

MISSIONS QUARTERLY

Vol. 13 Issued Quarterly at Washington, D.C. No. 3
By S. D. A. Foreign Mission Board
Edited by the General Conference Sabbath
School Department

5 cents a copy Third Quarter, 1924 20 cents a year

Entered as second-class matter, July 6, 1915, at the post-office at Washington, D. C.
under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of Postage provided for in Section 1103, of the Act of
October 3, 1917, authorized July 24, 1918. Printed in U. S. A.



I'M GLAD I'M ALIVE

Topic: MALAYSIA

Sabbath, July 5

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Luke 6:38.

READINGS: The Official Notice.
Malaysian Union Mission.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 486.

PRAYER: That the Lord will send both men and means to this needy field.

The Official Notice

TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT:

We take pleasure in asking our Sabbath schools to give special study to the needs of the Malaysian field during the third quarter of 1924, and to assist with their offerings. I am sending you the official notice on behalf of the General Conference, asking our Sabbath schools to raise \$80,000 on the thirteenth Sabbath, toward the maintenance of our work in Malaysia.

It is remarkable how the message is advancing in Malaysia, notwithstanding the many opposing obstacles. This widely scattered field is located near the equator. Tropical conditions make disease prevalent on every hand. The laws often make mission work extremely trying for the missionaries, and yet people are accepting the truth. New centers of light are springing up and cheering words of progress come from our faithful band of workers.

As you listen this quarter to the needs and possibilities of the work in Malaysia, we trust a spirit of liberality may possess our Sabbath schools. All offerings made will count on the weekly missions goal.

J. L. SHAW,

Treasurer of the General Conference.

Malaysian Union Mission

L. V. FINSTER

THE Malaysian Union Mission is composed of British North Borneo, the British Protected States of Brunei and Sarawak in Borneo; Straits Settlements, Federated Malay States, the non-Federated Malay States of Johore, Kedah, Perlis, Kelantan, Trengganu, Siam, Dutch Borneo, Dutch New Guinea, Sumatra, Java, Celebes and hundreds of smaller islands in the Dutch East Indies.

This union is one of the largest in area in the Asiatic Division of the General Conference. If the United States could be placed over this union most of Siam would stand outside on the north, most of Dutch New Guinea would be outside on the east, and part of Java and the island of Timor would be to the south, and part of Sumatra would be outside on the west.

The population is very cosmopolitan. Nearly every language of the earth is spoken here, and almost every religion of the world is here. We have all the heathen religions of China, Japan, and India represented. Of the sixty-three million people in this union, thirty-eight million are Mohammedans, or about one-fifth of all the Mohammedans of the world are within this union.

Up to the present time progress has been made in bringing the gospel to the heathen, but the followers of Islam have stood like an adamant wall against all Christian efforts. Before Jesus comes, some way must be found to reach these deluded people. Should we not

take up the dying cry of Francis Xavier, who, when speaking of the heathen world, cried, "O, rock, rock, when wilt thou break?"

With the worship of the learning of Confucius, the atheistic philosophy of Buddha, the praying to God through the prophet Mohammed, and the worship of nature and evil spirits, this beautiful land lies in the grossest darkness and superstition. The people have no Saviour and no power to lift them up. They live in dread and fear, yet longing for peace and rest. Of the Mohammedans only from two to six per cent can read their own language. The women have no rights and the moral degradation is unbelievable. A Mohammedan husband can say to his wife at any time, "I divorce you," and she has no recourse from law or her religion.

Of the hundreds of languages spoken, we are working only for the Chinese, Dutch, and Malay. Practically none of the natives of these different lands have ever heard the message for today, except a few Malays. At our last meeting held in British North Borneo, our first worker was sent to labor among the Dusuns, one of the many tribes of Borneo. Brother R. P. Able is studying the Siamese language and planning to give his life to the work of bringing the message to the Siamese people.

Notwithstanding the inadequate facilities and feeble efforts put forth, people are accepting this message. There will be nearly two hundred baptized in Java alone this year. Probably twenty or more of these are from

Mohammedanism. In Borneo three times as many as last year will be baptized this year. We have a great task, but our courage is good in the power of the Lord.

A few weeks ago while in Siam, we bought some Siamese type, and plans have been made to print "Our Day" and ten tracts for the Siamese people. Literature must soon be printed for the millions of Javanese and Sundanese of Java, the Arabic-Malay speaking people and the Bataks of Sumatra. If there was ever a time when we should pray to the Lord of the harvest to raise money through His people, and send forth laborers, it is now.

Sabbath, July 12

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Psalms 126:6.

READING: Some Open Doors.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 588.

PRAYER: For a liberal offering that workers may be sent into these open doors.

Some Open Doors

F. A. DETAMORE

It is no small demand we make of our missionaries to go far away from friends and loved ones, from a land of peace and plenty, of health and joy, to lose themselves among savage multitudes, where months and years roll by without seeing a white face, or hearing the mother tongue. And yet, the true missionary does it gladly, and suffers every privation without a murmur. He partakes of the love of his divine Master. The time comes for him to return home to recuperate, but the mission funds are short; no one can be sent to hold

that which has been gained by those years of toil and hardship. It must be left to ravel out, or the missionary must stay on. His choice is made. Perhaps at the cost of life itself he stands by his post. This is neither fancy or fiction, but an ever increasing fact.

