



MISSIONARY LEADER

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Home Missions Department

Church Missionary Programme First Week

Commissioned for Service

Question.—What was God's purpose in the organisation of the Church?

Answer.—"The Church of Christ has been organised on earth for missionary purposes."—"An Appeal to Our Churches," p. 28.

Ques.—Therefore, what is the Church to be?

Ans.—"Every church should be a training school for Christian workers."—"The Ministry of Healing," p. 149.

Ques.—What preparation is needed by the members?

Ans.—"Its members should be taught how to give Bible readings, . . . how best to help the poor and care for the sick, how to work for the unconverted."—*Ibid.*

Ques.—How many are to do Bible work?

Ans.—"Many workers are to act their part, doing house-to-house work, and giving Bible readings in families." "Among the members of our churches there should be more house-to-house labour, in giving Bible readings and distributing literature."—"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. IX, pp. 141, 127.

Ques.—Is this work to be done in the cities alone?

Ans.—"In many States there are settlements of industrious, well-to-do farmers, who have never had the truth for this time. Such places should be worked. Let our lay members take up this line of service. By lending or selling books, by distributing papers, and by holding Bible readings, our lay members could do much in their own neighbourhoods."—*Id.*, p. 35.

Ques.—What will be the experience of those who faithfully do their part in giving the message?

Ans.—"All who consecrate body, soul, and spirit to His service will be constantly receiving a new endowment of physical, mental, and spiritual power. The inexhaustible supplies of heaven are at their command. Christ gives them the breath of His own Spirit, the life of His own life. The Holy Spirit puts forth its highest energies to work in mind and heart. Through the grace given us we may achieve victories that because of our own erroneous and preconceived opinions, our defects of character, our smallness of faith, have seemed impossible."—"The Ministry of Healing," p. 159.

Joy and Strength

(Ps. 51: 12, 13)

EVERY Christian worker may with confidence pray, as did David, "Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation; and uphold me with Thy free Spirit." Being equipped

with this joy, and strengthened and upheld by the Holy Spirit, the un failing result will be: "Then will I teach transgressors Thy way; and sinners shall be converted unto Thee."

The conversion of souls is the ultimate object of all missionary activity. Let us not be content with mechanical effort in circulating literature or gathering funds, but as ambassadors for Christ, beseech men to be reconciled to God.

Church Missionary Programme Second Week

Opening Exercises
Lesson on Laymen in Evangelism

LEADER'S NOTE.—Emphasise the significance and importance of the laymen's evangelistic movement. All denominations are weighted with the burden of this movement, and as a result the Interdenominational Church Movement, with headquarters in New York City, has suddenly sprung into a mighty organisation, with power to advance or to hinder the work of the third angel's message. We can safely leave the outcome in God's hands, but it behoves every one of our members to be diligent and faithful as a lay evangelist now, for the time may come when "whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service."

Laymen in Evangelism

"THERE have been three notable periods in the history of the extension of the Christian religion—the time of the martyrs, the time of the monks, and the time of the Methodists. In each of these periods religion spread phenomenally. The significance of each of these for our present purpose is that each of them was an era of lay activity. The Christian Church was begun by laymen; the apostles were all laymen. It has ever since owed its growth to the co-operation of laymen. . . .

"The ideal plan for the extending of God's kingdom is not through one evangelist, or even one pastor,—it is by the united effort of the membership associated with a consecrated pastor. An aroused church membership will give us a redeemed continent. It is the common soldier who fights the world's battles, and victory or defeat turns upon the man behind the guns.

"If our laymen are to win, they must put themselves in touch with the principles of personal service. The world must be won by man. The personal touch is always the touch of power. Come nearer, come nearer to the needy heart if thou wouldst bless and heal! You recall the complaint of the Roman soldier as he took his broad sword to enter his first contest: 'The sword is too short.' 'If you add a step to it,' said the Roman mother, 'it will be long enough,' and history records that

as Rome shortened her sword she extended her empire."—"Pastoral and Personal Evangelism," pp. 72-74.

"The commission given to the disciples is given also to us. Today, as then, a crucified and risen Saviour is to be uplifted before those who are without God and without hope in the world. The Lord calls for pastors, teachers, and evangelists. From door to door His servants are to proclaim the message of salvation."—"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. VIII, pp. 15, 16.

Church Missionary Programme Third Week

Opening Exercises
Reading: "Reporting—Its Place, Value, and Privileges"
Talk: "The Importance of Reporting"
Talk: "She Was Faithful"

Reporting—Its Place, Value, and Privileges

UPON examining the quarterly reports from the various States comprising our Australasian field, some surprise and alarm are experienced as it is found that a comparatively small percentage (in some States thirty per cent only) of our people report missionary work.

We are loath to believe that this is because little missionary effort is made, particularly when we read from the Spirit of Prophecy words such as these: "The work in this earth can never be finished until the men and women comprising our church membership rally to the work, and unite their efforts with those of ministers and church officers." Again, "The great outpouring of the Spirit of God, which lightens the whole earth with its glory, will not come until we have an enlightened people who know by experience what it means to be labourers together with God."

Are we anxious for the finishing of the work? Do we want the outpouring? Surely! Why then do reports come from so few?

Perhaps the place of reporting has never been realised by the "labourers together with God." Right through the centuries reporting has been prominent among God's people. The Bible, in fact, is mostly a compilation of reports. From Genesis, where the creative work is reported, through the Pentateuch, Job, Daniel, etc., we find the story told of things attempted and accomplished by and for God through Him and His people. In the New Testament even more is said. The four Gospels abound in the work of Christ, reporting things He did and said, and inasmuch as the unchanging Spirit of God moved these writers to report, if His Spirit now operates, shall we not be moved as were they? We pass to the Acts of the Apostles and find the report of those things which they continued to do

—those things that Jesus had commenced. In Acts 14:27, the first thing reported on the return of Paul to Antioch from a missionary journey is, "They rehearsed all that God had done with them." The report was again delivered to the Church at Jerusalem. Acts 15:4. Paul was undoubtedly led of Christ in this.

Thus through the Church of old, reporting was given an important place. With a Leader who is the same yesterday, today, and forever, should the Church of today alter its ways?

We briefly notice the *value* of reporting. It is said that much of the success of the Japanese in their war with Russia was due to their accurate system of obtaining constant and definite reports from all parts of the field. In the recent titanic struggle no army could hope for success unless the commander received correct reports from every point. If reporting is so necessary for success in earthly warfare, must it not be also in spiritual, which needs all the system and order that can be exercised, if victory is to be experienced by the followers of Christ? The general must note the need, then he must know how it is being met; where men are few; and where reinforcements are needed. So must we. Our need is great, the world is before us, and some day, by the grace of God, we shall encircle it. Is the line lengthening, or is it shortening; are there weak places or is all strong? How may we know? Why, by the reports of Christ's co-labourers. Through this we shall learn what is being done, and what yet remains, and thus at a glance be able to organise our line that the enemy will be compelled to retreat.

