



THE MISSIONARY LEADER



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Foreign Mission Day

Some Things for Which We Are Taught to Pray in the Last Days

1. THAT God's Kingdom may come. Matt. 6 : 9, 10.
2. That God will raise up reapers. Matt. 9 : 37, 38.
3. For the power of His Spirit. Zech. 10 : 1.
"Especially should men pray that God will baptize His missionaries with the Holy Spirit."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. VIII, page 22.
4. Wisdom to know how to cast the net. James 1 : 5.
5. For souls for our hire. Ps. 2 : 8.
6. "Pray for us"—the workers in the foreign field. 2 Thess. 3 : 1, 2.
7. Righteousness and meekness to fit us for His presence. Zeph. 2 : 3.
8. God Himself has told us to ask for these blessings, so we may know that we are asking "according to His will," and He will surely answer the prayer of faith. 1 John 5 : 14.

The Lord's Care Amidst Tumult

"DURING the recent session of the South Indian Union Mission, held in Bangalore," writes Pastor W. A. Spicer, "I learned from Brother F. L. Smith of his experiences in the Punjab during the uprisings of two years ago. One of the worst districts in that serious time was the very region where our mission and dispensary were located. Brother Smith of Loma Linda, is a nurse, while Sister Smith (Dr Olive Santee Smith), is a medical graduate of the Loma Linda medical school. At the time of the uprisings the doctor was in Calcutta. Knowing that our people follow with interest these accounts of the protecting hand of God over the work and workers, I asked Brother Smith to write down the experiences he had been relating. It is evident to the Indian workers that North India narrowly escaped a repetition of the scenes of the old mutiny days of 1856-7. But the angels of the Lord still hold the winds of strife and confusion, and in this very region is occurring one of the most encouraging awakenings among the people that we have ever experienced in India. On account of the illness of Dr Olive Smith, Brother and Sister Smith were transferred to the semi-hill station, Bangalore, in South India." Brother Smith's story follows:

Experiences in the Punjab

During the seditious troubles in the Punjab in the year 1919, I was stationed at Chuharkana, on our mission property. Along in the early part of April

there were *hartals*, (demonstrations in the form of a strike, shops closing and work ceasing) at Delhi, Calcutta, and Lahore districts, and extended all over the Punjab.

One Sabbath afternoon as the mail train pulled into Chuharkana, I noticed a large crowd collected at the railroad station (we lived 300 yards from the station). Some of our workers went over to see what the trouble was. The train pulled up and the mob searched the train for Europeans, saying they were going to kill any they found on the train. They searched it but found no one. A Hindu standing near one of our servants said, "We must kill at least one white man, let us go over to the Mission Bungalow." After some discussion the mob dispersed without going over.

Next morning two of the leading citizens came to our dispensary and told us all the shops were closed at Chuharkana, and that we must close up our dispensary. We tried to impress upon them that we were open to help any one in need of our services, and cared not for any of their *hartals*. They informed us that they were tired of the British *raj* (rule) and that they were going to kill all the Europeans in India. I did not pay any attention to their threats. We went about our work as usual. I noticed, however, that they beat their drum just before the passenger trains came and would search all trains. I was also warned by our Indian workers not to go to the village. For four days our Indian brethren brought word that the report was that they were coming over to kill me.

I had hired out our native servant with the oxen to the most influential man in the village to work in his brick kiln, as we were buying thousands of bricks from him to build our hospital and could save a little for the mission. This man had always seemed a great friend of mine, and had helped me many times in getting things cheaper for our work. He came over one day and asked why we did not close up our work and observe *hartal* as did the whole country. He seemed to be very excited and told me what these seditious people had planned to do. Many of these plans were later carried out, but not all. He also told me that they were going to kill all the *topi wallas* (those who wear the head gear worn by Europeans).

I was all alone at our station with only our native workers who were in nearly as much danger as I, because they were Christians. I would read the papers of how Europeans were being killed at Kelhi, Calcutta, Amritser, Lahore, and many other places. How that they were cutting telegraph lines, taking up rails and ditching trains and how the British soldiers were being brought into the Punjab. Our Evangelist, (an Indian) wanted to dress me up in a Punjab costume and get me to Lahore, the nearest large place, thirty-five miles away. But I did not want to leave

the mission property to be destroyed, so remained. The third night after their first *hartal*, it was about nine o'clock and the trains had all gone for the night, I heard the drum being beaten very vigorously. It was coming nearer. I was sitting on our back verandah. It came still nearer. I could hear them talking and yelling as they came. I was sure now they were coming down the path that I always took as I came from the station. I knew what was in their hearts; they were coming to carry out the threats they had been making for several days. As they came up to the barbed wire fence surrounding our compound, I hurried into the house, got my Bible, and read the ninety-first Psalm, and asked the Lord to turn back these wicked men that my life might be spared, and His property cared for. Before I got off my knees they had turned and were making off. I then thanked God for His goodness to me.

The next night about 8.30 a man came to the door in a hard rain and called to me. I was fearful of every one, but as I went to the door our old servant was there with a telegram from a sister seventeen miles nearer Lahore. This read: "Meet me in Lahore on the 5 p.m. train." This was all she said, and it was wisdom that she worded it that way, as two other telegrams were sent to me, one by an officer of the government, but neither reached me. As there was no regular train due until 3 a.m. I could not get to Lahore to meet this sister. I did not go to bed that night but was making all plans to leave the mission property in as safe a way as possible. Along about midnight I saw a mail train go through Chuharkana station. In about an hour another passed in the same direction. I wondered how this could be, so sent a servant who found out that the Calcutta and Bombay mail trains were running over our line, as all other roads were out of commission.

How was I to get a train out of Chuharkana to Lahore when every train was being searched day and night for a white face? I asked the Lord to help me again. So I put a few needful articles into a suitcase and had two of my native Christians go with me to get the 3 a.m. train if it came through. As the train came into the station I hid behind the bushes along the railroad until the train was ready to start, then got into a compartment where were five sleeping Indians. I did not know what would happen to me when they awoke, but I trusted in the Lord. We reached two stations more and then were held up over two hours, as the rails had been removed and the telegraph wires cut. We then went on two stations more and were again held up. As I looked out of the window here, I saw a group of English soldiers on the platform. How good they looked to me! That meant earthly help, too. Soon

I saw aeroplanes flying over. I learned later that they were bombing the head villages in our district, where the natives had burned one mission on property and nearly all the government buildings. When I got to Lahore I met our sister and her husband and thousands of refugees who had come there for safety. I am quite sure that I was the last white man in the out-districts who came in. I should have come sooner but I hated to leave the mission to those bad men. I found Lahore in a terrible commotion. Soldiers seemed everywhere. No railroad tickets were sold in or out of the Punjab, and martial law was proclaimed.

