



Home Missions Department

CHURCH MISSIONARY PROGRAMME FIRST WEEK

Opening Exercises.
Reading: Earnestness.

Earnestness

1. In what is Christ an example to us? Ps. 69:9.
2. What effect will our zeal have upon others? 2 Cor. 9:2.
3. How much of the time should we be zealous? Gal. 4:18.
4. Of what should we be zealous? Titus 2:14.
5. What should be the burden of our hearts? Acts 26:29; Rom. 10:1.
6. For what should we earnestly contend? Jude 3.
7. Why is there special need for earnestness at the present time?

"We have no time to lose. The end is near. The passage from place to place to spread the truth will soon be hedged with dangers on the right hand and on the left. Everything will be placed to obstruct the way of the Lord's messengers, so that they will not be able to do that which it is possible for them to do now. We must look our work fairly in the face, and advance as fast as possible in aggressive warfare. From the light given me of God I know that the powers of darkness are working with intense energy from beneath, and with stealthy tread Satan is advancing to take those who are now asleep, as a wolf taking his prey. We have warnings now which we may give, a work now which we may do; but soon it will be more difficult than we can imagine. God help us to keep in the channel of light, to work with our eyes fastened on Jesus our Leader, and patiently, perseveringly, press on to gain the victory."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. VI, page 22.

8. What conditions do we now see that are beginning to make our work more difficult and dangerous.

CHURCH MISSIONARY PROGRAMME SECOND WEEK

Opening Exercises.
Reading: The True Test.
Reading: Need of Home Missionaries.

The True Test

We hold that there is in Christianity that which not only delivers men from outward sins and the desire for them, but also emancipates them from the power of self-life, and substitutes for it the principle of love—perfect love to God, and therefore perfect love to men.

I think that every one will admit that if there is that in Christianity, it is not publicly preached as much as it ought to be. This would enable men to test for themselves the truth of Christianity. Just now we are going outside the Bible for proofs of the inspiration of the Bible. We are going to the monuments, to witness, to manuscripts for evidence of Christianity.

I do not for a moment decry all this; but I mean to say that the man of the street is not able to avail himself of it, and Christianity therefore seems far away from him, and he looks upon it as a matter of contention and wrangling between theologians. But if I can establish my point that Christ is able to deliver a man from the power of sin, and from the love of sin, and to make him a pure and happy being, — not by a gradual evolution merely, but by the direct and immediate act of God,—I give to that man, however ignorant he may be, the power of testing for himself whether Christianity is of God, or whether it is a mere dream of the human faculty.—*Selected*.

Need of Home Missionaries

SOME who have long professed to be Christians, and yet have felt no responsibility for the souls of those who are perishing right around them, within the shadow of their own homes, may feel a burden to go to foreign lands to take hold of the work afar off; but where is the evidence of their fitness for such a work? Let such begin the work at home, in their own household, in their own neighbourhood, among their own friends. Here they will find a favourable missionary field. This home missionary work is a test, revealing their ability or inability for service in a wider field.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

CHURCH MISSIONARY PROGRAMME THIRD WEEK

Opening Exercises.
Reading: A Resolution of a Lifetime.

A Resolution of a Lifetime

THE resolution made by the late Henry Clay Trumbull in his early Christian life, and followed faithfully for more than fifty years, is as follows:—

"Whenever I am justified in choosing my subject of conversation with another, the theme of themes shall have prominence between us, so that I may learn his need, and, if possible, meet it."

It was not always an easy matter to keep this resolution, but several years before his death Dr. Trumbull was heard to say that he has written a record of more than ten thousand such personal interviews. He said that in every case the devil had tempted him not to have the

interview, at least at that particular time. He also said that in no single case that he could remember had he been rudely repulsed.

In a recent address one of our leading ministers, who has spent years in the Orient and accomplished much in teaching the way of life, stated that, now that he is back in the homeland, he finds it more difficult to go to his next-door neighbour and ask for an opportunity to converse with him about our mutual gospel than it was to meet the ignorance, superstition, and hardships in a foreign land.

So, dear worker, remember you are not alone in the experience of timidity and hesitancy when it comes to the personal interview. But we must be triumphant in this experience if we would share in the labourer's reward. Be not fearful or discouraged; do not yield to the temptation to shirk your task. It is the way of the cross which leads home, and without the cross there is no crown.

C. V. LEACH.

CHURCH MISSIONARY PROGRAMME FOURTH WEEK

Opening Exercises.
Reading: Christian Help Work.
Personal Experiences.

LEADER'S NOTE.—Christian help work in all its phases should receive consideration at this meeting. This is a branch of work in which the majority of lay members have some experience, and incidents may be related of a most inspiring nature.

Christian Help Work

CHRISTIAN help work is a necessary accompaniment of all lines of home missionary service. In distributing literature from house to house, sick persons will be found to whom kindness can be shown. In such instances, ask permission to see the sick one. If this is granted, make a sympathetic enquiry as to the nature of the illness, and if you can help in any way, ask the privilege of doing so. If the case is under a doctor's care, discretion should be exercised in speaking against drugs or in offering to give treatments for which the prescription does not call. However, the opportunity should be improved to speak some comforting words, directing the mind of the sufferer to the Saviour. If the patient is responsive to your sympathy, seal the visit by bowing in prayer, presenting the suffering one to the Divine Physician who can heal the soul as well as the body. Use tact with regard to leaving literature in such cases. Leave tracts and papers and magazines which will be a source of encouragement and comfort, avoiding argumentative points of doctrine. Be sensible, and do not weary the patient with a long drawn-out conversation. Fol-

low up such cases by manifestation of tender sympathy for both the suffering one and the family bearing the burden, and you will win souls by thus following the methods of the Master.

Visiting hospitals and benevolent institutions is also a part of Christian help work. Bouquets of flowers, with attached cards bearing neatly written texts of Scripture, may be distributed, and are always gladly received. Tracts and papers can be given out at the same time. When talking to the inmates of these institutions, avoid conversation on doctrinal subjects. The essential thing is to lift up the lovely, sympathising Friend of sinners. His love will melt the heart, and then, "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." John 7:17. To some who are convalescing and able to read, a small book may be given or lent. The children of the church should be encouraged to gather bouquets for distribution to the sick, and to perform other simple services for their comfort.

The above are only a few of the many ways in which Seventh-day Adventists can let their neighbours know of the power of the truth in the daily life. If your neighbour is in difficulty of any kind, be the first "Good Samaritan" at his side to offer assistance. In this, be careful not to let the big deeds of benevolence eclipse the little acts of kindness which count for so much in the Christian's daily contact with his fellow-men.

