



January 7

### In Time of Trouble

***In the day of trouble I will call upon thee: for thou wilt answer me. Psalm 86:7***

It was near midnight. The two missionaries awoke at almost the same moment. A strange light flickered on the walls of the room. John Paton jumped from bed, ran to the window, and pushed aside the shutters. A red glare told him that the heathen had set fire to the church and a reed fence surrounding the house. Since one end of the fence was attached to the house, the missionaries knew they were doomed unless it could be cut away.

"Pray, my dear friend, pray!" exclaimed John.

Mr. Mathieson fell on his knees as Paton rushed out and began to hack away at the fence with his knife. The savages who had vowed to take his life surrounded him, but no one seemed willing to strike the fatal blow.

"Kill him! Why don't you kill him!" they shouted to one another.

Suddenly they heard a rumbling, a roaring noise approaching from the south. They knew from sad experience that a tropical hurricane was upon them. All the fight went out of them. As huge drops of rain began to fall, those heathen were struck with panic.

"It is Jehovah's rain! Truly their Jehovah God is fighting for them and helping them. Let us away!"

Pouring rain soon extinguished the fire. In the time of trouble they had called on God, and He had delivered them.

It is comforting to know that God can hear and answer instantly. Peter walked on the water until he looked back. Because he had taken his eyes off Jesus, he began to sink. He thought of the hundreds of feet of water beneath him. There was no time to kneel.

"Lord, save me!" he cried, stretching out his hands.

Jesus grasped those hands and lifted His disciple, gently rebuking him for his lack of faith. Together they entered the boat.

Many people wait until they are face to face with some great danger before calling on the Lord. True, He has promised to hear and answer. But remember, He is just as pleased to hear and answer when things are going well as in time of peril. Let us thank Him today for His gracious promise to hear and answer His children when they cry to Him, no matter where they may be.





January 15

## Sing Praises

**I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord. Psalm 27:6**

David sang praises because God had lifted him up, brought him through a thousand dangers, and made him king of Israel. But David began praising God long before he became rich and powerful. Often his music had saved him from discouragement and despair.

Missionary Christopher Robinson was traveling along the hills of Malawi, n Africa. One hot afternoon, while walking along the dusty road, he became thirsty. When the porter told him that his water bottle was empty he was not too worried. This road was a familiar one; he knew of a cool spring of pure water not far ahead.

At the turnoff he took the bottle and set off down a crooked little path to the water, about two hundred yards from the road. His African companions stretched out on the ground to await his return. Suddenly one of them gasped and pointed. They all saw a large black-maned lion leap out of the tall grass and stop in the very center of the path down which Elder Robinson had strolled a few seconds before. The lion heard a strange sound and cocked his head on one side to listen. Unaware of his danger, the missionary was singing a hymn as he walked toward the spring. The Africans leaped for protecting branches of nearby trees while the lion, like a statue, waited. They could trace the man's movements by the sound of his voice.

The singer started back. The trembling students wondered what would happen when he met the lion face to face. In a few seconds Elder Robinson rounded a bend in the path.. The lion stood not ten feet away. The song faltered as the missionary hesitated, but only for a moment. Then, singing, he walked straight toward the beast. As the song grew louder, the startled lion, never having met a creature that could produce a noise like that, leaped into the grass and disappeared. Limp with relief, Elder Robinson's companions dropped from the trees, and the group continued their journey. A song of praise had changed intense fear to feelings of joy and praise.

Everyone feels discouraged, lonely, misunderstood, or unappreciated at times. But no one can sing "There's Sunshine in My Soul Today," or "Smile, Smile, Smile," and remain unhappy. Try it when you feel blue. The lions blocking your pathway will disappear, and you will go on your way rejoicing.





March 5

## Saved Through Obedience

*Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right. Ephesians 6:1.*

One of the more difficult tasks of Christian parents is to teach their small children to be reverent during prayer. Nora and Harry Anderson worked hard on this with their small and wiggly daughter, Naomi. Many of the meetings she attended in Africa were outdoors, where there were so many interesting things to look at! It was hard for her to keep her eyes closed tightly when curious tribesmen stood on the sidelines watching the missionaries and making loud comments about them—especially in regard to a white woman and her child, something most of them had never seen before.

But Naomi's parents persevered. She learned to be quiet during prayer as a part of obedience. The thought of reverence to God came later when she was old enough to understand the reasons behind certain rules enforced by father and mother.

Another habit that Naomi had to learn while very young was to "freeze" instantly when personal danger threatened her—perhaps from a wild animal—until she could be rescued. One day obedience to these two habits saved her life.

At Rusangu Mission the little girl played and went to school with the African children. Like them, she went barefoot. One morning at the opening of school she was present as usual with all the other students. When it was time for prayer she knelt on the sandy floor, obediently and reverently closed her eyes tight, and rested her head on her folded hands.

In the middle of the prayer she felt a strange sensation on her leg near one ankle. Then she felt it on both legs. The thought flashed into her mind, "It must be a snake!" Had she jumped up or screamed, she would surely have been bitten. As it was the habits of self-control she had learned paid off. She "froze" in her kneeling position. She did, however, open her eyes for one quick, frightened look behind her. She saw a deadly viper slithering across her bare legs. Her heart pounded and her mind formed an instant prayer for protection from the poisonous reptile. In a few seconds the snake had gone on its way.