The fort, as well as the railroad depot, was crowded with refugees. No food could be bought. None of us could go to the shops to buy anything as these were all closed on account of the *hartal*. I stayed at the station, slept on the stone floor one night and ate a little food that I had brought with me.

Something had to be done with us, as we could not stay there long under such conditions. So the railroad company made up a special train. We had to get a permit from the superintendent, stating our names, occupation, nationality, etc. We were then put on this special train (and for once in India I have ridden on a train with no Indians on board) and we were hurried to Mussoorie. A special armoured train with searchlights went ahead of us all the way, and every path leading up to the railroad was guarded by a soldier.

After eleven days I made my way back to Chuharkana as I had received word that less than twenty-four hours after I left, it was estimated that a mob of one hundred men had come over to the bungalow, probably to kill me. It was midnight when they came. Not finding me they took about everything we had. I was not supposed to be travelling on the railroad without a permit, but I did, as I was so anxious to get back and look after the mission property. I found soldiers were living in the bungalow, hospital and dispensary. They had a large tent pitched on the compound. One room in the hospital was full of rifles and machine guns. A train of prison cars was standing at the station and as fast as they found any suspects, they were locked up.

It was stated that any one who had suffered any loss during the seditious disturbances, by reporting to the deputy commissioner would receive compensation. So I went to see this officer who had quarters in a government building a half mile from us. As I approached him, he called out to me asking what I wanted in the cross-street way I was ever addressed. I told him, and every sentence I spoke he gave me such insulting answers. At last I was told by him if I had any complaints, to bring them in very soon.

I made out a partial list and after a lot of red tape got to see his honour, only to get a scolding every sentence spoken, as usual. I thought once, "I will not stay any longer and stand his abuse," but I stayed a little longer and got more scoldings. After a while he asked me what my business was, about the work our mission was doing, my salary and many other questions. Then he surprised me and asked if I had all the items listed. I told him I did not know that I had. How does a man know every piece of wearing apparel, etc.? and as for what Mrs. Smith had, I was still more at a loss to say. He made my account over

200 rupees more than I had listed, and had his clerk record it. He also asked for an estimate of my wife's losses.

About three days after this he sent me word to come to his bungalow. I went, not knowing what he wanted. He said I would get my money in a few days, and the bill for what my wife sent in would come in a few days more. My wife happened to be in Calcutta during this trouble, in the sanitarium. He also asked me to stay and hear the cases he was trying. As I sat at his right hand and was so highly honoured and was treated so differently, I thought it was God's hand still leading. Before he left Chuharkana he asked our mission to take over a Sikh school that he had closed, and told me that he was going to make our work amount to something. He put me in as vice-president of the notified area, and sanitary inspector of Chuharkana.

This gave me opportunity to do these people good and as I had to work with these same people that I threatened me and rebuffed me, it made quite an impression, as well as giving prestige, with the result that I had more friends and was able to do more medical and evangelistic work than ever before.

I might add that our railroad station and four others right up the line were burned, as were many bridges, before the soldiers could stop them. Now up in this same territory around Chuharkana we have our work going by leaps and bounds. Surely God is good to His people and has a watch-care over His work. FRANK L. SMITH.

The Great Physician Answered

WHILE on my way to one of our general meetings in South India, I stopped at one of our mission stations for two or three days. The next day after my arrival a letter came asking me to visit a sick child in the vicinity. This I gladly did and found the patient (a little girl of about seven years) very sick indeed. She had been in coma for three days, and it seemed a very hopeless case. Nevertheless, I did what I could and gave careful instruction as to her treatment till my call the next day.

The family were well educated and intelligent Indians and did their best in carrying out directions, but in spite of all efforts, on the following morning the child was decidedly growing worse and it seemed but a question of a few hours more. I told the anxious watchers the exact condition and that there was nothing more that could be done. The only hope was help from a loving Father. We had a short talk about His love and mercy and His power to heal if He saw fit, recounting instances when such healing power had been manifested. The family then requested that we apply to this Great Physician in *this* case, so we all knelt together about the bed of the little sufferer. My helper and I led, then some members of the household followed with earnest requests for the little one's life if it was His will. It was a touching season for us all and our hearts were knit together by a deep bond of sympathy. We then left the house knowing it would be the last time we would look upon the face of the child in life unless God showed His power in answer to our request, for, from present indications, she would soon be gone.

It was with a heavy heart that I neared the house the next morning with words of sympathy on my lips. When the door

opened, however, a *beaming* face met me instead of a tear-stained one. Shortly after our leaving, a change had come: she had become conscious, sat up, and asked for food. From that time she had been steadily improving. The joy that filled my own heart at the news can be better imagined than described, for I confess my faith had not anticipated such a decided answer to our prayers. Some instruction as to her care while convalescing was necessary, and we all united in thanking God for what He had done.

Then followed many questions as to what our mission believed, and desire to know more about our points of faith was expressed by several members of the family, which led to an engagement for Bible studies. As my time for departure had arrived, this work had to be turned over to the workers at the station to follow up.

We may not see the results until the books are opened, but we have the promise that "My word . . . shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereunto I sent it." Isa. 56:11. For this we rejoice and labour in hope.

Bangalore. OLIVE SMITH, M. D.

Missionary Volunteer Department

Missionary Volunteer Programme

First Week

Winning Our Friends for Christ

Song Service.
Opening Exercises.
Leader's Scripture Lesson Talk: John 1:40-51.
Recitation: "Speak a Word for Jesus."
Reading: "Our Business Here."
Special Music.
Reading: "God's Plan for Saving the World."

Notes for the Leader's Talk

WE have come together to whet our spiritual swords, so to speak. We realize the need for more active work. We are Missionary Volunteers in name; let's live out the title in action and in practice.

With that in mind, we should carefully note the Scripture lesson. It is a story familiar to us all, of the calling of Andrew and Peter and Nathanael.

Just note the first sentence of the story. A part of it is here on the blackboard: "He [Andrew] findeth first his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messiah. . . . He brought him unto Jesus." What a lesson in personal evangelism! Wouldn't it be a wonderful impetus for the kingdom of God if every Christian should feel and do as Andrew felt and did—should go right out to find his brother or his cousin or his closest friend, and bring him to Jesus?

If every new convert did that, we should hardly need a week of prayer and church revivals and campaigns, should we? It wouldn't be very long before all the world would be converted.

Notice the methods of Philip in being anxious, enthusiastic, and ready. He

believed, and he wished his friends to believe also. In approaching your friends to help them, you may have to approach each one in a different way, but with the same fundamental spirit of winning them to the same great cause to which you have been won. To do this, you will have to study, you will have to be tactful, you will have to be patient. Most of all, you will have to pray much; you will continually seek the aid of the Christ who was master in this art of approach. He will show you the way when your ability of itself fails. Let us emulate the methods and earnestness of Philip—he was an early Missionary Volunteer, and a practical one.

