be so among you: but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant. Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." The royal brotherhood of the church is the brotherhood of service, and in this service the workers share the life and the power of God.

Poem: THE LAW OF A KING

The law of a king is service,
And the kingliest serve the most.
Then ye who are sons of promise
And would royal lineage boast,

Get under the common burden,
Go brother the brotherless sons,
And win the royal guerdon,
And thanks of the comforted ones.

For the suffering are numberless,
The sorrowing are a host,
The law of a king is service,
And the kingliest serve the most.
—Stanley F. Davis.

Talk: WORKERS TOGETHER

They couldn't have been more than five—the two small girls who waited impatiently for the kindergarten teacher to help them with their winter wraps. Ruthie had a new coat, and called attention to the fact as she hugged it close. But Beth, who stood next in line, was unimpressed.

"I have a new coat, too," she announced, "and it's lots nicer'n yours. See, it has fur. 'Cause my father is a doctor 'n makes lots of money. Your father's just a carpenter!"

Ruthie's brown eyes flashed indignantly as she countered: "My new coat does too have fur—see! 'n my daddy's a good carpenter! 'n he makes lots of money, too!"

Which seemed to settle the argument—at least so far as the two girls were concerned. But the little folks only reflected a mistaken idea which seems to prevail in the grown-up world as to the relative honour of a white-collar job and an overall job. Strange, isn't it?

For after all, they both find a common denominator in the word w-o-r-k! And so intricate and closely bound together are the various interests in this modern life of ours, that the professional person, no matter how white his collar or how unsoiled his hands, cannot carry on long without the co-operation of the artisans of the world. And neither of these classes of workers could do much without the men who dig our ditches, surface our roads, blast out our railroads, blast out our railroad tunnels, and do ten thousand other odds and ends of unclassified tasks that just must be done.

So after all nobody has any call to feel "set up" because his hands and clothes are cleaner at the end of the day than his neighbour's. We are all just workers—workers together—and that we be not just ordinary good workers is the one thing that matters, we must be best workers, in our particular line.

Story: VIRGINIA WORTHWHILE

Nurse Virginia Worth had just said goodbye to the patient she had "specialled" for three weeks, and was standing before the dresser in Room 257, gathering up medicine bottles and vials which must be cleared away.

As she stood there in her spotless white uniform, she smiled. What a satisfaction came to one after a long, tireless, anxious vigil—one that ended in life, not death! Appreciative

Mrs. Lane had christened her "Virginia Worthwhile" in those strenuous weeks when she had been so ill. She had coined the name herself. No one had ever before attached it to the nurse. And as Virginia meditated, she decided that she must work harder than ever to live up to it.

"Virginia Worthwhile"—her meditations were interrupted just at that moment by the entrance of the scrub woman. She was a thin little person with stooping shoulders, lined face, and gray hair strained back and screwed into a tiny knot—Nora O'Brian by name. She was an ardent admirer of Virginia Worth, who was almost constantly specialising somewhere in the great hospital, and the popular nurse had always been kind and considerate to her—just a scrub woman.

"How about this room, Miss Virginia?" she asked, an anxious look on her tired face.

"It should be scrubbed today," replied the nurse. "My patient left this morning, and someone else is sure to want it—Why! what's the matter, Mrs. O'Brian?" The slight scrub woman clutched for support of a chair, missed her hold and slid to the floor unconscious.

She burst into tears with returning consciousness, and sobbed: "I can't scrub any more today, Miss Virginia. I'm that sick I think I must go home."

Nurse Virginia Worth took the work-worn hand in her firm, capable one, and laid her cool fingers on its pulse. It was feeble and intermittent.

"You are sick, Mrs. O'Brian," she said gravely. "Tell me where you live, and I will take you home and arrange everything."

"Oh, but you mustn't," protested Nora O'Brian. "It's only a poor little place is my home."

"Never mind that," smiled Virginia Worth. "I'll get along."

"But —"

"No more buts, please," smiled the nurse. "I'm going to take you home and look after you, and that's all there is to it. I'll telephone Doctor Merton to come at once."

An hour later the scrub woman of Rosalind Hospital was on the bed in her tiny humble but clean rooms. And over her, skilful and alert and efficient as if her patient had been a millionaire, worked the hospital's very best nurse.

For three long weeks Virginia Worth gave Nora O'Brian the best care of which she was capable. And it was a battle worthy her best mettle—that bout of pneumonia.