Reporting is of value in other ways, sometimes unexpected. In the early days of our South African mission work, other workers desired to keep us out of certain territory, so they sent to the government a request that our workers be forbidden to open stations in South Africa. Great Britain controlled this territory, so to London went the request. There statistics are kept of work done by every denomination in the British Empire. These were examined by the officials; the result was that the request was refused; the reason given being that Seventh-day Adventists were doing more missionary work than any other denomination. Do you see how this fact was discovered?—By the *total of the individual reports*. To those who read this, and fail to send in their reports, we say, "Are you not glad that all others have not so neglected their privileges?"

This brings us to the third phase of reporting—its *privileges*. "For it is God that worketh in you, both to will and to do of His good pleasure." Remember these words. We are reminded that in every Christian it is Christ within that does the work. Then to whom shall the praise be given, and whose name shall be exalted but Christ's? Thus it is the privilege of every sincere follower to uplift the Saviour, both in the doing and in the reporting of the deed. When He is uplifted there is always a blessing poured upon the soul.

Another privilege that may be ours lies in the joy that comes to us as we read of the rapid advance of this message. How pleased we are to read in the RECORD of the increasing work in India, China, Africa, and the islands of the sea. With what pleasure we learn of the facts connected with this vast field. How are we able to place these facts before you? Only as the result

of our people reporting. We are interested in their work; would they not be interested in ours? They do not neglect their duty; let us not neglect ours.

The Importance of Reporting

NO WORK can be carried forward successfully without a system for reporting results. This is needed that the leaders may know what is being done, in order to plan effectively for doing what remains. When the disciples returned from their first missionary journey, they reported their work, that Jesus might know what needed to be done next: for He worked as we must work. Paul made a practice of reporting his work, and doubtless received reports from the churches, or he would not have known as much about them as he evidently did.

If our reporting system should be discontinued in all branches of the work, our cause would be completely disorganised. The work would go on in a haphazard way that would soon bring in discouragement. It is the general reporting system that has much to do in binding our work together, and enabling it to make such rapid progress.

Every church member should therefore regard it as a duty to report all missionary work done, not to glorify himself, but the Lord, through whose power the work was accomplished. These reports will encourage others to work, and will enable the church to know how rapidly the people in its territory are being warned.

E. M. G.

She Was Faithful

A LITTLE, black, fourteen-year-old girl in Haiti has become a member of our missionary volunteer organisation. Her society is away in the interior. Under all circumstances it would be difficult to make the journey to the coast, but during the recent uprising it was positively dangerous as well; yet that girl walked 150 miles to take her society report to Sister Prieger, who has charge of the young people's work in the Haitian Mission. She was determined to do her part of God's work in Haiti faithfully. To her, that meant diligent service and faithful reporting. Should it mean less to you and to me?—Surely not. She was faithful in her part of God's work. Are you?

MATILDA ERICKSON.

Church Missionary Programme Fourth Week

Opening Exercises.
Scripture Lesson: "Isaiah's Vision." Isa. 6:1-8.
Reading: "A Rejected Paper."

LEADER'S NOTE.—Is your public library supplied with the *Signs of the Times* and magazines? This is an avenue of communication with the public which is very important, and which should receive faithful attention in every community.

Isaiah's Vision

(Isa. 6:1-8)

"I SAW the Lord." Sometime and somewhere there must enter into every call to service, exactly as it entered into

Isaiah's call to service, a vision of the Lord. If you will study the story of the several impulses that moved the men of the Bible to work for the salvation of a lost world, you will find in each case some vision of God: His majesty, His power, His wisdom, His holiness, His love. And in the times after the Scripture, in the lives of those who "rose up and followed on," there will be surely found among the many motives that impelled them, a vision of Jesus Christ, dying for men, or risen, or commanding or inviting or displaying His great self-sacrificing devotion to the work of saving the world that God so loved.

It is our duty to serve, and therefore it is our duty to gain a vision of Christ. But it is not necessary for us to wait passively for it to come; we should go to meet it. For it is the Saviour's promise to show Himself to those who seek Him, and there is no record of any who failed in the quest. Therefore we also may see the Lord.—*Selected.*

A Rejected Paper

THE librarian at a certain public library received regularly a copy of one of our publications, but having no interest in the paper, he threw the copies on the dust heap unopened. Soon the papers were picked up by a man whose heart God touched with a spirit of inquiry; he became interested, and watched for the papers as they were thrown out regularly. It was not long until this man accepted the truth, and he was soon joined by his five children and three daughters-in-law and two sons-in-law,—making eleven souls who accepted the truth as the result of some one's mailing a paper regularly.

Surely this is a rich reward for such effort, and should encourage others to persevere in this branch of missionary work. It is another demonstration of the promise to those who cast their "bread upon the waters," that they shall "find it after many days."

Literature placed in the hands of librarians of public libraries usually finds a more cordial reception than is apparent in this case, but the truth-filled messenger did its work well for the one who received it. "Let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." Gal. 6:9.

Missionary Volunteer Department

Missionary Volunteer Programme First Week

Recitation: "The World's Bible."
Reading: "A Strange Dream."

LEADER'S NOTE.—Emphasise the responsibilities of being "living epistles." Draw from your fund of personal experience in citing additional instances of effective service, and urge all to be watchful and faithful.

The World's Bible

"YOU are a letter of Christ, written with the Spirit of the ever-living God." 2 Cor. 3:3.—*Weymouth's Translation.*

Christ has no hands but ours to do His work today;
He has no feet but our feet to lead men in His way.
He has no tongue but our tongue to tell men how He died;
He has no help but our help to bring them to His side.

We are the only Bible the careless world will read;
We are the sinner's gospel, we are the scoffer's creed.
We are the Lord's last message, given in deed and word;
What if the type is crooked? What if the print is blurred?

What if our hands are busy with other work than His?
What if our feet are walking where sin's allurements is?
What if our tongues are speaking of things His lips would spurn?
How can we hope to help Him and hasten His return? —Selected.

A Strange Dream

THERE has come to our desk in leaflet form the following narrative. Although it is said to be a dream, it portrays a solemn reality concerning individual responsibility. It may be well for each to take a mental survey of friends and acquaintances, and answer for himself the question, Have I given my Master's invitation? Have I gone into the highways and hedges, and compelled men to come to Christ?

“He was a blacksmith, and a most wretchedly wicked man. He knew everything that was blatant and blasphemous in infidelity. He hated everything that was good, and loved everything that was bad. He studied to make himself an irritation to all who believed God, not even sparing his wife. This man was given up as altogether beyond moral recovery, and so indeed he seemed. Prayer was made as though he had no existence; churches were opened and shut, but never with reference to him; the gospel was preached and mercy offered, but no one connected him with God's message to the world.

“A few miles back in the country from the blacksmith's town, there lived an old couple, Father and Mother Brown. They were close to ninety years of age. Theirs had been years of conscious acceptance with God, and of patient, unremitting devotedness to Him; and they were waiting without sorrow and without fear for the promised home-coming.

