



THE MISSIONARY LEADER



Home Missions Department

Church Missionary Programme First Week

Opening Exercises
Missionary Motive
How Little It Cost

Missionary Motive

THE missionary movement is not so much an argument as a life, not so much a creature of the brain as an outflow of the heart, and it lives not so much in reason as in faith, though faith is here, as elsewhere, abundantly supported by reason. This necessary alliance between goodness and missionary work is one of the great arguments for it; the character it develops, declares, and illustrates, more than justifies its cost. It is impossible for a good man to look on the world as it is without feeling all the impulses to minister to its need that are the very life and being of this great work.

Who can wish for a higher mission than to pick up the cross where Christ laid it down, and carry it, not only to the top of Calvary, but to the ends of the earth? To carry forward and complete the work Christ began, puts us into the same plane of life with Him. In His high-priestly prayer, Jesus said, "And the glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them." To all His people is given this glory of mediatorial life, in being commissioned to carry the messages of God's love to all the world, and in helping men back to God. It is also our glory to be saviours of men,—less than the Master in personal endowment and in virtue of toil and suffering, but like Him in motive, aim, and effort. This glory of humanity, its brightest bloom and richest fruitage, more than compensates for all the cost of missionary work. Without asking what good it will do, why it is necessary, whether success will equal cost, or whether the heathen may not be saved without it, it is our privilege to rise to this nobleness and unselfishness of living for the glory of God and for our own salvation.—*S. N. Vernon, D. D.*

How Little It Cost

A WOMAN bought a copy of "Great Controversy," but failed to be interested in it. After keeping it two years, she sent it to a nephew whom she thought might care for it, as he was interested in religious things. The young man studied the book for about two years, and finally yielded to God, and is now making progress in living the present truth.

A family residing about six miles from a village where they traded were accidentally thrown into the company of a Methodist family, to whom they gave copies of our papers and tracts. A few subsequent

personal visits and other literature served to bring the entire family, in about a year's time, into the light of the last gospel message. The man was studying for the Methodist ministry at the time he received the truth. How little it cost to win to the truth of God this family!—a few visits, and the distribution of a few papers and tracts.—*Selected.*

Church Missionary Programme Second Week

Opening Exercises
How Did You Get the Truth?
Little Things.

How Did You Get the Truth?

HOW did you get hold of the truth? Was it not through the effort of some earnest soul who hunted you out, and urged you to examine the precious light of truth? Were you all ready to accept it just as soon as he presented it, or did you hold off for months, and perhaps even years? Are you not glad that he did not give you up till you were established in the truth?

I want to know how things are going with you now. Does the truth look as bright and beautiful as it did the first few months after you accepted it, or do you look back to those days and wish that you could live them over again? Now suppose you forget the past, for a few moments at least, while we think about the present. Christ is coming. Do you really know that? I am not asking if you believe it; for I do not care what you believe. I want to enquire if you *know* it. Is it as truly a fact to your innermost soul as is your own personal existence? It ought to be.

I suppose that you wish to have your life full of joy and sunshine. I have no doubt but that you now have many dark and gloomy days—days when you feel as if everything was going wrong, and as if it was certainly no use for you to try any longer. Do you want to know how to change all this? Do you wish to have sunshine all the time? Would you like to have hope and courage? I will give a few simple rules that will help you.

Let your light so shine before men that it will be all sunshine around them. Let Christ shine through you,—not for yourself, but for others,—and you will have an abundance of sunshine to live in yourself.

Perhaps you think you cannot do this. Perhaps you are like Moses, slow of speech, and so think that it is not possible that there can be a work that no other being in the universe of God can possibly do quite as well as you can. But God has just such a work for you personally. He has given to "every man" his work, and this includes you and me.

Possibly you have been wishing that some one having a talent would come into

your neighbourhood, and give the truth to all your friends and neighbours. Do it yourself. Please do not allow some one else to come in and do your specific work. Why, I would no sooner think of allowing some one else to do the work the Lord wished me to do, than I would think of asking him to eat my dinner. As you work for others, who gets the greatest blessing?—Why, you do, of course. Watch for opportunities to let Christ shine through you. Have you dear friends for whom you feel a deep interest? Are you unable to get them interested in the truth? How have you worked? Did you give them a "shot" on the Sabbath question? Have you "cornered" them in reference to the soon coming of the Saviour? Did you beat them in the "argument" on the signs of the times? Did you "force" them to give up their belief in the conscious state of the dead? Try another plan, and see if it will not work better. You remember that sweets always "draw" the flies, while vinegar has no drawing power.

Little Things

"OFTEN the most useful Christians are those who serve their Master in little things. He never despises the day of small things, or He would not hide His oaks in tiny acorns, or the wealth of a wheat field in bags of little seeds."

Church Missionary Programme Third Week

Opening Exercises
Seed Thought: "Go, . . . and, lo, I am with you." Matt. 28: 19, 20.
Reading: "Ordered Forward"

LEADER'S NOTE.—The Lord sent forth the believers in the early days of the Church, not because they were perfect, for they made mistakes, but that they might be made perfect. He said, "Go," and "Lo." The believers were sorrowful at the thought of His going away until they caught the inspiration of how He was to be with them in their ministry; and then they showed their love for Him by faithful witnessing and doing the work which He left for them to do. And it was while they were thus engaged that the power of the Holy Spirit came upon them. Activity in Christian service is the shortest route to the outpouring of the Spirit for any one.

Ordered Forward

THE battle line is far flung today in the last campaign for righteousness before the fiat goes forth, "It is done." "God and Christ and the heavenly angels are working with intense activity to hold in

check the fierceness of Satan's wrath, that God's plans may not be thwarted. God lives and reigns. He is conducting the affairs of the universe. Let His soldiers move forward to victory. Let there be perfect unity in their ranks. Let them press the battle to the gates. As a mighty Conqueror, the Lord will work for them. Let the gospel message ring through our churches, summoning them to universal action."—*Testimonies for the Church,* Vol VII, p. 14. And let all heed the call now.

"It was this little word 'go' that filled every seat at the feast. This is the word that sent the liberated demoniac back to his home to publish the tidings of Christ. This is the word that scattered the disciples abroad after the Saviour's home-going, with no ambition save to tell the story of redeeming love. . . . Some of us are spelling it l-o-o-k. We turn our eyes toward the perishing multitudes, we gaze until the tears start, and we cry, 'I am so sorry for them! I wish they might be saved!' But that does not save them. Sometimes we spell it s-e-n-d. We will do our part of the work by proxy. It is not perfectly convenient for us to go, therefore we will send another to take our place. Let us understand once and for all that G-O spells 'go'!"—*Passion for Men.*

"God calls upon every church member to enter His service. Truth that is not lived, that is not imparted to others, loses its life-giving power, its healing virtue."—*Testimonies for the Church,* Vol. VIII, p. 47.

