



MISSIONARY LEADER

Vol. 10

SYDNEY, JULY, 1922

No. 7

Foreign Mission Day

(July 8)

Bible Study

Lessons from the Life of Paul

The Great Foreign Missionary

1. His first question upon his conversion was, "What wilt Thou have me to do?" Acts 9: 6.
2. After the restoration of his sight his first step was to get a preparation for his future work. Gal. 1: 11-17.
3. Being fully prepared for service he sought the counsel and co-operation of the brethren of experience. Acts 9: 26-28; Gal. 1: 18, 19.
4. When God blessed his efforts with great success, Paul ascribed all the glory to God. Acts 14: 27.
5. He constantly recognized that in himself he was weak. Rom. 7: 18; 2 Cor. 12: 10.
6. He lived so near to God that he received instruction from heaven concerning his fields and his plans of labour. Acts 16: 6-10; 27: 23, 24.
7. He counted not his life dear unto himself, but valued it only in so much as it could be used in God's service. Acts 20: 22-24; 21: 12, 13; Phil. 1: 20, 21.
8. At the close of his labours he had full assurance of God's approval, and of receiving a crown of righteousness at last. 2 Tim. 4: 6-8.

Progress Reports from Our Mission Fields

BY PASTOR H. M. BLUNDEN

New Guinea

BROTHER JONES continues to write most encouragingly of his work in New Guinea. In consequence of the opening of his school for the Koiari people the Government has adopted toward us a more favourable attitude than formerly. Brother Jones made application to the officials for a supply of medicines to assist him in working for the natives. He saw the Secretary himself, and had a nice talk with him, and he was pleased with the plan Brother Jones has adopted, and stated that the Government would pay half the bill we spent on medicines for the mission.

Pastor Jones writes:—

"The fact that the Koiari young people are coming to our mission school is causing favourable comment. The Governor reports the Koiari people are the most backward in New Guinea to embrace civilization, and the judge says he has more trouble with them than all others. To me they are a quiet people, very friendly, and show

every confidence. They are not numerous but are worth working for and converting. Here in Port Moresby and along the coast they use the name of "Koiari" to frighten each other and naughty children. They are blamed for every murder and theft. While much of it is true I do not think they are as bad as they are painted. We can get more boys to school than we have at present but we cannot supply them with enough food until it has grown."

We rejoice with Brother Jones over this fine opening which he has succeeded in making amongst a tribe amidst whom our mission has been settled for about thirteen years, and yet with whom we have apparently made no impression up till now. Let us pray very earnestly that the grace of God may rest upon Brother Jones in rich measure, and give him much power to labour for this people. Brother Jones further tells that he was expecting to start in a few days for his long trip into the interior mountains of New Guinea, expecting to be gone for at least a couple of months. This is a hazardous undertaking, but we believe that Brother Jones will be equal to the task and that the Lord's protecting care will be with him throughout his journey.

New Hebrides

From the New Hebrides we receive mail with almost every incoming steamer. Brother James is meeting with considerable interest at Big Bay, Santo. Since his return to this station he has succeeded in reviving the interest of those natives who were friendly to the mission before he left for his furlough. In addition to those, others are manifesting a considerable degree of interest. The coast of Big Bay is an old mission site, the Presbyterian Mission operated one of their strongest centres in this district with their head station only four miles from our mission house. This station has been deserted for about six years now, and in a district where there were once possibly 3,000 people, the majority of whom were adherents of the mission, today only 300 remain, and when I visited the scene of this formerly prosperous mission about nine months ago, I photographed the only two surviving members of the Presbyterian Mission. The population is fast dying out, and those who remain have drifted back into heathenism. Brother James has left no stone unturned to win some of these poor abandoned heathen to the gospel of Jesus Christ. He writes that he has a regular average Sabbath attendance of twenty-four. At times it has been as high as fifty. He tells us that those who regularly attend are refusing to take part in the heathen festivals, and so his hopes are very bright for success with these people.

We told through the *Record* of a naked, savage tribe on the Sakan Peninsula about ten miles across the bay from the mission.

Brother James has been doing everything in his power to get into sympathetic touch with these people and to win their confidence. In his latest letter he tells us he has succeeded in doing this. The natives on the Big Bay coast where our mission is located, are on good terms with the Sakau people and Brother James is using them and their influence with this tribe to bring about friendly relations. He has not yet met the big chief, but is hoping to do so in the near future. This man naturally is rather wary about coming in contact with the white man, since the government has a price of £50 upon his head.

From Atchin Brother Nicholson sends us encouraging word. Ten boys from the island of Ambrim have connected with the mission school on Atchin. These boys are already Christians, having received some training in former years with another mission. Brother Nicholson tells us that they are doing considerable mission work among the Atchinese in endeavouring to win them to the gospel. Brother Nicholson's hopes are high that these Ambrim boys will accept fully the message and perhaps become our first native workers among that people. The New Hebrides is a hard field and our workers need your continual prayers and interest.

Fiji

From Fiji we have much to encourage us. In a letter just received from Pastor Rudge he tells us that Brother Carr has met with excellent success as he labours for the people of the mountain districts in Viti Levu. His headquarters is the village of Nadrau. It is in this district where a great awakening took place some three years ago and where large numbers of the people nominally accepted the truth. On my recent visit to Fiji, Pastor Rudge, Pastor Carr, and I visited the villages of this district and everywhere the people pleaded with us to send them help. This has been done, and we are glad to be able to report that souls are responding to the invitation to come to the Lord for cleansing. Brother Carr is greatly encouraged and Brother Rudge says he is happy in his work up there. Brother Ward has recently joined him and will associate with him in labouring for these people.

This same letter also brings news of the prosperous conditions at the Buresala school. Brother Martin is there just now reconstructing some of the buildings. This work will be completed in a few weeks and then our school will be thoroughly equipped for strong work. The school building will be much more healthful for the workers there as the roof will be raised considerably higher and the building altogether made more airy and cool. The second teacher's cottage, which had fallen into disrepair and was of little use any more, has been entirely reconstructed and is now a comfort-

able dwelling home, so that this gives us a fine school building, two good dwelling houses, and a printing plant in connection with our training school. Brother Palmer, the principal, is very much wrapped up in his work and is labouring hard to make the school a success. We hear that they have 30,000 food taro planted and hereafter there will be practically no food shortage in Buresala. A little over a year ago Brother Carr completed the pig-proof fence around the property which has made possible the planting of food. Without this the trouble we have had for so long in Buresala would have continued.

