



THE MISSIONARY LEADER



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No. 8

Home Missions Department

Personal Bible Evangelism

Suggestive Programme for Fourth Sabbath Home Missionary Service

(To be held on August 27)

- Opening Song.
- Responsive Scripture Reading : Eze. 3 : 17-21, 27 ; Dan. 12 : 3.
- Prayer.
- Report of Missionary Activities.
- Song.
- Presentation of Theme : An Effective Method of Personal Work.
- Demonstration : Short Bible Reading.
- Plans for Bible Workers' Band.
- Closing Song.

Note to Leaders

Material is furnished in this issue, from which you can choose the most desirable selections, to present to your church the importance of the lay members engaging in Bible work,—not only at the Sabbath service, but also at the prayer and missionary meetings during the month, for which we have not made the usual weekly assignments. The article by Professor T. M. French furnishes practical suggestions for getting the church members started in this work. If a conference Bible worker is available, the co-operation of such a person will insure the success of the service. It is a good plan to give a demonstration of just how to give a Bible reading. This may be conducted by one member's giving the Bible reading to the entire congregation as a class met for Bible study, and include all in the demonstration. Appropriate questions should be asked by different ones, which will bring out the various phases of a Bible worker's experience. If you do not already have a Bible workers' band, the result of this meeting should make it possible to organize one. Communicate with your conference home missionary secretary for information as to special Bible Reading Outline prepared for the help of such bands. We would be glad to hear from all leaders who organize a Bible workers' band for the first time at this service. We hope that the circle of these bands will be greatly enlarged at this time.

An Effective Method of Personal Work

THE burden of a lost world is resting heavily upon the church to-day. The command to go into all the world and preach the gospel has never been more significant

and urgent than it is at the present time, when society is sinking into a most lamentable condition just prior to the return of our Lord. This burden should not rest upon merely the officers and workers of the church, but upon every member of the Lord's body. The gospel invitation is to be passed on from lip to lip by every one who has heard the glad tidings, "Let him that heareth say, Come."

There is no more effective means of quickly heralding this great advent message to all nations than personal work. It was by this method that the gospel work in the early period of the Christian era was begun, and to a large degree carried on. The first apostles received personal invitations to follow the Messiah. We find the Saviour often with the congregation of one, at the well of Samaria, in the garden at night with Nicodemus, in the home of Mary, etc. The apostle Paul laboured from house to house, and one of the few meetings mentioned in the New Testament was a cottage meeting held by Peter at the home of Cornelius. Thus we see that this personal evangelism was used effectively by the early advocates of Christianity in heralding the gospel from nation to nation in its great triumph over paganism. And may it not again prove a mighty factor in the close of the gospel work? This thought is borne out by a number of statements in the spirit of prophecy :

"The light of truth will shine forth in clear, strong rays, and as in the time of the apostles, many souls will turn from error to truth. The earth will be lightened with the glory of the Lord. Heavenly angels have long been waiting for human agents—the members of the church—to co-operate with them in the great work to be done. They are waiting for you. So vast is the field, so comprehensive the design, that every sanctified hearer will be pressed into service as an instrument of divine power."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. IX, pp. 46, 47.

In close connection with the great reformatory movement shown the servant of God, she gives this instruction :

"Among the members of our churches there should be more house-to-house labour, in giving Bible readings and distributing literature,"—*Id.*, p. 127. "In many States there are settlements of industrious, well-to-do farmers who have never had the truth for this time. Such places should be worked. Let our lay members take up this line of service. By lending or selling books, by distributing papers, and by holding Bible readings, our lay members could do much in their own neighbourhoods."—*Id.*, p. 35.

These calls to personal work, especially to the holding of Bible readings with our neighbours, are definite, and our laity should heartily respond. Steps should be taken in every church to go forward efficiently with this important work.

Officers as Leaders

The officers of the church should take up the work of giving instruction in methods of personal work. Classes may be formed for studying the best means of approaching the public, of making appointments for Bible studies, of outlining Bible readings, and of holding Bible studies in the most effective ways. The members can take their turn in giving various subjects to the other members of the class, until our great denominational truths are covered. This class work will remove the timidity and embarrassment of reading with the first stranger. The members of the church can be a great help to one another by the formation of these groups, exchanging ideas, offering friendly criticism, and encouraging especially those who find the work more difficult.

Literature and Appointments for Studies

Probably a few hints as to how to begin this work will be helpful. Our literature treating with live, present-day subjects affords an excellent means of approach to the people. A tract or paper discussing only one subject at a time is most suitable for this work. It is well to begin with the prophecies, avoiding the controversial subjects for a time. The territory having been arranged, take the first tract of a series from door to door, placing it in the hands of the people. The next week the second tract may be taken over the same territory an effort being made by the worker to form the acquaintance of as many persons as possible by a few friendly remarks and by short conversations. Through the continuance of this house-to-house work from week to week, earnest inquirers will be found with whom Bible readings may be held. Inquiry as to some point mentioned in the literature may offer opportunity to suggest further study of the subject some afternoon or evening. The day and the hour arranged, the way is open for giving Bible readings. Some other means of making openings for readings are, visiting the sick, lending a helping hand to the needy, being sociable with neighbours, and becoming acquainted with interested persons through their friends and relatives.

Preparing the Study

After the appointment has been made for a study to be given, the next question which arises—a very perplexing one to many—is how to prepare a Bible reading.

First of all, the subject should be chosen and carefully studied. The following books are good helps : "Daniel and the Revelation," and "Bible Readings for the Home Circle." The first few subjects should be chosen from the prophecies, care being taken not to select prejudicial subjects at first. The following is a good list of subjects for the first few weeks :

Daniel 2.
Second Coming of Christ.
Signs of the Times.
Millennium.
Home of the Saved.
Conversion.
The Judgment.

Success in giving Bible readings depends very much on the arrangement of the study. A subject which is logically arranged is best understood. The farmer lays out his field, the carpenter his house, the housewife arranges her furniture and plans her flower garden. So the Bible study should be carefully planned. Take, for instance, the subject of the Second Coming of Christ. How shall it be arranged? What general points should be made plain? It is well to study—

1. The Promises.
2. The Manner.
3. The Purpose.

Having determined these three divisions, the preparation of the reading is made simple by merely grouping the texts and comment under these headings. The following is a suggestive outline of this subject:

Introductory Remarks

1. General interest in this subject.
2. Is the hope Scriptural?

Promise of His Coming

1. Jude 14, 15. The Lord cometh.
2. Job 19:25-27. Job's hope in His coming.
3. Ps. 50:3. Our God shall come.
4. John 14:2, 3. "I will come again," is Christ's statement.
5. Acts 1:9-11. Promise to the apostles at His ascension.
6. Heb. 9:28. He will appear the second time.

