



## Home Missions Department

### Church Missionary Programme First Week

Song; Prayer; Song; Reports.  
 Reading: "The First Tract Campaign in Australia."  
 Reading: "Indispensable."  
 Reading: "Saved at the Bottom of the Sea."  
 Testimony meeting: Testimony of those who first learned of this Message through our literature.  
 Plans for a greater work with King's Pocket League and other tracts.  
 Closing Hymn.

### The First Tract Campaign in Australia

PASTOR A. G. DANIELLS writes the following regarding the first trial of the plan of distributing tracts:—

"The last month has been a very interesting and encouraging one to us. We have been instructing our brethren in the churches in the system of tract distribution. The results have been greater than we anticipated. By this I mean that the interest manifested by our brethren in this line of work far exceeds everything I have seen since coming to the colonies. They have taken hold with a will, and distributed more reading matter and have done more practical, definite work in one month, than they had done during the whole year preceding. They have met with many encouraging items. It would have done you good to be present at our missionary meeting yesterday. I have requested the members to write out some of their interesting experiences so that we may send them to others. I will here relate one case:—

"One brother called at a house to take up the packet he had left the week before. The lady met him with a smile, and said she hoped the packet he was about to leave was as good as the one she had read. She asked him if he could spare a little time in conversation, as she would like to ask him some questions. The first question related to the first coming of Christ. She said that she had been reading a book, and by it had been convinced that we are living near the end, and wanted to know what he thought about it. Of course he told her that he believed the Lord would soon come. He asked if he might see the book. It proved to be 'Great Controversy.' She also brought out another book which she had purchased from an agent. This was 'Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation.' She opened at the image and explained it to him, and told him she believed we are living in the period represented by the iron and clay.

"This lady lives within half a mile of the brother's house, yet he had no idea she

was in possession of these books, nor that she was in any way interested in the truth. It is unnecessary for me to tell you that we shall follow up this case and endeavour to lead her to see the whole truth. These experiences show us how important it is that our people be on the alert that we may know who has reached the right place for earnest effort from us. The same brother found another lady who in some way had read on the Sabbath question, and was fully convinced of the truth. What she needs just at this point is labour to show the importance of carrying out her convictions of duty. I believe that from this time on, our people who have a mind to work will find persons all ready to hear and receive the truth. The Spirit of God is preparing the hearts of the people for the reception of the message, and we shall no doubt see numberless cases similar to that of Philip and the eunuch."

### Indispensable

ALL lines of our literature have wonderfully developed, but the work of the tract has constantly increased, its field has enlarged, and its influence has been more generally recognised, until in all kinds of missionary endeavour in this busy age it is truly indispensable.

Tracts can talk to a multitude as well as to one. They require no public room to tell their story in; they can tell it in the kitchen or shop, in the railway carriage or tramcar, the broad highway or the narrow path through the fields. They take no notice of scoffs, jeers, or taunts. No one can betray them into hasty or random expressions. They will tell their story twice or twenty times as required. They are, in short, vehicles of all truth, teachers of all classes.

Thousands upon thousands can rise up and testify that a tract was the means of their conversion. As the angels told the shepherds where to find Jesus, so these little messengers have told many a soul.

Thank God for this willing band of tract workers we have in our church. Remember them in your prayers. And let all be ready to link up in this grand work of scattering the truth-laden literature throughout the land. The Lord, through His servant, has told us that, "When every trained mind, every disciplined intellect, every jot of ability among Adventists is brought to the work of saving souls, then the literature will certainly fall on the world like the leaves of autumn."

### Saved at the Bottom of the Sea

"FOR mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." Luke 2:30.

A professional diver was once entertaining in his house a Christian gentleman. The visitor noticed on the mantelpiece a strange ornament—the shell of an oyster holding a piece of printed paper. He

asked the diver for an explanation of it. The possessor of the ornament told him that he was once diving on the coast, when he observed at the bottom of the sea this oyster on a rock, with a piece of paper in its mouth. He detached the printed fragment and commenced to read through the goggles of his head-dress. It was a gospel tract, and, coming to him thus strangely and unexpectedly, made a great impression on his unconverted heart. He thought, "How can I hold out against the mercy of God in Christ, when it follows me to the depths of the sea?" There in the bottom of the ocean he repented of his sins, cried out to God for pardon, rested himself on the atonement of Calvary and received the assurance that God accepted him as His child, for the sake of His Son. He was literally saved at the bottom of the sea. (Read Ps. 139: 9, 10.)

### Church Missionary Programme Second Week

Song; Prayer; Song; Reports.  
 Reading: "Magazines."  
 Reading: "Up-to-date-ness."  
 Plans for a good, live, magazine effort.  
 Closing Hymn.

### Magazines

THIS is the day of the magazine. From the store window, the corner news-stand, the barber shop, doctors' and dentists' waiting-rooms, the newsboy, the railway trains,—from everywhere, magazines are clamouring for recognition. And they are getting it, for this is a magazine-reading age.

Magazines print books serially, and put the gist of the newspaper in an attractive form, besides containing distinctive magazine matter. Books are donning magazine attire; and newspapers are putting part of their offering in magazine form.

The public appetite for the magazine is insatiable. This form of reading matter is a large part of the pleasure and adornment of every reading table, the equipment of every journey, the joy of every vacation. It invades the social, industrial, educational, military, medical religious, and a score of minor fields. Its appeal is, in fact, universal.

Now there are magazines and magazines, weekly magazines, monthly magazines, quarterly magazines, pictorial, poetical, prosaic, readable, passable, contemptible, good, bad, and neither. But, like the structure of the same name containing explosives, there is enormous power for good or evil stored up in most of them. When a periodical reaches many millions of readers all over the world every week, its influence is incalculable.

But the magazine worth while is the one with a sane policy, an earnest purpose, and a message which meets the crying needs of a suffering world. One who knows the truth of this statement says:—

"I first became interested in the message a little over two years ago by reading the —. I subscribed to it a few days after receiving a copy from a friend and am still receiving it every month. I was baptised about two months ago, and am now looking forward to the baptism of my husband in the near future. When I realise how one magazine brought me out of darkness, I know that it can do the same for others."

### Up-to-date-ness

THE curiosity-consumed Athenians of long ago were not the first nor the last in the world's history to take keen delight in telling or hearing "some new thing." With the lightning rapidity of day's communication we are absolutely certain of "something new" in every edition of the newspapers. Somewhere in the world there is ever some event occurring which is intensely interesting to you and me. "Have you heard the latest?" infects every human ear with the itch.

The newspapers cater to the news mania, but almost before the ink is dry it is cast aside as "stale." There is of necessity so much haste in getting it and hurrying it through the presses that false reports are numerous, and must be corrected later. The "latest" is often unreliable. But let the fact of an event be verified again and again and it becomes history, and is permanently set down in a book.

