



THE MISSIONARY LEADER



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The Press a Mighty Lever

FREDERICK GRIGGS

WHEN I was a boy in high school I had a teacher who very often in the grammar class had us analyse this sentence, "The printing-press is the lever that moves the world of mind." No less than a score of times, I suppose, did this teacher give us this sentence to be analysed. It fixed itself very firmly in my mind. As I have grown older I have recognized the truth that this sentence contains. During the past hundred years the printing-press has been one of the greatest factors in bringing new conditions of life, living, and enlightenment to the world. It is one of God's greatest means of proclaiming His gospel of love.

The printing-press was invented at about the beginning of the great Reformation that followed the Dark Ages. It aided mightily in the work of the Reformation. The Bible was translated from an unknown tongue into the language of the people, and then printing made it possible for all, rich and poor, to possess it. The sixty-six books of the Bible were printed as sixty-six separate books or tracts. The rich could buy all of them; some

of the poorer families could unite in buying all, and thus have the entire Bible, but multitudes could purchase but one of these separate books. The Bible today is published in whole or in part in 1,062 languages. More Bibles are still sold each year than any other book.

The troubles through which the whole world is passing are causing every thoughtful person to inquire, "What do these things mean?" The pen and the press are one means of answering that question, and we must use them. Every believer in the salvation which Christ is soon to bring to the earth should be distributing literature. "Let the leaflets and tracts, the papers and books, go in every direction." One does not have to be educated to make wise use of the printed page. We have had believers who could not read take the Bible to their neighbours who could read, and ask that the Scriptures be read to them. The Word of God which was thus read, brought those who did the reading to Christ. As believers in the salvation of Christ, let us enter upon a new campaign of spreading the news of salvation through the printed page to every soul. We are to "sow beside all waters." The Lord will bless us in giving the truth, as well as those receiving it.

the Word while living in those lonely marine stations.

Soon it will be our last opportunity to give this last message. Shall we plan to do more while we have time and opportunity?

MARCH 17

The Ministry of Tract Distribution

ERNEST LLOYD

THE ministry of tract distribution is a humble ministry—and God blesses it. I like to recall the last visit I had with Elder J. N. Loughborough at the St. Helena Sanitarium a short time before his death. We talked of the pioneers in the Advent movement, and of their faithfulness in witnessing for God at every opportunity. He told me about their habit of carrying tracts to pass out to those who were willing to read, and of their earnest prayers following the distribution of the literature. They did not have the great variety of tracts and papers that we have today, nor the means to print as we do now, but they were faithful and enthusiastic in the humble tract ministry, and God worked through them. He will do the same today if we will give more thought and time and prayer to the great witnessing work committed to us in these eventful times.

Only a few weeks ago a lady called at the home of one of our pastors to inform him that an Adventist tract given her while she was shopping had aroused her serious interest, and that she wanted more light. She is now walking in the light with the believers in that place. Do you make it a habit to carry a few pieces of small literature to pass out here and there when you are out among the people?

The lowly ministries performed with love and sincerity are pleasing to God, and His Spirit works through them to the salvation of souls. If our people would give more thought and time to this witnessing work in the daily routine of life, making it an habitual thing, they would be greatly blessed in their own souls, and a new experience would come into many churches.

MARCH 24

Is the Seed Lost?

HENRY F. BROWN

WE scatter our literature by the ton, and we wonder at times if it pays. Is not this lost effort?

In London a deep well was being dug. Clay brought up forty feet, that had not seen the light of day for centuries, was used as filling. In a few weeks it was covered with plants—many of them unknown to botanists. The seeds had been lying for untold years embedded in the clay; and under proper conditions, they sprouted.

The Spirit of prophecy reminds us that many of these books and pamphlets that are distributed lie dust-covered in homes; but when sorrow comes, they will be taken from the shelves and the message read and accepted.

The "Great Controversy" adds that in the latter rain "The message will be carried not so much by argument as by the deep conviction of the Spirit of God. The arguments have been presented. The seed has been sown, and

SUGGESTIVE TALKS for Ten-Minute Exercises

MARCH 3

Added to the Lord

T. A. MITCHELL

Key Thoughts: "For he [Barnabas] was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith: and much people was added unto the Lord." Acts 11:24. "And he that winneth souls is wise." Prov. 11:30.

We can also truthfully say and he that is wise winneth souls. All cannot give full time to direct soul-winning work, but all can engage directly or indirectly in soul-winning activities. Barnabas was a good man, and being anxious to fully serve God he did his part and the Holy Spirit worked with and through him, and the record says many were added to the Lord—not only to the church, but to the Lord.

There are those who are in the world, but not of it; today God is calling out a people who not only have their names on the church records indicating that they have been added to the church, but by a life of witnessing they demonstrate that they have been added to the Lord Himself.

Jesus is linked with the Father with an everlasting unity. He is also linked with us in Christian service seeking to save the lost. Jesus wants us to be His for now and for eternity, and through the talents and lips of consecrated lives He desires to win others and still others to the church and to Himself.

We all can, like Barnabas, labour to bring souls to the Lord. The greatest evidence that we are His and not the world's is revealed in soul-winning service. It may be by giving away a tract a day. It may be a sympathetic

letter to the bereaved; the posting of a paper to a soul in prison, or a tract or a bunch of flowers to the patient in hospital. He that is wise winneth souls.

MARCH 10

The Last Message

T. A. MITCHELL

Key Thought: "This is the last message. There are no more to follow; no more invitations of mercy to be given after this message shall have done its work. What a trust!"—"Testimonies," Vol. V, pages 206, 207.

For one hundred years this message has been going to a needy world. Noah had one hundred and twenty years to complete his ark and give the message for his time, but no one knows how much longer we today will have to witness for the Master.

The times in which we live demand our very best for the Master's service, and our every talent to be used for His work on earth.

"Those who consecrate body, soul, and spirit to God, will constantly receive a new endowment of physical, mental, and spiritual power. The inexhaustible supplies of heaven are at their command. Christ gives them the breath of His own spirit, the life of His own life."—"Gospel Workers," page 112.

What a glorious privilege is ours to be linked with Christ in giving this last message to our neighbours, friends, and others! We can take with us from the church this day a fresh supply of the "Evangel" series tracts, or take some advertising leaflets for the 20th Century Bible Course and then by correspondence send those leaflets to some needy soul.

One good sister secured the address of all the lighthouses along the New South Wales coast and sent the leaflets to the lighthouse keepers, believing they would appreciate the study of

now it will spring up and bear fruit. The publications distributed by missionary workers have exerted their influence, yet many whose minds were impressed have been prevented from fully comprehending the truth or from yielding obedience. Now the rays of light penetrate everywhere, the truth is seen in its clearness, and the honest children of God sever the bands which have held them. Family connections, church relations, are powerless to stay them now. Truth is more precious than all besides. Notwithstanding the agencies combined against the truth, a large number take their stand upon the Lord's side."—*"Great Controversy,"* page 612.

So keep scattering the literature—especially the *Signs of the Times*, one of our greatest soul-winners. The seed will germinate and you will see the harvest.

MARCH 31

Christians, Arise!

ETHEL HULTGREN

ELDER W. A. SPICER has said, "It is not time but a task that prevents the return of Jesus." There is much work to be done, but "the labourers are few."

"God can grow trees, and lift mountains, and fill space with singing stars, and people earth with bright-eyed babies, and stretch the seas from continent to continent, and weigh the nations as dust in the balance, and fill the earth with His glory; but He has so arranged things that He needs our help in the salvation of a lost world, in comforting a broken heart, in making the desert blossom as the rose for those whose light has gone, and into whose lives the night has come. Let us help God with His work."

In Revelation we read of a period in the life of the church when we shall be asleep. It is said that few churches today have a reporting membership of 25 per cent. Is that being "awake"? Surely there needs to be far more "wrestling" with God for the salvation of souls.

"The professed followers of Christ are on trial before the heavenly universe; but the coldness of their zeal, and the feebleness of their efforts in God's service, mark them as unfaithful."