Shall not this moment mark the beginning of a new experience in our service for the Saviour, a personal endeavour to win some soul for Christ this year?

Church Missionary Programme Fourth Week

Opening Exercises
How to Use Our Papers

How to Use Our Papers

OUR papers are filled with precious truth. This matter can be divided into two general divisions as to its adaptation to those whom you wish to reach. One part they would approve, the other they would oppose. Where you know that a person is strongly opposed to certain truths, you should not seek to get him interested through articles setting forth the "strong meat" of truth on that special line. But perhaps in the very same paper there are articles that are in strict harmony with this friend's ideas on other subjects. As you read, have a blue pencil and mark these articles. If there are passages that are especially good, mark them so that special attention will be attracted. Consider what subjects your various friends are interested in, and as you find articles that you know would just meet their mind, mark them.

It may often happen that some story would especially interest one of the children. This should be marked, and the paper given or sent to the child, or given to the parents for the children, with a statement that it contains a marked article that you think will be enjoyed by the little ones. Never fear but that others will be inquisitive enough to read also, and it would not be at all strange if they should read some articles that they positively would not have read if you had asked them to read them. I do not know of a

surer way of removing prejudice than to convince people that you do not wish to force anything upon them. If your selections are such as they can fully agree with, they feel pleased to see that you think the same as they do. Yet, little by little, the precious thoughts of truth along deeper channels are wearing away the rubbish of tradition, and they soon find so much in the papers that is really good, that they drink in more and more of the truth until they accept and rejoice in it all.

My brother or sister, just go to work along these lines, and see if your own soul is not watered, and others blessed. Mark your papers, and send them along. You will never read them again. You will get fresh papers, so it is not necessary to keep them. As far as possible, hand them out personally. And do not fail to use the post. You see this costs but a trifle, and Heaven only knows how much good it may do.

And do not fail to write to those to whom you send papers. Write to them, and tell them that you have sent them some papers, and tell them that you have marked some articles that you think they will enjoy. Do not feel that you *must* say something about the Sabbath or some other doctrine. Try to write only about such points as you can fully agree with them in. Avoid argument as you would the leprosy. "He that *winneth* souls is wise." Never try to drive. If you feel "blue," seek out some one that is discouraged, and talk courage to him. You will be astonished to see what becomes of your own clouds. This is making sunshine. Use the papers; use your tongue; use your hands and feet to bless others; and I assure you that your life will be filled with joy and gladness.

Missionary Volunteer Department

Missionary Volunteer Programme First Week

Opening Exercises.
Reading: "A Sabbath Well Spent"
Poem: "Lives of Great Men."
Discussion on Better Sabbath Observance.

A Sabbath Well Spent

THE sun had just sunk to rest as Edith Greenwood took her way homeward. It was Friday evening, and a feeling of guilt came over her as she realised that the Sabbath had begun and she was not ready for it. She was a student in the little town, and had spent several arduous hours at the library that afternoon. She had become so engrossed in her study, that she failed to notice the Sabbath had begun. She was truly sorry, and firmly determined to keep the remainder of the Sabbath holy. With this determination fresh in her heart, she swung back the wicket gate and entered the humble but congenial home where she was boarding.

The sunset worship was just over, and she felt that all eyes were upon her as she entered. She did not speak, but remorsefully went into her bedroom. She removed her wraps, and seating herself upon the window seat, looked out upon the western sky gorgeously tinted with the last fading

rays of the beautiful sunset. The spirit of the Sabbath sweetly stole into her heart, and dropping her head into her hands on the window sill, she prayed:

"Dear Jesus, Thou who art the Lord of the Sabbath and hast given it to Thy creatures as a day of rest, forgive me, Dear Lord, I have broken Thy holy day, but I did not mean to do it. I do not want this mistake to keep me from receiving the blessings Thou hast for me, or to keep me from being the blessing Thou wouldst have me to be. Be with me this day, I pray Thee. Prompt every word that I shall speak. Let me be of some service to Thee. Lead me to some needy ones, and help me to minister unto them. Help me to lift up Jesus, that many may be drawn to Him. Accept my thanks, kind Father, for Thy goodness to me, for Thy tender mercy, and help me to do good on this Sabbath day, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

In a moment she was summoned to tea, and she joined the family in the dining-room, little aware that God was to answer her prayer very soon in a definite way. While she was eating, a little girl called at the door and asked for Miss Greenwood.

"My mother sent me over to ask you to come over to our house. She would like to have you come tonight, if you can."
"I will go with you in just a moment," said Edith.

She finished her tea and excused herself. Taking her Bible, she accompanied the child to her home. Somehow she felt as if she was called in response to her prayer, "Let me be of some service to Thee."

She found Mrs. Merrill and two children ill. All were in bed with high temperatures. The dread influenza had entered this home in a marked way. The father, who had just come home from work, with the baby on his arm was endeavouring to prepare the evening meal. The mother called Edith to her bedside and asked her if she could not stay with them a few days and assist them in their need. Edith cheerfully assented, for she was glad to do service for Him who is the Friend of the poor and the needy. Assisted by the father, she cleared away the tea. They got the little ones off to bed, and gave treatments to the mother and sick children until a late hour.

After all were comfortable and sleeping, Edith urged the weary man to retire but instead of complying with her request he turned to her, and said frankly, "I am tired, I will admit, but I want to talk to you. I know you are a Christian, and believe you can help me. I was reared in a Christian home. My mother was a godly woman, and her children were also Christians. When I went out in the world for myself, I grew cold, and finally gave up altogether. It has been fifteen years since then, and during all that time I have been longing to get back.

"Today while at work at the shops, I saw a fellow workman instantly killed. He stood in the place where I had been standing not thirty seconds before, and a large beam fell and crushed him. It might have been I. I felt that God had spared my life, and in my heart I told Him I wanted to give that life to Him. I feel that He has sent you here to help me find the narrow way. Won't you read the Bible to me, Miss Greenwood?"

Edith remembered the earnest petition in her prayer, "Prompt every word I shall speak," and with confidence she read to this prodigal son the Word of life.

The kind invitations of love, the price paid for the sinner's redemption, the promises of divine grace and help, the call to service, and the home of the faithful, all appeared so attractive, that the poor man broke down and wept. Edith invited him to pray with her, and together they knelt and the surrender was made. A more earnest prayer never fell from a penitent's lips, and he was fully accepted. After replenishing the fires and making careful preparations for the night, he retired in peace.

Edith kept watch all night, but her patients rested well. In the morning the fever had broken and improvement began. While Edith prepared breakfast and waited upon the sick, Mr. Merrill, with a light heart, went down to the shops to tell the manager he could not work that day, as he meant to observe the Sabbath. When he returned he reported the result of his visit. He could work on Sunday just as well, and receive double time for it.

