

The Missionary Leader

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Home Missions Department

Church Missionary Programme

First Week

Opening Exercises.
Report of Work Done.
Lesson: Humility.
Plans for Work.

LEADER'S NOTE.—Impress on the members that the witness of their lives to the truths they teach will give power to their soul-winning work. A changed life is the greatest miracle of the gospel, one that no one can gainsay. We should study the principles of character given in the Bible and live by every word of God.

Humility

1. WHAT is necessary in the Lord's work? Micah 6:8.
2. Who is our example in this? Matt. 11:29; Phil. 2:5-8.
3. How does the Lord regard the humble people? Isa. 66:2.
4. What are we to put on? Col. 3:12.
5. What contrast is presented in Prov. 16:19?
6. What blessing comes to the meek? Matt. 5:5; Ps. 37:11.
7. Who have been the most successful in winning souls?

"Those who have been most successful in winning souls, were men and women who did not pride themselves on their ability, but who went in humility and faith, and the power of God worked with their efforts in convicting and converting the hearts of those to whom they appealed."—*Gospel Workers*, pages 337, 338, old edition.

8. What is necessary for effective work?

"This parable [the call to the vineyard] is a warning to all labourers, however long their service, however abundant their labours, that without love to their brethren, without humility before God, they are nothing. There is no religion in the enthronement of self. He who makes self-glorification his aim, will find himself destitute of that grace which alone can make him efficient in Christ's service. Whenever pride and self-complacency are indulged, the work is marred."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, page 402.

9. In what is to be found the secret of success?

"Not in our learning, not in our position, not in our numbers or intrusted talents, not in the will of man, is to be found the secret of success. Feeling our inefficiency, we are to contemplate Christ, and through Him who is the strength of all strength, the thought of all thought, the willing and obedient will gain victory after victory."—*Id.*, page 404.

10. What will be the result of such work?

"However short our service or humble

our work, if in simple faith we follow Christ, we shall not be disappointed of the reward. That which even the greatest and wisest cannot earn, the weakest and most humble may receive. Heaven's golden gate opens not to the self-exalted. It is not lifted up to the proud in spirit. But the everlasting portals will open wide to the trembling touch of a little child. Blessed will be the recompense of grace to those who have wrought for God in the simplicity of faith and love."—*Ibid.*

Church Missionary Programme

Second Week

Opening Exercises.
Reports.
Study: A Parable from Life.

A Parable from Life

ONCE upon a time there was a certain woman who lived in a home like yours or mine; she had plenty of plain things to eat, and many friends. She was striving to be a Christian and to obey God's commands.

Now it chanced that a young couple lived in her neighbourhood, and the husband had not been able to find work for a long time. As they lived in a pretty cottage, no one thought of their ever being hungry. But their credit was gone, and they were beginning secretly to pawn their valuables to buy food. Often they went without.

In desperation one day the young wife thought, "I will take a basket over to my neighbour, who is a Christian, and ask her if she will supply us with a few of the potatoes she raises in her garden, and a little milk from her cow, till John gets work." But the woman had been pondering over the application of a text she had heard on Sabbath, "I was an hungered, and ye gave Me meat," and had decided that it meant spiritual hunger. Recognizing the young woman at her door as the wife of a man who never paid his debts, she replied to her faltering request sternly, "I am sorry, but we have only enough potatoes for our own use, and we do not sell milk."

Then, while the repulsed one's heart turned bitter to all things good, this well-meaning woman saved her eggs and butter until she had quite an offering to give toward sending a missionary to carry the gospel to the heathen. She chose the disposal of her funds, instead of answering God's individual call to her.

One very warm day she was shopping, and retired to a small refreshment counter to procure a cool drink. She had just received a glass of iced lemonade when she noticed a dirty little boy standing near and looking longingly at her glass. Turning her back on the child, she drank the beverage, then left a tract on the table she vacated; "for," said she, "some person may be spiritually athirst, and this

may contain just the message he needs." And she never dreamed that giving a drink to the boy would have won a loyal little heart, and softened it to the reception of good influences.

Near her home was a large factory, where many young girls worked for small wages. One who had come from a distance stopped and asked this Christian woman if she could board there. As there was a spare room, and the money would not come amiss, her request was granted. But the girl proved to be loud-voiced and careless in her talk, and the woman treated her coldly, and planned to turn her out.

This girl, warm-hearted, affectionate, and impulsive, was motherless. But she felt the need of mothering. One evening, tempted and longing for counsel, she thought, "I will see if this good woman will take me into her heart; otherwise I am afraid I shall give up." But the woman repulsed her advances, and told her that her room was needed. She did, indeed, give the girl some stern advice, and censured her severely on the company she kept. When the girl left, she prepared the vacated room for the visiting evangelist and his helper, "for," said she, "I don't want it ever said of me, 'I was a stranger, and ye took Me not in.'" During the week that she was entertaining her friends, the young girl fell so low that she was ever after pointed at with scorn; for she had had to seek out a cheap boarding house of poor reputation, and there was no loving hand to stay her downward course.

A short time afterward, a rich old woman, crotchety and friendless, fell ill of a dangerous disease. She had attendants of all descriptions, servants, doctors, and trained nurses, to minister to her, but no one thought of her being lonely. Nevertheless her heart grew afraid when she found herself nearing the dark river, and she longed for some one to point out to her the way of life. It happened that when her anxiety had grown most intense, the Christian woman attended prayer-meeting, where she heard the words, "I was . . . sick, and in prison, and ye visited Me not." She wanted to do her duty, so she called on some women she knew; and together they armed themselves with literature, and spent the day visiting the city jail. Going home, she passed the window where the dying old woman lay, and thought, "If there was anything she needed I would call on her; but she seems to have *everything*." And she never dreamed, this earnest woman, that souls can be in prison behind costly doors as well as barred ones, and that sickness begets a longing for sympathy in rich and poor alike. Only Love would have realized that, and this Christian was ruled by Duty.