An apt medium between the flat fact of history and the uncertain ones of the newspapers is the contents of the magazine,—new enough to be up to the times, old enough to be sure. This is what the people want, as is attested by the growing popularity of this form of reading matter. Like electric appliances, motor power, and air travel, the magazine has a future that few even dream of.

And now the third angel's message has been set into this focus of the world's vision, and present truth is striking home to thousands of hearts because it appears in a form and language that they know. Opportunity is tap-tap-tapping at the door and all that is lacking is the human instruments who will persistently place our magazines within reading distance of the eyes of the world.

### Church Missionary Programme

#### Third Week

Song; Prayer; Reports; Song.  
Reading: "The Silent Preacher."  
Reading: "Hanging by the Door."  
Reading: "The Signs a Pioneer."  
Reading: "Pioneers by Proxy."  
Reading: "Lifting the Curtain."  
Plans for more aggressive work with our periodicals.  
Closing Hymn.

### The Silent Preacher

OF all the agencies in our work, probably we have no more effective instrument for creating an interest in the truth than our missionary journal. Leaving the press fresh every week, it keeps pace with the rapidly-moving times, drawing pointed attention to those current events which are plainly fulfillments of the Bible predictions relating to these last days. To a paper-loving public it perhaps offers more attraction than our more condensed pamphlets and books, to which, how-

ever, it often serves as an introduction. Its unvarying regularity makes it of the highest missionary value, for by this means a continuous series of Bible studies are provided for the term of the subscription, independently of any other missionary effort. Altogether we have a sterling missionary asset in our weekly journal.

The need of a religious paper of this description was never more urgent than at the present time, with "science falsely so called" in the place of the Bible, not only in the world, but to a large extent in the professed Church as well. The latter fell from her high estate when she rejected the Advent doctrine seventy-five years ago, and is now a "cage" of every false religious theory. But there are still in her communion many who prefer the Commandments of God to the Traditions of the Elders, and these it is our Christian duty to reach, and expound "the way of God more perfectly," which we cannot do more effectually than with the *Signs of the Times*.

### Hanging By the Door.

A SISTER who evidently believes that her home should be a publishing house (and isn't that a correct idea for every Adventist to entertain?) sends the following interesting story:—

"Regarding the ways in which we use the *Signs*. In the first place we have our house-rack hanging by the door. It is supplied with our papers and tracts, and we aim to give out one or more to everybody who comes, either friend or stranger. We live in the country and have people coming to the house to purchase fruit and eggs. Every one who comes gets a *Signs*, if we have them. When we go out for a ride or a long trip, we take a roll of papers with us and pass out copies to people we meet on the road and stations. When visiting, the papers go along and are left in the homes. We now have several steady readers who are interested."

### The "Signs" A Pioneer

IN 1883, a few copies of the *Signs* were thrown on the wharf at Demerara, British Guiana. That was the first introduction of the message. From that time till the present our work in that field has continued to grow and enlarge.

### Pioneers by Proxy

SOMETIMES those confined to bed or to the sick-room forget that they can go out into the highways and hedges by proxy, that is, by means of our pioneer paper and postman. In this way they can give the warning message to wayfarers along the journey of life. Probation is a long lane, but it will soon have a turning into the broad street of the city of God. If we have been faithful in directing wayfarers by any of the means God has committed to us, be they great or small, we shall have the joy of presenting sheaves to the Master and have an abundant entrance ourselves into His Kingdom.

### Lifting the Curtain

ONE of our good sisters, in writing the other day, just lifted the curtain a little, as it were, and gave a glimpse of her work with the *Signs*. She says:—

"I missed the train the other week, and while waiting, chatted with a lady and gained her as a customer." This sister continues:—

"I think my weekly delivery of *Signs* poor, if I cannot call attention to some point in the paper. And we must show *why* notice should be taken of it. The Lord is indeed hastening His work. He is very gracious to allow me, with all my faults, to do something for Him, if it is only selling a few penny papers. Even then, I sometimes grumble at the heat and the distance. May He forgive me."

May God richly bless these dear members who, with a genuine burden for souls, are carrying on this house-to-house work with the "Silent Preacher" so faithfully and well.

## Missionary Volunteer Department

### First Week

#### The Part of Prayer In the Christian Life

Opening Exercises.

"Prayer."

"Spurgeon's Secret."

Talk: "The Prayer Habit."

Reading: "Form the Habit."

Poem: "Defeat and Victory."

LEADER'S NOTE.—This week's subject, on prayer, is one that needs to be kept before our young people, because it is of such vital importance in the Christian life. Several conferences have recently had the week of prayer; the victories gained during that time may be retained by continued faithfulness in prayer. Supplement the programme, if time permits, by a few paragraphs from "Steps to Christ" on "The Privilege of Prayer."

### Prayer

SEE what spiritual triumphs and great revivals the early Church witnessed; but the secret of it all was that they "continued steadfastly in prayers." Why is it that to-day many have so little courage and so little power to win others to Christ? They neglect prayer. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint." How little time we spend daily in prayer! Study the life of Paul, and Savonarola, and Catherine of Sienna, and Martin Luther, and John Knox, and see how they all gave themselves continually to prayer, and so prevailed. All they who have become illustrious as great soul-winners have been, without exception, men and women mighty in prayer. They came to understand that God's storehouses of wisdom, power, and grace are inexhaustible, and with the key of prayer they unlocked every door.

## Spurgeon's Secret

"DR. CUYLER was once in the study of C. H. Spurgeon on a Saturday evening after supper, and the great preacher was about to go to work on his sermons for the next day. Very quietly Spurgeon said, 'Brother, we will have worship now.'

"He was suffering fearfully from neuralgia, and was so lame that he did not even kneel, but sat at the end of the table.

"Dr. Cuyler prayed; and then Spurgeon just dropped his face between his hands and began. He talked with God marvelously. It was as simple and sweet as a child at its mother's knee. He went on, and on, and on."

"When he was through, Dr. Cuyler said to Newman Hall, who was also present, 'Did you ever hear such a prayer in your life?'

"'Never, never,' was the answer.

"Said Dr. Cuyler: 'Now you have the secret of Spurgeon's power. A man who can pray like that can outreach the world.'—*Selected.*

## The Prayer Habit

AN enterprising newspaper in London has a private wire connected with Edinburgh. This is in order to command the latest news from the capital of Scotland. It is related that a clerk who was out at night collecting the latest news, on his return found that, having forgotten to take his night key, he could not get to his office. It was no use to knock; the only other clerk was up on the fourth floor, and could not hear him. Stepping around to a neighbouring office, he sent a message to Edinburgh: "Tell — that I am down at the street door and cannot get in." In a few minutes the door was unlocked, and he was at his desk at work. The shortest way to get at the man on the fourth floor was by way of Edinburgh.