The person who obeys traffic signals helps to preserve his own life and the lives of others. Obedience to the laws of health brings its own reward. And strict obedience to rules made by Christian parents is, as our text for today says, **right**.





April 19

### Teach Us to Pray

*One of his disciples said unto him, Lord, teach us to pray. Luke 11:1.*

Does this statement mean that the disciples did not know how to pray? No, prayer was part of the Jewish religion. They prayed often, and some, like the Pharisees, prayed long. But they did not pray as Jesus prayed. As they saw Him coming from His prayer seasons, they noted the power that attended His words and works.

Perhaps they did not receive the answers to their prayers, and wondered why. Paul once wrote: "We know not what we should pray for as we ought." Did you ever stop to consider how many conflicting prayers ascend to God every day? The boy who wants a fine holiday prays for sunshine. But the farmer prays for rain to save his crops. The mother prays that her doctor son may not be called into the Army, while the wounded soldier prays for someone to come and care for him. During the Civil War, Abraham Lincoln noted that both sides prayed for victory. God could not answer both prayers.

When we pray, the wise thing to do is to repeat the words of Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane. AS the sins of the world were placed on Him, He prayed that the cup might be taken away, but ended every prayer with similar words: "Nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt."

Sometimes we are permitted to see why our prayers are not answered. Elder Lindbeck made a tour of Adventist missions in South America, traveling from one country to another by air. After an absence of three months he neared his home in Buenos Aires. Arriving in Rio de Janeiro on a Thursday, he checked his reservations on a plane leaving the next morning, which would bring him home before sundown. To his dismay he learned that the military had commandeered the plane and no civilians would be able to fly in it.

The minister returned to his hotel room and prayed earnestly that someone might not be able to go and he could take his place. The next morning, fully expecting to fly, he went to the airport only to see the plane depart without him. Disappointed, he wondered why his prayer had not been answered. But before noon he heard that the plane, only fifteen minutes from the city, had crashed into a mountain killing every passenger. Elder Lindbeck thanked the Lord for not answering his prayer.





June 20

## All for Jesus

***And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, ...and they loved not their lives unto the death. Revelation 12:11.***

We all love life, and are thankful to God for giving it to us. At the same time we recognize that we have this life only as long as God permits or wills. In this verse we read of men and women who loved life, but who loved Jesus more and were willing to give up that life for Him. We call such people martyrs, and there have been millions of them since the day Abel died for his faith.

Hundreds of missionaries are working all over the world, sending this gospel of the kingdom to every nation. Many have gone to countries where there is much sickness. Fathers and mothers, boys and girls have laid down their lives in those far-off countries.

Miss Sydney Hall was brought by her mission director to the Malamulo Mission hospital. He thought she was suffering from malaria. But when he examined her, Dr. Morel found she had diphtheria. She herself was a nurse, having arrived only six months previously. During that time she had treated Africans suffering from this disease.

As a nurse, she realized that her chances for recovery were small. But the doctor began intensive treatment and worked hard to save her life. She told him she was not unwilling to die, but preferred to live and do the work God had called her to Africa to do.

The second afternoon as the doctor was visiting with her, she pointed to the veins in her wrist that were turning blue.

"It won't be long now, doctor," she said simply.

Then she gave him a farewell message.

"I have a father and brother living in New York. They are not Christians and strongly opposed my coming to Africa. On the flyleaf of my Bible on the dresser is their address. Send it to them and also this message: Tell them that not for one moment have I regretted coming to Africa, not do I regret it now. Tell them that there is not joy in all the world like the joy that comes from serving and loving Jesus."

And hour later she fell asleep. She lies today in the little cemetery among the bamboo trees at Malamulo—just one of an army of missionaries who have "loved not their lives unto the death."





July 3

## Worthy of Everlasting Life

***It was necessary that the word of God should first have been spoken to you; but...ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life. Acts 13:46***

Paul was preaching to the Jews in Antioch about Jesus. In their own synagogue he told them plainly that they had shown themselves unworthy of everlasting life. What had they done to reach such a condition? They had simply refused to respond to the call of God.

The rich young ruler who came to Jesus thought he was worthy of eternal life, for he had kept all the commandments. He went to the synagogue faithfully and always tithed his income. But somehow he had a lingering suspicion that there was something else he needed to do. So he asked Jesus what he should do to inherit eternal life.

When Jesus told him to stop thinking about himself and think of others, he was pained and went away sorrowful. He was unworthy of everlasting life because he refused to listen to the voice of Jesus.

A missionary stood before a proud African chief, pleading with him to give his heart and life to the Lord Jesus.

The man asked, "What changes would I have to make in my life if I became a Christian?"

The missionary told him straight. He would have to give up all his wives but one, there could be no more drunken feasts in his village, and he should justly and impartially judge the case of the poor man who had no bribe. The chief shook his head. To him eternal life was not worth the price.

Mr. Hatton, a planter, stood before a missionary doctor waiting to hear the results of the examination..

"My friend," the doctor said, "if you wish to live longer than six months you will have to change your way of life."

"What would that involve?" asked the planter.