When the scrub woman came to herself again, after the fever and delirium had passed, she said: "And to think you've been here all this time in this poor little place. And the grand nurse you are. It's too good to be true. I'm not worth it."

Nurse Virginia Worth bent over the little figure on the bed. "Listen, Mrs. O'Brian," she said gently, "I have never had a case over which I worked harder, or one in which I was more interested. I've fought for your life every step of the way, and I wanted to do it! Rosalind Hospital needs you just as much as it needs me."

She paused and then went on:—

"You are a scrub woman, I know, but don't you remember that Jesus washed His disciples' feet, and dried them on a towel? He was not above doing the humble things, and you must not think your life is of no value. Scrubbing floors is honourable work, and you needn't be ashamed of it. There now, lie back on your pillow; it's time for your medicine."

Over Nora O'Brian's face flashed a radiant smile. "Jesus," she murmured, "took a basin and washed His disciples' feet, and dried them on a towel." Even if she was only a scrub woman, Jesus would have her do her work well!

And after a long time, she looked up at the girl by her bedside and smiled again, where she had heard the words she did not even know herself, but she whispered them as if she loved them.

"Nurse Virginia Worthwhile!"

No matter how humble the work you do, remember it is your privilege to make it of high estate. Do it not only well, not only better, but best! For your own sake—and for Jesus' sake.

Talk: THEY STOOPED TO CONQUER

"He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Luke 14:14.

Dr. Stalker, the well-known Scottish preacher, tells a good story of Sir John Steel, the famous sculptor. When he had the Duke of Wellington sitting for a statue he wanted to get him to look warlike. All his efforts were in vain, however, for Wellington seemed, judging by his face, never to have heard of Waterloo or Talavera. At last Sir John lost patience somewhat, and this scene followed: "As I am going to make the statue of Your Grace, can you not tell me what you were doing before, say, the battle of Salamanca? Were you not galloping about the fields cheering on your men to deeds of valour by word and action?" "Bah!" said the duke, in evident scorn. "If you really want to model me as I was on the morning of Salamanca, then do me crawling along a ditch on my stomach, with a telescope in my hand." —*Detroit News-Tribune.*

A neat, rather prepossessing young man applied to John Wanamaker for a job a number of years ago, in Philadelphia and, when told that there was no job for him, said, "I am willing to do anything."

Thinking to get rid of him, Mr. Wanamaker said, "The only job I have is a job of washing windows." "I will take it," said the young man. He washed those windows as they had never been washed. In time he became the manager of the great store.

When this manager died, after twenty-five years of splendid service, Mr. Wanamaker said, "I am willing to pay as high as one hundred thousand dollars a year for a manager who can fill the place of the one I have lost."

Talk: TRUE MOTIVE IN SERVICE

Those who followed the Carpenter of Nazareth and the fishermen of Galilee found a new motive in work which made it a sacred ministry to God and their fellow men, and an appointed means of grace for their own moral development. "Men do work, but work makes men." The artisan is not simply engaged in labour, or the mechanic in his handicraft; they are shaping their own characters. The bootmaker is not merely making a pair of shoes; he is making his own soul. The builder is not merely erecting a house; he is raising a temple in which he with those who make their home in it may worship the Lord of all.

"Work honestly done is men's co-operation with the Divine Worker. It is our response to His invitation to join with Him to make the world serve the welfare and happiness of mankind."

"Nothing that God does for men is completed without their loyal co-operative effort. Nothing grows to its fullest strength unless man helps it by his work. The divine gift of the seed's life could not develop to its fruit but for man's skilful husbandry. By work he becomes a minister of life first to the grain and through it to his fellow men, enabling them in their turn to serve one another in one vast fellowship of work's service in the kingdom of God."

"Labour is the service each may offer to all, being at once giver and receiver in a reciprocal obligation of true brotherhood."

"The worker is the royal man, with the dignity which comes from the consciousness of service done to God and man. In the new heaven and the new earth of which he is a pioneer he will take his place among the citizens of the kingdom of God."

Christ's motive in service was to save all men, and to enrich them with heavenly riches. 2 Cor. 8:9; John 3:16.

God counts only that service which is rendered "unto Him" and not to please men. Eph. 6:6, 7.

"By love serve one another." Self must be put out of sight. Gal. 5:13.

Paul thought not of his own profit, but that of others "that they may be saved." 1 Cor. 10:33.