Manner of His Coming

1. Matt. 24:24-26. The need of knowing how He will come.
2. Acts 1:9-11. In like manner—personally, visibly, in the clouds. (On Christ's literal resurrection, see Luke 24:36-43.)
3. Rev. 1:7. Every eye shall see Him.
4. Matt. 24:27. As the lightning.
5. Matt. 24:30. All tribes of the earth shall see Him.
6. Matt. 25:31. All holy angels with Him.

Purpose of His Return

1. John 14:3. "Receive you unto Myself."
2. Rev. 22:12. "My reward is with Me."
3. 2 Tim. 4:8. Crown of righteousness.
4. 1 Thess. 4:16, 17. Resurrection and translation of saints; re-union of loved ones.

Lesson

Heb. 9:28. "Unto them that look for Him."
T. M. FRENCH.

"WHEN our life is not only Christ's, but Christ, our life will be a winning life; for He cannot fail. And a winning life is a fruit-bearing life, a serving life. It is, after all, only a small part of life, and a wholly negative part, to overcome; We must also bear fruit in service if Christ is our life."

Missionary Volunteer Department

Missionary Volunteer Programme

First Week

Anti-Tobacco

Opening Exercises.

Five minute Talk: On the Life of William Butler.

Topic: "The Tobacco Evil."

Topic: "What Makes the Difference."

Incidents: "In Fetters."

Reading: "Testimony of a Soldier."

Topic: "Why Some Boys Do Not Smoke."

Recitation: "Living Chimneys."

The Tobacco Evil

TOBACCO is today one of the worst evils of civilization. There are few substances that destroy life more rapidly than nicotine. Professor Oxfla, president of the Medical and Scientific Academy of Paris, once said: "Tobacco contains the most deadly and subtle poison known to the chemists, except prussic acid." We all know that a few puffs of tobacco smoke will immediately destroy insects on plants. One drop of nicotine placed on the tongue of a cat, will cause death in less than four minutes. Two drops will kill a good-sized dog, and eight drops is sufficient to kill a horse. In every cigar of moderate strength there is sufficient nicotine to kill two or three men. Fortunate it is for the smoker, that all the nicotine is not absorbed by him. Most of it is thrown into the air, to be inhaled by his friends.

Dulls Vision and Gives Colour Blindness.

Tobacco lessens the acuteness of vision and causes colour blindness. These changes in the optic nerves are brought about gradually and insidiously, and for this reason many do not realize the damage wrought until too late. The injury done to the nerves of sight indicates the injury done to the whole nervous system.

"Tobacco Heart" Is Common.

The mortality from heart failure is each year increasing. Men who smoke before they go on the running track or in the gymnasium quickly get out of breath. They never excel as athletes. Many of the young in the army who are smokers of cigarettes are found to have unsound hearts which disable them for active service on the field of battle where continuous exertion is needed. This condition is spoken of as "soldiers' heart."

In civilized lands it is difficult to find male adult residents more than forty years of age with perfectly normal heart or kidneys. Tobacco strikes a direct blow at these vital organs. The rapid increase in deaths from heart and kidney diseases the past forty or fifty years, finds a partial explanation here.

Cigarettes Against Good Scholarship

The boy who begins the use of cigarettes at ten to twelve years of age seldom passes his entrance examinations into high school. He is likely to be a failure in any profession

he may take up later in life. Morally he is inferior to the boy who abstains from cigarettes.

Poisons Air for Others

Not only is the user injured by the smoke he inhales, but by the exhalation through his lungs and skin, the air about him is poisoned, and all who are compelled to be near him suffer. On several occasions, in making physical examinations of patients addicted to smoking, I have experienced nausea and palpitation of the heart. Once I found it necessary to abandon the examination for a time and step out of my office into the open air.

Babies Poisoned

Many infants are being slowly poisoned by sleeping in rooms or beds with tobacco-using fathers; yet because of the prevalent use of tobacco, when sickness enters such families, this cause is never thought of. If the child dies, parents wonder at the mysterious providence that has so cruelly afflicted them.

What Makes the Difference?

A short time ago I was asked to give a talk at a well-known business college. I was surprised to find four girls to every boy present. "Where," I asked myself, "are the young men?" I went to a large insurance office, where many persons were employed, and I found that the proportion of young women to young men even exceeded the proportion in this business college. Again I said, "Where are the young men?" I visited another large concern where several thousand men and women are employed. In passing through one department where about four hundred women were working, the one conducting me said, "In this department the work is of such a delicate nature that we can make use of women only in doing the work." "Why," I asked, "cannot the young men do it?" "I don't know," he replied.

"I do," I then said. "It is because your young men smoke cigarettes. Cigarette smokers cannot do work requiring excessive mental concentration and delicacy of touch. Smoking unfits them for such work. Mr. Burbank, the plant wizard of California, made this discovery years ago. He found that men who smoked even one cigar daily could not be entrusted to do the delicate budding work. He said that while these men could do the rough work on the farm, when it came to budding, they called it 'puttering,' they had to give it up. They lacked the requisite delicacy of touch and concentration of mind."

Nonsmokers Not On Scrap Heap

It is a fact that work today requiring speed, accuracy, and efficiency is being done more and more by young women. The young men are dropping behind, and out of the game. The departments in which these women are employed are still headed by men, not because they are more efficient or more reliable, for in many instances they are not, but because it is an established custom to have departments headed by men. Efficiency and not custom or sex, will in the future determine one's fitness for positions of responsibility. It will not be long until not merely the old man, but the modern young man, will be consigned to the scrap heap, and the world's work requiring efficiency will be done by women and nonsmokers.

Abraham Lincoln, that great and good man, the man whom all the world reveres, would never have been heard of had he early in life taken up the use of cigarettes, as a large per cent. of the boys of today do. In his early life he had few educational advantages. His mother could neither write nor read, and his father was illiterate. Lincoln was recognised as a young man "of no vices." He was temperate in all his habits. This kept his young brain cells in a normal condition, and he found himself able, in later life, to apply himself to hard mental problems with ease. This, and this alone, was the secret of his success.

In Fetters

A Bank President Fettered

MR. SIVAD cites an instance of a bank president who said to him: "I would to God every cigar I smoke would make me deathly sick!" I said, "Why do you wish that?" He replied, "Maybe if it did, I could quit it." I said, "Do you want to quit it?" He replied, "Yes, but I can't quit it. I'd gladly give \$10 a day to be free from the habit."

"I thought, 'What a pity, a man, one of the wealthiest men in his town, the president of a bank, should confess his serfdom to such a hard master as Slaver Nicotine.'"

