



THE MISSIONARY LEADER



Vol. 9

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No. 2

Home Missions Department

An Open Letter to Our Church Officers

DEAR BRETHREN,—

We wish you could have been present at the Home Mission convention held in November and caught the inspiration which we all received as we studied together the great possibilities of the church of God for service. The resolutions then adopted and which have been published in the *Record*, reveal to you the fact that the leaders in our work plan to inaugurate a great soul-saving campaign by utilizing the talents of the lay membership in our churches.

We will quote you just a few statements from the Spirit of Prophecy which stirred our souls as we considered them:

"I have been deeply impressed by scenes that have recently passed before me in the night season. There seemed to be a great movement—a work of revival—going forward in many places. Our people were moving into line, responding to God's call.

"In visions of the night representations passed before me of a great reformatory movement among God's people. Many were praising God. The sick were healed, and other miracles were wrought. Hundreds and thousands were seen visiting families and opening before them the Word of God. Hearts were convicted by the power of the Holy Spirit, and a spirit of genuine conversion was manifest. On every side doors were thrown open to the proclamation of the truth. The world seemed to be lightened with the heavenly influence. Great blessings were received by the true and humble people of God."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. IX, page 126.

Please notice carefully that this is a description of work to be done by our church members. We fully believe that the time has come when such a movement should be seen in our midst.

"Let church members, during the week, act their part faithfully, and on the Sabbath relate their experience. The meeting will then be as meat in due season, bringing to all present new life and fresh vigour. With joy they will tell of the precious experience they have gained in working for others."—Vol. VII, page 19.

In harmony with this instruction the following action was taken at the convention and confirmed by the Union Conference Committee:

VOTED: "That opportunity be given all our church members in the service on the fourth Sabbath of each month to relate the experiences they have had in active missionary work during the month."

We sincerely hope that all our church elders will put this vote into practice and make the service on this particular Sabbath

a live missionary experience meeting. We feel sure that this will stimulate great activity in your church in missionary work.

Each month a suggestive programme will be given in the LEADER to assist you in planning for this service. The programme will be short as we believe that most of the time should be given to our people to tell of their experiences in winning souls. The leader should not occupy more than fifteen or twenty minutes.

We believe that the whole success of this plan rests with the church elders. We must do something to stimulate greater missionary activity in our churches, and we would earnestly urge upon you, as elders, to consider the great responsibility which is yours in leading the "flock of God" into active service for the Master.

H. M. BLUNDEN.

Suggestive Programme for Fourth Sabbath Home Missionary Service

(To be held February 26, 1921)

Opening Song: "Christ in Song," No. 183.

Prayer.

Song: "Christ in Song," No. to be selected by leader.

Bible Study: "Every Follower of Christ to Be a Soul-Winner."

Testimony Study: "Every True Christian a Worker."

Experiences in Missionary Work by Members.

Report of Past Month's Work by Church Missionary Secretary.

Offering.

Closing Song: "Christ in Song," No. 513.

LEADER'S NOTE.—There are members in most churches who do not realize that the real evidence of their love for Christ and genuine conversion is the burden they have to give the gospel message to others. The elder is the shepherd of the flock, and should carry a heavy burden for every member of his church, that they all may be filled with the Spirit of Christ, and that they may be trained to become efficient labourers for Him. The studies in this programme will help the elder to make clear to his members the real test of their faith in the Lord.

Every Follower of Christ to Be a Soul-Winner

1. WHAT great commission did Christ give to His followers? Matt. 28:19, 20.
2. Was this commission given to the disciples only? Mark 13:34.
3. What was this far journey? Acts 1:9.
4. Before Jesus went for this far journey,

what were His farewell words to His followers? Acts 1:8.

5. What is the sure result of abiding in Christ? John 15:5.

6. What was Christ's work in the world? Luke 19:10.

7. When He left the world, to whom did He delegate this work? John 17:6, 18.

8. How long are Christ's followers to continue this soul-winning work? Matt. 24:14.

Every True Christian a Worker

1. WHAT is necessary in order for a church to prosper?

"No church can flourish unless its members are workers. The people must lift where the ministers lift. I saw that nothing lasting can be accomplished for churches in different places unless they are aroused to feel that a responsibility rests upon them. Every member of the body should feel that the salvation of his own soul depends upon his own individual effort. Souls cannot be saved without exertion. The minister cannot save the people. He can be a channel through which God will impart light to His people, but after the light is given, it is left with the people to appropriate that light, and, in their turn, let it shine forth to others. The people should feel that an individual responsibility rests upon them, not only to save their own souls, but to earnestly engage in the salvation of those who remain in darkness."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. II, page 121.

2. Are those who preach the Word the only ones who are responsible for soul-winning efforts?

"But it is not only upon those who preach the Word that God has placed the responsibility of seeking to save sinners. He has given this work to all."—*Id.*, Vol. VIII, page 18.

3. What is necessary in order that the members of the church may be able to resist temptation?

"To every man is given his work; not one is excused. Each has a part to act, according to his capacity; and it devolves upon the one who presents the truth to carefully and prayerfully learn the ability of all who accept the truth, and then to instruct them and lead them along, step by step, letting them realize the burden of responsibility resting upon them to do the work that God has for them to do. It should be urged upon them again and again, that no one will be able to resist temptation, to answer the purpose of God, and to live the life of a Christian, unless he shall take up his work, be it great or small, and do that work with conscientious fidelity. There is something for all to do besides going to church, and listening to the Word of God. They must practice the truth heard, carrying its principles into

their every-day life. They must be doing work for Christ constantly, not from selfish motives, but with an eye single to the glory of Him who made every sacrifice to save them from ruin."—*Id.*, Vol. IV, page 397.

4. To how many of Christ's followers was the great commission given?

"The commission which Christ gave to the disciples just prior to His ascension to heaven, was, 'Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' 'Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word.' The commission reaches those who shall believe on His word through His disciples."—*Id.*, page 401.

5. What is the very first impulse of a renewed heart?

"The very first impulse of the renewed heart is to bring others also to the Saviour. Those who do not possess this desire, give evidence that they have lost their first love; they should closely examine their own hearts in the light of God's Word, and earnestly seek a fresh baptism of the Spirit of Christ; they should pray for a deeper comprehension of that wondrous love which Jesus manifested for us in leaving the realms of glory, and coming to a fallen world to save the perishing."—*Id.*, Vol. V, page 386.

6. What will strengthen our spiritual powers?

"Go to work, whether you feel like it or not. Engage in personal effort to bring souls to Jesus and the knowledge of the truth. In such labour you will find both a stimulus and a tonic; it will both arouse and strengthen. By exercise your spiritual powers will become more vigorous, so that you can, with better success, work out your own salvation."—*Id.*, page 387.