There is Brother D. S. Kime and his family over in the heart of Sumatra. Their full seven years of service are more than spent. Five should be the limit in those tropical regions. Their health demands a change. They have lived alone in that land where people give vent to their ill feelings by poisoning the water or food of the one they dislike. They have had to toil away year after year in a quiet manner, teaching school, not having permission from the government to preach the Bible publicly. They have gathered out a fine company of believers from among those whose ancestors were cannibals. Now, they need rest and a change, but funds are short, so they chose to stay on.

Much the same is true of Brother and Sister Barto, alone in northern Sumatra. After several years in that land the sad news came of the death of Sister Barto's father. They pushed on with the banner of the cross, past the time of their furlough, with soldier hearts holding the fort alone until some one can be sent to relieve them. And this is true of many in other portions of the field. What would I do if they were my children? What would you do if they were yours?

Year after year we are told that we must not undertake anything that will involve the

Mission Board in additional funds. But in spite of ourselves, we are forced into new regions. In 1920 we sent Brother Samuel Rantoeng, head of the Malay department of our training school in Singapore, to his home in the Celebes for a two months' vacation. We had no permission from the government to do mission work there, but friends came in night after night to study the truth, continuing till the early morning hours. The old heathen father and the rest of the family, together with many friends, accepted the truth and desired baptism. A year later I went back with Brother and Sister Rantoeng to visit these people and found them all living the message. We held a baptismal service and organized a church of twenty-five members. A year later Elder Judge visited them again and baptized as many more, and others are continuing to come in. The government has now given permission for us to work there. Shall we delay longer?

We have done nothing for the Dyaks of the interior of Borneo, though they give promise of readily accepting the truth. When we visited them, the chief of the village took us to the house of worship and showed us the skulls of the heads that had been captured by his head-hunting people. These are their pride and glory. As I talked to these simple hearted people they warmed up and showed more than a passing interest, and seemed to want to show their feelings of love. One by one they came and tied small bells on my wrist, pulled their hands over mine, and mumbled a

prayer to their gods to bless me. Expressing appreciation of their good will, I asked if they did not want me to pray to my God for them. With one accord they stood, bowed their heads reverently, put their hands together in the form of worship, while I prayed God to send them the message of salvation. No one has gone as yet. Oh, why can we not find the money to send some one soon?

Suppose we talk to God about this Thirteenth Sabbath Offering, and open up our hearts, our hands, and our pocketbooks to Him. Tell Him to do as He pleases with anything He finds in our possession. Place all upon the altar to be used just as the Lord directs. Dare we do it? Can we trust our God to that extent? May this be the largest Thirteenth Sabbath Offering ever given! No one would suffer for it, but much good would accrue to the cause of Christ.

Sabbath, July 19

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Isa. 58:6.

READING: The Way to a Man's Heart.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 477.

PRAYER: In behalf of the colporteurs in Malaya.

The Way to a Man's Heart

MELVIN MUNSON

"EXPERIENCE plainly teaches that the way to a man's heart is through his mother-tongue." This statement was made by Dr. N. Adrianik, one of the first missionaries to the Toradjas,

one of the native tribes inhabiting the central part of the island of Celebes.

In the Malaysian Union more than two hundred fifty languages and dialects are now spoken. Most of these have been reduced to writing, and by using this means we can quickly carry the gospel of the third angel's message to these people. Of course many of the languages are written in different characters, but the Malay language has become the commercial language of the archipelago and at present we are publishing books and papers in the romanized Malay.

Taking a tour of the islands, and starting at the northern end of Sumatra, we pass from the Acheenese down through Batakland, into the original home of the Malays. Just off the western coast are the islands of the Nias and Mentawi groups, where different languages are spoken in all sections. Crossing the Sunda Strait, in west Java we find the Sundanese, while in east Java are the millions of pure Javanese. Then just off the coast is the island of Madura with its own language. Passing the chain of smaller islands such as Bali, Lombok, and Timor, we go through the jungles of Borneo, there to meet the Dyaks and Dusuns and other native tribes, hardly known to the outside world. Passing down through the island of Celebes, we discover twenty-six different dialects, some of them not yet in written form, while others are rich in idiom and written in characters that look something like the ancient Assyrian cuneiform characters. There are hundreds of smaller islands, all of which are

densely populated, and each one has its own dialect. They all need to hear the third angel's message, if possible in their own native tongue, and that, in this generation.

This is a Mohammedan field, as almost forty million of the people are followers of Islam. When we ask a Malay what race he belongs to, he usually refers to himself as "Orang Islam." This means, "the people that submit to the will of God." But with all their devotion and submission they have no Saviour, and so they have no hope. But God has provided a means whereby we can reach the Mohammedan population. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries and after, there was an invasion of Arabian traders, and these traders brought the faith of Islam, and in time taught the people to read and write the Arabic character as adapted to the Malay language. This is the character in which the Koran was written by their beloved prophet, and the Mohammedan Malay always prefers to read Malay books written in the sacred Arabic character.