Manhood Taken Away

"In Enid, Oklahoma, I met the proprietor of an hotel. He said, 'I'd gladly put \$500 on the table and make you a present of it, if you would in some way cause me to quit using tobacco. I eat it like fodder. I know it has already taken ten years from my life. I just can't quit it. I might as well tell you the truth, I haven't manhood enough to quit it.'"

Still Held as Slaves

"In Lancaster, Pennsylvania, there lives a fine man. When he became a church member, he quit drinking and he quit smoking. A few years later he said to me, 'I am having a struggle. I couldn't sleep last night. I am trying to quit chewing tobacco.' I replied, 'I did not know you chewed.' He answered, 'I've chewed since I was a mere boy, but I've decided to come clean all the way and I must quit chewing. I'll quit if it kills me.' His determination was heroic. I admired his grit, and we shook hands on his resolution. Six months later I saw him and said, 'Do you still hanker for tobacco?' He replied, 'Do you know, I didn't quit? I just couldn't quit it. O, I don't think there is any harm in it! If I didn't use it, I believe I'd start in.' A year or so later he came to me and said, 'I have resolved to cut out chewing tobacco.' I wished him God speed. We parted. A year later we met. He said, 'I couldn't quit it all at once, so I am tapering off. I am now using but two cents' worth a week.' Some two years after this I met him again. He was still struggling to free himself from the terrible fetters of Slaver Nicotine. The abstainer is saved such struggles."

Testimony of a Soldier

WHEN I enlisted I wondered what kind of soldier I would make if I didn't smoke. I was willing to be convinced, and ready to take my first smoke if any one would offer a good reason why I should start. To my surprise, I didn't find any one who would

even offer me a cigarette the second time. Every fellow wished he was as lucky and had never begun smoking. I have asked a thousand or more men during my time here what they think about smoking, and have the first one to find who doesn't say that he wished he had never started.

"Why not put aside all personal prejudice and consider the question for what it really amounts to? If tobacco is good, let's all use it; if not, let's keep still and not try to make an excuse for its existence."

Why Some Boys Do Not Smoke

A MULTITUDE of boys smoke. Every day there are other boys who take up the habit. Why do not all boys smoke?

Every wise person, whether in business matters or spiritual things, counts the cost before making any especially new change in his business or religious life. Some boys therefore count the cost to themselves and to others when confronted with the question whether they shall smoke.

First, they consider, not what they in their brief life have observed of the effect of smoking upon their companions and acquaintances, but what men of experience and long observation say comes in time as the sure result of cigarette smoking.

They study what chemists and physicians say is the effect of smoking upon every part of the human body. They find their universal testimony is that cigarette smoking injures the young cells of the heart, nerves, brain, and muscles. It stunts, dulls, and demoralizes the whole body.

They consider what educational authorities say of cigarette smoking by boys. Here again they find the universal testimony that students who smoke do not make nearly so good records in school as non-smokers, other things being equal.

They ask the courts, and they find an equally strong testimony against the cigarette, morally and civilly.

Now the wise lad, when confronted by the tempting cigarette, is ready to put to it the following pertinent questions, suggested by the Presbyterian Board of Temperance:

- What will you give me that will help me?
- Will you give me better health?
- Will you give me helpful friends?
- Will you help me learn lessons of thrift?
- Will you teach me lessons of cleanliness?
- Will you make me one of whom my mother can be proud?
- Will you open up the way to business advancement for me?
- Will you surround me with good influences?
- Will you give me nobler ideals?
- Will you give me a greater interest in things good?
- Will you make me more respected?
- Will you make me more efficient?
- Will you make me regardful of the rights of others?
- Will you make me alert, keen, quick to see and act?
- Will you make me a better man, a better citizen, a better member of society, more respected, honoured, and worthy of trust?

The cigarette has to admit that it can do none of these things for a boy. The bright lad therefore at once determines that if the cigarette can give him no help in gaining these worth-while things, it can have no

place in his life. Were he to give it place, he would simply be like the drinking man, paying out his money for what is worse than nothing.

He therefore decides upon total abstinence from tobacco, and is not ashamed to say so.

F. D. C.

Living Chimneys

Not all have seen the chimneys tall
On factories far away;
Up, up, they rise, like steeples black,
And smoke by night and by day;
But all have seen, of lower stamp,
The chimneys houses crown,
For everywhere they lift their heads
And seem on us to frown.

But, children, listen, and I'll tell
Of chimneys that can walk,
Of chimneys that send out vile smoke,
Of chimneys that can talk.
A riddle hard for you to guess?
O, no! not hard, but sad.
To make a chimney of the mouth
Is very, very bad;

For he who smokes vile cigarettes
By inches himself kills;
The deadly poison of the weed
His system slowly fills.
The habit grows,—a costly one,—
Alone it does not stand;
Impurity and drunkenness
With it go hand in hand;

And day by day the work goes on.
The victim is a slave;
His heart is weakened, and he drops
Into an early grave.
Just say, my boy, "I'll never use
Tobacco; no, no, no!
So help me God;" and doing this,
You'll shun a depth of woe.

ELIZA H. MORTON.

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Second Week

The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life

Opening Exercises.
Five Minute Talk: On Lives of Robert and Mary Moffatt.
Topic: "Is Jesus Real to You?"
Topic: "Truest Praying."
Reading: "God's Different Ways of Answering."
Topic: "The Privilege of Prayer."

Is Jesus Real to You?

YESTERDAY a leaflet came to my desk, bearing the foregoing title; but I was busy and could not take time to read it, so tucked it in a pigeonhole to await leisure moments.

But the words, the vital question, kept ringing in my ears all afternoon and evening. In the answer to this question is really the Christian's secret of a happy life.

How can this Jesus be real to you, to me? We cannot behold Him with our natural eyes, touch Him with our hands, or talk with Him face to face, and yet—Jesus may be real to us.

Is Jesus real to you in sorrow? Do you remember when as a child you sought your mother for comfort? It mattered not

whether the hurt was real or imaginary. You just put your head in her lap, and though neither of you spoke, your heart was comforted, and soon you turned again to your play. So with our sorrows; we will come to Jesus if He is real to us. When grief is too poignant to be expressed in words, we just offer a wordless prayer, and tarry until we—

"Forget that we bore the burden,
And carry away the song."

Is Jesus real to you as a companion? As you journey along the country roads, or pass through the crowded thoroughfares, do you know that your unseen Companion is ever near your side? Is there a soul-longing to converse with Him, knowing that He alone will hear your prayer, and does the companionship grow "sweeter as the days go by"?

Is Jesus real to you while you work? There are countless uninteresting details to be attended to daily, a routine to be followed. There are numerous perplexities arising, when we realize that we need more than human wisdom. Then it may be that we remember, while we fold the letters, work at the machine, clean the silver, or stoop to comfort a little one, that Jesus Himself was faithful in details, as the folded napkin testified on the resurrection morning.

