

MISSIONS QUARTERLY

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TOPIC: Northwest India

Sabbath, January 1

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature.]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Isa. 49:12. Read the text, then have the school repeat it in concert.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 624, first and third stanzas.

READINGS:

The Official Notice.

A Map Talk on India. See "Making Missions Real," pp. 97-99.

PRAYER: A Short Prayer in Behalf of Our Work in India.

The Official Notice

DEAR SISTER PLUMMER:

In selecting an object for the gifts of the Sabbath schools of the world for the first Thirteenth Sabbath Offering for 1921, the General Conference Committee desires to set before you the great area of Northwest India, with its millions of people and its many tongues, — a territory where we have already made considerable progress, but whose needs cry aloud to us for a decided strengthening of our forces and facilities, and that holds out to us great promise of rich return in souls for all effort we may put forth.

With this we desire to connect an appeal for assistance to reestablish our headquarters for India. For years the general office, publishing house, etc., have been located at Lucknow, but the work has altogether outgrown our present quarters. It will be very difficult for our brethren to secure additional land in easy access of our present location. Confronted with this difficulty, our brethren in charge of the work in India have for some

time been considering the advisability of re-locating in a more convenient locality and where the hot season would not be so long or so trying. The General Conference Committee has approved of this plan, and we hope to see the removal accomplished in the near future. The purchase of land and the erection of the needed buildings will call for a heavy outlay of money, but it is believed that the existing conditions fully warrant this expenditure.

In view of the urgency of this twofold appeal and of the great liberality of our Sabbath schools in the past, our Committee makes bold to request you to appeal to them for an offering of \$85,000 for this first Thirteenth Sabbath Offering for 1921, believing that they will respond with their usual generosity.

Sincerely yours,

W. T. KNOX,

Treas. General Conference.

God tries the faith of his people to test their character. Those who in times of emergency are willing to make sacrifices for him are the ones whom he will honor with a partnership in his work. Those who are unwilling to practice self-denial in order to carry out God's purposes, will be tested, that their course may appear to human eyes as it appears to the eyes of him who reads the heart. — *“Testimonies for the Church,”* Vol. VI, p. 104.

Sabbath, January 8

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Isa. 60:1. Read the text, then have the school repeat it in concert.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 589, first two stanzas.

READING: Unentered Fields in, or Bordering on, Northwest India.

PRAYER: A few sentences in behalf of the unentered fields of Northwest India.

Unentered Fields in, or Bordering on, Northwest India

J. E. FULTON

GIVING to the occupied territory of the great northwest frontier provinces of India leads us nearer to those border tribes that soon must hear the last great message. In giving now we are setting the lights burning over against numbers of lands with peoples of strange customs. Here is the chief cockpit of the middle east, a source of frequent trouble to the Indian government, and against which expeditions are sent as punishment for raids made by these numerous border tribes.

Among the countries which cluster about the northwest frontier is the Punjab, a great populous province, peopled by a stalwart race numbering sixteen million. Here at two or three points our work has been begun. North of the Punjab is Kashmir, with three million people; and bordering on the east is Tibet. At Simla, Mussoorie, and Garhwal, where our work is started, we are right up against Tibet, and Tibetans go back and forth in considerable numbers. On the west is Afghanistan, un-

fortunately among the closed fields; the population is almost altogether Mohammedan, and many of them are violently fanatical. Then there is Baluchistan to the southwest, a large but sparsely settled country; and between Afghanistan and Baluchistan and India proper is a buffer area, known as the Northwest Frontier Province, which was taken over by Great Britain in reprisals during the frontier uprisings.

Along the boundaries of some of these countries flows the great Indus River, across which Darius Hystaspes sent his expedition in 500 B. C., and later along the banks of this river, Alexander the Great led his armies so many centuries ago.

The large majority of these peoples are Mohammedans, and are hard to reach with the gospel. They seem quite satisfied with the religion of the false prophet. There are many tribal wars, and it has been aptly said of the peoples that they are at peace when they are at war. But the last message must be preached to these peoples, also, and the honest in heart won for Christ. Everywhere souls are tired of sin and are groping for the light.

The message of the Lord's coming was preached in Afghanistan by Dr. Joseph Wolff during the 1844 movement. Dr. Pennell, who labored so long and successfully as a medical missionary on the borders of Afghanistan, speaks of the fact that Wolff actually preached in Afghanistan, being one of the few who ever preached in that Moslem land. And as

truly as the first message was preached there, so God will open the door for the preaching of the third angel's message.

As our Sabbath schools everywhere give for Northwest India, let us pray that the time may come when the light will be set in these dark and forbidden portions of the world.

Lucknow, India.

Sabbath, January 15

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature].

MISSIONARY TEXT: John 3:16. Repeat in concert.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 617, first two stanzas.

READING: A Mohammedan Stronghold

PRAYER: A brief prayer for our workers among the Mohammedans.

A Mohammedan Stronghold

J. E. FULTON

INDIA has more Mohammedans within her borders than any other country, and there are many millions of the most fanatical and bigoted of this religion in this section of India. Never have our forces gathered for a more difficult task than for the preaching and the teaching of the message to these Mohammedan zealots. They are superstitious, intolerant, fanatical, and bigoted. Bordering on India on the northwest are Afghanistan and Baluchistan, with their wild, fierce, fanatical tribes, solidly Mohammedan and always influencing their Indian neighbors. In Afghanistan, especially, the hatred of Christianity is

so great that no one is allowed to confess the name of Jesus.