What are you doing for your family, your relatives, your friends, your neighbours, your employer, and fellow workers? Must you answer, "Nothing," or offer a vain excuse? Oh, pray for your own soul's salvation if such is the case. Let us pray daily:—

"Stir me, O stir me, Lord! I care not how,
But stir my heart in passion for the world."

M.V. DEPARTMENT

THE LAND WHERE JESUS LIVED

Arranged by ALICIA M. HOWARD

"... those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago were
nailed,
For our advantage on the bitter cross."

—Shakespeare.

Introduction

THE land where Jesus lived had many names. It was called "Canaan" or "land of Canaan," from earliest times until after Judges. During the times of the Kings it was usually called "the land of Israel." The prophets gave it various titles, as "land of Jehovah," "the glo-

rious land," the "Holy Land." From the time of the captivity it was usually called "Judea." Since Bible times it has been called "Palestine" or the "Holy Land." (McKibbin.)

Talk: WHY GOD CHOSE CANAAN

"The land to which Abraham had been divinely led was one in keeping with the great purposes of God—that to his posterity should be committed pre-eminently the religious education of the world. Lying in the centre of the then-known world, in close contact with Europe, Asia, and Africa, spiritual influences would radiate from it to a wider circumference than was possible from any other country."

—Geikie, "Life and Words of Christ," Vol. I, page 34.

Situated between the "Great Sea" and the Arabian Desert, it was the "land bridge" between Europe, Asia, and Africa, and yet with isolation enough to be separate and distinct." (Kern, "New Testament History.") "Yet strange to say, though Palestine was a public highway, it was almost wholly separated from actual contact with the other nations, except on the north where it had Syria for a neighbour, but even there the Lebanon mountains were a wall of separation. To the east was the Syrian desert, and to the south stretched another desert, while westward rolled the waters of the Great Sea."

"Thus God in His wisdom set His people in the midst of the nations that they might give to them a knowledge of Himself and yet made them a separate people, that they might not be corrupted by intimate association with idolaters."—McKibbin, "Old Testament History."

"By the time of Jesus, the Great or Mediterranean Sea had become a great highway of the nations, so that on its waters the gospel would be carried from Palestine to the cities and nations of the populous west."—Kern, "New Testament History."

Talk: BOTANY OF THE LAND

Within the narrow limits of that strip of coast, as we might call it, are gathered the features of countries most widely apart. The peaks of Lebanon are never without patches of snow, even in the heat of summer. Snow falls nearly every year along the summits of the central ridge of Palestine, and over the tablelands east of the Jordan. On the other hand, in the valley of the Jordan, summer brings the heat of the tropics, and the different seasons in different parts vary according to the elevations.

Thus within the extent of a single landscape there is every climate, from the cold of northern Europe to the heat of India. The oak, pine, walnut, maple, juniper, poplar, willow, ash, and the ivy and hawthorn trees, grow luxuriantly on the heights of Bashan, Hermon, and Galilee. Hence the traveller from the more northerly temperate lands finds himself in some parts, surrounded by trees and vegetation of his own country. He sees the apple, pear, the plum, and rejoices to see the familiar wheat and barley. The Englishman is delighted to find himself surrounded by many of the flowers of his native land. It looks like home to see the yellow water-lily, the hyacinth, the mignonette, geraniums, the daisy, dog-rose, and dandelion.

The traveller from more southern countries is not less at home from whatever part he comes; be it sunny Spain, or western India, he will recognize well-known forms, in one or other, in such a list as the carob, the oleander, and the willow skirting the streams and water-courses; the sycamore, the olive, the date-palm, the acacia, and the tall tropical grasses and reeds; or in such fruit as the lime, pomegranate, and almond. The sight of the fields of cotton, millet, and rice, and of patches of lemons, and yams and other southern or tropical field or garden crops will carry him back in thought to his home.

There can be no more vivid illustration of the climate of any land than the vegetation it yields, and Palestine tried by this test, re-

produces climates and zones which in other countries are separated by many hundreds of miles.—*Selections from "Life and Words of Christ,"* Geikie, Vol. I.

Vocal Item: "That Beautiful Land," No. 35, Alexander's No. 3

Talk: THE LAND AND THE BOOK

"The contrast between the influences which have most affected the world, and the centres from which they have sprung, is very striking. Greece, the mother of philosophy and art, is not quite half the size of Scotland; Rome, the mighty mistress of the world, was only a city of Italy; Palestine, the birthplace of our Lord, and the cradle of revelation, is about the size of Wales. . . . Yet it is an additional peculiarity of the Holy Land in relation to the history of religion, that its physical features and position together, brought it from the earliest ages in contact with the widest range of peoples and empires. . . . The Saviour of the world was not surrounded by the Jew alone, but by a population representing the tribes and nations of the earth. The inscription on the cross in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew was the symbol of the relation of Christ's life and death to all humanity. But perhaps the most striking peculiarity of Palestine as the spot chosen by God for His revelation of religious truth to our race, and for the incarnation of the Saviour of mankind, is, that it presents within its narrow bounds, the characteristics of climate and production, scattered over the globe—from the snowy north to the tropics."

"The literature of a country necessarily takes the colour of the local scenery and external nature. Hence a book written in almost any land is unfitted for our countries, in which life and nature are different. Thus the Koran, written in Arabia, is essentially an Eastern book, in great measure unintelligible to nations living in climate, and modes of life different from Arabia. The sacred books of other countries have had only a local reception. The Bible alone finds a welcome among nations of the earth. It is the one book in the world, which men everywhere receive with equal interest and reverence. The inhabitant of the coldest north finds in its imagery something that he can understand, and it is a household book in multitudes of homes in the sultriest regions of the south."

"Intended to carry the truth to all nations, it was essential that the Bible should have this cosmopolitan attractiveness, yet, it would not have had it, but that such a country as Palestine was chosen to produce it."

"A book written in such a land must necessarily be a reflection, in its imagery and modes of thought, so far as they are affected by external nature, of much that is common to men all over the earth. The Scriptures of the two Testaments have had this priceless help in their great mission, from Palestine having been chosen by God as the land in which they were written. The words of prophets and apostles and of the great Master Himself, sound familiar to all mankind because they were spoken amidst natural images and experiences common to all the world."—Geikie, "Life and Words of Christ," Vol. I, pages 16-18.

Talk: GEOGRAPHY OF THE LAND

Note.—Have someone draw an outline map of Palestine; you will find one at the back of your Bible.

If there are any old Sabbath School Rolls, you will usually find an outline map of Palestine on the front which will do splendidly for the occasion. Mark in such landmarks as Lebanon Mountains, Dead Sea, Great or Mediterranean Sea, Mount Hermon.

Talk.—Palestine is a very small country. It is but one hundred and forty miles from the Lebanon Mountains on the north to the desert which forms its southern boundary. It aver-

ELLEN G. WHITE

By ARTHUR L. WHITE

Notes to Leaders

In planning the programme on the life of Mrs. E. G. White, there is perhaps more material available than on the life of any other of the Seventh-day Adventist pioneer workers. Many sources of information are readily accessible, and where there is opportunity the programme can be broadened, either by the addition of one or two talks suggested below, or by other talks which might be developed.

Mrs. White began her ministry just at the critical hour of the period when things were taking shape after the great disappointment.

With this very brief review of the influence of Mrs. White's life and work upon the denomination, many of the young people will turn with interest to the several biographical works available, and many will read with particular interest the little book, "His Messenger."

ADDITIONAL INTERESTING TOPICS

Two or three interesting stories might be told, based on detailed accounts found in well-known books. A few topics are listed:—

"The Story of the Secret Sign," in "Divine Predictions Fulfilled" (Gilbert), pages 266-281; "Spirit of Prophecy in the Advent Movement" (Spicer), pages 116, 117.

"Saved from Pantheistic Teaching," in "Abiding Gift of Prophecy" (Daniells), pages 330-342.

"The Providential Move to Washington, D.C.," in "Abiding Gift of Prophecy" (Daniells), pages 343-353; "Spirit of Prophecy in the Advent Movement" (Spicer), pages 96-108.