“Very early one morning the old man awoke, greatly agitated, and began to call his wife: ‘Get up, wife! Get up!’

“‘Why,’ she said, ‘what is the matter?’

“‘I can't tell you now what's the matter,’ he answered, ‘for I must start a fire in the kitchen. I want you to get breakfast ready as soon as you can, for I've got to go to town this morning.’

“‘You go to town this morning!’ she exclaimed. ‘Why, you are out of your head. You can't go to town. You have no way of going, and I know you can't walk.’

“‘Don't tell me what I can't do,’ he persisted. ‘I tell you I've got to go to town. I had a dream last night, and—well, I'll go and make the fire, then tell you about it.’

“His wife followed him, the breakfast was prepared, and when the meal was over the old man started for town. It

was a long and weary way for an old man to walk, but some strange strength was supplied him, and without stopping to rest he kept on. The village was reached. Through the main street he trudged, then into the narrow cross street, and made to the shop of ‘Devil John,’ the blacksmith.

“‘Father Brown!’ he exclaimed, in great amazement, ‘what are you doing here, and so early in the morning?’

“‘The old man answered: ‘That's just what I've come to tell you. Let's go inside, where I can sit down; for I am tired.’

“‘Together they went into the shop; and when seated, the old man said: ‘John, I had a dream last night, and I've come to tell you about it. . . . I dreamed that my room was full of angels, and they all spoke to me, and I loved them, and knew they loved me. Then some of them stopped and slipped their arms under me, and away we went. Beyond the hills and beyond the clouds we mounted through the starry skies. O, how they sang! I never heard anything like it in my life. On we swept, and on, till one of them said, ‘Look yonder, now; there's heaven!’

“‘O John, I can't tell you how I felt when I was in sight of heaven; nor can I tell you what I saw when I looked. I don't believe any one could tell. It was so peaceful, so beautiful, so pure, and so glorious! As we drew nearer, I saw the gates swinging open, and with even faster wing than we had come we swept through them into the city. Such a welcome! Welcome from everybody; all so glad: every hill seemed robed in gladness; it was in the fragrance of the flowers, in the music of every harp, in the song of every tongue, in the grasp of every hand—gladness everywhere. Why, they made over me like I was somebody, when I was only a poor sinner saved by Jesus' blood. I found all my children there—not one of them lost; my boy that you used to be with and play with so much when you went to school together, was there; and your old mother, who was in my classes when I went to school. And after a time—I don't know how long it was—I saw the same angels who brought me bringing another, and it was my dear, sweet wife. I loved her more than ever when they brought her to me there. She was fairer than the day we married. We sat under the tree of life together, and walked by the river that flows from the throne of God. So happy! And I saw angels bringing in others—others that I love and you love. And so the years of eternity rolled.

“‘Then, John, all at once it came to me that I hadn't seen you anywhere. I set out to look for you. I went into every street, looked everywhere, asked everybody, but could get no trace of you. I was distressed more than you can know; and I went to the Lord, my precious Saviour, and asked Him where you were. And, O John, that you could have seen how sorry He was when He told me that you hadn't come!

“‘‘Not come!’’ I said, ‘‘Why didn't John come?’’

“‘And He wept, just as I suppose He often did when He was down here, and told me, ‘‘Nobody ever asked John to come.’’

“‘‘O, I fell at His feet. I bathed them with my tears. I laid my cheeks upon them, and I cried: ‘‘Blessed Lord! Just let me out of here half an hour, and I'll go and ask him to come. I'll give him the invitation.’’

“‘And right then and there I woke up. It was beginning to get light in the east, and I was so glad that I was alive, so I could come and ask you to go to heaven; and now here I am; and I have told you my dream, and I want you to go.’

“‘With other words the old man urged the royal invitation, but the blacksmith stood as one petrified. He could not speak nor move.

“‘Father Brown got up, and saying, ‘Good-bye, John; remember you've got the invitation; remember you are asked to come,’ took his staff and started home.

“‘The blacksmith, seemed to come to himself, and as one recovering from a magician's charm, he set out to pursue the labours of the day. But everything went wrong—the bellows would not work right, the nails would not go in right, the hammers would not strike right.

“‘O God, be merciful to me, a sinner!’ he began to sob at last, and leaving the shop he went home. He told his wife of Father Brown's visit. ‘Blessed be God!’ she said. ‘We will send the horse and buggy and have him come back.’ ‘Yes,’ he added, ‘for I mean to accept the invitation, and I want him to pray God to keep me true and steadfast to the end.’”

Missionary Volunteer Programme Second Week

The King's Pocket League

Helpful Thought: “There never was a day that did not bring its own opportunity for doing good that never could have been done before and never can be done again.”

Opening Exercises.

Talk or Reading: “Katie's Pocket.”

Dialogue: “Too Young.”

Discussion: Our Opportunities and our Plans.

LEADER'S NOTE.—The aim for today is to inoculate all with a determination to be always ready to seize the opportunities they meet along the way. Each opportunity that comes to us is a solemn responsibility. It may be a balance holding in it the eternity of a soul. The Master is counting on our making the most of every opportunity. And if He can count on our sincere, earnest effort we can count on His co-operation. It is ours to carry the seed to sow it where we can. It is His to give the increase.

Katie's Pocket

“KATIE, do hurry! It is only a few minutes till train time. Oh, please don't go back for anything, not even your purse!” Sarah pleaded, as her friend started back to their room.

“Sarah, dear,” Katie explained on returning, “I had to go back to get the filling for my dedicated pocket.”

“Well, I am much obliged to the kind angel who held the train while you hunted up the ‘filling’ for that mysterious pocket! Where is it, and what do you fill it with, if it isn't all a great secret?” Sarah asked curiously.

Promptly the handbag Katie carried was opened, and its mysterious inner pocket displayed to Sarah's wondering eyes. They were now safe in the coach.

“Well, of all girls! I do remember now a talk by the Missionary Volunteer secretary who was here last winter, about some kind of Pocket League, but I had

forgotten all about it. I shouldn't think you would have much chance to give away tracts to strangers. I never do. And you wouldn't want to simply force them upon every one you meet."

"It is wonderful, Sarah, how many chances one really has, when one has the tracts with him. Before I began carrying them, I almost never saw an opportunity to give away a paper or a tract, but now I give away one or more every day. I love to do it, for I feel that I am doing something for Jesus."

At the next station the train became so crowded that the girls invited a woman who was standing near the door to share the seat with them. She was dressed in mourning, and in conversation with the girls, told them of the recent death of her only son who had returned with internal injuries from his service in France. He was all she had on earth to live for, and since he was gone, she could find no comfort or satisfaction in life. She felt that if God were loving and kind as Christians described Him to be, her boy must be in heaven, and she believed there was some way of reaching him by communication, if she only knew how. She was on her way to consult a Spiritualist medium to see if by that means she could establish connection with her son in the spirit world.

Tenderly and sympathetically, Katie talked with her about the details of her son's death, while Sarah wondered at Katie's gentle tact, and wished that she herself could think of something to say.