The truest work for Christ is wrought in self-forgetfulness, without consciousness of the important part one has taken.

JUNIORS REAP WHAT THEY SOW

By K. D. JOHNSON

Notes to Leaders

THE leader should be sure to ask the Juniors in advance to bring collections of both weed seeds and useful seeds. Some sort of prize might be given to the one who brings the largest variety.

The person who gives the talk may have various ones read the Bible verses.

Talk: JUNIORS REAP WHAT THEY SOW

Today we're going to talk about planting and harvesting. There's a text in Gal. 6:7 that says, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." That's a familiar text, but it's very true.

How many of you brought along a collection of seeds? That's fine. Let's see who brought the most kinds. (Speak of the various kinds of seeds that the Juniors have brought.)

First let us talk about the *weed seeds*. Just as surely as you plant them you'll have a harvest of weeds. And that isn't all. Some of the weeds cause a lot of trouble. Here's a burdock for example. I well remember how thick they grew in our woods back home on the farm. Every time we sheared the sheep we were docked on the price of wool because there were so many burs in it. Yes, and the burs caused the dog much trouble. It seemed as if he could never get all of them pulled out of his tail. How happy the dog was when I took time to assist him with his problem! There are types of plants or weeds which cause suffering or death when eaten. None of us would take time to plant weeds, for the harvest of weed planting is sure to be weed seeds.

Now let's talk about *useful plants and seeds*. What is it that is often called the staff of life? Bread. From what is most bread made? Wheat. It is really thrilling to drive through the country and see wheat being harvested. These fat kernels are used as a main food by millions of the people of earth. Yes, wheat is important. And remember this—you must plant wheat if you expect to harvest wheat. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Perhaps we ought to talk about a very common garden seed next. Peas. That's one of the most common, and really almost everybody likes to eat fresh early green peas. It's fun to plant them and it's fun to eat them. If you want to harvest peas, you must plant peas.

Jesus Himself brought out this fact when He declared, "Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" Matt. 7:16. Jesus was not only thinking of the plants which we see about us, but He was thinking of the plants and seeds of character. Just as surely as we plant

character weed seeds in our lives we are going to reap the fruits that go with those weeds. Just as surely as we plant good character seeds we'll reap the good.

Let us notice a few cases in the Bible where character weeds were planted. I think Jacob is a good example. When he was just a young man, he planted a weed called dishonesty. (Read Gen. 27:19, 20, 24.) Notice also that he had to reap the fruits of dishonesty. (Read Gen. 37:31, 32.)

Another character weed is pride. Why was it that Lucifer was cast out of heaven? Because he planted pride and allowed it to grow. He began to reap the harvest of pride when he was cast out of heaven, and he will finish reaping when he is eternally destroyed. It's a terrible thing to sow character weeds, for the sower will have to reap accordingly.

We Juniors realize that cigarette smoking, whisky drinking, and reading cheap literature habits are weeds that we would not want to plant or harvest.

Let us think on the happier side—of the good seeds which every Junior and every young man and young woman will want to plant in order that there may be a happy harvest time.

Plant seeds of truth. We live in a time when we hear a lot about freedom. Jesus promised that the truth will bring freedom. (Read John 8:32.)

Plant obedience. Obedience is simply commandment keeping. If we keep the commandments we'll have more real fun in this life. And that isn't all. We'll have life everlasting. (Read Rev. 22:14.)

Plant kindness. You'll bring yourself a harvest of joy, and at the same time you'll bring joy to others.

Plant loyalty. When young Esther was faced with the great problem of whether or not to go before the king to ask for the life of her people she showed that she was loyal and brave. (Read Esther 4:16.) What sort of harvest did she reap for her loyalty and bravery? She saved her life and the life of her people.

We could go on and name a long list of good character seeds that will yield us a joyous harvest if we plant them. Really, there are so many good seeds to plant that there should be no time to trifle with weeds. May God help us Juniors to plant and cultivate the good seeds so that we may get the most fun out of this life and meet Jesus with joy at the harvest time.

Poem: HOW TO BE HAPPY

Are you almost disgusted with life, little man?

I'll tell you a wonderful trick

That will bring you contentment, if anything

can,

Do something for somebody, quick!

Are you awfully tired with play, little girl,

Wearied, discouraged, and sick?

I'll tell you the loveliest game in the world,

Do something for somebody, quick!