"No more smoking and no more alcoholic drinks. You should also change your eating habits." Mr. Hatton shook his head.

"Doctor," he replied, "I would rather live six months and enjoy these things than to live ten years without them."

Six months later he was dead. Why? Did the doctor want him to die? No. The planter had chosen to walk in the broad way that leads to destruction.





July 20

## The Waiting World

### *The field is the world. Matthew 13:38*

One day Jesus was telling stories to the people of Galilee. We call those stories parables, because in each one He was trying to teach some important lesson. Although Jesus was a Jew, and lived among the Jews, He realized that His work would go far beyond the borders of Israel. He had come, He told the people, "to seek and to save that which was lost." That included the Greeks and Romans and barbarians and the people of every country on earth. It was hard for the disciples to understand this, because they were Jews, God's chosen people.

Perhaps it is hard for us to realize it today. The field is not France or Argentina or Japan or Florida or the town or city where we live. The field is the whole world, and everywhere the good seed of the gospel must be sown. This gospel of the kingdom "shall be preached in all the world." For ninety-seven years Adventist missionaries have been going out from their homelands to one country after another. Still there are lands whose doors are closed to the gospel story to be opened, and the messengers must enter there. When the redeemed stand before the throne of God, John saw that they would be from "all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues" (Revelation 7:9).

Working among the poor people of Glasgow, Scotland, John Paton seemed to hear the cries of the perishing heathen in the South Sea Islands. He found no rest until he went and told them the story of Jesus' love. Before he died he saw every man, woman, and child on the island of Aniwa worshipping the true God. Although he buried his wife and son on the island of Tanna, he felt no price was too great to pay if only he might win men and women for Christ.

Robert Moffat, a missionary to Africa, while visiting in England, told of having seen the smoke of a thousand villages where the name of Christ was unknown. One of those who heard him was David Livingstone, who was to dedicate his life to carrying the gospel to the people of Africa.

Someday God may call you and ask you to go into the world field. Will you be willing to answer, "Here am I; send me"?





August 5

## He is Working for Your Good

***We know that all things work together for good to them that love God. Romans 8:28***

There will be times in your life when you will find it hard to accept this statement. Things will go against you, and there will be real disappointments. Paul himself had good cause for doubting it on more than one occasion. Paul was an active man, accustomed to walking long distances in the open air. How it must have troubled him to be shut up in a narrow prison cell for two whole years in Caesarea! Every clank of his chains reminded him that he was no longer free. He had done no wrong, and he had not even had a trial. Yet he could say, "We know that all things work together for good."

The Christian world was shocked a few years ago when five young missionaries to one of the wildest Indian tribes in Ecuador, South America, were brutally murdered by the very people they were trying to help. It seemed like such a waste of precious life.

And yet, Jesus said that unless a corn, or grain, of wheat fall into the ground and die, it bears no fruit. Within a year of the death of those five brave martyrs, more than a thousand new recruits had offered their services for the mission field. Those young people undoubtedly accomplished more by their deaths than was possible for them to accomplish during their lifetimes.

Only when we reach heaven will we be able to see why some things happened as they did. There we will look back and see how God was leading all the time, even when the future looked utterly hopeless.

"All these things are against me," murmured Jacob when he learned that Simeon was in an Egyptian prison, and that his beloved Benjamin had to go to Egypt. Yet if he had only known it, everything was working out for a glorious future for himself and all his family.

We must learn to trust God. We know that he loves us, and that we love Him. He will work things out for our best good.

Moses lay down to sleep on top of Mount Nebo. Perhaps he felt discouraged. He had failed. Yet scarcely had he closed his eyes in death before he found himself swept up into the glories of heaven, never to die again. God had something better for His servant than he could possibly plan for himself.







September 3

## You Never Know!

*In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this nor that. Ecclesiastes 11:6*

"Going to plant the south field today, Dad?" It was ten-year-old Danny speaking.

"No, it's still too cold. Nothing would sprout." A few days later the question was repeated.

"Going to plant today, Dad?"

"No, the soil is still too wet. Any seed planted today would rot."

The days passed and in the end the bottom field was never planted. The man didn't really want to plant. He was afraid he would lose his seed. Perhaps it does look like a waste to take hundreds of pounds of seed out into the field and throw it into the ground. But the wise farmer knows that this is the only way ever to get a crop.

"Hodi ["May I enter?"]?"

I looked up from my desk in the mission station office and saw a tall African standing in the doorway. His clothes were in tatters. He held out two hands in mute appeal.

"I want work," he said simply. I was sure we didn't need him—not with two hundred students working every day in all the various departments. I was about to dismiss him when he spoke again.

"I'm hungry." I looked at him more critically. He certainly looked hungry. I couldn't send him away. Instead I gave him a note to take to the preceptor that brought him his first good meal in two days. Then he was set to work cleaning the ditches along the road. He worked so well I gave him steady employment.

A raw heathen when he arrived, Godfrey joined the Bible class and later was baptized. He entered the village school and studied his primer. He made four grades the first year and three the next. He took the teacher training course, but I left before he finished it.

For several years Godfrey taught successfully. Then he returned and took the evangelistic course. They sent him to a difficult field and he did well. He was ordained to the ministry a few years ago, and is still at work in Malawi.