Speak a Word for Jesus

SPEAK a word for Jesus in the morning
gray.

Ere the hours of business call your thoughts
away.

In the quiet highway or the crowded street,
Speak a word for Jesus every chance you
meet.

Speak a word for Jesus in the busy shop
Where the talk is profit or the failing
crop.

Talk of Christ's bruised body and His
pierced feet;

Speak a word for Jesus every chance you
meet.

Speak a word for Jesus when you are at
home,

Tell the little children that the Lord says,
"Come!"

Tell the old, old story, for it is so sweet;
Speak a word for Jesus every chance you
meet.

Speak a word for Jesus to the lonely ones,
Point them on to victory and the Lord's
"Well done,"

Tell of heavenly music that their ears will
greet;

Speak a word for Jesus every chance you
meet.

Speak a word for Jesus by a life of faith,
Guided by this motto, "What my Master
saith;"

Then shall noble actions, freed from earth's
conceit,

Speak a word for Jesus every chance they
meet.
—Selected.

Our Business Here

TO win our friends for Christ, that is our business here. That is your business and mine.

And sometimes as I meditate upon this great inevitable fact, I try to look back to see how the friends of my teens helped to win me for Christ.

One evening—how well I remember still—we were walking over the hill toward home, an older friend and I. There was a lull in our busy talk. Something in my friend's attitude bade me keep still. Presently she gripped my arm a little more firmly. "Say, dear, won't you be a Christian?" she asked quietly.

The question surprised me. I should have resented it from some of my friends. But I couldn't from Georgia. My answer was not affirmative, nor yet negative. In fact, I could neither answer the question

nor get away from it. It followed me. To all my silent arguments against becoming a Christian, an unseen hand held up before me the beautiful life of the friend who had asked the question; and there grew in my heart a deep, unsatisfied longing to be the kind of Christian Georgia was.

Today as I look back over the fleeting years of youth, a feeling of deep regret fills my heart. Why didn't I realize sooner that one of the most precious privileges that comes to a young person is to win his friends for Christ? Is there not somewhere a hand that can draw aside the curtain before the eyes of the young people of today who are just as blind as I was to the opportunities of friendship, and help them to see that there is nothing greater in this world than to be hundred-per-cent Christians who win their friends for Christ?

Stanley confessed that it was the influence of Livingstone that persuaded him to become a Christian. Some one asked Charles Kingsley what was the secret of his beautiful life, and he answered, "I had a friend." We read these stories of the wonderful transforming power of friendship, and sigh for the secret of such almost miraculous influence. But somehow the hustle and bustle of the daily routine soon crowd out these deeper things of life, and we move on in the same old rut.

So it goes. Still the facts remain that to make the most of life we must make the most of our friendships. Our friends are talents intrusted to our care. The Master gives them to us, and in the words of another, "We must return them to Him better than we found them, or prove ourselves recreant to our trust."

But how can I meet this obligation? you ask. There is only one way: Be a connecting link between your Master and your friends. That is all. Draw them to Him by your life and by your words. Live the life of a soul-winner among them. Make the salvation of others your first business in life just as the Master planned we should.

"Never talk to me again about becoming a Christian," said a young man angrily to his friend. "I saw you last night in the theatre, and I have no confidence in the religion of a man who goes to such places." It was a severe rebuke, but not undeserved. Did not that unconverted young man have a right to expect his Christian friend to try to be what he professed to be?

"That is why I keep still," said a Missionary Volunteer. "I always fear that my friends will discover inconsistencies in my life, and so I just don't talk about religion." Now what would you think of a man starting in business saying: "I've invested all my money in merchandise and it's locked up in this building. I plan to make my fortune in the mercantile business; but I shall not open the doors till I have become the best business man in the State." You smile, and I do not blame you. Such a man would be doomed to bankruptcy.

But is that not just the position the Missionary Volunteer takes who refuses to try to win his friends for Christ because he feels that he himself makes mistakes? The Master is not looking for faultless workers, but for willing workers who will put away their faults as fast as they discover them, and then press on in the great business of winning their friends for Christ.
M. E. A.

God's Plan for Saving the World

OUT in the Western desert country there is nothing more precious to travellers than water. If it gives out, it often means that death is only a few hours away; and many a story is told of men who ventured out into the sands without sufficient water and perished of thirst. In that land there is no person looked down upon as more dishonorable than one who would steal water from another, or refuse to help with some from his canteen when a traveller is in need.

Two men had a camp twenty miles from the nearest water, where they were examining what is called a "prospect"—a place where a mine may be located, if the ore seems satisfactory. One day when they were in town they met a man who was going to travel out past their camp, and offered him the use of their shelter and food, as is customary there. He accepted it gladly, and in return offered to carry a barrel of water in his waggon to their camp.

"Don't bother about the water," he said, "I can take it easily, and you won't need to think about it. I'll leave it at your camp for you."

The two men were delighted, for it would save them a double trip with a waggon from the town, and that night they started to walk the twenty miles across the desert to their camp. Tired and thirsty, they reached their camp—but what a camp! The man had been there the night before and had made full use of it, using their beds, their food, their dishes; but he had not put the camp in order before he left. The bed was unmade, the dishes unwashed, fragments of food were scattered around.

Men who live out of doors learn to accept disagreeable surprises like this philosophically, and one of them said briefly: "Go get some water and I'll get these things in the kitchen straightened up."

More than a disagreeable surprise was in store for them, however, for there was not a drop of water to be found! Not only had their visitor failed to leave the barrel, as he had promised, but he had used up the last of their stale water for his horses.

Can you imagine how those men felt? No; no one can imagine it who has not had to journey miles without water across the desert. There was not a drink to be had, and these two men, tired from their walk of the night before, had to turn and walk back to town—twenty miles in the hot sun!

If they had not been accustomed to hardship, it would have cost them their lives, but they managed to make the trip, though they suffered intensely from heat and thirst and hunger. The man who had treated them in this brutal way, and whose actions might have meant their death, did not dare come to the town again, for every one knew what he had done and held him in the utmost contempt.

The message of God's love that is written in the New Testament is like life-giving water to a thirsty soul. God's plan for saving the world is that each one must do his or her share. He sent His own Son into the world to give His life for us, and we must each do our part to help spread the gospel message far and wide.

You may say, "Well, the little that I can do will not help." But think for a moment of a canteen of water—a canteen

whose contents may save the life of a dying man on the desert. One drop of water would not save him, but millions of drops together mean life to him.