—Author Unknown.

Story: JIMMY GETS PAID

Jimmy McKay and the Thayer twins were having great fun swimming in the cool waters of the irrigation ditch, and between swims they rolled around on the warm sand wishing and talking of work for the summer months.

"Doesn't seem to be much that boys can do," said Jimmy; "but grandma says to keep looking; they'll be wanting a good boy sometime, somewhere."

With this the boys were again in the water. Suddenly Roy rolled out on to the bank, "Hi, you," he called in a loud whisper. "Come out—the cop's coming."

"The cop?" Jimmy looked up in surprise. "What do we care?"

Just then a khaki-dressed man appeared at the top of the bank, and for a moment gazed at the boys in silence.

"Caught you in the act, didn't I? he declared in anger. "You Thayer twins I know—warned you last year, but who's this new fellow?"

Jimmy stood up. "I'm James McKay, and I didn't know it was forbidden to swim in the ditch."

"Where's your parents?" the officer inquired. "They should have told you."

"They're in China. I live with my grandmother, sir," Jimmy replied.

"Missionaries, well these fellows might have let you know," said the man, looking grimly at the twins. "It's against the law to swim in any irrigation ditch, £10 fine for the second offence each year," he added. "No one drinks this water between here and the town, but law's law, and you better mind your P's and Q's if you know what's good for you," and he walked away.

"It's a good thing he doesn't fine us for first offence," remarked Jimmy, and the boys started home.

The next day Jimmy was trying to read a book when he heard the twins call, "Come on, Jim. Water's fine and no cops today."

"You fellows aren't going in again—after yesterday, are you?" exclaimed Jimmy.

"Sure thing. The cop comes only once every year. Don't be a sissy, come along."

Jimmy considered. It was a hot day and the temptation was great. Then remembering—he straightened up. "Sorry," he declared, "guess I'll not go."

An hour later two dripping boys paused in front of Jimmy's gate and began to taunt him. The next day the twins went to the ditch and didn't stop for Jimmy. He wondered if he was acting like a silly boy. When lunch was over he took his swimming suit and he and Rags started for the river. It was half a mile away and the other boys didn't like the walk, but Jimmy didn't mind and soon reached the last juniper scrub, where he paused and got into his swimming suit.

He had a good swim. Rags was good company, but he missed the boys. The only excitement was that he saw the hat of the mill owner's daughter floating down stream and set Rags to rescue it.

It so happened that all three came home about the same time and met by Jimmy's gate.

"Been to the river?"

"Yep! But say, did the cop come back today?"

"Naw!" Roy's tone was full of disgust. "We told you he never comes but once a year—we've lived here six years, and no one's ever been really arrested yet."

"Too bad," remarked Jimmy frankly. "I don't think much of him as a policeman. He's not up on law enforcement."

That evening the "Daily" want column held this startling sentence: "Wanted a boy to help in City Park. See Charles Mason at Park Hotel."

The Thayer boys had been watching that column for weeks, and here was their chance at last.

It was not difficult to find Mr. Charles Mason, who was mowing the lawn at the park. "Oh!" exclaimed Ray, as he looked at the giant trees and cool lawn. "Won't it be great to work here?"

"Sure will," said Roy, and the two sped over the soft grass.

"Well you boys ain't the first that's been to see me," said Mr. Mason dryly, as he listened to their request for work. "And I don't mind telling ye, I haven't hired any of 'em yet."

"Oh, then you'll take us, won't you, Mr. Mason?" coaxed Roy. "We're twins and work together, so we'd get a lot done."

"Oh, I know who ye be! Got a friend who knows ye, too. Guess I can't hire ye though, no more'n the rest."

"Why not?" asked both boys at once.

"Well—" said Mr. Mason, "how'd I know if

ye'd mow the grass straight and honest, and if ye'd weed the flowers right when my back was turned?"

"Oh, we'd work on the square," they promised.

"Dunno. Talk's cheap. If a feller won't keep the law in one point, he mightn't in another."

"But we're not law breakers," protested Ray indignantly. "We never —" the boy thought of something and stopped suddenly.

"Ain't ye! Folks might differ about what's lawbreakin' and what ain't. Who's that comin'?"

"It's Jimmy McKay," answered Roy.

"Thought so. Knewed Jimmy's pa when he warn't as big as you. Mighty square feller he was, too. Hello Jimmy! Want a job?"