"Establishing the Australasian Missionary College," in "Abiding Gift of Prophecy" (Daniells), pages 308-321.

"What Others Say About the Spirit of Prophecy," in "Spirit of Prophecy in the Advent Movement" (Spicer), pages 37-48.

"Travelling the Narrow Way," in "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. II, pages 594-597; "His Messenger" (Wheeler), pages 117-122.

Talk: GOD CALLS HIS MESSENGER,
ELLEN G. HARMON-WHITE

Many excellent sources are available for the subject matter of this talk. Reference is made to "Life Sketches of Ellen G. White" and "His Messenger" for the following outline:—

1. Childhood of Ellen Harmon—L.S., pages 17-19; H.M., pages 11-14.

2. Conversion and Preparation for the End of the World—L.S., pages 20-25; H.M., pages 15-20.

3. Helping Others to Get Ready—L.S., pages 41, 42; H.M., pages 21-24.

4. The Disappointment of October 22, 1844—L.S., pages 60-63; H.M., pages 21-29.

5. God Sends a Message of Hope—L.S., pages 64-68; H.M., pages 31-35.

6. Telling Others—L.S., pages 69-73; H.M., pages 37-41.

7. Marriage to Elder James White—L.S., page 97.

Other sources are "Life and Teachings of Ellen G. White," pages 9-46; "Christian Experience and Teachings of Ellen G. White," pages 13-90; "Founders of the Message," pages 199-207; "They Also Served," pages 83-92; "Pioneer Stories," pages 133-140, 187-203; "Lessons in Denominational History," pages 104-106.

ages only forty miles in width between the Mediterranean Sea and the Jordan River. But though so very small, it is of wonderful importance because of events that happened there, long ago. It was the home of God's people, the children of Israel, for almost two thousand years.

It has been said before that Palestine was a public highway to all the ancient world. The people of the countries around passed back and forth through it for purposes of war and trade. It was a highway for the nations. The plain of Esdraelon was an ancient battlefield. The Egyptians coming from the south here met their enemies. The cities of Megiddo or Ai-Megiddo on the southern edge of this plain, marked the spot where Israel and the Canaanites met in battle. This will be the scene of the last conflict of this world, the battle of Armageddon. The central part of Palestine is a mountainous highland from 1,500 to 1,800 feet high. On the east is the Jordan River valley, and on the west are the sea-coast plains, called the Plain of Philistia and the Plain of Sharon. These plains are the most fertile spots in Palestine. Gilead and Bashan, east of the Jordan River, were a mountainous highland region, adapted chiefly for stock-raising.

The Jordan River has its source in springs that flow out of the Lebanon Mountains. In its upper course it passes through Lake Merom and the Sea of Galilee. After many windings it at last flows into the Dead Sea, from which its waters have no outlet. The surface of the Dead Sea is 1,317 feet below the level of the Mediterranean Sea. Its greatest depth is over 1,300 feet. In the Old Testament the Dead Sea is called the Salt Sea, because its waters are full of salt, as all bodies of waters are that have no outlet. It is also called the "Sea of the Plain" because it is situated in the plain of the Jordan River, that spot that was like the garden of the Lord before God overthrew the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. It is a dreary-looking place now, for nothing can live in its waters or upon its banks.

Jordan means "descender." It was so named because its waters descend 3,000 feet from their source to the place where they flow into the Dead Sea. It is 200 miles in length, and although it has many windings, its general course is straight, flowing in a southerly direction. We might say that it is a long "short" river, and a very crooked "straight" one.

To the north of Palestine are several ranges of mountains called the Mountains of Lebanon. In olden times some very beautiful and useful trees, called the cedars of Lebanon, grew upon them. These trees were used for the building of the temple. The highest peak in the Lebanon Mountains is Mount Hermon. It is about 10,000 feet high. This mountain was the great landmark of the land. On the hottest summer day, it wears a cool cap of glistening snow.

Mount Carmel is really a cape, or promontory. It marks the point where the big "Highlands of Palestine" run out into the sea, and thus separates the Plain of Sharon from the Plain of Esdraelon just north of it. Almost all the cities were on mounts; Jericho was an exception, it was in the Jordan valley. The Bible always speaks of "going up" to Jerusalem; but "down" to Jericho. Because of the great differences in elevation of its various parts, Palestine has the climate of both cold and warm countries. The Bible contains many allusions to the animals and vegetation of Palestine; and because they are so varied, anyone who reads the Bible, no matter in what part of the world he may live, finds something mentioned with which he is familiar. This is one of the things that makes the Bible a universal book.

Talk: PALESTINE IN THE TIME OF
CHRIST

"At the birth of Christ, the striking spectacle presented itself in a degree unknown before or since, of the world united under one flag. From the Euphrates to the Atlantic, from the

mouth of the Rhine to the slopes of the Atlas Mountains the Roman emperor was the sole lord. The multitudes of men now divided into separate nations reposed in peace under the shadow of the Roman eagles. The merchant or the traveller might alike pass freely from land to land; trading vessels might bear their goods to any port, for all lands and coasts were under the same laws, and all mankind, for the time, were citizens of a common state."—"Life and Words of Christ," Geikie, Vol. I, page 23.

"But when the Saviour came the nation was chafing under the rule of her foreign masters, and racked with internal strife. The Jews had been permitted to maintain the form of a separate government, but nothing could disguise the fact that they were under the Roman yoke. The Romans claimed the right of appointing or removing the high priest, and the office was often secured by fraud, bribery, and even murder. Yet the priests still possessed great power, and they employed it for selfish and mercenary ends; the people were subjected to their merciless demands, and were also heavily taxed by the Romans. . . . Greed and violence, mistrust and spiritual apathy were eating out the heart of the nation. Providence had directed the movement of nations, and the tide of human impulse and influence, until the world was ripe for the coming of the Deliverer. The nations were united under one government, one language was widely spoken and was everywhere recognized as the language of literature. From all lands the Jews of the dispersion gathered to Jerusalem to the annual feasts. As these returned to the places of their sojourn, they could spread throughout the world the tidings of Messiah's coming.

"And so 'when the fullness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law.' Gal. 4: 4, 5.

"Jesus did not live in some remote unfrequented province, but in one of the most prosperous, famous, and populous regions of the world, rich in material products and filled with crowded cities. Here He spent His boyhood, and among its multitudes He went about doing good, healing the sick and proclaiming the good tidings of God's love."—Kern, "New Testament History."

THE COMING OF HIS FEET

In the crimson of the morning, in the whiteness of the noon,

In the amber glory of the day's retreat,

In the midnight, robed in darkness, or the gleaming of the moon,

I listen for the coming of His feet.

I have heard His weary footsteps on the sands of Galilee,

On the temple's marble pavement, on the street,

Worn with weight of sorrow, faltering up the slopes of Calvary,

The sorrow of the coming of His feet.

Down the minster aisles of splendour, from betwixt the cherubim,

Through the wondering throng, with motion strong and fleet,

Sounds His victor tread, approaching with a music far and dim—

The music of the coming of His feet.

Sandalled not with shoon of silver, girded not with woven gold,

Weighted not with shimmering gems and odours sweet,

But white-winged and shod with glory in the Tabor-light of old—

The glory of the coming of His feet.

He is coming, O my spirit! with His everlasting peace,

With His blessedness immortal and complete; He is coming, O my spirit; and His coming brings release;

I listen for the coming of His feet.

Talk: THE VOICE THAT MOULDED THE DENOMINATION

Few had the privilege accorded Mrs. E. G. White of watching the work of the Seventh-day Adventists grow from its humble beginnings following the "great disappointment" to a well-developed denomination conducting its work around the world. Not only did she witness this phenomenal growth, but, as God's chosen messenger to the remnant church, it was her privilege to participate actively for seventy years in the establishment of its various branches.

She was present at the Sabbath conferences of 1848 when the foundations of doctrine were laid. And that same year she heralded the call for the publication of the third angel's message through the press. She helped to fold and address the little *Present Truth* sent out in 1849, and gave encouragement that the publishing work would grow till its influence would be felt around the world. The visions led her to call for organization in our work, and she witnessed the forming of local churches and state conferences in the late fifties, and the General Conference in 1863.