Seeing a sign one day that requested gifts of clothes for the poor, our friend immediately responded. She gathered up all the good, partly worn garments that her children had outgrown, put in a few that she and her husband could spare, and took the goodly sized bundle down to the society. She had reserved only a small

box of dainty things no one would expect her to part with. These were the treasures a mother delights in, the first and finest clothes each one of her children had worn, dainty with filmy laces and fine embroidery. It was a joy just to touch them, and recall how sweet her darlings had looked in them.

Shortly after her response to this call for clothing, she attended the funeral of a week-old baby, the youngest of ten children belonging to a family on a back street near by. This Christian mother was shocked to see that the poor little body was dressed in a coarse white robe that had once done duty as a flour sack; and how was she to know that the child had died from exposure to the cold, and that the broken-hearted, work-worn mother had no other cloth from which to cut the dress for the little one whose death had wrung a heart already bearing more than its share of the troubles and heartaches of life?

Love would have touched this woman's heart, and guided her in the disposition of clothing to the needy right at her door, but Duty has a habit of following fixed rules, in opposition sometimes to the Saviour's injunction, "Love one another."

Let Duty and Love work hand in hand. Do what your hands find to do, and do not travel a long distance to help some interesting "case," and pass by so many at your own door. The needy one may be rich or poor, humble or great: it matters not; be guided by Love, and your hands will find plenty to do for the Master.—*Review and Herald.*

Church Missionary Programme

Third Week

Opening Exercises.

"Why Witness for Christ?"

"How Witness for Christ?"

"Silent Witnessing."

Poem: "Speak a Word for Jesus."

Bible Examples of Witnessing.

"Is Your Life Telling?"

LEADER'S NOTE.—Emphasize the seven reasons given in the short reading, "Why Witness for Christ." A brief Bible study may be prepared by the leader, mentioning such examples as Andrew and Philip, as recorded in the first chapter of John; Philip the evangelist; the captive Syrian maiden, and others.

Why Witness for Christ?

WHEN you receive something good, you want others to know it, and to share it with you. When you have found Jesus, and experienced the happiness and satisfaction which He can give, surely you will want to tell others of it, and to make them acquainted with Him, so that they too may share the same blessings that you enjoy. Your personal testimony will help.

If a friend were to snatch you from in front of a flying express train, saving your life, do you think you would be slow in speaking about it to others? Would you feel timid about praising that friend? Your Saviour has not only saved you from sin and death, but is constantly showering you with blessings, and for the future has promised you eternal life. Is He not worthy of your praise?

When you fail to witness for Christ, you take a backward step. No one stands still in the Christian life—no one must either progress or retrograde. A lost opportunity to bear witness for Christ does not spell advancement. Then, too, your failure to testify may affect others, who need just the stimulus of your example.

By witnessing for Christ, you strengthen your own faith. Every time you speak of the love of God, it takes on an added lustre in your eyes—it shines the more brightly.

When you declare your allegiance to Christ, it stirs you to carry out in *deeds* the words you utter.

If Jesus at the last great day is to confess you, you must acknowledge Him here and now. "Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven."

By witnessing for Christ, you show that you love and fear Him. "They that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord harkened, and heard. . . . And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels."

How Witness for Christ

1. BY speaking for Christ whenever opportunity affords, whether in meeting or elsewhere.

2. By taking part in active missionary work for the Lord.

3. By testifying of the love of Christ in correspondence, whether to friends, or to those whom you are seeking to win to Him.

4. By earnestly endeavouring to lead the unsaved to Christ.

5. By showing your colours, when questions of principle are involved.

6. By living an unselfish, sincere, consistent Christian life.

Silent Witnessing

ONE of our soldier boys in a Western camp recently had an opportunity of showing his loyalty to God by his consistent Christian example. In relating the incident, a friend wrote:

"At night, when the time came to retire, Brother G. sat on his bunk to read his chapter, while the room was filled with tobacco smoke, oaths, coarse jests, and the usual accompaniment of card games, three of which were in progress at the time. When he knelt down to pray, every game was stopped, the cards were turned upside down, and quiet reigned in the barracks. God is still able to bless and protect those who will prove loyal to Him in time of trial and test. It takes an altogether higher type of courage to be true in such an ordeal as this, than to stand before the fire of the enemy."

Impressed by our soldier's adherence to principle, another young soldier walked three miles, that he might have a talk with him about the Christian life. He said he desired to be a Christian, and asked the prayers of Brother G. in his behalf.

Is Your Life Telling?

AN American teacher was employed in Japan on the understanding that during school hours he should not utter a word on the subject of Christianity. The en-

agement was faithfully kept, and he lived before his students the Christ-life, but never spoke of it to them. Not a word was said to influence the young men committed to his care. But so beautiful was his character, and so blameless his example, that forty of the students, unknown to him, met in a grove and signed a secret covenant to abandon idolatry. Twenty-five of them entered the Kioto Christian Training School, and some of them are now preaching the gospel which their teacher has thus commended in his daily life.—*Hugh T. Kerr, in Sunday School Times.*

Speak a Word for Jesus

Speak a word for Jesus in the morning
gray,

Ere the hours of business call your thoughts
away.

In the quiet highway or the crowded
street,

Speak a word for Jesus every chance you
meet.

Speak a word for Jesus in the busy shop,
Where the talk is profit or the failing
crop,

Talk of Christ's bruised body and His
pierced feet;

Speak a word for Jesus every chance you
meet.

Speak a word for Jesus when you are at
home,

Tell the little children that the Lord says,
"Come!"

Tell the old, old story, for it is so sweet:
Speak a word for Jesus every chance you
meet.

Speak a word for Jesus to the lonely ones,
Point them on to victory, and the Lord's
"Well done."

