



MISSIONARY LEADER

Vol. 8

MELBOURNE, JULY, 1920

No. 7

Home Missions Department

Church Missionary Programme First Week

Hymn; Prayer; Reports.

Reading: "Mignonette."

Reading: "A Father's Influence."

Closing Hymn.

LEADER'S NOTE.—Emphasise the thought expressed in Vol. 9 of the Testimonies, page 38, to the effect that *our influence is a gift from God, and is to be used in winning souls to Christ.*

Mignonette

SHE got on the cars at Evanston, carrying a great, fragrant bunch of mignonette and an immense palm-leaf fan. Kindliness and good nature beamed from every line of her shining black face. She sat down beside a tired-looking woman with a baby, and the woman jerked her skirt aside and frowned.

A preoccupied merchant in the seat back came out of a brown study, and sniffed the air thoughtfully; then he caught sight of the mignonette, and his face lighted. "Thought I wasn't mistaken," he said to the man at his side. "Ten years since I've noticed that smell before—I was sure it was mignonette; mother used to have it all along the walks at home."

The black woman turned, smiling. "Hab some, marster," she said. "Ah has plenty moah," and she reached back a generous bunch.

Presently a sick child in the front seat raised its head and said, "Do you smell mignonette, mother? It makes me think of grandmother's." The woman did not hear the words, but she caught the wistful glance, and in a moment she was waddling down the aisle. "You-all want some, honey?" she asked in a voice that was a caress, and the child smiled his pleasure as his hand closed over the stems.

As she turned to go back, a girl bedecked in cheap jewellery and gaudy finery touched her arm. "Can't you spare me a little, auntie?" she asked. "I don't know when I've seen any"—she hesitated. "We used to have so much of it at home in the country."

"Sholey, honey," she said, and her voice was as gentle as it had been to the boy. Then, as she divided what she had left, she added, "You-all bettah go back dar an' holp tend ter hit, honey, fur mignonettes takes a heap ob seein' to."

The girl turned to the window quickly; she may have been realising for the first time how far her feet had wandered from the paths along which the mignonette grew.

As the woman sank heavily into her seat again, the baby reached forward

chubby little hands, trying to get the flowers.

"Yo' is gwine ter git der last, honey," she said, beaming, and she put the stems into the eager fingers.

And then as she settled back she added, "Ah feel like Ah done jine de flower mission, an' Ah wish dat Ah had brung mo' dem mignonettes, folks is so crazy 'bout dem." And from across the aisle I noticed that the face of the woman at her side had lost its frown, and that the silk skirt lay close against the faded blue calico unnoticed.—*Selected.*

A Father's Influence

I HEARD a story of two young men who were very wicked, yet their father was a very earnest, consecrated Christian. He held family prayers every night, kneeling by the hearthstone; but the two young men did not care to bow down with their father at that little old table. Finally the father died, and left the two wicked sons. He had prayed for them many a time, and sometimes with tears in his eyes he had talked with them about their Saviour, but they did not care to hear him.

Time went on, and in after years they decided, as they had gained in property, to remove the old house and build a larger one. They were both carpenters, and undertook the job themselves. They took off the roof, and then the sides of the house, and they took up the floor, plank by plank, and finally they got near the old hearthstone, and one of them stopped and looked at his brother. He said:—

"Here's where father used to kneel and pray, there's where the little table stood, and the Bible was always on it." The other said:—

"Yes, it seems to me I can see the print of father's knees on that old plank now!" He continued, "I can't take up that plank; you can take it up." The other one said:—

"No, I can't; I wish you would," and as they looked into each other's eyes the voice of their old father spoke to them, and the Spirit of God vitalised the voice, and right where the old man had prayed a thousand times, the boys prayed that day and asked the old, old question, "What must I do to be saved?"

Church Missionary Programme Second Week

Hymn; Prayer.

Reading: "The Shadows We Cast."

Poem: "Tell What God Hath Wrought."

Reports.

Closing Hymn.

The Shadows We Cast

EVERY one of us casts a shadow. There hangs about us a sort of penumbra,—a strange, indefinable something called per-

sonal influence, which has its effect on every other life on which it falls. It is not like a garment; we cannot take it off when we wish, or put it on when we desire. It is always present, pouring out from our life, as Miller says, "like a light from a lamp, like heat from a flame, like perfume from a flower."

Unknown to us, we are always impressing others by this strange power that goes out from us. Many a life has been started on a career of beauty and blessing by the influence of one noble act. A striking illustration of the influence of a kind act occurred in a large city. A little newsboy entered a street car, slipped into a seat, and was soon fast asleep. A young lady sitting in the opposite seat noticed him as he lay there with bare feet, ragged clothes, pinched, drawn face showing marks of hunger and suffering. Noticing also that his cheek rested against the hard window sill, she arose and quietly placed her muff under his head for a pillow. This act was observed, and an old man, nodding toward the boy, held out a silver coin. She hesitated a moment, and then took it. As she did so more than twenty others gave something. Her thoughtful act created a wave of influence that reached all in the car.

If we would make our influence a benediction, we must call on the Spirit of God to do His work of grace in our hearts, casting out every evil, selfish desire, and filling them with the love of Jesus.

HATTIE ABBOTT.

Tell What God Hath Wrought

THE builders stood, discouraged, by the wall

In weariness they'd toiled for many a day;
The weeks to months had lengthened, and in turn

The months had grown to years, and passed away.

How fruitless was the effort, after all;
Vain was the hope that once their breasts had filled;

The work was not progressing, and their foes

Tore down the wall as fast as they could build.

True, Ezra nobly cheered and urged them on,

But even he seemed not so confident
As in bygone days, and bore the signs

Of ceaseless toil by day, and nights in watching spent.

Rumours had reached them that their Persian lord

Another band was sending to their aid;
But time had swiftly flown, and still no sign

Of such an embassy appeared. They were dismayed.

"Come friends! and let us build again the wall

Of Salem fair, the city of our God.
Ye see the gates thereof are burned with fire,

Upon its sacred soil our foes have trod.
Come, let me tell you of the hand of God
Upon me, Nehemiah, yea, for good.
The words the king hath spoken, let me tell.

I come to build the wall where once it stood.

True to His promise God for us hath worked.

The way of Artaxerxes He hath swayed,
And at the king's command I hither come,
Guarded by captains, and with letters stayed.

Courage! my comrades. God hath seen your toil.

Count not the labour you have wrought as vain.
His eye hath seen it, and a sure reward
Awaits you all. Rise! to the work again!"

"Let us rise up and build," they all replied,

"Surely the Lord is with, and for us, still,

His Spirit moving on the hearts of kings
Hath led them thus to do His holy will."
Quickly new courage filled the builders' hearts;

Firmly they grasped again their tools with zeal:

The work was hastened and with victory crowned,
Within the walls they rest—God's Israel.