After the morning work was done, and the mother and sick children were made comfortable, Edith went to her room for a little rest. Then she attended the Sabbath services. The sermon that morning seemed to mean so much to her. The texts were Acts 20:38 and I Peter 2:21. Christ went about doing good, and has left us an example that we should follow in His steps. The minister closed his remarks by using I John 2:6: "He that saith he abideth in Him ought himself also so to walk, even as He walked."

In the afternoon, she returned to the Merrill home and spent several pleasant hours reading to the father and mother and telling the children of the child Jesus. At the organ she played and sang many beautiful hymns and filled the home with cheer. As the sun sank to rest that evening, she bowed with them in prayer, and God's sweet Spirit came in.

Shortly after, she returned to her room, for Mr. and Mrs. Merrill insisted that she needed rest. As she walked along the street, her eyes again rested on the fading rays of sunset. She thought of her experience of the night before. Her heart swelled with gratitude, for God had answered her prayer. Again she prayed, "Dear Father, may every Sabbath be as this one has been," for she really felt that she had spent it as Christ would have it spent.

EVELYN CALKINS.

LIVES OF GREAT MEN

LIVES of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;—
Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.
Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.
—Longfellow.

Discussion: Encourage all to suggest ideal ways of spending the Sabbath. The Saviour's example helps us. (1) Some one has well said: "No Sabbath should pass without an attempt to do good to some one." (2) Sabbath ought to draw us closer together at home. (3) Good read-

ing is a suitable part of ideal Sabbath keeping. (4) Missionary work, like visiting hospitals, visiting the sick, aged, and shut-ins, or sending a note of Christian cheer to a lonely missionary or to a prodigal friend, etc., deserves room on your Sabbath programme. In your social meeting, speak of the blessing you get in Sabbath observance. It is a blessing! "Why is this field so full of mules?" asked a man of the little boy when passing some Pennsylvania mines. "These mules are worked in the mines through the week," replied the lad, "and they are brought up here on Sunday to keep them from going blind." What a lesson for us! The Sabbath is given to keep us "from going blind" to things of eternal worth. Just as the mules were taken away entirely from the mines on Sunday, so the Master calls us to turn aside from our regular pursuits on Sabbath, and to spend the day with Him, lest we go blind and cannot see the "blessed hope" nor yet our brother's need.

**Missionary Volunteer Programme
Second Week**

Opening Exercises

- Hymn: "Christ in Song," No. 243.
- Bible Reading: "Cheerfulness."
- "A Factory Girl."
- "Genuine Religion."
- Poem: "Shining for Jesus."
- "The Gospel of Happiness."
- Hymn: "Christ in Song," No. 284.

Cheerfulness

1. WHAT is said of the heavy-hearted and the effect of cheering words upon such? Prov. 12:25.
2. What is the influence of cheerfulness upon the sad and despondent? Prov. 17:22.
3. Are those who have been comforted of God best able to comfort others? 2 Cor. 1:3, 4.
4. What should be the language of the heart that has experienced help from God? Ps. 30:11.
5. What should be the spirit of our service toward God? Ps. 100:2.
6. Mention a special cause for good cheer. Rom. 4:7.
7. Under what adverse circumstances may the Christian be joyful in God? Luke 6:22, 23.
8. How constant should the Christian's rejoicing be? Phil. 4:4.

A Factory Girl

IN the city of St. Louis, not long ago, a young woman died who had been for years a shoe-factory operator. She was one of many hundreds in the factory, an ordinary working girl like the others who sat day after day before the machines which stretched in long rows down the big and noisy room. Her life had been humble, and full of hard and commonplace work; in her sudden death there was nothing spectacular or dramatic.

When the call came for her, there fell a cloud of genuine sorrow over the hearts of all the men and women in the factory. Upon the day of the funeral every wheel in the whole plant was stilled, and all of the more than two thousand employees attended the simple services and marched behind the hearse to the cemetery. In the room where she had worked, her chair and her machine were draped in white,

and an immense wreath lay upon them. Two large vans were required to carry to the grave the flowers that her fellow-workers sent as the tribute of their love. Even from other factories that she had never entered, there were delegates to the funeral.

Why was all this?—The young woman was known and loved by all as "the sunshine girl" of the factory. From the owners to the youngest and humblest employee, all called her by the affectionate name of "Sis" Tobin. Her unflinching good nature, her constant sallies of wit that never stung, her cheerful greeting, her kindly, helpful ways with all around her, had made her in truth a ray of sunshine to all who knew her. Her personality glorified the work-room; her presence lightened labour for all. When the work dragged on a hot day, a merry word from her, or the ripple of her contagious laughter, completely changed the atmosphere for all within earshot. More than once discontent among the employees, and even incipient strikes, have been quelled by her wholly unofficial but graciously compelling intercession. It was impossible to resist the appeal of her radiant smile, and both sides would make concessions when she went to them with: "O let's not have trouble. It doesn't pay. We can fix this up."

And so this humble factory girl had made life brighter for hundreds of others. No riches were hers, as the world counts wealth; it was her privilege to have but little of the education which comes from books; her station was lowly, and pitifully lacking in the luxuries that embellish life. But God had given her a soul so full of sunshine that its light overflowed and flooded the lowly lives about her; or rather, be it said, the sunshine with which God endows all human hearts was by her translated into a constant blessing and benediction for others.

It was after the funeral of "Sis" Tobin that one man said to another, as they walked together back from the cemetery, where the grave had been heaped high with a mountain of flowers, "I reckon God sends such girls as she was to show us what a beautiful place heaven is."—Selected.

Genuine Religion

THOSE professed Christians who are constantly complaining, and who seem to think cheerfulness and happiness a sin, have not genuine religion. Those who take a mournful pleasure in all that is melancholy in the natural world, who choose to look upon dead leaves rather than to gather the beautiful living flowers; who see no beauty in grand mountain heights and in valleys clothed with living green; who close their senses to the joyful voice which speaks to them in nature, and which is sweet and musical to the listening ear,—these are not in Christ. They are gathering to themselves gloom and darkness, when they might have brightness, even the Sun of Righteousness in their hearts with healing in His beams.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

Shining for Jesus

"ARE you shining for Jesus, dear one,—
Shining just everywhere,
Not only in easy places,
Not only just here or there?"

"Shining in happy gatherings,
Where all are loved and known,
Shining where all are strangers?
Shining when quite alone?"

"Shining at home, and making
True sunshine all around?
Shining abroad, and faithful—
Perhaps among faithless-found?"

The Gospel of Happiness

A WOMAN who had many sorrows and heavy burdens to bear, but who was noted for her cheerful spirit, once said in explanation: "You know I have had no money. I had nothing to give but myself: so I made the resolution that I would never sadden any one else with my troubles. I have always smiled in the face of every misfortune. I have tried never to let any one go from my presence without a happy word or a bright thought to carry with him. And making happiness engenders happiness: I myself am happier than I would have been had I sat down and bemoaned my fate."