"Good evening, Mr. Mason," replied Jimmy as he joined the party. "Why—yes, I sure would like this job with you. But I guess you were intending to hire someone else."

"Nope. Glad to take you though, if ye'll come. Want only law-abidin' folks to work

with—seen too many of t'other kind in my day. Be here tomorrer 'bout seven?"

"Yes, indeed, I will. And thank you, Mr. Mason." And Jimmy wondered how such good fortune had come to him.

"What's it all mean, fellows?" asked Jimmy of the boys after the old man started off with his mower.

"Just what he says, I s'pose," admitted Roy. "He wants folks that keep the law to work for him, and I don't know's I blame him."

"Maybe it pays a boy to knuckle under, even if he doesn't get arrested," Ray put in.

"Dad always said it did," Jimmy replied simply.

And a letter written that night told a loving-hearted father and mother in China how it had paid Jimmy to keep the law, even in so small a thing as swimming in the irrigation ditch.—*Abbreviated from Opal Lenore Gibbs in "Christian Youth."*

Sabbath School Mission News

JANUARY 6

Bougainville

As the Thirteenth Sabbath offering of this quarter goes to the rehabilitation of our work in Bougainville, our Sabbath school members will be interested in the following description of the field as given by Pastor Norman Ferris:—

Bougainville, situated in the north-west section of the Solomon Islands group is, for the purpose of administration, a part of the Mandated Territory of New Guinea. It is 120 miles long, with an area of 3,880 square miles for its 45,000 inhabitants to roam in. The island is wonderfully fertile, exceedingly mountainous and picturesque, with but few natural all-weather harbours.

The natives of Bougainville in olden times were notoriously savage fighters and gave to the various Administrations a great deal of trouble, particularly the Kieta district natives, who had the doubtful honour of being some of the most untameable savages in the Mandated Territory.

A marked change is observed today for, under mission influence, heathenism has given way to Christian conduct, and little of the old-time devil worship is now to be found, except back in the mountains. In 1921 both the Methodist Missionary Society of New Zealand and the Melanesian Mission commenced missionary activity on the island.

In 1924 our work commenced when the Solomon Islands Committee released Pastor and Mrs. Tutty from work on Vella Lavella and invited them to begin work in the Kieta district, which was then included in the Territory of New Guinea was organized into a mission field Bougainville was transferred and became a part of the Mandated Territory.

These pioneers found a most interesting mission field, and with the assistance of Solomon Islands teachers, and labouring under difficult conditions, have observed the steady growth of the advent message until today wellnigh a thousand of these people are rejoicing in the hope of the coming of the Lord.

When Pastor Pascoe was compelled to leave with the coming of the Japanese, he left behind a faithful band of native leaders and workers, who have continued on with the missionary programme in spite of dangers of war. While we deeply regret the tragic loss of some of our native teachers and people, we do know that

their names are written in the Lamb's book of life.

The cause of God has every reason to be thankful for the faithful service rendered by these consistent Christian native workers who have stood so loyal. When the curtains of war are rolled back and the full story of the work rendered by these men can be told, it will reveal the providential workings of the Spirit of God, and all made possible by the generous gifts of our people over past years.

JANUARY 13

Sabbath School in the Cook Islands

JAMES E. CORMACK

God's people in the Cook Islands enjoy their Sabbath schools. The Titikaveka school is typical of the others scattered throughout the group. Each Sabbath morning 140 members may be found seated and eagerly awaiting the chime of the clock on the wall. Our enthusiastic superintendent has created an atmosphere of air-mindedness during the quarter. A chart hangs before the Sabbath school, depicting a Flying Fortress standing ready to take off. Half-past eight strikes, and 140 pairs of eyes transfer their attention from the clock to the flying ship where the retractable passenger-steps are seen slowly ascending into the plane. What a pity if a passenger comes in after the steps are taken up! The plane needs petrol. It costs 10s. each week to send the gospel "flying in the midst of heaven" to lands afar. The ground-crew has been very faithful, for not once during the quarter has the plane been grounded. Most Sabbaths extra tanks were fitted and longer missions undertaken. The superintendent announced that the excellent offerings would enable us to send the plane on a very special trip on Thirteenth Sabbath. The voyage was to be a hazardous one, but the co-operation of all Sabbath school members would ensure the successful completion of the important assignment.