Skilfully, Katie suggested that in God's own Word was the best comfort any sorrowful heart could find, and from a small Bible which she always carried in her handbag, read,

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee," Ps. 55: 22.

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms," Deut. 33: 27.

"That is all right my dear, so far as it goes, but the only sustaining I want is the comfort of my boy, and the Everlasting Arms cannot comfort me while they hold from me the only thing I love. Does your Bible say that we shall see our dead again?"

"Yes, indeed, it does; but here is our station. I am sorry we must leave you, but here are some little leaflets that you may like to read, and I hope they will help you," said Katie, as she carefully selected from her mysterious pocket the tracts, "The Way to Christ," "Is Man Immortal?" "Spiritualism," and "Some One Cares for Your Soul."

After an exchange of addresses and good-byes, the girls left her.

"Oh, Katie!" exclaimed Sarah earnestly, "what a wise, thoughtful girl you are! and what a useless, foolish girl I am! You did that poor woman so much good; and here I am, also a Christian, and yet dumb and helpless before a need like that!"

A few weeks later, as Sarah sat studying in a corner of the city library, she was surprised to see approaching the librarian's desk the dark-robed woman of the train. After a few minutes' conversation with the girl at the desk, she was about to leave the library, when Sarah arose and went to her.

"I am so glad to have found you!" the woman exclaimed. "The papers your friend gave me, I read and passed on to a friend who was leaving the city. Having your friend's address, I intended to write for more, but discovered that I had lost the address out of my purse. I came here, as I had a few hours to wait between trains,

to see if I could find anything like those papers. I want to tell you, as I judge that you also are a Christian, that I have found your Saviour, and I am happier than I have been for years."

"I am so glad for you!" Sarah interrupted.

"I did not go to the medium as I had planned, for I found in those little papers just what my sad heart needed."

"I have a few tracts right here, and I will let you take them with you," Sarah said, as she opened her handbag and sorted out, "The Christian's Privilege," "Perpetuity of the Law," and "The Coming of the Lord."

"How is it that you girls always have these good things with you?" the grateful woman enquired.

"We do it for Jesus and to help others," Sarah answered simply.

Then on flying feet she hurried to Katie with the good news. "And now" she finished, "I am a member of 'The King's Pocket League' for life." IDONA HILL.

Too Young

Violet: O Daisy, you are the very one I have been wanting to see!

Daisy: Violet, I am glad you are wanting to see me, but what is the matter?

Violet: It is about the King's Pocket League. Our leader has been talking to me about joining, and I told him I would think about it.

Daisy: Well, Violet, I suppose you are going to do it.

Violet: I don't know. That is the reason I have come to talk to you. I feel that there is no use of my attempting to do anything, for I am too young. Now, do you not think I am?

Daisy: No, I do not think so, Violet, for I am sure that there are many doing successful work who are younger than you are.

Violet: I know there are many at work, but do you think their work is really successful? I am not old enough to talk to the people, and I do not believe they read tracts when they get them.

Daisy: I think it would be nice if you could talk to the people, too, but why not let the tracts do the talking for you? It is true some people may not read them, but many do, and you know the Lord has said concerning His Word, "It shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please," and our tracts are full of God's word.

Violet: Yes, but if they do not read the tracts, what use is it?

Daisy: Let me tell you one incident: "I am going to remember to take some tracts with me when I go down town today," said a Missionary Volunteer one morning. On the elevated train, she took out one and laid it on the seat. When she left the car, the conductor picked it up, looked it over, and put it in his pocket. Later he gave it to the lady with whom he boarded. She became interested in the subject of the tract, got in touch with one of our Bible workers, and after a series of studies, was converted and joined the church.

Violet: Is that really a true story?

Daisy: Yes, and I could tell you others just as encouraging.

Violet: Still, Daisy, I think I am too young to start yet. I shall wait till I am a year older, and then perhaps I shall have more courage.

Daisy: I am sure that would be a dreadful mistake, Violet: It would be a whole

year lost, and who knows what might be done during that time? Let me tell you another little story: There was once a minister who at the close of his sermon noticed a man in the congregation who looked troubled, and he had an impression to speak to him about Jesus; but, as it was late, he let it pass, thinking he would have opportunity to do so later. But before next service an accident happened and that man was killed, and the opportunity of leading the man to the Saviour had forever gone. That minister can never forgive himself for delaying, and, Violet, who knowshow many souls may be waiting for just the help our tracts would give, whom you might reach now?

Violet: Oh, Daisy, I never thought of that! It would be dreadful if they should never hear the truth because of my delaying. I am glad you told me that. I shall tell our leader that I am ready to start now. I am so glad to have had this talk with you about it.—Adapted.

Our Opportunities and Our Plans:—The opportunities within our own reach should be considered. If your society does not have a supply of good leaflets on hand, arrange to secure some.

Missionary Volunteer Programme Third Week

Opening Exercises

Talk: On Some Current Event or Events Indicating the Nearness of the End.

Lesson for the Children: "Getting Ready to Meet Jesus."

Recitation: "Tis Loving Keeps the Heart Light."

Reading: "A Word for Jesus."

Reading: "Watch for Opportunities."

Getting Ready to Meet Jesus

Mother was going away to be gone several weeks, and she left the children to keep house until she returned. Just before she bade them good-bye, she said: "Now don't forget to gather in the sitting-room each morning and evening for family worship, because it will be a help to you to read and pray together; and though mother won't be with you in person, she will think of you here in the morning, and at the twilight hour. Be good children, and just as soon as I can I will come back to you." Then the good-byes were said, and she was gone, leaving the children looking after her with eyes filled with tears. Don't you think that the children tried hard to do as she asked them every day? And don't you suppose they wished the time would just fly, so that they could have mother back again?

Long ago Jesus went away to heaven. But when He left He promised that He would some day come back (John 14: 1-3), and He told us about when to expect Him. It is almost time for His coming. Are you glad?

The Lord has told us that the nearer it is to Jesus' coming, the more often we should meet together, not only the grown folks, but He especially mentions the children. [Read in concert, and explain fully, Heb. 10: 25.] When Jesus comes, He expects to find us as much like Him as possible. [Show mirror.] Martha, what do you see as you look into this mirror? And, Earl, what do

you see? When Jesus comes back to earth, think how pleased He will be if He can look into our faces, yours and mine, and see His own perfect image reflected, just as the face in the mirror is like the face of the one who looks into it! By beholding we become changed. If we study and talk and think about Jesus, we shall grow more and more like Him. It is to learn more of Jesus, and to learn to be like Him, that we come to the Missionary Volunteer meetings. "Come now, and let us reason together," says our God. If we bring our hearts to Him, He will cleanse them, and make us like Jesus. When a boy, our Saviour was never unkind or quarrelsome. When His mother asked Him to do something, He never said, "Oh, let somebody else do it." Are we like Him?