J. H. MCEACHERN.

Missionary Volunteer Department

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER PROGRAMME
FIRST WEEK

A Happy New Year

Opening Exercises.

Reading: New Year Resolutions

Poem: My New Year Aim

Reading: Reasons for Observing the Morning Watch.

New Year Resolutions

ALTHOUGH in one sense the first day of the new year is no more to God than any other day, yet He often puts into the hearts of His children at that time a desire to begin the new year with new resolves,—perhaps with plans to carry out some worthy enterprise,—and with purposes to depart from the wrongs of the old year and to live the new year with new determinations.

In God's plan for His ancient people, He gave the command, "On the first day of the first month shalt thou set up the tabernacle." We have no tabernacle to set up as had the children of Israel, but we have a work of building to do, the importance of which all need to understand. Let us remember that character is not the result of accident, but day by day it is forming for good or for evil. Great importance attaches to this work of character building; for it is far-reaching in its results. We are builders for time and for eternity. Few realise the power of habit. Examine your own heart and life in the light of God's Word, and ask yourself, "What

has my record been for the year that is just closing? What advancement have I made in the Christian life? What victories have I gained? And what have I done to help others, and to lead them to Christ?"

God has not placed you in the world to lead an aimless life. He designs that you should be useful, and reach a high standard of moral excellence. To each one some work is given. During the old year have you performed your appointed tasks with cheerfulness and fidelity, having an eye single to the glory of God? Opportunities and privileges have been granted you; what use have you made of these gifts entrusted to you by our Heavenly Father? Have you made yourself a blessing to those around you? Have you done what you could to make them happy and win them to Christ?

All this is a part of your appointed work. God also requires each of us to subdue self, not giving the rein to self-indulgence or appetite, and to form characters that will stand the test of the judgment and go with us into the future life.

Shall the close of the year find you further advanced than you are to-day? Will you put away evil habits? Will you be considerate of others, faithful to do the work of a Christian? If you will carry the principles of right-doing into all the affairs of life, you will find that it will promote health of body, peace of mind, and prosperity of soul. You will have a strength, dignity, and sweetness of character that will have a transforming influence upon others.

We are now entering upon a new year, and may it prove a beginning of years to us. If in the old year we have made failures, let us commence the new by rectifying these errors as far as we can. If the old year has borne into eternity a spotted record of opportunities neglected and privileges slighted, let us see that that of the new year is free from these blemishes. Its days are all before us; let us begin now to make the history of each as it passes such as we shall not tremble to meet in the judgment. Let us fill each one full of loving, helpful work for others. Let us develop all our powers, and make of ourselves all that God designed that we should.

In the keeping of God's commandments there is great reward. A reward awaits the overcomer in the great day, when he shall hear from the lips of our Lord, "Well done, good and faithful servant"; and there is also a present reward in the peace and happiness that flow from a conscience at rest, from the sweet assurance that we enjoy the favour of God. "All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep His covenant and His testimonies." To all who walk in His ways the new year will be crowned with goodness and blessing.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

My New Year Aim

NOT yet attained! But still my feet are pressing

Toward those heights which lie out-stretched before;

That which the past has held of heavenly blessing

Will not suffice; I hunger still for more. And now as dawns for me one more new year,

So grant, O Lord, 'twill bring me yet more near.

More near to Thee! Yes, Lord, and ever nearer,

Forgetting all the things now left behind; My aim is higher ground, with vision clearer,

To see Thee close, though steep the path may wind.

Forgive, O Lord, the blindness of the past; Be still my Guide, I pray, and hold me fast!

"One thing I do!" My time cannot be squandered

In grieving o'er mistakes of years now gone;

Though in side paths my feet have oft-times wandered,

Yet reach I forward still—Lord, help me on!

And grant this year, in mercy given me, May lead to untrod heights, close, close to Thee.

PEARL WAGGONER HOWARD.

Reasons for Observing the Morning Watch

"AT the beginning of the day the soul is in its most receptive state. The mind has been refreshed by the rest of the night, and is also much less occupied than it will be at any subsequent hour of the day. Moreover, the outer conditions in the early morning are most favourable. The first hour is pre-eminently the still hour. The noises of yesterday have ended, and the din of the world of today has not yet broken upon us. It is easier to say, 'My soul, be thou silent unto God.' It is easier to heed the command, 'Be still, and know that I am God.'

"By having secret prayer and Bible study for spiritual growth the very first thing, we make certain of them. By assigning these important exercises to a later hour in the day, we multiply their chances of being abridged, interrupted, or crowded out entirely.

"The morning watch prepares us for the day's conflicts with the forces around us and within us. We do not wait until the enemy is upon us before we gird on the armour and grasp the sword. We fortify ourselves before any avenue is opened through which Satan might assail us; for example, before reading the morning paper, before entering upon conversation with others, before turning our own thought currents upon the plans and work of the day. It is always wise to gain a march upon the enemy.

"Without doubt our failure to prevail with man and against evil in the world during the day, is too often due to our failure to prevail with God at the beginning of the day.

"Notwithstanding the importance of the morning watch, there are Christians that say they do not have time to devote a full hour or more to such a spiritual exercise. It is a striking fact that the busiest Christians constitute the class who plead this excuse the least, and who most generally observe the morning watch.

"It may be questioned seriously whether there is any Christian who will not, after honestly and persistently following this plan for a month or two, become convinced that it is the best possible use of the time, and that it does not interfere with his regular work. He will find that the morning watch promotes the wisest economy of his time. He learns to redeem it. He enters the day well poised, under the control of the Spirit, not distracted; and thus he works without friction, strain, uncertainty, and waste."

How to Observe the Morning Watch

"Make sure at the very outset of the devotional hour each morning that you are right with God. If there be any unconfessed sin, wrong motive, or spirit contrary to Christ, it must be made right before we can receive what God has in store for us for the day. Sin is a terrible thing. It completely insulates us from God. It is vain, then, to expect real spiritual help from Bible study and prayer unless we are willing to give up any known sin.

"Remember that the hour of the morning watch is the still hour. After praying, and during Bible study, it is well to pause and listen to what the Lord will say. Too often we fill up the devotional hour with our own thoughts and prayers, and leave no still place for listening. Our actual attitude and practice might often be characterised by the words, 'Hear, Lord; for Thy servant speaketh,' than by the words, 'Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth.'

"It is difficult to obey the command, 'Be still, and know that I am God.' After we shut out the voices of the world's turmoil, after we banish the suggestions of the tempter, after we cease to listen to the thoughts about the morrow, after we silence the sound of our own cares, questions, and prayers,—then we hear that still small voice which His true followers always know."

"In the hush of morning stillness,
When my mind from care is free,
I would steal away, dear Saviour,
For an hour alone with Thee.