This gospel of happiness is one which every one should lay to heart. Set out with the invincible determination that you will bear burdens, and not impose them. Whether the sun shines or the rain falls, show a glad face to your neighbour. If you must fall in life's battles, you can at least fall with a smile on your face.—*Selected.*

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Third Week

Martin Luther

Opening Exercises.

A Street Singer.
Martin Luther and Music.
The Extent of Luther's Writings.
How to Read the Bible.
Poem: "Luther."
Luther's Ink Bottle a Formidable Weapon.

A Street Singer

IN a cold, dark night, when the wind was blowing hard, Conrad, a worthy citizen in a little town in Germany, sat playing the flute, while Ursula, his wife, was preparing supper. They heard a sweet voice singing outside:—

"Foxes to their holes have gone,
Every bird unto his nest;
But I wander here alone,
And for me there is no rest."

Tears filled the good man's eyes as he said: "What a pity that voice should be spoiled by being tried in such weather! I think it is the voice of a child."

"Let us open the door and see," said his wife, who had lost a little boy not long before, and whose heart was open to take pity on the little wanderer.

Conrad opened the door and saw a ragged child, who said, "Charity, good sir, for Christ's sake."

"Come in, my little one," said he; "you will rest with me for the night."

"Thank God," said the boy as he entered. The heat of the room made him faint, but Ursula's kind care soon restored him. They gave him some supper, and then he told them he was the son of a poor miner, and wanted to be a priest. He wandered about and sang, and lived on the money people gave him.

His kind friends would not let him talk much, but sent him to bed. When he was asleep they looked in upon him, and were so pleased with his countenance they determined to keep him if he was willing. In the morning they found that he was only too glad to remain. They sent him to school, and afterward he entered a monastery. There he found the Bible, which he read, and from which he learned the way of life. The sweet voice of the little singer became the stronger echo of the good Word: "Justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Conrad and Ursula, when they took the little street singer into their home, little thought that they were caring for the great champion of the Reformation. The poor boy was Martin Luther.—*Selected.*

Martin Luther and Music

The great Reformer, Martin Luther, not only had a deep appreciation of music, but he knew enough about it to do quite a reformatory work. When a boy he was very poor, and earned his scholarship, which in those days was not very high, by singing from house to house. Luther poured out his soul in song when difficulties surrounded him, and swept them away by the sweetness and power of music. What is inexpressible in words may be sung; darkness flees before light, when through song the soul is lifted heavenward.

The bold spirit of native vigour which called the German Reformation into being, could not find any better musical expression than in the hymn in which Luther has so remarkably expressed his own vigorous nature. It is well known that the forty-sixth Psalm gave the keynote to the wonderful hymn, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God." The music is simple, but full of power. When in trouble and danger Luther sang this hymn in spite of Satan and his army around him. The harmony in it is close but decided, and does not allow the air at any time to go out of its natural course. It is a conquering hymn, and it conquers. Napoleon, attracted by the singing of the German soldiers the evening before an important battle, thus expressed himself to his aide-de-camp, on hearing this hymn: "It will be impossible to conquer this army, whose soldiers are filled with words and tunes of this character." The words and the tunes are blended together; for Luther's poems were at the same time stirring songs, which escaped from him in the very midst of his conflicts and necessities, and were, as Heine expressed it, "like a flower making its way between rough stones, or a sunbeam gleaming amid dark clouds." The "Mighty Fortress" is a masterpiece. The great battle-hymn which helped to win Luther's own battles has never lost its spirit. It was not born for one man, but for a nation—a world.

Luther had published before this his collection "Geistliche Lieder," which was followed by other hymns and chorals. They are still sung today, and while not so well known as the "Mighty Fortress," accomplished the building up of a style of sacred music in those early days whose influence has been lasting.—*Selected.*

The Extent of Luther's Writings

During the first seven years of the Reformation, from 1517 to 1523, the leaders of the Reformation published 498

different tracts and pamphlets, and these were nearly all printed first at Wittenberg. During this same time the whole of the Catholic publications amounted to only twenty.

The old library where Luther found the Gutenberg Bible chained to the wall, has been fitted up as a Luther library and museum. Among the many items of interest are the copies of all his writings. Bound in modern form, they comprise sixty-seven volumes, which fill a six-foot shelf.

D'Aubigne, the historian of the Reformation, speaks of printing during that period as "that mighty engine which the fifteenth century had invented," which "by means of its powerful projectiles was continually making breaches in the walls of the enemy." E. R. Palmer.

How to Read the Bible

Martin Luther used to teach his children to read the Bible in the following way: first, read one book carefully, then study chapter by chapter, and then verse by verse, and lastly word by word. He said: "It is like a person shaking a fruit-tree, first shaking the tree, and gathering up the fruit that falls to the ground, and then shaking each branch, and afterward each twig of the branch, and last of all carefully looking under each leaf to see that no fruit remains." In this way, and no other, shall we also find the hidden treasures that are in the Bible.—*Selected.*

Luther

NOT his the dreamer's lot, idly to dwell
In pleasant fields, far from the strifes of men
Who vex their souls with trifling joy and when,
And in the marts of fame their conscience sell.
Nay, he had drunk from life's pure, sparkling well,
And felt the rapture of life divine,
And with his eyes anointed held the shrine
Of God's great glory, which he fain must tell.
Long years he laboured in the realm of right—
The deathless right—and fought for conscience free
From priestly bondage, while blind error's night
He flamed with heavenly truth, that all might see
The way to God, and like him, fearless stand,
A freeman in God's faithful hand.
GEORGE E. TACK.

Luther's Ink-Bottle a Formidable Weapon

THE power of literature, when used as a weapon against the wiles of Satan, is illustrated by a familiar story of Luther's ink-bottle. It is said that on a certain occasion Satan appeared to Luther, and presented before him a long list of his sins. Luther read them one by one as they were pointed out, and acknowledged that he had committed them all. At first he was overwhelmed with the thought of his sins, and he questioned whether the plan of salvation would reach a case like his. But finally, he noticed that Satan held his hand over something written at the bottom of the list. Luther insisted that Satan remove his hand, and he read: "The blood

of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin." In anger that Satan would thus hide the promise that would bring life and hope to the sinner, Luther seized the ink-bottle, and hurled it at his adversary, at which the devil fled, and the contents of the bottle were splashed on the wall.

There are other versions of this interesting story, but one will suffice as an illustration.

Whether this incident actually took place we cannot tell. It is possible that this is only the figurative language in which we are told that when Satan tried to overwhelm Luther, by presenting his sins before him, Luther remembered the precious promise of God, and seizing his ink-bottle and pen, wrote another tract setting forth God's provision for salvation and the forgiveness of sins. However, the incident in its literal rendering is generally believed by the followers of Luther. The visitor to Wartburg is shown the room where Luther was confined, and attention is directed to a great spot on the wall, fully three feet across, where, it is said, the ink was splashed. Visitors have cut away the plaster and lathing, and even portions of the beam and studding, bit by bit, in the hope of securing as a memento one of the splashes from Luther's ink-bottle.