Oh then! "restorers of the breach" today;
Be not disheartened if the work goes slow!

TELL of the hand of God on thee for good
Thou Nehemiah! Let thy comrades KNOW

That God is working still through human means!

TELL of the angels guarding all thy way;

TELL of the courage God bestows on thee;
And strength to do His bidding day by day.

Thus shalt thou strengthen and encourage all

Thy brethren, toiling in the heat of day.
HIDE not thy blessings deep within thine heart,

Go TELL what God hath wrought through thee, and say:—

"Come, let us build!" Maybe some brother's heart

Needs such a message, and will quick reply,

"Let us rise up and build," then to the work

Will haste, and share the resting by and by.

C. H. PREYMAN.

Church Missionary Programme

Third Week

Song; Prayer; Reports.

Reading from Testimonies, Vol. 9, pp. 61-64.

Reading: "Selling our Small Books."
Plans for organising bands for this work with our small books.

Closing Song.

Selling Our Small Books

"WRITERS who can tell a stupefied world what this fearful portent means, who can throw light on the great fundamental problems of the case, and give some hint of its destiny, will have an attentive and even anxious audience."—*Springfield Republican*. This is a remarkable statement, but the writer of it assures us that those who can throw light upon these great problems will have an attentive and even anxious audience.

We believe that we can throw light upon present-day happenings and tell a stupefied world what will be its destiny.

In the wonderful literature with which the Lord has blessed us will be found an answer to the many problems that perplex humanity. We have found what the writer states in the *Springfield Republican* to be true, for wherever we go people are anxious to know what the world is coming to. The Lord has given us much light and He bids us "Arise, shine, for thy light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." Isa. 60:1. In the next verse is given the reason why we should arise and shine. "For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people." Verse 2, first part.

With wonderful light comes great responsibility. Ought not the fact that people everywhere are crying out for what we have stir us to greater activity? Some of our people realise this and are doing what they can to place these gems of truth in the homes of the people. One young sister recently sold in one of our large cities no less than ninety of our shilling books in addition to twenty magazines and five hundred *Signs* Extras. This sister is only a weak little thing just in her teens and what she has done many others can do.

In some of our churches bands are formed and a day is appointed when this band of both old and young go out and the Lord has blessed in every case, and the usual thing is that they want to go out again.

This is a splendid method for earning money for various objects. In several of our churches the members have sold books to pay for their missionary map, and often this has been earned in a couple of hours.

In one church they were needing a cupboard and set to work to sell books to pay for it. One of our country churches needed a tank, and at present they are selling books to pay for it; one member went out and took six books and sold them in three-quarters of an hour and wished he had more. The first day out they sold thirty-six.

Several of our members are selling books and with the profits from them they are buying books for their own libraries and for lending purposes.

In two hours one sister earned sufficient to add three nice books to her library. This is certainly a very worthy object and if we have not already made a start on this shall we not plan to do so at once? How much better it is to get out among the people and earn the money instead of putting our hands in our own pockets every time a call is made for funds. By doing this we are gaining a rich experience for ourselves as well as placing the truth in the homes of others.

How many people have been brought into the truth through a book or a paper sold or lent to them!

Before the end the Lord through His servant has told us our literature will be

scattered like the leaves of autumn and surely that time was never more opportune than at present. Shall we not take advantage of this God-given opportunity, or shall we let it pass unimproved? You may not be able to preach a sermon, you may not be able to give a Bible study, but if you place one of our good books in the home of some poor soul it will do both and will do it not only once but twice, or as many times as it is asked and will always tell the same story.

The Lord says in Ezekiel 33:7, "So thou, O Son of man, I have set thee a watchman . . . but if thou warn not the wicked and he die in his iniquity, his blood will I require at the watchman's hand, but if thou warn him and he turn not from his wicked way, thou hast delivered thy soul."

These are solemn words and should stir us up as never before to give this last message to a perishing world.

Missionary Volunteer Department

Missionary Volunteer Programme. First Week

LEADER'S NOTE.—We suggest that the leaders select interesting facts, stories, and a poem on the temperance question to add to the reading provided for this programme. It will be interesting for the leader to call attention to the fact that the country where Joseph Bates organised the first temperance society, now has nation-wide prohibition. It should be of greatest encouragement to all temperance workers to read of the success that has crowned the work in the United States.

A Sabbath Pioneer—No. 3

THE ship in which he was financially interested now returning to port, Captain Bates assumed the command for another cruise to Brazil and Argentina; but before the vessel left port he called the crew, a fresh one, on deck, and read the rules he had prepared for their observance at sea. Officers and men were to be respectful in their address to one another; swearing was forbidden; Sunday was to be spent in a way befitting the day (Captain Bates was not then a Sabbath-keeper); and no intoxicating drinks were to be brought on board. Captain and crew then knelt, while the former offered prayer for their safe keeping on the sea. Worship was also held morning and evening, all but the helmsman participating; and the crew were given access to all the religious books and papers the captain had provided for their reading. On Sunday, service was conducted on deck or below, as the weather permitted.

The spirit of Christian brotherhood thus inculcated speedily bore fruit, being manifested in eagerness to read the Bibles and literature supplied, and in cheerful readiness to obey orders.

Brazil and the Argentine were at this time at war, and just before reaching her destined port the vessel was overhauled by an Argentine privateer, but soon released. On reaching port the cargo was sold, the ship reladen with local merchandise, and the voyage continued to Rio Janeiro.

Before that haven was reached, however, they were overtaken by another Argentine pirate ship, the captain of which, but for the coolness of the American captain, would have butchered him and his crew on boarding the ship. But though their lives were spared, the vessel was plundered of everything of value that was portable, except the carefully hidden money. A thanksgiving service for deliverance closed this very unpleasant incident.

Forsakes the Sea

The lamented death of his father about this time, and of his mother a little later, left Captain Bates in possession of a small farm. He was now thirty-six years of age, and having acquired a small fortune in his numerous trading trips, was in a position to retire from the sea, and devote himself to rural pursuits. He also took an active part in all religious and social movements of a reformatory character agitated at that time. With three other members of the Christian Church he financed the building of a house of worship, and here shortly afterwards revival meetings were held, which spread to the other churches and stirred the whole population of the neighbourhood.

When approaching his fortieth year, in 1831, the ex-sea captain gave up the use of tea, this step being taken because of the deleterious effect he had observed it to have on his whole physical system. Not long afterwards he discontinued the use of coffee for the same reason. In the same year, four years after the first temperance society in America was formed by Captain Bates at Fairhaven in 1827, 3,000 temperance societies had been organised in the United States, with 300,000 members. Temperance in the mercantile marine was also becoming popular.