"In the quiet of the morning,
Kissed by heaven's refreshing dew,
How I love a quiet moment
All alone, dear Lord, with You.

"If our loving, sinless Saviour,
As life's rugged way He trod,
Felt the need of soul-communion,
Hid away, alone with God;

"How much more should we, His children,
As we tread life's weary round,
Seek for courage, grace, and wisdom,
Where alone they can be found."

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER PROGRAMME SECOND WEEK

Thoughts on Reading

Opening Exercises.

Reading: Good Thoughts on Good Reading.

Reading: Why a Reading Course?

Reading: Slightly Soiled.

Reading: A Missionary's Call.

Poem: Books.

Good Thoughts on Good Reading

"TRULY there is nothing else, in all the world which gives us such refined and elevated pleasure as good reading; and nothing else can so round out and fill in our characters, can add to our happiness, sustain us in sorrow, and teach us to look forward to that glad time when we shall see Him as He is, as the earnest reading of the things which God has caused to be written in His Word."

"To fall in love with a good book is one of the greatest events that befall us. . . . No one can become the friend

even of one good book without being made wiser and better."

"There is power in good reading to keep the mind from evil thoughts and to mould an upright character, while poor reading sows the seed of evil in the fertile mind; and can it help but grow? Poor literature portrays false ideas of life and creates wrong ambitions. 'Light reading utterly destroys love for the good and true.' This is one of the chief reasons of there being so many people at the present who have not the power of concentration of thought on one subject."

"Those with but little time for reading often think that it is out of the question for them to become acquainted with the best books. On the other hand, the less one can read, the more carefully should the choice be made, that the very best use may be made of the opportunity."

"Pearls do not float on the surface; one must dive for the best. The books that yield the richest rewards do not give up their chief treasures to the careless reader. What is most worth reading once will generally better repay rereading. The wise man emphasises in Proverbs the importance of earnest seeking after wisdom, although it is offered to all."

"The choice of books determines our destiny. Our intellectual nature is like the chameleon: it takes colour from that on which it feeds. Tell me what music you love, what books you read when you are alone, and I will tell you which way you are moving, upward or downward."

The very last appeal to our young people from Sister White was filled with earnest admonition to store the mind with that which will make for success in the work of character building. She said: "We should advise the young to take hold of such reading matter as recommends itself for the upbuilding of Christian character."

"Time is so short that no person has time to spend in reading that which will not be of help to him."

"To us, who live in the closing hours of this world's history, does this especially apply. When we contemplate the times through which we are soon to pass, and the preparation needed in order to pass them safely, surely it behooves us to use our time to the very best advantage possible, in order that we may build for eternity."

"Seventh-day Adventist young people have a high mark for which to aim, and a wonderful prize to win. So, young men and young women, read the literature that will give you true knowledge, and a fitting up for that heavenly home at last."

"The oftener and more diligently you peruse the Scriptures, the more beautiful will they appear, and the less relish will you have for light reading."

"All cannot go to college, but all can read. Many men and women who are filling places of prominence are what we call self-made, and have got their education largely through reading."

Why a Reading Course?

"WHAT can be the matter with Emily?" Miss Allison had just finished looking over Emily's examination paper, and Emily had failed. "Emily failed! I cannot understand it. She was such a good student. Last year I thought she was going to finish with brilliant success." But the

paper was hopelessly muddled; sentences were disconnected, and facts wrong. She closed the schoolroom door thoughtfully that afternoon, but instead of going to her room for much-needed rest, she turned her steps toward the home of the pupil who had failed.

Mrs. Burnley greeted the teacher warmly. In fact, she had longed for some time to talk over matters with Miss Allison. The news of Emily's failure was not a surprise to the mother. Emily's disinterest and dreaminess had been apparent in the home for several months, and the mother knew the cause. During the last summer vacation she had been given some cheap novels by a supposedly good friend. The taste had grown rapidly until now Emily was hardly responsible for her own actions. She knew that such reading was ruining her chances for an education, and she often promised her mother to stop. But the temptation was too strong. Many a time the mother awakened to find a light burning in her daughter's room, and a promise broken.

Do not be too severe in your judgment of Emily, dear young people. The reading she had indulged in at first, just as a passing pleasure, had already changed the cells of her brain until she had no more power to resist the opportunity to read a fascinating story than a drunkard has to resist the odour of the deadly beverage.

It was only through the power of Jesus that Emily finally turned her defeat into victory, but her brain bore the scars of that experience for a long time. If you should ask her about it, she would say that she never has been able to concentrate as she used to, and she would warn you very earnestly never to allow yourself to read a book you could not leave at any time for solid work in preparing school lessons or for a quiet Bible hour.

A very wise man once said that as a man "thinketh in his heart, so is he." We think about what we read. We cannot help it, for the impression is there in a little groove in our brain. That is why what we read helps to make us. How very important, then, for us to read only the very best!

"Pearls do not float on the surface; one must dive for the best." Sometimes young people do not learn to dive well, and for this reason the Missionary Volunteer Department at the Union Conference office does the diving for them. Every year the workers there read a great many books, and they choose the very best. They select the books that young people like, and also that will help to make them better students in school, better workers for the Master. H. H.

Slightly Soiled

TWO theological students were walking along an "old clothes" street in the White Chapel district of London. Suddenly one exclaimed, "What a splendid text for a sermon to young men!" pointing to a suit of clothes that always hung in the breeze at the side of a window, "Slightly Soiled, Greatly Reduced in Price." "That's it exactly," he went on. "We young people get soiled slightly, just seeing a vulgar show in a theatre, just reading a coarse book, just allowing ourselves a little indulgence in dishonest or lustful thoughts, just slightly soiled, and, lo, when the time comes for our manhood to be appraised, we are 'greatly reduced in price.'"—Selected.

A Missionary's Call

A YOUNG college girl, who had promised to seek Christ's guidance in everything, was reading a missionary book when she felt that she ought to become a missionary. "For years I had my own plans for life," she said later. "The thought of mission life was especially unattractive. The Bible turned into such a plea for missions that I hesitated to pick it up. I used to lay the book aside sometimes, and think I must stop reading. I prayed God to let me give my time, my interest, my money, anything but myself, to a foreign field. I spent hours trying to find excuses that would hold in the Master's sight." At last there was a change; her own plans were surrendered, and she wrote: "I told the Lord I wanted to follow His leading; just to make me willing and glad to go." And how He answered! To-day she is in China. From there she writes: "I can imagine nothing sweeter in this life than the continued obedience to the Master's call for service."—*Wellspring*.

Books

GOOD books are "really-true" friends,
They help us in our play;
They teach us how to live and work
And how to pass the day.