Tell of heavenly music that their ears will
greet.

Speak a word for Jesus every chance you
meet.

Speak a word for Jesus by a life of faith,
Guided by this motto, "What My Master
Saith;"

Then shall noble actions, freed from
earth's conceit,

Speak a word for Jesus every chance they
meet.

—Selected.

Church Missionary Programme

Fourth Week

Opening Exercises.

"The Call of Unentered Fields."

Notes of Progress in Other Lands.

Prayer for More Workers.

LEADER'S NOTE.—Our programme this week is a map study, which should give a clear view of the extent and limits of our mission work. To think that in every country except those mentioned in this list present truth is being proclaimed to-day, and people are being won for the kingdom, is cheering. The third angel's message is now proclaimed in 125 different languages. But this review of the unfinished task shows many countries for which missionaries must be raised up by God before the end can come. Select some of the unentered fields, presenting their peculiar difficulties and needs. For the "Notes of

Progress" gather brief world-wide notes that have been given in the *Record* this year, stating the fact contained in each note as you locate the place upon the map. Every missionary leader should preserve a file of the *Australasian Record*, and if possible have access to the *Review and Herald*.

The Call of Unentered Fields

WE have a message which is to go to "every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people." Rev. 14: 6. The advancement which this heaven ordained work has already made is truly marvellous, but there are yet unentered fields, and "great and walled" cities to be warned. In the strength of Him who commanded His followers to go into all the world and preach the gospel, we can say with the two faithful men, Caleb and Joshua, "We are well able to go up and possess the land."

Taking a survey of our world-wide field, we find that in North America there are three countries which have not yet been entered by any of our regular workers. These, with their populations, are:

Greenland, 13,500; Labrador, 4,000; Santo Domingo (republic in the West Indies), 708,000.

In South America, only one country out of thirteen is entirely unentered:

French Guiana, 49,000.

Of Europe's twenty-six countries the following still wait for the gospel messenger:

Andorra (a small state on the Franco-Spanish frontier), 5,200; Gibraltar, 23,500; Monaco (South-eastern France, the smallest sovereign principality of Europe), 23,000; San Marino (a republic in northern Italy), 11,000.

Asia has a still larger number of unentered countries, and they are of larger size:

Aden, 46,100; Afghanistan, 6,000,000; Arabia, 1,050,000; Baluchistan, 834,700; Bhutan, 250,000; French India, 278,700; French Indo-China, 16,990,000; Nepal, 5,000,000; Oman, 500,000; Siam, 8,149,000.

Turning to the Dark Continent we still find a longer list:

Abyssinia, 8,000,000; Angola, 7,000,000; Azores Islands, 242,600; Bechuanaland, 125,300; Belgian Kongo, 15,000,000; Portuguese East Africa, 8,245,000; French Guinea, 1,812,500; French Kongo, 9,000,000; German South-west Africa, 79,000; Kamerun, 2,648,000; Liberia, 2,100,000; Madagascar, 3,153,000; Madeira Islands, 169,000; Morocco, 5,000,000; Rio De Oro and Adrar, 12,000; Senegal, 1,247,000; Somaliland, 310,000; Swaziland, 107,000; Tripoli, 523,000; Tunis, 1,780,000.

Of our twenty-six island fields only eight have been entered. The following territories still "wait for His law":

Bismarck Archipelago, 189,000; Caroline Islands, 50,000; Ellice Is., 2,400; Gilbert Is., 27,000; Guam (north of the Carolines), 12,240; Kermadec Is., population unknown; Manahiki Is., 1,000; Mariana or Ladronne Is., 2,500; Marquesas Is., 3,500; Marshall Island, 15,000; New Caledonia, 50,600; Dutch New Guinea, 200,000; German New Guinea (now occupied by the British), 531,000; German Samoa (now British), 35,000; Pelew or Paloa Is., 3,000; Phoenix Is., 60; Santa Cruz Group, 5,000; Tokelau or Union Group, 500; Tuamotu and Gambier Islands, 8,000; Tubuai or Austral Is., 2,000; Uea or Wallis Is., 4,500.

May this survey of unentered lands be a challenge to the people of the denomination to take the blessed gospel message of a resurrected and soon-returning Saviour to the multitudes who still sit in darkness and in the valley of the shadow of death, not alone in these lands, but in many countries which, though entered, have large and populous portions of the field where the message has not been given.

Shall we not all unite as never before in praying the Lord of the harvest to send forth more reapers into the harvest fields? Shall we not reconsecrate ourselves and all we possess to the finishing of the work which must be done ere Christ comes again, and sin and sorrow be no more?

Missionary Volunteer Department

Missionary Volunteer Programme

First Week

India

Opening Exercises.

"Facts About India."

William Carey.

"The Missionary Poet."

"The Lady of the Slippers."

"The Call of the Lost Ones."

LEADER'S NOTE.—As an introduction to this programme, ask the members to name as many missionaries as they know of who have worked in India. During the two centuries ending in 1900, we read of twenty-five leading workers who gave up all for India. "Facts About India" should prove an interesting subject for a talk. The life of William Carey is familiar to all, but one should have no difficulty in finding sufficient on this subject for a very interesting talk. Hymn 103 in "Hymns and Tunes" was written by Carey's first convert from Hinduism.

This week we would remind the leaders to make a special study of the programme for the fourth week so that it may be acceptably presented.

Facts About India

THE total area of India is 1,328,392 square miles. The population is 320,000,000,—240 persons to each square mile.

The great rivers of India are worshipped and regarded as sacred. The people believe that to wash in the waters of these streams takes away all sin. Why does India need the gospel of Jesus Christ?

Three hundred languages and dialects are spoken in the Indian Empire including Burma and Siam.

India is the greatest Mohammedan country in the world.

Its wealth is found in its forests, its growing fields, and pasture lands. About one-fourth of its land is idle.