Five times a day, from tens of thousands of mosques, the call to prayer is made. At dawn, a little after noon, two hours before sunset, at sunset, and two hours after sunset, millions bow toward Mecca ; and in the great cities, as one hears the cry from numbers of temples, he is deeply impressed by the hold this religion has on the people of India. Giving credit where credit is due, one cannot but commend the Mohammedans' unfailing regularity in the performance of their worship ; but after all, the religion is false and misleading. Though worshipers of God, they grossly misrepresent him. They picture him as an absolute monarch knowing no love or mercy, relentless and immovable. While Mohammedanism is a religion of prayer, the prayers are generally said in the Arabic language, and thus they descend into stereotyped, meaningless sentences ; for three fourths of the Mohammedans pray in an unknown tongue. The right direction, the right posture, and careful purification are the great essentials to be observed in prayer. The Mohammedan creed is brief : "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet."

The following are the five pillars of their religious practice :

1. The recital of the *kalima*, or creed.
2. Prayer five times a day.
3. Thirty days' fast.
4. Almsgiving.
5. A pilgrimage to Mecca.

No repentance, no change of heart or life is demanded, only outward observance ; and, of course, no Saviour is called for.

Mohammedans are among the most ignorant of the peoples of India. While the whole population can boast of only 5 per cent who are literate, the Mohammedans are only 3 per cent literate ; so that with all their conquests and boastings, Mohammedanism has cursed India instead of blessed it.

The seclusion and degradation of the Mohammedan women stamps their religion as infamous. This is the custom in India, and everywhere there are millions of women who have been placed in *purdah* (behind the curtain), where they remain shut away from the beauties of nature, and away from any free companionship with friends and neighbors. Of Hindu women, only eight in a thousand can read, which is bad enough ; but with Mohammedans it is worse, for only four in a thousand among Mohammedan women can read. The degradation of women in Moslem lands is a part of the religion of the false prophet, not simply a custom of Eastern lands. Mohammed himself said : " Woman was made from a crooked rib, and if you try to bend it straight, it will break." Polygamy and divorce go together under the approval and example of Mohammed and by sanction of the Koran, their sacred book.

India has 65,000,000 Mohammedans, which is one fifth of the entire population. The majority of these are in North India. The vast numbers to reach and the prejudices of

the people present great difficulties to missionary effort.

But notwithstanding all the difficulties, God has his children here amid all the darkness and superstition. Numbers of the Mohammedan people have been led to Christianity, and some have developed into faithful servants in the cause of Christ. It has been proved that there are precious jewels hid in the mire. It is worth while to search for them, for they are of inestimable value.

Mohammedans here and there are accepting the truths of these last days. As our young missionaries learn the languages and begin to preach in the villages, we shall see results. God has promised to be with us. But we want our people in the homelands to know the difficulties, that they may pray earnestly and intelligently and give liberally. It will take some hard work on the part of our band of missionaries, and it will take some hard giving on the part of the church at home. But God is leading his people to do the work. Let us face a hard task with courage, determination, and faith. May God help us here in India to do our part, and may he help the church at home to do her part.

Lucknow, India.

Every man, woman, and child in heathen darkness is a challenge to the church. — *S. Earl Taylor.*

Sabbath, January 22

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 24:14. Repeat in concert.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 482, first stanza.

READING: The Villages of India.

PRAYER: A short prayer for our workers in the villages of India.

The Villages of India

W. W. FLETCHER

ALTHOUGH India has a population of upwards of 320,000,000, the people are not massed together in cities to any great extent. There are only 30 cities with more than 100,000 inhabitants in the whole Indian Empire, and these contain only about 2 per cent of the total population. There are almost 750,000 towns and villages in the country, and of these about 600,000 contain less than one thousand people each. There is an average of one village to every two and a half square miles throughout the country.

While we are endeavoring to proclaim the message in the centers of influence, some of our missionaries are devoting their attention to the village work. The mission station is made the center from which to work among the villages over quite a large area. During the cool season the missionary may spend much of the time touring among the villages, accompanied by his family, living in tents, spending a few days, or even a week or two, in a village, as may be necessary. In this way he is able to keep in touch with many of the Indian brethren who are stationed here

and there as evangelists. Brother F. H. Loasby gives the following account of the nature of the work of a missionary family touring among the villages of the Punjab :

“We have just returned from another trip among our Punjabi villages, having been out for two weeks. The party, as usual, consisted of myself and wife and our two children, and our visit included four of our largest villages, where we have workers stationed. We stayed about three days in each place, and our daily program was as follows :

“At ten in the morning we held a class for the instruction of our workers, all of whom come with us from place to place while we are on the tour. After this we hold a meeting for the Christians of the locality, lasting for about one and one-half hours. From about eleven to one o'clock, Mrs. Loasby is busy giving medicines to those who are in need. At two o'clock we have a second meeting for our workers, and after this another meeting for the general community.

“The best-attended meeting of the day is the lantern lecture at night, which usually begins about eight o'clock. It is a common thing to have a crowd of two hundred or more. This meeting is also usually well attended by Sikhs and Mohammedans, who, under cover of the darkness, come to see and hear what they would not even notice in the daytime. At one place the crowd of Sikhs and Mohammedans was so large that, in their eagerness to get a glimpse of the pictures, they nearly swept the lantern away. We hope, by re-

peated visits to these villages, to get the better classes of the people interested in Christianity.

“One pleasing feature of this trip was that we were able to gather out ten more children for our schools, to add to those who have already been sent. This time we sent five boys to our school in Najibabad, and five girls to the school in Hapur.

“The last few days we were out were very cold, with frost at night and ice on the water by morning. We therefore decided to bring our tour to an end for a time.

“I am now doing some necessary touring alone by motorcycle; and when the weather gets a little warmer, we shall begin the family touring again.”

Sabbath, January 29

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 28:19, 20. Repeat in concert.

MISSIONARY SONG: “Christ in Song,” No. 479, first and last stanzas.

READING: Six Months in Central and Western India.

PRAYER: A few sentences for our work in this part of India.