Companions they may always be,
Whenever we're inclined.
And by the books we like to read,
It's fair to judge our mind.

They bring us friends we cannot lose,
Who come to be so dear,
That books who introduce such folks
We look for far and near.

So choose the books that help you live,
To make your love more deep,
That after you have read them through
You're glad are yours to keep.

—*Ethel R. Peyser*.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER PROGRAMME THIRD WEEK

A Call to Service

Opening Exercises.
Reading: Service.
Reading: In the Golden Book.
Reading: What the Little Hands Told.
Poem: Inasmuch

Service

THE important question is not, "What shall I do to be saved?" but, "What shall I do to save others?" There will be no starless crowns in heaven. Every one who enters the pearly gates will enter with some one by his side. Some one will meet you with joy beaming in his face, and proclaim you his saviour.

Two men in the far, far north left their little cabin for a near-by cabin. During their journey a blizzard arose, and they lost their way. For many miles they wandered until they fell into the snow exhausted. One went to sleep. The other, being exhausted, was drowsy, and was about to go to sleep when the thought flashed through his mind, "We are freezing to death. He leaped to his feet, and grasping his comrade by the shoulder, tried to arouse him, but without success. So he carried his comrade, and occasionally tried

to awaken him. He went thus for many an hour. The blood coursed through his veins his body glowed with warmth. Not one thought was for himself; all energy was spent for the saving of his comrade. At last success met his efforts, his comrade was awakened, and both found shelter from the storm.

For that man to have yielded to sleep would have been death; for him to have left his comrade to perish would have been death. For the Christian to yield to spiritual sleep is death; to labour not for the salvation of souls is death. It may be a slow death, but eventually the Christian dies.

The three essentials of life are breath, food, and exercise. Without these we die. In the Christian life we must have breath, which is prayer; food, which is God's Word; and exercise, which is labouring for the salvation of others. Just as surely as the body will die without breath, food, and exercise, so the Christian will die without prayer, God's Word, and soul-saving.

Jesus says: "Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." There is so much in that little word, watch. Watch for the discouraged one. Satan has assailed him with fierce temptations, and the poor, sin-laden soul sinks into discouragement. Just a word, a lift, brother; that is all; just so he can see the loving, compassionate Jesus. Watch for the sad and lonely one. Just a hand pressure and a whisper, "I am sorry"; perhaps better yet a smile, a few cheery words—and a soul is made happy.

Watch—the poor sick one. The pains and aches have been great. Just a little service will relieve pain and ache from body and heart.

Then there is that schoolmate. He is not so bright as you are. Just a little lift over the hard lesson. Yes, and there is the neglected one, with the unpleasing personality, who is shunned by others—but not by you. You will be his comrade, and draw out the qualities of that character which lie dormant, due to timidity or discouragement, and which if won to Christ will be of great service to His cause.

O, watch! watch! There are so many opportunities of service that if we should only watch, our hands would be busy from morning till evening. It is the little opportunities that we must watch, as they are the turnings in the pathway that leads to untold opportunities of leading souls to Christ.

"Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." He is so near, so very near, that when night comes and we are wearied by our service, we almost see Him, and we almost hear the joyful words: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."—*Selected*.

In the Golden Book

[The lesson taught in this parable should be emphasised.]

WITHIN the courts of Paradise, at the gate of the palace of the King, stood a little child, watching the faces of those who passed in.

"May I go in, too?" she asked of the angel who kept watch at the gate.

"I do not know, dear child," said the angel, "our great King is giving audience today to those whose names are written in the Golden Book of Remembrance."

"But whose names are written in the book?" asked the child.

"They are those whose good deeds the King likes best to remember," the angel said. "Shall we see if your name is there?"

"Please do," exclaimed the child, "and oh! I do hope it will be there. I have done many kind and good things in my life. My teachers all praised me, and said I was the best girl in my class."

Then the angel opened the great Golden Book of Remembrance and searched it carefully. "Dear child," he said, "there is nothing of all that in this book."

"Well," said the child, somewhat crestfallen, "please look into the book again. I once gave half the money from my savings box to a missionary, for the education of a little Negro boy."

Again the angel turned over the pages of the great Golden Book. "No, dear child," he said, "there is nothing about that here."

Then the child began to be afraid, but she tried hard to think, and she said, "Do you know at Christmas time I used to give half of my playthings to the poor children? Surely that must be in the book."

Once more he shook his head. "It is not written here."

Then the child's face fell, and the tears came into her eyes. "I can remember nothing more," she said. "I am so sorry. Oh, how I wish that I could have done something to make the King glad!"

But the beautiful angel looked lovingly down at the little child, and said: "My little one, there is no deed of kindness but gladdens the heart of our King. But in the Golden Book are written the deeds that are done with no thought of praise, but just for love's sake; and it is written in the Book that once a little girl found a poor, hungry boy in the street, and gave him the cake which had just been given to her. You were that child."

And the child looked up doubtfully, and said: "Oh, I know nothing about it. If it was really I who gave the cake, I must have forgotten it the next moment."

But the angel smiled sweetly, and said: "Dear child, the things we forget are often the things the King likes best to remember."

And he took her by the hand, and led her up the shining steps and into the throne room of the King; and a voice in which was the music of all sweet sounds said to her:

"I was hungry, and ye gave Me to eat. . . . Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these My brethren, even these least, ye did it unto Me." Dear child, I thank you for your gift."—*Selected*.

What the Little Hands Told

A LITTLE girl was left motherless at the age of eight. There were four younger than she. Her father was a poor man, and had to depend upon the daily labour of his hands for the support of his family. He was too poor to hire any one to undertake the care of his children, so the duties of the home-maker and mother fell upon the little girl, and nobly and patiently did

she perform them. Early and late she toiled to complete the tasks of the day; so it was no wonder that at the end of five years the slender strength was exhausted, and she was stricken down. At thirteen she lay dying.

A neighbour sat by her bed, giving what comfort she could. The little face grew troubled. "It isn't that I am afraid to die; I'm not. But I'm so ashamed," the little girl said. "Ashamed of what?" asked her companion, in surprise. "Why, it's this way. You know how it has been since mother died. I've been so busy, I've never done anything for Jesus; and when I go to heaven and meet Him, I shall be so ashamed! O, what can I tell Him?" Great sobs shook the neighbour's breast as she gathered the little, calloused, work-scarred hands into her own, and said: "I wouldn't tell Him anything, dear. Just show Him your hands."—*Selected.*

Inasmuch

It was only a cup of water,
With a gentle grace bestowed,
But it cheered a weary traveller
Along the lonely road;
For the way was long and dreary,
And the resting places few,
And the sun had dried up the streamlets,
And drunk up the sparkling dew.