Floods, plagues, failure of rains, and the village and caste system, are the causes of the many famines.

Bombay is the second largest city in the British Empire after London, and is the greatest cotton market in the world after New Orleans.

The climate is very varied. The cool months last from November to the middle of February. From June to September is the wet season.

While India is less than half as large as Australia, it contains sixty-four times as many people.—*Selected.*

The Missionary Poet

REGINALD HEBER was the greatest of missionary poets. He was born in England in 1783, and was a most remarkable boy, reading the Bible readily at the age of five, begging for a Latin grammar as a treat at the age of six, and translating Phœdrus into English verse at the age of seven. He was generous, and his parents, when they sent him to school, had to sew his half-year's pocket money into his clothes, knowing by experience that otherwise he would give it all away before he reached the school. He was a saintly lad, and would hastily close a book if any expression met his eye that he thought unbecoming.

Heber became a beloved minister of the Church of England, renowned for such poems as "Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee," "Brightest and best of the sons of the morning," "By cool Siloam's shady rill," "The Son of God goes forth to war," and especially the immortal missionary hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," which he composed in 1819 on the

occasion of a special collection for missions taken throughout England.

When called to be Bishop of Calcutta, he shrank from the responsibility, and twice refused it; but his sense of duty prevailed, and in 1823 he set sail for "India's coral strand." His labours were incessant, and sometimes on descending from the pulpit he would be almost unable to speak from exhaustion. Finally he entered upon an extensive visitation of the mission throughout India, and when he reached the more torrid portions of South India, he suddenly passed away. His death occurred in 1826, after a missionary service of less than three years.

The Lady of the Slippers

YOU know what a zenana is, don't you? That close-shut apartment in an Indian house, where the wives of the husband are shut in, and not allowed to so much as peep out of a crack?

The women in the zenanas, whether rich or poor, have always been sadly ignorant, often very idle, with nothing to do but comb their hair, look over their jewels, and talk gossip, or quarrel with each other. They have always been unhappy. How to reach and teach these imprisoned woman, many of them very young, was one of the first missionary puzzles. The women could not get out, and the missionaries could not get in—that is, not for a long, long while, till the lady of this story came. If you have never heard about the "slippers" you shall hear now.

The lady was born in India. Her name was Hannah Catherine Lacroix, and she was a missionary's daughter. Her birthplace was Calcutta, and the year was 1826. Her father was intensely interested in his work, and was especially anxious about the women of India. The daughter seemed to breathe the spirit of her parents from childhood.

When about fifteen she gave her heart to the Lord Jesus, and became much more earnest about helping others to know Him. She gathered the servants and taught them, and had other classes. At nineteen she married Rev. Dr. Mullens, of the London Missionary Society, and the two were very happy together in the work they loved so dearly.

But how about the zenana and the slippers? Well, there is a very close connection. Mrs. Mullens had

great skill with her needle, and did beautiful embroidery. One day a native gentleman was visiting the house. Mrs. Mullens was working a pair of slippers. The gentleman noticed and admired her work very much.

"I should like my wife taught such things," he said finally. Quick as a flash the missionary said, "I will come and teach her." The slippers thus opened the way to the zenana in the first place. Next a school was planned, and by and by, after the first opportunities the missionary ladies had access to many shut-in women, and the work grew.

In the midst of loving labours Mrs. Mullens' life ended at thirty-five, in 1861.

The embroidery needle that she used so skilfully is lost, and the work of the busy fingers worn out long ago. Both answered their end, simple as they were. Doors are open to-day, and stand wide, against which Mrs. Mullens pushed her little needle-point.—"Fifty Missionary Heroes."

The Call of the Lost Ones

India's dusky sons are pleading,
Brahma's children weeping call,—
"Long we've worshipped worthless idols,
Daily we before them fall;
Long we've thrown our helpless infants
'Neath the Ganges' sacred wave,
Now we turn to you, O Christian,
Send your God to help and save."

Salt tears fill my aching eyelids
As I listen to their tale,
See their poor secluded women,
Hear again their bitter wail;
And I long to bring them blessing,
Yearn to make their pathway clear,
Seek to shed the light of Jesus
In their darkness, cold and drear.

O, the millions of earth's children,
Waiting for some friendly hand,
Showing them the way to heaven,
Pointing to Immanuel's land.
Christian, do you hear them calling?
You who pray to God above,
Go and tell the heathen dying
That our God is full of love.
H. S. STREETER.

Missionary Volunteer Programme Second Week

China

Opening Exercises.
The Land of Sinim.
Robert Morrison.
"James Gilmour."
"Only a Baby Girl."
Hudson Taylor.
"The Sailors' Friend."

LEADER'S NOTE.—This week we have one of the most interesting of mission fields to study. Under the title of "The

Land of Sinim" a talk on the geographical features of China might be prepared from the notes given below. Something about the ancient religions of China might also be given in this connection. The lives of the well-known missionaries, Robert Morrison and J. Hudson Taylor, will also form subjects for interesting talks.

China

AREA of China proper 1,532,420 square miles.

Population (estimated) 407,253,030.

This shows that there are 266 persons to each square mile in China. In the most densely populated province, Shantung, there are 683 people to the square mile.

In Australia we have but five persons to every two square miles of area.

The whole of China proper with its four hundred millions of people could be placed inside of Western Australia and the Northern Territory of South Australia leaving all of the other states for our small population.

Only a Baby Girl

Only a little baby girl, dead by the river-side;

Only a little Chinese child, drowned in the flowing tide.

If she had only been a boy, they would have heard her cry,
But she was just a baby girl, and so was left to die.

There they have left her little form, floating upon the wave;

She was too young to have a soul, why should she have a grave?

There's many another little one perishing every day,

Thrown by the road or riverside, flung to the beasts of prey.