All our words and deeds, and even our thoughts, are recorded in heaven, and Jesus is now looking over the books of record and deciding what the reward of each person will be. When this work is done, He is coming back to this earth again. His promise is, "Behold, I come quickly; and My reward is with Me, to give every man according as his work shall be." Are you ready to meet Him?

"That in heaven He may meet me,
I would be like Jesus;
That His words, 'Well done,' may
greet me,
I would be like Jesus.

"Be like Jesus, this my song,
In the home and in the throng;
Be like Jesus all day long!
I would be like Jesus."

"Tis Loving Keeps the Heart Light

OUR world is a world of smiles and tears,
Checked with joy and woe,
Laughter, and frowns, and hopes, and fears,
Ever in gloom or glow;
But there's a shining secret—
That every one may share—
'Tis loving keeps the heart light,
And makes it laugh at care.

Our world is a world where all must work,
Weary, or sad, or worn,
For the idler gay and the smiling shirk
Ever there's only scorn;
But there's a magic secret
That wintry lives may learn—
'Tis loving keeps the heart light,
And makes the spring return.

Our world is a world where the helper's road
Is the road to happiness,
And the task of lightening a neighbour's load.
Will make our own load less;
And oh, the golden secret
That every heart may know—
'Tis loving keeps the heart light,
And makes a heaven below!

MINNIE LEONA UPTON.

A Word for Jesus

If we really love our Master, we shall want to talk of Him and tell others how good He has been to us (Mal. 3:16, 17). A little girl once said to her mother, "Mamma, do you love Jesus?" "Yes, my child; why do you ask?" "Well, mamma, you speak of brother, of papa, of auntie, but I never heard you speak of Jesus. I thought if you loved Him very much, sometimes I'd hear you say so." We can and should witness for Jesus in word as well as act. E. I.

Watch for Opportunities

I believe if God by His grace will put the love of God in our hearts, we shall be just fishing for people. We shall be watching and praying wherever there is a soul, for an opportunity to open up the way of salvation. A word can be spoken, or a tract given away; and such simple ministry will often do more good than a preacher.

One of our girls, while canvassing this summer, knocked at the door of a beautiful home. The lady was preparing for a trip, and refused to listen to a canvasser. The girl was a little discouraged, and said, by way of explanation, "I am doing this for Jesus," and turned and went away. She called at the next house, and on leaving, a boy met her and told her that the lady at the former house wanted to see her. She returned, and the lady said she had been so impressed with the statement that she was doing work for Jesus that she wanted to know about the book. After the canvasser had told her story about the book, the lady gladly purchased a copy. This was simply an un-studied testimony of a loving heart, which many hungry souls are waiting for. God will bless you as you rise up and do the work which is near at hand. W. A. SPICER.

Missionary Volunteer Programme Fourth Week Ideal Sabbath Keeping

Motto: "The Sabbath is a golden clasp that unites God and His people."—Mrs. E. G. White.

Opening Exercises.
Roll Call: "Thoughts about the Sabbath."
Talk: "How Jesus Kept the Sabbath."
Reading: "The First and Last Sabbaths on Earth."
Recitation: "We Won't Give up the Sabbath."

NOTES TO THE LEADERS

Aim for Today.—Our subject today concerns the seal of God. Let us approach it reverently, and ask the Master to teach us how to keep the seal unbroken in the face of every temptation. Pray that all who attend may get a new vision of the importance of the Sabbath, its place in the Christian life, and what true Sabbath observance embraces. Some say: "It's narrow to stick for a certain day! Yes, it's foolish! It's absurd!" But such anathemas come from persons who see no difference between the sacred and the profane. A German and a French flag may be made of

exactly the same kind of material, differing only a little in the colour scheme and design, but especially during the years of the great World War every Frenchman knew that it did make a difference which floated above his home. The flag is the national emblem. Wherever it waves, it proclaims allegiance to the country it represents, and receives the honours due that land. The Sabbath is God's flag, His national emblem, His seal. To observe it is a declaration of allegiance to God and His truth. There is as much difference between the first and the seventh day of the week as between the flags of two nations.

But how do we keep the day? If a friend should lend you a choice book, would you not try to return it in as good condition as you received it? Surely you would. Every week God lends us His Sabbath. How do we return it to Him at the setting of the sun? Are the edges nicked with unfinished duties or plans for Saturday night? Are the hours between tainted with selfish ease, common talk, and unprofitable reading? How would our government feel to see a standard bearer trailing the flag behind him in the dust? How must God feel when His standard bearer trails His flag of allegiance in the dust? Still is not that just what we do when we follow our own inclinations in Sabbath observance? *The Sabbath, like the tithe, is His, not ours.*

Opening Exercises.—Sing several good Sabbath songs. The following in "Christ in Song" are good: 380, 385, 386, 387, 388, 430, 431, 432, 433.

Roll Call.—The plan for the roll call is for each member as his name is called to respond with one of the "Thoughts about the Sabbath," these having been given out the week before.

"How Jesus Kept the Sabbath.—For help in preparing this talk see "Desire of Ages," chapter 29.

Thoughts About the Sabbath

"THE observance of the true Sabbath is to be the sign that distinguishes those who serve God from those who serve Him not."

"It means eternal salvation to keep the Sabbath holy unto the Lord."

"Before the setting of the sun, let the members of the family assemble to read God's Word, to sing, and to pray."

"Those who discuss business matters or lay plans on the Sabbath are regarded by God as though engaged in the actual transaction of business."

"Angels are turning from those who fail to appreciate the sacredness of God's sanctified day."

"On the holy rest day, above all other days, we should study the messages that God has written for us in nature."

Give out also the following questions to be answered in roll call:—

- What was the origin of the Sabbath?
- What is the purpose of the Sabbath?
- What preparation should we make for each Sabbath?
- What will the proper observance of the Sabbath do for one?
- What customs tend toward Sabbath desecration?
- What can Missionary Volunteers do to promote Sabbath observance?
- Contrast a Sabbath well spent with a Sabbath poorly spent.

What physical gains come from Sabbath observance?

What mental gains?

What spiritual gains?

What was Christ's attitude toward the Sabbath?

The First and Last Sabbath on Earth

THE work of creation, conceived in eternity and executed in the brief space of six evening-mornings, is so far complete that the Creator sees it to be very good. "Man, the crowning work of the Master architect, has been made "in the image of God." At his side has been placed a helpmeet, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. God views His handiwork and sees no blemish or lack. The earth is perfect in its symmetry. The mighty deep has been rolled back and the bounds which it must not pass, established. The light of the sun and the moon and the stars has been made to shine upon the earth. The green trees, the beautiful flowers, have come full-blown from the hand of their Maker. The fish that sport in the waters and the birds that sing among the branches have come by the magic of the Creator's voice. The beasts, fearless and harmless, roam through the fields or rest beneath the trees. Man, the "express image" of the Eternal, acknowledged as sovereign of the beautiful paradise. And now God is about to place the seal of His approval upon this His handiwork. Quick as the lightning, a holy angel is sent to tell Adam and Eve that the day before them is to be set apart as a holy reminder of the perfection and greatness of God's creative power, the sign of His supreme authority. Their hearts thrill with wonder as they realise that the day they are entering is to be given them as a special time of praise and adoration of Him who has placed them in this lovely spot and endowed them with life and joy. See them there as they bow reverently, hand in hand, under the canopy of heaven as that first Sabbath begins, and as raising their eyes to the heavens, they see for the first time the starry hosts of God's vast universe and hear from their heavenly instructor that the Sabbath is given them of God as a seal of His loving authority.