This illustrates a truth. Thank God, there is a connection between the throne of God and each soul. The call is to the closet, to communion with God. This is our only refuge, our only safety. It is no time for simply the forms of prayer; no time merely to repeat a short prayer when tired and sleepy, but to *pray long and earnestly*, to have the soul drawn out in great supplication to God.

Men of prayer are men of power. Uncover the lives of men who have done great things for God, who have been successful soul-winners, and it will be found that they have prevailed with God often in the secret place. John Wesley had his "prayer-room" where he communed with the Most High before he spoke to the people. On the first page of his diaries is recorded this vow: "I resolve to devote an hour, morning and evening, to private prayer, no pretense, no excuse whatever; and (2) to converse face to face with God in righteousness."

Moody was a man of prayer; it was in secret communion with God that he received power to bring men to Christ. "At the burning of Farewell Hall in Chicago, back in the sixties, Mr. Moody, having lost his parish with most of his earthly possessions, set out for New York with a feeling that his life work was broken in sunder. On the train he kept praying that God would endue him with more power for a greater work. In a room at the old Metropolitan Hotel he kept up that prayer, hour after hour, kneeling, walking the floor, pleading,

'O Lord, make me as strong for service as Thou wouldst have me.' Toward evening a friend knocked, and receiving no answer entered. Mr. Moody was standing, with tearful eyes uplifted, and saying softly in a broken voice, 'O Lord, stay now Thy hand! No more! No more!' His prayer had been answered. God had fed his hungry soul. And then began that marvellous work of evangelism in America and Europe, when souls came to Christ like doves flocking to their windows, which must ever be a mystery to those who doubt the importance of the energising influence of the Spirit of God."

Of Bishop Ken it is said that he was closeted with God every morning before the clock struck three. Samuel Rutherford, we are told, rose at four to converse with God. John Welch, the Scotch preacher, spent many hours daily in prayer. He felt that he had the souls of three thousand to answer for, and he knew not how it was with many of them. These men all recognised that much prayer means much power, and as a result their lives were wonderfully blessed of God.

The late A. T. Pierson tells how a minister in a church in Scotland suddenly began to preach with unusual power. The whole congregation was aroused, and sinners were marvelously converted. He himself did not understand the secret of his new endowment of evangelical power. In a dream one night it was suggested to him that the blessing was traceable to one poor old woman who was *stone deaf*, but who came regularly to church, and being unable to hear a word, *spent all the time in prayer* for the preacher. Truly there is one key that unlocks heaven's gates, one secret that connects us with the throne of God, and gives us access to the eternal fountain of blessing. That key is earnest, intercessory prayer.

God who is more interested in your prayer and mine than in the singing of the celestial choir, will send us answers of power in the hour of need—"In His Name," by G. B. Thompson.

## Form the Habit

I AM willing to admit that forming the habit of praying and reading the Bible every morning before engaging in other duties is something of a task—at first. After it is formed, the habit is like every other habit, it can be performed without effort; and in this particular case it becomes a source of real pleasure and lasting profit.

To form this habit requires more than half-hearted effort. And that holds good in obtaining every other worth-while thing in life.

As in everything else, so in this, be thorough, be sympathetic, be methodical. You will be helped greatly if you will faithfully keep the Morning Watch. And if you will keep it long enough, you will discover some day that you have formed a habit which will yield you greater returns than any other investment you can make,—a habit which will put solid timber into the structure of your character.

Again, be in earnest about this. Whether large or small, possessing one talent or ten, wearing overalls or broadcloth, earnestness does something always and gets to the place for which it starts. It nails its flag to the mast, and then goes around to the other side too and clinches the nails. You will not find any men with string backbones occupying prominent seats in the hall of

fame. If you have determined to form the habit of keeping the Morning Watch, then keep at it until it is formed. You can no more keep back the man who is in earnest than you can keep back the days of the week.

When you rise in the morning, talk to God in prayer. Let Him know you are grateful for the angel guard He has stationed about your bed through the hours of darkness. Commune with Him about the needs of your soul. Tell Him of the duties of the day, and ask for His strength for their proper performance. And then let God talk to you through His Word, and give you instruction regarding life's duties. Take time for reflection upon these things. In meditation let the voice of the Spirit reach you. He may have a special word for you, which you will miss if you hurry through your devotions. Therefore do not hurry. Your success will be measured by your faithfulness in prayer.

CARLYLE B. HAYNES.

## DEFEAT AND VICTORY

THROUGH the silence of the morning

Came the still small voice to me,  
Saying, "Pause for one short moment;  
For I fain would speak with thee.  
Thou wilt need My words of wisdom;  
Wilt thou listen, precious one?"  
"Yes, dear Lord," I feebly answered,  
"When this pressing task is done."

But the voice no more entreated,  
While much needless toil and care  
Kept me fretful till the tempter  
Had me fully in his snare.  
'Twas in anguish, shame, and sorrow  
That I knelt at night to pray;  
Twice defeated in the struggle,  
I had fully lost that day.

Once again the sweet voice pleaded,  
And I hastened to obey,  
Left my morning work unfinished,  
Sought the solitude to pray.  
I would leave my daily labour  
For a visit with a friend—  
Should I now refuse to listen,  
And my heavenly Guest offend?

They were sweet, those few short moments,  
And my Saviour seemed so near  
As He whispered words of comfort  
And of warning in my ear.  
All my work seemed ever lighter  
In companionship so sweet:  
With my Saviour close beside me,  
That day's victory was complete.

—Ella M. Robinson

## Missionary Volunteer Programme Second Week

### "Speaking Leaves"

Opening Exercises.  
Poem: "Scattering for Jesus."  
Reading: "In the Furrow."  
Reading: "It Shines Brighter and Brighter."  
Reading: "The Word in Season."

LEADER'S NOTE:—Material for a brief talk may be found in "Christ's Object Lessons" pp. 33-61. Do not read, but give a talk instead, making it a stirring appeal to service.

## Scattering For Jesus

WITH courteous mien and smiling face,  
Our junior goes from door to door,  
Bearing seeds of gospel truth,  
Worth their weight in gold,—and more.  
Tracts that tell of our Lord's return,  
Papers and magazines, too;  
And sometimes books are also sold.  
Think of the good they'll do!

The reading rack he keeps well filled  
With papers clean and neat,  
And often on the trolley car  
He leaves a tract on the seat.  
Or perhaps a helpful leaflet tucked  
In a letter that's sent away  
Will help to carry the truth to one  
Who should hear it without delay.

And our junior helps in other ways,  
He does not complain or shirk,  
He is always ready to do his part,  
To help in the Lord's great work.  
If each of us would do his share  
To scatter the "speaking leaves,"  
I'm sure the Master would bless our work,  
And give us precious sheaves.

E. A. I.

## In the Furrow

JOHN McCULLOUGH, who was a missionary years ago in Kentucky, was once riding along Highland Creek, when he saw in a clearing ahead of him a man ploughing in the field. The ploughman was half drunk, and was cursing his team of mules terribly. He did not see the missionary approaching, and McCullough reined up, and waited.