Is there a mother's heart to-night, clasping her precious child,

Willing to leave these helpless lambs out on the desert wild?

Is there a little Christian girl, happy in love and home,

Living in selfish ease, while they out on the mountains roam?

Think of the little baby girls over in Chinaland,

Who seldom know of a mother's love or a father's guiding hand.

Ask if there is not something more that even you can do,

And perhaps away in Chinaland Jesus has need of you.

Only a little baby girl, dead by the river-side;

Only a little Chinese child, drowned by the flowing tide;

But it has brought a vision, dark as a nation's woe.

O, has it found some willing heart answering, "I will go"?

—Selected.

James Gilmour

JAMES GILMOUR, the apostle to Mongolia, was the son of a Scotch carpenter, a spirited lad and a

brilliant scholar. His determination was shown in his student days when some intoxicating liquor was put in his room. He poured it out of the window, saying, "Better on God's earth than in His image." He went to Peking the year of the Tientsin massacre, and proceeded at once to his chosen field among the rude nomads of Mongolia. Here, in terrible loneliness yet with no privacy, living in tents amid all kinds of discomforts, Gilmour toiled for twenty years, dying, worn-out, in 1891. One brief interval of joyful romance was his marriage to Emily Prankard, a beautiful and heroic English-woman, to whom Gilmour made a proposal of marriage without having seen her, and who thereupon went out to China without having seen him. Her splendid sharing of her husband's tent life among the Mongolians, and her untimely death, make up one of the most lovely chapters of missionary history. To his two boys, being educated in England, he wrote the most tender letters, never using blotting paper, but always kneeling to pray for them while the ink dried; and their boyish replies he always carried with him.

The Sailors' Friend

GRIFFITH JOHN always seemed to me such an odd name and I never was quite sure whether it should be Griffith John or John Griffith, but now I know that Griffith John is right even though I still think that John is better for a first than for a last name.

This story, however, is not about Griffith John, but about Mrs. Griffith John, for sometimes we are apt to forget that the missionary's wife is as good a missionary as her much-praised husband. Mrs. Griffith John lived in the Chinese city of Shanghai. She was a lovely, cultured Christian lady. She had not been long in that Chinese city before she looked around for something to do for the Master whom she loved and served.

She soon made her discovery. One day as she was on her way to the English chapel she passed six half-drunken sailors on the street. You know a great many ships come and go from the harbour at Shanghai. Each of the sailors had a bottle of whiskey under his arm and was on his way to the ship to drink with his comrades. Mrs. John stopped and turned back. A great thought had

come to her. These boys had mothers somewhere on the other side of the world who were watching and waiting and praying for them. So she went and spoke to them. She was very beautiful and they were surprised because of her interest in them.

No one knows what she said to them and they never told, but people in that Chinese city wondered when they saw a cultured Christian lady talking on the street with six drunken sailors. They were more surprised, however, when they saw each of the sailors fling his whiskey bottle into the ditch at the side of the road. Of course the bottles were smashed, as they ought to have been long before, but the noise made many more people turn and look, and they could hardly believe their eyes when they saw the six sailor lads walk off with the lady. She walked in the middle of the street, with three sailors on each side of her acting as if they were her self-appointed body guard. They marched down through the city to the Union Chapel and took part, as far as they were able, in the service and after it was over went home with their friend to tea. Think of that! They had not been in a home for months and had not had a woman's hand serve them since they left their own home, perhaps years ago. After tea they sang some old-fashioned hymns, and happy-hearted and glad they went back to their ship. They had entered all at once into a new and beautiful life and in that far-away wicked city they had found a friend. They began to call her "The Sailors' Friend." When they went to sea they did not forget her and often wrote her wonderful letters that made her heart glad.

Here is one of the letters she received from one of the lads when on board the *Frolic* :

Dearest Mother :

Is there anything wrong in smoking? There is a young chap on board the *Frolic* who told me last night when he saw me smoking that I had not given up all for Jesus, so I thought I would ask you if you thought it was wrong, and I will give it up.

I will not do anything that my Saviour does not love; and anything you do not like I will not do. I would not displease you if I knew it; you who have promised to be my mother. You do not know how I love you as a mother, more now than when I was with you. You were kinder to me than any one else has ever been. If I had not known you I would not have known Jesus.

Your own son.

Every Sunday evening the sailors from the ships in the harbour would

come to her home and have tea and then enjoy the religious service she herself would conduct for them. When she went to Hankow, where Dr. Griffith John had his mission, she carried on the same work with still greater success. During a visit to England her friends gave her enough money to build a little chapel and it was called by the beautiful name, "The Sailors' Rest." In that chapel and in her home many lonely sailors were cheered and comforted and many of them became happy and useful Christians.

No wonder they loved to call her "The Sailors' Friend." To be called a friend is a great honour. They called Florence Nightingale "The Soldiers' Friend" and you remember what they called Jesus. It was such a wonderful, such a beautiful name. They called Him "The Sinners' Friend," and to us as to His disciples He says, "I have called you friends." How sweet it is to know that He is our Friend, our best Friend.

"I've found a Friend; O such a Friend,
So kind and true and tender!
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!"

—"Fifty Missionary Heroes."

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Third Week

LEADER'S NOTE.—As this is the last Sabbath in the week of prayer we would suggest that the time of the young people's meeting be given over to a praise service and opportunity afforded for all to consecrate themselves for another year of service. These services should be more and more frequent as the conditions of life to-day call for more earnestness and deeper consecration in the Lord's work. The apostle Paul says in Hebrews 10:25 that we should do this "so much the more as ye see the day approaching." The matter given below will afford suggestions for a leader's talk.