We were called into our great health work through the revelations which were given to Mrs. White, and Seventh-day Adventists came to gain a broad conception of the message influencing heart, mind, and body in preparing a people to meet the Lord.

Schools were started in response to the Spirit of prophecy counsels. Beginning with the college established at Battle Creek, in 1874, this work has grown till our educational work encircles the globe.

With the establishment of schools the way was opened for the training of workers to follow in the footsteps of J. N. Andrews, who pioneered our foreign missionary work, going to Europe in 1874.

Over and over again the concept of the work before this people was broadened, as Ellen White told of the visions in which she witnessed the extent to which the message must grow. All through the years the counsels came, leading the people on, past serious pitfalls and intriguing but dangerous side lines. There has ever been kept before us the one great objective of preparing the people to meet Jesus.

The work of presenting the Spirit of prophecy messages was a large one. Painstakingly Mrs. White toiled day after day, in writing out that which was shown to her. The counsel for individuals was presented in personal letters. Many views dealt with matters of concern to churches and conferences and the work as a whole. Such counsel was sent out in letters, duplicated manuscript form, or put into print in our papers and nearly two-score books.

And it was not alone with her pen that she bore heaven's messages to the church. A great deal of the instruction was given orally. There were private interviews with individuals; there were the council meetings attended by many or few. There were the discourses in our churches, at our camp-meetings, at the General Conference in session, and many times at general gatherings of non-Adventists. At such times Mrs. White spoke in other churches, in theatres, and in opera-houses. It was not uncommon for her to speak to two or three thousand people; sometimes six or seven thousand heard her; and the largest gathering she ever addressed was fifteen thousand at the Groveland, Massachusetts, camp-meeting. Her voice carried well, and she spoke clearly, distinctly, forcefully, and convincingly, gripping the hearts of her hearers.

Mrs. White's work took her not only to various points in the United States, but across the seas, first to Europe where she laboured for two and one-half years, from 1885 to 1887, building up the cause in the Central, Southern,

and Northern countries. Then in 1891 she was asked to visit Australia, and she spent nearly nine years in pioneer work here. While here the work was organized, a college and sanitarium and health food factory were started, and Australia became a home base for missionary service in the Southern Pacific.

The last fifteen years of Mrs. White's life were spent at her quiet "Elmhaven" home in northern California, not far from the St. Helena Sanitarium. During this period ten books were written, hundreds of articles were furnished to our papers, and Mrs. White made a number of trips to Loma Linda, to Nashville, and to Washington, D.C., helping to strengthen and build up the work. Her life came to a close in mid-summer of 1915 at the good age of eighty-seven.

As she laid down her pen for the last time, she left not a worldly fortune, but a monument in the form of her writings. These, through the years, have been published in many languages. The helpful devotional work, "Steps to Christ," is read in fifty-nine languages, and has a distribution which runs close to the five million mark. "The Great Controversy" in twenty-seven languages, has entered more than a million homes. Around the world, whether in China, the United States, or South America, the detailed counsels of "Gospel Workers" give safe guidance to the minister. The doctor and the nurse in Europe, Asia, and the Americas search the pages of "Ministry of Healing" for a true portrayal of the great principles of healthful living. The youth of the denomination on seven continents study the inspired counsels of "Messages to Young People." Seventh-day Adventists in every walk of life, in every land, know well that "in these days" God "speaks to them by the testimonies of His Spirit" ("Testimonies," Vol. V, page 661.), giving instruction and information that will help them in meeting the great issues of the present and the future. There was never a time in the history of Seventh-day Adventists when these books were more sought after than at the present, never a time when so many rolled from the presses, never a time when the counsel was more needed than now.

Surely Ellen White's contribution to the church was a priceless, enduring gift with its influence felt through every year of its history, in every branch of its work, and in the home of every member.

Symposium: MRS. WHITE AS OTHERS KNEW HER

It was in Mrs. White's own home that people became best acquainted with her, so let us in imagination call on her at the little cottage on Wood Street in Battle Creek. We come with such natural questions in our mind as: "What was Mrs. White like? Did she have the same problems we all do? Was she wealthy, or was she poor? Did she ever smile?"

The year of our visit is 1859. There are five in the family: three boys, ages five, nine, and twelve. We find Mrs. White a young woman of thirty-one and her husband six years older. Mrs. White appears to be a thoughtful mother, a careful housewife, a genial hostess. She is a woman of conviction, but gentle in manner and voice. We soon learn that she is of a cheerful, buoyant disposition, and can enjoy a hearty laugh. Christianity to her is a practical, joyous experience.

We are given a hearty welcome, and we learn that many visitors are entertained at this home. The home life is quite normal, except, of course, Elder and Mrs. White are frequently absent as the needs of the cause of God have called them into the gospel field.

As Mrs. White is called away by some pressing duty we ask if we may look into the little black leather-covered diary we see on the stand. Here we find the day by day pictures of Mrs. White's life.

The very first entry is for Sabbath, New

Year's day. The page is full as Mrs. White describes the meetings held morning and afternoon and tells about the baptism at the intermission. We leaf through the pages, pausing now and then to read the full entry. We find that she divides her time between her home duties as mother, neighbour, friend, and her public work of speaking and writing. Some days she is not feeling well, others are crowded with busy activity. There is the record of the three-week trip in January to visit the churches in northern Michigan, followed by the joyous home-coming, January 26. Then there is sewing and writing which must have early attention, some visiting to be done at homes where poverty haunts and sickness afflicts. On certain days we find her at the Review office helping the girls in the folding-room.

At last spring comes with its warmer weather and Mrs. White is often in the garden with her boys, setting out shrubs and plants. There are trips to town to do the shopping, and Mrs. White is sometimes accompanied by some of the sisters who valued her judgment in the selection of goods.

Sabbaths were pleasant days, with the time divided between meetings, the quiet hour reading with her boys, and the walk beside the nearby river or through the woods. Her eye always caught the beautiful. She enjoyed the serenity of the lake, the power of the relentless ocean, and the majesty of the mountain.

Although there were often periods of disappointment, sorrow, and suffering, Mrs. White endeavoured to be cheerful, recognizing that a Christian represents his religion by his attitude.

Let us make a second visit to the White home. Fifty years have passed since we were there. We find Mrs. White living in California at the edge of the beautiful Napa Valley, not far from the St. Helena Sanitarium. Her home is a well-constructed, eight-room house, located on a little knoll. On the south and west is a beautiful valley with orchard, vineyard, and garden. On the north and east are mountains, and between the home and the mountains are large pasture and hay fields and more orchard.

The family has changed much during the fifty years. Mrs. White is now eighty-one years of age and Elder James White has passed to his rest. She is surrounded in her home by members of her home and office family—earnest, Christian individuals who assist her in copying her letters, in the preparation of her books, and in keeping the home.

Oftentimes Mrs. White begins her work at two or three o'clock in the morning, sometimes at midnight. Seldom does she remain in bed resting after a revelation is given to her. She dresses, goes to her writing-room, builds a fire in the fire-place, and pulls her writing chair over in front of the fire and works while others sleep, penning the counsel and instruction for the church which God has given her.

Two meals are served in the home: breakfast and a late dinner early in the afternoon. The family are engaged in literary work, and this meets their needs well. If members of the family desire a little lunch in the evening, they are at perfect liberty to go to the kitchen and select what they wish. Mrs. White presides at the table, which is amply spread with wholesome, appetizing food. She never believed in a skimpy or meagre diet. Her table represents the principles of healthful diet, as they have been presented to her in vision. The table is well supplied with vegetables, fruits, grains, nuts, milk, and cream—many of them products of her own farm.

Of course, Mrs. White's time is taken up very largely with her writing, the handling of her mail, receiving callers, and counselling with her office workers. After dinner, if it is a pleasant day, she will go out for a drive with the carriage, gaining a little relaxation and recreation. We might find her, too, about the place, out at the barn to see how the animals

are doing, down at the garden to notice the progress of the crops, or in the flower garden, admiring the roses, the pansies.