After a bit the ploughman went on around a hill with his team. Meanwhile the missionary had picked out two little books containing stories against drink. One was about a young man, Ralph Moore, who had also been very profane before his conversion. Dismounting and running over the field, McCullough opened the two books and laid them in the furrow to which the plough would come in its round. Then he went back to the road, and hid himself behind a tree to see what would happen.

When the plough came round, the man was too drunk to notice anything. But the mules stopped, snorted, and jumped to one side. This roused him to fresh profanity, and he went up to see what had scared them.

"Two books!" he cried. "How did they get here?" He looked around, and saw no one. Then he gazed up into the sky, quite sobered, as if he felt they might have fallen from it. He was too amazed to go on ploughing. He finally picked up the books and sat down on the beam of his plough to look at the pictures in them. The missionary withdrew, still unperceived, and left him there.

A year afterward McCullough organized a Sunday-school within three miles of the clearing. When the library was opened, a man whom the rest called "Uncle Ben" came forward, picked up one of the books, looked at the name of the publishers, and turned to the missionary.

"Mr. McCullough," he asked, "did you pass along this way about a year ago? If you did, you must come home with me, for I have something to show you."

When the two reached the clearing, Uncle Ben brought out from the house the two books that had been laid in the furrow. "Did you ever see these before?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Mr. McCullough, smiling.

"Well, sir," said Uncle Ben; "I have lost a heap by reading them."

"What did you lose?" enquired the missionary.

"When I read those two books," said Uncle Ben, earnestly, "I took an oath on my knees in that furrow that I would never taste another drop of liquor while I lived. I had, at that time, a very bad name, a very red face, a habit of swearing, an aching head, a heavy heart, a guilty conscience, and a drunkard's home. Now I have lost every one of them. I have gained something, thank God. I now have a good name and a happy home. Better than all, my wife, my daughters, and myself have all found the Pearl of great price. It was that verse, in the story of Ralph Moore, 'The blood of Jesus Christ . . . cleanseth us from all sin,' that brought us all to the cross."

Uncle Ben proved a valuable man in that district. To begin with, he became an active member in the church. Then he was chosen superintendent of the Sunday-school; and later, he organized and superintended another one. But he dated all his Christian life from the day when he found the two books in the furrow and accepted the gospel from their pages.—*Priscilla Leonard.*

## It Shines Brighter and Brighter

"THIS is my seventy-fifth birthday anniversary," wrote a dear old lady to her conference Missionary Volunteer secretary. "To-day I finished reading my Bible through for the twenty-seventh time, and every time I read it through, the light of truth shines brighter and brighter from the sacred pages."

## The Word in Season

THE father of Senator Dolliver was a Methodist preacher. One Sunday, riding to a country schoolhouse where he was to preach, he overtook on the road a tall, awkward young man carrying a string of fish which he had just caught. Instead of scolding him for going fishing on Sunday, the circuit rider rode beside him, and entered into a friendly conversation with him. By degrees he drew the young man out to talk about himself and about his future, and what plans he was making for it. At last the conversation became so friendly, and the young man was so thoroughly interested, that it became a very natural thing for him to advise the young fellow to give his heart to God, become a Christian, go to school, and get an education.

These faithful words were spoken in the nick of time. The young man had reached the crossroads where he was making a decision as to what he would do with himself, and the result was that he became a Christian, went to school, became a cultivated man and a faithful minister, known afterward as the Rev. T. B. Hughes, the father of Bishop E. H. Hughes, and his no less distinguished brother, Dr. Matt. S. Hughes.

Never fail to speak a word for any truth that God has given you. Faithful words of testimony to the power of Christ to save are the great agency by which the world is to be won to Jesus. On one occasion in London a young man of a good family was convicted of a serious crime.

After the trial a policeman spoke a word of sympathy to him and said: "If you would trust my Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, He would make a man of you." The young fellow replied with a sneer, "Will your God do my fifteen years for me?" And no more passed.

Years afterward, in another part of London, a distinguished-looking gentleman came up to the same police officer, who was now an inspector, and recalled the circumstance to him, saying, "Do you remember me?" "I should not have known you, sir," replied the inspector, "but you must be the same man, for only God and myself and that man knew of those words uttered." The gentleman then told how, three years after his discharge, at the end of a shortened sentence, he had gone to the colonies, prospered, and was now doing all he could to bring others to the Saviour, who had "made a man of him." Never fail to speak your word for the truth which God has made to live in your own soul!—*Louis Albert Banks, in "The Problems of Youth."*

## Missionary Volunteer Programme Third Week

### Honesty

Opening Exercises.

Reading: "The Broken Saw."

Reading: "With Hands and Feet."

Story: "Getting the Worst of It."

Talk: Jesus as a Youth. (See "Desire of Ages," chap. 7, "As a Child," paragraphs 3, 11, 12, 15, 19, 20, and 23.)

## The Broken Saw

MR. JONES was accounted a hard master. He never kept his boys; they ran away or gave notice they meant to quit; so he was half his time in search of boys, although the work was not very hard. At last, Sam Fisher went to live with him. "Sam's a good boy," said his mother. "I should like to see a boy now-a-days that had a spark of goodness in him," growled the new master.

Sam had been there but three days before, in sawing a cross-grained stick of wood, he broke the saw. He was a little frightened. He knew he was careful and he knew he was a pretty good sawyer, too, for a boy of his age; nevertheless, the saw broke in his hands.

"And Mr. Jones will thrash you for it," said another boy who was in the woodhouse with him. "He never makes allowance; I never saw anything like him. Bill might have stayed, only he jumped into a hen's nest and broke the eggs. He dare not tell of it; but Mr. Jones kept suspecting and suspecting, and laid everything out of the way to Bill, whether Bill was to blame or not, till he couldn't stand it and wouldn't."

"Did he tell Mr. Jones about the eggs?" asked Sam.

"No," said the boy; "he was afraid; Mr. Jones has got such a temper."

"I think he'd better have owned up at once," said Sam.

"You'll find it easier to preach than to practise," said the boy. "I'd run away before I'd tell him," and he turned on his heel and left poor Sam alone with the broken saw.

The poor boy did not feel very comfortable or happy. He shut up the woodhouse, walked out into the garden, and then went

up to his little room under the eaves. "Oh, Lord," said Sam, falling on his knees, "help me to do right."

It was late when Mr. Jones came into the house, but the boy heard him. He got up and crept down stairs, and met Mr. Jones in the kitchen.

"Sir," said Sam, "I broke your saw, and I thought I'd come and tell you before you saw it in the morning."

"I should think morning soon enough to tell of your carelessness. Why do you come down to-night?"

"Because," said Sam, "I was afraid if I put it off I might be tempted to tell a lie about it. I'm sorry I broke it, but I tried to be careful."