At this time also, anti-slavery societies began to be active again, and the retired sailor at once took a leading part in the crusade. His attitude on the temperance question had considerably diminished his circle of friends; and now his advocacy of the abolition of slavery still further reduced the number, but he had courage of his convictions and determined to do all in his power to aid in bringing about the suppression of this great national evil.

Slave-holding had become such an established institution in the American union that public opinion as a whole was strenuously opposed to any interference with the traffic. The anti-slavery movement was so unpopular in Fairhaven that only about forty people could be found with the courage necessary to form a branch society. Opposition meetings were held and threats of violence made; but fortunately the little society was able to continue on its way unmolested. To give some conception of the extent of public opposition in America to the anti-slavery agitation in the thirties of last century, it may be said that as much as \$50,000 (£10,000) was offered for the head of Garrison, who was working for the freedom of the slaves, who narrowly escaped lynching on several occasions.

A. C. ELLISON.

Missionary Volunteer Programme Second Week

Opening Exercises.

Subject: "A Sabbath Pioneer." Readings or talks.

Questions.

A Sabbath Pioneer—No. 4

AT this period of his life Captain Bates planted a mulberry orchard with the intention of engaging in the silk industry, at the same time erecting a school-house to accommodate a manual labour school for youth, in whose betterment he had always felt a warm interest. While working in his orchard one day in the autumn of 1839, an elder of the Christian church called and announced that he was preaching that evening at New Bedford, two miles distant, on the subject of the Second Coming of Christ. Just prior to this Captain Bates had heard that a Mr. Miller was preaching in the State of New York that the Lord would come in 1843. With his wife he attended the lecture given by the elder, which left a deep impression upon both. He obtained William Miller's book of nineteen lectures, containing his interpretation of the prophecies of Daniel, and read them with the greatest interest. In 1841, two years later, William Miller lectured at Fairhaven, and later at New Bedford, to crowded audiences, including many ministers of the various denominations.

It was not long before disapproval of his views on the near advent of Christ began to manifest itself in the church to which Captain Bates belonged, and at length reached such a point that he and some other members withdrew, Brother Bates selling his fourth interest in the church building at a considerable sacrifice.

As the time drew near when the Lord was expected to come, he sold his residence, including the greater part of his real estate; settled all his debts; and prepared to carry the Advent message to the slave-holding States of the South, in spite of the unpopularity of the doctrine in those States of the Union, and the dangers to himself as a well known abolitionist.

From Naval Officer to Preacher of the Second Advent

Accompanied by another believer in the Lord's near return, the campaign was opened at the very place where he and his half frozen crew had found shelter one bitter winter's night, twenty-seven years before. Now the ex-chief mate had returned under very different circumstances to give the startling warning that the hour of God's judgment had come. The only opposition met with came from the trustee of the Methodist church, who at their meeting denounced the Advent doctrine, and threatened them with personal violence. The audience was against him, however, and on being remonstrated with, his better nature prevailed, and he concluded by shaking the two evangelists by the hand, and inviting them to his home, an invitation the press of other engagements prevented them from accepting.

Their entertainer at the next place of meeting was a large slaveholder, who had heard that one of the visitors was an abolitionist come to free the slaves. He was reassured on being told that they had not come for their slaves, but for their souls. Much interest was displayed here; and thence a private carriage conveyed the two Millerites, as they were called, to their next appointment, twenty-five miles on. No portion of their audiences here listened with more attention than the poor slaves, who had to stand behind the white congregation, and wait till the latter passed out of the building before

leaving themselves. They were particularly fond of the Advent hymns and would offer almost any price for hymn books, which were unprocurable. The three regular ministers in the town were greatly perturbed at the success of the rival meetings, and threatened the two speakers with imprisonment; but they were powerless to check the growing interest. At the last meeting extraordinary interest and conviction were shown, and after its close little groups continued near in subdued conversation far into the night.

At the next town, or rather village, on their itinerary, the Methodist trustees at first refused, but afterwards opened their building to the Adventist preachers; and at one of the meetings Elder Bates' attention was attracted to a gentleman in the audience, who afterwards invited the two speakers to his home. On the way he related to them a remarkable dream he had had before their arrival, of two angels who were declaring good news, one of whom had a mole on his right cheek. At the meeting the dream was recalled to his mind, and he recognised in the two evangelists the angels of his dream.

As a result of the meetings at this centre, nearly the whole community, white and black, were deeply impressed with the Advent truth. From this place the carriage of their slaveholding friend, now a converted man, took them twenty-five miles to the next town, where the meetings were held in the court-house, attracting much interest. From this point the return was made to New York by rail, where the two friends met William Miller, himself just back from a lecturing tour in the country. On the way home by steamer the two Adventist preachers hung their charts in the cabin, and sang an Advent hymn, which soon brought an interested group of passengers around them, curious to know what the pictures represented. On leaving the steamer the subject was continued in the train, until the journey ended and the passengers separated.

Elder Bates and his companion later carried the first angel's message through the islands attached to the Eastern States, many of the inhabitants uniting with the movement as a result. About this time, 1843, Elder Bates made a further step in the path of the reform he had set himself, by excluding meat from his dietary.

Attends the Sabbath Truth and Writes the First Tract

The disappointment of 1844 came as a great shock to the Adventist people; but it happened in the providence of God, and was the means divinely used to sever the true believers from the false. When the whole body had been thoroughly sifted, Elder Bates was one of the comparative few who still clung to the blessed hope; and when light came on the Sabbath question, he was one of the first to embrace this truth. With his usual decision he determined to devote the remainder of his life to the task of establishing, by voice and pen, this vital pillar and ground of our faith. He was impressed to write a tract on the subject; but where the money to finance it was to come from was the question. He had, however, the faith to believe that God would provide in some way for the work, and started at once to prepare the manuscript with only a shilling in the house, which soon went in necessary expenses. He had not proceeded far with his writing when he had a premonition that money was waiting

him at the post office. True enough a letter was there for him containing a ten dollar bill (two pounds), and with this money he purchased sufficient household necessities, whose arrival at the house caused the greatest astonishment to his wife, and with the balance arranged with a printing office to commence the publication of one thousand copies of a hundred-page book on the subject of the Sabbath. It was remarkable how money came in just at the right time to keep the work financed; and when the last book was printed and handed over nothing was owing on the account.

The Spirit of Prophecy

Elder Bates became acquainted with Sister White during her visit to New Bedford in 1846 when a young woman of nineteen, his age being then fifty-four years. He found it hard at first to believe that God had endowed this delicate girl with the most important of the gifts of His Spirit, and made the statement, "I am a doubting Thomas. I do not believe in visions; but if I could believe that the testimony the sister has related tonight was indeed the voice of God to us, I should be the happiest man alive." Not long afterwards, a wonderful vision of the heavens was granted to Sister White in his presence, and her description of the planets as she saw them was such convicting proof of the divine origin of the gift in her that he could say, "I believe the work is of God, and is given to comfort and strengthen His scattered people." As an ex-sea captain, Elder Bates had an extensive knowledge of astronomy but had never read anything to equal her description. Shortly afterwards he published a pamphlet entitled, "The Opening Heavens," the expenses being defrayed by a self-denying friend. Later another pamphlet from his pen was published with the title, "A Seal of the Living God," another friend meeting the cost of publication.