Six Months in Central and Western India

GEORGE F. ENOCH

SIX months ago after landing in Calcutta, we traveled one thousand miles across Central India with its multitude of villages and its teeming population, among which there was

not, so far as we knew, a single representative of present truth. This thirty hours of constant travel in one section of the division for which this Thirteenth Sabbath Offering is dedicated, across territory as yet untouched by us, made a most profound impression on those of our party who, for the first time, were getting the vision of the task remaining in India. I wish we could pass that vision on, with the pity of it all, to our Sabbath schools around the world, as they ask the Lord what they ought to give this Thirteenth Sabbath.

After this thousand-mile journey, our first touch with present truth was at the railway junction Manmad, about one hundred and sixty miles from Bombay, the great western seaport. Here one of our colporteurs offered for sale the familiar and beloved literature. We thanked God and took courage. The thousand miles of unworked vineyard had begun to press heavily on our hearts. At last we found evidence that God's people had not wholly neglected their task.

It was at this outpost that a missionary from the Nizam's state to the southeast had, on a trip to Bombay, bought from one of these Indian colporteurs that little book with the attractive title, "The Other Side of Death." He sat up all night, and did not put the book down until he had read its last word. Soon after reaching Bombay, the writer was asked to visit Aurangabad, his station, to follow up the interest.

For one month we studied the leading points of present truth with the missionaries in English and with the Indian workers in Marathi. On my second Sabbath there, we held our first Sabbath service with all the missionaries present and about one hundred and fifty of the Indian brethren and sisters. On the next Sabbath a Sabbath school was organized with one hundred and seventy-nine present. I wish we could give our Sabbath schools in the homeland a vision of that first Sabbath school in the native state of Hyderabad, the premier native state of India! These missionaries have several hundred baptized believers scattered through the villages. They are sitting at our feet for instruction. What a pity if we fail them!

These people are mostly poor villagers, scattered over a considerable territory here in the center of the Deccan, with large numbers of children and no schools. We must start schools at once, and so organize this work that these villages will become centers of light for Central India. We are counting on this offering. Surely you will not disappoint us.

This experience has brought courage to the workers in India, because it shows how ready the Lord is to lead us on more rapidly than we think; it also demonstrates the wonderful power in the naked word of God to transform men's ideas, and quickly bring them into harmony with the message of God for this time. Already the question is pressing, Will our people at home rally to this open Providence,

and furnish what is necessary properly to foster this work? Are we to hinder the Lord from doing for us all that he desires because of our failure to enter at once the doors which he opens before us?

Two months were spent in language study in Poona, the intellectual center of the Marathi country. There is no representative of present truth here. I then had to pass on to Bombay, one of the great cities of Asia, which is estimated to have about one and one-third million population, and from the heart of this great city this appeal is written.

We have been asked to build up a native church in this city of many peoples and languages, but there is not sufficient money in the budget to allow us to secure a hall in which to hold meetings; so one room of our bungalow is dedicated to that purpose. A \$10 mantle lantern has been purchased for use in meetings at night wherever we can gather together a few people. However, with workers able to teach and preach in the vernacular, it seems a pity so to hamper the work at its very beginning. There ought to be secured a meeting hall or a church building of some sort in this great city. We are doing the best we can; but do you blame us for sometimes feeling a fellow sympathy for the Israelites who had to make brick without straw?

There are twenty million Marathi people, ten million Gujerati people, this great city of Bombay in Western India, and more than twenty million people in Central India, besides the many millions of North India, comprising

the field to be benefited by this Thirteenth Sabbath Offering. Will your gift be in proportion to the great need?

Sabbath, February 5

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature.]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Isa. 6:8. Read the text, then have the school repeat it in concert.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 545, first and last stanzas.

READING: The Shadow of Death and Gospel Light—No. 1.

PRAYER: A few sentence prayers in behalf of our zenana workers.

The Shadow of Death and Gospel Light—No. 1.

VERA CHILTON

[Perhaps no missionaries are obliged to carry forward their work under more difficult circumstances than those who are working for the followers of the false prophet. For years Miss Vera Chilton has been faithfully working for the women and children of the Mohammedan faith in North India, and she has been greatly blessed in her work. Our Moslem sisters in India cannot be reached as can the women of other religions. They are kept behind closed doors or curtains from early girlhood; few are given any education whatever, and they grow up in total ignorance of what is going on outside of their own small circle.

It is possible for no one but a lady worker to gain admittance to their homes, and then only by much tactful perseverance and patience. Gospel themes are introduced after friendly associations are established, and little by little the women grow into a knowledge of Christ and his plan to save. These women must betray no interest in Christian teachings to other members of the family not in sympathy with them. Once their interest is discovered, they are spirited away, the missionary is told not to come again, and if the Mohammedan sister openly espouses

Christ, the chances are she will be killed or at least cruelly treated.

If she wishes to leave home, escape unaided is well-nigh impossible. She knows of no place to go, and more than likely, rather than find shelter and sympathy, she would expose herself to great personal danger among strangers.

In place of taking a bold, public stand for Christ, as is customary with the women of the West, our Moslem sisters must be content to live the quiet, exemplary Christ-life in the seclusion of their own homes, before their husbands and children. There is one refuge open to her, however, providing she is able to reach it undiscovered,—the mission zenana, or women's quarters, conducted in connection with mission work in Moslem districts. But even here she must be carefully guarded and provided for, and her presence at such a place is the source of much trouble, caused by her relatives and friends.

We have at present no such homes of refuge for these Mohammedan sisters in Northern India, and Sister Chilton and others working for these needy women in India are obliged to push ahead as best they can without them. They are doing a noble work, which calls for our earnest prayers and support.—*Editor.*]

The Great Scourge

INTENSE gloom hangs over the city. Hundreds are dying daily of the great influenza scourge which is sweeping over Lucknow. Even in the noisy, busy bazaars a strange, mysterious silence prevails. The shopkeepers sit gloomy and morose, the greed of gain for once subdued in their hearts; for may not their next customer be grim Death who waits not to drive bargains?