Mr. Jones looked at the boy from head to foot, then stretching out his hand, "There, Sam," he said heartily, "give me your hand. Shake hands; I'll trust you, Sam. That's right; that's right. Go to bed, boy. Never fear, I'm glad the saw broke; it shows the mettle's in you. Go to bed."

Mr. Jones was fairly won. Never were better friends after that than Sam and he. Sam thinks justice has not been done Mr. Jones, that if the boys had treated him honestly and "above board" he would have been a good man to live with. It was their conduct which soured and made him suspicious. I do not know how this is; I only know that Sam Fisher finds in Mr. Jones a kind and faithful master.—*Selected.*

### With Hands and Eyes

"BUT, Fred, I did not tell her I worked the last four problems!"

"Of course you did; you know you did!" Fred charged his companion warmly.

"Of course I did not, and you know it!" Jordan replied testily. "She asked all who had not worked them to raise their hands. I didn't say a word and didn't tell her a thing."

With a jaunty air, Jordan boasted of his powers in "fooling the teacher." "It was so simple," he laughed, "and she never asked me a question."

"But you deceived her just the same, and that is too near telling a lie for me," his chum continued. And then, more seriously, "Tell me, Jordan, what is the difference between acting an untruth and actually speaking it? Miss Davis thinks you did the work, and has given you credit for it."

"But you lose anyway, for you do not understand the work, and you cannot ask her for help, and—"

"Never mind, Fred, never mind! You let me worry about it, please. It's my affair. I feel clear. I 'got by' pretty easily, I think."

But Fred did worry, as his sober manner indicated; and with all his brave front, Jordan was not altogether clear. The pointed question, "What is the difference between acting an untruth and actually speaking it?" persistently rang in his ears, and demanded an answer.

Down in his heart, Jordan desired to be true, and by the following morning his sense of guilt had grown acute. He resolved to see Miss Davis and "square himself with her," as he put it. And there he met a great surprise.

Lingering in the room after the class had gone, he bravely stated the case: "Miss Davis, I told you a lie yesterday. I did not have all the problems, but I kept my hand down. It did not seem very bad till Fred spoke to me about it, and he made it

look frightful. I did wrong in deceiving you."

"But you did not deceive me, Jordan. I knew you did not have them worked."

"You knew! How did you know?" exclaimed the incredulous boy.

"You told me—that is, your face did. Here is the record I made at the time."

And there on her open class record was the "6" that he had thought was a "10."

"Then before the class left the room, I verified the grade," continued Miss Davis.

"Are you a mind reader, Miss Davis? How else could you know?"

"Not a mind reader, but a face reader—and a good listener," she answered. "As the class passed, I overheard Minnie Borden wonder when you worked the last four problems, as she had asked you about them on the way to school. It is simple, you see—two and two are—"

"Five when some people figure," Jordan interrupted. "Miss Davis, will you forgive me for this lie?—and please be quick—I must overtake Minnie?"

Smiling in spite of herself at his frank manner, Miss Davis quickly and warmly grasped his hand. And her keen eyes read only honesty and truth in the flushed face before her.

MAX HILL.

### Getting the Worst of It

A BOY came to the door of a lady's house and asked if she did not wish some berries.

"Yes," said the lady, "I will take them."

She took the basket and stepped inside, the boy remaining outside whistling to some canary birds in a cage.

"Why don't you come in and see that I measure your berries right?" said the lady; "how do you know that I may not cheat you?"

"I am not afraid," said the boy, "for you would get the worst of it."

"Get the worst of it?" said the lady. "What do you mean by that?"

"Why, ma'am," said the boy, "I should only lose the berries; you would make yourself a thief."

The boy was right. He who steals or does anything wrong or mean burdens himself with a sin that is worse than all the gain.—*The Presbyterian Record.*

### Missionary Volunteer Programme Fourth Week

*Helpful Thought: "Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven." Matt. 10: 32.*

Appropriate Songs and Prayer.  
Secretary's Report and Individual Reports.

Special Song: "The Great Judgment Morning."

Round Table: The Great Day of Atonement.

Talk: Making Our Calling and Election Sure.

Closing Song, "How Shall We Stand in the Judgment?"

LEADER'S NOTE.—How solemn the thought that we are to-day living in the great antitypical day of atonement—that Jesus is even now examining the

books of record and may already have begun on the cases of the living! The most important question for each one to answer is, "What is my personal relation to Jesus Christ?" Make this thought prominent.

### Round Table: The Great Day of Atonement

(Based on "The Great Controversy," Chapter 28.)

1. IN what solemn period are we now living?

"We are now living in the great day of atonement. In the typical service, while the high priest was making the atonement for Israel, all were required to afflict their souls by repentance of sin and humiliation before the Lord, lest they be cut off from among the people. In like manner, all who would have their names retained in the book of life, should now, in the few remaining days of their probation, afflict their souls before God by sorrow for sin and true repentance."

2. How long has the judgment been in progress?

"At the time appointed for the judgment—the close of the 2300 days, in 1844—began the work of investigation and blotting out of sins. All who have ever taken upon themselves the name of Christ must pass its searching scrutiny."

3. How thorough is God's knowledge of every heart?

"Sin may be concealed, denied, covered up from father, mother, wife, children, and associates; no one but the guilty actors may cherish the least suspicion of the wrong; but it is laid bare before the intelligences of heaven. The darkness of the darkest night, the secrecy of all deceptive arts, is not sufficient to veil one thought from the knowledge of the Eternal."

4. What searching questions will be asked in the judgment?

"How have we used our time, our pen, our voice, our money, our influence? What have we done for Christ, in the person of the poor, the afflicted, the orphan, or the widow? God has made us the depositaries of His holy Word; what have we done with the light and truth given us to make men wise unto salvation?"

5. What class of cases only are considered in the investigative judgment?

"In the great day of final atonement and investigative judgment, the only cases considered are those of the professed people of God. The judgment of the wicked is a distinct and separate work, and takes place at a later period."

6. What does the book of life contain?

"The book of life contains the names of all who have ever entered the service of God. Jesus bade His disciples, 'Rejoice, because your names are written in heaven.' Paul speaks of his faithful fellow workers, 'whose names are in the book of life.'"

7. The book of remembrance records what class of deeds?

"A book of remembrance' is written before God, in which are recorded the

good deeds of them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name.' Their words of faith, their acts of love, are registered in heaven."

8. What other book of record is kept?

"There is a record also of the sins of men. 'For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.' 'Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.'"

9. What is the standard by which we are judged?

"The law of God is the standard by which the characters and the lives of men will be tested in the judgment."

10. The work of the investigative judgment will be finished before what event takes place?

"The work of the investigative judgment and the blotting out of sins is to be accomplished before the second advent of the Lord. . . . When the investigative judgment closes, Christ will come, and His reward will be with Him to give to every man as his work shall be."