Our Eternal Interests

THE story has been told of a man crossing the ocean, who stood one day by the rail of the ship, tossing up something in the air and catching it again. He did this again and again, and it sparkled in the sunshine with wonderful brilliancy. A fellow passenger approached the man and said, "My friend, what is it you have there?" "It is a large diamond," said the stranger. "I sold all my property and invested the money in this beautiful stone, and I'm going to a new country to seek my fortune." "But aren't you afraid to toss it up that way? You might miss catching it." "Oh, no, I've been doing it here for half an hour, and have 'nt missed yet." And he continued to

toss it up. Presently the diamond came down a little far out; he reached frantically for it. There was a tiny splash in the water, and all the man's earthly possessions were lost. "That never happened," says some one, doubtfully; "no one would be so foolish." Yes, my friend, it did happen; and you perhaps are the very one who is thus trifling with the greatest possession God has to offer you—eternal life. For your sake and for Jesus' sake, will you not face about and consider your eternal interests?

Dear young people, do you feel that you can drift with the advent people, and that somehow, somehow, God will save you before it is too late? Do not deceive yourselves. In "Steps to Christ," page 24, we read:

"Motives stronger, and agencies more powerful, could never be brought into operation; the exceeding rewards for right-doing, the enjoyment of heaven, the society of the angels, the communion and love of God and His Son, the elevation and extension of all our powers throughout eternal ages,—are these not mighty incentives and encouragements to urge us to give the heart's loving service to our Creator and Redeemer?"

"And, on the other hand, the judgments of God pronounced against sin, the inevitable retribution, the degradation of our character, and the final destruction, are presented in God's Word to warn us against the service of Satan."

A few years ago a fine young man, a well-educated physician, suddenly died. On learning of his death, a leading physician of the city wrote his mother, "You know that every one of us loved the boy for his fineness of character, his quiet strength, and his high purpose in life." He was a teacher in the Sabbath-school, and almost his last effort was to urge the members of his class to give themselves to God. On the fly-leaf of his Bible were written these verses, which ought to appeal to every youthful heart that has not made this supreme decision:

"Just as I am, Thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who lovest me,
To consecrate myself to Thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come.

"In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart, I come.

"I would live ever in the light;
I would work ever for the right;
I would serve Thee with all my might,
Therefore to Thee I come.

"Just as I am, young, strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be,
For truth and righteousness and Thee,
Lord of my life, I come."

M. E. KERN.

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Fourth Week

Special Missionary Programme

Opening Exercises.
Scripture Reading: Matt. 28: 16-20;
Acts 13: 1-3.
Dialogue: "Sending the Gospel."
Song: "Willing Workers."
Reading: "As Far as Our House."
"Wunwang's Story of His Life."

Motion Song: "Christ in Song," 575.
Recitation: "The Need of Haste."
Offering.
Recitation: "A Little Boy's Thoughts."

LEADER'S NOTE.—We have planned a special programme for the children this week. They should all be well drilled in the items before the meeting. Do not attempt to present this programme without plenty of preparation. If this cannot be managed the programme should be postponed until it can be given proper consideration. The reading, "As Far as Our House," shows that there is work to be done at home as well as abroad.

Sending the Gospel

JESSIE.—

There are millions of children across the
blue sea,
As poor and as needy as children can be.
What help can we give them to-day?

TED.—

Have we food we can furnish, their bodies
to feed?
Is not hunger the worst of all human
need?
'Tis hard to be *hungry*, I say.

FANNIE.—

Each person may do what to him seems
the best;
To my mind they need to be fittingly
dressed.
I would send what would help keep
them warm.

JOE.—

Great need we all feel of food and of
clothes,
But they can get those things at home, I
suppose,
I'd send them *books* in some form.

MARY.—

O, yes; 'twould be nice, but they cannot
read
Our books, so these would be wasted
indeed;
We'd better remember their *sick*.

WILLIE.—

Sick people do need kind words and good
care,
And these, people say, are not known over
there—
Let's send them some medicine quick.

RUTH.—

Perhaps we're too quick—we would better
advise
With teacher; she's read, and is really
so wise,
She will tell us the best thing to do.

HARRY.—

Exactly the thing. And we'll catch every
word;
She knows what we have said, I'm sure
she has heard.
Dear teacher, we want help from you.

TEACHER.—

Let us think for a moment—the body and
mind
To provide for, I see you are all quite in-
clined.

Is there nothing important besides? Let
us see?
The soul must be cared for; and you will
all agree
That the gift you should bear the children
out there
Should be something for which the hungry
soul pleads.
Can you not help them out of the dark-
ness of sin
That has sunk them so low, and help them
to win
Something better and higher—the thing
that is best—
That they, too, may share the life of the
blest?

ALL.—

O, the gospel, the gospel is what we will
give,
That the men and the women and chil-
dren may live.
We will tell it at home, we will tell it
abroad.
We will help make the world acquainted
with God;
We'll tell of the Saviour who lovingly
came
To redeem every soul that believes on
His name.
Thus the children way over across the
dark sea
May be saved in His kingdom with you
and with me.

—Selected.

Willing Workers

(Children's hymn. Tune 284 "Christ in Song.")

We are workers for the Master;
Willingly to Him we bring
Hearts and hands, to do His service
While our lips His praises sing.
Little workers, happy workers,—
Willing workers for our King.

There are lands where heathen darkness
Falls, without one cheering ray,
Where they bow in idol worship
To their gods of wood and clay.
Little workers, happy workers,—
Send to them the light of day.

There are sheep that far have wandered
From the pastures green and fair,
Out upon sin's gloomy desert,
Over rock and mountain bare.
Little workers, happy workers,—
Lead them to the Shepherd's care.

Let us then be up and doing—
Serving Jesus while we may,
Sending light to souls in darkness,
Seeking lost sheep gone astray.
Little workers, happy workers,—
Be our motto, "Work and pray."