None noticed the cup of water,
As a beautiful act of love,
Save the angels keeping the record
Away in the land above.
But the record shall never perish,
The trifling deed shall live,
For Heaven demands but little
From those who have least to give.

It was only a kind word spoken
To a weeping little child,
But the thread of its grief was broken
And the little one sweetly smiled;
And she who had spoken kindly
Went on her quiet way,
Nor thought such a simple action
Should count in the last great day.

It isn't the world-praised wonders
That are best in our Father's sight,
Nor the wreaths of fading laurel
That garnish Fame's dizzy height;
But the pitying love and kindness,
The work of the warm caress,
The beautiful hope and patience
And self-forgetfulness.

The trifle in secret given,
The prayer in the quiet night,
And the little unnoticed nothings,
Are good in our Father's sight.

—*Selected.*

**MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER PROGRAMME
FOURTH WEEK**

Foreign Missions

Opening Exercises.
Reading: The Village of the "Cluster of Coconut Palms."
Reading: The Message Finds its Way to the "Cluster of Coconut Palms."
Poem: Hero Missionaries.

The Village of the "Cluster of Coconut Palms"

MANY years ago when our grandmothers and our grandfathers were little boys and girls, there was ill feeling between the

Talaings and the Shans in the Salween District of Burma. The Talaings built a flourishing village on the west bank of the river on several small hills, and raised thirty-three white pagodas to give glory and excellence to their kingdom; while the Shans settled on the east bank in a beautiful flat situation, which they made more lovely by planting cocoanut palms, so that before long, the one village was called the village of the "Thirty-three Pagodas" and the other the village of the "Cluster of Coconut Palms."

The bad feeling grew and grew between these two villages till it is said, if the people of either village crossed over to the other side of the river they were instantly killed.

Then it was that the people of the palm village thought to build them a pagoda,—perhaps a pagoda would become a great blessing in protecting their people from the jealousies of their rivals. So they called their cunning workmen and their masons and their brickmakers and all set to work with a will. Bye and bye the beautiful glistening white pagoda was all done except the top piece. They called a great festival for this occasion and proclaimed a feast, but the evening before their work was to be crowned, a terrible storm arose and half of the pagoda was broken down, so the festival had to be put off till the damage had been repaired, and then the same disaster overtook them, the lightning flashed, the thunder roared, and some say the earth quaked, and the pagoda was badly damaged again. However, undaunted, they repaired it for the third time, fully expecting that their work would stand, but when after finally completing it it was again destroyed by a storm more furious and more destructive than before, the work was abandoned.

Then came the British occupation of Maulmein and Lower Burma, and gradually the excellency of these two tribes faded away, till finally the two once popular villages were left deserted. The jungle grew up and covered their shrines, the houses fell and rotted away, the roads and streets were overgrown and lost, the tiger, barking deer, and the sambar, revelled in the valleys and cozy nooks of the village of the "Thirty-three Pagodas," while snakes and dragons inhabited the village of the "Cluster of Coconut Palms."

On account of the old custom of burying treasures at the bottom of the pagodas, robbers and thieves now came to break them down and take away the treasure. From one of the thirty-three, one man took away seven elephant loads of silver brick. The spirits, fearing that the treasure of the unfinished pagoda of the Palm village would be taken, cursed the man who would try to reclaim the treasure saying, "Let him die in the hole he digs," and also placed two big pythons—as big as houses—to guard the place. Notwithstanding the curse and the pythons, however, there came a man who dug and dug till he had dug quite a hole in the base of the pagoda, when all of a sudden a big stone fell in onto him and hurt him so badly that he could only crawl home in time to die there. Then another man tried with exactly the same result, just able to reach home in time to gasp his last. So the place was forsaken and shunned, and remained haunted and desolate. So runs the tradition of the country.

ERIC B. HARE.

The Message Finds Its Way to the "Cluster of Coconut Palms"

ONE hot day in 1914 Pastor G. A. Hamilton sat in a canoe which was slowly creeping up the edge of the river. He was anxious and weary; he had already travelled from East to West and from North to South, for he had been looking for a location for a mission station amongst the Karens, and while he had found several places yet he felt that surely there was something better, and now he was two days' journey above Maulmein, one by river steamer and one by canoe. The district he found himself in this day had a Karen population of 33,000, only 200 of whom were Christians. This was surely a needy district, but where could he find a suitable place that would be central enough! The sun nearing the horizon made the trees stand out in contrast and reflection, and as he looked ahead he saw on a very prominent part of the bank a lovely cluster of cocoanut palms. How peacefully calm they looked slowly nodding in the gentle breeze! Did they seem to be beckoning him there? The canoe slowly crawled along till it was in the shadow of the palms, and Brother Hamilton got out to have a look round. It was a lovely spot commanding a view of about eight miles of river scene with mountains in the background, all around. This was the place, but how could it be obtained? Further observation revealed one or two solitary little houses and the fact that part of the ground belonged to them, and that they were anxious to sell. The rest of the land was the government's, which gladly gave a grant, so in 1915 Brother Hamilton was able to establish a S. D. A. mission on the site of the ancient village of the "Cluster of Coconut Palms," and the compound included the trees, the old broken down pagoda and all.

The same year Miss M. Gibbs (now Mrs. A. J. Denoyer) opened her dispensary, and hundreds of people came from the surrounding villages every month for healing.

And a few years later—1918—we were able to add to the light and influence of the mission by establishing a school. The ignorance of the district is a great drawback, but with the Lord's help we gathered them one of a village, two of a family, till we have at present thirty-eight attending school.

A few months ago we dug a well, and found beautiful living water, but we didn't know where to get bricks to keep it from caving in. Then we thought of the old pagoda, and sure enough we found almost sufficient bricks among the ruins to wall up our well. We neither saw nor feared the pythons nor the curse, although the big hole in the base of the ruins where someone had been digging for treasure, and other large cracks in the rocks which are supposed to be the homes of the pythons, are plainly to be seen. The village to this day is known as the village of the "Cluster of Palm trees"; and while it so long sat in darkness, it has now become a great light, and some of the bricks of the pagoda, a symbol of one of the greatest of false religions (Buddhism)—the pagoda that was never completed—have become the walls of a well of beautiful living water. And I think when Jesus comes there'll be some to meet Him from the village of the "Cluster of Coconut Palms."

ERIC B. HARE.

Hero Missionaries

THEY have journeyed far on stormy tide
To the friendless shore, and the strange
hillside,
Where the wild winds sigh, and the dark-
ness creeps;
For their hearts are sad with a world that
weeps,
And theirs is a love that never sleeps.