Some years later, 1851, he was instrumental in deciding Annie Smith, the sister of Uriah Smith, through a remarkable dream which came to both, to exchange promising worldly prospects for a humble part in the work of God. From this time on, for seventeen years, or until he attained the age of seventy-six years, Elder Bates gladly accepted every fresh ray of light revealed by the Holy Spirit, and worked devotedly, both in speaking and writing, to extend the knowledge of the truth; but in 1868, his younger brethren prevailed on him to cease his public labours, which had continued without cessation for about thirty years, and to take a well-earned rest. Four years later, at Battle Creek, on March 19, 1872, after a long and useful life, Joseph Bates, ex-marine captain, temperance reformer, and minister of the gospel, was called to his last rest in the eightieth year of his age. His devotion to the Sabbath, his public and private efforts to establish its general observance, from the day he first received light on this truth to the last day of his life, surely earn for him, as well, the title we have given him in this brief story of his life—a Sabbath Pioneer.

A. C. ELLISON.

Questions

1. Where and when did Captain Bates first hear the message of the second coming of Christ?
2. What sacrifice did he make of

church relationship, of home and property?

3. Where did he first go to preach the message, and to what classes of people?
4. How was the message received?
5. What further reform step did Elder Bates take in 1843?
6. How was he affected by the disappointment in 1844?
7. Relate the circumstances attending the publishing of our first literature on the Sabbath question?
8. Upon what additional pillar of our faith did he take his stand in 1846?
9. For how many years was Elder Bates an active worker in this message?

Missionary Volunteer Programme Third Week

Opening Exercises.

"Sketch of Dr. Paulson's Life."

Reading: "A Test of Faith Early in Life."

Reading: "The Diphtheria and a Dying Promise."

Reading: "Experience in Getting an Education."

Reading: "Compelled to Study while Working."

LEADER'S NOTE.—This programme is the first of a series on the life and work of Dr. David Paulson, one of the most active medical missionary and rescue workers this denomination has ever had. It is believed that the review of his experiences will be of keen interest.

Sketch of Dr. Paulson's Life

EVER since the death of Dr. David Paulson, the man of great faith who led out in the establishment of the work at Hinsdale, a suburb of Chicago, where we now have three splendid institutions, repeated requests have been made for the publication of the marvellous story of the triumphs of faith connected with the history of the medical missionary work which the doctor fostered. The development of the work is so closely entwined around the life of its chief promoter that we give a glimpse of the doctor's early experiences, combined with the divine guiding principles which made him great. As far as possible the story is told in Dr. Paulson's own words, culled from file copies of his letters, talks, and lectures.

Some men's lives live after them, and that is pre-eminently true of Dr. David Paulson. He was a lover of men, and devoted his life very largely to medical missionary work, to organised work for the needy and the unfortunate in the great city of Chicago, and to the education of young men and women for Christian service. There are many Christian workers today who gladly acknowledge that their inspiration for work came through the influence of Dr. Paulson.

David Paulson was born October 27, 1868, and died at the age of forty-eight in 1916. After spending a number of years in earnest work at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, he connected with the work in Chicago, and acted a prominent part in the extensive medical missionary work which was carried on in that city. Later he became editor of the monthly magazine, *Life Boat*, of which he continued in charge till the time of his death. As

president of the Anti-Cigarette League he travelled extensively, lecturing upon the cigarette evil, and on other health and temperance topics.

After an illness of some months' duration, on October 15, 1916, he quietly yielded his life into the hand of the kindly God whom he had so faithfully served, and to whose fold he had been the instrument of leading so many souls.

Footprints of Faith.—No. 1

DAVID PAULSON, M.D.

A Test of Faith Early in Life

SOME of you have prayed for some special thing and your prayer was not answered, and so you felt discouraged. When I was a mere lad my father hired me out to herd cattle on the Western plains. Other boys had ponies, but my father could not afford to buy me one, so I had to stub my bare feet; and I had a sorry time of it.

I asked the Lord to send me a pony, and every time I saw someone drive down the road with a pony, I thought, Here is God answering my prayer, but each time I was grievously disappointed. It was many years afterward before I found out why the Lord did not send me a pony. I have had to do much hard work in my life which required sound muscle. The muscles in my limbs are almost as hard as wood, and I developed them chasing after the cattle bare-footed. If the Lord had answered my prayer, the pony would have gotten the muscle and I would not. The Lord looked ahead and knew it was not best for me to have my prayer answered. But I did not make the mistake some folks have made; I kept right on praying for other things which the Lord has given me.

The reason some of you have not had your prayers answered is because you are praying for ponies. Moses must have had a terrible disappointment when he had to herd sheep for years and years. He never would have planned it that way, but finally he saw in it a burning bush, yea, a great mission for his life. It put character into him, it made him the leader of a great nation. So the Lord can take the most grievous disappointment in your life and show you the burning bush in it.

The Diphtheria and a Dying Promise

When I was seventeen years old, an epidemic of virulent diphtheria invaded our neighbourhood. An older brother died of it after a few days' illness. I contracted the disease, and directly was at death's door. I heard them say there was no chance of my living but a few hours. I had had the religious experience of the average young people of our church, that I knew, yet I might as well have tried to make a plank reach across the Atlantic Ocean as to have made the faith I had in Christ tide me over to the next world. In other words, somehow I had missed the real thing.

In the agony of my soul I told the Lord that if He would raise me up I would unreservedly dedicate my life to Him, and He answered my prayer. I then appreciated the necessity for some sort of preparation.

I had grown up on the Western plains with practically no educational advantages. I could not have told the difference between a noun and a verb if I had met them on the street.

Experience in Getting an Education

A couple of years rolled by, and by almost Herculean efforts I secured enough money to carry me through one year in Battle Creek College. When that year was over, I knew I had only scratched the surface of an education. I decided to go to work for the Battle Creek Sanitarium during the summer vacation, with the hope that they might permit me to continue to work for them for my expenses while going to school the next year.

I got up early in the morning and carried hot water to the patients' rooms; I washed tinware in the kitchen during the day, then ran calls in the evening until ten o'clock. I beat carpets, scrubbed floors, washed windows, tacked down carpets, and did a hundred and one other things that a boy naturally dislikes to do. The physical strain of that programme nearly cost me my life, but the Lord helped me to win the good will of the managers, and when practically all other applications for student help were refused, mine was accepted. Meanwhile at the college the good Lord was using the teachers to satisfy an insatiable thirst for knowledge that He had planted in my soul.