I almost turned him away. I am so glad that I didn't. We never know what seed will produce thirty-four, or sixty, or a hundredfold.





September 12

## Saved From Lions

*My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths. Daniel 6:22*

When Elder Anderson, with his wife, daughter, and mother, was traveling through Northern Rhodesia to start a new mission, the group slept one night near a river. Mother Anderson slept in the wagon, the others on the ground near the wagon. On Friday night they slept well, knowing they would not travel the next day.

As soon as it was light, the African drivers led the oxen to the river. In the sandy path which connected river and camp, they came across some large tracks.

"Come, Mfundisi," they called. "Lions were here last night!"

Examining the tracks, Elder Anderson could see what had happened. The lions had passed down the path to the river, returned and walked up to within six feet of the sleeping missionaries, then had turned around and gone off into the woods. Elder Anderson knew that the angel of the Lord had protected them.

When Pastor Sturdevant was traveling to Eastern Rhodesia to establish Inyazura Mission, he found the country very wild. There were many lions. When these animals devoured cattle belonging to the Africans, they appealed to the missionary for help.

"Mfundisi, you are our father. Won't you help us by killing these lions?"

Taking his rifle and following an African guide, Sturdevant tracked the beasts for half a day. About noon they came to a cow that a lion had recently killed and upon which he had been feeding. Realizing that the lions were now quite near, Sturdevant prayed for protection.

Suddenly the bushes parted, and a lion hurled himself at the missionary. Raising his rifle, he quickly fired at the fast-moving target.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! All the bullets were now gone.

Still the lion charged. The Africans hurled their spears and retreated into the bush. Suddenly the lion gave a tremendous roar, leaped into the air and fell dead, so close to the missionary that he could reach to and touch him with the barrel of his rifle.

Elder Sturdevant lifted his head.

"Thank You, God. I knew You could." Yes, God still delivers His children.





October 1

## One of Us

***For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. 2 Corinthians 5:21***

Joseph de Veuster, better known as Father Damien, went as a missionary to the Hawaiian Islands from Belgium. One day in Honolulu he saw a sight that touched his heart. Soldiers were going from house to house taking away people who had become infected with leprosy. He heard the crying of children as fathers and mothers were taken. He saw the despair of wives as they lost their husbands.

"Where are they taking them?" he asked.

"To the island of Molokai to stay for the rest of their lives."

"Who will care for them there?"

"Nobody will live on that island. To do so would mean sure death by leprosy."

"How do the people live? Who feeds them?"

"Every three months a boat goes over and leaves food for them."

"Is there a priest there to teach them the way of salvation?"

"No. It is impossible to find a teacher willing to go."

"I must go myself then," declared the missionary. His friends were horrified and tried to prevent his going, but in vain. The next boat carried a large number of lepers, and with them one man who was free from the disease.

For sixteen years Father Damien lived and worked among the lepers of Molokai. At first the people were suspicious of him. They could not believe that anyone not a leper would be willing to come and live with them. In the end he won their hearts and they turned to him in their troubles.

The day came when he realized that he himself had contracted leprosy. Perhaps the people were selfish, but they were not sorry when they heard this. "Now you will never leave us," they said, and so it was. Seven years later he died of leprosy, and was lovingly and sorrowfully buried by the people he had helped so much.

Leprosy is a symbol of sin. Jesus looked down from heaven as this deadly disease darkened the beautiful world He had created. In order to bring hope and salvation Jesus came and lived among men. Our verse says He was made sin for us. By associating with Him, we may rid ourselves of the leprosy of sin.





October 2

## Winning Souls

*He that winneth souls is wise. Proverbs 11:30*

Perhaps you have thought it would be a wonderful thing if someday you could be an evangelist and preach the gospel. It would thrill you to see men and women, boys and girls, accepting Jesus as their Savior. Once in a while we read of children who have not waited to grow up before starting to work for Jesus.

Maria, the daughter of a minister who was too sick to leave his house, went to the post office one day to get the mail.

"Are there any letters for my father? He is expecting some."

What is your father's name?" asked the clerk.

"What! Don't you know my father?"

"Of course not," he replied carelessly. "How should I?"

"Everybody knows my father. Don't you go to church?"

"No, never!"

"You never go to meeting? That's why you don't know my father. He's the minister."

The next day she was back, but still there was no mail.

"You would like my father if you knew him. They say he is a nice preacher."

The day came when the expected letters arrived and the clerk handed them to her.

"I wish you knew my father; you would like him."

"No doubt I would, if he is like his daughter," the clerk smiled.

"Please come to church next Sunday night and hear him preach. I'll be there looking for you."

The man made no promises and didn't go. Maria asked him again and again. Finally he promised to go—once.

Sunday evening she stood at the entry to the church, watching for her friend from the post office. When he came she took him by the hand, led him to a seat near the front where she sat with him. At the close of the service he stayed, talked with the minister, and decided to join the church.

"Do you know what he told me, though?" asked Maria's father.

"No, what?"

"He said it was not my preaching that converted him, but the witness of my little girl."