7. When truth is not imparted to others, what does it lose?

"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. Every one must learn to work, and to stand in his place as a burden bearer. Every addition to the church should be one more agency for the carrying out of the great plan of redemption. The entire church, acting as one, blending in perfect union, is to be a living, active missionary agency, moved and controlled by the Holy Spirit."—*Id.*, Vol. VIII, page 47.

8. With whom will those who do nothing to save souls finally be classed?

"Those who are 'do nothings' now, will have the superscription upon them, 'Weighed in the balance, and found wanting.' They knew their Master's will, but did it not. They had the light of truth, they had every advantage, but chose their own selfish interests, and they will be left with those whom they did not try to save."—*Special Testimonies for Ministers*, No. 4, page 8.

9. When the church members do their appointed work, what will be the result?

"Long has God waited for the spirit of service to take possession of the whole church, so that every one shall be working for Him according to his ability. When the members of the church of God do their appointed work in the needy fields at home and abroad, in fulfilment of the gospel

commission, the whole world will soon be warned, and the Lord Jesus will return to this earth with power and great glory."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, page 111.

Missionary Volunteer Department

First Week Reverence

Opening Exercises.

Leader's Talk: "Reverence."

Reading: "An Impressive Experience."

Talk: "Nadab and Abihu."

Story: "Reformation of Beverly Hills."

LEADER'S NOTES.—Let the songs to-day be such as will tend toward reverence. Numbers 648, 485, 519, 507, 341, and 337 in "Christ in Song," would be appropriate selections.

TALK: *Nadab and Abihu*. This talk should be based on the chapter, "The Sin of Nadab and Abihu" in "Patriarchs and Prophets." Let it be given by a consecrated young person, but preparation should be made under the supervision of an elder person. Do not fail to bring out clearly the distinction between the holy and the unholy. Bring the lesson home. How do the members in your society behave in God's house? How do they handle their Bibles? And in what manner do they speak God's name?

Reverence

The Aim for To-day is deeper reverence among our Missionary Volunteers. God is our Father, so we can press very close to Him with all our petty trials, as well as our great perplexities; but let us always come to Him reverently, for He is the great God of the universe. Let us always speak His name with love and reverence; and let us never forget to treat His house respectfully. It is discourteous to God to be irreverent in the house that is dedicated to His worship. Can we not as young people see the need of reverence a bit more clearly to-day? Some are forgetful. The Missionary Volunteer who habitually treats God's name and God's house irreverently, is telling those about Him in clear tones that he does not know his God; for if he knew Him, he would love and revere Him.

In the Spirit of Prophecy we are given the following helpful instruction on reverence:

"From the sacredness which was attached to the earthly sanctuary, Christians may learn how they regard the place where the Lord meets with His people. There has been a great change, not for the better, but for the worse, in the habits and customs of the people in reference to religious worship. The precious, the sacred things which connect us with God, are fast losing their hold upon our minds and hearts, and are being brought down to the level of common things. The reverence which the people had anciently for the sanctuary where they met with God in sacred service, has largely passed away. Nevertheless, God Himself gave the order of His service, exalting it high above everything of a temporal nature."

"In the minds of many, there are no more sacred thoughts connected with the

house of God than with the most common place. . . . Because of the irreverence in attitude, dress, and deportment, and lack of a worshipful frame of mind, God has often turned His face away from those assembled for His worship."

"Sometimes young men and women have so little reverence for the house and worship of God that they keep up a continual communication with each other during the sermon. Could they see the angels of God looking upon them and marking their doings, they would be filled with shame and abhorrence of themselves. God wants attentive hearers."

"If when the people come into the house of worship, they have genuine reverence for the Lord, and bear in mind that they are in His presence, there will be a sweet eloquence in silence. The whispering and laughing and talking which might be without sin in a common business place, should find no sanction in the house where God is worshipped. The mind should be prepared to hear the Word of God, that it may have due weight, and suitably impress the heart."

An Impressive Experience

AS I entered a large city church some time ago, one of the ushers politely handed me a slip containing the order of the service, and conducted me to a seat. I glanced at the slip, and my attention was at once arrested. Upon the outside was this appeal: "Will not each worshipper in this sanctuary bow his head and send up a petition for himself, for his pastor, and for his church?"

The simple call to prayer struck home, and reverently I bowed my head in silent prayer. Others came in, but all, young and old alike, paused a moment with bowed head upon entering the pew. It was beautiful; it was impressive; *It was right*.

Shall not we, as young people, be more thoughtful in the future to render to our Creator, the reverence which is due to the King of the universe? C. A. RUSSELL.

The Reformation of Beverly Hills

BEVERLY HILLS boasted a thriving church. The message had been preached eloquently in that little valley, and the simple, honest farm people had responded in numbers. They had built a neat, attractive house of worship of which they might be reasonably proud; but that was not all. Back of the church stood a clean, modern, one-room schoolhouse: and one of the very best teachers in the State—so the superintendent had told them—was to take charge of the twenty-five bright, happy boys and girls during the coming year. Yes, the Beverly Hills church had good reason to feel complacent over the situation.

Grace O'Neil was happy too. She really had not expected to find such a lovely room in which to work, and such a cordial welcome from her new patrons. Her first disappointment came on Sabbath. She had entered the little chapel with the quiet peace of a glorious autumn Sabbath in her soul, but that peace had fled long before the services were over. It had given place to pain to find such loud laughing and talking before meeting and a regular hubbub between Sabbath school and church. The children were running back and forth.

The sun was sinking behind the western rim of the Beverly Hills, and the long, cool

shadows were purpling in the distance before the Sabbath quiet again stole into the new teacher's heart. She had slipped away from the warm farm-house and, Bible in hand, had sought a shady, secluded nook where she could watch God close His Sabbath day. The memory of the morning came as a discordant note now; but then, what could she do? Every one seemed to accept the visiting and bustle as the proper thing. It was hopeless.

Was it hopeless? The question would not be settled. That night Miss O'Neil turned to the eighteenth chapter of Matthew for her Scripture reading, but she got no farther than the third verse. Jesus had taught through the children, why could not she?

Two weeks later twenty-five boys and girls entered Sabbath school with quiet tread. Twenty-five immediately found seats. Miss O'Neil was there, too, with bowed head and a prayer in her heart, waiting for the superintendent to take his place. Somewhere on the apparel of those twenty-five a tiny blue badge was pinned, for they were all members of an important society. Truly important that society was, for each member had learned how to act in the presence of the King.