Small wonder then that the enemy of God and of man has, through the long ages sordid with sin and misery, sought to obliterate the sign of God's power and love. Small wonder that in the closing drama of earth's history, those who have the "seal of God" are the special objects of Satan's fiendish hate.

Let us picture before us what the last Sabbath on earth will probably be like: Come with me to a lonely mountain vale. The thunder crashes and reverberates, echoing from mountain to mountain. Great rocks, torn from their places, go thundering into the valley. The rain descends in torrents—surely no human life is here; but yes, I will show you a company hidden in a cavern of the mountain, in a "cleft of the rock." Here are men, women, and little children; their clothing is torn, their bodies are emaciated; they are fugitives from the laws of the land. Criminals?—No. One look at their faces is proof of that; for there is a calm and peace that "passeth understanding," not the hunted look of evil-doers. It is dusk in the gloomy mountain valley, and the company is bowing on the damp, rocky floor of the friendly cavern. A torch, cautiously

placed in a crevice of the rock, sheds a mellow light through the mist that seems to create a halo of light around each head. Hear the prayer of the venerable, white-haired man who seems to be the leader of the company. But first let us bow our heads in reverence, for it seems that we are in the very presence of Jehovah Himself.

Here are the words that fall from the old man's lips, simple, sincere, freighted with meaning: "Father of mercies, we bow before Thee in humble adoration in the name of our beloved Elder Brother. We thank Thee for bread and for water, Lord, and for this sanctuary away from our enemies who have driven us from among men because we will not forget Thy Sabbath that is the precious sign of our sanctification. We thank Thee for life and strength: but most of all, O Lord, we thank Thee for Jesus, our Saviour, who has created us anew, rescuing us from the bondage of sin; and for this Thy holy Sabbath that has come to us again as a sign of Thy power to create. Keep us, O God, as Thou hast kept us thus far. Come quickly, Lord, and deliver us, and Thine shall be the glory forever. Amen."

Thus the last Sabbath on earth is kept, and then the Saviour comes. He does not tarry longer. The experiment of sin is ended, and God's elect are taken home to glory. Who does not rejoice with these ransomed ones as "from one new moon to another, and from one Sabbath to another," they come up to worship Him whose sign the Sabbath is, and to sing the song of experience that none can sing except those who have passed through the experience.

GEO. H. JEYS.

We Won't Give Up The Sabbath

We won't give up the Sabbath,
God's holy, happy day;
We will not yield its sacred hours
For all that men may say;
The link that binds our earth to heaven,
And draws our souls on high;
The precious harbinger of rest
In homes beyond the sky.

We won't give up the Sabbath,
Our heritage from heaven;
The gift of God to rich and poor,
The day of all the seven;
The hours of rest for weary minds
And tired and toiling hands;
The day when open wide to all
The gate of heaven stands.

We won't give up the Sabbath,
Though pleasures tempt and try;
We will not sell our day of rest
At Mammon's tyrant cry.
The ancient and divine command
Our guide and strength shall be;
We'll holy keep the Sabbath day
From sin and labour free.

We won't give up the Sabbath;
Its hours are all the Lord's;
And precious peace and purest joy
The holy day affords.
Lord, help us all to value more
Thy boon to mortals given;
Enjoy the Sabbath rest below,
And then the rest of heaven.

—Selected.

Sabbath School Missionary Exercises

(August 7)

Haapai, Tonga

SISTER HADFIELD, who went out to Haapai, Tonga, with her husband, early in the present year to take up the work that had been laid down by Brother Tolhurst on his return to the homeland on furlough, writes thus of the work there:—

"I am sorry to report that we have only three real Seventh-day Adventists at Haapai. But we thank the Lord for these faithful souls. They set a worthy example to many in the homeland, in their earnest Christian lives and in their faithfulness in tithe-paying. Musia is a fine character, and takes most of the services, as the people do not understand English, and Mr. Hadfield does not know sufficient of the Tongan language, and speaking through an interpreter is not very satisfactory. Musia usually comes to Mr. Hadfield for his texts, so we know the general trend of his discourses.

"We have several good Christian boys on our mission. One is called Jone Kite (John Kitty). Last year while at his home he refused to eat pig, and in consequence his people beat him, but still he remained true to the principles that Brother Tolhurst had firmly implanted in his young mind. He is only fourteen years old. This boy works well and is always cheerful and happy. He does not smoke, and so far as we can judge is striving to gain a home in the kingdom.

"Then there is Jone Ahako, who is about eighteen years of age. He has given up smoking, and is a good boy. He gives his bright testimony whenever an opportunity is offered. Jone Tesala is also still true, and does all he can to help us, but he has a great battle to fight with his temper. Once it cost him a hard day's work as punishment. The day was very hot and we told him to rest awhile; but no, he wanted to be faithful even in taking his punishment, and worked on until Mr. Hadfield told him he must stop.

"We pray that God will yet raise up Tongan workers who can faithfully carry the message of truth into the darkened parts of Tonga.

"We do thank the Lord for faithful Jone Latu in Nukualofa. He stands like a tried gem before the people, he carries a real burden for souls. He is a staunch health reformer."

(August 14)

An Answer to the Prayer of Faith

BUKABUKA being so far away from Rarotonga is rarely visited by a ship more than once a year; and when Iti, our native evangelist, was sent there to care for the interest that had sprung up, he took what he thought was sufficient supplies to last him for twelve months. He had been there but five months, however, when these began to run short. What he was most concerned about was his kerosene, as he was holding evening meetings with the people. Finally he poured the last drop into his lamp, and

then he thought it opportune to state his need before the Lord, so that evening he prayed, telling the Lord that He knew how he had been holding evening meetings with the people, and that he had now come to the last of his kerosene, and if he could get no more, the meetings must stop, as he could not hold them in the dark, and he asked God to supply him with more kerosene if He wanted him to continue the meetings. It was a simple prayer, and he said to me when he told me the story that he felt sure he would not have to discontinue the meetings, but that in some way he would get his kerosene, although a ship was not expected for six or seven months.

Next morning a cry of "Sail Ho" went up, and Iti knew that his prayer was answered. So he quickly got a large canoe out and manned, and they set off to paddle to the little white speck on the horizon. There was not a breath of wind and they had to paddle ten miles or more, away out of sight of land, before they came up to a large barque which was lying with all sails set, waiting for a breeze. When they at length boarded the ship the captain asked Iti if that was "Danger Island," and receiving an answer in the affirmative, he said that he had been trying for the last twenty-four hours to keep clear of it, but that the wind had dropped and he had drifted into his present position. After they had talked for a little while, and Iti had made his purchases, including a case of kerosene, a favourable breeze sprang up and the ship sailed away from "Danger Island," and Iti sailed home overjoyed at the wonderful answer to his prayer.