The Scourge at Work

Come to one of the houses and get a nearer view of the scourge at its work. As we go along the narrow unsanitary street, we hear

the wild screams and hoarse shouts of the mourners of the Orient. Two corpses have already been borne out of that house in a short space of time, and the frenzy of the mourners over the third is beyond description. We pass into a typical Indian house with a small courtyard in the center and a double row of verandas all round. The verandas are somewhat dark, and as we strain our eyes, we become conscious of rows of beds, and nearly every bed has its occupant; some lying strangely still, quite unconscious; some delirious, nearly mad; some just sickening, and moaning and groaning with pain and misery. One or two, less ill than the others, are staggering about ministering in a hopeless, dejected way to the sick. They are in high bad humor too, and they quarrel and fight, until the whole place is filled with harsh, discordant voices.

Light in the Darkness

Come just a few steps farther, past the potter's bridge, to another house. Oh, but this is a very poverty-stricken place! He who should be the home builder has deserted his family, and is living elsewhere in luxury and ease, without care or thought. This family is of good birth but has hard struggles, now the supporter has gone.

We do not announce ourselves, for we are ever welcome here. There is a deep silence, but it is a calm, peaceful silence. The deadly scorge has been at work, and we see the slight form of a girl of fifteen lying on the

comfortless string bed, in a semiconscious condition. The expressive brown eyes open and a sweet smile lights up the wan face, as she recognizes the white-robed messenger of Christ; but soon she is in a deep swoon again. The messenger remains seated, for she knows how deeply the child will fret if she receives not one precious message from the Word.

Let us look at her as she lies unconscious. Such a sweet, bright, calm face in spite of the ravages of disease! And what is that peeping out from under the pillow? Surely it must be the Koran, put there to frighten away the disease. We look closer, and find it is the Word of God, and we are told that she keeps it ever with her, trying to read it, till, on account of her utter weakness, they have to take it away. There seems to be no chance of her regaining consciousness, so we decide to go. But the slight movement has disturbed her, and we are arrested by a faint, reproachful whisper, "Miss Sahib, you have not read the gospel to me."

So we go back, and today we read the beautiful story of Jairus' daughter, and the child's large brown eyes grow wistful as she listens, then they are lifted up with a great joy as she is told that the same loving Jesus is with her, holding her hand, watching by her bed of pain. She believes, and realizes the presence of Jesus; the lips part in a sweet smile, and with a deep sigh of happiness and calm content, she closes her eyes in quiet sleep.

- So we will leave our little Sabbath keeper (for she keeps the Sabbath in her own little way), our little Ranshan Jahan, meaning "bright world." Surely thou hast had a bright world all thine own since thy Saviour sought thee out and gave thee a knowledge of the true God — a loving Allah, who delighteth not in the death of a sinner but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live; the one who gave his own Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Sabbath, February 12

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: John 12: 32. Read the text, then have the school repeat it in concert.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 547, first stanza.

READING: The Shadow of Death and Gospel Light No. 2.

PRAYER: A short prayer for the zenana workers.

The Shadow of Death and Gospel Light — No. 2

VERA CHILTON

A King's Daughter

KANIZA BEGAM is a slim, graceful girl, with a sweet charm of grave natural courtesy. Her father is descended from one of the last ruling kings of Oudh. Her mother died when she was but a child, and her father has devoted himself to the training of his daughter. Being of royal descent, he has access to the

best European homes, and though keeping his daughter strictly Indian, yet he has taught her many European ways which enhance her charms and add much to the general comfort of the household.

A Heart Awakening

Sometime ago a zenana worker called at this home, and a warm friendship and deep interest sprang up between her and Kaniza. Kaniza has now a Bible lesson every week, and listens with keen, intelligent interest. It was not long before the wonderful life of Jesus, with all its rich wealth of love and tenderness, began to make a deep impression on her thoughtful nature, and her heart was filled with a strange new love. Her Saviour grew very real to her, and she realized his continual presence in a way that perhaps is not given to many even of those who have been brought up in a Christian environment. The following brief narratives will show how real was Christ's presence to her.

A Robber Scare

About the time that Kaniza learned of Jesus, there were numerous robbers in Lucknow. Very secret and very sudden were their movements, and every better-class household was in daily terror of an attack. Old newsmonsters would visit all the zenanas and fill the credulous hearts of the inmates with horror and alarm, with a recital of the doings of the robbers. At that time Kaniza's father was obliged to go to Allahabad on urgent business,

leaving his daughter in charge of Basti Begam, a faithful old family attendant, but a superstitious, frightened old woman, who related tales of horror and superstition to the young girl.

Kaniza's home was built separate from other houses, and stood back away from the road. One night, when her father was away, she retired only to be awakened by the sound of a motor car coming rapidly along the road and stopping opposite the house. Now Kaniza knew that this was a way with robbers, and her heart seemed to stand still as she heard the car stop. She was all alone and Basti Begam was snoring lustily ! But, as she related to the zenana worker afterward, a sweet, calm peace and confidence came into her heart as she realized the nearness of her new Friend who would never fail her. Adjusting her sari (drapery), and with a new strength and joy in her heart, that tender, defenseless girl went out in the darkness to the garden wall to meet whatever might come. She said, "I realized that He who was with me was more powerful than an army of robbers, and he was able to defend." She heard a confusion of loud voices, then the motor car passed on and was lost in the darkness.

A Noise in the Night

Another time when Kaniza's father was away, she was awakened in the middle of the night by the sound of some one moving about. Her first instinct was to lie still in terror, let

them take what they wanted, and go. Then again that strange new strength and comfort came into her heart, "He that is with me is able to deliver, and will deliver." She arose in the darkness and tried to turn on the electric light, but there was no current; so by the fitful light of the moon, she made a tour of the house. Not finding the cause of the disturbance, she came back, and in the sense of Christ's presence and watchcare, she lay quietly down to rest. Her uncle, hearing of it the next day, said; "I am a man, but I would never have the courage to do as you did."