Time rolled on, and I was promoted to be night watchman for the latter half of the night. That gave me a little chance to study between the regular rounds while I was on duty. At the same time, it was extremely difficult, in a great noisy institution, to get enough sleep early in the night to keep one's nerves in the right tone.

The small salary I received in the summer time enabled me to get my clothing; what I earned at the sanitarium during the school year practically covered my other expenses. Finally after three years I was graduated.

Compelled to Study While Working

At that time how I envied the boys and girls who did not have to work their way through school; but now I feel sorry for some of them—and why? Because in order to get my education I was *compelled* to learn the trick of studying and working at the same time. Most students, when they begin to work, cease to study, and when they begin to study again, stop work. I learned to do both at the *same time*, and this habit has been of priceless value to me, as it enables me to do about the same amount of study each year as I did when I went to college, and that without slighting any of the ordinary duties that life has brought to me.

Let me say to those who are compelled to "work their finger nails off" in order to secure an education, instead of murmuring at your lot, thank the Lord for the opportunity. The man who does not learn to study and work at the same time will, within a few years after he has begun his life work, have forgotten nine-tenths of what he learned, and so will soon be left far behind in life's struggle.

In conclusion, I would say, dedicate your life fully and completely to the Master. Don't wait for an attack of diphtheria or a glimpse of the open grave to lead you to do so. Not until you have thus dedicated yourself do things begin to come your way in a manner that makes life full of agreeable surprises at every turn of the road.—*Life Boat*.

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Fourth Week

Opening Exercises.

"A Vow and What Came of It."

"Ran Calls for the Lord."

"Living by Principle."

"An Overruling Providence."

"Providence Led to New York."

"One of My First Experiences."

"Had to Love Them."

Recitation: "Life's 'Well Done.'"

Footprints of Faith—No. 2

DAVID PAULSON, M.D.

A Vow, and What Came of It

WHEN I was seventeen years old I was dying of diphtheria and I knew it. I found my nominal religious experience that I had was of no avail. I knew I was lost. The horror I never can put into human words. In the agony of my soul I plead with God to raise me up, promising Him that I would devote myself wholly to Him and His service, and God in due time did restore me. That vow brought me to the Battle Creek College for a preparation; it brought me to the sanitarium; it brought me to the Ann Arbor medical college; it brought me to a life of toil in sin-cursed Chicago; it brought me to the disheartening task of building up a sanitarium at Hinsdale in "troubulous times." It has enabled me to bear with joy the scoff and scorn of others who saw no light in my programme.

I got that secret when I was looking into an open grave. I have been living on borrowed time ever since. I have not had a day of real sound health from that day till now, but I have been trying to work for the Lord. I never had a day when I didn't have plenty to do.

I am here carrying out that vow, but incidentally I have had the time of my life doing it. I would recommend to others who are sick to give themselves to the Lord to be used of Him.

Ran Calls for the Lord

When I went to Battle Creek I was given the job of washing dishes in the kitchen. Then later I was told I was needed on the call force. During all that time I felt I was not working altogether for the Battle Creek Sanitarium, I was working for the Lord. So I thought if the Lord gave me some extra time in the evening I could do so much more work for Him. I thought the more sick people I could see the more work I could do for the Lord.

I literally *ran* calls. The other boys said, "Paulson likes to work, let him do it," so I answered most of the calls. I had the time of my life working for the Lord while they were getting along the easiest way. When Mrs. Hall, the matron, was gone away the boys did not work. I kept on working. They said, "Paulson, why do you work?" I said, "I am not working for Mrs. Hall, I am working for the Lord." I kept on working for the Lord, and if the Lord didn't want me to do a certain thing, I didn't do it. Do you think I was put out of the institution? No, I stayed there until I was acting superintendent,* while the superintendent was in Europe.

Living by Principle

If we live by principle, steering straight ahead, sometimes we will suit other

people and sometimes we will not; but we are always pleasing God.

The person whose Christian experience is one of impulse only, cannot expect to be a source of strength to others, because while one day he may utter some great truth or do some noble deed, the next day he will likely do some strange thing which will cause them to lose faith in him altogether.

Years before I left the Battle Creek Sanitarium, I learned as a personal experience that if a man bows before his Creator he never needs to bow before his fellow-men. The Lord will see to it that he has standing room. He will never need to beg his fellow-men for elbow room.

An Overruling Providence

The opportunity came for me to study medicine. The Lord raised up some folks to lend me money and Providence opened up splendid opportunities for me, in fact, some of the best that were obtainable in those days. Some of them I knew came directly in answer to my prayers—and why not? I had no selfish purpose in wanting to become a medical man; I desired to do somebody some good with it.

It is easy for us to recognise an overruling Providence in the large events of life, those that clearly and visibly affect our destiny; but why do we not see it also in the smaller things? Life does not consist of haphazard and chance circumstances; God has a definite plan for each one of us, which is just as complete as if we had been the only ones that lived on the earth. The attention of God has been specially directed to the careful arrangement of all details, and all heaven is at our disposal, if necessary, to assist us not only in finding our work, but in performing it. Sometimes the dense fogs of human discouragement envelop us to such an extent that our natural eyes cannot discern the glorious possibilities that God is holding out to the youth of this generation, who are to see the culmination of all things, and who may repeat in their earthly career the very life that Christ lived as He walked among men. But let us remember, even in the darkest moments of our experience, that the same power that controls and upholds the universe, is directing our lives.

One who has fully grasped the thought that every circumstance that comes into his life is permitted by the hand of divine love, will begin to enjoy some of the sweets of heaven while still on this earth.

Providence Led to New York

I went to Bellevue hospital, New York, to complete my medical course and to secure greater opportunities in real medical missionary work. While there, I lived in the mission home of Dr. Downkott, a man of great faith who was at that time conducting a splendid medical missionary work in the slums of New York City.

I had a small rear room with very poor furniture, and I soon discovered I had a lonesome feeling. A man came and asked me if I did not want to go to the mission. I said, "Yes," and he took me into some poverty-stricken places where there was nothing to eat and no comforts in life, and then to the mission. He gave me a glimpse of the world's need.

When I went back to my room that night the wall paper that hung down from the ceiling in one corner looked like a

beautiful scroll such as you see on Christmas cards, and the old furniture had been transformed into sixteenth-century antique furniture, such as you pay a high price for these days. The room was the same as when I left, but I had been transformed. I had seen the needs of the world.

I had not been there long when the doctor announced to me that I was to lead the mission meeting the next Tuesday night. I began to make excuses—said I could not do it. He said, "Tut, tut, man, you are to lead that meeting." I did it.