Sabbath school over, Miss O'Neil watched with eager interest. Yes, one after another the children were marching quietly to their accustomed places. Twenty-five boys and girls stifled impulses of restlessness that day, and the sermon did not seem quite so long.

Two more weeks had passed. There was already a marked change. More of the mothers had learned to take their seats quietly with those twenty-five boys and girls. Perhaps some had discovered the little blue badge and had been told stories of the importance of proper behaviour in the house of God, the same stories Miss O'Neil had told in school. At any rate, a committee on arrangements had been appointed. The wisest and most influential members of Beverly Hills church were members of it. And the results of the committee? Well, the resolutions and plans for better order would be read and acted upon by the whole church the next Sabbath.

The joy of spring throbbed in the air. The warm sunlight streamed into the little chapel on quiet heads, bowed in prayer or bent in reverent Bible study. Sabbath school was over, and there had been some delay before arrangements for church service were complete. Stillness reigned supreme in the little country church, and the faithful church school teacher bowed her head in another prayer of thanksgiving. The school-room doors had already been closed for the long, happy summer vacation, and Miss O'Neil would soon say good-bye to those whom she now held dear. The struggles had been many, and failures too. Yes, she knew she would do differently next time. Still, through it all, there was a sense of victory won, for Beverly Hills church owed its reformation to her boys and girls who had so valiantly led the way.

HARRIET HOLT.

"WHEN the Lord sees His people restricting their imaginary wants, practising self-denial, not in a mournful regretful spirit, as Lot's wife left Sodom, but joyfully for Christ's sake, then the work will go forward with power."

Missionary Volunteer Department

Second Week

Honesty

Opening Exercises.

Reading: "Personal Responsibility."

Reading: "Reliability."

Poem: "The Dependable Boy."

Story: "The Failure of Gladys Howe."

Personal Responsibility

A SENSE of personal responsibility will make one anxious to make the most of one's self. Did you ever watch an artist or a sculptor at work, and wish your hands had the same skill as his? Which are more valuable, men or pictures? men or statues? You are more than an artist, more than the greatest of sculptors, if you do your work well, for under God you are to make a man out of a boy.

Will it require thought and care on your part? Just as the sculptor has his model clearly in mind, so you must get clearly in your mind what kind of man you want to be. A true man, a respectable man, is *honest*. You must then feel the responsibility of being honest.

If you wanted a garden, you could never get one if you planted seeds a thousand times from which the embryo, or life, had been removed. No more can you get an honest man out of a boy from whose heart the seed of honesty has been removed. A boy would not allow another to cut off his right hand; but it would be better to lose both hands than to be dishonest. Of course you would not steal a horse, but if you cheat at play or examination time, or take biscuits or sweets from the grocer when he is not looking you are not honest. Perhaps you would not do any of these things, but if you are not careful always to tell the truth, you are not honest. Honest people cherish truth.

MRS. F. D. CHASE.

Reliability

THE feeling of personal responsibility makes a boy dependable. If when a person sends you on an errand, or your employer intrusts you with a certain work, or your teacher assigns you a task, you do not play them false, you do not shirk, or leave it to some one else, then you are dependable; and every person concerned rests easy, knowing that you will perform the task assigned you to the best of your ability. Men and boys grow less reliable as we near the end of time, so you should early determine to cultivate earnestly the habit of dependability, reliability. Those are two sturdy words that beget confidence and trust. Many of the furrows in the brow of parent, teacher, and employer, have been made by having to deal with unreliable persons, persons upon whom they could not depend to do good work.

We are told by one writer that "present-day civilization is one long search for reliable persons. Anything such a man asks shall be granted; his kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every city, town, and village—in every office, shop, store, and factory. The world cries out for such; he is needed, and needed badly. It is not book learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the backbone which will cause them to be loyal to a

trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies; do the thing they are expected to do."

One with this sense of personal responsibility becomes an anchor to which friends, employers, home, and country can tie with confidence that the anchor will hold even under the most trying circumstances.

MRS. F. D. CHASE.

The Dependable Boy

The boy who is bright and witty,
The boy who longs for fame,
The brilliant boy, his teacher's joy,
And the boy who leads each game,—
Right cordially I greet them,
And wish them every joy;
But the warmest part of my boy-loving heart
I give the dependable boy.

If he says he'll come at seven,
Ere the clock strikes he'll appear
At a fine, brisk pace, with a glowing face,
And a greeting good to hear.
If he says he'll mail your letter,
It will be mailed, don't doubt it;
He will not tuck it in some dark pocket,
And then forget about it!

He may be bright and witty;
He may be brilliant, too;
He may lead in the race with his manly face;

He may plan great things to do;
He may have all gifts and graces;
But naught can make such joy
And pride in me, as to know that he
Is a staunch, dependable boy.

—Selected.

The Failure of Gladys Howe

GLADYS came sauntering into the school-room, her eyes intently fixed on the page of a history. She was to have an examination, and she had forgotten to memorize the list of dates on which Miss Merrill had placed so much emphasis. She was a faithful student and had worked hard, so she felt reasonably sure of herself, all except those dates.

"Put all books away," sounded Miss Merrill's clear voice, and Gladys slipped her book, still open at the page she had tried to memorize at a glance, into the desk.

The questions were easy, and without hesitation, clear, concise answers flowed from Gladys's pen. "There! I knew she'd ask that," thought Gladys as toward the last she noticed a question requiring the very list of dates she had tried to stamp on her memory as she came into the room. She could see right where the list was in the book, on the left-hand page near the bottom, but cudgel her brain as she would, she couldn't remember a single date.

Then a wicked thought popped into her mind. The book was still open right at that place! Hastily she glanced around; all seemed bent on their tasks. They could hardly see her anyway, for she was in the back seat in the corner, and Miss Merrill was busily engaged in writing something on the board. Nervously she slipped a hand into the desk and slid the book out just a little. That was all that was necessary; she could see it easily now by just glancing down. One glance was sufficient, and before she had time to argue with herself, those dates were down, and she was hurrying on to the next question.

Next morning Miss Merrill had a bunch of papers in her hand. Yes, they were the history papers, and right on top was Gladys' with a red "98 per cent" penciled on it.

"Gladys Howe has the best paper," smiled Miss Merrill as the class was called. "In fact, she is the only one in the class who answered the eighth question correctly. She gave those dates exactly as I wanted them."

Gladys hung her head, and the blood surged into her face. The broad penciled "98" on her paper danced into one word, Failure. Something within her said, "Get up and make a clean breast of it." Her knees shook and her voice failed, and so the matter passed. Every night she made up her mind that she would confess and once more gain a clear conscience; but every day passed somehow; she hadn't seen the chance.