We rejoice in all the successes of our missionaries and sympathize with them in their great difficulties; but above everything else we are glad for the unspeakable gift of Jesus Christ who is the great Leader of our foreign missionary movement. We look to Him continually to guide and would commend our mission work to His tender watchcare and love.

Klee Bow Karens

A Sect of Karens Who Keep the Sabbath

BY PASTOR E. B. HARE

ALTHOUGH numbering only about one and a half million, the Karens of Burma are one of the most interesting tribes in the world. They are found inhabiting the hill country and seacoast of Lower Burma; but a short study into their habits and language shows that they are not aboriginal to this country. It is supposed that they came from the south of Tibet, and slowly working their way down, passed the sandy desert in the north and reached the fertile hills of Burma. It is also supposed that they came under the influence of the Jews in the border country, and from them learned of the great God and the gospel story; for although until the missionaries reduced their language to writing they had no books, they are the possessors of a very rich literature, which has been handed down from generation to generation, mostly in poetic form and very nearly akin to Hebrew poetry in style.

Although the religion of the Karens is demon worship, they affirm that they worship demons only to appease them while they search after God, who is to come for them.

Karen legends speak of the white man and the Karen as brothers, and contain a prophecy that the white brother would one day return and teach the Karen his book. The conversion of about 200,000 of them to Christianity during the last century, has been looked on as one of the miracles of missions.

Another fond theme in their legend poems concerns the coming King. Karen prophets have at times arisen, preaching preparedness for the Karen King. However, their movements have as a rule been short-lived and not extensive. Perhaps the greatest of these leaders was Ko Pi San, and toward the close of his career there was a split-off from the Church of England, headed by one Bishop Thomas Pellako, who preached the second coming of Christ.

This sect, estimated at about four thousand, under the guidance of certain alleged visions of Bishop Thomas, have eschewed the use of unclean meats, and since the

opening of this year (1921) have begun keeping the seventh-day Sabbath.

On the Trail of the Bishop

It was night when Thara Tha Myaing, our Karen evangelist, and I jumped down from a crowded third-class carriage at the city of Toungoo. It had been a tiresome journey, and as we were utter strangers here, we settled down in the waiting-room to stay till morning. We were going to visit Bishop Thomas Pellako, and he lived somewhere near this place.

Before the sun was up we had selected a change of clothes, a blanket, a mosquito net, and some tracts, and slinging them over our shoulders, intrusted the rest of our luggage to a baggage clerk at the station and started off for somewhere. We had been directed to the bishop's son, Kephas, who lived in the city; but we had to do a good deal of turning and questioning before we found his humble hut, only to learn that the bishop lived in the village of Maw Ko Der, three days away.

Space permits the mere mention of the glories and the vicissitudes of that day's journey,—fifteen miles across the plains to the hills, the betel plantations, the herd of elephants, the many villages, the tangled jungle, the nine miles of mountain climbing where the path led up small river courses, the blistered feet, the aching knees, and the leech bites. We reached the village of Baw Mo Der just as the sun was setting Friday night. There was great excitement in that mountain-top village built of bamboo. "What! a white man? a seventh-day preacher? He doesn't eat pig!" and they crowded around to hear the Bible support the step they had taken as they blindly followed the bishop in keeping the Sabbath. The next day being Sabbath, we preached in the Klee Bow chapel on the subject of the Sabbath and its change, and great was the joy of these people to hear some words of commendation after so many months of ridicule. As soon as Sabbath was over, they flocked around to buy tracts, and the next morning sent us off early on our next stage.

Huge mountains, with the laborious ascent and the painful descent; the rivers to be crossed and recrossed; the numerous springs; the huge stones called God's fireplace, pillow, and sword sheath; the most beautiful waterfalls; another quaint village on the top of a mountain, and the evening spent in the Klee Bow chapel, preaching on the Sabbath question and strengthening the people's stand against Sunday,—and the second day's journey was done.

The third day brought us through similar country, past some scalding hot springs, and set us down all weary and worn out at the home of the bishop. It was a very humble dwelling, and the bishop himself, a small, unassuming, gray-headed man, after hearing who we were, received us with that royal welcome known only to Karens. After a bath and the afternoon meal, we fell to chatting and studying, and continued far into the night. He bought all the tracts we had left, and we hope we have sown seed that will some day yield a good harvest.

Here is the bishop's story in brief: His parents were Baptist Christians, but being a poor lad, he gladly accepted the offer of a Church of England missionary to educate him, and continued in that faith, rising in the ministry till it was thought to make him a Karen bishop. Being a diligent Bible student, he studied out the second advent truth, and, coloured a little from his legendary poems, started to preach it in his church.

His action, however, brought upon him the disfavour of the missionaries.

He claims to have had a vision in 1895 in which he saw Jesus glorified, proclaiming that He was Jesus Klee Bow. The preaching of this vision brought increased disfavour upon him, and in 1906 he separated from the Church of England and started the Klee Bow Church. He of course took with him quite a following, and this aroused the jealousy of some of the missionaries, who through misrepresentation caused him to be arrested in 1910 on the grounds of sedition—preaching the coming of the Karen King. After being in jail for five months, he gained a hearing, and was very honourably acquitted, the judge making the remarkable statement that his only fault seemed to be that he was an early Adventist.

Since that time he claims to have had several other visions, and says that on Oct. 27, 1920, the Lord stood before him and commanded him to change back to the seventh-day Sabbath. He told me that up to this time he had never seen a Sabbath tract, and his church seemed reluctant to follow him; but within a month or two a Karen Sabbath tract came to light, and with this further evidence the church changed around little by little till now he estimates that his whole church of about four thousand members, rests on the Sabbath of Jehovah.