"One of My First Experiences"

I remember one of my first experiences. A man came to me and wished to be shown the way to God. I read him text after text. I demonstrated the plan of salvation, as I thought, in a very conclusive way. Everything was arranged under appropriate heads; there was a firstly, a secondly, thirdly, and fourthly, and so on. When I was through, the man said, "Isn't there a shorter way?" I was obliged to answer that I knew of none. "Well," he said, "then I can't be saved; this is too much for me." When I went back to my room that night I asked the Lord to show me a shorter way if there was one, and He did so. All there is for the sinner to do is to come; God will do the rest. The promise is, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and "him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

Had To Love Them

My heart ached for the poor street urchins in whom no one seemed especially interested, and I asked permission of the mission to let me have the mission Sunday afternoon to try to put something into the lives of those children. In they came—those dirty, ragged, undisciplined street Arabs. I told them about a God of love who like as a father pities his children, pitied them (Ps. 103:13); but it made absolutely no impression on them. On the contrary, I thought they resented it. I soon discovered that most of those children had drunken, brutal parents who kicked and cuffed them and mistreated them, and they did not want to hear anything about a God in heaven who would treat them the same way.

The thought came to me: I myself must love these youngsters. It was easy to feel sorry for them, but to love a dirty, rough street urchin whose hair was full of vermin—how could I do it? I asked God to put His love into my heart for them and He answered my prayer, and then I found it was necessary for me to advertise that fact to them. The language of love is universal. If you feel kindly towards even a dog he will wag his tail and give you a look of recognition. Then I could tell them there was a God in heaven who felt towards them just as I did, only infinitely more. I will never forget the last meeting we had together, when I was to leave the city, and some of those children said, with tears in their eyes, "Who will love us now when you are gone? One of the sweetest experiences of my life was when I knelt down with those children in that parting meeting and committed them to the Father of the fatherless, to that Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. "The entrance of Thy word giveth light," even to the "street Arabs" of New York City.

At that moment I re-dedicated my life to God and asked Him never to permit me to be a loveless being. I believe some day when my feet shall have the privilege of treading the streets of gold I shall have with me some of those children as fruits of that labour of love.

What is needed is medical missionaries who have so much love for fallen humanity implanted in their hearts by the Spirit of God that the condition of the most loathsome and unlovely will move them to go about doing good even as our blessed Master did.—*Life Boat.*

Life's "Well Done"

MAKE the best of your life in its toiling;
Make the best of your life in its rest;
Be sure that your whole heart is living,
Be sure that you are doing your best!

The soul that is careless may squander
The powers of its life and its love;
In sorrow to find with the evening,
No sheaves for the garner above!

Put soul into all of your labour,
And heart into life's every quest,
Then say when the bright sun is setting,
"I have honestly tried for the best!"

And then, in that land where the resting
Comes after the victory won,
The Master will share in your gladness,
And whisper the sweetest, "Well done!"
R. HARE.

Sabbath School Missionary Exercises

(July 3)

Bukabuka, Cook Islands

IN May of 1919 Brother H. Wicks visited Bukabuka, instructing the believers in the message and organising a church. In writing of the work there Brother Wicks furnishes us the following interesting experiences:—

"One young woman in Bukabuka whose husband is away labouring on another island, accepted present truth. She is very earnest and is faithful to all that she knows, and is anxiously awaiting the return of her husband, that she may have the opportunity to show him the light that has come to her. One night just before I left she had a dream. She thought that they were all together in the church, when two angels appeared in the midst and spoke to the people saying: 'The testimony that your missionary and I have borne among you is true. This is the last generation. The end is nearer than you think. Hold fast to that you have been taught. Allow nothing to shake your faith.'

"I used this dream to exhort them to a more diligent study of the Scriptures, and an earnest searching of heart, so that they might be prepared for the time of trial that is just before us, and be found faithful in the day when our Lord shall appear.

"I found the children of Bukabuka unselfish and liberal in their treatment of one another. One evening while I was having my evening meal, two little children came in and I gave them each a biscuit. They sat down on a box and chatted away to me as they were eating, when in came another little one, and quite naturally

each one broke off a liberal piece of his biscuit and gave to the new comer. I was delighted to see this trait of character among them. I have watched them and tested different ones, and it seems to be a habit with the children to share and share alike.

"It is good to see the earnestness of these Bukabuka believers to obtain Bible knowledge. We need to continually hold them up before the throne of grace, for their advantages and privileges are not like ours."

(July 10)

A Trip to the Island of Uapou, in the Marquesas

TWO years ago a native of Switzerland, by the name of Tissot, residing in the Marquesas, arrived in Tahiti on business, and sought out our workers there. He explained that through reading a copy of "Great Controversy" belonging to his father-in-law, the Sabbath truth had come to him, and that he had begun to obey it. He was given more literature, and he left with the request that missionaries might be sent to the Marquesas Islands.

Upon our arrival in the group, in response to his appeal, we were landed on an island only twenty-six miles distant from the island of Uapou where he resides; and there for six months we looked out at this island nearly every day, corresponding with our brother as opportunity offered, but unable to meet him face to face.

Early this year we arranged to leave the work on Nukuhiva for a week, meet Brother Tissot on Uapou, and at the same time ascertain the prospects of starting a mission there.

After a run of four hours by auxiliary schooner, with her engines running, we reached Uapou at night, and decided to go ashore and awaken our friends. We found Brother Tissot surprisingly well-grounded in the truth for one who had been instructed almost entirely through reading alone. We were the first workers to visit him in his island home.

PASTOR G. L. STERLING.

(July 17)

Our Visit to Uapou, Marquesas Islands

LAST week we told of our Swiss Sabbath-keeper, Brother Tissot, on the island of Uapou, and the trip we made to find him and encourage him in the message.

On the Sabbath afternoon we had a Bible study together on the subject of faith, in which we dwelt on God's care for the faithful during the time of trouble before us. God's promises seemed very precious to his heart, and he found it difficult to keep back the tears. After the study we joined in singing for an hour accompanied by our folding organ. Again and again he turned aside to dry his tears as the songs of Zion were sung. Brother Tissot's wife is not with him in the truth, but we feel that she is changing her attitude, and will, e'er long, stand by the side of her husband in this message.

We held several meetings with the natives, and a good impression was made and the desire expressed that we might remain longer. In a visit to another village in company with Brother Tissot as guide, I met for the second time a Cath-

olic of Spanish descent who is very favourably inclined toward the truths we teach. He is reading our literature with open mind, and I believe the Spirit of the Lord is leading him into the light. Uapou seems ready to hear the message. O, that we had some one to place among them right now! Some, not satisfied with Catholicism have turned to Protestantism, but they are in darkness as to the message for this time. Must they wait on?

PASTOR G. L. STERLING.