The Malaysian Signs Press at present is publishing in the romanized Malay, but with the addition of the necessary equipment we would be able quickly to get our literature in the Arabic character, the Javanese, the Batak, Menadonese, Nias, and many other languages, all of which could be printed here. At present we have scarcely enough type to print our Sabbath school lessons, so you can see our work is sadly crippled for want of these necessary means to carry the gospel to the waiting

millions all about us. We feel that Malaysia deserves the best that can be given, and we are praying that God will send us help, and send it quickly.

In this far-off corner of God's great vineyard of the world, our hearts are cheered when we receive letters from friends asking us to tell them what are the needs of this field. We feel our need most keenly, and these letters assure us that your hearts are bound up with ours in the great aim of giving the third angel's message to all the peoples of Malaysia, as well as the rest of the world, in this generation. With the help of our growing army of student-colporteurs, and the supply of necessary equipment, these waiting millions can hear in their mother tongue the message of Jesus' soon coming, and it will surely reach the hearts of all who will be saved.

Sabbath, July 26

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Luke 10:2.

READING: In British North Borneo.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 622.

PRAYER: For the Lord to send laborers into British North Borneo.

In British North Borneo

L. B. MERSHON

WE have just welcomed to Borneo, our Batak evangelist, Johannes Pasariboe. After many years of waiting, we have a man learning the Dusun language preparatory to entering the largest of all the Borneo tribes to preach the third angel's message to them. Brother Johannes' heart burns for these peo-

ple. Every time I see him he tells me how glad he is that he can carry the truth to these Dusun people. His wife cannot speak one word to any one except her husband. She knows only her native language, Batak, yet she is cheerful and brave. I have asked her many times if she finds it lonesome here, but her reply is always the same, "Never." They were married less than two months ago and came directly here. Every time I think of this little woman, away from home and friends, in a strange land and among strange people, I cannot help but thank the Lord for His goodness, and believe that He sends just the right people to open new fields.

God has been working for us in our endeavors to open the work among the Dusuns. Before Johannes and his wife came, I went to see the Resident and told him we expected to get a native man to work among the native peoples. We went in fear and trembling, not knowing what to expect. The majority of the foreigners here are opposed to the education of natives, especially Christian education. We thought we would have to make several trips to negotiate, but to our surprise, when we told the Resident that we wanted to bring in a native man, and asked him what place he thought would be the best, he told us that we could go to the Tenghilan district. This is the place where we have wanted to go for years. For about nine years a planter has been asking us to open work there. The Resident also told us that if we would start medical work, the government would help us as much as possible.

This was anticipating our request. We have been asking for a man and wife, both nurses, who could go up there to open up the work and look after the Dusun work in general. Here was a man suggesting that we do the very thing we have been longing to do. When we remember that six years ago we could not go more than a mile from the town to preach, because of government restrictions, and now we are invited to go right up into the interior, we can only say God has been doing a mighty work for us. It is God's providence and shows that He is calling us to advance.

When Brother Johannes came, we applied for the regular permit to engage in missionary work. Seven days from the time we sent the application in, it was signed and on the way back to us. This is the quickest time we have ever had a permit granted. It usually takes weeks before we get it. Brother Johannes started at once to study the Dusun language, and by the time you read this he will be preaching in it. This language is not hard for a Malay speaking man to learn, but as there are no books or even a written character, it requires diligence and close attention. Brother Johannes is studying with the end in view of translating books containing the message into this tongue.

Last Sabbath several of the head men of the Dusun village, near where he is located for the present, came to the services. This is the first time in the history of Seventh-day Adventists in Borneo, that a native man has entered one of our chapels to hear the Word

preached. They are anxious to have some one teach them and their children to read, and teach them about the "Great God." The way is open. The man is here. The people are coming. God is ready to do a great work. Brethren and sisters of the homeland, what is your response? We need a foreign family to learn the Dusun language and do a great work for God. We need more native evangelists to carry the message to Borneo's three million native people. The Mission Board cannot give us a man till funds are provided. Will you tell us to wait another year or another ten years as we have been waiting? Or will you say with Caleb and Joshua of old, "We are well able to take the land"?

Sabbath, August 2

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 5:16.

READINGS: A Nurse's Experience.
In the Malay States.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 576.

PRAYER: In behalf of the children and youth in the Malay States.

A Nurse's Experience

BESSIE E. DETAMORE

WE are often asked if native converts make good Christians. The following experience was related to me by one of our members in Singapore, a young man nurse, and I will pass it on as nearly as I remember his words, for it seems to answer the query:

"When we began work in a large estate in the Federated Malay States, we found the European managers very unkind to the native

employees. They were paid small wages, and punished unmercifully for the smallest offense, although the government forbade such treatment.

"We determined to help these coolies, and when the government inspector called we told him just what the conditions were. Of course, we were at once called up by the estate manager, who was very angry, and reproached us for giving the report we did. He said, 'I am told you pray for these coolies.' I replied, 'Yes, sir, and we pray for you, too.' We were dismissed, but were happy that we had done our duty.

"We soon found work on another large estate in the extreme northern part of the Malay Peninsula. We found the European manager here was more considerate, but the assistant manager was a Chinese, and a very wicked man. He abused the coolies, and cheated them out of their pay, until they decided they would put an end to his life. It was about one o'clock in the morning that we were awakened by the angry mob. I arose as quickly as possible and went out and urged them to leave him alone, but I was pushed aside, and given to understand that I would meet a like fate if I interfered.