You cannot have a canteen of water without having drops of water; and so the church is made up of individuals, as the water is made up of separate drops. Each drop has its own work to do—and each church member has his or her own task to perform. If we all are faithful, God's plan for saving the world will be well carried out.

HELEN MINSHALL YOUNG.

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Second Week

Lessons Learnt from Birds and Animals

Opening Exercises.

Reading: "Two Loyal Birds."

Reading: "The Eagle and the Weasel."

Reading: "Hawk Saved His Master's Life."

Reading: "The Neatest of Creatures."

Story for the Children: "Our Mission Horse 'Prince.'"

Two Loyal Birds

NEAR Saratogo, California, stands an old gray barn, nestled between the live oaks, with a hill rising back of it and the Calabash Creek flowing in front.

The shingles are covered with green moss, and under the eaves hundreds of swallows have their nests. Every spring the sky is alive with their flitting forms, and the air is filled with their twittering songs.

The owners of the barn are bird lovers, and never allow the nest to be disturbed. The first birds that came to the place, as was natural, built their nests high up in the gables of the roof on either end of the barn, but as they multiplied and more birds came, their nests extended nearer and nearer to the eaves.

One year when I was a small boy a strange thing happened. The two swallows that built their nests lowest down, failed to leave with the rest for their winter vacation in the sunny South. This was soon noticed by the ladies who lived in the house across the stream, but for a time no one knew the reason for the delay. Then it was noticed that the parent birds were feeding young in the nest. Though every one thought it strange that the young birds were not grown, a month passed before they realized that something must be wrong.

So one day the ladies asked some of us boys to climb up and investigate the nest. When we looked in, to our surprise we saw it contained one unusually large bird, perfect, so far as we could see. After trying unsuccessfully to frighten the young swallow from its little home, we finally broke the nest open, and found one of the bird's feet fastened in the hair which lined the nest. As we released him he fluttered awkwardly to the ground, a short distance away, much to the delight of his parents.

A few days later the three left for the Southland, just as the first storm of fall

broke over the valley.

We looked for him the next spring and found him among the first to return. He was easily distinguished because of his larger size and his fearlessness.

We now noticed another strange thing. The nests for at least six feet above the broken one were not inhabited that year, and to my knowledge no bird since has built a nest and raised a brood of young within six feet of this almost fatal spot.

Is there not in this a lesson to us to shun those paths that have proved a snare to our fellowmen? Never before in the history of the world, have there been so many dangers, so many pitfalls for the young, as at the present time. But to those who trust in Him the promise is given, "surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler."

Think, too, of the love of these parent birds, how they were willing to brave the storms and cold of winter, rather than leave one of their offspring to perish. Yet how infinitely greater is the love of Him who says "I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee." He further assures us, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? Fear not therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows."

H. F. GERRANS.

The Eagle and the Weasel

AN observer was out on a picturesque island of the sea, enjoying the scenery. Suddenly, not far from him, an eagle arose from the ground into the air. Up, up it soared. "Wonderful, majestic bird!" thought the observer, as he watched it pierce the heavens higher and higher. Suddenly it seemed to be falling; but it righted itself and again started upward. Soon, however, it crashed to the ground, striking a rock near the place from which it arose.

As the observer was contemplating the reason for this sudden disaster, a weasel scurried from under the battered body. Examination disclosed the fact that the eagle, on capturing the blood-thirsty weasel, had not killed it before starting off on the aerial journey; and so the little creature, in its fight for liberty, had freed itself sufficiently from its captor's talons to bite the bird's throat and drink its blood. Thus weakened the eagle fell to its death.

So many a youth has started out upon life with promise of a brilliant and successful career; but in time it could be observed that he was losing ground because of some evil habit which had fastened itself upon him. Perhaps it was impurity, cigarette smoking, dishonesty, or evil-speaking. All of these have sapped the lifeblood from many who otherwise might have reached the heights. It is wise then, early in life to heed the admonition of the apostle Paul, "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us."

Hawk Saved His Master's Life

THE story is told of a nobleman who, while on his return from a long hunt with his favourite hawk on a hot summer's day, filled his cup from a sparkling rivulet that was leaping down the sides of the mountain. As he was lifting it to his parched

lips, his hawk with sudden sweep of wings dashed it from his hand, and then, with a strange, anxious call, flew along the bank of the stream toward its source. The nobleman, no little annoyed, again essayed to drink; but the bird the second time upset the cup, and fluttered and called along up the mountain side the same as before. A third time the cup was lifted, and a third time its coveted contents were spilled. The hunter, tired and thirsty, his patience gone, with quick resentment struck his bird a fatal blow. Then, as he looked on his favourite, dead at his feet, it occurred to him to follow up the stream, for the strange conduct of the bird and his strange call had at last impressed him. In the spring, at the very fountainhead, he found, to his utter horror, the half-decayed carcass of a huge serpent, and it flashed upon him that it was deadly poison he had been lifting to his lips, that the faithful bird had saved his master's life, and that this same master in a fit of blind passion had ruthlessly destroyed his. Full of remorse, he dug a grave, laid the bird tenderly in it, and afterward, to mark the spot and tell of his gratitude and his grief, he raised a marble shaft above this, his humble benefactor.

Is there not a lesson here for us? When we are baffled and beaten back in some of our cherished purposes, when the cups of sparkling pleasure which we are eagerly raising to our parched lips are dashed from us, let us not in our haste conclude that our prayers are unblessed, that God has either turned away in deaf indifference and left us to our fate, or become our covert foe. The seemingly hostile forces may be the very angels of His kindest providence, commissioned to smite from our lips by the beating of their strong pinions, sparkling draughts which have come from poisoned springs.—W. W. Kinsley, in "Science and Prayer."

The Neatest of Creatures

THE fur of the ermine is of perfect whiteness. The dainty little creature appears to make it the business of its life to keep clean. It has as utter a horror of filth as a pig has love for it. So strong is this instinct that the ermine will suffer capture rather than defilement. Trappers know this fact, and use it to the destruction of the little creature. They will smear filth over the paths that the ermine would naturally choose to escape, and it falls into the trap because it keeps itself unspotted. So should we have a horror of the defilement of sin: so should we love purity that we try to keep our thoughts pure and sweet and clean at all costs.—Rev. R. P. Anderson.

Our Mission Horse "Prince"

(A Story for the Children)

I HAVE always been a lover of horses, and when one day visiting among the native villages in the beautiful Lovoui valley a few miles from Buresala, I saw Prince, then only about four years old, I wanted to own him very much. He evidently took a liking for me, for on my calling to him he came over and put his head on my shoulder. A few months later his owner, who was a German storekeeper, met me in Levuka and said, "I am about to be sent

away from Fiji on account of this war, and want to leave my horse in good hands, will you buy him?" So that is how I became the owner of Prince, and a fine horse he turned out to be too. We had him at Buresala for a time, and later he was sent up the Wai-ni-buka and had many rough experiences up there. One night a flood came down the river and he was nearly drowned, only his nose being above the water when a native dived in and cut the rope by which he was tied to a stake.