"As Far as Our House"

THE missionary meeting had been a successful and enthusiastic one. Reports had been brought from various fields, interesting accounts had been given, and letters from workers read. Some with money had given generously, some were willing to go

as teachers. A plainly dressed, middle-aged woman in the audience had listened so intently that her earnest, homely face attracted attention, and as the company passed out of the building a lady said to her: "You are interested in helping forward God's kingdom?" "Yes'm," was the simple reply: "I can't do much, but I'm tryin' to help it as fur along as our house." Could any meeting achieve a more practical result than voiced by those words?—*Present Truth.*

Wunwang's Story of His Life

(Little boy dressed as Chinese)

I HAVE been asked to tell you the story of my life, so I will begin at the beginning. My home is in China. When I was a little baby, my mother tied a red cord about my wrists, to make me obedient, and another, with charms strung on it, about my neck, to keep me from having the colic or smallpox.

When I was a month old, they had a party for me, to which my grandmother and a great many other persons came, and brought me presents. They shaved my head, and gave me my milk name, which was "Little Stupid," so that when the spirits heard my mother call me, they would think she did not care much about me, and so let me live to grow up.

When I was six years old, I had my real name, which is Wunwang, and I began to go to school; but I didn't think it was very interesting, for I couldn't understand what we were studying, and I got tired saying over and over again, "Confucius; how great is Confucius!"

One day as I was going home from school, some boys were fighting, and they ran into me and knocked me down, and my leg was broken. They carried me home, and my father brought in a native doctor, who felt my pulse in five or six places, gave me something to take, put a knitting-needle into the fire till it was red-hot, then stuck it into my leg, and said I would be all well soon.

I didn't get better, and I used to cry with the pain. One day a missionary was passing by our house, and came in to see what was the matter. When he saw my leg, he asked my father to let him take me to the hospital where they could cure me. My father was afraid to let me go, for we both thought they might

do something dreadful to me there. But at last he said "Yes," and they took me on a wheelbarrow. When I saw the doctor coming to look at my leg, with some queer things in his hand, I thought he was going to take out my eyes, to make medicine of them. So I screamed and screamed.

A lady came, and held my hand, and talked quietly to me, and had me smell something which put me to sleep, and when I awoke, my leg was all nicely fixed. Now I can walk again, and my father is so happy that he says I may go to school where they teach about Jesus, who makes these foreigners so kind and good.—*Mission Dayspring.*

A Little Boy's Thoughts

Two beautiful shining pennies, bright and yellow and new!
Don't tell me about the heathen. I want them *myself*, I do.

I want a top and some marbles, a sword, and a gun that shoots,
A lolly stick and a trumpet, a knife and a pair of boots.

But what if I were a heathen with no precious Bible to tell
The story of Jesus our Saviour, who loves little children so well?

For Jesus, you know, may be asking this question of you and me;
Did you carry My love to your brothers and sisters across the sea?

I think you may send them my pennies, perhaps in some way they will grow,
For little brooks grow to be rivers, and pennies make pounds, you know.
—*Selected.*

(Puts pennies in offering box.)

The Need of Haste

They are dying by *tens*! don't you know it?
Dying without the light.
They know not Christ as their Saviour;
His cross is hid from their sight.

They are dying by *hundreds*! O hear it!
In the chains of ignorance bound;
They see not their need of a Saviour,
The Saviour whom you have found.

They are dying by *thousands*! Believe it!
O what are you going to do?
Your Saviour cares for these lost ones,
And longs to bless them through you.

They are dying by *millions*! Yes, millions!
All over the world's wide lands;
In Africa, India, and China,
Can you sit with idle hand?

Dying while you are sleeping,
Dying while you are at play,
Dying while you laugh and chatter,
Dying by night and by day.

Some do not know they are needy;
Some of them care not at all.
But some of them hunger for Jesus,
Yet know not on whom to call.

They grope for a light in their darkness;
They call on their gods for aid;
There is no one to tell them of Jesus,
And the sinner's debt which He paid.

None, did I say? 'Twas an error;
For God has a few lights out there;
But when it's not three to a million,
O *won't* you begin to care?
—*The Kingdom.*

Sabbath-School Missionary Exercises

(May 4)

Some of the Difficulties of Mission Work in Heathen Islands

ONE of the first difficulties a missionary meets when he goes to a new field is the language. If, as in some of the larger fields, one could learn one language, and then be able to reach thousands or even millions it would seem worth while putting time and effort into thoroughly mastering that language. But here each small island, or village on a large island, has a different dialect; and often when the missionary understands one village he cannot understand people living a few miles distant.

But when we consider that very few of these languages have ever been written, a still greater difficulty presents itself—that of mastering the language sufficiently to put it into writing. This is not always easy, as one meets some sounds quite foreign to our ear. Then, too, the natives are not always willing for the white man to learn their language. Just a few years back when some of our workers landed, the natives, when asked for a word, would say they did not know, or give something just the opposite.

Nor is the learning and writing of the language all. The natives must next be gathered into a day school and taught to read it. They have no idea of what reading is nor its benefits, and hence have no desire to learn. Curiosity brings them for a little while and then some heathen dance or ceremony comes along and off they go, forgetting all about the promises they have made not to miss a day. A few, however, continue and after a hard struggle come to the place where they can read a few simple words. They should now have a simple reading book, and this brings the missionary to his next problem—that of translating. He may have a complete vocabulary and have worked out all the grammatical rules. But let him apply these rules and translate a few verses, and he will probably find that the natives do not get the thoughts at all. He must go still deeper into the language and find out their idioms and way of thinking. But after this is all done we must look back and remember that it will only reach, at the most, probably three or four hundred people.

So far we have only dealt with the language problems. There are other things that the missionary must face. There is the fever and other and worse diseases to

which he is daily exposed, to say nothing of the continual enervating heat. There is no camp-meeting, not even the weekly services, to keep his Christian experience up; but, on the contrary, the continual association with childish minds that have no desire for higher things. But look at the other side! There are souls to save and it is the hope of seeing some redeemed for whom he has laboured that urges the missionary on.