"The man was stabbed in many places, and his abdomen slashed from one side to the other, and he was left for dead. As soon as the mob scattered I went out to learn his condition, and found him unconscious, and I had little hope of helping him. Not daring to take him to the hospital, where supplies were kept,

I took him to the home of the manager, and by the light of a candle washed his wounds with salt water for disinfectant. I did the best I could, but I knew that if he lived it would be because the Lord healed him. As soon as he was able to hear it, I told him of his past wicked life, and pointed out to him that he was indebted to the Lord for his life.

"Later the European manager suffered a severe accident with his hand, and he came to me for help, as no doctor of any nationality could be secured. I told him I could not help him, but God could and we must have prayer. He said, 'Who will pray?' I replied, 'I will,' and I bowed at his side to ask God to help me dress that shattered hand. I did the best I could, and in a short time he was able to use it again."

This young man had not been a Christian many years. His education was limited, but he had a nurse's training in a government hospital. He was converted, and was willing to give to God all the glory due His name. Do native converts make good Christians? I ask you, do converts in the homeland make better Christians than this young man? These are examples of what is being accomplished by the money we send to the mission fields. Could we put it to better use?

In the Malay States

MRS. BEATRICE B. LEEDY

WE are thankful that the message is gaining headway in the Malay States and that a few of the jewels have been gathered out.

The gospel is not a new thing in the parts where we have begun work. Many of the popular churches are very strong and we meet prejudice on every hand. But as in the homeland, the honest in heart are ready and waiting for some one to teach them the truth. We feel deeply the need of efficient workers and schools. Of the many races and languages in the Malay States we have workers only in one Chinese dialect. We are earnestly praying for a worker to be sent to the Tamils, a most promising people. Truly the literature work is playing an important part in the finishing of the work in these heathen lands. For the first time we have a canvasser for the Malay people. He handles a health work and gives away copies of "Christ Our Savior."

We are greatly perplexed because our people are calling for schools and asking what they are to do with their children. When they send them to the schools of other denominations they are made to work on Sabbath and are often lost to the truth. In one interview with the principal of a school we were told that their purpose is to develop Methodists and if we do not want our students to be that, we should provide our own schools.

The great Eurasian population has just been touched. In working among them a representative meeting place is an imperative need. One family of children comes to our home each Sabbath morning for Sabbath school and when we get a fairly comfortable church building we hope that many may be reached in this city. The mission had a splendid government

grant of land, but lost it because of delay in building.

While the needs are great, we would not have our brethren and sisters think their loyal support is unappreciated. We earnestly pray that they may be blessed with means to send, that the message may push farther into the yet unentered regions, and gather out the precious jewels.

Sabbath, August 9

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 28:19, 20.

READING: A Visit to the Island Sabbath Schools.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 561.

PRAYER: In behalf of the Island Sabbath schools.

A Visit to the Island Sabbath Schools

MRS. A. E. IVERSON

WE shall arrive in Singapore the fastest if we leave Vancouver, B. C., on one of the large Empress boats. Turn to the map, please. Here is Singapore away down on "The Point of Asia" as it is sometimes called. It is a small island off the Malay Peninsula. Siam and Burma are north of the Malay Peninsula. Arriving there we find the harbor full of boats from all over the world. Singapore is called the "Crossroads of the East," and is said to be the most cosmopolitan city in the world.

If we go to the chapel in Singapore on Sabbath morning, we shall find the Chinese meeting in session. Here we have classes in five dialects, and the children's classes are full of

bright, active little folks. As we cannot understand Chinese, we go to another school which is three miles distant, and find the Malay Sabbath school is in progress. In the afternoon we attended the English Sabbath school where we can understand, so we stay to the classes. There are classes for all of us: the children's department in a room in the rear, the boys and girls on one side of the rostrum, and the young people on the other side, while the seniors have one side of the church, and the Indian class the other.

From Singapore we go by boat to Bangkok, Siam, arriving there in three and one-half days. Here we find classes in two dialects. We hope soon to have a Siamese class also.

From Bangkok let us go by train to Kuala Lumpur in the Federated Malay States, a two days' trip,—a very hot and dirty trip. Here we find the headquarters of the Malay States Mission where we have two schools, one Chinese and one Indian. The Indian school consists of the largest company of Indians we have. Most of the men understand English, but the children know only Tamil. We are only twelve hours from Singapore, but we will turn back and retrace our path a few hours to Ipoh, where we have a nice little Chinese school. From Ipoh we go by train six hours to Penang. Penang is a large city, but we have no Sabbath school here. No work is being done because we have no one to do it.

At Penang we once more take a boat and travel only twelve hours across Malakka Strait to Medan, Sumatra. In this city we

find a Malay school, and one Chinese class. After visiting the school here, we go by train six hours and by auto-bus three days, up into Batakland. Here we are not allowed to hold regular meetings, so we shall have to go to the different homes and sometimes out in the woods where we find classes being held. Altogether we shall find over one hundred in these little classes. We should like to stay here; it is high in the mountains and therefore not so hot as all the other places we have visited. But if we want to swing around the circle in two months, we shall have to be going on.