11. Will men and women be conscious of the fact that their cases have been eternally decided?

"The righteous and the wicked will still be living upon the earth in their mortal state—men will be planting and building, eating and drinking, all unconscious that the final, irrevocable decision has been pronounced in the sanctuary above. Before the flood, after Noah entered the ark, God shut him in, and shut the ungodly out; but for seven days the people, knowing not that their doom was fixed, continued their careless, pleasure-loving life, and mocked the warnings of impending judgment. 'So,' says the Saviour, 'shall also the coming of the Son of man be.' Silently, unnoticed as the midnight thief, will come the decisive hour which marks the fixing of every man's destiny, the final withdrawal of mercy's offer to guilty men."

12. What does it behoove each one of us to do, in view of the fact that the investigative judgment is now in progress?

"The judgment is now passing in the sanctuary above. For many years this work has been in progress. Soon—none know how soon—it will pass to the cases of the living. At this time above all others it behooves every soul to heed the Saviour's admonition, 'Watch and pray; for ye know not when the time is.'"

### Making Our Calling and Election Sure

WE have heard of the judgment of God almost from the time we can remember anything in regard to religious teaching. We know that there is a time when the Lord will decide who shall be saved and who shall be lost. We realise in a general way that it is a solemn and important matter. But do we ask ourselves the question, "What does the judgment mean to me?" That is the vital point for each of us.

What does it mean? For one thing, it means that our lives are to be judged

by a tribunal that is absolutely just. No motives will be misjudged, no words misapplied. As I have lived, my words and actions have day by day been recorded in heaven with perfect accuracy. These will all be carefully considered.

But what hope have I, a sinner, from the most perfect justice? This can only condemn me, for I am indeed guilty of many things contrary to the law of God by which my actions are to be tested.

An Advocate has been provided to plead for me, if I will accept Him. There is not only justice in this tribunal, but mercy. The Advocate is also the One who has made atonement for all sin, for He has suffered its penalty. He forces His pleading on no one, but He stands ready to be the Advocate for all who desire Him to plead their cases.

Then the great question for me is, Have I engaged the Advocate to plead for me? He will lose no case that is committed to Him, for He will substitute for the sinner's record His pure and holy life. If I am lost, I alone shall be responsible. Every provision has been made for my passing the ordeal successfully; but of what avail to me is all this if I refuse the conditions on which it is offered to me?

The judgment has been in progress for seventy-five years. It cannot continue much longer. When the cases of the living will come up for judgment no one can say. We are living in the most solemn time of the world's history.

The judgment means to me entrance into life eternal or my final destruction. It means that to you. Now is the time to make our calling and election sure.

## Sabbath School Missionary Exercises

(May 1)

### From Darkness to Light

PASTOR C. H. WATSON, on his visit to Fiji last year, met a Fijian chief, now one of our people, who bore the following remarkable testimony to the transforming power of the gospel:—

"If you had made this visit some years ago we would have eaten you," said a chief in conversation with me on the occasion of my recent visit to inland Fiji. We had reached his town—a beautiful place—on the previous evening and were most hospitably entertained. "My grandfather," he continued, "was a great chief, but he was a man of a dark mind. No stranger ever came to this town in his day and went away again. We ate them all. If they came in on this side they never left it on that. They died between those two places, and then the lali (indicating an old native drum—the very one used in those old days) rang out and the feast of death began. Those were dark days, and my people were then a people of dark minds. How thankful I am for gospel light and blessing. I well remember the time when the gospel came to this part of Fiji. My father, then the ruling chief of the district, was the first in all this part of the island to accept Christianity. He became most earnest in his efforts to take the good news of the Saviour to all the towns

about, and for this purpose he visited the people frequently, publicly exhorting them to surrender their evil practices and to become members of the Church of Christ. But such was the condition of the people that after they had heard him with all respect and close attention, they invariably sought to further honour him by offering him human flesh to eat.

"We now thank God for the freedom and blessings of the gospel, and thank your people most earnestly for their great love expressed in the gift of your missionaries to us. We do not understand why you have so loved us who were so unlovable, but every sense of happiness, freedom, and security that we now feel urges us to labour with your missionaries in their efforts to lift the unsaved in old Fiji to the new life which we now know."

(May 8)

### Tetangu, the Chief of Baubata

UP the sheltered waters of the Marovo Lagoon, Solomon Islands, our little motor launch made its way. We were going to Baubata, Pao's village. Now Pao had been to Australia in attendance at the quadrennial session of the Australasian Union Conference, and I had met him then. Since my arrival in the Solomon Islands, I had looked forward to meeting Pao's home folk. Here we were at last at Baubata. Pao was away. He is the evangelist in charge of a station at the northern end of the lagoon, but we met his old father, Tetangu. In a hut built on a heap of stones, surrounded by water, we found him. The old man is eighty years of age, and blind. He held out his bony hand, part of a thin long arm, as I was introduced to him, and he became communicative immediately.

I should tell you here that the Marovo natives had been noted for their treachery and savagery, and old Tetangu had lived up to the reputation. But a change had come into his life. He had received the instruction of the *Zuape Rane* (the Seventh Day Mission, as the natives call it) in his closing years. Pastor Jones, our superintendent in the Solomons, told me that he had been provided with the hut out on the water, because of an old heathen superstition that in this way one in his weak and infirm years was safe from molestation by the spirits, who were unable to cross the stretch of water. But Tetangu said, "Did you see that new unfinished house on shore? That is being built in order that I might die in the midst of my people, and I will soon be living there." The old man is determined to triumph in his death over superstition.

He spoke feelingly in tones of real friendship of his sympathy for the mission. He said, "I am not a man of two words, like some, whose attitude toward mission work does not correspond with their professions of sympathy. I have gladly given my children to the work, and rejoice that they are so engaged." And it is true. He has sent his youth to the mission school. To parents who have given their sons and daughters to mission work this will mean much. God has moved on old Tetangu equally with you to make the sacrifice. We ask every Sabbath-school member to join in this sacrifice, if not by surrendering your boy or girl, then by giving of your means to the work of foreign missions. With old Tetangu you will find it a joy now, and most assuredly hereafter.

C. K. MEYERS

(May 15)

## Transforming Savages

AT Dobeli, on the island of Vella Lavella in the Western Solomons, amongst a treacherous people, work was opened up last year. When I visited there in December, 1919, Brother and Sister Tutty had been amongst these people for only six months. The kindly disposition of these two young missionaries has quite won the love and respect of these untutored natives. The friendship is genuine and mutual.

Influenza, and a score of other complaints more or less common among the natives, have provided the Tuttys, both of whom are graduate nurses of the Sydney Sanitarium, with ample opportunity to apply their medical skill and knowledge to the treatment of these diseased people. Tireless energies in succouring the dying, speaking words of hope and consolation to the bereaved, making themselves one with the natives in their troubles and trials, are the means that are being used to win the hearts of these savages to God. And the results are being seen. The people are coming to the aid of the missionary in a spirit of genuine response, having gathered the material to build a thatched residence and a church and school. Best of all, over thirty of the young people are in attendance daily at school.