October 6

## Sowing and Reaping

*He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. Psalm 126:6*

When Pastor H. Zacharias was sent to preach the gospel in a certain town in the north Celebes Islands of the East Indies, he was warned he could expect trouble. The bold young man, however, never hesitated. He secured a place in which to hold his meetings, and began to preach night after night. As more and more people flocked to these meetings the devil was displeased, and he stirred up a group of his followers to try to stop the work of Pastor Zacharias.

One night after the meeting, as he was walking along the road towards his place of rest, the preacher was suddenly surrounded by a mob of angry men armed with clubs and sticks. There on the road they attacked him, knocked him down, kicked him, and beat him severely. One blow on the head gave him a concussion, nearly knocking him unconscious. Seeing that he was offering no resistance, the mob took him for dead and stopped beating him.

Then they noticed his mouth was moving, and one young man knelt down to listen. They saw a look of amazement on his face.

"What is he saying?" asked one of the group.

"He say, 'Father, forgive the man who did that.'"

"He must be a good man," said someone. "We had better leave him."

When the pastor had recovered a little he continued his meetings, and several members of the mob attended and were converted. One of these was Paul Laloan who went on to attend our Adventist school, where he took the ministerial training course. After his graduation he spent many years in faithful field work. Today he is the president of the Central Celebes Mission.

Pastor Zacharias, now a retired worker, still lives. Sometimes at general meetings he meets Pastor Laloan, the man who almost killed him. Seed sown in tears is now being reaped in joy.





October 27

## Winning Souls

***Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters. Isaiah 32:20***

The first Seventh-day Adventist camp meeting in South Africa was conducted on the outskirts of Mowbray, a suburb of Cape Town. Strolling along the road that formed the campground boundary came Tom Gibson and his brother. They had recently arrived in South Africa from England and had made few friends. That Sunday morning they were looking for something to do. Seeing the big tent, Tom said to his brother, "Let's see what kind of circus this is."

As they walked over the grounds toward the big tent the bright eyes of Dores Robinson, a sixteen-year-old son of the conference president, spotted them. Seeing they were not Adventists he stepped up to them, held out his hand and introduced himself.

"There's a fine service just beginning," he told them. "Pastor Haskell from America is going to speak." With that he led them to seats near the rear of the tent. After the service was well under way, Dores excused himself and hurried to the Robinson tent.

"Mom," he began, "may I bring two visitors for dinner? They are at the meeting in the big tent, and I think they will stay for the afternoon meetings. I think they're interested."

Mother Robinson smiled, nodded her head and told Dores he might invite the young men. Then he went back to his friends in the tent. When the meeting was over he invited them to his tent to share the bountiful dinner his mother had prepared.

The young men were deeply impressed by the friendliness shown them and gladly attended the afternoon meeting. Then Dores took them to the book tent where he selected a copy of *The Great Controversy* and a number of pamphlets which he gave them.

"My father will pay for them," whispered Dores to the bookman, who recognized the son of the president.

Tom Gibson and his brother came back many times, and a few weeks later both were baptized.

Little did Dores dream that those two young men would put in long years of service in God's cause. Tom became a missionary and worked for fourteen years at the Gwelo Mission in Rhodesia.

As he read of Tom's work, Dores often asked himself, "Just suppose I hadn't spoken to the Gibsons that afternoon in Mowbray?"





October 29

## Willing to Go

***Depart: for I will send thee far hence unto the gentiles. Acts 22:21***

The first Adventist mission in East Africa was started by German missionaries in 1903. Seven years later Pastor Enns traveled five hundred miles to begin work among African tribes living along the shores of Lake Victoria. As the work grew he wrote to the director of Suji mission asking that some African teachers be sent to help him.

"Who is willing to go?" Pastor Kotz asked the Suji teachers. Up to this time no African workers had gone as missionaries to a foreign tribe. Those volunteering would have to live among strangers. But four brave men responded—Petro Mlungwano, Daniel Mwendo, Philipo Sekisago, and Isaya Fue. There was weeping when they left their homes as few expected them ever to return.

By train and boat they made the long journey, arriving in the country of the Usukuma people in May, 1914. Here they separated, each teacher traveling to a different mission station to begin his work.

Four months later World War I broke out in Europe. British soldiers marched into East Africa, and every German missionary had to leave his station. The four teachers might have gone with the British forces who offered to return them to their own country. They chose instead to remain and care for the work of God.

The war lasted for four terrible years. Those teachers held the work together, taught the schools and preached the gospel to all who would listen. For six long years they received no salary. Like the apostle Paul they worked with their hands, planting gardens. Christians brought in their tithe of maize, pumpkins, and animals. Isaya sold this produce but would not touch a penny of the money, saying that it belonged to God.

Two years passed after the close of the war, and then a band of missionaries from England who had settled in Kenya traveled southward to see what was left of the German stations. They fully expected to find everything in ruins and the believers scattered. Great was their surprise to discover churches operating, schools running, and persons ready for baptism. Some of them had been waiting for four years.

Surely Jesus will say to each of those loyal teachers when He comes, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."





October 30

## Answering the Call

*Then said I, Here am I; send me. Isaiah 6:8*

Eric Warland was Ingathering along the streets of Southampton, England. Most of his donations were small. He was preparing to stop for the day when he saw a house set well back from the road. He almost let it go but decided to make one last call.