(July 24)

"It Is Coming! It Is Coming!"

ONE of our first Sabbath-keepers here in Tai-o-hae, Nukuhiva, in the Marquesas Group, is an old Tahitian woman, born on the island of Maupiti. The early Protestant missionaries taught the natives by mistake to keep the Saturday as the day of rest and worship, the missionaries supposing that they were observing the European Sunday. When, later, the mistake was discovered, the Sabbath was changed throughout all of Eastern Polynesia.

This Tahitian woman relates to us that it was in her girlhood days that the Sabbath was changed on Maupiti. She remembers distinctly the opposition manifested by some of the natives to having their Sabbath altered. It was there that an old Maupiti woman, aggrieved that her Sabbath should be interfered with, said prophetically, "It is coming; it is coming; the true Sabbath is yet to come back to us!"

Our Eastern Polynesian committee have the island of Maupiti under consideration, but, as yet, no one has been found to go there with the Sabbath truth for these last days. No doubt the old native woman who loved the Sabbath has long since died, yet the missionary will find others who are waiting for the truth. Maupiti is calling, "Come over and help us."

PASTOR G. L. STERLING.

(July 31)

One Experience in Mission Work

"TOOLSIE" is one of the children at our Kalyan mission school, India, and is a girl of about twelve years. She is of the farmer caste. Her mother died, leaving Toolsie and her one sister to the care of their father. Toolsie worked with him in the field, and on returning home at night had to grind and cook the grain for the family.

This young girl was married, according to the custom, to an older man. Being, however, too young to go to her husband's home, and not wanted in her own because of famine conditions, her father was not only cruel to her, but threw her into the river, thinking to drown her. The child managed to rescue herself, and crawling out of the water, returned to her father's home.

In the next attempt to get rid of the child the father went away in the night with the younger girl, leaving the discarded girl asleep in the empty house. Next day she started out in the pouring rain to beg, and later tried to earn her living by grinding flour in a mill for one anna (one penny) a day.

This sum did not prove sufficient on which to live, and being weak for the want of food, she again resorted to begging in the pouring rain of the monsoon season, with nothing in the world but a few old rags on her back and vermin in her hair. In an exhausted state she was found in the mud in a lonely place. No one offered to help, and there she lay for three days in the rain, quenching her thirst by putting out her hand and catching raindrops, and trying to still the pangs of hunger by eating grass.

You can imagine her condition when brought to the Kalyan Dispensary after these three days. For two weeks she lay in bed too weak to move or to take more than sips of milk. But what a change has taken place. Could you see her today after care, attention, and good food, you would find a strong, healthy, well-built girl, full of life and vigour, attending school and Sabbath-school; and tonight as we write this, she is sitting on the floor with her legs crossed studying with the rest. We hope that you will pray for Toolsie, that she may become a worker for her sisters in India who, like herself, in many cases are not wanted.

Through our Sabbath-school offerings we have the privilege of helping to rescue the perishing by sending to them missionaries who will tell them of a Saviour's love, and gather them into the fold.

ETHEL M. THRIFT.

Foreign Mission Day

(July 10)

Acquaintance with God

1. WITH whom does the Bible invite us to become acquainted? Job 22:21, margin.
2. What is the declared result? Same verse, last clause.
3. What is the great good that shall come through an acquaintance with Him? 2 Peter 1:2; John 17:3.
4. How do we become acquainted with God? John 5:39; Ps. 19:1.
5. What is the evidence of our acquaintance with Him? 1 John 2:3.
6. Is the world acquainted with God? John 17:25.
7. What then is our duty to the world? Matt. 28:19, 20.
8. What should we pray for daily? Matt. 9:38.

"In answer to the Lord's enquiry, 'Whom shall I send?' Isaiah responded, 'Here am I, send me.' Isa. 6:8. You, my brother, my sister, may not be able to go into the Lord's vineyard yourself, but you may furnish the means to send others. Thus you will be putting your money out to the exchangers; and when the Master comes, you will be able to return to Him His own with usury. Your means can be used to send forth and sustain the messengers of God, who by voice and by influence will give the message, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight.' Matt. 3:3. Plans are being made for the advancement of the cause, and now is your time to work."—*Testimonies, Vol. VIII, page 33.*

"Among God's people today there is a fearful lack of the sympathy that should be felt for souls unsaved. We talk of Christian missions. The sound of our

voices is heard; but do we feel Christ's tender heart-longing for those outside the fold? And unless our hearts beat in unison with the heart of Christ, how can we understand the sacredness and importance of the work to which we are called by the words, 'Watch for souls, as they that must give account?' Heb. 13:17."—*Testimonies, Vol. IX, page 45.*

Where It Means Much to Be a True Protestant

IT is difficult to comprehend what mission workers face as they go in among the people with an open Bible in South American republics, where Catholicism has held almost undisputed sway for so many years. Yet the last gospel message finds warm-hearted adherents even here. Brother Orley Ford gives us the experience of a bereaved Indian father seeking to bury his boy, which is but the sequel of another sad story as to how this boy lost his life, which, briefly told is this.

At a certain place where the Indians had called for a school, they were warned that if a mission school was opened those who attended would be killed. It was considered a threat to keep the school out, so at the appointed time it opened. That first day, however, but one boy dared to register. At night on returning home he was met in a lonely ravine by a band of boys his size and larger with stones and clubs. They attacked him and beat him into unconsciousness, then left him to die. His parents found him too late to restore him, had this even been possible. The school, however, continued with protection and is now thriving with a large attendance.

Brother Ford's sequel story follows:—

"It is only in the face of many persecutions that one accepts the truth in this fanatical Catholic country. No opportunity is missed to make life hard for our brethren. Many difficulties arise in the burying of the dead.

"By the law of Peru, all dead must be buried in a licensed burial place, and nearly always the priests have charge of these cemeteries. Also they are generally in or near churchyards.

"Only a short time ago the boy of one of our brethren died and the governor gave permission for his burial in the Catholic cemetery. The brethren proceeded with the burial. Just as they were ready to put the body in the grave, in came a big priest half intoxicated and wanted to know why they were defiling his cemetery by burying an 'evangelist' there. He did not wait for an answer, but began calling them all kinds of vile names and began striking them with a heavy whip he was carrying. Most of the brethren ran off except the father to the dead boy. The priest began beating him unmercifully, finally knocking him down and kicking him with his heavy boots. The brethren seeing the plight returned and rescued the man and corpse.

"I was notified of the trouble and did all I could for the poor brother, but for several days his life was despaired of.

"Similar trouble often arises when our brethren bury their dead. We expect soon to receive a license for separate burial grounds, and so avoid this trouble. Many times I wonder if our brethren in the homeland would be as faithful as are these poor Indian brethren in the face of such trials."