Dear brethren, we have been greatly moved as we have come in contact with these people. They are for the most part ignorant, blindly following their leaders, who with a poor organization and no definite creed, teach and preach all kinds of doctrines. The bishop himself is straight on many points of doctrine, and we hope that he is sincere; but some of his preachers are very wide of the mark. The stepping out of this sect into the Sabbath truth is indeed remarkable, and besides kindling in us the hope that many of them will grow into staunch Seventh-day Adventists, it has opened up many more doors in Burma where we can enter with the truth.

Missionary Volunteer Department

Missionary Volunteer Programme

First Week

Bible Characters

Opening Exercises.

Bible Picture: "Joseph."

Reading: "From Slavery to Prime Minister."

Bible Picture: "Moses."

Reading: "The Story of Moses."

NOTE.—We have given a brief sketch of the two above mentioned characters, and would suggest that different members of your society be asked to prepare biographies on the lives of other Bible characters.

Joseph: Bible Picture

JOSEPH the boy, Gen. 37: 1-11; a boy to be depended on, Gen. 37: 12-17; sold into Egypt, Gen. 37: 18-28; a faithful slave, Gen. 39: 1-4; a trustworthy prisoner, Gen.

39: 20-28; faithfulness honoured, Gen. 41: 38-44; a man in whom God was well pleased, Gen. 45: 4-13.

From Slavery to Prime Minister

JOSEPH, the great-grandson of Abraham, was a hero all his life. He was never afraid to tell the truth, no matter what happened to him. The Lord had a definite place for Joseph to work, and a definite work for him to do that no one else could do. Every boy and girl born into this world has a special work to do for God. And the Lord desires to give each a special training, or schooling, to do that work.

Joseph's first school was at home, where he was a petted child. He never could develop into a strong, rugged man if he grew up without having to endure any hardships and difficulties. The Lord loved Joseph too much to have his life ruined, so He shaped circumstances in such a way that Joseph was torn right away from his home to enter a new school, called bondage.

God gave Joseph two dreams to encourage him and to help him to look right through difficulties hopefully, expecting to do great things for God. In the boy's first dream he was in a harvest field binding sheaves with his brethren. Joseph's sheaf stood upright, and his brothers' sheaves all bowed down to his. Again he dreamed that the sun, moon, and eleven stars in the heavens all bowed to him.

Those were wonderful dreams. He did not understand them, so he told them to his brothers; but instead of explaining them, they became angry and hated him.

A short time after this his brothers drove their sheep to a new pasture several miles away. They had been gone a few days, when Jacob wanted to send a message to them. The only way to send mail at that time was by means of a messenger. Jacob sent Joseph, because he knew he could depend on him. They bade each other good-by, not knowing that they would not meet again for many long years.

God knew just how Joseph was going to get down to Egypt, where he was to attend the school of bondage; but Joseph did not. He had no money, so how could he get there? His brothers roughly seized him, when he found them. He was tired and hungry, but instead of giving him something to eat, they threw him into a pit, or well. Joseph did not know how he was going to get out. But presently his brothers threw down a rope and pulled him out while he held on tightly to the rope.

When he reached the top of the well, he would have liked to run home, but they would not let him. Several men were there who were going to Egypt. Soon he learned that his brothers had sold him to these men.

Presently they started for Egypt. Several days and nights were spent on the road. He became very tired, but if he walked too slowly, they would beat him. In the distance he could see the hills where his father's tents were. He felt very sad, but purposed to be true to his father's God, no matter what happened.

He was sold to Potiphar, who was a rich man, but an idolater. Joseph was now in the school of bondage. But the Lord blessed him and all that he did. Joseph was an earnest Christian, although all around him worshipped idols.

One day officers came and cast him into

a dark, gloomy prison. There for years he was enrolled in another class of the school of bondage. He was compelled to associate with men, some good, others bad, from all parts of Egypt. From these men he gained much information about the country and people.

Joseph's dreams had not yet been fulfilled. He did not know when they would be. But after many years had passed, the Lord gave to the heathen king Pharaoh a dream. None of the magicians could interpret it. So Pharaoh sent for Joseph. He had now graduated from the school. God gave Joseph the interpretation, and as a reward, Pharaoh promoted the Christian slave, making him the greatest man, under Pharaoh himself, in his kingdom.

Seven years later a terrible famine came to Egypt and all the near-by country. One day a company of men came down from Palestine to buy grain. They did not know Joseph, the great official they bowed to, as they begged him to sell them grain; but he knew them.

Joseph's dreams had now come true. Jacob and all his family came to Joseph, and the Israelites dwelt in Egypt four hundred years.

Joseph was trained so that he "bore alike the test of adversity and of prosperity." He saved his father and brothers from starving, and all his life held up the true God before the Egyptians.

C. L. BENSON.

Moses: Bible Picture

BIRTH and youth of Moses, Ex. 2: 1-10; first heroic deed for his people, Ex. 2: 11-15; call to leadership, Ex. 3: 1-10; delivers the Israelites out of Egypt, Ex. 12: 29-31; 14: 15-31; brings them the law, Ex. 20: 1-17; sets up the tabernacle, Ex. 40: 18-38; death of Moses, Deut. 34: 1-8.

The Story

THE days came when Egypt had a new king who knew not Joseph. The Israelites had become a great people. Each of the sons of Joseph was now the head of a tribe, and the Egyptians feared these tribes would become a strong nation, so they made slaves of them, and treated them very harshly.

But God had not forgotten His people. The baby Moses, so miraculously saved, was now a grown man. He saw the cruel treatment his people were receiving and would not remain in Pharaoh's family. Seeing an Egyptian abusing one of the Israelites, he killed him, thinking his people would understand. They did not, and he was obliged to flee from the anger of the king to the land of Midian. He spent forty years there, serving his father-in-law as a shepherd. While he was there, God spoke to him, and sent him back to lead his people out of Egypt. Pharaoh did not wish to let the Israelites go, but through the plagues, God showed him that his power was greater than that of any king. At last Pharaoh told them to go.