We again take the bus, and for two days we see wonderful mountain scenery, stopping at night at a small government resthouse, there being no hotels. Just before we get to Fort De Kock we cross the equator, but it hardly seems possible, for we have worn our coats all day. But, you see, we are high up in the mountains. In fact, it has been the coolest day of all our trip. At Fort De Kock we board a train and all too soon, within six hours, we are down in Padang, wondering if there is any hotter place in all Sumatra. Here we have a Malay school composed of Malays and Baba Chinese—Baba Chinese are Chinese who are born in Malaysia and speak the Malay language. We have crossed the island from east to west and gone about half its length from north to south.

Again let us take a boat and in one day we are in Benkoelen where we have a school composed of Baba Chinese. We shall visit here only while the boat stops, as we must hurry on.

Another two days on the Indian Ocean and through the Sunda Strait, and we arrive at Batavia, Java.

In Batavia we find three schools: one Dutch, one Malay and Baba Chinese, and one Chinese. Each of these is a wide-awake school and enters into class study with a zeal that is worth copying.

(To be concluded)

Sabbath, August 16

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Isa. 60:1.

READING: A Visit to the Island Sabbath Schools,
(Concluded).

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 548.

PRAYER: In behalf of our work and workers in
Malaysia.

A Visit to the Island Sabbath Schools

(Concluded)

MRS. A. E. IVERSON

FROM Batavia it is six hours by train to Bandoeng. Once more we are up in the mountains, and it is cooler. The school here is Malay and Baba Chinese, and one Dutch class. Another seven hours takes us to Djokja where we have a home department school in Dutch. The worker from Soerabaya visits them once each month. Going on by train seven hours we are in Soerabaya, and find a large new church building, and a Malay and Baba Chinese school with one Chinese class.

Boarding a boat at Soerabaya we spend fourteen days getting to Menado, Celebes. We

stop at many places and are hardly ever out of sight of land, and not a Sabbath keeper in all these small islands. What a lot of work we must do to tell all the millions of Christ's soon coming! Arriving in Menado we go a day's journey inland, where we find a Sabbath school of about sixty. These were brought into the truth by the native worker here. Ministers have been here only twice, and each time found a class ready for baptism.

From Menado we go back a little to Makassar, and from there we take a boat and sail for British North Borneo. The full trip takes seven days. In Sandakan we find a new church building and a company of Chinese. Then one more day, and we are in Kudat where we have another Chinese company; and another half day on the same boat, and we arrive at Jesselton, the headquarters for British North Borneo. In Jesselton and vicinity we have four schools, all Chinese. Nothing at all has been done for the real natives here. We now have one Malay worker ready to go to them.

Let us visit one of these schools near Jesselton. We get into a small native boat that will carry four passengers besides the oarsmen, and we cross the bay and start up a small river. Before long we turn off into a creek where it is barely wide enough for the boat, and the trees hang so low that we have to keep close watch and lean forward often, or be hanged by our hair as Absalom was. Five hours of this, and we pull up to a small wharf. No houses are in sight at all, but we follow the leader, and after walking a narrow path

with swamp on either side for perhaps half a mile, we come to a little village. We could have gone all the way by boat but it takes longer, as the stream winds in and out so much. Here we find a company gathered ready for meeting. They are very anxious to talk to us, and inquire about their boys and girls who are in our school in Singapore. It costs so much to get there that the children cannot come home for vacation, often staying away from three to seven years. Leaving Jesselton we have five days by boat and we are once more in Singapore.

There are two schools in Borneo that we have not visited, as they are away from our line of travel, and if we should visit them, we must go from Singapore and return to Singapore after each place, each being three days' trip. These are Kutching, Sarawak, where we find Brother Chan, our pioneer Chinese worker; and Pontianak, Dutch Borneo. Both are interesting Chinese schools. Away up in the country from Pontianak we have just stationed a worker, and hope soon to have a school.

We have been away from Singapore two and one-half months and have had only a glimpse of our Sabbath schools and work. In real life we must take even longer than this as we on this trip have had boats at our convenience, and, generally speaking, we have to wait days for a boat. None of these boats run oftener than once a week and some are even farther apart. Malaysia is a vast territory with so few workers, and so many places where

they have never heard of Christ and His soon coming. With a population of sixty million we have a Sabbath school membership of 1104. Let us help with our prayers and our dollars, that these waiting millions may soon learn of Christ, and His coming be hastened.

Sabbath, August 23

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Rom. 10: 14, 15.

A Visit Inland in Borneo.

READINGS: An Active Company.

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

PRAYER: That means may be provided to supply these needs.

An Active Company

J. S. YATES

WE in Batavia, Java, rejoice greatly over our own little place of meeting, which has just been completed. In this neat but small building an average of more than two hundred Sabbath keepers worship every Sabbath. It is impossible to get so many inside at one time, but as we worship in three languages, we hold three different services: Malay from 8 to 10 A. M., Dutch from 10 to 12 A. M., and Chinese 1 to 3 P. M. In these three services more than a dozen races are represented. The land and building has been paid for with money raised by our own people and friends.

We rejoice still more, because our members are increasing so fast that even by using separate hours for the different languages to worship, it will soon be impossible to get our people inside so small a place. So a larger place must be secured soon, and then this little

chapel may be used as a school for our many children who are now without a school. This is a great city of about 300,000 and is so scattered that it is nearly ten miles across. Hence a new house of worship must be centrally located, and should be large and airy, as we have eternal summer here. The task is greater than poor people, as most of ours are, can handle alone. So we are appealing to our brethren and sisters in America to help us with money for the church land, as this would be the greatest boost that money could bring to our growing work.