The days rolled into months, and finally into a year, and that dark blot had not been removed. A queer thing had happened, however; *Gladys had forgotten about it.* Her conscience had tired calling her attention to the matter, and so it had ceased to speak of it.

Years went by, and then one happy day Gladys made a complete surrender to her Lord. She asked that Jesus would take everything evil out of her life. While she was still on her knees, it flashed before her—the schoolroom, the examination on the board, and her open book in the desk. Something said, "You've still got that to make right." "How can I do it?" she argued with herself. "The teacher has gone. It was just a childish failure, anyway, and she'd think it silly for me to confess it now." Yet, every time she prayed, she saw the same glowing words, "You have something to make right."

At last she could stand it no longer. Taking herself in hand, she sat down and wrote a long letter to that teacher, telling the whole story. The letter reached its destination; the offence was gladly forgiven, and Gladys knew what joy an unburdened conscience could be. H. H.

Missionary Volunteer Programme Third Week Sumatra

Opening Exercises.

Reading: "Jottings from Sumatra."

Reading: "A Letter to the Young People."

LEADER'S NOTE.—As we have received a letter from Sister Wood of Sumatra addressed to the young people, we thought it would be well to devote one meeting to this field. If possible have a map on which Sumatra can be pointed out.

Jottings from Sumatra

WE take it for granted that most of you know, on our return from our very pleasant visit with you at the time of the last Union Conference, our field of labour was changed from Java to Sumatra. You have all heard of the work in Sumatra from Pastor Munson who, with his family, laboured here for many years, and also from Pastor Judge, who was also located here, and was transferred to Java at the time we came.

This was one of the first islands in Ma-

laysia entered by the third angel's message, but few have responded to the call. Pray that the things that are taking place may arouse them and us to greater diligence in seeking for the life eternal.

Padang is the principal city of Sumatra. It is a beautiful place. Our mission is pleasantly located near the sea. We have a good staff of workers here at present, including Brother and Sister Patterson and three native workers.

Here at Padang we have the Malays and Chinese and a sprinkling of Niassers, Klings, Turks, Arabs, etc. The Malay people are more independent than the Javanese. They are more daring and better educated, but they adhere more strictly to their Mohammedan faith. They are, however, willing to read literature if it is cheap or given to them. We feel the great need of inexpensive literature in their language to distribute freely among them. Here, too, we are reminded of the Saviour's words by finding the greatest faith among the most humble and illiterate classes. A dear Chinese woman, who cannot read a word, and who has recently lost her only daughter by death, said after listening many times to the Word, "There is a power in that Book that comforts my heart. I do not know what I should have done in my sorrow had not God sent it to me." G. A. WOOD.

Zee Straat, Padang, Sumatra

MY DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE,—

Here we are on a vacation, after more than a year's steady work in Padang. We are now in the train for the first time for more than a year. It does not seem possible that it is over a year since our very pleasant visit with you. It seems as if time goes more rapidly in the East than in the homeland. Our time is much occupied and then there is not the change in the seasons to remind one what time of the year it is. All the year round is the same with the exception of a little more rain at one time of the year. The sun is always shining. It is always hot. Flowers bloom, and the grass is always green. Mother earth is always inviting her children to partake of some kinds of fresh fruits and greens. She never dries up as in Australia, nor does she have a winter sleep as in Europe.

No doubt you have all heard of our change from Java to Sumatra. So you see now I have a new field to tell you about. Not new to you as you have heard of it from the other workers that have been here, but it was new to us when we first came. The message has been sounding here for many years. Some accepted it long ago and have died in it. In some cases the fruit is being reaped now from seed sown by faithful workers long ago. Sumatra is different from Java in some respects. It is a much larger island, with a much smaller population. Around the coast live chiefly Malays, while inland we have the Battaks, a large number of whom are nominal Christians. Then there are the Nias people, who live on an adjacent island. In the city is the same mixture of Chinese, Klings, Japanese, and so forth that we get in all Eastern cities. Many different languages are spoken, but most people can speak Malay, as that is the commercial language all over the East. The government has established schools all over the island, and a large proportion of the people can read. The Malays and Klings are Mohammedans, and also some

of the Battaks have become so by contact. The Niassers are heathen, rather fierce, but many have become Christians through the effort of a German mission that has been working among them. Their idols are of a very temporary nature, usually made of leaves or banana stems, fulfilling the words of Isa. 44: 17.

Padang is not a modern city. It has no trams nor electric light, but it is beautiful. It is scattered over a large area, and so it is not crowded, but has plenty of open space between the houses. The streets are lined with shade-trees, which afford a welcome protection from the vertical rays of the sun.

Soon after leaving Padang by the only railway line there is, we climb by means of a cogwheel going through a beautiful cliff with steep walls of mountains on either side, not rocky crags, but covered to their summit with thick tropical foliage in all shades of living green, made fresher by the falling rain. As we go on further it is more level and among the green is to be seen the red-tinted young leaves of the cinnamon trees, reminding one somewhat of the Australian gum trees. The train is very slow and stops at all stations. The noise is deafening and indescribable. People in all sorts and shades of costumes are shouting some unintelligible sentence, indicating what kind of food, drink, or curry, he or she has to sell, but I see you are anxious to hear of the progress of the message so dear to your own heart in these beautiful lands so marred by sin. We are glad to tell you that the Word of God is the good seed and always produces good trees, good fruit wherever and whenever it is accepted. One instance has come to our notice lately in the case of a man who on the point of committing suicide met two of our brethren who gave the message to him. This is some five years or so ago, and he has been looking for the religion those two men had ever since. He lives in a mining town some distance from Padang, and where we have not permission from the Government to work. Yet in that place the Lord opened the way in a special manner for a series of public meetings to be held, which are now nearly ended, so this man had opportunity to hear and has accepted, and has kept his first Sabbath. Another man has done the same, giving up a good billet to obey the fourth commandment, and many others are interested. Here in Padang six have followed their Lord in baptism, among whom is one Mohammedan, three Battaks, and two Chinese.

We believe you will join us in praying for these that they may keep faithful till Jesus comes. In Padang we have readings with a number of interested ones. Among these are two bright Chinese girls, and one Malay woman. This woman is a Mohammedan, but is very earnest in her search for truth. She has had much sorrow and tried to drown it by smoking, chewing tobacco and betel nut, but before we found her she had given these things up, and now she is very happy in what she has learned of the truth. She is not able to come to our meetings, but she has a home department envelope and has Sabbath school by herself or with us when we visit her. In our home we have a bright Battak boy to help. He is in every respect a boy and often tries one's patience, but he came and pleaded hard for us to take him, so he can learn the truth, and we hope he will give his heart to the Saviour to cleanse from sin, and then give himself to be used to

bring the message to his people. It is not so very long ago since the Battak people used to feast on their parents and grandmothers when they had become too old to be useful.