Moses led the children of Israel across the Red Sea, which God divided that they might pass over; but he found that he had a great body of people without any laws or any plan of government. They were no,

ready to meet the hardships of such a journey, and murmured against Moses, and blamed him for the lack of food and water, and for other troubles.

At the advice of Jethro, Moses organized the people into companies of fifties, of hundreds, and of thousands, with rulers over each company, while he himself was still the leader, or head, of all. But such a company of people needed some laws as well as rulers, and, as they drew near to Mt. Sinai, God called Moses into the mount and gave him laws for the government of the people. These laws were written on tables of stone, and we now call them the ten commandments. In addition to these, God gave them other laws.

As the Israelites drew near the Promised Land, spies were sent out, but owing to lack of faith on the part of most of these men and the people to whom they made their report, the tribes of Israel were turned back into the wilderness, where they wandered for forty years. Again and again the people rebelled against God, and he would have destroyed them had not Moses interceded. They murmured against Moses, and even, forgetting that it was their own lack of faith that was keeping them out of the Promised Land, wanted to go back to Egypt; but with wonderful patience and skill Moses turned them to God. The nations through which they passed made war upon them, but were driven back. During all this time Moses was their leader. He brought them back to the border of Canaan east of the Jordan, and there he died, after serving the hardest term of leadership that any man could ever give his people.—*Short Studies of Old Testament Heroes*, by Emma A. Robinson and Charles H. Morgan.

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Second Week

The Highway of Guidance

Song Service (Suggested songs for meeting: "Christ in Song," Nos. 713, 706, 611, 530, 527, 729, 305.)

Opening Exercises.

Scripture Study: Eph. 5: 15-17; John 2: 5; 7: 15-18. (See "The Scripture Lesson.")

Talk: "Determination."

Talk: "Learning."

Talk: "Doing."

Recitation: "And So I Dare."

Ask questions, and give two minutes' quiet time to think.

Closing Prayer.

Round by Round

WE cannot see the way ahead,
But this we know each day,
That heaven may crown the steep ascent,
And hope is ours alway.

This ladder round we climb just now
Is all we see, no more;
But smooth or rough, it lifts the same
Up toward the King's own door.

—Selected.

The Scripture Lesson

BECAUSE human nature does not change, the things that Paul wrote for Ephesian ears are worth listening to by Australian ears as well.

"Look how you walk, Missionary Volunteers, redeeming the time, because the days are evil."

And the days are evil. A glance through any metropolitan newspaper or an examination of the weekly paper of the crossroads will prove that. The whole world seems upside down. Even professional optimists are despairing.

There are three key-words in the lesson: One is "understand." Eph. 5:17. If we are to be effective redeeming Christians, we must understand Christ's will. The second is "do." John 2:5. If we are to be effective Christians, we are to do Christ's will. The third key-word is "will." John 7:17. If we are to be effective Christians we must will to do Christ's will. That is, we must determine to do it.

Perhaps this last is the most important. Because, after all, before we can do His will, we must understand what His will is, and before we can understand what His will is, we must have the determination to find out about the matter. Just saying and praying, "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done," is not all there is to do. There is no time to sit back and wait for a revelation of Christ's will. Jesus said, If any man will do God's will (that is, if any man is determined to do God's will), God will reveal Himself to him.

Determination

MARGARET SLATTERY tells the story of a girl who willed to do the teacher's will. She greatly admired her teacher, and whenever her teacher expressed the desire to read a new book, to have the class see a fine picture, to use certain materials for a lesson in painting or drawing, this girl would always promise that that book would be bought, the picture would be gladly lent by her father—she would supply all the desires of her beloved teacher. But almost never was the promise fulfilled; still she continued to promise.

One afternoon her teacher talked with her after school, and showed her a list of twenty-one things that she had promised to do and had not done.

"I know you do not intend to be untruthful," the teacher told her. "Whenever you promise to do a thing, the other girls smile. You wanted to be chairwoman of the lunch committee the other day, and did not receive a single vote, not because the girls did not like you, but because they could not depend upon you."

The girl interrupted her teacher by saying: "Twenty-one promises broken! Twenty-one! I shall keep every one of them." Then she burst into tears, and the old excuse fell from her lips, "I meant to; I really meant to!"

After a long talk the teacher said, "What I most need is that you do things."

Right then a determination was born in that girl. Before she had desired only, but now she was anxious, yes, determined. She willed to keep her promises. With her love and admiration for her teacher, she was able to keep her determination fresh and strong.

It is in this sense that we should be de-

termined to do Christ's will. To do His will does not passively mean to say, "Yes, I am willing to do whatever God wishes me to do, if He will only show me." It is all right to say it, but saying it alone will not save any one. It never gets anywhere. Willingness means determination to find out at any sacrifice what God wants us to do with our lives. Willingness means thinking and praying about His will, and bringing our best energies to His service and to His church. This attitude brings a constant revelation of His will for us. But it takes determination. U.V.W.

Learning

A PERSON is determined to find out God's will. If he puts a little thought and effort on the matter, he will find a number of ways in which it will be revealed to him.

Of these things be assured: There is a part of God's will which every one may know—a universal part. There is also a part of God's will which no one knows but you—a particular part.

The first is written in the law of God, and in the Bible, and in nature, and in God's work, and given through His servants and ministers. This will of God works through nature's laws, and we must recognize this,—through the laws of health, laws of moderation, regularity, exercise, cleanliness, order. This is the first law to learn and to study. Then there are His statutes, His commandments, His testimonies, given through His servants.

The part of God's will which no one knows but you is revealed in a different fashion.

If you wish to find out how God wants you to meet some particular situation which you are facing, you may first try your best to logically reason out the matter. Conscientiously consider all phases of the situation and try to arrive at a fair and sane conclusion.

Then you may be helped to a decision by experience, that is, by your contact with, and your observation of, other people.

Thirdly, you may find out the will of God through advice—by going for help to a minister or your friends, to some Christian person whose opinion you cherish.

To be added to these plans, or rather to be an integral part of them, is prayer. Christ was a man of prayer. He prayed constantly to find out the will of His Father. He never decided any question without going to His Father in prayer. And when He prayed for God's will, it was revealed to Him through His mind.