Our work was opened here in Batavia over fifteen years ago, and while much faithful work was done, the field being largely Moham- medan and heathen, but little fruit was gathered during the first twelve years. No permanent place of worship, no school, and no public work, made it hard to get a start. About three years ago the Spirit of God led this struggling little company here to purpose that they would double their numbers in one year. This they did. And by His grace the following year they doubled again, and now we are doubling our membership again, even though we have lost quite a few of our people who moved into the interior to give the gospel there. Now we ask you to help us double again next year by your prayers and gifts.

A Visit Inland in Borneo

J. W. ROWLAND

THE territory of the Singapore Mission extends as far as the island of Borneo, including

the portion on the west coast ruled by the Dutch Government. A year ago there came a call from a village about two hundred miles from the coast. This call was made in writing, signed by about forty of the leading people of the village. The village is all that remains of a large colony which existed about two hundred years ago. It was settled by the Chinese who came to mine gold. When the Dutch government took over the place, the Chinese dispersed. The people speak the Hakka dialect of the Chinese.

In April of 1922, the writer in company with Brother Lo Kee Kong, one of our Chinese workers in Borneo, visited the place. In order to get there, we traveled half a day by motor car, and a day and a half by bicycle. This is directly on the equator, so you can imagine how hot it was.

When we reached the place the people were anxious to hear. We remained three days and held meetings each day. They opened their reading room, which at that time served as a school, and it was full every meeting. The writer spoke in the Hokkien dialect of the Chinese, and Brother Lo interpreted into the Hakka. These people are all heathen, but are growing tired of their idols. They had never heard the gospel, but they listened with interest, and urged us to send some one to teach them. Some of them suggested that if they could persuade the elders to do so, they would use their temple for a school.

After a three days' stay we started on our return journey in a small boat down the river.

The boat was rowed by two Malays. We traveled for three hours through the dense forest, where the trees and vines formed an arch over the river. As the water was high, by breaking our journey we could get a large boat, so we were compelled to stay over night with no place to sleep but on top of a pile of rubber that was the cargo of the boat we were to take the following day. The boat was about eight feet wide and thirty feet long. However, the next day we were fortunate enough to secure passage on a launch that had come up the river during the afternoon. It was necessary for the launch to drift down the river for two hours as the stream was so crooked and narrow that we could not use the engine. Several times the men that were steering the boat were almost swept off the deck, as it was necessary to steer the boat by means of poles, to avoid the brush and trees that had fallen.

Upon our arrival in Singapore, arrangements were made for a Chinese worker, Brother Ku Hyuk Min, to answer this call. Reports now come that their school is closed on the Sabbath, and that a number are studying the truth. These dear people are coming to the light. We need your prayers and your gifts so that the many places that are waiting in this field may be opened to the message, and the Lord's return hastened.

**Are you preparing to give a Liberal
Offering to Malaysia on September 27?**

Sabbath, August 30

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: John 4:36.

READING: South Sumatra Mission.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 583.

PRAYER: For the work and workers in Sumatra.

South Sumatra Mission

G. A. WOOD

ABOUT the middle of the year 1921 I received a letter from a friend who was then in Benkoelen, a town some twenty hours south of Padang by steamer, asking me to write to a man who was interested in the truth. Not long afterwards this man came to Padang and I had the privilege of studying with him frequently for a few weeks, then he returned home. Not long after, I received a letter from him telling me he was going to a town farther south to start in business there. He urgently requested that I would send some one to further instruct some interested ones. So in December of that year I went to see these people, and found several who were inquiring about eternal things. I was unable to stay with them long at that time, but early in 1922 I went down again. In July, five went forward in baptism in Benkoelen.

During a short visit to this man who had been sowing the seed at his home at Blintoehan, he and his wife and another person eagerly studied the message night after night, and in June these three were baptized, and are faithfully holding up the torch of truth in that place. Last January I paid them a visit and found them of good courage. They have

paid tithe ever since my first visit and send good Sabbath school donations every quarter.

Another person I wish to tell about is our dear old Sister Oei Beng Nio, one of the five baptized in Benkoelen. This dear sister from the first has earnestly labored for her relatives, and five more have since been added to our list of converts in this field. Her elder sister and her younger sister drank in the truth. They attended the baptismal class but the elder sister became very ill. One day she said, "I want to pay tithe on that money my son sent to me." Not long after this she fell asleep. We believe we shall meet this dear sister on the resurrection morn. We laid her to rest beside her husband in the Chinese cemetery. The younger sister mentioned was the last to be baptized here, just before returning to her home at Benkoelen. We have just learned that her husband has been laid to rest. This sister has a son in our seminary at Singapore.

I wish also to speak of a fine business-like man who for months had studied the truth. This man and his wife had an only daughter to whom they were both much attached. She became ill, and after a short illness passed away, but not before she had persuaded her father to make up his mind to be a Christian. They commenced to study in real earnest, and last December both were baptized. This man is now our Sabbath school superintendent and also assistant leader in our missionary society. He is much respected and exerts an influence for good among a large circle of friends and

acquaintances, and has the good will of all in his work.