Where the stress is great and the battle
long,
They strengthen their faith with psalm
and song;
And if for guerdon they have defeat,
The hymns of their angels are forever
sweet,
And they take their rest at the Master's
feet.

God is the source of their secret strength;
They trust in Him, and they see at length
That morn is breaking after the night,
And the harvest-fields are gold and white,
While shines around them God's fadeless
light.

But who shall follow where they have
led?

Who live and labour and love instead?
O hearts of youth, earth waits for you,
Be strong and brave, be firm and true,
Faithfully promise, and nobly do!

—Selected.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER PROGRAMME FIFTH WEEK

WE leave the societies to make up their own programme for this meeting. There should be no difficulty in doing this with the wealth of matter at hand in our good books and papers.

Sabbath-School Missionary Exercises

(January 1)

An Appeal in Behalf of Tonga

ABOUT 2,300 miles north-east from Sydney is situated the kingdom of Tonga. It consists of three groups of beautifully verdant islands, the shores of which are bathed by the gentle ebb and flow of the Southern Pacific tide. In all there are about 150 islands, the majority of which are very low; while the rest rise some hundreds of feet from the level of the sea. But these lowlands and highlands with their beautiful slopes and trellises of living green unite to make this island home what it is—one of the most beautiful of the beauty spots of God's terrestrial creation.

The Tongans, among the first of the South Sea islanders to renounce heathenism, have done much towards establishing a system of education for the training of their children, almost every village having its own school and church, many of the latter being fine buildings.

Although these people are nominally Christian and religiously attend church services and prayer meetings, much remains to be done for them. They sadly lack some of the finer Christian graces, and many of the old heathen superstitions

remain with them as relics of the pit from which they have been dugged at the cost of missionary life and labour.

The Tongan people generally are very friendly and good-natured, and in many ways are worthy of greater efforts than have ever yet been put forth in their behalf, though noble men and women have lived, and worked, and died to bring them from the darkness of superstition and heathenism to the light of God's eternal truth.

They need the threefold message of Rev. 14:6-10; they need teachers filled with the Spirit of God; teachers who will live out the true Christian life before them and whom apparent failure cannot discourage; teachers who will live or die, who will do and dare anything and everything for Christ's sake and for the sake of the people. The needs of the people come up before God, a mighty plea for help.

The Spirit of God in turn appeals to you who have education and plenty. Will you not pray for these people? Will you not come yourself? If not, will you not give of your abundance or of your scanty store, that those who will come, may come with the elevating, sanctifying influence of the last message of mercy, that some of these dear people may be fitted to stand among those who are redeemed from among men when the Lord of light and glory comes to claim His own?

A. W. POWELL.

(January 8)

A Good Example

HERE in our village in Haapai, Tonga, is a family who show by their lives that the gospel has lost none of its power to work reforms, spiritually and physically, in the hearts of men, regardless of colour or nationality. The head of this family is Musie, his wife's name is Mary, and they have three children, whom they are endeavouring to lead to the kingdom of God.

The average native here, although professing Godliness and taking part in many religious meetings and even having family worship, is indolent and falls an easy victim to the ruling vices of smoking, cava drinking, gambling, unclean living, idleness, and immorality.

It is not thus with Musie; he believes in clean-cut separation from such things. To use scriptural words, he does not "love in word and tongue but in deed and truth." His time is not spent in gossip, but he is ever ready to help the missionary. His readiness to help is shown by his planting a large garden of sweet-potatoes for us during our absence of three months from the mission.

During the time this mission at Faleloa was without a European worker, Musie conducted the Sabbath meetings regularly and kept the small flock together. He satisfactorily kept all church accounts and gave an accurate report of all expenses. The mission house and general property were in his care, and he proved himself worthy of the responsibility placed upon him.

Musie sets a good example in giving his means to help along the cause he loves. He says, "If a man loves much he will give much." He is always anxious to be the one to provide us with such things as bananas, sweet-potatoes, breadfruit, or anything he has in his garden. Musie is

learning English with the ambition to be of more valuable assistance to new workers when they come this way.

B. E. HADFIELD.

(January 15)

The Cry From the Four Winds

"HOW long is it," asked an old Mohammedan woman in Bengal, India, "since Jesus died for sinful people? Look at me; I am old, I have prayed, given alms, gone to holy shrines, become as dust from fasting, and all this is useless. Where have you been all this time?"

Her cry was echoed from the icy shores of the farthest north-west territory. "You have been many moons in this land," said an old Eskimo to the Bishop of Selkirk. "Did you know this good news then? Since you were a boy? And your father knew? Then why did you not come sooner?"

It was heard in the snowy heights of the Andes. "How is it," asked a Peruvian, "that during all the years of my life I have never before heard that Jesus Christ spoke those precious words?"

It was repeated in the white streets of Casablanca, North Africa. "Why have you hoarded it to yourselves? Shame on you!"

It is the cry of the four winds. If we fail to answer this cry, surely these words of Solomon will be fulfilled:—

"If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not: . . . shall not He render to every man according to his works?" Prov. 24:11, 12. Let us awake to our duty and privileges.

(January 22)

The Influence of the Sab- bath-School In a Catholic Country

A DEAR little nine-year-old girl named Della lives here in our house. She is an Argentinian, the daughter of Catholic parents. I invited her to our Sabbath-school one day, and I do not know when I have ever seen any one get so much pleasure out of a similar occasion. It was her first experience of the kind—the first Protestant meeting she had ever attended.

We had to walk about twenty blocks, so when we reached home, I asked her if she was not tired and hungry, as it was long past her usual meal-time. This was her answer:—

"No, not at all. I really do not care for any dinner, for I feel so satisfied somehow. I had such a good time and saw so many interesting things and heard so many nice stories that it sort of took the place of dinner."

Knowing how hungry most children get on Sabbath, I thought that quite an unusual testimony. That evening, while we washed dishes together, she told me what she had heard, repeating the story of Daniel in the lions' den almost perfectly. Her parents were very much pleased, and are letting her go every week. The mother told me yesterday that she could get her to do anything by threatening not to let her go to Sabbath-school if she did not comply with her wishes.

Several times I found her studying the hymn book, and in a very short time she had learned several of the children's songs by heart. So we sing "Shining," "When He Cometh," and similar songs while washing the dishes.

I bought her a "Gospel Primer" in Spanish, and she is just devouring it. It is the only book she has to read besides her school reader. The mother said she herself spent one evening reading the stories in it and liked it. She told me that Delia had learned many of the texts of Scripture by heart already. I asked her one day which story she liked best. "The Babe in Bethlehem," she answered.

She is indeed a dear little girl, and we are praying that through her the parents may be won to the truth.

Thus we can see how the Lord is using the Sabbath-school in this "Neglected Continent" to tell the gospel story.