Is Jesus real to you as, taken from your work and plans, you pass the hours, the days, and weeks upon a bed of pain? How useless life seems! One sees so much to be done, so many calls for service, but the strength, the vitality, is denied, and the unasked question is ever in one's heart, "Why may I not enjoy the privilege of service?"

But if Jesus is real to you, there will be a sweet submission in your life as you remember,—

"Disappointment, his appointment;
Change one letter, and I see
That the thwarting of my purpose
Is God's better choice for me."

Is Jesus real to you as you seek to return to Him, having wandered from His side? How precious His promises will then be to you, to me, as we kneel with the Word before us, and hear the promise of tender forgiveness, which He has sent to His erring child.

Is Jesus real to you during the morning watch? Do you look forward to the moments when you will be alone with Him, even as you look forward to a visit with an earthly friend? Has prayer ceased to be the formal words of the past, as you tarry with Him, your Friend of friends?

Is Jesus real to you, Missionary Volunteers, as you seek to follow in the footsteps of our Elder Brother? When, with the printed page telling of His soon return, you are turned from the door, do you realize that you are not alone? As you travel country roads, often footsore and weary, can you feel His presence near? And when at the humblest of boards you return thanks, do you see the risen Saviour, who tarries with His disciples to break bread with them?

Is Jesus real to you as you turn from your work to recreation? Could you share with Him the book which you read with so much interest, play for Him the music upon your piano? And as you consider the so-called details of life, dress, correspondence, and visiting, do you seek wisdom from the

One who is not too great to be interested in all that comes into our life?

If Jesus is real to us, the controlling influence of His life—soul-winning—will become ours, and our prayer will be, "Give us souls for our hire."

Dear Missionary Volunteers, Jesus may be real to you. ELOISE WILLIAMS.

Truest Praying

OUR deepest feelings and holiest desires we cannot express in words when praying. We have comfort, however, in the assurance that God can hear thoughts. He knows what we want to say and can not express. Your dearest friend may stand close to you when your mind is full of thoughts, but unless you speak or give some sign, he can not know one of your thoughts. He may lay his ear close to your heart, and he will hear its throbbings; but he can not hear your feelings, your desires. Yet God knows all that goes on in your soul. Every thought that flies through your brain is heard in heaven.

"O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me.

Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising,

Thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou searchest out my path and my lying down,

And art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue,

But, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether."

We need not trouble ourselves, therefore, if we can not get our wishes into words when we pray; for God hears wishes, heart longings, soul hungerings and thirstings. The things we can not say in speech of the lips, we may ask God to take from our heart's speech. There is not the feeblest, faintest glimmer of a desire rising on the far-away horizon of our being, but God sees it. There is not a heart hunger, not a wish to be holier and better, not an inspiration to be more Christlike, not a craving to live for God and be a blessing to others, not the faintest desire to be rid of sin's power, but God knows of it. St. Paul has a wonderful word on this subject; God, he says, "is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." When our heart is stirred to its depths, what large, great things can we ask in words! Then how much can we put into thoughts of prayer, into longings, desires, aspirations, beyond the possibilities of speech! God can do more than we can pray either in words or thoughts.

Our truest praying is that which we can not express in any words, our heart's unutterable longings, when we sit at God's feet and look up into his face and do not speak at all, but let our hearts speak.

God's Different Ways of Answering Answer Delayed

"I HAVE been praying for one thing for years," says one, "and it has not come yet." God has many ways of answering. Sometimes He delays that He may give a better, fuller answer. A poor woman stood at a vineyard gate, and looked over into the vineyard. "Would you like some grapes?" asked the proprietor, who was within. "I should be very thankful," replied the woman. "Then bring your

basket." Quickly the basket was brought to the gate and passed in. The owner took it and was gone a long time among the vines, till the woman became discouraged, thinking he was not coming again. At last he returned with the basket heaped full. "I have made you wait a good while," he said, "but you know the longer you wait, the better grapes and the more."

So it sometimes is in prayer. We bring our empty vessel to God and pass it over the gate of prayer to Him. He seems to be delaying a long time, and sometimes faith faints with waiting. But at last He comes, and our basket is heaped full with luscious blessings. He waited long that He might bring us a better and a fuller answer. At least we are sure that no true prayer ever really goes unanswered. We have to wait for the fruits to ripen, and that takes time.

Then sometimes God delays until some work in us is finished, some preparation which is needed before the best answer can be received.

Monica's Prayer

IN one of the most impressive passages in his "Confessions," St. Augustine pictures his mother, Monica, praying all one night, in a sea-side chapel on the north African coast, that God would not let her son sail for Italy. She wanted Augustine to be a Christian. She could not endure losing him from her influence. If under her care, he still was far from being Christ's, what would he be in Italy, home of licentiousness and splendour, of manifold and alluring temptations? And even while she prayed there passionately for her son's retention at home, he sailed, by the grace of God, for Italy, where, persuaded by Ambrose, he became a Christian in the very place from which his mother's prayers would have kept him. The form of her petition was denied; the substance of her desire was granted. As St. Augustine himself puts it: "Thou, in the depth of thy counsels, hearing the main point of her desire, regardest not what she then asked, that Thou mightest make me what she ever desired." It would be a sorry world for all of us, if our unwise petitions did not often have "No" for their answer.

The Privilege of Prayer

OUR failure to think of prayer as a privilege may be partly due to the fact that we can pray any time, "in every place." The door of prayer is open so continuously that we fail to avail ourselves of an opportunity which is always there. There are plenty of people in London who never have seen the inside of Westminster Abbey, partly because they could go there any day. Consider then the aptness of Austin Phelps' illustrations: "In the vestibule of St. Peter's, at Rome, is a doorway, which is walled up and marked with a cross. It is opened but four times in a century. On Christmas Eve, once in twenty-five years, the Pope approaches it in princely state, and begins the demolition of the door, by striking it three times with a silver hammer. When the passage is opened, the multitude pass into the nave of the cathedral, and up to the altar, by an avenue which the majority of them never entered thus before, and never will enter thus again. Imagine that the way to the Throne of Grace was like the Porta Sancta.

inaccessible, save once in a quarter of a century. Conceive that it were now ten years since you, or I, or any other sinner had been permitted to pray; and that fifteen long years must drag themselves away, before we could venture again to approach God; and that, at the most, we could not hope to pray more than two or three times in a lifetime! With what solicitude we should wait for the coming of that Holy Day." It may be that through sheer negligence and the deceiving influence of good but weak intentions, we are missing one of life's great privileges, because it is so commonplace.