When I was appointed to work in Vanua Levu I asked for my old horse again, and so he is with us here. What a dear old horse he is, and how kind to the children. He is very wise too, for if he is thirsty he comes around the house to where the water tap is and turns it on himself and has a drink, but has not learnt yet to turn it off again. We went on a missionary trip up the coast a few weeks ago, and on our return journey the following week, when about ten miles from home, he turned into a gateway that led up to the house on the hill, and in spite of my pulling him around three times he persisted in going in, so I said, "Alright, old chap, up you go, it may be the Lord has something for me to do here." On arriving at the door a young woman, who used to work in a store at Levuka, came out and said, "Oh, it's you Mr. Martin, come inside." I went in and she called her mother, who is a Fijian woman, and we had a chat. The woman talks English nicely, and is very ladylike, and they have a very nice home, the father being an Englishman. She said her little girl was sick and had nearly died, so I asked if they would like me to see her and have prayer. They thanked me and led the way into the bedroom where a girl about fifteen was lying. I told her how Jesus loved to make sick people well again, but wanted us to love Him in return, and after reading a few verses from the Bible, we had prayer together by the bedside. What a privilege it is to follow in the steps of our Saviour, and go about doing good. How thankful these people were for my visit, and urged me to come and visit them again and bring my wife and family with me, so the way is open for us to teach them the message of the kingdom. We can see from this incident how the Lord can use even a horse to help advance the interests of His kingdom. Can we not learn a lesson from faithful old Prince?

H. R. MARTIN.

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Third Week

Prayer

Opening Exercises.

Topic: "What Is Prayer?"

Definitions of Prayer.

Poem: "Prayer."

Study: "The Power of Prayer."

Hymn 196 "Christ in Song."

Recitation: "Teach Us to Pray."

Reading: "How to Pray."

Reading: "Intercession."

Reading: "Thanksgiving."

Reading: "The Spiritual Value of Prayer."

LEADER'S NOTE.—Choose hymns to fit in with the subject, and if possible have some personal experiences related showing how God answers prayer.

What Is Prayer?

PRAYER is a coming to God. But how come, when come, and why come? Are there not necessary qualifications to coming aright? Spirituality depends upon prayer, and prayer also depends on one's mental ascension to God. Who is He? Where is He? How can I get in touch with this wonderful presiding Being, before whom is the intricate keyboard of nature and providence, and whose mystic fingers can produce anything, at any time, with any one?

Definitions of Prayer

PRAYER, says Beddome,

"Is the breath of God in man
Returning whence it came."

That is, prayer is an inspiration of God in the soul, and an inspiration of that soul to get near God. It comes down, goes in, then soars back whence it came. It is a genuine outflow of the finite heart to the Infinite Heart.

"The Motive of a hidden fire,
Which trembles in the breast,"
expressed by a sigh, a tear, a groan, a cry,
like—

"The infant crying in the night,
The infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

Inspiration says, "Prayer is the opening of the heart to God as to a friend. Not that it is necessary, in order to make known to God what we are, but in order to enable us to receive Him. Prayer does not bring God down to us, but brings us up to Him."

Prayer

PRAYER goeth up as doth the mist,
And swift is its ascent,
Far, far beyond the heights sun-kissed,
Or cloudy battlement,
It travelth not on wings of air,
Nor seen upon its flight,
And failleth not till it shall dare
Make entrance in the temple where
Its loving audience hath.

No message sent is lost, we know,
Nor hath it disregard,
The answer may be swift or slow
It cometh with regard.

If slow, the waiting will be best,
As long as the mists remain
Safe garnered in their azure rest,
Till, into cloudy folds compressed,
They fall in showers of rain.

Because the heavens are full of prayer,
The earth is full of hope.

Thus through the void of our despair,
With promise we look up.

Presented in His name alone
Who came for us to die,
We leave our plea at His dear throne,
Who loves His answer to make known
As rain sent from on high.

—Selected.

The Power of Prayer

PRAYER is a great thing, it is the greatest and most powerful thing in the universe—a power, as Austin Phelps has said, "as distinct, as real, as natural, and as uniform as the power of gravitation, or of light, or of electricity." There is not an element that it has not and will not control.

When the children of Israel stood before the Red Sea, Moses prayed to God, and the waters were divided. Ex. 14: 15, 21.

When Korah, Dathan, and Abiram rebelled against the leadership of Moses, this man of God inquired of the Lord, and the earth opened and swallowed them up. Num. 16: 15, 30.

When the three Hebrew children were thrown into the fiery furnace by Nebuchadnezzar's orders, the fire consumed the would-be executioners, but did not so much as touch the garments of those committed to the flames, because they prayed to God. Dan. 3: 19-27.

When Elijah prayed on Carmel, fire came from heaven, and devoured both offering and altar. 1 Kings 18: 36, 38. And James tells us that when Elijah prayed that it might not rain, it did not rain for three and a half years. He prayed again, and rain came. James 5: 17, 18.

Air, fire, earth, and water all moved by man's appeal to God! If "the sun stood still, and the moon stayed" (Joshua 10: 12, 13), in answer to prayer, then there is nothing it can not and will not do.

Teach Me to Pray

LORD, teach me how to pray.

I cannot pray aright except as by Thee led;

For what I should I often do not say,
And what my lips express had better be unsaid.

So impotent am I,

So sadly destitute of any worth or will
That the transcendent good I oft deny,
And, led by selfish greed, I ask the greater ill.

If Thou didst grant the prayer

Misguided lips intrude upon Thy patient ears,

The answer would augment our stock of care,
And crush the struggling soul with added fret and fears.

Thank God for prayers unheard,

Or rather, thanks to Him whose sympathetic heart

Discerns the need that prompts the spoken word.

And doth, instead of mine, His higher good impart.

Lord, link my will to Thine,

That when I pray, I may not make request in vain;

And as the branch finds fruitage in the vine,

So may my life in Thine its fullest fruit obtain.

How to Pray

ADORATION, or worship, is the first act in prayer, and confession naturally follows adoration as the second step. Surely we cannot contemplate the holiness of God, and then turn our view upon ourselves without being made woefully conscious of sin and weakness, of baseness and barrenness.

True confession is full and free. Nothing is kept back. We open the mire of the heart to the view of Him who alone can cleanse and purify, expecting, believing that "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Petition, or supplication for ourselves, is

pressed upon us by confession; for as we see ourselves in our lost condition, we can but plead for mercy and help to Him who only can help. We are emboldened to do this because we are invited, yea urged, to make our wants known to God. "Ask, and ye shall receive." "Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." Again we are told to "be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you." "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."