H. B. P. WICKS.

(August 21)

Another Letter From Pana

Doveli Mission, Solomon Islands,
April 14, 1920.

Dear Mrs. Hindson,—

I want to write you another letter to tell you about the new mission at Ranonga. The Ranonga people took me to be their missionary. So their chiefs and they who own the land sent their boys to take me over there. The boys came on their war canoe and took me over, and when I got there, on March 15th, 1920, I started to teach them about the name of Jesus, also I taught them the hymns, too. These are some of the hymns I taught them: "More about Jesus, I Would Know," "Walk in the Light the Lord has Given," "Ring the Bells of Heaven," "There'll Be no Dark Valley," "O There'll Be Joy when the Work is Done," "Anywhere with Jesus I can Safely Go," and "There are Angels Hovering Round," and they can sing these hymns very good.

On the first Sabbath they that came to worship were 132, and on the second Sabbath 140, and on the first Sabbath of April they were 152, and last Sabbath 149. But on my roll call are 195 altogether. I think it will soon be two hundred, because our work is growing on strong in the Solomon Islands now. On the new mission at Ranonga are a lot of young boys and girls, and little boys and little girls. Last Sabbath I saw one hundred of young boys come to Sabbath-school, they were very clean boys and girls. They keep their clothes in their box, and on Sabbaths they all wear their clothes. I have told them to prepare their foods before the Sabbath

comes, so they baked their foods on Friday, and on the Sabbath they bring me the foods which they baked. They were very pleased to meet together on Sabbaths, and love to wear their clothes, and are very happy to sing on Sabbaths, and to see the pictures of Jesus. I told them about the coming of Christ. Jesus will soon come again, said I. They said, "Where will He come?" "Will we see Him when He comes?" I said, "Oh! yes, if you be good, you will not be afraid when He comes." They said, "Yes we want to be good men, that when He comes we may go with Him in heaven."

Now they start to build me a big church, also the missionary's house. Yesterday night I came here to visit Mr. and Mrs. Tutty at Doveli Mission, but I will go back to Ranonga day after tomorrow. Our mission in Ranonga is on a very high hill, on the west side, on the coast. Sometimes there are very big waves. The ships could not anchor when the north-west winds come, but now the ships can anchor there, when it is a fine day.

I was very glad to get your letter which came to me. I think I will stop this letter now. I will tell you next when I write to you again about their customs, and want to hear from you soon. I will say good bye, Mrs Hindson. God will bless you in all your works.

From your loving brother in the work of the Lord Jesus. PANA.

(August 28)

A Christian Wedding at Ugeli Mission, Solomon Is.

THE little mission at Ugeli has today changed the order of things by celebrating the first Christian wedding of native workers. The marriage ceremony here is only a matter of buying the girl and taking her home, whether she likes it or not. As a rule the bride knows nothing of the deal until she is told by her father to go home with her husband, and often the bride is taken to the new home crying. The women here have always been looked upon as much lower than the men.

But the order of things was changed today, for the village folk turned out to see an old cannibal bring on his arm a little bride into the church and stand her beside Panda, the bridegroom, that they might be united in marriage by Pastor Jones. This is the first step taken to break up this old heathen custom.

The bride and bridegroom were baptised some time ago. Their desire is to become missionaries. After the ceremony all the guests had a good meal at the wedding breakfast which was given by Pastor Jones.

The church was very prettily decorated by the mission boys with flowers and palm leaves. We wish the young couple God's richest blessing as they unite together to carry this gospel to their own people.

J. RADLEY.

Foreign Mission Day

(August 14)

Bible Study

A Missionary Gospel

THE first message at the birth of Christ was a missionary message. Luke 2:10.

The first prayer Christ taught men was a missionary prayer. Matt. 6:10.

The first disciple, Andrew, was a missionary. John 1:41.

The first message of the risen Lord was a missionary message. John 20:17.

The first command of the risen Lord to His disciples was a missionary command. John 20:21.

The first apostolic sermon was a missionary sermon. Acts 2:17-39.

The first coming of Christ was a missionary work. Luke 4:18-22.

The second coming of Christ is to be hastened by missionary work. Matt. 24:14.

Christ's great reason for Christian love was a missionary reason. John 13:35.

Our Saviour's last wish on earth was a missionary wish. Matt. 28:19.

Finding Sabbath Keepers in Bechuanaland

WHILE exploring in Bechuanaland, South Africa, for a mission site, Pastor W. H. Anderson writes that he went up the railway line stopping frequently for side trips to important native towns and reserves. "When I got close the Rhodesian border," he goes on to relate, "I struck away from the railway up toward the Zambezi near Shesheke and then back down again east of Lake Ngami. I was not able to get into Ndawanas country for they were having an epidemic of influenza just at the time I was there and the whole country was in quarantine and no one allowed in or out. When I finished my exploring I found myself 160 miles from the nearest point of the railway, and a chief kindly loaned a horse to make the journey. I did the entire distance in three days and caught the first train for Kimberly to see Mrs. Anderson whom I had left there and from whom I had no opportunity to hear a word for four months. I had sent my luggage on an ox waggon a month ahead of me, but when I reached the siding where I was to take the train it had not arrived. I heard from the natives that the waggon was stuck in the mud about forty miles back, so I had to come just on as I was. I took off my shirt and washed it and sat under a tree while it dried so I would have it clean for the train."

Of other interesting experiences in Bechuanaland Brother Anderson says:—

"While itinerating in Bechuanaland I heard of a large company of Sabbath-keepers living at Maribogo, half way between Mafeking and Vryberg. While waiting at Maribogo station for a train from the south, I took a chair and went outside in the shade of the building. Soon a native came and took a seat near me. I asked if there were any churches on the location. He pointed out the London Society Mission, Church of England, Ethiopian, and the Wesleyan.

"I thought I would see if possible what the native thought of the Sabbath-keepers. I asked if there were not some people here who had lost the way and who were keeping another day for the Sabbath. He said, 'There are some people here who keep the seventh day, which is the Sabbath of the Lord. I do not think they have lost the way.' I asked if he was one of them and he said 'Yes.' I then told him that I also kept the Sabbath and had come to visit them. He asked, 'Do you keep my Sabbath?' Then we are brothers."

"Then I asked about a man who went into Basutoland to see a missionary named Silsbee. He knew all about that. I told

him that I was the one who had now come to teach them. Many enquired about Brother Silsbee. This man eagerly agreed to be my guide, and we soon arrived at their village. I began visiting with them and asked how they came to know about the Sabbath. They went on to relate:—

“About fifteen years ago, a young man named Thomas Sehare, son of a Basuto chief, was taken sick and the local native witch doctors could do nothing for him. He was then taken to the hospital at Mafeking, but the doctor there did not know what was the trouble. The father then took him to Basutoland to noted native doctors there, but it availed nothing. After he returned home he grew worse, and they called a council of doctors and they decided that he needed a dose of poison. They spent about a month catching snakes and extracting the poison from them. In all they caught twelve different species. Then they mixed the poison and scratching different parts of the body rubbed in the poison. After three days Thomas became paralysed. He was not even able to close his blind eyes for ten years.