At first thought, it might appear that such an act on the part of Luther would be a foolish exhibition of temper; but when we consider the part the ink-bottle played in the Reformation of the sixteenth century, we are convinced that Luther chose the most formidable weapon in the world with which to put to flight the great enemy. Whether or not any traveller has succeeded in securing a splash from Luther's ink-bottle, it is certain that the words of life and hope from Luther's pen thrilled the hearts of men wherever they were read, and that the splash from Luther's ink-bottle left a mark upon Germany and all the surrounding countries which can never be effaced,—a mark, the influence of which is still felt in every land where Protestantism has gone.

E. R. PALMER.

Missionary Volunteer Programme Fourth Week

Opening Exercises

A Call to Service

A Round-table Talk

An Illustration of Quiet but Effective Home Missionary Work.

Poem: The Work that Lies Nearest.

Leader's Note.—"A Round-Table Talk" could be taken by several seated around a table in front and the conversation carried on by two of the members.

A Call to Service

I HAVE been thinking to-day of our Missionary Volunteer Society, and wishing that we might arouse our young people to a more active interest in the Lord's work, and cause them to be willing to do more for their Saviour.

The great obstacle in the way is self. We do not usually call it by that name; we call it bashfulness, nervousness, lack of education, lack of the gift of speech, etc.; but when the reasons are sifted down, you will usually find they end in self.

I think every one of us would like to be useful in the Lord's work. When we hear an eloquent, earnest speaker, we think, "Now if I could speak like that, I wouldn't

mind getting up before people; but I can't say anything worth listening to"; and so we sit still and listen to others, but do nothing ourselves to help on the work.

Young man, suppose you wish to be a first-class blacksmith. You go to the best blacksmith you know, and tell him you want to learn the trade. Suppose you go to his shop day after day and watch him work; you admire his skill, you wish with all your heart that you could do the things he does, but you never touch the hammer, you never beat the white-hot iron, you never blow the bellows; you sit and look on and wish you could do it. How many years do you think it would take you to develop the muscle and skill of a first-class blacksmith in this way?

Young lady, suppose you wish to be an expert player on the piano. Suppose you go to the best musician you can find, and day after day sit and watch her play. You admire the wonderful quickness and control of the fingers; your heart responds to the harmonious sounds these trained fingers bring from the instrument; you wish you could play like that, but you refuse to touch the keys. You say you do not know how to play, and it would not sound well; so you don't dare to try. How many years would it take you to learn in this way to be a skilled musician? You know, and I know, that you never could.

Suppose, again, you wish to be a worker for the Lord; to belong to that glorious company that love to lift up the fallen, bring joy to the sorrowful, and courage and hope to those now struggling in the toils of sin and Satan.

Shall we learn to do this work by listening to interesting sermons, by watching others talk and work and pray?—Never! The hearing, and watching, and wishing, will only help us to be workers when we ourselves begin to try to work.

Just as the blacksmith's apprentice must begin to wield the sledge and beat the iron with his own hands in order to gain skill, so must we begin to use our voices and our influence for the Lord if we ever expect to gain power for His work. Just as the beginner in music must press the keys herself, and persevere despite mistakes, so must God's children use themselves, and persevere in spite of mistakes.

The reward set before the musician is the power to bring forth melodious sounds from an instrument; the reward set before God's workers is the joy of bringing beauty and harmony into a human soul, and saving it from eternal death at last. Which is the nobler object? For which should we work most earnestly?

The earth waxeth old like a garment; it is full of disease, sin, sorrow, and death. There is a great work of warning to be done before the end of all things. Can we not bravely, cheerily, unselfishly take up the work,—not the great things yet, but each little duty that presents itself,—relying on the Lord to supply the necessary ability to do it well? Another might do it better than we, but the willing heart is what the Lord sees; and small duties, well done, prepare the way for great things.

Men may criticise, but we must learn to rise above caring for that; that only hurts our vanity, and vanity is only another name for self. Vanity fills our hearts with "man-fear" and keeps out the Spirit of God.

If only we could say with Paul, "I die daily"! If only our desires to serve the

Lord were stronger than our desires to serve self, then the work would indeed be cut short in righteousness, and our Lord would not long delay His coming. Then would our volunteers go forth in the strength of the Lord and in the power of His might, and the harvest of the world would soon be gathered in.

Let us all, therefore, work and pray that our hearts may be emptied of self, and be filled with the Christ-love for our fellow-men.

ELIZABETH JUDSON ROBERTS.

A Round-Table Talk

"WELL, John, you see that, since adopting the plan of laying out some kind of work for each member of our Missionary Volunteer Society meetings have grown in interest right along."

"Yes, I have noticed that the members all take more interest. And have you noticed, Mary, that our testimony meetings on the Sabbath are now full of life?"

"Indeed I have noticed it, and our prayer-meetings are so much better than they were a few months ago."

"All this, I believe, is the result of getting the members to work. You know it is natural for us to become interested in that for which we work."

"Mary, what do you think of this idea of pushing the circulation of the *Signs*?"

"I think it is all right. The *Signs* has probably brought more people into the truth than any other one of our publications, and I am glad our society has arranged to take such a large club."

"It seems good to hear these young people tell of their success in selling the *Signs*, doesn't it?"

"Yes, and it seems good to hear some of the older ones tell of their success in selling them also. I think this is one of the best methods of distributing the *Signs* that has ever been adopted by our people."

"But is there not a tendency among us to get started out on some good plan for work and push that, to the neglect of other important lines of work?"

"Well, there might be danger of doing such a thing."

"Yes, and if I see the matter as it is, this has been done. My idea of the work is that all lines should be kept along together, and we should not take hold of one thing and run it to an extreme, and allow other things to run down at the heel."

"I presume you are quite right about that, but I think it is all right to make a special effort on the *Signs* this winter and spring."

"Yes, if we do not make the effort so special that we forget our Christian Help work, and our Bible work, distribution of tracts, etc."

"The Christian Help work is a splendid line of work, and if carried on as it should be, it means work indeed. Have you noticed those children that come to Sabbath-school now, from those two families on Cleveland Street, that we have been helping?"

"Yes, and they are very bright little fellows. I suppose they take quite an interest in the school?"

"Indeed they do. It would do your heart good to see them in their class with their faces upturned to catch every word their teacher says. I think their parents will yet attend services at our church."

"I certainly hope they will, and that they will become interested and accept the truth, as some others have done."

"There have been quite a number brought into the church through the Christian Help work during the last year."