MRS. I. H. STEVENS.

(January 29)

A Native Boy and His Mother

I WANT to tell you of a little native boy who came to us at the time of the famine in Matabeleland. The little fellow, although seven or eight years old, was so nearly starved that he had to be carried on his mother's back. We took him in. I think I never saw a child of his years that seemed to grasp the doctrines of the gospel quicker than that little fellow did. Day by day you would find him trying to read his Bible and understand it. After three or four years he wanted to be baptised. He wanted to be "Jesus' boy."

And then it was with him just as it is with the rest of us—as soon as the truth got into his heart and into his life, he wanted his own people to have the message. His mother lived in a village about fifty miles away. One day my wife was sitting at the table writing a letter home, and the little fellow came up and stood by her. She said to him, "What do you want?" "Well," he said, "Missis, I just wondered who you are writing to." She said she was writing to her mother across the ocean.

Then the little fellow said, "Missis, won't you put this in the letter, and tell your mother that down in that village where my mother lives there is no missionary, nobody to teach my mother about this Jesus you have taught me about? And won't you write and tell your mother to send somebody to my mother, so that she can have the knowledge of this same Jesus?" To satisfy him, my wife said, "Yes; I will write that in the letter."

A little while after that he wanted to know about how long it would take for his missionary to come. We told him it would take about five months before we could get a letter back. And so the little fellow counted the moons. He had a stick, and every time the moon died, as they say, he would cut a notch in the stick. When he had five of these notches on his stick, he said, "My moons are up—how about my missionary?" And we had to tell him that we had no word about it yet.

Six months, seven months, eight months, he waited, and it was going on toward the ninth month. Then one day he saw some people going through the village, past the mission station. He ran out to see them, and found they had come from his home.

Childlike, the first question he asked was, "How is mother?" And the word came back to the little fellow, "Your mother is dead." She had starved to death in the famine that extended all over the country, when the natives were dying by the hundreds.

The little boy came back to the house, and stood up there with tears trickling down his cheeks, lips quivering, and said, "Teacher, my mother is dead, and the missionary never came. Will I ever see my mother again?"

I want to tell you that was about the hardest question I ever had to answer. Oh, what can we say when we come up before the judgment bar of God for all those who have gone down to their graves without God and without hope in this world? What will our answer be when we appear in the courts of heaven?

W. H. ANDERSON.

Foreign Mission Day

(January 8)

Bible Study

Performing the Impossible

1. IT is in performing things humanly impossible that God always manifests His omnipotence. Isa. 41:18-20.

2. He sent Noah to preach for 120 years the coming of a deluge which men declared impossible. Gen. 6:3, 13, 18. Compare 2 Peter 2:5.

3. He chose Abraham ("one as good as dead") to be the progenitor of the Messiah. Rom. 4:13, 18-20.

4. He led Israel to the Red Sea and opened the waters before them, when they and the Egyptians thought deliverance impossible. Ex. 14:13-15, 21, 22.

5. To inspire faith in His omnipotence He asks, "Is there anything too hard for Me?" Jer. 32:27.

6. Because the Lord performs human impossibilities, without faith we cannot please Him. Heb. 11:6.

7. Our Saviour in the great commission, laid upon the infant Church a task which was impossible from the human standpoint. Matt. 28:19.

8. Faith makes all things possible. Mark 9:23.

9. Men today scoff at the message of final judgment, and deny the story of the deluge. 2 Peter 3:3-7.

10. But our Saviour plainly states that His commission will be fulfilled. Matt. 24:14.

11. For our encouragement, John was given a vision of the work completed and its results. Rev. 7:9.

The Island of Amantani, in Lake Titicaca

MANY months have passed since I promised to send an account of our visit to the Indians on the island of Amantani, in Lake Titicaca. It has not been because of neglect, but because of illness that the report has not been sent before. Soon after returning from this journey I was taken ill with typhoid fever, and for seven weeks I battled with the disease. After the fever left me, I was unable to do any writing for months. Thanks be unto the Lord, who saw fit to restore me to His

work again! And now I want to let you know about these Indians.

They came for us with their grass boats, and we left Puno in their company one evening about six o'clock. The wind was favourable, the Indians hoisted their grass sails, and the next day at noon we came in sight of the island. This island is situated about forty-five miles out in Lake Titicaca, to the south-east of Puno. It is six miles long by three wide, and is inhabited by three hundred families of Quechua Indians.

For more than five years these Indians had been calling for some one to come and teach them. At first they brought their sick to Plateria, and by the blessing of the Lord we were able to help them. Later, when making these visits, they would stay to be taught. Finally they came to us and said they had decided to give up all their vices, and wanted to learn the Bible and keep the commandments of God. A young Quechua was sent over to them, who taught them for nearly a year, doing most excellent work, as we learned on this visit.

As we neared the island, we saw that hundreds had gathered on the shore to greet us. We were received amid loud exclamations and fond embraces. Then the band started to play, and we were escorted up the hilly shore to a fine new hut which the Indians told us was the church and school building.

We held a meeting, and then were led to the chief's house, where we were told to lodge during our visit. We were surprised to find that nearly all of that large gathering knew our hymns, and could sing them from memory. After a few days we baptised sixty-six of these Quechua Indians, finding them very well prepared indeed.

The candidates did something that I had never seen before at a baptismal service. Before entering the water, each one knelt on the shore for a moment and prayed; and upon leaving the water, each did the same. No one had taught them this. Of course, we had the regular service which precedes baptism.

As we were leaving them, they pleaded that a pastor might be sent them, telling us at the same time that soon the whole island would accept the message.

When we returned to Puno we found that the priests were enraged because of our visit to the island. For years they had kept these people in gross ignorance, securing most of their means and giving them nothing in return; and now that light had come to these people, they were angry.

They then began to persecute the Indians. First they aroused the land-owners who held property near the lands of the believers. They brought false accusations to the authorities against the ones who had been baptised, which resulted in the breaking up of twenty families and the driving of them off the island. These families came to us, and we tried to console them, giving them food and a place to lodge.

For weeks and months we tried to have the authorities return them in peace to their homes upon the island. Their dwellings had been torn down and burned, their belongings stolen and, with the rest, their little church building had also been burned.

The strain upon us was terrible. It took the combined efforts of Mrs. Stahl and myself to keep these poor people from going into utter discouragement. Their

enemies told them to renounce the truth, but we are thankful to say that we know of none who deliberately did so. Those who were left on the island during this time of persecution, stood the insults heaped upon them and kept quiet.

This case was taken to government headquarters at Lima. An interest was shown in it there; and now, after five months of absence, all have again returned to their island homes. We hope soon, by the blessing of God, to establish there a church and a school.