We learn that Mrs. White takes an active interest in the neighbours. If there is sickness and the need of help, she at times sends her own house-keeper over to give treatments. If times are hard she may share food and clothes with those in need.

We are at perfect ease in the White home, whether at the table, in the parlour, or out in the garden. Mrs. White is neither prying nor snoopy. While the home is comfortable, there is no indication of extravagance. The home expense is minimized that there might be more means available to advance the work of God. We observe that although she is often heavily pressed with work, in writing and speaking, life about the home is very normal. Mrs. White's experience as God's messenger does not lift her above the common interests of life. She was ever ready to speak a word of courage, of hope, and of cheer, ever watchful to drop some little seed which would bear fruit in the heart of one who was not yet surrendered to God.

As we leave, we say to ourselves, We have learned to know Mrs. White not alone as God's messenger, but also as a sensible, earnest, Seventh-day Adventist, mother, neighbour, and friend.

THE TYRANNY OF TOBACCO

Reading: WHAT AM I?

I AM a far too common sight. I am small and innocent in appearance, but I contain immense possibilities for working mischief. I ruin many a football team. No coach will permit players to use me during the season, for I am sure death to wind, speed, and "pep." I am responsible for innumerable failures in school, and for still more in after life. I can destroy a boy's ambition and will power, and put his brain to sleep. At my best, I am a worthless thing to spend good money for. At my worst, I injure body, mind, and morals. The evil I do is incalculable. Still I flourish. I am the student's worst enemy. I am the CIGARETTE.—*John Elsen.*

Poem: HE SMOKES

"In the office, in the parlour,
On the footpath, on the streets,
In the faces of the passers,
In the eyes of those he meets;

"In the vestibule, the depot,
At the crowded lecture hall,
E'en at funerals and weddings,
And at Christmas time and all.

"Signs may threaten, men may warn him,
Babies cry, and women coax;
But he cares not one iota;
For he calmly smokes and smokes.

"Oh, he cares not whom he strangles,
Vexes, puts to flight, provokes;
And although they squirm and fidget,
He just smokes and smokes and smokes.

"Not a place is sacred to him;
Churchyards, where the flowers bloom,
Gardens, drives, in fact the world is
Just one mighty smoking-room!"

Story: HE LOST HIS PIPE

(A young man's unforgettable lesson on the tyranny of tobacco.)

It was not a time, nor was it a place, to expect a lecture on temperance. The work was too hard, the weather too hot, the location too unfavourable for men to think or care for anything save the essentials of existence.

Then the employer of the group lost his pipe! He was a person of unusual capabili-

ties; besides being employer, he was both neighbour and friend. Well educated, widely travelled, gracious with natural gentility, he was a gentleman in the truest, finest sense of the term. He was also a heavy smoker.

Under normal conditions the cutting of next winter's firewood would have been a short, easy task. The fact that complicated it this particular year was the selection of an unusually large tree that stood in an especially unfavourable location. It grew near the bottom of a canyon, on a slope that "was steep as a church spire." For two hundred and forty feet it towered into the air, leaning south and west in a corkscrew twist that made felling it in a desirable position next to impossible.

The morning the farmer and his two neighbours went down into the canyon to where the notorious old tree stood, they knew they faced a difficult problem. For a day and a half they chopped and sawed and drove in wedges, trying to "lift" the tree over the "hump" and tip it up the hill. The afternoon of the second day the men had to give up. They rearranged their wedges and let the tree fall down the canyon. So with a thunderous crash the big tree went down, and the men set to work to cut it up into stovewood. It was a slow, arduous job. Then the weather turned inordinately hot. Outside the canyon the temperature rose to nearly a hundred degrees. Down in the hollow where the men were, it must have been one hundred and twenty degrees.

For two days the men worked in a veritable sweatbox. On the third day, with the temperature higher than ever, the end of the job loomed ahead. Then it happened. I was splitting wood midway along the tree. My employer was a few yards farther along, sawing by hand a section of the trunk that had broken when the tree fell. The third man was running the power saw, near the top.

My first intimation of disaster came in the form of a short, exclamatory oath. I turned and saw my employer jump to his feet and begin slapping first one pocket and then another. With eyes that were round and concerned, he looked at me. "I lost my pipe," he said. He might have been a small boy bravely acknowledging he had dropped the bucket rope down the well. "I lost my pipe and tobacco, and my cigarettes are at the house."

Now to a non-smoker a lost pipe at three o'clock in the afternoon could be at most a trivial misfortune. A man could do without food until evening and know scant discomfort. He could even do without water for the two or three hours remaining until knock-off time, and not suffer unduly. Surely the loss of a pipe was nothing to cause alarm. But I was young then, and unversed in the fears and needs of smokers.

The man's concern grew swiftly. He questioned me repeatedly, unwilling to believe I did not have the "makings." He did the same with the man operating the dragsaw, but he, too, was a non-smoker. The "means" and the "makings" were simply not to be had on the job.

At last my employer and I resumed work, he with profane mutterings, I with mild amusement. In that pocket of the mountains the afternoon was unbearable with a dead, humid heat. A new and greater torture took hold of him—the torture of unsatisfied tobacco craving. I do not know how many times in the next hour he searched his pockets, or asked me if I didn't have enough tobacco for one smoke. Steadily he became more irritable and profane. Several times I thought he had stopped and was on his way to the house; yet each time he held back, as if ashamed to admit his condition.

By four o'clock I caught up with the splitting, and began helping with the sawing. Working across the log from the man, I had a chance to study him. I was both amazed and startled at what I saw. The man was in an agony of suffering. His hands trembled

as with great age or severe illness. His face was tense and knotted with pain. His body was bathed in a welter of sweat, too free flowing for a normal body in any temperature. Our rest periods became longer and more frequent. Gone now was the confidence, the wit, and the grace that made him so genial. He was becoming more nervous and rash with each passing minute. The truth was that he was at the point of exhaustion. I suggested that he rest and let me finish the sawing; but he ignored my intrusion. I mentioned a drink of water, thinking the short trip to the creek might bring diversion and rest; but this, too, was scorned. Then, hoping still to divert his thoughts from his suffering, I attempted to change the subject by making an airy remark about finishing the job that day if we worked a little later than usual.

The saw stopped abruptly, and the man across the big log looked at me straight and hard. His face was a set pattern of suffering, and in his expression was contempt for the callowness of youth. Then he said it, trying even now to be jovial but really very bitter and sarcastic, "You talk about overtime, and here I'm going through hell to stick it out till five o'clock." The edge in his voice grew sharper. He was whipping himself mercilessly to maintain the last semblance of calm. "You can finish it if you want to. Work till midnight for all I care; I'm liable to hit up through the brush any minute. I've got to have a smoke."

The job wasn't finished that day, not that it mattered. But the scene I witnessed, the lesson I learned, has lingered with telling clarity.

Some men boast of tobacco as they do of liquor, "I can take it or leave it any time I want to." Perhaps they can; I don't know. My observation has been that whether they can or not, few do. And my eyes have seen a man who said he could, and who yet could not. I want none of its cost and pain for myself.

Who would knowingly, willingly, submit to the cruel whiplashes of a tyrannical master? Then who could knowingly wish to have his dignity and manhood so affronted and abased, even in so secluded a place as the wood at the back of the farm?

Such an experience, of course, is manna for an active imagination. For a moment let us suppose. Put a man at the controls of a great bomber far over enemy territory. Put a man on a vital patrol mission behind enemy lines. Put a lawyer in the courtroom, a doctor in the operating room, a chemist in his laboratory, an executive at his desk, a grocer at his counter. Put a man at the throttle of a speeding limited, or at the controls of one of the great machines of industry. Put a man at any of these places, or the thousands of others like them. Put him there in that "I've-lost-my-pipe" alarm, that quarter-to-five exhaustion, that "I've-got-to-have-a-smoke" despair, and what do you have? You have a sorry spectacle, and an even sorrier chance of heroic or successful performance.