Kaniza told the zanana worker; "Before Jesus came to me I used to be timid and frightened all the time, but now his presence fills me with courage and joy."

Sabbath, February 17

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Luke 6:38, first sentence. Repeat in concert.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 533.

READING: The Shadow of Death and Gospel Light No. 3.

PRAYER: A short prayer for our zenana workers, that they may be led to those who are honest in heart.

The Shadow of Death and Gospel Light—No. 3

VERA CHILTON

A Victim of the White Plague

THERE was no doubt of it; the fever, the hard cough, the night sweats, all pointed to

tuberculosis, and the young man lay there knowing that the end must soon come. Day after day brought drear, hopeless monotony; he was a victim of a cruel whim of his religion's Allah.

Gleams of Comfort

His brother's wife was a sweet, thoughtful girl. A zenana worker used to come once a week and read such wonderful words of comfort and hope, of sin forgiven, and of a bright land where there was neither pain nor sickness. All unknown to the sufferer, the two used to plan to have their gospel reading close to the bed where the sick man lay, and he would forget his misery for a while, and lay listening to the words of life. Beautiful pictures were also shown to illustrate the lesson, and in these he was deeply interested, and began to have special favorites among them. The zenana worker always planned to have one of these favorites in her roll of pictures.

In the Hospital

But the time came when he was so ill it was thought necessary to take him to the hospital. He was lying in the ward one evening with three other patients. It was very hot and oppressive, and he was weak and weary. There was a slight stir at the other end of the ward. He opened his eyes languidly, and great was his joy to see the white-robed messenger of Christ. She sat down beside him, and after a few kind inquiries, began to talk

to him and his fellow sufferers of the love of Jesus. A great peace seemed to rest on all. The young man's heart was deeply touched, and he longed to have something to give to show his gratitude and appreciation. He had only one treasure, a beautiful rosebud received that day. He drew it forth from its hiding place, and proffered it shyly. The worker received it in deep sympathy with the spirit in which it was given. A deep calm seemed to settle down on the ward, and the patients rested quietly.

Home Again

Three of the patients died, and it was now thought better to let this man come home to die. He had still a little strength to enjoy the gospel lessons, and one day when his sister-in-law was made glad by receiving a small picture of Christ, the timid request was made that he might have a picture of Jesus to keep under his pillow, that he might find joy and peace looking at it during the hours of pain and weakness.

His Last Salaam

The picture was brought, but alas! the eyes that were looking for it were fast closing in death. When the zenana worker knew the end was near, she sat with the mourners watching by that bed of death. The breathing was labored and rapid, the eyes were closed. Only for a few minutes longer would he be a guest in this sin-stained world. A Mohammedan priest was brought in with great ceremony to read the passages from the

Koran that are read over the dying. There was no sign of intelligence or recognition on that pallid face as the monotonous tones of the chant died away.

As the priest was departing, the dying man's eyes slowly opened, and rested on the face of the messenger of Christ, and a light brightened up that wan countenance. With great effort he raised his hand to his forehead in a reverent salaam — to this messenger of Christ? Surely not, but rather to Him whose representative she was. It was his last salaam — interpreted as his dismissal of the priest and his acceptance of Christ. The breathing grew more labored, came only at intervals, then ceased. The eyes that were not permitted to see the picture he so much longed to see were closed in death. But we believe that one glad day they shall open to see — not a picture, but “the King in his beauty.”

An Appeal

These true incidents of work for the Moslems, who form quite a large portion of the population of North India, must make their own appeal to your generosity. We ask not for your offerings, else would they cease to be offerings. We would only place before you the humanly speaking insurmountable difficulties of working for Mohammedans which are now widely recognized, the needs of this great branch of the work, the defiant challenge Islam is making every day to Christianity, and we beseech you to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

Sabbath, February 24

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Mark 8:34, last part. Read the text, then have the school repeat it in concert.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 536, first and last stanzas.

READING: Mauled by a Bear.

PRAYER: A few sentence prayers for our workers in the Garhwal district.

Mauled by a Bear

FLOYD W. SMITH

IT matters little what may be the special work of the missionary who lives in the jungle, his work is sure to be varied.

Although the mountainous district of Garhwal has quite a number of dispensaries and small hospitals operated by the government, these are often far apart and difficult to reach. They are usually operated by native dispensers, and it is a trait of the Indian to distrust the ability of his fellow countrymen in such capacity. For this reason, although our work at present is mostly educational, we find that scarcely a day passes but some sick or injured persons are brought to us to be treated. The ailments vary from the simplest to the most difficult to treat.

Recently a poor lad, of some eighteen years, was gathering wood in the jungle with two companions, when they were attacked by a bear. The companions ran for their lives, and the poor boy, who was severely mauled, lay in the jungle for several hours before help came. The next day, finding that he had lived through the night, his relatives brought him to us.

As I lifted the cloth that covered him, I realized that with my meager medical knowledge and equipment there was little that I could do. The whole side of the face,—the eye, and the cheek bone,—were torn away by the bear's paw; the jaw was dislocated, and the interior of the mouth and throat exposed.

Finding him still conscious and able to swallow liquid, I cleaned the wound from dirt and leaves, and disinfected it. I then bound up the wound to keep out flies and dirt, and sent him to the civil surgeon many miles away over the mountains. The last I heard he was still alive.

The people of Garhwal often suffer from abject poverty, lack of food, clothing, and medical attention. The only medical attention many receive is what their ignorant and superstitious native doctors can give.