I shall never forget the Sabbath meeting I attended at this station. We met in the common social hall of the village, the church being not yet completed. What a gathering it was! Some came with their painted faces, some men and women almost nude, others, especially the young people, were clean and tidy, wearing the dresses and shirts and clean loin cloths that the missionaries had taught them should mark their appearance in coming before the great God for worship. The women and girls squatted on the clear floor space in the middle. The men and boys sat around on the low bamboo frames that ordinarily served the purpose of beds. What a need was revealed in this motley crowd, fully 150 strong! Looking into those curious eyes, one felt that as simple children they had come to learn the wondrous stories from the missionaries' Book. They listened with the attention of those hearing wondrous things for the first time. They sang with the spirit—what new meaning to the words as they came from savage lips,—

"Take my love, my Lord I pour

At Thy feet its treasure store;

Take myself, and I will be

Ever, only, all for Thee."

And then as they repeated after each verse the chorus,—

"Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood,  
Cleanse me in its purifying flood.

Lord I give to Thee my life and all, to be  
Thine henceforth eternally."

What a victory for God's grace. In the same social hall where savages once rehearsed the tales of blood and murder, and from the same lips that had in savage relish enjoyed the taste of cannibal feasts, could be heard a hymn of surrender to the cleansing of the Saviour's precious blood.

The gospel in this setting vindicates all question as to its being worth while to carry on the work of foreign missions. We ask you, kind reader, to join in spirit with these benighted people, and "pour at Jesus' feet your treasure store."

C. K. MEYERS.

(May 22)

## Demon-Possessed Viru

A LITTLE over five years ago Pastor and Mrs. Jones were sent to the Solomon Islands to open up the work in that group. The friends at home had provided them with a 32-foot boat. After leaving the steamer this became their home until they found a home with friendly natives. A trader told them, as they put in at his station, of a place called Viru. This place is hidden away in a beautiful harbour, formed by the entrance of three rivers into the sea. To Viru they hastened. They found the natives willing to receive them, but the people certainly were a questionable looking lot. Ferocious and wild, still they manifested an interest and displayed friendship. Accepting Jones (as they called Pastor Jones) as their missionary, the work got a start.

At that time, when nightfall came each day, the doors of the thatched mission house were barred as a protection against those of the people who became demon possessed. Just what is said by way of description of the demon possessed in the Saviour's day, applied to the spirit-controlled at Viru. They became enraged and infuriated, and went about as maniacs in complete possession of the village. But the triumphs of Jesus of Nazareth over demons was to be repeated here. Slowly the influence has been felt and the demons have gone, and another Spirit has taken their place. When I visited them recently I was met on the wharf, which the natives had constructed, by over a hundred clean, nicely dressed natives. Kimi, the native evangelist, was at the head of the line, then followed the chiefs and other men, and lastly the women and children. Down the line we went in orderly way, being introduced and shaking hands with a transformed people. We found the village clean and well kept; roads had been made, new houses built, and the general appearance of everything indicated the tidiness and industry of the people. The church was a picture, clean and well kept. Kimi is a great leader. His organising ability enables him to take sole charge of the mission now.

The day after our arrival we had our meeting with the natives. After I had spoken through the interpreter, they gave their testimonies. With what earnestness they spoke! All alike testified of the transformation that Jesus had wrought in their lives. A great work had been done for them and gratitude was freely expressed. Each one spoke from genuine realisation of the change.

Kapini, formerly the chief medium, said, "Now I love the Bible, though I don't know much of it. I'll do my best to learn." Such had been the victories won in demon-possessed Viru.

C. K. MEYERS.

(May 29)

## Keep the Mission Lights Burning

ALONG with the study of the Word of God in the Sabbath school is the study of the advancement being realised in foreign mission work. The first promotes the second, and in the two we have the full purpose of the third angel's message. Through the missionary exercises each Sabbath we are able to heed the Master's commission to "go into all the world," and through the Sabbath school offering we can all, from the tiniest tot to the grey-haired

patriarch, preach the everlasting gospel "to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people." The missionaries come to us weekly with their stories of opening doors, hearts surrendering to Jesus, and a call to press in now while the opportunities are so great, and we respond with means to print literature, build chapels, erect mission homes, provide schools for training native workers to work for their own people, and in a thousand other ways help to finish the work in this generation. We express our interest in the world-wide work every Sabbath, and every Sabbath we remember that "upon the Australasian Union Conference rests the burden of carrying the message to the islands of the Pacific." And what a burden it is! Rich in missionary adventure, many times punctuated by martyrdom; great in need; containing, as the islands do, head-hunters as vicious as wild beasts; fruitful in results though, for Jesus is able to save to the uttermost.

Now as never before the ripened fruit is being garnered in. From every one of our island missionaries comes the word of wonderful advancement. From far away Eastern Polynesia with her myriad of islands, the home of many races, comes the cheering news that Pastor and Mrs. Sterling have entered the Marquesas Group, and Tetaraa, a native worker, the Paumotas. These groups have been entered to meet definite calls, and the work commenced must be strong in character and scope, in keeping with the shortness of time. These advancements, however, immediately call for more means. In the Cook Group the Lord is wonderfully blessing. Sister Wicks, while holding the fort all alone on Aitutaki while her husband was away in Bukabuka, where an active worker raised up a company of believers, wrote: "Apart from Rarotonga there are ten islands in this Cook Group. All ten are calling for us to go to them, but one man cannot possibly answer so many calls. One island has been asking us to go to them for the last three years. The whole island is waiting to join us, for the people say they are in the dark searching for light." This condition of things can only be altered with more men, and your Sabbath school offerings can support these.

C. K. MEYERS.

## Foreign Mission Day

(May 8)

### Bible Study

#### "The Opportunities of the Hour"

THE whole of the Christian's life here, even as contrasted with the life hereafter, is an opportunity to tell the gospel; and had we anointed eyes, and were we, as led by the Spirit, on the watch for opportunities, we should see them every day and many times a day.

(1) God's words are to be in our mouths at home and abroad, by day and by night. Deut. 6: 6-9.

(2) One wise to discern opportunities is a good soldier. 1 Chron. 12: 32.

(3) A bow, drawn at a venture, smote a king between the joints of his harness. 2 Chron. 18:33.

(4) Our gospel opportunities are now. 2 Cor. 6:2.

(5) As we have opportunity, let us do good unto all. Gal. 6:10.

Jesus in every circumstance found an opportunity:—

(a) When walking by the sea. Matt. 4:18.

(b) When teaching in the synagogue. Matt. 4:23.

(c) When He was asked. Matt. 8:2, 3.