Don't let the tobacco advertisement writers tell you that nicotine won't do it. It has already done it, long ago, many times. True, tobacco will give you a "lift" at the moment of indulgence—if you are hardened to its use. But the "lift" you get is money at usury. In return for the help nicotine gives you now, it exacts an exorbitant price later on. Nicotine isn't kind to anyone. It is cruel.

One day a young man saw the grace and geniality and respect of manhood give way to a torment of pain, weakness, humiliation, and profanity. He saw nicotine make a strong man a weak man, a healthy man a sick man, a sensible man a foolish man, a calm man a rash man, a gracious gentleman an irascible neurotic. It was not a pleasant sight—much

less was it a pleasant condition. The young man never forgot.

Frankly, it is not an experience or condition I could ever wish for myself. Is it one you would wish for yourself?—*Sanford T. Whitman.*

JUNIOR M.V. DEPARTMENT

ELLEN G. WHITE

By C. A. RUSSELL

Introduction

THE story which we have to tell today is a most wonderful, a most thrilling one.

It is interesting to notice that the very year which brought the Great Disappointment, 1844, not only brought to the seekers for light and truth the beginning of the judgment in heaven, and the Sabbath truth, but also the revelations from God through the Spirit of prophecy. No wonder we want to study the truths which we hold as a people, and the work of the leaders whom God raised up to proclaim these truths to the world.

Symposium: ELLEN G. HARMON-WHITE

Ellen Harmon was born in Gorham, Maine, November 26, 1827. A little later the family removed to Portland, where her childhood was spent. When only nine years of age, as she and her twin sister with another schoolmate were crossing a field, an older girl who had become angered threw a stone which struck Ellen in the face, breaking the bridge of her nose. She was unconscious for some time, and was carried home where she lay in a stupor for three weeks. Her health was so affected that she was unable to attend school regularly, and so her formal education was limited.

In 1840, William Miller came to Portland and gave a series of lectures on the soon coming of Christ. The Harmon family with Ellen accepted the message.

About this time at a special revival in the Methodist church she accepted Christ as her Saviour, and was baptized in the ocean, the minister consenting to do this for twelve of the candidates who requested immersion in place of sprinkling.

In 1842, Elder Miller returned to Portland. Many thronged to hear him, some believed, while others scoffed. Finally the Harmon family with some others were dropped from the Methodist Church. When the Great Disappointment came, they were distressed, and of course were ridiculed by their former associates; but they never lost faith in the promises of God, and spent much time in prayer and in the study of His Word.

THE FIRST VISION

It was near the close of the memorable year 1844 that the wonderful experience occurred which we are about to relate. Ellen was visiting a friend, Mrs. Haines, in Portland. At family worship as five of them, all women, were kneeling in prayer, the power of God came upon her and she was given a vision of the journey of the advent people to the city of God. (This her first vision will be found recorded in "Early Writings," pages 13-20, also in "Life Sketches," pages 64-68. You will want to get one of these books and read it. It will surely thrill you.) When she came out of the vision and related to the others what she had been shown, they were amazed, and all praised God together.

Ellen was only seventeen years old at this time, very timid, and afraid to meet strangers. In a second vision, about two weeks later, she was encouraged, and told to "make known to others what I have revealed to you." She

naturally shrank from the responsibility, but accepted it as coming from the Lord. This was the beginning of a life of unselfish ministry which lasted until she went to her rest at the age of nearly eighty-eight.

MARRIAGE

In 1846 Miss Harmon and Elder James White were united in marriage. Their work is closely interwoven with the rise and growth of the movement, and cannot be separated from it.

HER WRITINGS

The writings of Mrs. White do not form an Adventist Bible, as some opposers have claimed, but instead, constantly turn the reader to the Word of God as the source of all true wisdom and understanding. In her various writings something like 15,000 references to the Bible are made. Next to the Bible itself I know of no book which so beautifully tells the story of Bethlehem's manger and of Calvary's cross with all the wonderful and touching incidents between as does "The Desire of Ages." And I know of no other which so clearly and tenderly points the sinner to his Saviour as does the little book "Steps to Christ," which is read in fifty-nine languages.

CONDITION IN VISION

The Bible describes the physical condition of prophets while in vision. They are at first weak, then supernaturally strengthened, and they do not breathe. Read Dan. 10: 15-19. Their eyes are open. Read Num. 24: 3, 4.

It is interesting to note that Mrs. White's condition while in vision was exactly in harmony with this description. Usually the first indication was the expression "Glory!" Often this was repeated, and usually for the third time, each as though from a greater distance. She would seem weak for an instant, and suddenly was strengthened until a strong man could not so much as bend her arm. Her eyes were always open, not with a vacant stare, but with a natural expression. And there was no breath. One might say, How could she speak without breath? She was filled with a higher Power who spoke through her.

Every test of her physical condition that friends or enemies could think of was carried out. Once a minister held his hand over her mouth, and at the same time pressed the nostrils together between thumb and finger, and held her thus for ten minutes. She was not affected in the slightest degree. A mirror was held close to her face for several minutes, and not a trace of moisture appeared.

Upon one occasion a spirit medium, a doctor, who had boasted that he could bring her out of a vision in one minute, was invited to make an examination. While doing so his face turned white and he trembled like a leaf. "Let me out of here," he cried, "she doesn't breathe"; and out he went.

"On several occasions, while in vision, Mrs. White held a Bible on her outstretched hand, and twice she held Bibles open for quite long periods of time.

"One experience often referred to, carries us back to the early part of the year 1845, and had to do with the large Harmon family Bible weighing eighteen and a half pounds. One morning at her own home in Portland, Maine, while in vision, Ellen Harmon stepped over to a bureau upon which rested the large volume, picked it up, placed it on her left hand, and then, extending it at arm's length, held the closed book with ease for half an hour. During the vision, in short exclamations, she referred to the value of the Word of God. Under ordinary circumstances she was unable to pick up this book, for she was in frail health, and at that time weighed only eighty pounds. She was in no way fatigued by the experience. . . . (This Bible is still in existence in the White Estate Office, and many persons have tried to hold it extended for even one minute, and were glad to put it down.)

"At a little later time, in 1846, while attending a Sabbath afternoon meeting at the Thayer home in Randolph, near Boston, Massachusetts, Mrs. White, in vision, held a 'heavy, large quarto family Bible.' Otis Nichols, an eyewitness, gives an account of what took place. With the Bible 'open on one hand, and lifted up as high as she could reach, and with her eyes steadily looking upward,' Mrs. White 'declared in solemn manner, "The inspired testimony from God" or words of the same import. And then she continued for a long time while the Bible was extended in one hand, and her eyes looking upward and not on the Bible, to turn over the leaves with her other hand and place her finger upon certain passages, and correctly utter their words with a solemn voice. Many present looked at the passages where her finger was pointed, to see if she spoke them correctly, for her eyes at the same time were looking upward.' . . . There were also other occasions when Bibles were held by Mrs. White while she was in vision. . . .

"Such phenomenal exhibitions in connection with the early visions had a definite place in establishing the confidence of the believers in their divine origin before there was opportunity for the development of fruit by which the claims of the Lord's messenger might be judged."—"The Prophetic Gift in Action," by Arthur L. White.

On January 12, 1861, the Seventh-day Adventist church in Parkville, Michigan, was dedicated. Elder White preached the sermon, and at its close, Mrs. White arose and gave a stirring exhortation. As she sat down, she was carried away in vision. At the close of the vision she arose, and looking over the congregation said:—

"There is not a person in this house who has ever dreamed of the trouble that is coming upon this land. People are making sport of the secession ordinance of South Carolina, but I have just been shown that a large number of states are going to join that state, and there will be a most terrible war. In this vision I have seen large armies of both sides gathered on the field of battle. I heard the booming of the cannon, and saw the dead and dying on every hand. Then I saw them rushing up engaged in hand-to-hand fighting. Then I saw the field after the battle, all covered with the dead and dying. Then I was carried to prisons, and saw the sufferings of those in want, who were wasting away. Then I was taken to the homes of those who had lost husbands, sons, or brothers in the war. I saw there distress and anguish."—"Origin and Progress of Seventh-day Adventists," M. E. Olsen, page 240.