"Mary, there is one line of work that it seems to me some of us neglect of late, and that is letter-writing. You know this society used to write so many missionary letters."

"Yes, and we used to get some soul-cheering replies, too, when we wrote those letters; but it is not every one who can write a good missionary letter."

"I do not just understand you. One of the best letters I ever received was not so well written as those of other correspondents."

"Why then was it so good?"

"Because, from the tone of the letter, I could tell that the one who wrote it had a converted heart, and meant every word he said."

"Conversion to God is the secret of success in all our work. An unconverted man or woman will not succeed in anything connected with this solemn message."

"I suppose we ought to stop; it is getting late."

J. W. WATTS.

An Illustration of Quiet but Effective Home Missionary Work

A YOUNG lady, being asked her reasons for accepting the third angel's message and dedicating her life to Christian service as a nurse in one of our sanitariums, makes the following statement:—

"My life up to the time I came to the sanitarium was uneventful, living as I did on a large farm with my grandparents and uncle. Grandfather, having passed away five years ago, uncle and I were left to care for dear old grandmother, which was a real pleasure to us both. We were members of the Presbyterian Church, and lived up to all the light we had. Last year, however, grandmother was taken seriously ill in September, and knowing it would probably be her last illness, we sent word to that effect to her children, among whom was my aunt, Mrs. M., who is an Adventist. Another uncle who was present at the funeral, seeing that my aunt's health was not in the best condition, advised that she remain with uncle and me for a time.

"We had always thought that aunt's religion was peculiar, as it was so different from that to which we had been accustomed. She was always showing us from the Scriptures that the current events were in fulfilment of prophecy, and in a very tactful way, whenever occasion presented itself, she would give us her reasons for believing as she did. One day my uncle and I were talking, and he asked me what I thought of aunt's religion. I told him it put me in mind of Noah's religion, and he said it so impressed him.

"As the days went by, we became very much interested in what my aunt told us about the things in the Bible. As she became acquainted with the neighbours, they gradually became interested also. A Bible class of nine members met twice each week for study, and as we studied, we were all impressed with the really wonderful things found in the Bible and the accuracy of the prophecies. There simply was nothing then to do but accept it all. The four men in the class gave up the use of pork, tea, and coffee, and three women and one man began to keep the Sabbath.

"None of us had ever seen a Sabbath-keeper aside from my aunt, but in response to a special invitation, Pastor — visited us, remaining in our home for ten days. The time spent was a veritable Pentecost to the little company of believers. Before returning home, the minister organised a Sabbath-school of six members, and about that time another man began to keep the Sabbath, making seven in all who accepted the truth. The two others are very much interested, and although they have not yet begun to keep the Sabbath, they firmly believe every phase of the message.

"When my aunt returned to her home, it was decided that I should accompany her and enter one of our sanitariums for a nurse's course. All expressed regret at our leaving, for it broke up our happy company. All joined in saying the past winter had been the most pleasant and profitable ever spent."

How different might have been the result if this Seventh-day Adventist sister had hidden her light under a bushel, secretly treasuring the fond hope of a joyous future in God's kingdom, but making no effort to turn others from darkness to light! Such a course would have brought darkness and leanness of soul. Thank God for this practical demonstration of what will be accomplished in soul-winning when every believer is watchful for opportunities and faithful in humble service. In Volume VI of the "Testimonies for the Church," page 264, we read:—

"By humbly and earnestly engaging in the work of doing good to all, God's people will exert an influence that will tell in every town and city where the truth has entered. If all who know the truth will take hold of this work as opportunities are presented, day by day doing little acts of love in the neighbourhood where they live, Christ will be manifest to their neighbours. . . . This will be of more consequence than sermons or professions or creeds."

THE WORK THAT LIES NEAREST

I PLANNED how my life might be useful
In working abroad for the Lord.
I would first go away to some college
And learn a great deal of His Word;

Or go to some good sanitarium,
And learn how diseases to treat;
Then out in the world I might lecture
On how we should dress and should eat.

Yet just where I am I am needed;
At home there are duties to do;
And I haven't the money sufficient
To take me to college and through.

Shall I wait for the way to be opened
For me to the helpless to go,
When here they are brought to my door—
way
For help in my power to bestow?

Quite near me, at least one poor woman
Has fallen to sickness a prey;
Some aid I may possibly give her—
Why wait to go farther away?

And yet my fond hopes are not blasted;
Of going abroad I still think;
Hoping some time on health I may lecture,
I'll first clean my own kitchen sink.
MINNIE EMBREE.

Sabbath School Missionary Exercises

(September 4)

"Come Over and Help Us"

TWO weeks ago we heard a letter from Pana, one of our Solomon Island boys, who was sent to Ronongo in answer to an urgent call from the chiefs of that place. Today we shall learn more about the circumstances that resulted in the sending of Pana to pioneer this new field in the Solomons. Brother Tutty writes thus of the Macedonian call and the response:—

"On March 10, a boat came here to Dobeli containing thirteen young men about Pana's age from Ronongo. Their only object was to ask for Pana, or some other Seventh-day Adventist missionary, to come and stay with them. Their chiefs had been counselling together, and sent them up to make this request of us. They pleaded that the other mission was pressing them very hard and informed us (without our asking) that as soon as some one was with them the chiefs would go to Gizo and inform the Government that they wanted us, out and out. I did not know what to do for the best. To refuse them was to discourage them and throw a damper on their enthusiasm. I held them back for two days and then finally decided to allow Pana to go back with them. I explained to them that very likely Pana would be changed for another boy soon. They were quite agreeable to this, and they agreed to bring Pana back in three or four weeks' time.

"Pana wanted to go. I detained the boys until after Sabbath. The trip takes two days. We decided it was wiser to release Pana to hold the fort, until he was replaced by some one else, than to send these boys back without any one.

"Ada is the greatest chief and has been appointed such by the Government. He lives at Modu, a village of eighty people, and they report plenty of school age. He sent these young men here. Kesa is also a chief and lives at Geron. Eight months ago Kesa expressed himself in favour of us."

The last Sabbath of the quarter, or in four weeks from today, the Sabbath-schools in the Union Conference are to have the privilege in the Thirteenth Sabbath offering of paying for a boat to be used to visit Ronongo and other out-lying islands from Dobeli. Let us prepare to make a good liberal offering on that day, even though it may mean some sacrifice to ourselves in order that the third angel's message may be carried to these people who are sitting in darkness and calling for help.

(September 11)

Interesting Experiences in the Solomon Islands

ONE thought is deeply impressed upon the mind after associating with these people in church fellowship, and that is their simple childlike trust in the gospel, and God honours their faith by definite answers to prayer.