Some of the things we may well pray for are suggested in the following petition by Lancelot Andrews:—

"The power of the Father guide me,
The wisdom of the Son enlighten me,
The working of the Spirit quicken me.

Guard Thou my soul,
Strengthen my body,
Elevate my senses,
Direct my course,
Order my habits,
Shape my character,
Bless my actions,
Fulfil my prayers,
Inspire holy thoughts,
Pardon the past,
Correct the present,
Prevent the future."

"Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen." —Selected.

Intercession

"LORD, help me to live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way
That even when I kneel to pray,
My prayer shall be for—OTHERS."

Have you ever noticed how much of your prayer was for yourself and how little for others? The burden of one's secret prayer may at times appropriately be for one's self that one's work and prayer for others may be more effective. But it is not fitting that public prayer should be concentrated upon one's self or even upon those worshipping in fellowship with him. Public prayer should reach out and include one's associates, the community, the nation, and the needy world. Circumstances should indict the petition; but he who prays in public should not confine his vision within the four walls surrounding him. The Lord's prayer is suggestive in this connection: "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven," directs the attention first to the expansion of the kingdom of God throughout the world. This broad view is the fitting one for public prayer.

Thanksgiving

"WITH thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." Thanksgiving for blessings received is a fitting prelude and postlude for new requests. "Praise is comely." "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth Me."

Perhaps it may not be amiss, as Mr. Scroggie suggests, to make our thanksgiving

as well as our petitions comprehensive, letting our thanksgiving be directed according to the three ways in which God manifests Himself to us, namely:—

1. As the God of creation. Psalm 104.
2. As the God of providence. Psalms 105, 106.
3. As the God of redemption. Psalm 103.

The Spiritual Value of Prayer

"SPIRITUALITY is the reward of supplication, but not necessarily of any other form of service. A man may preach, and be unreal, but he cannot pray and be unreal, for prayer that reaches heaven is a work of the Holy Spirit. True prayer begets in the heart love, peace, joy, patience, wisdom, trust, sincerity, courage, and compassion—indeed, all that is divine; so that whatever gains others may derive from our praying, we ourselves are most largely enriched. In intercession we come to know God, and Christ, and the Spirit, and the Bible, and ourselves, and the world, as we could scarcely know them in any other way. Prayer makes the shallow soul deep: the foolish, wise; the ignorant, intelligent; the slothful, busy; the weak, strong; the indifferent, zealous; the unbelieving, trustful; and the craven, courageous. 'More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of,' and if only we loved our own souls we would pray more."

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Fourth Week

Your Choice and Mine

Opening Exercises.

Topic: "Your Choice and Mine."

Reading: "By the Side of the Road."

Recitation: "A Lesson in Life."

Your Choice and Mine

It is within my power to choose what I shall be. It is within your power to choose what you will make of yourself. Wonderful privilege! The decisions we make today, though seemingly small, affect our whole after-life. How shall we choose? What shall we choose?

We are confronted daily with the deciding of one question and another, and these decisions enter into the building of character. Character is not made of what we believe we are, but of what we actually are. A decision made that swerves from principle is a defective piece of construction in the character. And "a chain is no stronger than its weakest link."

How shall we choose? We frequently hear the exclamation, "I did it before I thought!" Is that possible? More likely, the thought had been indulged so often that it had merged into an act and unconsciously became a habit. It would seem necessary, therefore, that we go back to our very thoughts in order to know how we shall choose.

Isaiah's call is for the unrighteous man to forsake his thoughts. Perhaps we have been obsessed by an evil thought that we strenuously endeavour to rid ourselves of, and succeed after a fashion. The battle continues, we weary in the conflict, and weaken. Then our state is worse than before. In the successful endeavour we shall fortify

ourselves against the attack of the enemy by filling the vacancy with the words of the Master, that we may know wherein to walk. While we are permitted to choose, the way is pointed out. "This is the way, walk ye in it." Can we recognise the voice of the Master if it is not familiar to us? Can we recognise it if we hear it but once, or only occasionally? The shepherds of the East told their sheep for the night and put them under the guardianship of the watchman at the gate. The sheep do not not know the watchman. He is a stranger to them. His call would only confuse them. But when the shepherds come in the morning and call their own, there is a swaying and a separating among the mass as each flock recognises its shepherd's voice and follows him. Other calls do not disturb them when they hear the call of their own shepherd. So if we are familiar with the voice of our Shepherd by frequent communion with Him, in study, in meditation, and in prayer, when other voices call, we shall have no difficulty in knowing how to choose.

Christ is our example, our perfect pattern. We may come in contact with beautiful characters and long to be like them. This is all right as far as it goes. We are to lead exemplary lives that we may be an inspiration rather than a stumbling-block. The ideal man or woman cannot give you or me the power to be an ideal person. "Christ the power" worketh in us "both to will and to do of His good pleasure."

Joseph decided aright when he fled from temptation, saying, "How then can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?"

Ruth chose to serve Naomi's God, and to Ruth fell the honour to be a progenitress of the Messiah. Orpah, choosing to return to Moab, passed into oblivion.

Gebazi, the servant of Elisha, hearkened not to the still small voice, but chose rather the things of this world. And he became a leper.

What shall we choose? First, to do His will. When we shall have become accustomed to listening to His voice, we shall learn His will concerning us. If it be a call to service at home or abroad, we shall know. If it be a command to stand where we are, wearying though our place may be, we shall know. The children of Israel moved not when the cloud stood still. And, methinks, it is hardest to stand still. The work of another seems so much easier than that which has fallen to us to do.

We are familiar with the dream of the woman who thought her cross was heavier than those all about her, and longed to choose another. Crosses of divers shapes and sizes were presented to her view, and she was permitted to choose. To her dismay she found the beautiful jeweled ones far too heavy, and thorns lay hidden in the lovely flowery ones. Having tried many, she selected a plainer, simpler one, and discovered it to be her own despised cross. We know not the way. But, blessed assurance, we shall be led if we choose to accept His way for us, by learning to do His will concerning us.

And it means heaven at last! We shall behold His glory. We shall sit on His throne. Not sit with idle hands and look, but share His glory—be joint rulers with Him. Happy reward!

So my choice is to listen that I may be able to discern His voice, to commune daily that I may choose aright, to suffer with Him that I may reign with Him. Is it not yours?

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

M. STELLA FLEISHER.

By the Side of the Road

A HOT August night, and—Halstead Street! Here in the heart of Chicago's foreign district, men, women and children of a dozen nations poured along the street, gossiping, disputing, arguing, and sweltering. In this little patch of the United States a miniature world is huddled.