But far worse, though few of them realize it, is the terrible darkness of their poor hearts. They seek help from us for their physical ailments, but they do not realize that they are afflicted with a far worse disease, the leprosy of sin. We must arouse them from their stupor, and show them their danger. Their condition is similar to that of a drunken man in a burning building who must be awakened before he can be saved. We shall not have discharged our duty until we have done our utmost to awaken them.

*Open View Mission School, Dwarikhal,
Garhwal Dist., Northwest India.*

Sabbath, March 5

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Prov. 11:30, last part. Repeat in concert.

READINGS:

An Exercise on India. See "Making Missions Real," p. 105.

In Training for Service.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 542.

PRAYER: A short prayer for our schools in Hapur and Lucknow.

In Training for Service

S. A. WELLMAN

It would be a source of real interest to our people in the homeland to drop in on one of the sessions of the two schools that are being conducted at this writing for the training of our young men and women in the Northwest India Union for service in connection with our denominational work. They would probably find them in classes out of doors, with the sun beating down on them to give them warmth, for at this season it is cold inside and wherever the shadows fall. So the moment the opening exercises of the school are over, the teachers lead their pupils out into the open, and there the class work for the day is conducted.

The boys' school is located at Hapur, in the northern part of the United Provinces, and thirty-four boys are in attendance in the early years of a course that it is hoped will eventually make them workers for God. In connection with this same school a fuller training course will begin with the new school year which opens in this country in August. Pastor Floyd W. Smith will have the oversight of

this school. Classes will be conducted, for the most part, in Urdu; but it is planned to carry English work as well at a later date. The boys who are now in the school are the children of Adventist parents, and in some cases, of workers; but the upper classes in the training school will have in them older students who have come to us for special training before entering upon active service.

In Lucknow the girls' school is operated on much the same lines as the boys' school. But in this school, for the present, the primary principles that go to make a successful woman and a good wife for a worker will be taught. It is hoped that here our girls will gain such a training and education as will make them true helpmates of some of the young men who enter the work. This training is necessary in Eastern lands, as the people, irrespective of creed or class, make much of the fact that a girl, as she grows up, should become a good wife and mother. It is the greatest disgrace that can come to a woman in the Orient that she should remain unmarried. And far more than the people of the West imagine, the opinions and the attitude of the women of India dominate not only the home life but the religious thought of the country, and either hold the family to the old faith, or help to the acceptance of the new. Fourteen girls are now in the school, and a number of others are asking for admission. The work could be greatly extended if the means were available. It costs, at this time of scarcity, about four

dollars a month to keep a girl in school, and to clothe and feed her.

As you in the homeland give on this Thirteenth Sabbath, we plead not for the bountiful offering of your means, but for a deeper, truer offering of your prayers for the success of this work among the youth of the Northwest India Mission, that God may truly bless in their training for his service.

Sabbath, March 12

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature.]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Eccl. 11: 6. Repeat in concert.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 535, first stanza.

READING: A Unique Sabbath School.

PRAYER: A few sentences in behalf of our workers in Northwest India, that they may be able to plan wisely for the work.

A Unique Sabbath School

FLOYD W. SMITH

OUR Sabbath school in the Himalaya Mountains of Garhwal District, India, is not an ordinary one. With the exception of three Christian native teachers, Mrs. Smith, and myself, all the members are high-caste Hindus.

Its members are students and teachers of the Open View Mission School, and although attendance is not compulsory, about forty of the boys have attended during the last year. One of the teachers was converted to Christianity from heathenism while attending school here about five years ago. The boys in

the school range in age from six to twenty years.

Should one step in some Sabbath, and see with what interest these boys sing the vernacular gospel songs and how intelligently they recite their lessons, it would be hard for him to believe that they are heathen.

May we have the prayers of our brethren at home that the truths sown in the hearts of of these boys may take hold upon them, and that many may become not only "Hearers of the word" but "doers" also?

Sabbath, March 19.

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Acts 1: 8, last part. Read the text, then have the school repeat it in concert.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 548, first and last stanzas.

READING:

Word from the Punjab.

Story for the children in "Our Little Friend," dated March 18.

PRAYER: A short prayer for the workers in the Punjab.

Word from the Punjab

FRANK H. LOASBY

WE often wonder if our brethren at home realize what a large parish we have in the Punjab. Here is a land of twenty-seven million people, with thousands of villages, and many large and famous towns and cities: and we are only two families, one at Chichoki Mallian and one at Chuharkana, to give them the news of the last message. Once we leave these two stations, we may travel nearly four hundred miles to Delhi, two hundred miles

north to Peshawar, or seven hundred miles west to the seaport of Karachi, and in all these intervening miles with their thousands of towns and villages, there will not be found one living representative of the third angel's message.

We look with a great deal of anticipation to the time when our brethren in the homelands will send out more workers to strengthen our hands. At the present time the district is being divided, and the junction station near us is to become the new district headquarters for the government. Others are not slow to recognize that this means greater importance for this section, and are laying their plans accordingly. It is very important that we, too, should at this time have added means for the development of the work in this section, but most important of all that we have additional foreign missionaries to place in strategic positions.

In the work of our two stations at the present time there is much to encourage us. A good work is being established in about fifty villages, and forty converts have been baptized during the last year. Small schools are being started in the villages, and the most promising students in these will afterward be drafted into our larger schools for training. There are already twenty boys and girls taking this higher training, all of whom are from the Punjab villages, and to whom we look as well-trained future workers.

The hospital work at Chuharkana, in charge of Brother Frank L. and Dr. Olive Smith,

keeps these two workers taxed beyond their strength to cope with the large number of indoor and outdoor patients. The great need of this station is some one to follow up by gospel teaching in the villages the good work of the hospital.

At our own station of Chichoki Mallian, my wife conducts a very small dispensary for the treatment of the sick. She does not pretend to have anything very assuming, merely a 10 x 10 ft. godown, with a mud floor. It supplies the need for the vicinity, and patients sometimes come from a distance of ten miles.