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Third Week

Contentment

Opening Exercises.

Five Minute Talk: Sketch Life of Livingstone.

Topic: "Learning Contentment."

Reading: "Cheerful Kindness."

Reading: "In the Cheering-up Business."

Recitation: "Be Happy as You Can."

LEADER'S NOTE.—By looking at the programme for the fourth week it will be seen that a five minute talk on "Achievements of Livingstone in Africa" is to be given that week, so the talk for to-day should be confined to Livingstone's life sketch.

Learning Contentment

NOT many people are contented. Not many seem to think discontent a sin. Not many appear to understand that contentment is a grace which should shine in every Christian character. Yet no grace adds more to the beauty and comfort of a life than this one. It is also enjoined in the Scriptures as a duty.

The time to get this spirit into our life is in youth. If one has allowed thirty or forty years to pass in discontent and fretfulness, the habit is so firmly rooted that it is almost impossible to change it. But if one begins in childhood to learn to keep sweet in all conditions and circumstances, by the time one has reached maturity the habit has become so much a part of one's very life that it is easy to maintain it.

Contentment does not mean satisfaction with one's attainments. This is a condition which is always unreachd, unless it be in some indolent person, one without aspirations and longings. The end of longing is the end of growing. The great sculptor wept when he found that he had reached his ideal. He saw that that was the end of his progress as an artist.

Contentment in a Prison

Contentment, however, is the spirit of restfulness and peace in whatever circumstances one may be placed. St. Paul tells us what it meant in his life, when he says, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therein to be content." The word content means self-sufficing, and implies that he had in his own heart the secret of satisfying, and was not dependent for it on any outside circumstances. Paul carried in his heart the secret of peace and of joy, and was not dependent upon circumstances.

He wrote this strong sentence in a prison; but the prison atmosphere, hardship, and restraint did not affect his inner life.

Every Christian should have in himself the same secret. We are God's children, and the strong Son of God is our Saviour and Friend. Our life is hid with Christ in God. Our faith should lift us above the hard experiences of life. We may be in sorrow, but the sorrow should not break the peace. We may have suffering, but the suffering should not destroy the comfort we have in resting in God.

It is not our part to keep ourselves in peace—God's is the keeping; ours is the staying upon God. We are to let ourselves rest down upon God's omnipotence; nestle in the bosom of His everlasting love. We are to stay in the strong, warm refuge, not restlessly tossing ourselves out of it. If we stay in God's love, God will keep us in perfect peace.

We should learn, therefore, to be contented; that is, not to be affected by the things about us; to keep sweet in the most trying experiences, and trials and annoyances of whatever kind. Living in the midst of cares, we should keep the care out of our heart having there only the peace of Christ.

Contentment is not discontent worn out, exhausted fretfulness tired into quiet sleep. Contentment is the peace of God in the heart, diffusing its restful calm through all the life, hushing all its disturbances.

Contentment the True Beautifier

If young people realized how lovely the spirit of contentment is, and how unlovely discontent is, they would all strive to learn the lesson, whatever it may cost them. Discontent mars the beauty in the face, makes persons old before their time, makes them petulant, disagreeable, and uncomfortable companions. On the other hand, contentment gives peace, quietness, and simplicity. It makes the face sweet, and puts into the eyes a calm and holy light. It makes one a comfort to others too—a benediction. We all know how much discomfort a fretful person produces in a home or in any association, and how a contented person diffuses cheer and pleasure everywhere. One secret of loveliness is a sweet spirit, restful, at peace, quiet, and undisturbed in any circumstances. We all admire such a person.

A Fountain to Supply All Needs

Shall we not set this lesson for ourselves in the bright days of youth when we are learning to live? Let us trust God and do our duty, committing all the tangles and frets to Him. He will take care of us. Though we must walk through dark ways, we shall always find light; for He who is the Light of the world will walk with us.

It is a great thing to have in one's heart a fountain which will supply all one's needs. Then one can be independent of circumstances and of experiences, and be everywhere and always the same sweet, quiet, rejoicing Christian.

"No gift of earth is sure to bless;
No lot in life brings happiness;
The purest joy we yet may find
Must dwell in the contented mind.
The heart that murmurs not at fate,
Willing to work, content to wait,
In blessing other lives is blest,
Trusting in Heaven for the rest."

J. R. MILLER.

Cheerful Kindness

HAVE you ever tried smiling in a crowded car on a rainy day? You would almost believe you were looking into a mirror, for so many smiles answer lack. Yes, the tired look leaves that lady's face as she answers, and the little girl who is getting restless and fretful looks up in wonder, then understanding the signal, she smiles too. Suddenly the day doesn't seem half so dreary, a warmth has flooded the heart. Try it, it pays.

In Iceland there is a queer spring. Not even a blade of grass will live near it. The visitor wonders why it is so shunned as he peers over the side of the crater into its depths; but the mystery is soon solved. He drops a stone, and almost immediately a low gurgling sound is heard, and a column of dirty, boiling water, with mud, sticks, and stones, spouts out angrily at the offender.

There is another spring that lies in the heart of the hills among barren crags, but around it the grateful earth has spread her mantle of green. The clear, cool depths smile back at the tired wanderer and give hope and life from their bounteous store. He may drop a stone, but the surface, disturbed but for a moment, receives it quietly, and quickly mirrors again God's sunshine.

It may be easy enough to smile and make others happy when we feel sunshiny inside; but I wonder how many of us are brave enough to smile when a stone ruffles our plans and we don't feel calm and placid. It is so easy to pout, or at least to show others we are unhappy when we can't have our way.

I once knew a little girl who had been counting on spending the afternoon with her chum. They were to go with Uncle Joe on a business trip in his machine. Just before he was ready to start, her mother had an opportunity to get a box of peaches which were just right for canning.

"Dear, do you suppose you could arrange to stay and help me?" she asked. "I wouldn't ask it of you if I thought I could finish them alone."

For just a second a cloud of disappointment crossed Margaret's face, then a smile chased it off and a cheery voice answered, "Of course, mother."

Shortly Margaret, in a big clean apron, was peeling the great luscious peaches, and I heard her singing over her work. Margaret was a girl worth while.

A kind, loving heart is overflowing with smiles, not only for the stranger in the street car, but for mother and the rest of the family, even when things go wrong. Try smiling away disappointment. You'll be surprised how quickly disappointment becomes happiness. A smiling face and helping hands are twin brothers.

Kindness is manifested in a great many ways. Some wait for chances to come to them in which they can show kindness. Others sprinkle sunshine all around by just being happy,—happy outside when they don't feel one bit like it. Such a sunbeam lightens burdens and leaves a cold, gray life warm. Are you a sunbeam?

HARRIET HOLT.