We are in need of a native worker to locate in Teloek Bendoeng in the most southern part of Sumatra. We need a place for meetings in Benkoelen, with funds to carry on work at these distant parts and also your prayers for help to win the natives from the thralldom of the prince of darkness.

Sabbath, September 6

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: John 4: 35.

READING: Batakland, Sumatra.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 476.

PRAYER: That freedom to worship God may be granted to our people in Batakland.

Batakland, Sumatra

D. S. KIME

FOR years we have been located among a most needy people. The Bataks are a Malay tribe, speaking a distinct language. They live in the hills of central Sumatra. For sixty years the Rhenish Mission (German) has conducted missions and schools among them. Around Lake Toba most of the people are Christians; but inland, where we are located, about one third are Christians, and the rest are either Mohammedan or heathen. They live by agriculture and stock-raising.

Since we arrived here at Sipogoe we have been conducting an English school and a dispensary. From the first day of school until now we have had a good attendance. The average attendance has been one hundred fifty a year. When these students secure a gram-

mar education, we send them to our training school at Singapore to prepare them for the ministry or for teaching.

The pupils are on an average with the boys and girls at home. Most of them are just as anxious to secure an education as white children. But owing to lack of means, many are denied the privilege of going to school.

The school is conducted on the industrial plan. The students are given a little plot of ground on which to grow their vegetables. In this way the boarding expense is lessened, and the exercise obtained keeps their bodies in health so that they are better qualified to pursue their studies. Carpentry will soon be taught to the boys. Mrs. Kime is conducting a sewing class for the girls.

In October we entered our new school building, which affords us ample room to carry on a progressive school. The students are quite satisfied with the new schoolrooms, owing to the fact that during previous years our school was carried on in native houses, which were far from being adequate for school purposes.

Up to the present time the students have been renting rooms in the village close by. It is difficult to oversee them and to look after their welfare when they are scattered throughout the village. Just lately Elder Finster paid us a visit, and he saw the need of having a dormitory for the students, so that we might be in closer touch with them. It was decided that a dormitory be erected for the boys. We had a meeting with the students, and they decided to help in the building by donating

labor. We have also received a few donations, but the funds are still insufficient.

The dispensary has been moved from place to place in order to accomodate conditions that have arisen at different times. For years we have asked for money to put up a small dispensary that would accommodate five or six patients, but up to the present time the means have not arrived. Though we must wait yet longer, we are not discouraged, for we know that when all of us get under the load, it must move.

We care for from ten to seventy patients each day. It is a compensation to see and hear their expressions of thankfulness after they have been helped. They are very grateful for all we do for them. They express their thankfulness so many times, and now I take the opportunity to thank you for them a thousand times, for making this possible with your donations. We have felt you holding the ropes, and can feel that steady pull which tells that there is a power in God's hand in the homeland.

Owing to the fact that the Dutch government has not given us full liberty to labor here, we have no church organization, but our members, which number about one hundred fifty, have some form of worship in their own homes every Sabbath. Some of these have been living the truth for twelve years, although they are three hundred miles from our nearest church. Yet they are holding on, and are praying for full liberty to be given.

We invite you to pray for us, that the same freedom which you enjoy may soon be given us.

Sabbath, September 13

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Eccl. 11:6.

READINGS: The Malaysian Union Seminary.
Shining at Seventy.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 566.

PRAYER: For the schools in the Malaysian Union.

The Malaysian Union Seminary

V. E. HENDERSHOT

THE school in Singapore was formerly the Singapore Training School. But since the last general meeting we have adopted another name and one that is more comprehensive of our purpose and the territory that we serve. The new name is the Malaysian Union Seminary. And I want to tell you just why we are glad that you plan to help us.

In 1920, the year that the writer arrived in Singapore, the school had gone down in efficiency and attendance because of the enforced departure of teachers for America, until there were not more than sixty students left. It was necessary, therefore, for us to build up from the bottom and pray to God for success and prosperity. In 1921 the enrollment of the school was about 90; in 1922 it was 120; in 1923 it reached the mark of 250 students. The seminary has continually grown until we are now cramped for space.

Although we have two large dormitory buildings, we are expecting to build two more

units in 1924. For this project we have entered a campaign in the city to raise \$50,000, Singapore currency. The American currency is about one half this amount. To our gratification the Lord has so opened the hearts and pocketbooks of the local Chinese firms and rich men that they have already contributed to the amount of \$17,000. We believe this to be remarkable indeed, considering that the market for rubber is very uncertain and the whole country is feeling a continuous "slump." So we have enough from local subscriptions to erect the main building. But there is the equipping and the furnishing of such a building, which we cannot hope to do from the available funds.

We must build another unit for technical instruction. You would be glad to buy some of the bath towels, seminary-made, or some of the neat fancy work of our girls, or some of the bread made at the seminary. Our students are working. Each student has his work and I am glad to say that we all have a mind to work. The seminary will soon be one of the largest institutions of Seventh-day Adventists in Asia. We hope that some day it will become a junior college.

What do we want you to do? We want you to help us with your gifts to equip the seminary and to establish out-schools throughout the Malay field. Java has over forty million people and no Seventh-day Adventist school. Terrible, isn't it? In British North Borneo we have a few church schools, but we need buildings for them. In Sumatra, that immense

island, we have only one school. In Dutch Borneo and in the Celebes, we have no schools. Then there are thousands of islands large and small in the mighty archipelago whose people know not the Lord Jesus Christ. We are in the midst of millions of benighted souls. We are at the highway of the nations, situated as was Jerusalem of old, on the crossroads, where the multitudes may learn the gospel and return to their native lands and islands with the everlasting message for our time.