I think I must tell you about old *Nenek* (grandmother). This is an old Javanese woman who was brought to this island many years ago by a Dutch family. She has spent her life in service and now she has no one to care for her, her children having been left in Java. We helped her to get into the hospital once when she was sick, and now she has been staying with us for two months. She comes to church and Sabbath school sometimes and she enjoys hearing about the coming of Christ. She loves to hear a Javanese song, which we often sing on Friday evening. Her Mohammedan friends ask her why she goes to our church as the Christian religion is only for white people.

Now, my dear young friends, I know you all pray for missions and missionaries, but seeing we are so near the coming of our dear Saviour, and the harvest is ripe, but labourers are so few, would you not like individually to devote some portion of each day to go apart and talk with the Lord about some of these persons mentioned and perhaps others, of whom you may hear, and remember the Lord's injunction to pray for labourers to be sent into His harvest. While praying this prayer be ready as He may call you to answer your prayer. Do not fear to consecrate yourself to Him, in your quiet moments of communion, for should He call you, remember it is the grandest work to which you could aspire. There are some trials to be borne, of a different kind than you have yet had. You may even be called upon to lay down your life as some others have done, but those are just the things that inspire brave young people to venture. It is so in the world and it will be more so in the cause of Christ as you give yourself wholly to Him.

When a family in the mission field has to go on furlough, they are not happy till they get back again. That will be your experience, my young friends, when you come.

I must close now. May the Lord bless you all richly. I should like to write to all the young people with whom we became acquainted personally, but time will not permit.

Sincerely your fellow-worker,
MRS. G. A. WOOD.

Missionary Volunteer Department

Fourth Week

Thanksgiving

Opening Exercises.

Scripture Reading: Psalm 100.

Talk: "Our Thanksgiving."

Recitation: "Margie's Thanksgiving."

Story: "The Blight of Ingratitude."

Our Thanksgiving

"IN everything give thanks," says the great apostle. We take too much for granted. When the Lord mercifully delivers us from some imminent calamity, or when He graciously answers an earnest request, our hearts well up in a wave of thankfulness. But oh, how far short we are liable to fall in thanking Him for *everything*! He longs to hear our feeble notes of praise, even though His ear is

tuned to the wonderful melodies of an angelic throng. Let us, then, keep before our minds, the blessed privilege of praise.

"It is said that when Luther, the great Reformer, was having his Bible printed in Germany, the work was being done by a man who was still in the Romish Church. Little pieces of the printer's work were found upon the floor of his workshop. One day his little girl came in; and, picking up one piece of paper, she found on it just a portion of a verse, but it was that verse which Luther said contained the gospel in a nutshell. It was John 3:16, and all she found of the text was, 'God so loved the world, that He gave—.' It was a new story for her. She had never had this understanding of God. . . . The text was like good seed in good ground, and after a little time, in the joy of it, she was bubbling over with song. Her mother asked her the cause of her happiness, and, putting her hand in her pocket, she handed out the little crumpled piece of paper. Her mother read it, and said, 'What does it mean? 'God so loved the world, that He gave'—what is it that He gave?' The child was perplexed only for a moment, and then she said, 'Well, mother, I do not know what it was that He gave; but, if He loved us well enough to give us anything, we need not be afraid of Him.'"

No, indeed, we need not be afraid of Him; but our hearts should overflow with joy and thanks for *all* the good things that He gave. If there is any one who has any reason for giving thanks it is a *young Christian*.

Let us recount some of the things that God has given us and for which we should return thanks.

Youth (Eccl. 12:1)

Youth is the age of strength, health, hope, courage, and happiness. We have not yet reached the "evil days," in which there is "no pleasure." Youth is the most profitable time in which to "remember thy Creator" in thanksgiving and praise.

Christian Parents

Think how our parents have toiled with tears and prayers that we might be happy, and our feet be set on the path of truth! Compare yourself with a poor orphan to whom all the privileges were denied that you have enjoyed.

Peace and a Happy Home, with All Its Blessings

What a privilege it is to live in this beautiful country of ours! While we are here in plenty, millions are literally starving to death, and hundreds are still daily destroyed by cruel wars.

While in Switzerland, we saw boys and girls who had come from countries where food was so scarce that they would have died, had they not had the opportunity of spending a few weeks with the good Swiss people, who gave them plenty of healthful food.

But how thankful these children were! And they were not selfish either. One little boy would always weep when the table was set, and he could hardly eat. "Why do you weep?" he was asked. "When I see this good food," he replied, "I always think of my poor mother at home in Vienna who has nothing to eat, and then I can't eat either."

Certainly we should thank God for all the good things we enjoy in this blessed land.

O. H. SCHUBERTH.

Margie's Thanksgiving

"With salt, and potatoes, and meal for bread,

We needn't be hungry to-day," she said. "Though I cannot stir from this queer old chair,

I look at the cupboard, and know they're there;

And mother has left this lunch by me—
How thankful I am for it all!" said she.

"With coals for the stove, and a quilt for the bed,

We needn't be chilly to-day," she said. "For as long as my arms and back don't tire,

I can reach very well to feed the fire. And mother'll be home to an early tea,—
How thankful I am for it all!" said she.

"There's only one thing that I really dread,
And that is the pain in my back," she said;

"But it is better, a great deal better, I know,

Than it was at the first, three months ago;—
And the doctor is ever so kind to me,—
How thankful I am for it all!" said she.

"And by and by, when the winter is dead,
He thinks I'll be almost well," she said;

"And I'll have some crutches, and walk, and then

I can get the dinners for mother again;—
And oh! how glad and happy we'll be!
How thankful I am for it all!" said she.

—Eudora S. Bumstead.

The Blight of Ingratitude

INGRATITUDE chills the soul. It is sharper than a serpent's tooth in the heart of a devoted father. How he longs for one word of appreciation and affection, one syllable revealing gratitude and love! Freely he has given his life for his son, counting no service too hard, no self-denial too great; and he asks so little now. No wonder he is grieved by neglect and unthankfulness.

And we are children,—children of our Heavenly Father, dependent upon His favour for life itself and the means of sustaining it, for the invigorating sunshine and restoring showers, for sight and hearing and taste and smell. All these daily benefits that we have come to call "common" only because we know them so well and because we have not learned their preciousness by being deprived of them, are His gift.