In the Cheering-Up Business

THERE is a great opening in the cheering-up business, plenty of room for everybody, and best of all, it does not interfere with any business. One may do a great

deal more in this avocation than in his vocation.

Persons in this business are health promoters. They are the unpaid boards of health that look after the public welfare.

It is wonderful how the cultivation of the habit of enjoying things will transform the whole life, so that we see everything in a different light. This does not suggest frivolity nor flippancy. The habit should be cultivated. It is as medicine to the mind.

Mirthful tendencies in young people should not be subdued. Care and worry in a young face show that there is something wrong somewhere.

Joyous persons are not only the happiest, but the longest lived, the most useful, and the most successful. The little strain of humour, the love of fun in human nature, is a normal, natural lubricant which oils life's machinery, makes it run smoothly, and relieves the jar and grinding of the bearings which prematurely wear away so many lives.

The habit of looking on the sunny side, the laughter side of things, is a fortune in itself. I would rather be a millionaire of cheerfulness and sunshine than of dollars. No matter what your work may be, learn to find happiness everywhere. And surely the gospel work, while it is a serious work,—for the future life is concerned,—is a pleasant work, and every Christian should let it be known as such.

"Smile once in a while,

'Twill make your heart seem lighter.

Life's a mirror: if we smile,

Smiles come back to meet us;

If we're frowning all the while,

Frowns forever meet us."

How gladly we welcome a sunny soul! We are never too busy to see him. It is a priceless gift to be able to possess a calm, serene, sweet soul which soothes, enriches, which is a perpetual balm to the hurts of the world. Such souls reassure us. We seem to touch power and sympathy while in their presence, and we love to go near them when we are in distress.

There is one success possible to the humblest man and the poorest woman; and that is, to go through life with a smiling face and to scatter the flowers of kindness broadcast.

The habit of feeling kindly toward every one, an expression of love, of kindness in one's very face and a sincere desire to help and cheer, is worth a fortune to any youth trying to fight the battle of life. The wearer of smiles and the bearer of a kindly disposition needs no introduction, but is welcomed everywhere.

There is nothing wanted so much in the world as sunshine, and the greatest wealth is a cheerful, helpful disposition. These riches are not only a blessing to the one who possesses them, but are a blessing to others.

Everybody is rich who knows or comes in contact with the millionaire of good cheer, and the more he distributes of his wealth, the more it multiplies. A worthwhile admonition then is; Do not look at life through a smoked glass.

OLIVER L. PASSEBOIS.

Be Happy as You Can

THIS life is not all sunshine,

Nor is it yet all showers,

But storms and calms alternate

As thorns among the flowers;

And while we seek the roses,
The thorns full oft we scan.
Still, let us, though they wound us,
Be happy as we can.

This life has heavy crosses,
As well as joys to share,
And griefs and disappointments
Which you and I must bear;
Yet if misfortune's lava
Entombs our dearest plan,
Let us, with what is left us,
Be happy as we can.

There may be burning deserts
Through which our feet must go,
But there are green oases
Where pleasant palm trees grow;
And if we may not follow
The path our hearts would plan,
Let us make all around us
As happy as we can.

—Selected

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Fourth Week

Service

Opening Exercises.

Five Minute Talk; Achievements of Livingstone in Africa.

Topic: "Inasmuch."

Reading: "The Fireman with a Heart."

Incident: "The Would-be Suicide Saved Himself."

Recitation: "The Christian and His Echo."

LEADER'S NOTE:—The poem, "The Christian and His Echo," should be rendered by two persons. One representing the Christan should recite the poem, and the other, from some place of concealment should represent the echo, repeating the the last words of each stanza, as indicated in the poem. If rendered well this should be very effective and impress the truths taught. We would suggest that young men with strong voices could render this to the best advantage.

Inasmuch

C. A. RUSSELL.

"INASMUCH as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

"Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me." "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

"There are two ways for travellers, only two ways." And there are two destinations. You cannot travel both roads at the same time. There is no middle ground. "He that is not with me is against me." You cannot hold on to God with one hand and on to the world with the other. God will never take back into heaven that which he once cast out—sin. "The wages of sin is death." Satan is a good paymaster. He will pay his wages to the last farthing—death.

What to Do to Be Lost

An evangelist once made use of a card upon one side of which was the question: "What must I do to be saved?" Beneath this question were such texts as: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." On the reverse side of the card was the question, "What must I do to be lost?" And the answer was "Nothing." It was a startling way of stating an absolute truth. All have sinned. "The wages of sin is death." If the pardon purchased for us is not accepted, the death penalty must be meted out. To be lost one needs to do nothing.

Those on his right hand will be called "blessed" because of what they did,—feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting the sick, ministering to the oppressed, living their Christianity. Those on his left will be cursed, because they did—nothing.

A cry, a bitter cry of woe, is ascending to God from broken hearts everywhere. Who will throw himself into the furrow of the world's need and help? Let us lay aside our profession of religion, and live it awhile.

The Most Effective Argument

"Let us remember that a Christlike life is the most powerful argument that can be advanced in favour of Christianity, and that a cheap Christian character works more harm in the world than the character of a worldling. Not all the books written can serve the purpose of a holy life. Men will believe, not what the minister preaches, but what the church lives."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. IX, p. 21.

"The most powerful argument in favor of the gospel, is a loving and lovable Christian." But the lives of professing Christians who do not live the Christlike are mockery to religion.

Some one has said, "How can I listen to what you say when what you do keeps thundering in my ears?"

"The world is watching Seventh-day Adventists, because it knows something of their profession of faith and of their high standard; and when it sees those who do not live up to their profession, it points at them with scorn."—*Id.*, p. 23.

The bright flowers of hope are made to bloom in the following beautiful passage: "The life that Christ lived in this world, men and women can live, through his power and under his instruction. In their conflict with Satan, they may have all the help that he had. They may be more than conquerors through him who loved them and gave himself for them."—*Id.*, p. 22.

Now, just now, is the time to trim our lamps. Let us be kind. A warm hand-clasp, a pleasant smile, a cheery "Good morning," do not cost so much, and they do help.

The Fireman with a Heart

In a fire in one of Chicago's great tenement houses, men and women and little children were in danger of being burned alive. The firemen were doing all they could to rescue the victims. One fireman was especially conspicuous by his undaunted bravery. Again and again he came to the walk, bearing a fire victim in his arms. At last he fell, overcome with the heat, the smoke, and exhaustion. In a moment, struggling to his feet, he cried, "They are

burning in there, I must save another soul." And again he dashed into the burning building, coming forth a few minutes later with another fire victim. This time he fell unconscious, but the fresh air soon revived him, and once more he staggered to his feet. "I must save another," he shouted, as he started back into the burning building. His companions seized him; it seemed suicidal. He slipped out of his fireman's coat, leaving it in their grasp, and once more dashed up the flaming stairs. After what seemed an eternity, he again emerged, this time bearing close to his breast, wrapped in a blanket to protect her from the awful heat, the form of a little girl. His hair was singed, his face scorched, his hands and arms blistered, but he had saved one more.