The end of the quarter came at last, and there, as we entered the church, was our Flying Fortress already on its course, flying fast over the tree tops. But all was not well. The plane was over enemy territory and there, right in her path, we saw a huge anti-aircraft gun being placed in position to wreck the gospel plane and bring it spinning to the ground. As

we took our seats we could plainly read the name on the gun. It was "Karapi" (Selfishness), the most devastating weapon turned out by the Corrupt Armament Works, under the supervision of the enemy of souls. It has a fire-power sufficient to blast Sabbath schools, churches, and all forms of mission endeavour attempted by the Allies of God.

We were reminded that, if our home workers turned out the supplies, there would be nothing to fear from the enemy's guns. An offering of £2 would provide our plane with "power" bombs sufficient to deal with the worst the enemy could bring to bear upon it. Two young ladies cheered us to a greater production by sweetly singing, "Out of the Ivory Palaces." No sacrifice that we could make would ever compare with that of Jesus when He left the ivory palaces at God's throne and stood alone on this earth against the most ruthless of foes.

After the offering was taken the plane disappeared from view while four members of the Sabbath school brightly conducted us through the quarter's lessons. The children, fifty-six in number, came in from their division and sang two pretty numbers. Thirteen boys and girls presented the quarter's memory verses in novel dialogue form, and then our Flying Fortress reappeared.

We don't know what became of that gun! The explosion was not made by an ordinary bomb. It was a "black-buster," and they cost £3 6s. to produce. When the smoke cleared away there just wasn't any gun!

An offering of £9 3s. 10d. for the first twelve Sabbaths has never been reached before at Titikaveka, while the Thirteenth Sabbath offering was an all time record and brought the total to £12 9s. 11d. This amount will appear small in the eyes of our homeland Sabbath schools, but when economic conditions are considered, the comparison is favourable to the Cook Islands school.

A year ago we reintroduced the daily study plan. Between 70 and 100 members of the Titikaveka Sabbath school are now faithfully studying their lessons each day. Fifty-seven Perfect Record cards were presented for last quarter, and nineteen received silk book-marks in recognition of an unbroken record in attendance, punctuality, and daily study.

In thirteen Sabbath schools and two branch schools scattered throughout the Cook Islands, we have a membership of 500. Each school is conducted exactly as are the schools in the homeland, and we have long since reached the goal, "each church member a member of the Sabbath school." Yes, our people in the Cook Islands do enjoy their Sabbath schools.

JANUARY 20

Early Days on Bougainville

R. H. TUTTY

[As our Thirteenth Sabbath offering this quarter goes to the rehabilitation of the work at Bougainville, we are glad to be able to present this message from Pastor R. H. Tutty, who was our pioneer missionary at Bougainville.]

BOUGAINVILLE is a large mountainous island which is situated on the top end of the double row of Solomon Islands. The bottom end of Bougainville, named Buin, is separated from Faisi, which is the northern port of entry into the British Solomon Islands, by a channel of eleven miles. This channel is the boundary between the Solomons and the Territory of New Guinea. No native is allowed to cross this strip of water without running the risk of being arrested and imprisoned. Boats have to report and be examined by the government officials on arrival at the ports.

The census of natives in Bougainville reveals a population of 45,000, and there are

also 3,000 other natives who are indentured labourers working on the plantations situated on the northern and eastern sides of Bougainville. There are two volcanoes, and one, Banoni, is always very active. The natives say that their heathen paradise is near this volcano, a place where there are plenty of women, pigs, and taro.

There are numerous tribes in Bougainville, each speaking a different dialect. The southern and inland tribes speak Papuan dialects, which sound harsh and guttural, but the others speak Melanesian dialects. The Melanesian dialects are easier to learn because they have more simple rules in grammar, but the Papuan dialects are all different.

Pastor Jones visited Bougainville in 1918 on the first trip of the "Melanesia." He reported a very promising field then unentered by any Protestant society. The Roman Catholics were well established, and they had many stations long before the Germans took control of the island. The Germans gave them the exclusive right to work the island. In 1920 the Methodists crossed over from the Solomons and located in Buin, on the top of Bougainville, and later in Sivali district on the western coast. Four years later we crossed over and located in Buin. We found the officials very friendly, and they gave us every assistance they could. Later our work extended to Kieta and Inus districts. These places are sixty miles apart.