The editor of the *Woman's Home Companion* tells a remarkable story of self-sacrifice and ingratitude:

"The *Lady Elgin* was sinking. Some of you can think back fifty-seven years and remember that disaster. The song 'Lost on the *Lady Elgin*' was often sung in your youth.

"It was a chilly evening in early September. The *Lady Elgin*, brilliantly lighted, and full-loaded with happy excursionists returning to their homes, stopped suddenly, shuddered like a stricken thing, and began slowly to go down.

"There was no wireless in those days, but none was needed. The *Lady Elgin* had almost reached Chicago; she lay only a few hundred yards off the shore, at Evanston. A thousand pairs of eyes were fastened on her from the shore; a thousand voices raised their cry of terror and alarm.

"Only a few hundred yards, yet it might as well have been miles! The ship's small

boats could not possibly help in such a sea. The *Lady Elgin* was sinking, sinking fast. Before help could put out from Chicago, she would be gone. And the crowds upon the shore watched her, powerless to help.

"But not all of them were helpless. Two brothers, students in the theological seminary at Evanston, plunged through the crowd, a rope in their arms.

"Nat, the elder, a powerful man and a trained swimmer, fastened the rope about his waist and leaped into the waves. Inch by inch he fought his way through until at last he reached the ship and climbed aboard. A moment later he plunged back again with a woman in his arms. The crowd hauled him in, choking, cold, but still strong.

"Again he plunged in, and again, and again. Seventeen women and children he brought to shore, one after the other. At last flesh and blood could stand no more. He sank to the ground exhausted.

"Yet still he cries rang in his ears. After a bit he raised himself, and again plunged in. Again they pulled him back to shore with another human life.

"Twenty-three human lives Nat Spencer saved before his strength entirely left him. Then they carried him away to his bed, exhausted, sick, and almost out of his mind.

"It was many weeks before he left that bed. Most of the time he was delirious. The twenty-three whom he had saved had scattered to their homes. The bodies of the three hundred who were lost had been tossed up by the sea; the nation had begun to forget the tragedy.

"But the twenty-three whom he had saved, surely they did not forget? Surely they were grateful?

"This is the simple, solemn truth about those twenty-three: *Not one of them ever came back to thank Nat Spencer for what he had done! Not one of them even wrote him a letter!*

"Nat Spencer went out into life an invalid, having given the strength of his youth for twenty-three human beings who did not so much as say 'Thank you!'

We are amazed and horrified at the story; yet are we not in danger of the same carelessness, the same ingratitude, toward God? Daily we ask His blessings, hourly and moment by moment we receive from His hand; yet how often we neglect to give thanks! and when we do, is it not frequently a matter of the lips, and not of the heart?—*Selected.*

Sabbath School Missionary Exercises

(February 5)

A Sabbath Day in Fiji

BY PASTOR J. E. FULTON

ONE Sabbath, we were at Naibita, a town of considerable size. It is built on the hillside sloping down to the beautiful Wainbuka River which runs in and out among the hills and valleys like a thread of silver. We arrived at the village in good time on the Friday, and made preparations for the full Sabbath day. The first meeting was held as the sun went down, and on Sabbath, at intervals throughout the day, other meetings were held. It was a profitable day, and God was with us. Our mid-day meet-

ing took the form of a revival, and a number took a definite stand for the message.

One hundred and ninety were present at our forenoon service. A number had come from other towns. It was good to see this attentive company drinking in the truth. Here, as at some other places, were a goodly number of very old men who had connected with us. As they are men of more or less influence, we were especially glad of their presence.

Gradually our native brethren are being taught the benefit of systematic study of the Bible in the Sabbath school. On this Sabbath Pastor Parker conducted the lesson study for the seniors, and the writer the review. We tried to make the study profitable, and to magnify the benefits of Sabbath school work. Moape, the evangelist who acts as superintendent, did not forget to refer to the offerings for missions, and an offering of something near a pound was given. Considering the fact that the natives have but little money, we rejoiced over the liberality shown. On Sabbath afternoon twenty-one were baptized.

It was at Naibita we met Ratu Esala, one of the best educated and earnest members of the company, a pillar in the church. After one of our meetings he asked the privilege of speaking. He spoke substantially as follows:

"Since we turned to the true religion, many chiefs and petty government officials have tried to intimidate us, saying we would be cast into prison on suspicion of being connected with a seditious movement. But we are not connected with any movement of sedition. We follow God's Word, and are not opposed to government. If we are falsely accused and cast into prison, we shall go, knowing that Paul, Peter and others were also falsely charged and were imprisoned, and we shall follow their example. Why do we step out now and accept this faith, and not before? we are asked. We believe this is God's time.

His Word has come to us, and we have become awakened. We have not accepted this faith through coercion, or because of bad feelings toward our former brethren.

Light from on high has shone upon us and in coming into this message we come for all there is in it. We come for cleansing. We cast away the old life, and our tobacco, our grog, and our unclean food, and we mean to stand by the truth of God."

(February 12)

Little Miss Pussy

BY ERIC B. HARE

I SUPPOSE you think I am going to write you a story about a little kitten, but no, this story is about a little Karen girl who lives away in the jungles of Burma, and whose name is Me-me. In English we would call her "Little Miss Pussy."

About three years ago when we were starting our school here we made a trip to her village, which is about three miles down the river. After singing and holding a meeting in the village we asked some of the children if they would not like to come and attend our school so that they too could learn to sing and know about God. Little Me-me was so bright and seemed so anxious to come that we went to her home and begged her mother to allow her to come and attend our school. After listening to what we had to say, her mother agreed that if the devils and the spirits were willing, both

Me-me and her brother should come to school.

It would take about three days to find out if the spirits were willing, and after that time if all was well the children would arrive. We did not have much faith that the devils would be willing that the little girl should come to school; but strange enough, after three long days along came little Me-me and her brother. Around their necks and arms and ankles and in their noses and ears were all kinds of charms. Pieces of string, bits of glass, golden rings, little lumps of silver and lead and copper, were all used to insure protection against the wrath of the spirits and against disease and trouble.

For the first three weeks both of the children were miserable, for although Me-me was only seven and her brother six years of age, they were both slaves to tobacco, and had never gone one day at home without having the weed in their mouths to chew. Not having the tobacco here at school they felt real miserable. After about three weeks however they began to lose the craving and became very happy and cheerful and entered upon their school work with eagerness.

After they had been at school about three months and had learned many hymns and had also learned about God, we again made a trip to their village; this time taking many of the school children to help us sing. It attracted quite a lot of attention among the villagers to see some of their own children singing these sweet songs. Especially was the mother of Me-me and her brother pleased. After the meeting we went up into little Me-me's house to visit with her mother. After visiting a little while we noticed Me-me and her brother talking together, and by and by Me-me ran up to her mother, pulled open her hand and placed some things in it. We were quite curious to know what Me-me was giving her mother, but before long we knew, for she held up the charms the children had been wearing, the pieces of string, the gold and silver and lead, and we felt so happy as we heard little Me-me say: "Mother, we don't want these any more at school."