After speaking these words, she said: "There are those in this house who will lose sons in that war." All this was three months before the war between the states began. One year later Elder Loughborough spoke in that same church. He recalled the statement. Two men said they had each lost a son in the war already.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

Sister White was a very forceful speaker. Her words were well chosen, and spoken with strong emphasis. Her voice was low in pitch, and had wonderful carrying qualities. At the great 1909 General Conference held in Takoma Park, I purposely stepped to the outside of the great tent filled with thousands of listeners. At that distance and in spite of many people milling around I could hear distinctly every word.

The most striking part of her features were the eyes—large, dark, expressive, penetrating, yet kind. In my boyish fancy, the first time I saw her, I felt that she could read every thought in my mind. Later as I grew older I knew, of course, that this was not true, unless the Lord should reveal it to her. As I looked into her eyes, the thought always came to my mind, "Those eyes have looked into the very face of Jesus. They have seen the King in His

beauty" in heavenly vision. It was indeed a privilege to see and hear and know the servant of the Lord.

In addition to her public ministry, a large part of her time was spent in writing. She was a constant contributor to our various periodicals, and the author of thirty-seven books. Many of these have been translated into foreign languages.

HER DEATH

Mrs. White survived her husband for a third of a century. She died in her home in St. Helena, California, in midsummer, 1915, at the

advanced age of nearly eighty-eight years. Services were held at Elmhaven, her California home. The body was then brought to Battle Creek, Michigan, where the funeral service was held in the Tabernacle, which was filled to its capacity of 3,500. She was laid to rest beside her husband in Oak Hill cemetery, to await the call of the Life-giver. While she rests from her labours, the influence of her life of devotion goes on.

Now that the voice is silent, the pen laid aside, we should tenderly cherish the instruction given to us through the gift of the Spirit of prophecy.

Sabbath School Mission News

MARCH 3

Perfect Love Casteth Out Fear

R. H. TUTTY

THE Apostle John said, "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear." 1 John 4: 18. The religion of the heathen is fear—fear of their enemies, who are often living in the next village; fear of the spirits of their ancestors; fear of someone picking up secretly a morsel of food they have dropped, and then of that person's taking the morsel away and hiding it in the ground, so casting a spell over them.

When we landed in Lavalai, Bougainville, every house had a sacred corner, where was a piece of broken cooking-pot. This acted as an altar where offerings to the spirits were placed on live embers and burnt, to appease the wrath of the spirits. In another corner, or hung outside the house, one would see a heap of lower jaw bones of all the pigs the owner had had an interest in. The heathen say that when the spirit takes its journey to the heathen paradise, near the volcano, it arrives at a sacred stone called Kikio. There it is judged to see if pigs have been killed at the deceased's death, and whether certain shell money has been burned on the funeral pyre. Failing a satisfactory answer, the spirit is turned aside to wander in the bush with wild pigs and dogs. Great was the rejoicing when the day arrived and the natives carried all these heathen shrines and pig bones and burned them on the beach. This was the last link with heathenism in the place.

The natives believed that no one died a natural death, and always blamed someone else for killing the person, and went to great pains to find out the offender. After the body was cremated, a platform was erected over the site and uncooked food was placed on the platform. The natives would then retire to a spot overlooking the platform, generally a hill or a mountain. They say that towards evening a mist or vapour rises from the food and floats in the air to the village or the house of the offender. I was once visiting a village at the back of Kieta and, just before evening worship, the chief sent a message to me asking to be excused from attending the worship that night because he wanted to go and find the killer of one of his relatives. Next morning I questioned him. He told me that he had hidden in the bush and watched the vapour float to the next village and had followed it. It entered a house where a man was sleeping. The man turned over in his sleep, and the chief was sure that he had found the killer of his relation.

The natives of Buin, Kieta, Savai, and other Papuan-speaking tribes do not worship idols, but have sacred stones which they reverence. These pillars of stone they greatly fear. A native from Kieta went to the Lavalai school and one day came rushing to me trembling all over with fear, and related that he was walking through the bush and came unexpectedly upon

one of these stones. It was only a prayer that restored the lad's confidence in God and also assured him that he would not die.

Such beliefs lead to endless fear and retaliation, but when the gospel of Jesus Christ enters the heart it casteth out all fear.

MARCH 10

The Solomon Islands Today

D. D. FITCH

HAVING been one of the crew of the Seventh-day Adventist missionary ship *Pitcairn*, when we spent more than six months visiting various South Pacific islands from Pitcairn on the east to the New Hebrides on the west, and knowing personally both native and Australian Seventh-day Adventist workers from the Solomons, I was very much interested to hear over the radio a eulogy of missionaries, given by a noted news analyst, Mr. Nelson Pringle, of the Columbia Broadcasting System. So I wrote to the gentleman asking for the use of the manuscript of this particular broadcast long enough to allow me to copy that portion which would be of most interest to our constituency, who have sent and supported missionaries to the Solomon Islands. This privilege has been granted me with the understanding that I wished it for publication. Mr. Pringle said:—

"The evidence that the South Sea natives as friends in need are friends indeed has been accumulating for months, particularly in the Solomons. I have at hand two stories that testify to the aid being given our fighting men by these primitive peoples.

"One is the account of a Navy lieutenant and some thirty men from one of our light cruisers, broken in two by a torpedo in that battle when a Jap task force, attempting to reach Guadalcanal, was stopped cold by the Navy. The other ships were manœuvring to head off the enemy; none could stop to pick up the struggling oil-coated survivors of the lost cruiser, so they shifted for themselves, . . . lashing a raft and a wooden grating together to support the wounded, and paddling the makeshift craft toward the nearest island, some forty miles distant. Now forty miles seems little, but it took three days and four nights to work the unwieldy rafts to land, rowing with the tide when it swept toward the island and dragging an improvised sea anchor on the ebb tide, . . . paddling a course set by the stars at night, and working the raft toward the tantalizing greenery of the island under the sun, . . . and on the fourth day fighting to keep afloat in a nine-hour storm, which rolled up waves thirty or forty feet high. But the storm swept the sailors toward shore, and dropped them on a reef in comparatively calm water close to a beach.

"The weakened group waded and stumbled to the sand and dropped, exhausted, to wait the dawn. When it came, staring, chattering na-

tives turned up, . . . and though they jabbered in a dialect that no one could understand, sign language conveyed to them the needs of the survivors. In a matter of minutes the natives had brought warm coconut milk and hot papaya to soothe parched mouths and throats aching from unrelieved thirst of four days and nights. Then the sailors were guided to a village, given a thatched hut with mats spread on the ground for the wounded men, and a messenger was dispatched, it turned out later, to summon an English planter from a near-by island. He arrived the next day, with sulphanilamide and bandages, . . . and supervised preparations to get the band of Navy men to the other side of the island, where he had left his launch at the only safe anchorage. The natives pitched in to make litters for the men who could not walk, then carried them on a half day's trip through the jungle to the planter's motor-boat, and waved farewell to the strange white men still smeared from head to toe with gummy oil from the blasted fuel tanks of their cruiser.

"At the plantation to which the Englishman took them, other natives scrubbed off the oil, mixed food and milk, bedded down the sailors, and took a message by canoe to the nearest Navy station. A seaplane dropped down within a matter of hours, and the men were under Navy care in a field hospital on the eighth day after their ship went down—thanks, in no small part, to the friendly aid of the bushy-haired primitives of San Cristobal Island."

The foregoing brings to my mind the scripture found in Acts 28: 1, 2: "When they were escaped, then they knew that the island was called Melita. And the barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

MARCH 17

Java

GEORGE A. CAMPBELL

(We suggest that this experience be given as a talk)

(JAVA is an interesting island field just beyond the boundary of the Australasian Division, a few hundred miles north-west of Port Darwin. At present it is under Japanese occupation. Sabbath school members will therefore be interested in the following details of our work there.)