Our African Outschools

AFTER many years of testing out different methods of winning the heathen of Africa to the gospel, the outschool has proved to be the most potent human agency yet employed. This seems to be the experience of all the mission societies operating in that field, and in our experience its efficacy has certainly been demonstrated.

Thirty-eight miles from Blantyre, British East Central Africa, is located our largest training school for native teacher-evangelists. Surrounding the Malamulo Mission and within a radius of one hundred miles, ninety trained teachers are conducting forty-three outschools. It was my privilege to spend several days visiting some of these schools, to acquaint myself somewhat with the general plan upon which these schools are conducted; to see with my own eyes some of the excellent results following this method of labour; and to feel through my entire being the thrill of the inspiration which comes from personal contact with this blessed work.

In establishing these outschools, the consent of the native chief and the British Educational Commissioner is first obtained. Then a central location that will accommodate several villages is chosen, and a rudely constructed building made of poles plastered with mud and covered with a grass-thatched roof is hastily erected, and school is begun. Children, young people, and parents (often mothers with their babies on their backs) sit together on poles supported by forked stakes driven into the ground and seem perfectly contented. All the furnishings are of the most primitive type, but the results of the work done are usually the most gratifying.

A Christian home in the midst of the grossest heathen darkness is established. This home, so different from every other home—if such it may be called—becomes in the entire district an object lesson of what the gospel will do for the African.

The Word of God daily studied, and portions of it committed to memory by the students, adds its forces to the other mighty agencies all working to one end. The regularly conducted Sabbath service often results in the complete heart-render of one student after another, until a large baptismal class is formed of those who have signed the Christian covenant, and who desire to take the two or more years' preparatory course for baptism and church membership. This course covers every point of this blessed truth.

One of the contributory forces in this warfare is the Sabbath afternoon meeting. Following the morning service the congregation is divided into groups, with the teacher and assistant teachers as leaders. These go out into the villages about the school, sing the Christian hymns they have been taught, and repeat the story of the Saviour's love to the villagers who are always ready to listen to anything so new and strange. Prayer is offered in behalf of the hearers. All this undermines the foundation of heathenism.

It was my privilege to assist in the baptism of 132 persons who had come from the gross darkness of Africa's heathenism, the outschool being the chief human agency employed in their conversion. This service, which I shall never forget, was held during our great camp-meeting at the Malamulo Mission. The baptismal service

was followed by the celebration of the other sacred ordinances of the Church.

More than 70,000,000 people, it is said, in Central Africa have never heard even so much as the name of Jesus. These are waiting for the messengers of the cross to do a similar work among them. If this is done without further delay, many may be rescued from eternal ruin and be prepared for the kingdom of glory. If not, they must perish and the responsibility of their loss must, to a large degree, rest upon those who might have rescued them, but failed in the trust committed to them.

Takoma Park, D. C.

PASTOR E. E. ANDROSS

Opening New Mission Schools in Central Africa

BROTHER W. E. STRAW, the general superintendent of our recently organised Zambezi Union Mission, including Rhodesia and Nyasaland, today will tell us of his experiences:—

"I am now starting on a 4,000 mile trip in search of mission sites in new and unentered fields. About 1,400 or 1,500 miles of this will have to be made on foot or bicycle with native carriers, and will require my being away from home between three and four months. These trips are not altogether like travelling in the express trains of the homeland. They require a great deal of hard tramping, with sore feet and aching legs. It is too expensive to take much tinned food, and our bread gets stale after a week or ten days and there is no way of making more, so we have little but porridge and tinned milk to eat most of the time. Sometimes we can get a few sweet potatoes, eggs, or bananas from the natives.

"We are willing to endure these hardships and privations because we feel that these countries must be entered at once or we shall lose the opportunity. But we are depending upon the Mission Board to furnish us with men and means for these parts.

"In a most extraordinary way the Lord seems to be going before us and opening the way. Just recently one of the most influential chiefs in Matabeleland told one of our boys he would like us to start a school in his village. Brother Sparrow went to see him, and found him still anxious for us to establish a school there. This we plan to do and have a boy selected who is willing to go. By having a school in the chief's village we will gain a strong influence all through that country and be enabled to establish schools in other parts where otherwise we would be kept out.

"A few months ago two of our boys were passing through a section of the country we had not entered. They did not plan to stop at all, but only to pass through. Just as they got to the chief's village one of the boys' feet got so sore he could not go further and they were obliged to remain there until the next day. When the chief learned that these boys were teachers and one of them a supervisor of our Lusaka schools, he requested that a school be started at his village. He was so anxious for a school that he vacated his own large house, which he had just completed, gave it to us for a school-

house, and himself furnished material for blackboards and collected money from his people with which to purchase books and charts.

"This seemed like such a providential opening and call that we could not refuse, but sent a teacher there to begin work. School has now been in progress about three months with a good interest in both the day school and Sabbath services. A baptismal class has been formed with the chief himself a member and a regular attendant. The Word says, 'The people shall be willing in the day of thy power.' We find the people willing, and now pray for the power.

"Some two months ago, Ruben, our Lusaka outschool teacher, accompanied by Albert, was sent to investigate the prospects for opening outschools north of the Kafue River. This district is well populated with natives and the superintendent of the Rusangu Mission has received several requests from influential headmen to establish schools in their respective villages. On his return Ruben reported that urgent requests had been made by Mungule and Shangala for schools. Both these men are the heads of large villages situated about twenty miles apart, and where Ruben found that many of the natives were keeping the Sabbath according to the light they had. At one place a hut was speedily made ready and a number of natives assembled and asked our boys to lead in singing hymns. Ruben was pleased to find that quite a number of our "Christ in Song" hymns were familiar to these people. The secret of this was found to be in the fact that at Rusangu Mission there were several students from these villages who, during vacations, had told their people about the Sabbath and taught them hymns.

"The headman Shangala had already been to the district magistrate quite a distance away and asked him to use his influence in getting a school for his people. The magistrate referred him to the Roman Catholic Mission about twenty miles away, but the man stated they wanted a school from Rusangu. Surely there are many honest hearted among these isolated people who are longing for the light of the third angel's message. Although short of teachers at present, arrangements are being made whereby we hope within the next few months to establish a school in each of these villages. The harvest is great and we are praying the Lord to send forth more labourers. We are of good courage and thankful to have a part in this work.

"We are praying the Lord to bless the efforts being made in the homeland to supply recruits and means to push the work in these unentered fields."

THE Lord hath made known His salvation: His righteousness hath He openly showed in the sight of the heathen. Ps. 98:2.

THE MISSIONARY LEADER

PUBLISHED BY THE
AUSTRALASIAN UNION CONFERENCE OF
SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS

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

Editor: Anna L. Hindson

Printed monthly for the Conference by the Sign
Publishing Company, Warburton, Victoria.