By this simple method people may today know God's will as truly as did Christ. A man I know was trying to make up his mind whether he ought to accept a certain business or not. And he reasoned about it and he asked his friends about it. Then he went to put the matter into higher hands. He went into his room and shut the door and was quiet for a long time. When he finally came out, he greeted us cheerfully. "God doesn't think that I ought to take it," he said.

And this is true. To follow with prayer the dictates of conscience is to walk safely and carefully. If you are determined to follow God's will through reasoning, through experience, through advice of friends, through prayer, through your conscience, you may find out. And the finding will not be so hard as it at first seems. U.V.W.

Doing

WHEN you have found out the will of God, there is left only the necessity of doing it. Sometimes that is not so easy as it sounds. God's will may change you from a lucrative business of several thousand pounds a year to missionary service in a foreign country.

God's will may send you across the sea, when you wanted to stay at home. God's will may make you a Bible worker, when you wanted to be a society woman. God's will may make you sacrifice, when you wanted to enjoy.

But the doing of His will is the price of real Christianity and of real Missionary Volunteerism. "God has a life plan for every life. In the eternal counsels of His will, when he arranged the destiny of every star, and every sand grain and every grass blade, and each tiny insect that lives for but an hour, the great God had thought for you and me."

Our life is to be the slow unfolding of this thought, as the cornstalk from the corn, or the flower from the gradually opening bud. It was a thought of what we were to be, of what we might become, of what He would have us do with our days and our influence, with our lives. But we have the power to evade this—we are free moral agents. But by choosing God's way and making it our way, there will never be any vain regrets—there will be nothing but success.

There are two classes of people in the world today:

1. Those who want God's will in their character.
2. Those who have God's will in their career.

The first are in the world to live. They have a life. The second are in the world to minister. They have a mission. The second class represents success—true success and happiness. U. V. W.

And So I Dare

"AND so I dare not ask to pray
For winds to wait me on my way,
But leave it to a higher will
To stay or speed me, trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me every peril past
Within His sheltering haven at last,
Then whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best."

Ask These Questions

WHAT ways of finding out God's will have you found most effective? Did you ever have a direct answer to prayer? Does your daily Bible reading guide your actions in your daily life? Have you found it hard to submit to what you knew to be God's will for you? What was the result? Have you been satisfied? Have you ever given up something that you greatly desired, because you felt that Christ wanted you to? Wasn't it worth while?

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Third Week

Inasmuch

Song Service.
 Opening Exercises.
 Leader's Talk: "Inasmuch."
 Talk: "What to Do to Be Lost."
 Reading: "The Most Effective Argument."
 Talk: "Sympathy Helps."
 Reading: "The Fireman with a Heart."
 Reading: "A Revelation of Beauty Brings Regret."
 Reading: "The Would-be Suicide Saved Himself."
 Recitation: "Faithful Littles."

Inasmuch

"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 onto God with one hand and onto 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.
 C. A. R.

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;" "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved;" "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth;" "Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." 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.
 C. A. R.

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 favour of the gospel, is a loving and lovable Christian." But the lives of professing Christians who do not live the Christ-life 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.
 C. A. R.

Sympathy Helps

A LITTLE girl came running home from school, skipped up the front steps two at a time, burst open the door, and flew into her mother's arms, her face radiant with smiles, as she said: "Oh, mamma, Mary said I helped her so much today in school." Now, Mary had just lost her little brother, and her heart was aching. Mamma, thankful that her little one had been so thoughtful, said: "Dearie, what did you say to Mary that helped her so much?" "Why, mamma, I didn't say anything to Mary, 'cause I couldn't think of anything to say; but when Mary laid her head down on the desk and cried, I just snuggled up close to her and laid my head down on the desk beside Mary's, and I cried, too. And Mary said it helped her so much."

Do you not suppose it did? Were you ever walking through the valley? Did some friend—not a mere acquaintance, but a friend—help you to carry your load? Did some one who knew, who loved, who cared, say just the right word at the right time? And it did help, did it not? A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

Knowing what we know, believing what we believe, professing what we profess, how can we be content to keep silent when souls, like a mighty Niagara, are going down to perdition?
 C. A. R.

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 again, 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. Erelong 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 souls 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.
 C. A. R.

A Revelation of Beauty Brings Regret

GIPSY SMITH, in his beautiful little book, "The Lost Christ," tells of a young naturalist who had gone out into the fields of Scotland to study nature at close range. He was bending over a little blue heather bell, and was lost to all surroundings as he reveled in the beauties of the little flower cup as seen through his magnifying glass. All at once he became conscious of the presence of a human being. At first he thought a cloud had obscured the rays of the sun, but on looking up, his eyes met those of an old Scotch highlander who was bending over him in curiosity to see what

he was doing. Without a word the naturalist plucked the flowerlet and passed both flower and glass to the old man watching him. For the first time in his life the old Scotchman looked at the beauties of the heather bell so dear to his heart, through a magnifying glass. As he looked, his eyes moistened with tears, and as they coursed their way down his sunburned cheeks, he passed both glass and flower back to the young man, saying, "I wish ye had na' shown it to me, mon." In wonder he was asked why, "Because, mon, these rude feet have trod upon so mony of them." How often this is true with us! In our hurry and in the rush of our self-centred interests, we elbow our way through the throng of humanity about us. How "mony" crushed and wilted flowers have we trodden beneath our feet as we have passed along the pathway of life!

C. A. R.

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 the corner of State and Van Buren Streets, 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 trunks, and vehicles of every description, and steered him in safety to the other side. The lad crossed the street again, calling out, "*Evening American*." I said to myself, "Beautiful! The milk of human kindness has not all evaporated yet." 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 stalked along the street leading to the wharf, with a look of grim determination upon his face, he passed through one of the poorer sections of the city of Chicago. 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.

C. A. R.

Missionary Volunteer Programme Fourth Week

Opening Exercises.
Reading: "Livingstone."
Talk: "Reuben."
Talk: "Norman Wiles."
Talk: "Esther."