He knocked several times, and was turning to leave when the door opened and a little old lady stood before him. He showed her the paper and told her what he was doing. She seemed interested.

"How much would it cost to send a missionary to Africa?" she asked.

"I really don't know," Eric replied, "but I can find out."

"Please do; then come and see me again."

Warland was a ministerial student about to graduate from Stanborough College. He greatly desired to go to Africa as a missionary.

The young man wrote to the mission board and was told it would cost five hundred pounds to send a missionary to Africa. With this information Eric returned to the old lady's home. When he told her what he had learned, she laid her hand on his arm and said, "Will you go to Africa if I give you the money?"

Eric was stunned. "Well, you see," he finally managed to say, "I don't want to go to Africa alone."

The lady smiled and nodded her head.

"So you have someone you would like to take with you! What would it cost to send you both?"

Eric agreed to find out. A few days later he was back with the information that seven hundred and fifty pounds would be needed. The lady left him and went to another part of the house. Returning with a handful of bank notes, she slowly counted the full amount.

"The Lord is good! The Lord is good!" she kept repeating over and over again, as she placed the money in Eric's trembling hands.

Within a year Eric Warland and wife went to Africa, where he spent more than twenty years in mission service. The woman who had made this possible continued to support his work, sending money with which he built a schoolhouse.

Do you dream of going someday to Africa, to South America, India? God has many ways of making those dreams come true.







October 31

## A Hill of Blessing

*Our God turned the curse into a blessing. Nehemiah 13:2*

One afternoon, many years ago, the king of Ruanda was returning to his principal village after making a safari to a distant part of his kingdom. As night was coming on he pitched his camp on a long ridge that fell away into valleys on both sides. During the night a terrible storm of wind and rain whipped the ridge, destroying his shelter and forcing him to seek refuge in a nearby village. Greatly angered, the king called down the curse of heaven on the hill and on anyone who should ever live there.

Years passed, the king died, but none of the superstitious people dared brave the king's curse and settle on that hill. They did, however, find a use for the spot. When people died, their dead bodies were carried to the hill and left there to be devoured by jackals and vultures. So many head bones were lying around that it was called *Gitwe*, the place of skulls.

In 1920 pastor D.E. Delhove walked into this country looking for a place to establish a new mission station. It was not easy to find one, for the country had become thickly populated. Finally the king offered Pastor Delhove *Gitwe* hill. At the same time he warned him that it was a cursed place, and that any children born on the site would die a violent death before they were a year old.

Pastor Delhove accepted the challenge, and there on that fateful hill he built his house and reared his family. Children born into the missionary's family did not die violent deaths before reaching the age of one. Several of them are still living.

"A cursed place it is," the king had warned. But Delhove shook his head, predicting, "The time will come when this will be a meeting place for good men and the angels of heaven."

At first the people were afraid to visit the mission or attend school. But when they saw that no harm befell the workers there, they decided it was not dangerous any longer.

The hill of the curse has indeed become the hill of blessing. Thousands of African young people have been trained there for God's service. Within fifty miles of *Gitwe* more than fifty thousand Sabbathkeepers are singing the songs of Zion and looking forward to that land where there shall be no more curse.





November 9

## Let God Guide

**Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it.**

**Isaiah 30:21**

God has promised to guide His children as they pass through life. Perhaps this verse is referring to the little voice each one has that we call conscience. But our conscience must be enlightened by the Word of God in order to be reliable. It is wise to listen to that conscience, but unenlightened it is not always a safe guide.

To make sure that our conscience is not leading us astray, we must study the Word of God. That Word, the psalmist tells us, is a light to our feet, and a guide to our pathway.

God has often spoken directly to persons, bidding them where to go. Philip was sent to the desert. Modern missionaries meet men and women in heathen lands who have been guided by angels in their search for truth.

Elder Robert H. Pierson tells of an African named Daniel who lived on his farm in western Tanzania. This man had never heard the gospel story. One night an angel spoke to him in a dream.

"Go to the big white hospital on the hill. They have the truth of God and it will change your life."

The next day Daniel went to Heri Hospital, where he remained for two years. He learned the truth and was baptized. God's messenger continued to guide him, and he went to Burundi, where he became a lay preacher and raised up several churches.

The voice has also often warned of danger. During the Matabele uprising of 1897, the missionaries from Solusi took refuge in Bulawayo and remained during a seven-month siege. When their food supplies were practically exhausted, the workers took turns slipping through the Matabele lines and going back to Solusi where they bought various food supplies that they carried back to Bulawayo.

As W. H. Anderson was making his way from Solusi's krall to his mission home one evening, he was startled to hear a voice saying, "Get out of here quickly, for you are in danger."

He turned aside immediately and slept that night in the bush. The next morning he learned that a few minutes after he left the path three hundred armed rebels had passed along looking for him.

God can guide only if you are willing to listen.





November 10

## Few Find the Way

**Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it. Matthew 7:14**

Jesus never courted popularity with the crowd. Although it broke His heart, He knew that the vast majority of people would reject His offer of mercy and choose Satan's rulership to His own.

Before His ascension Jesus told his disciples that the gospel of the kingdom should be preached in all the world as a witness unto all nations. He did not say that all the world would be converted, but that the invitation would be carried everywhere by His messengers.