F. A. STAHL.

In the Heart of China

IMMEDIATELY after the close of our Hupeh general meeting, held March 5-14, the writer, accompanied by a Chinese evangelist, left Hankow for a station 125 miles distant. The trip was made in two stages: first by small launch, and then on horseback.

We arrived at our station a little after nine o'clock in the morning, and found the people all waiting for us. After a good Chinese breakfast, which was prepared by the local evangelist's wife, we held a meeting, and at this meeting started a baptismal class, giving them three hours' instruction a day,—two in the afternoon and one at night. Sabbath afternoon we reviewed all the main points of the message, giving the men—for they were all men—a good opportunity to grasp the principles of the truths they believed. All took a lively interest in the instruction, and came day after day, with note-paper and pencil, Bibles, and text-books, that they might improve every opportunity for a thorough knowledge of the message.

Though not very fluent in Chinese, having been in China only about a year and a half, I led the afternoon meetings, which lasted two hours. The night meetings were conducted by the evangelist who accompanied me. Every morning at eight o'clock public morning worship was held, to which a large number came. These meetings were conducted by the local evangelist and his helper.

One would have to go a long way in China to meet as fine a class of people as we have at this place. All the candidates can both read and write, and most of them are quite well to do. The Spirit of God has really worked upon their hearts, and we were happy to be able, after a rigid examination, to lead fourteen of these stalwart men down to the watery grave. The other eleven were requested to wait six months longer and spend the intervening time in diligent study of the truth.

This is a new station, and we feel confident that soon we shall have a strong, energetic church at this place. Here in this out-of-the-way spot in the heart of China, God's Word is bearing fruit. Though the work moves forward under difficulties and hardships, we thank God that no worker in our province is discouraged, but that all are pressing forward, determined to conquer every obstacle in His name and to triumph in the end.

Difficulties? hardships? Yes! It was at this place, and at this time, that a band of robbers, eight in number, visited the home of one of our candidates, a shopkeeper. He was called out of a night meeting one Thursday, and under threat of death, was compelled to give up his

money. This same man, when asked about his faith, said, "I thank God that the robbers, though they took away my money, could not take away my faith." This man was baptised Sabbath afternoon in a pouring rain and in the presence of hundreds of people from the town. In fact, it looked as if the whole town had turned out to see this strange sight.

W. E. STRICKLAND.

The Opening of Our Work in Tibet

FOR centuries the doors of old Tibet have been tightly closed against every form of Christian effort, and the foreigner who ventures to intrude his presence within the national boundary does so at the risk of his life. The Tibetans are "strong, energetic, abstinent, and enduring, but superstitious and of low morals. They are both herders and husbandmen, and are skilful weavers, potters, and metal workers. Practically all are Lamaists." Lamaism is a form of Buddhism.

Impelled by the assurance that "this gospel of the kingdom" must be preached for a witness in Tibet as well as in all other parts of the world, our missionaries have advanced to Tatsienlu, China, a city near the border line, where China and Tibet meet. The Tibetans come into Tatsienlu for commercial purposes, and here our missionaries endeavour to get in touch with them and implant in their minds seeds of truth which will be carried back into Tibet and bring forth fruit.

The burden of the salvation of the Tibetans having been laid upon two consecrated young people,—Dr. and Mrs. J. N. Andrews, whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Andrews and Pastor and Mrs. W. A. Spicer, reside in Takoma Park, Washington—who have had the courage and perseverance to reach the farthest outpost toward Tibet, there to stand and await God's leading in opening the doors for entrance, we may with confidence send forth a volume of prayer that God will especially protect these workers and speedily permit them to enter in and gather out for God's kingdom representatives from mysterious Tibet.

Here is a personal word from Dr. Andrews:—

"We have been conducting our dispensary work for several weeks, and already are treating a considerable number of Tibetans daily, as well as many Chinese. Yesterday there were forty patients, and twenty of these were Tibetans. Usually more Chinese than Tibetans come. We have received several invitations to visit the homes of Tibetans desiring medical assistance, and we are rejoicing in these privileges of meeting them and of ministering to their physical needs. We are praying God that He may help us to minister to their spiritual necessities as well. . . . Our faith reaches out after the honest in heart who are dwelling in this great western land."

Dr. J. N. Andrews, writing to the publishing house at Shanghai, says:—

"Have just received two copies of the law chart in the Tibetan language. It is certainly a fine job. Sabbath I had one pinned up in our little meeting-room. A great wild-looking Tibetan came in. I pointed to the chart, and he read part of it, then turning asked if I had another to give to him. I pulled that one down from

the wall in a hurry and gave it to him, and he went off smiling—the first Tibetan to receive an Adventist sheet in his own language."

Power

CHRISTIANS are told that if they would become strong, they must work. It is the man who works that receives power. The blacksmith's right arm, it is said, is an example of this. It is the everlasting pounding which develops muscle and increases the size of the arm.

We wonder how much muscle would be developed, and how long the blacksmith would pound, if he did nothing, but pound. It is what a man eats, and not what he does, that makes him strong. The first thing to be considered is diet, and the second, work. The blacksmith would pound all the flesh off his bones in a short time if he did not eat.

In order for Christians to be strong, they must first be well fed on the marrow and fatness of the gospel; then they can work to good advantage. But to put them to work without soul diet, as is often done, is to kill them before their time.

"Ye shall receive power," not when ye have done so much work, but "after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." When will Christian ministers and members learn the secret of power? It is not something they work on to them, but something which comes from God.

—Christian Witness.

A Surrendered Life

"ARE you as happy as you seem?" asked a discouraged teacher in one of our schools. "You always wear a smile and have a pleasant word for everyone you meet. I don't see how you do it, I'm blue as indigo a good share of the time."

"Marion," began her older friend, "I'm sorry for you. I know just how you feel. There are a good many indigo threads woven into my life, too. But I'm so thankful that I'm learning to avoid them more and more. Marion, I feel sure that if you and I will get so close to the Saviour that sin cannot veil the Saviour's loving smile from us, we shall always have joy enough to keep our hearts serene no matter how many trials surround us. And we shall find the joy He supplies so sweet that we, like Daniel, would rather be in the dark den of hardships alone with Him, than in the sunshine of the world without Him."

Here the bell sounded, and with a look of gratitude and a "Thank you," Marion hastened to her class henceforth far happier.—Selected.

"THE work of winning the world to Christ is my work, as really and as fully, as it is the work of any one else. Let me not avoid or shirk it in any way."

THE MISSIONARY LEADER

PUBLISHED BY THE
AUSTRALASIAN UNION CONFERENCE OF
SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS

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

Editor: Anna L. Hindson

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