And here, too, in the midst of just such disconcerting foreignism, is Hull House, with open doors and streaming lights. We step in—we can't help it—and we are at home. Once inside, the heat, the confusion, and the unfriendliness of the world so close at our heels is forgotten. Real pictures—the kind that any one would be proud to own, hang close together on the wall. Unusual, comfortable furniture is arranged easily about the long room, and even the bookcase invites you to select a volume from its contents and settle yourself in the depths of a big chair before the fire—that is, if you don't happen to be visiting Hull House on a hot night.

And then something happens—it did to me, anyway. I discovered that the outside world that I was forgetting had come in too, only somehow I couldn't think of it as "outside" any more. Some way the walls of Hull House had clasped all in a circle of friendliness. And as though to prove that there were no petty bounds to good will, a college-bred American girl was encouraging an awkward, bashful young Greek to try a class in geometry; seated in a comfortable corner of the parlour a young Polish girl was initiating an Italian into the mysteries of *x, y, z*, while a bevy of young people, with laughter on their lips that knows no consciousness of race, loitered in the hall before taking possession of the dining-room for an evening of games and music. And we drifted in with them, too, and on past, into the court where the air had caught life from the swish of water on a perfect lawn and where the light streaked through a number of balconies. Once again strange words floated to our ears. Above our heads a group of men were listening to the reading of a Russian paper; someway the strange words were a part of the brotherhood of the place.

But Hull House is not dedicated entirely to the social life of its neighbours. The walls have been pressed out until they surround a long block, and hold within them spacious rooms devoted to weaving, basketry, cooking, sewing, carpentry, and numberless other trades which fit those who will avail themselves of the opportunity, to cope with everyday life. The complexity, the completeness, that has made Hull House a part of the life of many peoples, is amazing.

And how did it all come about? It is just the dream of one little woman come true. "When I am grown up," she said one day to her father, "I am going to have a big, beautiful house, but it's not going to be in the midst of big, beautiful ones like itself. It is going to be among the horrid little homes in a crowded city." Little did she dream then of this home of hers, Hull House, for it is her home; she lives right there with her people.

"Miss Addams won't let us do a single thing for her," complained the lady who

introduced me to Hull House. "She waits on herself; she lives simply, and we all love her dearly."

Any one who visits Hull House may have the inspiration of meeting Miss Addams—that is, if she is at home. I was unfortunate enough to visit her when she was rendering valuable service to the statesmen of Europe. But that is Miss A dams, truly great because her love for the poor and her simple life have made her such.

But we haven't yet answered the question of how it all started. When Miss Jane Addams stepped from her college course into the world, she came to life's tasks with enthusiasm. She dreamed of completing a medical course. To her dismay, a few months proved that her strength was insufficient for the task. Dreams faded, and life took on the vague haziness of purposeless years. Handicapped always because of a serious spinal trouble, what would she do that would be truly worth while? She designates the period which followed as the "snare of preparation," for she found that the little incidents of everyday life finally led her to her work.

One occurrence which stands out above others is a sight she saw in London. She was taken to see an auction of vegetables in the poorest section of that great city. The impression would not leave her. It was "not of ragged, tawdry clothing, not of pinched, sallow faces, but of myriads of hands,—empty, pathetic, nerveless, and workworn, showing white in the uncertain light of the street and clutching forward for food that was already unfit to eat."

Once more her dreams took definite shape. "If I can't cure the poor, I can live with them," she said. And going down into Chicago's slums she founded Hull House. With her own means she rented the erstwhile mansion. She scrubbed it, repaired, painted, and varnished it. The old homestead, which had deteriorated into a factory because of the rising stream of immigrants that thronged that section of low rents, responded nobly. And when Miss Addams moved her personal belongings from the house of her birth to the house of her choice, it became a home indeed, a home for all people. Little could she see Hull House as I saw it that August night! She but "lived in a house by the side of the road"—just lived there every day. And I—I stood amazed at what she had accomplished, and with those many others thanked God for the little woman whose love for the poor of all nations had given birth to Hull House. HARRIET HOLT.

A Lesson in Life

I WAS up near the city road one day,
Some men were digging a drain;
The sky was dark, and the streets were gray
With a misty, drizzling rain;
I had done my work, and was hurrying by,
But one is bound to know,
What's up when he hears a frightened cry,
And a crowd begins to grow.

Ill news flies fast. The word was passed:
"The drain!" "The props!" and "save!"
The earth had slipped, and the men were
fast—

Three souls in a living grave.
They had mates at hand, by luck, poor
chaps!

Who hurried with pick and rope:
Thought I, "They'll dig 'em out perhaps,
But little the worse I hope."

So I stood and watched them for awhile,
As I'd nothing else to do.
They threw the earth in a goodly pile,
And one of the lads got through.
"Hurrah!" went up from the waiting
throng,
And ran through the misty air.
A girl I knew came running along,
And sighted me standing there.

"O Jim!" she gasped; "can't you help?
Go, go!"
And she seized and shook my arm;
"Your brother is there, is buried below!
And you standing there so calm!"
"My brother!" Then in a second's space
I was digging away like mad,
Fearing to light on his poor dead face—
The only brother I had.

I got him out with a bruise or two,
But nothing of harm beside;
You'd scarcely think what I say is true,
But I then broke down and cried
To think I'd been standing staring there
When my kin was like to die,
Letting the others do all my share,
Out of sheer stupidity.

It seems to me when I come to think,
That our life on earth goes so;
Some standing safely upon the brink,
Some sunk in the depths below;
And I'm sure if people only knew
That their brothers were like to die,
They'd hasten to see what they could do,
Instead of just standing by.

—Selected.

His Last Song

DURING the late war a young man was told by the surgeon that "an operation would be necessary to save his life; and so serious was the operation that in its performance his power of speech would be completely destroyed. The young man resigned himself to the sad news, and then requested permission to use his voice once more. The request was granted, and stepping out into the middle of the hospital ward, his voice, which had so often been used in the Saviour's service, rang out his last song:

"Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Save me from its guilt and power."
Only the soul born of Christ could bear
such tragic news so nobly.