Are you not glad little Me-me and her brother are learning about God and can sing some of the same hymns you sing at home? It is to save such children as Me-me and their parents that our Sabbath school offerings are given from week to week.

(February 19)

Giving of Our Best to the Master

A MISSIONARY of Seoul, on the way home from a service outside the East Gate, overtook two women with their Bibles and hymn books tied about their waists, climbing one of the hills. On asking one of them whom he recognized, where they had been, she replied, "Over to that village," pointing to a cluster of houses in the valley below. Although the hill was rather steep, the women did not seem to notice it. When we stopped, after some puffing on my part, I asked their ages. One said sixty-six, the other sixty!

"Does not this walking tire you?" I asked.

"Oh, no," they replied, "for we go so often, and much farther than this."

"Oh, you are Bible women?"

"No; we go to read and pray with the

women, for we want them all to know our happy faith," was the answer, with faces so bright as to carry conviction of their joy.

The Bible associates giving,—not only of the will and the best of our service to God, but our temporal blessings,—with the work of true worship. To Israel of old was commanded, "None shall appear before me empty," and when the true worship was finally submerged in the prevailing heathenism of the times, the idea of giving when the people came before their altars to worship was never lost sight of. To this day in all heathen lands, the devout worshippers of gods of wood and of stone come before their deities with gifts and sacrifices.

The wise men worshipped the infant Christ with costly gifts when they found Him in the stable in Bethlehem. The poor widow brought her two mites—all that she had—and cast them into the treasury of the Lord when she came to the temple to worship. Cornelius was "a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house, which gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God always." Giving to help the poor and needy was a part of this man's religion. His fear of God and his prayers were made effectual by his gifts. All truly devout men give, and give liberally. They cannot help it, for their touch with the spirit of the Master makes their giving spontaneous.

What church service could be selected in which it would be more fitting to worship God with gifts than the hour when the old and young meet together for the study of the greatest missionary story ever written, and to have brought fresh before the mind from Sabbath to Sabbath the needs of the great fields where the harvest is already spoiling for the want of means to gather it?

(February 26)

Does It Pay?

BY E. C. BOGER

THE next time you look at the map of the world just notice the northern part of South America—"The neglected Continent." In the interior, south of Venezuela, and in British, Dutch, and French Guianas are thousands of aboriginal Indians. They live in villages along the great rivers that drain that part of the continent. They are a simple folk, innocent as far as this world goes. They wear very few if any clothes and make their living mostly by hunting and fishing, although they raise a few vegetables and fruits. They have very little in common with the world, having no written language.

In British Guiana we have three mission among this people. One at Tapagrum near George town, where there is a church of about fifty or more members with a mission school for the children and sometimes the older ones come in too.

One Sabbath morning after a very interesting Sabbath school, the writer had the privilege of being with this church. After speaking a few words in regard to the blessings that God is bestowing on His people, the meeting was thrown open for testimonies. After a few moments of silence one by one the Indians, who a few years before were wild and naked, roaming through the forests, got up and told how they thanked God for the third angel's message and what it had done for them. Then they said to me, "Elder, tell the dear brethren

and sisters in the homeland we are very thankful they have given of their money to send the teachers down here to give us this precious truth." Brethren, tears came to my eyes and I rejoiced with them for what God had done for them. Does it pay to send money to the missions? If you could have been there you would have said, yes, a thousand times.

There are thousands more in the interior waiting to hear the same truths. What shall we do? Let us give our best.

Foreign Mission Day

The Work of the Church

1. THE followers of Christ are sent into the world to continue the work which He was sent to do. John 17:18.

2. The disciples of Christ have received a commission to preach the gospel to all the world. Matt. 28:19, 20; Acts 1:8.

3. As Christ in His individual body was the light of the world, so He is to fulfil the same mission in His mystical body, the church. John 8:12; Phil. 2:14-16.

4. It is the purpose of God that through the church, the wisdom of God revealed in the plan of salvation should be made known even to heavenly beings. Eph. 3:10, 11.

5. The churches at Rome and Thessalonica were examples of the influence which a consecrated church can exert. Rom. 1:8; 2 Thess. 1:3, 4.

6. Each member of the church is to be a neighbour to those who need help. Luke 10:29-37.

7. In the midst of the moral darkness of this world the glory of the Lord is to be revealed through His church. Isa. 60:1, 2; Phil. 1:9-11.

God's Protecting Care in the Mission Fields

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

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

the screeching of the whistle stopped our boat, in another twenty or thirty minutes we should have been the target of the gunners at close range.

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

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

Two weeks ago we boarded a river launch in Changsha harbour that was to start for its destination at six o'clock in the morning. Three hundred passengers were crowded into and upon the little boat. The Chinese secretary who accompanied me said that he did not feel peaceful about riding upon the launch. Our own boatman who had taken us from the island to the launch remarked that he did not feel right about our taking passage on the launch. The boatman always returns home as soon as we are settled, but this time he waited around more than an hour. At nine-thirty the vessel had not started, and as something was wrong with the machinery and the captain could not say when the boat would start, we thought it best to change our plans and go overland beginning our itinerary at the other end. An hour later we were walking on the narrow paths through the rice fields.

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

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

O. B. KUHN.

Notes on My Trip to the Island of Uapou

TIHONI, though having been with us on the island of Nukubiya for nearly four months, still suffers much from the sand flies which poison his blood, causing large sores on his legs, wrists, and back of neck. After some consideration I decided to go to the island of Uapou, an island having no sand flies, to look for a house that we might rent for Tihoni and his family.

About the same time a small schooner came into port, remaining several days while its engine was being repaired. The captain told me he would be leaving for Uapou in about four days, so I engaged a passage for the sum of twenty-five francs. It was six days before the vessel was ready to depart. On the morning of departure the captain came to the gate and said in broken English, "I think you don't go. The wind is favourable for to go to Uahuka, so I am going there." At once I surmised it a game of the priests to prevent my going, so I said, "Very well, I shall be glad to go to Uahuka with you." The captain's eyes fell, and he said, "'Tis for you to say." A priest and myself were the

only passengers. We were not outside the harbour when the captain turned to me and said, "The wind has shifted again, so I think we shall go to Uapou first." "Suit yourself," I said, "I am prepared to go to either place."