One day the mission launch was called away unexpectedly to meet the steamer, and as usual more than were needed wanted to come. As soon as there were enough on board to act as a crew we pushed off from the wharf and were soon under way. After travelling a few miles we found that we had forgotten our mail, and consequently had to return. As we neared the wharf we were attracted by the attitude of a boy named Nato. He was standing with outstretched arms and shouting "Thank you for ever," "Thank you for ever." It appears that he and his party wanted to go to the steamer, but had not arrived until the launch was well out in the stream. In their disappointment some of the older men turned their attention to a canoe, but Nato suggested prayer and right there on the wharf they knelt and prayed that we should be compelled to return. This was the cause of his expressive attitude, and he believed his prayer was answered.

Another young man named Kioto had taken the dinghy (a small rowing boat used as a tender to a vessel) away from the launch in order to visit a village, leaving us at anchor on a lee shore. The night was calm when he went, and as the weather looked favourable he decided to sleep at the village, but toward morning he was awakened by a heavy wind. His thoughts immediately flew to the launch and he decided to return. But after he had proceeded some distance on his journey he said that lights and sounds from the spirit world began to surround him, and that it caused every hair of his head to leave him. He was prevented from rowing. While held spellbound in this condition, he thought of prayer and by praying to Jesus obtained deliverance. He said that as soon as he began to pray, the manifestations ceased, and his physical power returned. This young man had many similar experiences in the days before he made a full surrender.

The first ten converts are all out in evangelistic work—forty, fifty, and one hundred miles away. The calls have come, and we have been compelled to let them go, and from each district encouraging reports are reaching us.

In our Thirteenth Sabbath offering we shall have the opportunity to make a special gift toward a mission boat to carry the glad news of salvation to those who have never yet heard its joyful sound. And doubtless many of these who are thus brought in contact with the truth through this little mission boat, will also become workers, as the first ten converts did, and in their turn send on the light to many others of their people who are sitting in darkness.

D. NICHOLSON.

(September 18)

A Glorious Victory

WHILE I was visiting our Bengali school for girls in Calcutta, the principal, Mrs. Della Stevens (wife of Brother W. H. Stevens of Australia), called my attention to Shorijini, a girl twelve years of age. "Two years ago," said Sister Stevens, "little Shorijini came from a small village in east Bengal to our school. From the first she manifested a deep interest in the study of the Bible, and we could see that in a quiet way she was putting into practice the things she learned.

"One evening in the prayer meeting our leader took for her subject 'Stars in Our Crowns.' At the close of the meeting this child came to me and said she had chosen three girls in the school for her stars. She began very earnestly to work for them, and one by one they took their stand for God, the last of the three being baptised two weeks ago.

"One day shortly after Shorijini came to us, she came to me saying she wanted to have the metal bracelets she was wearing cut off her arms. They had been put on when she was an infant, and would not slip off over her hand. It means much for an Indian girl to remove her jewellery. It means that she will be classed as a widow, that she will be subjected to all sorts of abuses and insults. But Shorijini joyfully chose the path of suffering and reproach for the sake of her blessed Saviour, who had endured so much for her.

"I asked her why she wanted to have her bracelets removed—was it because she did not see me wearing them?"

"She replied, 'I don't feel right to wear them.'

"'But,' I said, 'you must have some reason for making such a request.'

"She said, 'It is not because I see that you do not wear them, but because I do not feel right to wear them, and I *must* have them taken off.' I took her to Brother Burgess and had him cut them off."

Sister Stevens gave those bracelets to me, and they are today among the few treasures that I brought from India as relics of hard-fought battles and glorious victories won for the blessed Saviour who suffered to bring deliverance to India's captives.

Dear young friends, you who are enjoying every gospel privilege, upon whom the light of the glorious gospel of the blessed God is shining with added lustre in the message of the speedy return of our adorable Redeemer, instead of spending your strength and labour for that which satisfieth not, and your money for that which is not bread, think of the many in China, in India, in Africa, and in the islands of the sea, who are today sitting in the "region and shadow of death," without a single ray of hope to lighten the gloom that enshrouds them.

E. E. ANDROSS.

(September 25)

Our Thirteenth Sabbath Offering

TODAY in the Sabbath-schools throughout our Union we make an appeal on behalf of the mission situated at Dobeli on the island of Vella Lavella in the western Solomons. I was a visitor at this place a little less than a year ago and saw wonderful evidences of the workings of God's Spirit on heathen hearts.

Here Brother and Sister Tutty are labouring amongst a people still steeped in all the evils of devil worship. As I write this appeal I can hear the yells of the natives bringing home in glee the wild pigs they have caught for a feast. Attracted by the oft repeated feasting it has been difficult to start a school and interest the natives in the erection of a church. However, Brother Tutty reports regular attendance on the part of some of the young people at school and an attendance of

almost all the village on Sabbaths. When I was there a beginning had been made with a church, but the work had been hampered through lack of palm thatch. Only a little at a time could be obtained in native canoes, which are not by any means good cargo carriers.

A good sea-worthy boat is needed and Brother Tutty has made his appeal for help in this direction, but it is not needed for this purpose alone but for a still greater mission. There are calls from neighbouring villages, but Brother Tutty cannot go. There are no roads, the only highway is the sea. Some interested people on a neighbouring island have called again and again for help, but there was no means of getting to the people. Lately they came over the many miles of water to see Brother Tutty and press their claims for attention. Pana, the native evangelist associated with Brother Tutty, went with them, but the work needs the direction and visits of a white missionary.

Twenty miles from Dobeli is the large island of Choiseul. A deep sea channel lies between. Visits could be made here and work opened up, but Brother Tutty is confined in his work to the one village because he has no boat.

At the last Union Conference council it was voted to provide this boat, and it was decided to ask our people to give on this Thirteenth Sabbath money to purchase the vessel. A good sea-worthy craft must be obtained, and we ask you to remember the waiting people in the western Solomons. Today by your liberality you can extend the influence of the Dobeli missionaries and increase the scope of their operations. We confidently look for your help and ask you to do your utmost to meet the need.

CECIL K. MEYERS.

Foreign Mission Day

The Work Before Us

1. A THREEFOLD message of invitation and warning to go to the world before its destruction by fire. Rev. 14:6; first clause only of verses 8 and 9.

2. Man's utter helplessness, apart from Christ, for this work. John 15:5.

3. The source of power promised workers. Acts 1:8; Zech. 4:6.

4. God will provide sufficient workers to enlighten the last generation of its approaching doom as in Noah's day. Rev. 18:1; "Early Writings," old edition, page 133 first par.; new edition, page 271, last par.; old edition, page 140, first par.; new edition, page 279, middle par.

5. Although the earth is inhabited with teeming millions, God is abundantly able to finish the work. Rom. 9:28; Jer. 32:17. All of which must be accomplished through human instrumentalities. See "Desire of Ages," page 297, last paragraph.

6. The next event following the close of the third angel's message, is the coming of Him whose right it is to reign. Matt. 24:14; Rev. 14:14-16.