Early missionaries who carried the story of the cross to the great heathen lands often found it hard to win converts. Adoniram Judson labored ten years in Burma before the first Burmese accepted the gospel. Today in the great Moslem lands of Africa and Asia, few are willing to accept Jesus as their Savior.

When the mother of Mtesa, the king of Uganda, died, Mtesa asked Mackay, a missionary living in his country, to prepare an elaborate coffin in which to bury her. The king was deeply grateful for what Mackay did, and the missionary took that opportunity to appeal to the king to decide for Christ. Mtesa had long wavered between Christianity and Islam.

The king replied in his usual evasive way. The Moslems said theirs was the only true religion, and the Christians said the same of theirs. How could he know which was right? Kneeling before the king, Mackay stretched out his hand and spoke solemnly.

"O Mtesa, my friend, do not always repeat that excuse! When you and I stand before God at the great day of judgment, do you think you can reply to God that you did not know what to believe because Masaudi told you one thing and Mackay told you another? You have the New Testament; read it for yourself. God will judge you by that. Never has anyone looked for truth in that book who did not find it."

There was silence in the king's hall. The monarch thought of the wives he would have to give up, the beer drinks and dances that would stop, and other changes in his life he would have to make. He shook his head. The way was too strait. Two years later the king died as he had lived—a heathen.

Are you walking with the few in the straight and narrow way?





December 10

## Angel Hands

***He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. Psalm 91:11***

Pastor Jessen was riding the *Pakistan Mail* when he was joined by a Moslem gentleman. They introduced themselves to each other, each describing his occupation and activities. The train roared on through the afternoon. It came time to go to bed. Pastor Jessen knelt and asked God to protect him and care for his loved ones. The Moslem, an officer in the Indian Air Force, sat respectfully. Then both men retired.

About two o'clock in the morning there was a collision. Pastor Jessen awoke flying through the air. Soon he realized that the train had stopped. From the front carriages came screams of people trapped in the wreckage of the train. The engine had plowed into half a dozen oil cars being shunted into a station. Oil had splashed over the front of the train, and fire from the engine had set the carriages ablaze.

Unhurt, he brushed aside the broken pieces of wood on top of him and stepped clear of the train. The countryside was brilliantly illuminated by flames from the burning coaches. As he began to walk away he heard a pleading voice speaking.

"Don't leave me. Help me out."

It was the Moslem officer who lay in the wreckage, a heavy steel beam lying directly across his chest making it impossible for him to move.

"Let's free him," suggested the pastor to four bystanders. They easily removed the wood, but the beam was far too heavy. As the fire was coming closer the men left. Pastor Jessen was about to flee also when the man appealed once more.

Deciding to make one final effort, the pastor seized the beam and lifted with all his might. Other hands than his were on the beam that night, for it rose high enough to permit the officer to climb out from beneath it.

"You have saved my life!" exclaimed the grateful man. "Thank you! Thank you!"

"Don't thank me. It was God who helped raise that beam," replied Pastor Jessen.

Angels of God go with us everywhere, always ready to deliver us from danger.





## Multiply by Using

by Jeanne Larson & Ruth McLinn

Robert Morrison, the first Protestant missionary to China, once wrote to friends asking that an assistant be sent to him. There was too much work for one missionary to do. A young man eagerly applied for the job, but the committee did not choose him. "He's a fine young Christian and a hard worker," they all agreed. "But he's not what we're looking for."

They meant that the young man's manners were rough and his clothes were shabby. More than that, he didn't seem to have the talents they were looking for. "We are sorry," they told the young man, "but we cannot send you." Then they offered him something they were sure he would turn down. "If you really want to go to China, you can go and be Dr. Morrison's servant."

What a disappointment! To volunteer to be a missionary in a faraway country and then be told you would have to go as a servant if you went at all! Most people would have said, "No, thank you."

But not this fellow. He was disappointed, but he said, "If you feel I am not fit to be a missionary, I will go as a servant. I am willing to do anything the Lord wants me to do for His work."

The young man went to China as a servant. "I will use what few talents I have," he said. Perhaps he remembered Daniel and knew that the Lord honors those who have faith and trust Him.

God did honor him. He used the young man's talents and multiplied them. It was not long before Dr. Morrison made the newcomer his assistant. And as the young man learned the Chinese language, he worked with Dr. Morrison to translate the Old Testament into Chinese. Today we know him as Dr. William Milne, one of our great early missionaries to the Orient.

Talents used are talents multiplied. This can be your experience. "Jesus desires us to use every gift we have; and if we do this, we shall have greater gifts to use."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 353

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## The Voice Said, "Don't Go In!"

by Lawrence Maxwell

The pastor was out visiting churches and schools in Central Africa, walking over a dusty road on a hot, sticky afternoon. "Whew," he gasped, wiping the perspiration from his face, "will I ever be glad to get a bath. I wish I could find a nice water hole."

It was wild, desolate country, with no houses anywhere. He almost never met anyone else. But once in a while the trail led close beside a little pool. In the dusty heat a traveler looked forward to passing such pools, for a dip in them was refreshing.

"There ought to be one near here," the pastor thought, looking around. "Seems to me this is the place I took a bath last time I came this way. Perhaps it's around the next corner."