LEADER'S NOTE.—For this programme different members of the society should write papers on the lives, or incidents taken from the lives, of Bible characters or well known missionaries, omitting names. After reading the paper, or preferably talking it, the speaker should call upon the audience to supply the name of the one whose life, or an incident from whose life, has been given. Before commencing these readings or talks, the leader should request the audience not to call out the name before the reading or talk has been completed. Four examples are given below.

Livingstone

THE dancing flames of a camp-fire on the edge of an African forest threw leaping shadows of men on the dark background of trees. The silence of its depths was broken by the roar of a lion, the splash of a hippopotamus in the river close by, and the crash of falling trees in the path of an elephant. But the strange band of men around the night fire did not heed these noises.

Their eyes were fixed on a brown Makololo warrior, who stood, with the firelight full on his face, telling them of the wonderful deeds of daring in war and of craft in hunting which the great fathers of his tribe had done in the old days. He told of a great Makololo chief who in battle with another tribe had fought on and slain a score of men, though covered with wounds from the spears of his enemies; and alone had slain a lion that ravaged the cattle of the tribe.

As he finished the story the other Makololo braves clapped their hands and looked to their great white leader, who smiled to thank the tale-teller.

One by one the Makololo men lay down under the little sheds that they had quickly made from the boughs of the trees. They rolled themselves up in the skins of beasts and slept. But the white leader, whom they had followed for a thousand miles along the rivers and through the forests, sat on, gazing into the red embers of the fire. His face was brown and strong, and no man had ever seen fear in his blue-grey eyes. His left arm hung stiffly by his side, and could not be lifted without pain, be-

cause of the shattered bone and the eleven great tooth-marks left there by a lion.

Again and again he had been in desperate peril from savage beasts and from wild men, who had always hated all people beyond their own tribe till they looked in his brave eyes.

Nothing could stop the Pathfinder of Africa, the hero-scout, till he had ended his quest.

Yes, without cheer of sister or of daughter, Yes, without stay of father or of son,— Lone on the land and homeless on the water— Pass I in patience till my work be done.

He roused himself and cast some fresh wood on the fire. As it glowed, then caught and flickered into flame, he opened a tin case and took from it a leather-bound book. Then he sat down again, and, by the light of the fire, read in the book. When he had read, this Hero-Pathfinder knelt down, as he always did when speaking with the Father, for whom he was opening the path into Africa.

Then he, too, rolled himself up in his camp-blanket and slept, while the camp-fire, gleaming in the dark like a great eye, frightened away the wild beasts that prowled and howled in the forest.—Selected.

Norman Wiles

—was a healthy, wide-awake boy—just a regular, normal boy, full of fun and life. Perhaps he, like many another boy, read the stirring stories of the heroes of old and longed to do something great himself. Little did he dream of the chance that God was going to give him to prove himself. But the father had dreams for his son, too. He was proud of the manly fellow, and he dreamed of the time when his son would play an important part in the affairs of the world. He could give his son advantages in education, and a start on the pathway of life that many a boy might long for.

He was just sixteen when God began to point out His path to him. He brought him in contact with some God-fearing people. He caught a glimpse of the wonderful sacrifice of Jesus for him and of His marvellous love, and he determined to follow Him. It meant taking up a cross, it meant joining a church despised by his father. He loved his father, but he had learned to love Jesus and value His companionship above all else, and he did not hesitate.

The father, whose hopes were thus blasted, tried in every way to shake his son's purpose. At last, when he saw it was useless, he ordered the boy from his home. Vainly the son pleaded for a kind word; the father coldly refused to acknowledge him longer as a son.

—was fatherless, except for that Father who never forsakes. God directed his steps to one of our schools, where he worked his way through, and when he was graduated, the Mission Board was glad to send him to one of their most difficult fields, the New Hebrides. And—was glad to respond. Some way the call to hardship stirred his soul.

But before leaving, he tried once more to win his father. Barred from entering his own home, he went to his father's office. There he told his father of the mission before him. Once more the father turned cold eyes on the pleading son, "If you are such a fool as to spend your life thus," he said, "the sooner you get out that door, the better." And the young man went out, never to see his father again.

To the natives who had fallen so low that they ate human flesh, he gave all his time and thought. There, in burning heat and drenching rains, he served his Master. His robust health weakened under the strain, and there, while toiling for the men he had come to save, he fell, a hero indeed—one who has already inspired many others to follow his example.—*Church Officers' Gazette.*

Reuben

—'s heart was all right; what he lacked was back-bone on which to hang his heart. He did not want his brother killed. He said he did not, and that ought to convince any one. "Shed no blood," he urged his angry brothers; "blood leaves stains, on knives and clothes. Just throw this dreamer into a pit and leave him there to starve. That is the gentlemanly way to do it. Any one is liable to fall into a pit."

He was the eldest, and they did as he said.

Then the sly contriver went off, expecting them to follow. They did follow, but not till they had sold his brother into slavery.

Then, the crafty plotter returned to the pit to deliver his brother, and lo! he had gone beyond his reach forever.

How many times he must have wished that he had spoken out boldly, had pleaded his brother's cause openly, had told his father's love, and the agony they were planning for him! He saw, when it was too late, that such frank words would have cleared his conscience from sin. But that miserable artifice of the pit! It made him, the merciful one, appear more ferocious than any other, and forever shut his mouth against his brothers.

Ah, but did it? What said he, when, years afterward, they got into trouble in Egypt? "I told you so!" That taunt of the weakling was his pitiful comfort.

"Said I not, Do not sin against the child, and ye would not hear? He did not remind them what else he had said, but they all remembered.

It is small wonder that his keen-witted father, when with his dying breath he gave admonition to his sons, was compelled to say to — "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." With good impulses but flabby execution, his intentions rose on the crest of the wave, but his deeds sank to the trough.

Esther

ONCE upon a time there was a beautiful young girl, and although she was beautiful, she was very poor. Her people were despised by the people of the great and wealthy nation in which they lived. All the fashionable girls of the land looked down upon her and hated her the more because of her great beauty. This did not make her sad or cross, but every day she went cheerfully about her common duties. Then a great day came when the king was to choose from all the beautiful girls of the land, a queen for his throne. The girls all dressed themselves in their lovely gowns to appear before the king. One after the other he passed by. How disappointed they were! But how chagrined and humiliated, when this beautiful girl of a despised nation came before the king, and from among them all, the king chose —.