At Uapou our schooner entered a small bay called Hakahau, running up under the lee of a cape of high rocks for protection from the wind. The ship's boat was soon lowered and we were taken ashore, but not to a wharf. Hakahau has a long, shallow sandy beach. When near shore we waited for a big roller, which sent our boat with its human freight skidding away in on to the sands. Here the sailors lifted us out and carried us a few yards to dry ground.

I found a place to stay with a native named Teiki-haka-puta, who calls himself a Protestant, and whose name means Mr. Make-a-hole. Natives came in and with them I held a Bible study on the Return of Jesus.

When time came to retire I was given a small room to myself containing a good bed with cotton mattress,—the spare bed of the house. The family always sleep on the floor. I considered myself well favoured, for frequently in my travels there is no spare bed to offer, and I stretch out on the floor on a thin mat along with the others of the house. Sometimes the Marquesian house does not possess a mat, then I take to the comforts of the bare floor.

The next day I crossed the island on horseback to the valley of Hakabetau, to where our Seventh-day Adventist Swiss brother lives, remaining with him a little over a week, including two Sabbaths. Brother Tissot accepted the truth over two years ago wholly through reading. A few months ago he requested baptism. After several Bible studies with him I became convinced that he was ready for this step, so on the last Sabbath of my stay with him it was my privilege to baptize him in the river just where it enters into the broad Pacific. We trust that as the river widens into the ocean, so his influence among the people of Uapou may lead to the salvation of many souls in heaven.

While with Brother Tissot I made frequent visits among the Protestant families, also had numerous Bible studies with those who came to the house. Some seem to be seeking for the truth, and I believe if we could place a worker among them for a time some would accept the truth. The village chief, Hitu, (meaning seven), seems a real earnest seeker for light.

I also made several visits to the Catholic natives of the valley. These natives are actually ruled over by their priest. They greatly fear his displeasure. I am told that when the priest becomes angry with them, they are cowed down and remain quiet until he has finished. My visit to Uapou was made at a time when the priest was away.

One day I stopped to talk with some Catholic natives on a verandah, and ere long quite a crowd had collected to listen. Among other subjects, they asked me about the four beasts of Daniel 7. I explained these, and as they made no reference to the little horn, neither did I. Desiring to lead the conversation to a subject that would not arouse prejudice, I asked them if they had heard of Nebuchadnezzar's dream. They had not. I talked to them of the return of Jesus. Before leaving I told them I had a large picture of the image of Daniel 2, which, if they would

like to see, I would bring the next day. Some by their countenances showed that they desired to see it, but one young man said, "Don't bring it." Not another dared to say, "Bring it." Just the word should get to the priest that I was frequenting their house. I called another day and talked with them about God's willingness to hear our prayers and to forgive our sins. Since the truths we teach condemn some of their practices, the priests have placed this answer in the mouths of their people, "All Christ's words are not recorded in the Bible. You people trust only in what the Bible contains."

While in another village a schooner called in, affording me an opportunity to return home to Tai-o-hae, so I came back, leaving my suit-case of clothing at Brother Tissot's, as there was not time to return for it. It will be sent to me later. I was not able to secure a house for Tihoni, but was privileged to sow many seeds of truth, and scatter many pages of literature. May the Lord of the harvest bless the feeble efforts put forth. GEO. L. STERLING.

Aged Converts

I REMEMBER hearing a few years ago a person say that he did not expect very old persons to change their religious views. As proof, he quoted Revelation 2:24, "I will put upon you none other burden."

It is interesting to me that of the one hundred and fifty persons whom it has been my privilege to baptize in Hunan, a dozen or more, both men and women, were between sixty and seventy years of age. The oldest was seventy-one. Last week I baptized a man seventy years of age. Some of these aged persons came direct from heathenism.

A man who is now seventy-seven years of age turned from his idols. At the age of sixty he rejected the gods of his fathers, and joined a Christian mission. A few months ago one of our colporteurs stayed a few weeks at the old gentleman's home, making it his headquarters while canvassing the surrounding territory. The old man accepted the Sabbath truth.

Some time ago it was my privilege to visit this aged brother and stay overnight at his place. That evening he called in his friends. Accepting the invitation to preach, I explained the gospel message for this hour.

We shall soon forget many of the interesting details of the trip, the hardships of the road, and various other things, but we shall always remember that aged brother, Djang Ming Dao, and his joy in the new-found truth. He is indeed happy in the message.

O. B. KUHN.

The Home Field a Recruiting Ground for Missionaries

IF the numerous calls from heathen lands constitute a call to the church for increased activities, certainly one could hardly expect a more imperative summons than comes from needy mission fields. When we think that the whole heathen world has thrown its doors wide open, challenging Christianity to enter; when we think that eight hundred million of these heathen in Asia are calling for the living missionary to come among them and teach them what he knows of God and the future; when we think that the laws of these heathen nations have been so

modified and changed that the missionary can go about the countries not only in safety, but can teach Christ freely; it seems as though the church could never rest in peace until it exhausted itself, both in men and resources, to answer these calls.

The homeland must ever constitute the base of supplies. If the base be weakened, or if it lose its courage or vision, the fields abroad must suffer. Men who go abroad must be supported. The more stations we open in these heathen lands, the more imperative the demand that new recruits, and additional forces, and increased funds must be sent to support the work. Every new station opened in India and China does not simply mean that we must support the family which we send to that particular station, but it also means that other men must be sent to rally around them; that native workers must also in turn be supported in their work. A mission station constitutes a centre of activities, radiating outward to new regions, ever increasing the demand for men and means.

We must have well trained, studious, seasoned young people to go to these great centres of missionary activity, young people who are able to learn the language—generally a difficult task; young people who are willing and ready to give their lives for the promulgation and enlargement of the kingdom of God.

Mission work is peculiar. The greater the activity, the more numerous the stations opened, the more work done and the larger the results, the greater the demand for more men and means to carry out still larger plans. This increasing demand must continue, not for one year, nor two years, but till the work is finished. Sometimes a native worker will go into a community far remote from a mission station, and in a short time create such an interest that a man must be drawn from the home base to supply that need and plant a permanent station in the place where the interest has been aroused. Thus the more seed sown and the more natives employed, the more need we have of foreigners to lead, guide, direct, and train. The whole heathen world continuously must look to the home base, both for supplies of leaders and trainers of men, as well as for means with which to carry on the work.

It is true that in these heathen lands the converts often make sacrifices beyond our comprehension; they generally are good givers; yet their total contributions, as compared with the item of total expense, are meagre indeed.

The call is for men and means. The homelands must give both more freely than before. When the providences of God seem to compel the church to move forward, there must be a cheerful, hearty response.

I. H. EVANS.

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