Unfortunately, it wasn't. But when he turned the corner after that, a beautiful pond lay before him, sparkling in the bright African sun, with trees and bushes growing all around the edge.

"At last!" he exclaimed. "I can hardly wait to get into it." Since there wasn't anyone around, he began to take his clothes off.

Just at that moment a voice said, "Don't go in!" He looked about to see who was talking. There was no one. "That's odd," he thought. "Guess I've been traveling too long. This hot weather is making me hear things." He took off his shirt and started to take off his shoes. He was about to take a sock off when he heard the voice again. "Don't go in!"

"I'd better get into that water quickly," he said to himself, "before this heat overcomes me. It would be terrible to have heatstroke with no one around to help." He walked to the water's edge, but before he could get into the pond the voice spoke a third time, "Don't go in!" It sounded commanding, as if it meant to be obeyed.

"There is something mysterious about this," the missionary observed. And then, because he was a godly man, he said to himself, "I wonder if God is trying to warn me about something. Could it be that this pool is dangerous?"

So he didn't plunge into the water as he had intended. Instead, he walked slowly around the edge, peering behind every bush and shrub, and watched the surface intensely for several minutes. Everything seemed calm and peaceful. Then, suddenly, the water rippled just the littlest bit, and two little round things stuck up.

He recognized at once what they were. Had he put one foot into that pool, those two little round things would have brought him instant death. Horrified with the awful thought, he fell to his knees. "Thank you, God," he said humbly, "for saving my life. Thank you so much. Amen."

Those two little round things were the eyes of a crocodile.

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## Dragged by a Mule

By Virgil E. Robinson

It was Christmas day at the little Karungu Mission on the shores of Lake Victoria in East Africa. About four o'clock in the afternoon Pastor Lane decided to call on the chief of a nearby village. The day was hot, and since he would need to travel three or four miles, he thought he would rather ride than walk. So he went to a nearby store owned by an Indian merchant and asked if he would loan him a mule. Soon Pastor Lane was riding the mule along the narrow, crooked path that led over the dry plain by the lake shore.

In the distance he heard the tinkling bells, and around a curve in the path came some pack donkeys, heavily laden with skins. Since Pastor Lane did not know what might happen when his mule met the donkeys, he thought it would be wiser to dismount, which he started to do. He had freed his right foot from the stirrup when he found that his left foot was caught. While he was trying to release it, the mule became frightened and bolted off at great speed.

The foot was still fastened in the stirrup, and the pastor was being dragged along with his head banging on the ground and his clothing being torn to shreds. It was a miracle his leg did not break, but the cruel blows of the hard ground on his head were too much for him, and he began to lose consciousness. Suddenly all went dark.

When he awoke he found himself lying on the ground. The mule was nowhere in sight. The sun was low in the sky. His foot was still caught in the stirrup, and the saddle lay beside him. What could have happened?

Painfully lifting himself, up, he examined the saddle. Then he looked at the girth—the leather strip that goes around the body of the mule to hold the saddle on—and he was amazed at what he saw! That girth, which was six inches wide and a quarter of an inch thick, had been cut through like a razor's cut! He could tell it had not broken, for there were no ragged edges. The cut was clean and straight, and done, he was sure, by the angel of the Lord. Then his own weight had pulled the saddle off the mule's back.

Now, hobbling on down the road to see if he could find the mule, he came to a place where the path crossed a gully that was scattered with boulders. If he had been dragged just a little while longer, and gone through that dreadful place, he would surely have been killed.

Pastor Lane kept the saddle for years. Those two smooth, straight edges always reminded him of God's care for His faithful children!

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## I Don't Shine Shoes

by Jim Feldbush

Hsu Chu came from a very wealthy Chinese family. When his family needed something done, they paid for someone to do it. Hsu Chu dressed well, spoke well, and settled for only the best.

Hsu Chu chose a medical career and entered the China Inland Mission Hospital for his training. He determined to do his very best, study hard, and become someone people would take note of.

One day the superintendent of the hospital asked Hsu Chu to clean and polish some shoes. Hsu Chu looked at the superintendent and said, "No gentleman or scholar would do such lowly work." Hsu Chu was not about to put himself on the floor to clean someone's shoes. A wealthy scholar should not be asked to do such trivial work, he thought.

Quietly the superintendent took the shoes and shined them himself. Then he asked Hsu Chu to come with him. He asked Hsu Chu to sit down while he read to him the thirteenth chapter of John. Hsu Chu listened with amazement to how Jesus, the Master of the universe, treated his disciples. Tears welled up in Hsu Chu's eyes as the superintendent read the verse that says, "Now that I, your Lord and teacher, have washed your feet, you also should wash one another's feet." Hsu Chu cried as he prayed for his Lord and Master to forgive him.

Hsu Chu didn't just pray, however; he did something. Whenever there were jobs to do, such as washing dishes, cleaning floors, or polishing shoes, he did them well, and he did them cheerfully. If Jesus was willing to wash His disciples' feet, shouldn't we be willing to polish someone else's shoes?

Sometimes we're tempted to think that certain things aren't good enough for us, that we should settle for only the best. Well, you're right. We should only settle for only the best. We should settle for following the example of Jesus, who served the very people He created with humility and gladness.

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