Of the many islands that make up the Netherlands Indian Archipelago, Java, though not the largest in size, is undoubtedly the most important. Of the 62,000,000 people that populate these beautiful tropical islands of the Netherlands East Indies, 42,000,000 live on the island of Java. For beauty it is perhaps unexcelled, as one world traveller remarked, "Java fulfils my preconception of what a paradise ought to be."

Its historical background is most interesting, for we discover that early in the Christian era the inhabitants were clever craftsmen in gold, silver, brass, iron, and ivory. We are told that "the fame of Java as a rich and fertile country had reached Europe at the beginning of the Christian era." The famous ancient ruins of the colossal Barabudur, with its artistic, sculptured bas-reliefs, remain as witness to the artistic ability of these people.

The third angel's message was first preached in Java during the early years of this century. Today we have thirty-three churches, with a membership of nearly 1,500. Many wonderful experiences of conversion are related by our believers, which is concrete evidence to the fact that God's Holy Spirit is striving with these ancient people of Java. Often it means persecution and sacrifice to them to accept the truth. One believer told me that when this

message came to him, he was employed by the government railroad. He was a man of some education and he had a good position, but when he learned of the Sabbath, he stepped out in faith. He lost his employment, which meant much to him, but he was willing to make the sacrifice.

A young man, a native of west Java who had been reared a Mohammedan, accepted this message, but he met with persecution by his parents. It was his father's plan to make him the priest, as it were, of the home to succeed the father, who was a very devout follower of Mohammed. The boy was beaten and driven out of the home to be forgotten, disowned, and never to share in the division of the property upon his parent's death. He told me that he went days with scarcely anything to eat, or a place to sleep. But like Paul he was faithful and endured persecution. That was several years ago. Today this brother is still faithful, and for many years has been a worker in Java. Such experiences can be repeated over and over, and they should impress us with the fact that God is working on the hearts of these dear people of Java.

MARCH 24

Sabbath Schools in Bougainville

R. H. TUTTY

THE Sabbath school is the church at study. By the study of the Sabbath school lessons regularly, one gets a systematic and deeper understanding of God's Word. It is one of the most important problems facing the missionary, to give the natives the Word of God in such a manner that they can understand it, feed on it, and make it part of their lives. Most of our natives and all our teachers in New Guinea and also the Solomons own an English Bible, but it falls to the missionary's duty to get out literature that will help the native to understand it.

In the first place, we have to reduce the language to writing, and so we come to a mutual agreement with the natives that they teach us their language and we teach them our language. Sometimes we cannot even get an interpreter or a native who knows pidgin English. Very often the natives' eagerness to teach us hinders us, and what we learn today, tomorrow we find all wrong; but one must press on. By associating with the natives in their daily life we learn a good deal, and often a word we are hunting for will come out in quite an unexpected way.

What a thrill it gives us, as well as the natives, when we get out the first Sabbath school lesson on the duplicator! There are many mistakes no doubt, but these we find out as we study the lesson more fully, but we are always learning as well as the natives. Later we began printing the Sabbath school lessons, commencing with three main dialects. The lads were taught to set up the type and print the lessons, which were sewn together on a sewing machine.

Our lads take their Bibles and their lesson pamphlets about with them in their baskets. One lad once met another European missionary, who challenged him about tobacco and pigs. The lad promptly replied that Jesus sent two thousand devils into swine and referred to the fact that only two pigs went into the ark and offered to show this missionary the fact in his Bible, which he was carrying in his basket. The lad had only been in school for three years. The missionary did not continue the conversation.

It is in the Sabbath schools that the natives learn to give this help to others. They learn how to teach and tell others of the good things of God. It has been the missionaries' aim to

develop native teachers, and, now that the European missionaries have been evacuated, these teachers are bravely carrying on. Reports are coming through from these teachers telling us how their Bibles have been destroyed, but they are carrying on using the Word of God previously memorized.

When one pauses to think that, when we gather to worship God on the Sabbath, these natives do the same; as we pray for them we know they are praying for us—we realize there is one God, one faith, one baptism. Soon the work will be finished, and we shall be taken to our heavenly home. Until that time comes let each one do his best to carry out the great gospel commission, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel."

THIRTEENTH SABBATH

MARCH 31

Mission Dividends

C. PASCOE

In preparation of the report to the shareholders of the Sabbath School Company on the work and dividends of the company, we are forced to rely on the reports of the stewards of the gospel message, and we are glad of the news that comes to hand of their faithful attention to the details of the work of their Master. While we do not have a complete up-to-date report of the work on Bougainville, we have sufficient to inform us that the work has not ceased, nor have these men to whom God has said, "Go, preach My gospel," been remiss in the carrying out of their orders.

In the most recent word received from one of the American brethren, Pte. Reid, he informs me that there are now eighty-one Adventist natives in the compound where they are cared for by the government as their territory is recaptured, and we have reason to believe that a good portion of these are teachers and their families. A new leader has also been elected amongst them, which points to some of the leading natives now being amongst them. We trust that it will not be long till these people can be formed into a strong company for a concerted effort to finish the work on this island.

In reporting his activities to me, Pipirau tells of his work previous to his being taken to the Solomon Islands. He had been visiting all the mission stations and had the joy of seeing many men and women leave off heathenism and separate themselves from the things which are unclean, because of their love for Jesus. In the village of Pipiraea, which was a large village situated on a spur overlooking the long reef which thrusts out from Numana and which is at the junction of the two roads leading from the coast to the interior, he reports that all were ready for baptism, together with the chief, Bakoera. On his regular visits up that way he had fostered the baptismal class, telling them of the requirements of God, and admonishing them, having once left off the things of heathenism, never to tarnish their record by returning to the works of darkness. These people are waiting for our return to baptize them. As a thank offering, the chief has given a large tract of ground close to the river, where we may build our school so that the timid people of Vohi may send their boys and girls to a school amongst those of their own language and tribe. Pipirau says: "I sent Akora [now deceased] to commence that work on this place, and, gathering all the men from the village of Pipiraea, he set to work clearing the ground for the erection of the school building and gardens. Some of the boys from the secondary school at Korum came to help in the felling of the big trees, and the preparing of the fertile ground." It was not long till a certain missionary heard of their activities in this strategic place, and he came along, very much

annoyed, in an endeavour to stop the work. But the chief pointed out that he was born to inherit that land, and therefore if he wished to give it for a school he was perfectly at liberty to do so without interference.

The work was going forward speedily, till one day word came through that large parties of Japanese were on the move in the vicinity, and all the people were forced to flee to escape conscription. When the first of the immediate drive by the Japanese had passed over, single men were appointed to fill posts where there was constant danger, so that they would not have families to care for in times of difficulty. When the Japanese chased them, they fled to the mountains where they were comparatively safe from attack, to return when the danger had passed.

The indications are that the work in the village of Rariel was progressing, while the newly established work in the mountain villages round the volcano Balbi was in good shape. The people were growing spiritually; but at that time had not entirely forsaken the eating of things which find no place in the Christian's diet. In an entirely new enterprise in a place previously not entered by our mission work, the call was strong for teachers to tell them of the good news of salvation, so to these places were sent the young lads aged from 12-14 under the general supervision of a more experienced teacher. The calls were answered, and there went these boys, letting none despise their youth, but by being an example of the believers, many were being turned from darkness to light.

One thousand Sabbath school members in Bougainville are ready to rise to the finishing of the work in their island, and to the Sabbath school shareholders in the Australasian company there is given the privilege of sharing in the gems being prepared for the kingdom of God's dear Son.

Our Gifts

(Special song by the children, to be sung to the tune of "Hear the Pennies Dropping.")

We've brought gifts this morning
For the mission field,
And we pray the heathen
By and by will yield.

CHORUS:

Listen! listen! hear them calling!
Won't you heed the plea,
Sending them the message
God sent you and me?

Ears were made to listen
To the heathen's plea,
So today we'll answer
Their needs o'er the sea.

Eyes were made for watching
For each other's need,
Souls must hear of Jesus;
Dear ones, won't you heed?

Feet were made for walking
In God's holy way,
Let not our example
Lead men's feet astray.

Now we've pledged to help them,
Let us do our best,
Sending God's good message—
He will do the rest.

—Lionel T. Giblett.

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