This is written with the hope that it will give you a little deeper insight into the work which confronts our missionaries, thus enabling you to better appreciate their needs as you daily present their cases before our Heavenly Father. ALMA WILES.

(May 11)

Norfolk Island

ABOUT nine hundred miles north-east from Sydney is situated the beautiful and fertile Norfolk Island, now included in the Commonwealth. It is but twenty-one miles in circumference, and its high rock-bound coast makes it difficult of access. The general elevation of the island is four hundred feet above the sea, rising in the north-west to a height of one thousand and fifty feet. Tree ferns are abundant, and the magnificent Norfolk Island pine trees attain at times a height of over two hundred feet, with a girth of thirty feet.

In 1856 a large company of Pitcairn islanders were brought to the island to settle. Many of the present inhabitants are their descendants. The population is now about one thousand.

Norfolk was visited by our schooner *Pitcairn* in September, 1891. Brother and Sister L. A. Reed remained upon the island about six months, and during that period a large company of believers was raised up.

Brother and Sister Byron Belden were the next workers to locate there. Brother Belden passed away many years ago, but Sister Belden still clings to their island home, and notwithstanding advancing age, is doing what she can to forward the message she loves.

In 1906 Brother H. Mitchell took charge of the work on Norfolk, and laboured successfully until 1909, when he was relieved by Brother A. H. Ferris, who is still in charge. The present membership of this island church is fifty-one.

For some months the company has been labouring to provide a new church building in a more central location. For this purpose, one of the members donated six good pine trees, and another offered the land on which to build. This was a great consideration, for land is very difficult to procure on the island. The work of cutting the timber from the bush, and placing huge logs on the "saw pit" without the usual appliances, has been hard work. At first the difficulties presenting themselves seemed insurmountable to our brethren, but God has shown that He was with them in their undertaking, and the work has gone forward successfully.

Brother Ferris conducts Sunday evening meetings each week, and with his wife is kept very busy visiting the homes of the people and holding cottage meetings. He reports the interest and the opportunities for labour existing at present as greater than ever before.

(May 18)

Lord Howe Island

INCLUDED in our Melanesian Mission field is Lord Howe Island, located about five hundred and twenty miles north-east of Sydney. This island is five and a half miles long and one mile wide, well wooded and hilly, reaching a height of 2,840 feet at the southern end. It is under the administration of the New South Wales Government.

About 1896 Brother and Sister Baron laboured upon Lord Howe Island, and created an interest in present truth. Although they saw no definite results, the seed they planted has since borne fruit.

A lady from Lord Howe visited Norfolk Island about 1912, and hearing the truth from Brother A. H. Ferris she invited him to come to Lord Howe and hold studies with the people. He did so, with the result that many were interested in the message. They accepted it later when Brother and Sister C. K. Meyers located there. Later Brother and Sister H. Robinson spent some time on the island as self-supporting workers.

Writing of his visit to Lord Howe last year, Brother Ferris gave the following good testimony:

"I found our little company still strong, and doing their best under somewhat difficult circumstances. During the three months spent with them we held a long series of meetings in the schoolhouse. The attendance was good throughout. Some of the chief people of the island attended regularly. In the Sabbath-school and young people's society we had a good time. All are advancing well in their studies. During the week of prayer the Spirit of God was manifest among us. It is a good sign when one can say, although the weather was bad and the meetings were held in different homes, that every member attended every meeting, and every one took some part in each meeting."

In the winter of 1917 Pastor J. M. Cole paid a visit to Lord Howe and Norfolk Islands. While on Norfolk Brother Sidney H. Nobbs, who had been for some time a deacon of the Norfolk church, was ordained by Brother Cole as elder of the church on Lord Howe. In the month of August he removed with his family to take up his work on that island. The present membership of the church is about thirty, while the Sabbath-school has twenty-eight members who take a deep interest in the study of the lesson.

(May 25)

An Impressive Incident

WHILE on a voyage among the East India Islands we saw from our vessel rockets sent up from a ship in distress, which proved to be some ten miles out of our course. But notwithstanding we were on a European mail steamer, the captain quickly put the ship about and steered in the direction of the signals.

As we came nearer, we saw in the moonlight some small islands, between two of which the captain slowly and cautiously took the

steamer; and we saw at the extreme end of one of the islands a light, which we knew belonged to the vessel in distress. Soon the boat came off toward us, and we learned that a large four-masted barque had stranded, and the men asked our help.

What anxiety all showed, both passengers and crew! "Were any lives lost?" was on every tongue. And all were anxious to know what could be done. Every one was willing to lend a helping hand.

We think of the many human wrecks in our mission fields stranded on the rocks of superstition and heathenism, and crying out in their needs to us. Shall we turn a deaf ear to their cry? Shall no help be sent? Or shall the help sent be so insufficient that only a few can be saved, and nearly all have no opportunity?

O may the Holy Spirit in some way impress our Sabbath-schools in Australasia with the importunate needs, together with the pathetic appeals for help of these teeming millions! You may to some extent content your minds that many of your fellow creatures in the homelands have had at least an opportunity of receiving the light, but in the mission fields all is darkness with only a faint glimmer of day.

Go and Tell Them

"Over and over the cry is heard,
'Come and bring us the saving word.'
Over and over the message rings
From the living lips of the King of kings,
'Go and tell them—'tis My command—
Go and tell them in every land.'
And while one soul of the sons of men
Waits for the Word from the lips of pen,
We who have heard it must tell it again."

J. E. FULTON.

"HOW greatly the power to spend a day aright, to abide all the day in Jesus, depends on the morning hour. . . . It is only when the believer in the morning secures his quiet time in secret to distinctly and effectually renew loving fellowship with His Saviour, that the abiding can be kept up all the day."

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