7. The blessing of Christ upon His faithful servants at that time, will fill every heart with holy, inexpressible joy. Matt. 28:45, 46; Isa. 25:9; "Early Writings," old edition, page 146, last par. in full; new edition, page 286, last par. in full.

Indians Choose Death Rather Than Deny Christ and His Truth

THOUGH often amidst difficulty, yet the work of the Lord continues to advance in the Inca Union Mission. The past few months have been trying ones to the native members and workers, especially in the Lake Titicaca field. Satan is not pleased to see so many being rescued from his grasp, and thus works through wicked men to oppose the work of the Lord.

Another triumph has been added to the advancement of the message to the utmost parts of the earth. Recently our first mission station was opened among the Quechua Indians north of Lake Titicaca. This tribe numbers more than two millions in our field. Brother Pedro Kalbermatter, who recently arrived from Argentine, has charge of the work at this new station, and is now erecting the necessary buildings for the development of a strong mission.

Heretofore all our work among the Indians in the highlands of Peru has been among the Aymara (pronounced I-ma-rä') speaking Indians, excepting isolated cases where a few Quechuas living on the Island of Amantani in the lake, came in contact with our work. These last named attended our meetings at Plateria (Plat-ä-ré-ä) and Puno occasionally. This influence, with further instruction given by others at times, resulted in many of them accepting the truth. Last August Pastor F. A. Stahl baptised sixty-six of them. Previous to the baptism they had erected a school building hoping to receive a teacher to instruct their children in the truth and the common branches of learning. The building of this schoolhouse, with the baptism into the message just mentioned, raised a storm of persecution by those unfriendly to our work. Many of the new believers were severely beaten. Some were arrested on false charges and imprisoned after the beating. All the baptised members were driven from their homes, their possessions seized, including their cattle, and many of their houses levelled to the ground. After a few days those imprisoned were released, but with other members who would not compromise their faith were driven from the island and forbidden to return on pain of death. A few of the weakest compromised, but the greater part did not. During the attack and continued persecution some who escaped imprisonment made their way to Puno and related the affair to our brethren and the authorities. Efforts were made to secure their protection in returning to their lands, but to no avail until the matter was taken to higher authorities. Promise has been given that guarantees of life and property will be given them. In talking with us they said, "We will not compromise our faith for the privilege of returning to our homes. We will die first." It is wonderful to see the spirit of Christian patience and endurance on the part of these new believers.

Following is the plea they made to the public after being refused guarantee of life and property before the petty authorities: "Those of us Indians who wished to forsake our state of ignorance in which we found ourselves, desired to have an evangelistic school where our children might learn to read, to write, and to speak the Spanish language, and to live better than we had in the past. How-

ever, this just aspiration was looked upon evilly and we have been deceived by those living around us. They sacked our houses and levelled them to the ground. They destroyed the walls of the school building and carried us to prison after maltreating us with clubs and whips. We do not have guarantees for our lives or property and thus far nothing has been secured in our favour. Therefore, we appeal to the public to judge our present situation,—all because we desire to educate our children and live better ourselves."

While I was in Puno several Indians came from another district with the news that their schoolhouse had been destroyed and all their Bibles and hymn books seized and torn to shreds. In addition they received a severe beating. As evidence they brought to us shreds of their torn Bibles and hymn books, and clothing covered with clots of blood. In spite of this persecution they resolved to remain true to God and His truth.

Such experiences, while bitter to those suffering them, only serve to bring our work more rapidly before the liberal-minded public who sympathise with those persecuted, and who exert their influence to secure civil justice for them. Several high public officials are now working with us to secure the civil rights of these brethren.

E. F. PETERSON.

A Holiday at Nyasaland Mission, South Africa

FOR some years I have had a plan for village work, but not till our four weeks' holiday have I been able to carry it out.

Some time ago I learned from my donkey boy, who accompanies me on my visits to outlying villages of the Mang'anga people, of two other tribes living further from the mission and in another direction. So I began visiting and holding meetings in their villages. These people had crossed our border from Portuguese East Africa some years ago, and I found they knew much less of the gospel than do the Mang'angas. But they seemed to appreciate their opportunity and would run from one village to another calling the people together, so we could get five or six congregations of interested, attentive hearers in a day. I often gave the donkey boy the opportunity of repeating my address in his own vivid native way, and this was appreciated, as he came from this part and this was his language.

I came to look forward to the day I was to visit them as the happiest working day of the week. Not that I found anything attractive out there. One sought in vain in most villages for a single thing to please the eye. The people were dirty and scantily clad in rags; their huts were old and neglected, and surrounded by weeds and rubbish. "What an environment in which to grow up!

As there were many villages too far from the mission for me to visit, I decided to move out there for the month during the school holiday, taking some native sisters with me, for a period of evangelising. The donkey man and another from the mission built four grass huts side by side, one for me, one for my women helpers, one for themselves, and one for the donkey. And there we settled ourselves for a month of very interesting holiday work.

On our way out we held several meetings in the villages, and many of the people followed us; so as soon as we reached our neat little huts we had a gospel service. We had no need to go to the people,—they came to us every day and all day. From forty to ninety-five came on week days, and the attendance on the four Sabbaths we were there was 98, 120, 122, 132, not counting ourselves or the young children. When we thought of the long distances and the steep hills over which many of them came we felt they must be interested. Although a winter month, the weather was warm and sunny most of the time.

My helpers were very helpful. M— would get the older women around her and explain to them the overcoming power she had found in the gospel. P— would dress wounds and help the sick. L—, who had helped her husband in his school, drilled the children in letters and syllables. I would take those who had been in school somewhere and help them to read the Gospel of John. U— would hang up a scripture chart and explain the pictures, and after teaching them to repeat a hymn and sing it, I would give them a gospel message which was usually repeated by one of the boys in a language better understood by the older people. Some days we divided our staff and went to distant villages with the gospel message.

These natives are very "raw" and have had no training in civilised ways. Our native sisters saw their opportunity, and one morning helped some of them clean up. At once the other villagers caught the inspiration. All their goods were put outside; sleeping mats, pots, baskets, pounding sticks and mortars, doors and verandahs were scrubbed, and the village hoed and swept. Later this work was carried on in other villages.

Since returning to the mission I have gone out every fortnight to hold meetings. At my last visit poles and grass were on the ground for a schoolhouse, and a permanent school will soon be opened. I feel strongly impressed that these two tribes, so long neglected, will respond well. For myself I could ask nothing better than the privilege of pioneering among them in the same humble way until the work is finished.

Blantyre

E. EDIE.

"HE who goes forth into the battle of life giving a smile for every frown, a cheery word for every cross one, and lending a helping hand to the unfortunate is, after all, the best of missionaries."

TODAY is your day and mine; the only day we have; the day in which we play our part. What our part may signify in the great world we may not understand, but we are here to play it, and now is our time.—David Starr Jordan.

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