May God roll upon us a burden for the lost. "My heart is often burdened because so many who might work are doing nothing. They are the sport of Satan's temptations. Every church member who has a knowledge of the truth is expected to work while the day lasts, for the night cometh wherein no man can work. Ere long we shall understand what that night means. The Spirit of God is being grieved away from the earth. The nations are angry with one another. Widespread preparations are being made for war. The night is at hand. Let the church arouse and go forth to do her appointed work. Every believer, educated or uneducated, can bear the message.

"Eternity stretches before us. The curtain is about to be lifted. What are we thinking of, that we cling to our selfish love of ease while all around us soul are perishing? Have our hearts become utterly callous? Can we not see and understand that we have a work to do in behalf of others? My brethren and sisters, are you among those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not? Is it in vain that God has given you a knowledge of His will? Is it in vain that he has sent you warning after warning of the nearness of the end? Do you believe the declarations of his word concerning what is coming upon the world? Do you believe that God's judgments are hanging over the inhabitants of the earth? How, then, can you sit at ease, careless and indifferent?"—*Id.*, pp., 26, 27.

We are so occupied with our own selfish plans that we elbow our way through the throng about us, intent only upon the accomplishment of our purposes. And in doing so, many a flower is crushed beneath our feet.

The Would-be Suicide Saved Himself

AS I was walking along one of the most crowded streets in Chicago, I heard behind me a peculiar sound, a sort of thump, thump on the pavement. As I looked around, I saw a blind man feeling his way with his cane along through the throng. I said to myself, "How does he dare to do it?" Just then I came to one of the most congested corners of the great city. I wondered what he would do now. While I stood there stupidly wondering, I lost my opportunity, but a little newsboy found his. Stepping up to the blind man, he said, "Let me help you across the street," and taking him by the hand, he dodged the constant stream of street crossers, automobiles, motor trucks, and vehicles of every description, and steered him in safety

to the other side. The lad crossed the street again, calling out, "Evening paper." I said to myself, "Beautiful! The milk of human kindness has not yet all evaporated." I am sure the little newsboy went to sleep that night with a gladsome feeling around his heart.

"The quality of mercy is not strained, It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed; It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

A man lost heart and hope and courage, and started for Lake Michigan to end it all. As he walked along the street leading to the wharf, with a look of grim determination on his face, he passed through one of the poorer sections of the city. On the curbstone in front of a ramshackle tenement, sat a child, weeping as if her heart would break. He stopped a moment and said, "Child, what is the matter; are you hurt?" "No, mister." "Well, what is the trouble? Are you lost?" "No, mister." "Where do you live?" "Upstairs, mister." "Well, why don't you go up there? What is the matter?" "I am so hungry and so cold, and mamma is sick. We haven't anything in the house to eat." "Take me up there, little girl." She led the way up one flight, two flights, three rickety stairs to the attic room in the old tenement, and upon a heap of rags in one corner of the room, lay the emaciated form of the mother. No fire in the grate, not a crust of bread in the cupboard. Grim poverty and misery everywhere. Without a word he hurried down those three flights of stairs and to the nearest provision house. When he had purchased all he could carry, and telephoned an order for a ton of coal, he hurried back to the attic room once more. You can imagine the happiness that filled the hearts of the mother and her child. When he had promised further assistance, he again went down to the street below. "What was I starting to do? I had something on my mind that I was going to do this morning, what was it? Oh, I know, I was going down to jump into the lake and drown myself." He did not do it—of course he did not. In helping others he himself had found the royal road to happiness.

A woman once planted a beautiful rosebush in her garden next to the tight board fence which separated her rear yard from that of her neighbour on the back street. She had had nothing to do with this Irish washerwoman whose back yard joined hers—of course not. The tight board fence was an impassable barrier. She cared for her rose tenderly. She dugged about it, she fertilized it, she watered it, she pruned it, she sprayed it, but all she could do did not so much as cause a blossom from the rare exotic. One morning she had gone out and was bending over her rosebush, parting its glossy leaves in the hope that she might discover at least a little bud of promise, when she heard a voice from the other side of the tight board fence. It said, "Come around, leddy." Her curiosity was excited, and for the first time in her life she set foot in her neighbour's yard, and there, behold, miracle of wondrous beauty! Unfolding its beautiful petals was a wonderful rose. A growing shoot had found a tiny crevice in the tight board fence and had crept through, and there in her neighbour's yard was unfolding its petals of beauty, and distilling its fragrance.

May God help that the spirit of helpful neighbourliness may enter all our hearts. Let the sweet perfume of your own life of Christian helpfulness, helpful neighbourliness, distil its fragrance in your own neighbour's back yard. Break your alabaster boxes filled with the sweet perfumes of love and tenderness, of appreciation or sympathy, to-day. It may be too late to-morrow.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The Christian and His Echo

True faith, producing love to God and man, Say, Echo, is not this the gospel plan? The gospel plan.

Must I my faith and love to Jesus show By doing good to all, both friend and foe? Both friend and foe.

But if a brother hates and treats me ill, Must I return him good, and love him still? Love him still.

If he my failings watches to reveal, Must I his faults as carefully conceal? As carefully conceal.

But if my name and character he blast, And cruel malice, too, a long time last; And if I sorrow and affliction know, He loves to add unto my cup of woe; In this uncommon, this peculiar case, Sweet Echo, say, must I still love and bless? Still love and bless.

Whatever usage ill I may receive, Must I be patient still, and still forgive? Be patient still, and still forgive.

Why, Echo, how is this? Thou'rt sure a dove! Thy voice shall teach me nothing else but love! Nothing else but love.

Amen! with all my heart, then be it so; 'Tis all delightful, just, and good, I know; And now to practice I'll directly go. Directly go.

Things being so, whoever me reject, My gracious God me surely will protect. Surely will protect.

Henceforth I'll roll on Him my every care, And then both friend and foe embrace in prayer. Embrace in prayer.

But after all those duties I have done, Must I, in point of merit, them disown, And trust for heaven through Jesus' blood alone? Through Jesus' blood alone.

Echo, enough! Thy counsels to mine ear Are sweeter than to flowers the dewdrop tear; Thy wise, instructive lessons please me well; I'll go and practise them. Farewell, farewell.

Practise them. Farewell, farewell. —Selected.