**Missionary Volunteer Programme
Fifth Week**

Open—Every society makes its own programme for today, but we believe it would be a good plan if the subject of "The Greatest Power in the Universe" be considered. Following are a few suggestions which you can work upon.

Song Service—Have an enthusiastic song service. The following are good for the senior: "Christ in Song," Nos. 474, 478, 500, 531, 542, 552, 566. Numbers 539, 559, and 579 may be a little better suited for the junior members.

Aim for Today—To get a clearer conception of our relation to others; and to strengthen our determination to fulfil these obligations. We are called to live to bless others just as Jesus did. Life holds no higher privilege, no greater opportunity! Some measure life by what they can get out of it, but let us not forget that the Christian should always measure life by what he can put into it for others.

The greatest power in the universe is not cohesion or gravitation, not steam or electricity, not wealth or fame, not even faith or hope—but L-O-V-E. "Now abideth faith, hope and love, these three; but the greatest of these is love." 1 Cor. 13: 13. Use such texts as John 3: 16; Rev. 1: 5; 1 John 4: 7-11; 3: 1-3; 2: 5. "Steps to Christ," chapter 1 also is suggested. Many personal illustrations of filial love will come to mind. Base the programme on 1 Corinthians 13. This programme may well lead into a consecration service.

Consecration Service—Surely, today the commencement of the week of prayer, there should be a good consecration service. Let us cast out the spirit of criticism. That is one thing we are all liable to give others, but that is not due them; no, not from us. Have a few quotations from the Testimonies on criticism and judging read by different persons, if there is time. We are here to pass on God's love to others—that is what is due them from us. Freely we have received, and so should we give.

**Sabbath School
Missionary Exercises**

(July 1)

**A Public Effort in Atui,
Cook Islands**

WRITING from Atui, Cook Islands, Brother Hill says: "We have now been here five weeks, and are enjoying our associations with Brother and Sister Chapman in the work. We are living about a mile apart in order to reach a larger number of the natives. We commenced our public meetings about a week after the New Year, and notwithstanding the fact that the native missionary announced in the church that the people were not to attend, we have the regular attendance of the strongest men of the island, and the interest is very keen. Last night we presented the change of the Sabbath, and I think I have never addressed a more attentive congregation.

"The native Catholic catechisms are not lacking in boastful assertions regarding their rights to the Sunday institution, and proving the truth to the native mind is a

comparatively easy matter, but much of the grace and power of God are needed in their lives to enable them to take their stand for truth. And in this we can only trust in Him who has sent us forth to deliver the message. But we have the right to sow in hope that some will fall in good ground. The leading chief of the island always takes his position at our right hand, and it is a pleasure to watch his face as he drinks in the truth. He has already asked if we will not build a church."

(July 8)

**Encouraging Omens in the
New Hebrides**

BY DONALD NICHOLSON

LIKE other dark places in Melanesia, this group has numerous tribes still under the fearful, oppressive influence of Pagan Spiritualism; and men and women are held captives by its involved details. The first angel's message, "Fear God and give glory to Him," is the test to the people of these lands, but how good it is to realise that in giving this belated message, the missionary is privileged to bear the message of the third angel, which prepares a people for the return of the Lord.

For many years Atchin, with its four hundred souls, has been a battle ground between Christianity and paganism; the precious seed of the kingdom of righteousness has been sown in tears with patient, self-sacrificing efforts, and today the evidence of progressive attainment in Christian duties and activities encourages us to believe that it has not been in vain.

During the last few months our hearts have been gladdened by inspiring changes. Atchinese customs do not permit men and women to associate together as in civilized lands, and the restrictions have been so binding that many women would not come to church if men were there. Many were afraid to stand up in the presence of men, and still others dare not even look at certain relatives by marriage. For many years they refused to break these restrictions, and in consequence separate meetings were conducted each Sabbath—one for the men and one for the women. But a change has come during the last few weeks, and each Sabbath thirty neatly dressed young women take their seats in the church, and how happy they are in their privileges! They are looking for Sabbath all the week, and instead of asking us to tell them when Sabbath is due, as they once did, they come from day to day and tell us how many days of the week remain. In order to provide themselves with dresses they have purchased calico and come to the mission station and willingly helped to make them. Quite recently a trader who is well-acquainted with these people, anchored here over Sabbath, and he was greatly surprised to see women walking along the beach wearing dresses, and he afterwards told me that Atchin is changing quickly; and he had noticed that these people are now eating food with other natives. This is a thing which their custom does not permit, and he also said these Atchin people are advancing consistently and not falling back as many do in their relationship to mission work in this group.

While strengthening the stakes on Atchin, we are also lengthening the cords, for the Lord in his own way has opened up new

doors of opportunity. A few months ago a request came from a native boy at Ambrim who had been impressed to come to school. When we visited him we found a number of well educated young people longing for a better knowledge of God, and ten returned with us. These have now been on Atehin for some time and, like the Bereans of old, "they received the word with all readiness of mind and searched the Scriptures daily." Today they are asking for baptism, and with hearts pulsating with a new and lively hope they are calling us to show their people the truth. Among the number who request baptism are two married couples who already have a Christian experience and are well educated. They read and study the English Bible and give promise of making strong workers in this cause. They are already manifesting a missionary spirit and are working for the people of Atehin, and as a result, a marked change is being seen in some with whom they are friendly. They wrote a letter to their friends at Ambrim and a week later a message came back saying that ten more want to come to Atehin. Ambrim is a new field. The customs of the past are ready to pass away, and a large number of its four thousand people, with minds open to receive the gospel, invite the activities of a missionary.

(July 15)

An Inspirational View Regarding Sabbath Observance

BY H. S. COZENS

THE Psalmist prayed to the Lord to open his eyes that he might behold wondrous things out of His law. One precept of that law teaches us to keep holy the Sabbath day, and we are exhorted to call that day a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable, thus revealing the spirit of true worship.