The Punjab needs the help of our people. No place in all the Indian field will develop faster or with better results, if the men and means are provided to do the work. Here are found the finest people in India, and of the purest Aryan blood. We ought to push the work, and reap the sure results.

We are now beginning the touring season. The mission has supplied us with an excellent tent outfit and with facilities for getting out to the villages. By the help of God, the sacrifices of our people in the homeland for the extension of the work in these fields will not have been in vain.

*Chichoki Mallian Junc.,
Punjab, India.*

Sabbath, March 26

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Dan. 12:3. Repeat in concert.

RECITATION: A Cry from Afar.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 552.

DIALOGUE: Hanging a Sign.

RECITATION: A Boy's Plea.

QUARTET: "Christ in Song," No. 703.

TAKE OFFERING:

PRAYER: Pray that the blessing of God may go with our gifts to this needy field.

Hanging a Sign

AMERICAN GIRL [An American girl with a diploma in one hand; in the other hand, the sign, "Eleanor Brent Smith, M. D."]: "At last! Oh, the thrill of actually holding in my own two hands this precious diploma and my sign all ready to hang up to lure patients! Now where shall I hang my sign? It would be great to go back to my own, my native town, and demonstrate to the unbelievers that I have actually finished the course, and that I have a perfectly good license, authorizing me to the practice of medicine and surgery. They did not think I would stick to my studies until I finished, and I should just like to hang this sign in that old town to show them. But there are, let me see [counts], one, two, three, four, five, six—six doctors there now, and there are only three thousand people. It would be an uphill business to build up a practice. Perhaps it would be better for me to stay right here near the medical college. But think of all the famous doctors and surgeons here! I'm afraid no patients would ever come to poor little me. I thought my troubles would all be over when I passed the various and sundry tests and examinations; but here is a new problem: Given a diploma and a degree, and a sign already to hang up, where shall I hang it? Who bids for my sign?"

CHINESE GIRL: "Oh, let me put in a bid for China! Hang it in my land. China has two hundred million women, and only about one hundred women doctors. Why should *you* wait for patients in America while China has patients waiting for you? China is making wonderful progress, but still there is such great need. Still our doctors and priests are bound by superstition. Still we have little straw men

made to place beside those who are sick, in order that the sickness may be lured or enticed into the man of straw by the money which we tie to it, and then the straw man be burned or thrown away. China needs with a need greater than you can know, this sign of yours. There you can begin at once to minister to those who need you and are waiting for you! There you can help us to train our own doctors and nurses. I beg you to hang your sign in China."

JAPANESE GIRL: "I bid for your sign for Japan. We have many doctors and many hospitals, but oh, so few Christian doctors! We need—oh, Japan needs so much the message of the Great Physician, whose name has never yet been named to millions of our people."

GIRL REPRESENTING MISSIONARY FROM AFRICA: "I come as a Christian missionary to beg you to hang your sign in Africa. A whole continent of opportunity is opened to you. I can show you a block of country nearly a thousand miles square without a doctor of any kind, and only one trained nurse. Recently a young doctor who came to a mission hospital in Africa performed his first major operation within fifteen minutes after his boat landed. He did not have time to hang a sign. The suffering people had heard that another white doctor was coming, and they were lined up to receive him when he landed.

"I can show you the bleached bones of thousands who have been taken out on the veldt to die alone and uncared for because they were declared to be bewitched. Just recently when the mother of a chief died, two little slave children were compelled to walk around the corpse all night to keep the evil spirits from breaking loose into the town. Then at daybreak the next morning the two children were buried alive in the same grave with the dead woman.

"How the poor people of Africa suffer! How the women suffer! How the little children suffer! Fifty million women in Africa and only fifteen women doctors! In the name of the Christ who died for these degraded savages, I beg you to hang your sign in Africa."

KOREAN GIRL: "Korea bids for your sign. You girls of America, oh, how little you know of a childhood terrorized by fear of evil spirits! All my life I have spent in terror of the spirits—spirits of the air, spirits of the water, spirits of the land! The bodies of our whole nation show even

today the scars of superstition, pierced as they have been by sharp knives to let the evil spirits out. Smallpox is so common in my land that no man counts his children until after they have had smallpox. Our eyes have been blinded by steel needles. Our bodies have been burned with hot irons. Even today our native physicians are giving such prescriptions as powdered tiger claws, tincture of bear's gall, or decoction of crow's feet. You laugh at our superstitions, but you send us so few doctors to teach us truth. I beg you not to hang that sign in a place that needs it not, when Korea's need is so great."

MOHAMMEDAN: "I bid for that sign for Moslem women. In your hand you hold the key, the only key which can open the Mohammedan lock. The medical missionary can enter through doors locked and barred to every one else. Think of one hundred million women in Moslem lands with only twenty women doctors! Why should you enter an overcrowded way here, when you might be a pioneer in unbeaten paths to bring health and healing to the veiled women of Islam?"

GIRL FROM PHILIPPINES: "If you want your sign to hang 'neath your own Stars and Stripes, I bid for it for the Philippines. The United States has done much for us, but there is yet much to be done. Why should you not hang up your sign with the determination to help put tuberculosis and leprosy out of the Philippines, and out of the world?"

GIRL FROM INDIA: "I bid for your sign for India—for India with its millions of child wives and widows. We have only about one woman doctor to every million women in India, and our land is not as is your land, for in India no man is permitted to look upon the face of the women of the high caste. It will not be hard for you to build up your practice in India. I can take you to a hospital that has its gate closed because the only missionary doctor there has broken down and has had to go away for rest; and notwithstanding all her pleadings and entreaties to the girls of America, no one else has come out to take her place. A high-caste girl was carried many miles to that hospital. Through all the pain of the rough way she looked forward to the time when she would reach the hospital, and find the wonderful doctor of whom she had heard. When they came to the gate at the entrance, it

was closed. The old gatekeeper had to send them back all the long, rough way because there was no doctor there. On the homeward way the girl died.