A Buin lad who had left Bougainville many years ago and was working at Tulagi, the centre of the Solomons, offered to take us to his place. He said they were calling for a missionary there. We went to Lavilai and found the natives rather reserved, but they finally consented to allow us to settle near their village. This was the start of our work in the Territory of New Guinea. We had to land through the surf, and our equipment was a few sheets of iron, a tank, and a stove. With bush timber a small house was built with a thatched roof. We covered the floor with scrim to keep the mosquitoes from coming up through the cracks. The mosquitoes were there by the thousands, and often we put our feet into mail bags and wrapped a rug round us leaving one hand free to brush the mosquitoes off our faces.

The natives were polygamists and very jealous of their wives. The wives carried large fans and would hide behind these if a strange man was near. Pigs and dogs were everywhere, and the natives were suffering with elephantiasis and sores. They feared a supposed large snake which lived in a large lake at the back of Lavilai. At first the men only came to worship, but we made them understand that we expected the women also to attend the services, otherwise we would go away. When the men and women met they were very embarrassed, the men turning their backs to the road when the women passed and the women crouched behind their large fans.

The dead were cremated with heathen rites of shouting and dancing. When the fires died out the natives would probe round with a stick to find some hard substance, and this they declare is the "poison" that the deceased died from. All this is of the past, and today they have a new village, Orava, about half a mile away, and the pigs have gone. The natives are nicely clothed, polygamy has nearly disappeared, and all attend the services regularly. Some have gone out as missionaries to other places—one to Mussau, one to Ramu, and other places.

Lavilai was the start in the work on Bougainville. Later Pastor Campbell came across and relieved us in Lavilai, and I went up the coast searching for other interests and located 120 miles away at Inus. Eleven years later (1935) the work was being conducted in 28 other villages, and there was a Sabbath school membership of 892, an average attendance of 630, and 252 had perfect records. Ninety-one were baptized. This includes teachers. Truly the gospel is the power of God unto salvation.

The More Abundant Life

A. GALLAGHER

TIME has rolled on and on since the Lord Jesus, the greatest commander the earth has ever seen, commanded His servants, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." In obedience to this injunction men and women have voluntarily arisen and offered themselves for this service.

It is advisable for us to check up and ascertain whether these orders are being obeyed; whether the gospel is being preached to all creatures of the earth or not. If we begin at the far north and wind our way round down the globe to the very south we find this commission being fulfilled in hundreds of countries and languages. We need at all times to remember this injunction of the Lord Jesus, for it is the last great sign of Bible prophecy to be fulfilled before His reappearing—"And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come."

In obedience to the voice of the great commanders on earth today men and women are actually being wiped off the face of the earth in thousands. How different, friends, in obeying the voice of the heaven-sent Commander! Instead of death being dealt out on all sides and among all creatures, the more abundant life is being given to him "that believeth and is baptized."

Here in the New Hebrides, souls once degraded and lost are privileged to lay hold on that "more abundant" life so freely offered. The command is to preach, to teach, and to baptize. On the twenty-fourth of March this year, along the shaded shore of the palm-clad slopes of "Redcliffe," Aoba, a goodly number of about two hundred people were gathered to witness the baptism of eight precious souls. "Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." Yes, and joy on earth too. Among those baptized was a man who for many years had carried on one of the most extensive native businesses on this island. He operated a store in conjunction with his plantation, thus engaging a number of labourers. He built himself a little weatherboard cottage and freely entertained Europeans, business men, and officials from other services. The people in that community thought that they had reached the last round on the ladder of fame. What more could they learn. They were living after the fashion of the white man, at least their chief thought he was, thus causing all to think likewise. Right at the peak of his career the whole situation changed. One day he was privileged to be introduced to an entire stranger, the Lord Jesus Himself, and he has entertained the Lord ever since.

Three workers are engaged to conduct the mission work in that area. Their success in this part of the vineyard will undoubtedly be an encouragement to you in the homeland, who, by your loyal support, make it possible for the work to advance as it does. We accept, kind friends, with no little appreciation your assistance so manifestly shown by your splendid offerings for the work in the islands. We thank you all for your prayers, and solicit your continued interest in the work and workers in the New Hebrides.

THE MISSIONARY LEADER

PUBLISHED BY THE

AUSTRALASIAN UNION CONFERENCE OF SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS

"Mizpah," Wahroonga, N.S.W., Aust.

Edited by A. G. STEWART

Printed for the Australasian Conf. Assn. Ltd., by Signs Publishing Company, Warburton, Vic.