Sabbath School Missionary Exercises

(May 6)

Rays of Hope in Heathen New Guinea

FOR thirteen long years we have been labouring in New Guinea amongst natives who seemed to be quite uninfluenced by the message of God's love, which has been proclaimed to them by our faithful missionaries, and it has seemed to us that a new district should be entered and a beginning made amongst more promising people. But now here comes to us a message from Brother G. F. Jones that "the impossible"

has happened, and there is a decided change in the attitude of these people towards the missions. He writes as follows:

"Since my last letter to you of January 5, the so called impossible has taken place after thirteen years. The Koiari people have been won to a plan of mission work which I have put before them. About a hundred gathered together here a few days ago,—the day we planned to start a mission school and take their children in. They left us twenty-one young people mostly of the age from nine to eighteen; bright, happy, and intelligent, the very cream of the natives for school and mission advantages. Others are coming later, and by and by, if all goes well, we shall win the confidence of all. They are now quite interested. The grown up people are putting the grass roof on the mission school houses, and they say, 'We have never felt we desired the mission as we do now.' They are also asking questions from our Fijian workers on religious matters, and say 'We now want to learn these things.' Now would it not be a terrible disaster if we should disappoint them after such a good beginning, and this miraculous change in their minds?"

"It does my heart good, and it would do yours, too, to see twenty young people working in the forenoon with a good deal of glee and noise planting food, while in the afternoon they attend school. This is a great victory considering the utter indifference hitherto of the Koiari people. I have often heard that nothing could be done with the Papuan. But here they are bright and promising; so please pray for this wonderful achievement in their behalf. 'God can change, wonderfully change, the most hopeless outlook.' These words have been my confidence.

"Instead of fifteen small villages, as I said in my last letter, I have counted with some chiefs, over forty, so we shall have something to draw upon for a successful and permanent mission in Bisiatabu after all.

"To go back on what has been done would seem like going back on God, who has given evident and visible signs in His guidance thus far among the Koiaris."

Let us pray earnestly that the Lord will move mightily upon the hearts of these Koiari people, and give our workers in New Guinea the great joy of winning some of them for the kingdom.

H. M. BLUNDEN.

(May 13)

Evangelistic Work in Tonga

By B. E. HADFIELD

I HAVE been two weeks now at Haano, a town some three miles away on the next island. We have done no work here previously.

The first week I preached four times. This week I have preached three times and done some visiting. The whole town is stirred. They say that our preaching is very unlike that of their native ministers, as we preach the Bible.

About half-a-dozen are especially interested, but although they admit the truth of all that I say about tobacco and *cava*, etc., they have not yet made any change in their practices. Of course I can hardly expect it thus early.

I have had an average attendance of about thirty a night. At first the people came prepared to make a disturbance, but now they are as quiet as can be. Some asked many questions after the first few meetings, but these do not ask any now.

I used to regret that the Mormans preceded us, but I do not now, for they have only done us good. The Tongans only ridicule them for such doctrines as they preach. They gave them a very rowdy time here, kicking on the walls and stamping on the floor and their meetings usually ended up with a general argument and quarrel. But they say that we preach the Bible, so it is truth, and they give us respectful attention.

We are well and of good courage, and trust by your prayers and the Word of God to see some here take their place with God's commandment-keeping people.

(May 20)

Heaps of Skulls

NOT many days ago I was reminded very forcibly of Ezekiel's valley of dry bones, when descending into a cave on the island of Nukubiva, in the Marquesas Group, I was confronted with heaps of human bones and skulls of bygone days.

The majority of the Marquesas natives fear to go upon certain taboo grounds, made taboo because heathen priests once practiced there; also to enter caves, since in them the dead were once buried, lest, perchance, some sickness or other calamity be sent upon them by the spirits in consequence.

One of our Sabbath school boys, a native youth of about thirteen years, and exceptionally fearless of those old tabooed places, one day volunteered the information that he had been told the location of an old heathen burial cave. He would go and look for it, and later, when I had time he would take me to see it. The Marquesians in the old heathen days put out the bodies of their dead upon a platform of poles until only bones remained. These, sometimes only the skulls, were stored in a taboo place, frequently a cave.

It was a long way, so we went on horses, two younger boys following out of curiosity. After riding an hour and a half over hills, stony paths, and once or twice through the sea, we reached the valley of Haatuatua at the end of the island. This is one of those valleys once well inhabited, but now without a living soul. We proceeded over the sands to the far end to a place where the shore becomes bold and precipitous. Here we tethered our horses and began the search. After examining several places among the cliffs with no success, Paulo came upon what appeared to be an entrance all stoned up. He began pulling down the stones, which was no easy job, for the cliff dropped off at that point giving no sure standing place for the feet. When the small opening was cleared I handed him my electric torch, and down he started very bravely. He had not gone far when he climbed out hurriedly, saying, "I am afraid; there are down there any number of skulls."

I then took the torch and went down. The opening was only large enough to squeeze through. Inside it was larger, but only by a tortuous descent in which one must half stand and half lie, could one reach the floor of the cave. True to Paulo's description there were many skulls and other human bones,—four heaps of them.

Musing over the vast number of skulls upon which we looked, the following thoughts came to me. "These poor people all died ignorant of a Saviour, and of the truths we hold so dear concerning His coming again. How will God deal with them in the judgment?" I am sure we can trust them in God's hands. He is a just God, and will deal with them according to the light they had in their day.

The important question for us now is, Are we obeying the light God is sending us? God's Holy Book is His message to us. It is a mine of light and truth. Do we make it a point to know for ourselves by a personal reading of the Bible and prayer, what God's will is? What is there of more importance to us than knowing and doing God's will? Certainly we shall be called into account at the final judgment for ignorance of God's will, which we might have known had we improved the opportunities which are ours today.

GEO. L. STERLING.

(May 27)

A Chief's Testimony

DURING an annual gathering of our native believers of the Morovo Lagoon in the Solomon Islands, three hundred people were present representing twelve Sabbath schools. At a testimony meeting held during this gathering a striking testimony was borne by Jorovo, the chief of Telina, and owner of the land where our mission is built.

"Jorovo has long been known for many miles around for his daring and fighting in the head-hunting days. This chief had never taken a decided stand with the mission, though he has given up his betel-nut, and has been willing for his children to attend school. During the testimony meeting, as soon as the man in front of him had finished speaking, Jorovo stood upright on the seat in the presence of nearly three hundred people and this was his testimony: 'What I have to say today I must say quickly. You all know my past life. I have never stood up in this church before to speak, nor have I followed all the ways of the mission, but I have been watching those who have. It is more than one year since I did any *ponda* (spirit) work. That is all finished now, as I see that the Bible is a good book to follow, and I want to give my heart to Jesus now, and be strong to follow the mission and help push this work. My son is dying. I know that it is only the worship held morning and evening that has kept him alive so long.'

"Praise God for these words from such a man as old Jorovo. He has shown by his life lately that the light of this glorious gospel can dispel the thickest darkness and give the sinner peace. Does it pay to give of our means and ourselves to spread the light?"

Hidden Gems

"THERE'S many a gem lies hidden
Beneath the dross of sin.

The day will soon be over
In which to work and win;
Then let us dig and find them:

God's power is enough
To polish into beauty
These diamonds in the rough."

—Selected.