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

Sabbath School Missionary Exercises

(August 6)

"Jesus Loves Me"

BROTHER ERIC HARE writes of a little boy in Burma that entered their school last year. His older brother and sister had been in school for a year, and his mother had such a lot of trouble with this one, although but seven years of age, that she sent him off to school with his brother and sister when school opened again.

Silver Lump, for that was his name translated, did not take to the idea of going to school, and attempted to run away almost as soon as he was brought, and had to be watched very closely for the first few days to see that he did not get away. He would not rise at the right time, and when the bell rang for worship or for school, he would slip away and hide in the jungle. When Brother Hare talked with him he would only hang his head and sulk. He stole green fruit and played truant, and altogether was a very naughty little boy.

The first day that he had been induced to go to school the children were having "Jesus loves me" for their singing lesson, and this sounded very nice to him, so he tried to sing it, and he was very pleased when he was able to sing the chorus after the first lesson. It seemed that he began to know that Jesus loved him that very day. Telling of the transformation that took place in this little boy's life Brother Hare says:—

"From the day Silver Lump learned to sing 'Jesus Loves Me,' we had no more trouble with him. Instead of running away from Sabbath School he came and sat in the back, and by and by he got up near the front, till at last he took the very front seat for his allotted place."

"One Friday evening when we were having our regular testimony meeting Silver Lump was early in his place with one of his little mates about his own age beside him. This night we were having the children recite their favorite texts. When the singing and prayer and introduction were over, Silver Lump was amongst the first to stand up and repeat his text, 'Be of good cheer, thy faith hath made thee whole.' Then he sat down and felt a burden to help his seat mate. He nudged him, but with no response. Then he got up close and with his arm around his neck and his mouth close to his ear, he whispered over his text once or twice, and then with a pull he got his little mate up to say his verse. Then looking around, he saw another little boy in the seat behind nearly asleep. He slid down to the end of his seat, slipped quietly into the seat behind him, and with his arm around this boy's neck and his mouth to his ear, he whispered over his text again, and got him up to repeat it, after which he gently slipped back into the front seat again, and the testimonies followed thick and fast around him."

"Dear Sabbath School members, old and young, give liberally of your offerings that many others, like this little-known Karen boy, may learn that Jesus loves them."

(August 13)

Pana's Letter

THE following letter written by Pana, was handed to Pastors Allum and Turner, while they were visiting the Dobeli mission, Solomon Islands, in September of last year.

Pana is one of our finest young native teachers, who, filled with a very definite longing for souls, left his home and the association of his people in order that he might carry the truth to the islanders of Ranonga.

He is a man of earnest prayer and simple faith, and possesses a sound knowledge of the message. So blessed were his efforts that he had the joy of raising up a company of upwards of 200, who regularly attend the Sabbath school and have now definitely identified themselves with the mission.

He is stationed on Rononga, and from Simbo, an island some miles distant, calls have reached his ears. His letter appeals for help. It was written in English and appears just as received.

Dobeli Mission,
Solomon Islands,
September 6, 1920.

To the People of Australia,
Dear Brothers of the S.D.A. Church in Australia.

I am going to write to you now to tell you about the work in the Solomon Islands. I want some men to help me do the work of the Lord to these people, because I cannot do the work in Simbo and do the work in Ranonga, because these are two islands here and I was one boy. I want some white men to help me out. I want to tell you (about) the wizard in Ranonga who is calling the people to learn the devil's song, and if any one wants to speak to their (dead) father or mother they give the money to the wizard, and the wizard spake to (the) devils, and the devils spake to the people.

I was very glad to do the work of God, so He can give me much of His grace and health and power. I was a heathen once, but now I have the gospel of Jesus to take it to the heathen people who know it not. Ranonga is a big mission, 227 people came on Sabbath school.

I think I will close this letter now,
I remain your brother in Jesus,
Pana.

(August 20)

Romiti, Chief of Ugehele

ON the Sabbath, after the morning meeting, it is the custom of the natives of the Solomon Islands to gather about the mission houses for the purpose of conversation among themselves or with the missionary.

While visiting Ugehele, Pastor Turner had opportunity of questioning a number of the natives, and from them, securing some idea as to their feelings toward the mission and its work. Among others, Romiti, the chief of Ugehele, was pleased to make a statement. This man is a very staunch supporter of our work, and spoke very freely in relation to it. His statement was taken, word for word, and is as follows:

"I am glad that the S.D.A. Mission started here. I am glad because the work of the mission is good. The young people are fine now. They have seen the teaching of the Bible and they are better. It was the wish of the parents to have the mission. We

want the mission. The Methodist mission had been here a long time, but we did not want them. We want a straight mission. We saw your work at Veru and we called you in.

Before the mission came they just walked about anyhow, and they were in darkness. The mission has come and brought Bible, and they are becoming clean, and we are glad.

I am glad my young people are leaving the old ways; the betel nut, etc. They now read the Bible, and that is better in every way.

Two of my children have been baptised, and I am glad. One of them is in the work of teaching. When the others get older, and know their own minds, I will gladly give them to the work of teaching, if they wish to go. Some day I hope myself to be baptised,—when I see all the Bible and know it better."

(August 27)

Baptism of an Aged Convert

SOME days ago, while visiting our work in Ceylon. I had the privilege of baptizing a Tamil man ninety-five years old. It was certainly an inspiration to see the simple faith of this old man, and to hear him tell of his unbounded confidence in the soon coming of the Lord.

In our interview he told me that he had been praying for months that his life might be spared until some one could come and baptize him. He said also that he had been afraid that even if any one should come, it might be felt that he was too old to receive baptism, and he had been praying that no such thing should happen to hinder him from receiving the sacred rite. The entire night before his baptism was spent in prayer and singing. His heart was full of praise to God that his life had been spared, and that now, after so many years in the service of the world, he had heard the message of the soon coming of Christ, and was allowed to give himself to God.

Should not the earnest prayers of this aged man for baptism, and the agonized heart-cry of myriads more in the dark places of the earth sound as a thrilling Macedonian call in our dull ears? "Never before did a generation face such a situation as ours does now. Paul in his vision saw a man of Macedonia beckoning and calling for help. With us the whole horizon is lined with men of almost every colour, tongue, and clime, and we must meet the present-day opportunities if they are to be met. Immediacy is the keynote of the appeal of opportunity the world around. Our men of Macedonia need responsive Pauls who shall either go themselves or give generously of their means to send others." G. G. LOWRY.

NOTICE

As the First Sabbath of the Week of Prayer falls on the second Sabbath of the month, which would otherwise be the monthly Foreign Mission Day, no programme has been prepared for the LEADER for that day. And as the Annual Offering for Missions will be given on the following Sabbath, the offering on August 13 should be given to the object usually receiving the offering of the third Sabbath of the month.