“Then a native minister came from Basutoland to Mafeking looking for a man whose brother was sick. He met Solomon, Thomas' brother, at the station and told him that the Lord had sent him to heal a sick man, and that he was to meet his brother in Mafeking. Solomon took him home and when he saw Thomas he said this is the man the Lord sent me to heal. He prayed for two weeks but with no results, and then returned to Basutoland. After more than two years he wrote and told them to pray for Thomas again, but have the women pray this time. The women commenced to pray every evening. After ten days, Thomas' wife heard him laugh. She was startled; for she had not heard that for over twelve years. She asked him why he was laughing and he said because I can see. She did not believe what he said, but when he had her stand at the foot of the bed and described her clothing she was convinced. He then moved his arms and said, “I am entirely healed.” He then got up and walked about the room. That was Thursday evening. The next day he said, “Tomorrow is the Sabbath and we must keep it.” They all laughed at him, but he kept it just the same. He said he must obey the Lord who had done so much for him.

“Soon after this he heard of a missionary in Basutoland who was keeping the Sabbath. So he went to Kolo to see him. It was Brother Silsbee. That was in 1913. He stayed with Brother Silsbee four months, and was quite fully instructed in the message. Thomas accepted it all, and asked for help for his people. He wanted Brother Silsbee to go back home with him. But no one was found for the Kolo Mission, so Brother Silsbee was asked to remain there and we were lost sight of.”

“Thomas returned with his new light, and began teaching it. The result is more than one hundred keeping the Sabbath. They baptise by immersion, pay tithes, expect Christ to come soon, and abstain from tobacco, alcohol, and swine's flesh. I found the village clean and tidy. On Friday they took their baths and prepared for the Sabbath. They observed it from even to even. They asked me if I would eat cold food, for they never kindled a fire on the Sabbath day.

“I asked them about tithe paying, and they said they always paid a tenth on all money received, also a tenth of their crops, cattle, eggs, fowls and vegetables.

It was for the support of the minister. “The man who went to heal Thomas was a Zionist, and he now opposes them because they keep the Sabbath. They call themselves Zionists, but as that church does not keep the Sabbath they want to leave that church and join the Sabbath-keepers. Last year during the plague of influenza Thomas died. He did not know that his teacher was coming to help him after he had pleaded so long. Surely his crown will be bright with stars. It is for us now to gather in the harvest.”

God's Protecting Care in the Mission Fields

DURING the past two or three years while itinerating in Hunan Province, China, we have had a number of narrow escapes from loss and death. Last year when on a trip to an out station our boat was fired upon by the southern troops who suspected that enemies were on board disguised as passengers. The captain suddenly turned the boat and steamed full speed down the river. The day before there had been a battle between the armies, and the northerners had retreated across the river. We were landed several miles down the river from our destination, but our party followed the Red Cross section of the victorious army into the city, arriving at our chapel safely. Although another battle was expected every day we conducted evangelistic meetings which were well attended.

A few weeks later we endeavoured to visit one of our outstations from which the warring soldiers had cut us off for nearly a year. Our vessel was warned by a British launch when five miles from a battery that had been planted in the bushes on the bank of the river for the purpose of sinking the boat upon which we were travelling. This vessel was used by the northern troops for carrying food, ammunition, and other supplies to the soldiers at the front. Had not the men on the launch by the frantic waving of their arms, and their shouts, and the screeching of the whistle stopped our boat, in another thirty minutes we should have been the target of the gunners at close range.

A month ago we were visiting the stations about the lake district. As our vessel passed out of the river into the lake some men on the shore fired across the bow of the boat. The engines were stopped but the captain suspecting the men were robbers signalled the engineer to put on full speed. This sudden move confused the robbers and they failed to fire upon us.

Two weeks before, the vessel upon which we were going up the river was boarded by robbers who killed and robbed more than twenty passengers. The crew escaped by jumping into the river. Six of these robbers were recently captured and later were beheaded on the river bank in Changsha.

Two weeks ago we boarded a river launch in Changsha Harbour that was to start for its destination at six o'clock in the morning. Three hundred passengers were crowded into and upon the little boat. The Chinese secretary who accompanied me said that he did not feel peaceful about riding upon the launch. Our own boatman who had taken us from the island to the launch remarked that he did not feel right about our taking passage on the launch. The boatman always returns home as soon as we are settled, but this

time he waited around more than an hour. At 9:30 the vessel had not started, and as something was wrong with the machinery and the captain could not say when the boat would start, we thought it best to change our plans and go overland beginning our itinerary at the other end. An hour later we were walking on the narrow paths through the rice fields.

Four days after the incident, we met an American business man who started his trip on that river launch. He said that it started at 10 o'clock, sailed about three miles and sank. This man lost all his luggage and narrowly escaped with his life.

Our gratitude to God for His protection and care should cause us to seek to live closer to Him, and to consecrate ourselves to His cause as never before.

O. B. KUHN.

Toddy in the Marquesas Is.

THE Marquesan natives are usually looked upon as backward and uneducated, yet they are right up in the forefront in their knowledge of the value of various fruits and vegetables for the production of intoxicants at home. The common name for all intoxicating drinks here is *namu*.

Intoxicating drinks are made from pine-apples, bananas, oranges, snow-fruit, pumpkins, and the cocoanut. Today I purpose to tell how *koko*, or cocoanut toddy is made. The natives tell me it is a European idea, they having learned the art from early Europeans who deserted passing sailing vessels.

Up in the top of the cocoanut tree among its broad leaves large buds are periodically sent out, which eventually open, each one revealing a recipe of flowers, and develops later into a bunch of cocoanuts. A single bud is two or three feet long. Before it bursts open a native climbs up the tree, and with a small, strong rope, he winds the cocoanut bud tightly round and round all along its length except at its very tip. This prevents the opening of the bud as it otherwise would naturally do. The unbent tip is then cut squarely off, and the bud is bent over gradually until the tip points slightly downward. After two or three days a sap begins to drip from the cut end of the bud, which is carefully caught in a receptacle tied in place underneath. One bud I am told will produce two, three, or more quarts of sap daily. This sap or syrup is very sweet and unintoxicating when fresh from the tree. It is of a bluish milk colour, and of the consistency of milk. The sap is put aside in a keg, barrel, or tin, where after three or four days fermentation has developed quite a percentage of alcohol. It is then called *koko*. Natives gather around the *koko* keg, drinking large quantities of this fermented syrup. They drink, they sing, they shout, they sleep, they awaken and drink again, until all is used up. There is absolutely no work done while any *koko* remains.

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