Such is the view that has recently been presented to a visitor to Rurutu, in the Society Islands. This man, a French Canadian, while waiting for a passage to Tahiti, was handed a copy of "Great Controversy," which he read with appreciation. On the morning that he returned that book, he was offered the "Marked Bible." He accepted this also, promising to return it the following day.

That evening, as I was walking along the beach with Mrs. Cozens, I noticed our friend wading in the sea, and asked him if he had found any pearls. He answered, "No, but I tell you what I did find while reading that little book, and that was a very convincing argument against Sunday-keeping. In the future, unless I observe Saturday as the Sabbath, I shall be strongly convicted. Why, the fact that that is God's holy day, and that He so miraculously preserved it for forty years by withholding the manna on that day, gives me a new revelation regarding the Sabbath observance. In the future I shall keep that day, as God's holy day. There is nothing of this kind about Sunday."

Last evening as I was walking out visiting, this gentleman approached me, and with an expression of pleasure, said, "Well, I have decided to keep the Sabbath, and next Sabbath is going to be my first. I intend that that day shall be a special day. I know that offences will come, but if we cannot bear these we are not worthy the name."

With such testimony as this regarding

His holy day, God is pleased, and none who enter into such a spirit of worship will fail of receiving the blessing pronounced by the Lord in Isaiah 58:13, 14.

This new witness for the Sabbath contemplates settling on the island of Rapa in two or three months' time; and we trust that he will be instrumental in leading many others into the light, which as yet has not been proclaimed among them.

May our united prayers continually ascend to heaven on behalf of those who are still in darkness.

(July 22)

[Our Thirteenth Sabbath Offering for this quarter is to be given to advance our educational work in the Far East. Of the needs of this work we shall learn through our missionary exercises a little later in the quarter. But today we are told about two little boys of China who were glad to avail themselves of the privileges of one of our church schools in that land. It is to help such as these that our Thirteenth Offering will be given.]

The Little Disciple

BY PASTOR O. B. KUHN

TWO or three years ago when the Hunanese rebelled against the Central Government, our company of itinerating evangelistic workers were conducting efforts in different cities, and our schedule brought us to Yoh Djou shortly after its capture by the Northerners. The military authorities would not allow the people on the streets after five o'clock, and we feared that the meetings would not be well attended. However, we announced that meetings would be held in the evenings at our chapel, and to our surprise the hall was unusually crowded. The people avoided meeting the soldiers by coming through the narrow alleys instead of by the main streets.

Among those who came were two boys, Ai Ching, ten years of age, and his friend Yu Dao, eleven years old. These boys were much interested in the prophetic charts, especially liking the pictures of the beasts of Daniel and the Revelation. At the close of the meeting they asked to attend the Sabbath school and the church school, wanting to learn more about the Bible. Ai Ching said that he wished to become a disciple of Jesus.

After being in the Sabbath school and day school about a month, little Ai Ching decided that he could no longer worship the idols in his father's house, nor eat unclean things. Until this time Ai Ching had daily joined his father in worshipping the god of wealth, for his father had a small shop, and every morning he and Ai Ching burned paper money and prayers and incense, shot off fire crackers, and knocked their heads on the ground in front of the idol.

Ai Ching returned home one evening and told his parents that he could not continue worshipping idols. His father became angry, and taking the boy down to the shore of Lake Tung Ting, which was near by, he whipped him and told him to stay there until he was willing to worship idols.

Unwilling to recant, Ai Ching found a sampan turned on its side on the sand, for repairs and oiling. This provided him shelter for the night, and next morning he went to school hungry but happy. That evening he returned home, and after several stormy days with his parents, at last won the victory, secured the right to worship according to the dictates of his own conscience, and retained his honourable place in the family circle.

The other boy had an easier time, and during the following year or two persuaded his father to fully accept the truth and be baptized. We are proud of both of these boys, but Ai Ching had especially endeared himself to us as "the little disciple of Yoh Djou."

(July 29)

A Thirteenth Sabbath Offering on Pitcairn Island

BY M. E. MCCOY

IN January we received a copy of the *Sabbath School Worker* containing an appeal from Pastor W. T. Knox for a liberal Thirteenth Sabbath offering to be given on March 25, towards the expense of transportation and locating in the various mission fields the workers who would be sent out in 1922, and for the erection of their homes.

I read the appeal in the opening exercises of the Sabbath school and a vote was carried that we set our goal for the Thirteenth Sabbath at 1s. per member. This is the first goal we have ever set, and it may seem small to you, but considering our limited means here, and that our only opportunity to get a little money is from passing ships for our curios and fruit, we consider that a fair sum.

Yesterday, Sabbath, March 25, we had the privilege of giving with the rest of our Sabbath schools throughout the world, and we thank God for the *Worker* which brought us the call. Our Sabbath school membership is 146, and at 1s. per member we would realize £7 6s., but thank God the collection amounted to £9 10s. or £2 4s. more than our goal. Thirty-one of our people were away from Pitcairn on Oeno, a small coral island seventy-five miles north-west of here, for one week, but on their return yesterday they put in £2 more, thus making our Thirteenth Sabbath offering swell to £11 10s. for which we return thanks.

I will send this offering on to you on the first ship calling here, in order that it may get into the work as soon as possible. So far nine ships have called here this quarter, and as a result our tithes and offerings for the quarter amounted to £60, not including this offering and the £19 we sent you two weeks ago for the starving people of Russia. God is blessing us with the spirit of liberality, and then He sends the ships to take our offerings away and also to give us the opportunity to sell and get more money for the next call. For all this we bless His holy name.

Brethren, pray for our church here, that God may wake us up to realize how near we are to the end, and that we must make a speedy riddance of self and sin, in order to be saved in God's eternal kingdom. Pray that we may grow in grace daily, and thus become more like our divine pattern.

The Missionary Leader

PUBLISHED BY THE

AUSTRALASIAN UNION CONFERENCE OF SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS

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

Editor: Anna L. Hindson

Printed monthly for the Australasian Conf. Assn. Ltd., by the Avondale Press, Cooranbong, N.S.W.