"So my people are suffering and dying with no one to help—little children and little mothers! Oh, such little mothers, when your children of America are happy at their play! If you could see one of the little widows I have seen, lying half starved in a damp hall, burning with fever, cursed by her father-in-law who forbade any one to minister to that wicked creature who, he said had caused the death of her husband, his bright and gifted son. When he thought she was about to die, he had her carried out into the street on a mat so she would not pollute the house. For three days and nights she lay there without food or shelter in the pouring rain. The chilly air of the rainy season penetrated through her tiny, worn frame, and no one came to minister to her. The orthodox Hindu neighbors dared only to hope she would soon pass away, since her cries and moans disturbed their slumbers. Thus do our little girls suffer! I bid for your sign for India."

AMERICAN GIRL:—"And now the face of my problem has changed! Given *one* sign to hang out, and such a multitude of calls! What shall I do? One of them is my call. No sleeping potion could give me rest if, with these calls ringing in my ears, I failed to answer. That land is henceforth my country which needs me most. [*Faces the audience squarely.*] But the other calls—I pass them on to you. Who will answer them? Who will go? Who will send?" —Adapted from the *Missionary Review of the World*.

A Boy's Plea

A boy may be yellow, or choc'late, or red;
His name may be Christopher, Daniel, or Ned;
His hair may be auburn, and freckled his nose;
His trousers of velvet, or ragged his clothes;
His eyes may be blue, or a bright, rosy pink,
A beautiful brown, or the color of ink;
A boy may be white, or as black as your hat;
But a boy is a boy—for all that!

He needs to be clothed, and he needs to be fed
On something besides just molasses and bread;
For a feller gets hungry, gets hungry, I say,
For some one to love him, for some place to stay;
For some one to answer his questions, and tell
Where the humming birds live, and the polliwogs dwell.
There are thousands of things he is aching to know:
'Bout chipmunks and fishes, and raindrops and snow;
Who made all the stars that are twinkling on high?
What holds up the clouds as they float in the sky?
Just where can he purchase that bright golden rule?
Now, how can he learn, without teacher and school?

The angel came down with good tidings of joy,
For "all people"—even the poor, colored boy.
And what did the boyhood of Jesus Christ mean,
If not that I, too, might be spotless and clean?
I think "whosoever", includes even me,
That Jesus has power to set every boy free.
He asks not what nation, or what kind of skin,
But only that I shall let Jesus come in.

Then pity our ignorance, pity our need;
For schools and for teachers we earnestly plead.
We ask not for loaves, or for big sugar plums;
But Syro-Phenicianlike, beg for the crumbs.

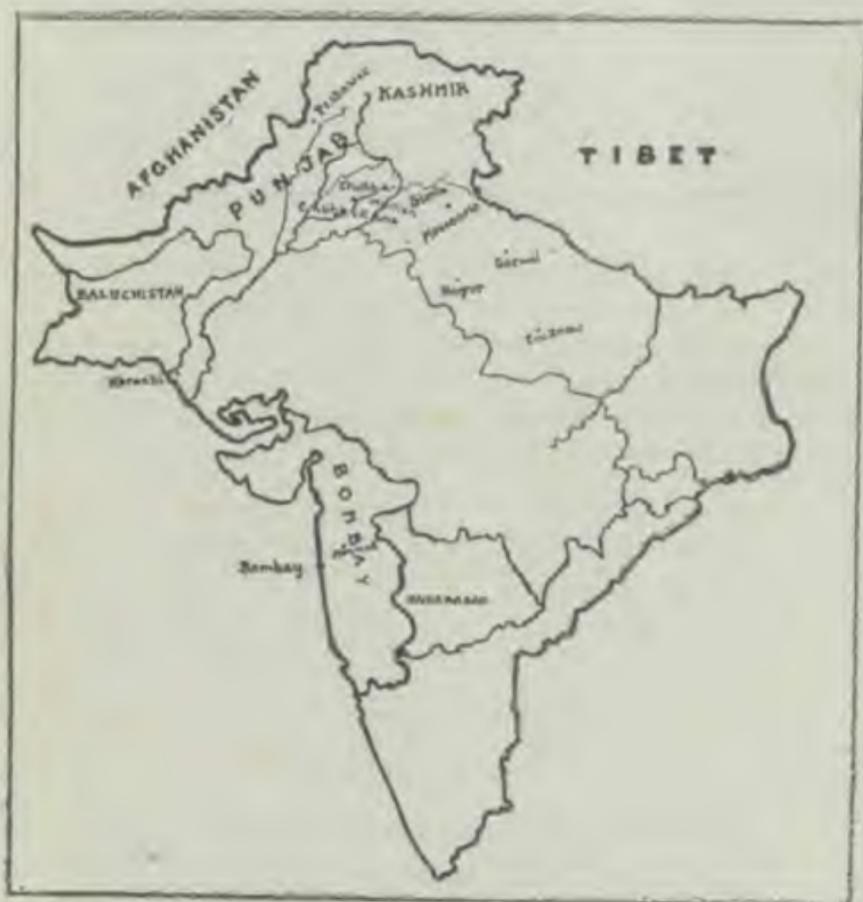
—*Jessie F. Mose*,

A Cry from Afar

HARK! o'er lands and ocean stealing
Children's voices we discern;
Voices sweet and full of feeling,
Such as come from hearts that burn:
"Come and teach us;
We are young and we can learn.

"From our idols, scorned and hated,
Wooden gods that we could burn,
Unto Him whose word created
Heaven and earth, we fain would turn,
Come and teach us;
We are young and we can learn."

—*Selected*,



This map may be reproduced and the places located as they are mentioned in the different articles.