(d) When not asked. Matt. 8:14, 15.

(e) When at a place of business. Matt. 9:9.

(f) When sitting at meat. Matt. 9:10.

(g) When a poor woman touched Him in the press. Mark 5:25-34.

(h) When He met a funeral procession. Luke 7:12.

(i) And upon hundreds of other occasions.

Our opportunities for doing good are always present. Let us seize the opportunities, and work while the day lasts, for soon the night cometh when no man can work.

## The Northern Luzon Mission, Philippine Islands

THE Bible training class this year was a time of real blessing to all who attended. The Lord came very near to us in our class work, and at the close of the institute the workers went forth with the determination to "press the battle to the gate."

The prospect for a harvest of souls in the Northern Luzon Mission is encouraging. (By reference to the map it will be seen that of the large islands of the Philippine Group, Luzon is the most northerly.) We are entering the Mountain Province in quite a definite way. During our institute a petition giving the names and thumb-prints of forty-six heads of families (the thumb-prints were given because they could not sign their names) came to us, requesting us to send a missionary teacher to teach them the truth. The Bontocs are one of the non-civilised tribes dwelling in the Mountain Province of Northern Luzon. Pastor Roda expects to leave next week to answer this call. He will go by cart to Cervantes, a town in the mountains directly north from Manila, and thence by horseback. He writes that the Igorrotes people have a house for the missionary and a building for the school and meetings.

At Cervantes several are now keeping the Sabbath and conducting Sabbath services, although none have yet been baptised.

At Bontoc we have three baptised believers, and a letter just received from one of the sisters there says that there are three others who are awaiting baptism when I can make a visit to Bontoc.

During our institute a man from Lepanto came to see me about sending a worker to that place. This was not possible at that time, so I persuaded him to attend the institute for a few days. He was thoroughly convinced of the truth, and returned to tell his friends. Thus far we have not been able to send anyone there, but recently this believer sent me the names of thirty-six who, he said, were keeping the Sabbath.

They have a Sabbath-school of forty members. This man seems to be quite influential in the mountain towns. Yesterday he came again and presented his petition that we send a worker back with him. Oh, that we had the workers to send! But all are busy caring for definite interests. We cannot, however, let such opportunities slip, so I plan to go back with the man, via Candon, where he and seven others will be baptised on the Sabbath. Ten candidates for baptism are waiting at Suriwan, a three-hour walk over the mountains from Amarao; while at Amarao three are to be baptised next week.

We have also entered the province of Pangasinan, where our native worker reports thirty preparing for baptism. He writes that the believers have gone ahead and erected a neat chapel.

Last week I organised a church at Bacarra, a coastal town on the north-western corner of the island, and an addition of seven or eight members is expected soon.

Thus the work goes on, and although we get very tired at times and long to get away for a rest, yet these very demands upon us give promise that the Lord will soon finish the work, and take His people home. We pray that in that glad day our labours may not have been in vain, but that we may be among those who shall "come rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them."

ROY E. HAY.

## Opening of Tibetan Mission

AN interesting story of our missionaries' fifty two days' journey from eastern Szechwan, China, to reach the border of Tibet, is related by Dr. and Mrs. J. N. Andrews. As space forbids our quoting the whole letter, we give their account of their arrival at Tatsienlu. Sister Andrews writes:—

"We are forty miles from Tatsienlu. We start out after noon on a trail half way up on a mountain side. It is hot in the sun, and this is barren country. After a hard day we pull up in a little town which I believe must originally have been Tibetan. The houses are built entirely of rocks set in mud, while the roofs are made of sheets of bark held in place by stones. They are built quite square, with tiny slits for windows, and flat roofs. There are two or three Chinese-looking houses in the village. We stop at one and ask to be taken in. No accommodations are to be had, so we finally have to take possession of a rude shelter. The Chinese bread is mouldy now, so we peel off the outside, and make French toast of it.

"The next morning we find there are thirty miles now to Tatsienlu. We make up our minds to get there by night, if possible. The coolies say it can't be done, but we promise to help. In spite of the sun there is a nice breeze blowing, and Dr. Andrews and I, on the strength of last night's French toast and bowl of rice this morning, walk fifteen of the thirty miles.

"Finally we pulled up at dark five miles from the city in a single little hut. Our box of food and bedding had not arrived, but finally we got some rice, which we boiled and drank like soup. It was fine. The weather was very cold. The lantern gives some heat, but it burns miserably in this high altitude. Morning came, and we were stiff with cold. The five miles in to town the men just crawled, for they didn't see why we were in such a rush. Anyhow we pulled in at ten o'clock and were most happy.

"The last twenty miles of our journey deserves mention. We turn from the large river to follow up the stream on which Tatsienlu is situated. It flows between high mountains, with a tremendous volume of water, rushing down in one continuous fall all the twenty miles. Most of the way the river was but a mass of foam,—a beautiful sight. Until one gets to a little distance from Tatsienlu the hills are beautiful. Then one turns a little corner, and suddenly the hills are bare.

"It is cold mornings, though it is August. We can see a little snow on the hills."

On Thursday, July 31, the two families, American and Chinese, reached their goal of Tatsienlu, Dr. Andrews writes to his people:—

"Well, here we are at last after fifty-two days on the way. We were very kindly met by Mr. Sorenson of the China Inland Mission, and by his associate, Mr. Clements. According to his offer before we started, he had workmen prepare two rooms to receive us, in a fairly new native house.

"We are bargaining now to take the whole house of twelve rooms for our headquarters. We shall have the upper floor for ourselves, with room below for our Chinese family, and for dispensary work, and guest room for natives. We are well. There are many, many Tibetans here. The Tibetans are great bulky men, certainly rough looking, as they stride along beside the yaks, which are their beasts of burden. They say work will keep people happy, and surely there is enough work to do here. The house, of course, is just thin boards. The windows are of paper for the letting in of light. Part of this paper we shall remove, substituting glass, if I find that any of our window glass that we started with has escaped breakage. We have a kitchen range, and a small heating stove, so believe we shall be warm this winter. They burn wood here. Only small sticks, however, are available. There is no coal at all in this part.

"Last Monday Mr. Sorenson took me out to see a few other places that might be rented, particularly two houses where foreigners had once lived. We looked at them. That afternoon a fire swept the whole west end of the city, destroying a lot of property, including the two houses we had been looking at. Mr. Sorenson said that he had planned at first to rent rooms in one of those houses, but found them too dirty. The fire came toward our place, but on one side it stopped at an open lot. On the other side there was also an open lot. The fire, however, jumped that open space and started on. I assure you we prayed the Lord to stop it. The wind changed, and the fire went out in the house that it had jumped to as it overleaped the vacant lot. That saved us. Surely the Lord is caring for us here. But the change of the wind carried the flames in another direction, and house after house went down.

"Now we shall begin cleaning up some of these other rooms, and hope soon to be settled."

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