Without unity of action, without means, and without self-sacrificing men and women, these multitudes of varied languages cannot hear the timely message. May the Lord impress you to open the mouths of your purses and to give as His Spirit shall impress.

Shining at Seventy

NORMA YOUNGBERG

SHE was just a poor old heathen woman with a wrinkled, worried face. Every morning she trudged to market with the vegetables from her son's garden; and then hurried back home to cook for the family and tend the grandchildren, while her daughter-in-law worked breaking stone.

It was hard to be old and poor! Seventy years is a long time!

When the mission teachers came to her home she was almost too busy to listen, but it did seem so good to sit down for a few minutes, and the things they told were wonderful. There was a place, it seemed, where all was

light and love and joy and there was a Man named Jesus who died for poor old Chinese grandmothers, and who lives again to bless and save them.

It seemed almost too good to be true, but she came to look forward to the visits of the mission teachers. She had a splendid memory so although she could neither read nor write, she stored up in her mind the good things she heard from God's Book.

She hurried through her work and then went among her neighbors to spread the news of salvation, so new, yet so dear to her. She learned that God had made the Sabbath for His special day and every Sabbath morning she went out early to the homes of her neighbors to remind them that "today is the holy day" and that they must not work, but come to the chapel. Slowly, but certainly, light dawned on her soul and shone on all about her.

Her son butchered a dog and a feast was prepared. She would have delighted in it in former days. Now she abhorred it and spent the day away from home telling the neighbors about Jesus.

She removed her earrings and her son threatened to turn her out. The earrings are the marriage sign and it is considered a disgrace for a woman who has been married to go without them. Her daughter-in-law scolded and jeered at her. Her son threatened her. Former friends refused to speak, or mocked at her so-called folly; but none of these things moved her. She had tasted of the joy of Jesus and all else was ashes.

She became a real missionary, and went from house to house, or called the neighbors to her home to listen while the mission teacher read from the Bible. In a few weeks the empty seats in our chapel were filled by that woman's work. If one of the children cried or disturbed she hurried to take it outside saying, "You must stay and hear. I have heard already!"

What a change has been wrought in her life! Her dear old face is shining now and so is her life. She is still poor, though rich in faith, she still works hard, but all is joy for the sake of Him, and for looking forward to His return. There are so many jewels like her buried among Malaysia's millions. The more teachers we have, the faster they can be gathered; and oh! the joy when the last one is sought out and the work is done!

Sabbath, September 20

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Isa. 52: 7.

READING: Through Northern Sumatra.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 683.

PRAYER: For the publishing work in the Malaysian field.

Through Northern Sumatra

ROGER ALTMAN

ON November 29, 1921, I left Singapore on board the S. S. "Rumphius," bound for Medan, the principal city of Sumatra. It was my purpose to visit the native people in that country who were readers of our *Malay Signs of the*

Times, and to become acquainted with conditions in that part of the field, with a view to better adapting the vernacular literature to the needs of the people. After a few days in Medan, I left one morning on the early train or *Staatspoor*, bound northwest along the shore.

At Besitang the railroad proper ends, and I was obliged to wait over night before resuming my journey. The next morning, just as the tropical sun was sucking up the heavy dew from the pepper plantations, I boarded what is called the steam tram. This is a very narrow gauge railroad, running from Besitang, where the standard gauge line stops, to Kota Radja, the northernmost town on the island. The locomotive is a diminutive little wagon, painted in bright shades of red and yellow. A grimy Mohammedan presides at the throttle, and a fireman pokes cordwood into the firebox, causing the little smokestack to belch forth sparks and smoke in abundance, and the whistle to squeal like a monkey.

The passenger coaches provide accommodation for three classes of patrons. The third-class coaches are little better than box cars fitted with plain benches for seats. The first-class coaches are quite comfortable, being provided with deeply upholstered arm chairs. The second-class coach, in which I traveled, was comfortable enough as such comforts go in the mission field. Cane-seated benches ran lengthwise of the car, and the conductor was barely able to squeeze between the knees of the seated occupants. My fellow passengers were

natives of the educated class, together with quite a large percentage of Malay-speaking Chinese merchants. It was to these people that I introduced our literature, talking with them in their native language concerning our work which we are doing at the mission publishing house in Singapore. I had many interesting conversations, and secured a number of subscriptions to our magazine, besides selling several copies of the health book.

A young Malay employed by the railroad company was on the train with his bride, whom he was taking home after the marriage festivities. He was dressed in a flashy suit of shepherd's check and set off by such ornaments as only the Oriental knows how to wear. The bride was decked with her jewels, which consisted for the most part of twenty-dollar American gold pieces surrounded by gold filigree work and linked together with the same metal, to make a short heavy chain down the front of the gauzy silk jacket. I handed this young man a copy of the *Malay Signs of the Times*. He took it and commenced reading on the first page, and read without intermission clear through to the end, including the advertisements and notices on the back cover. When he had finished I said, "Of course you would like to subscribe for this good magazine." "I certainly would," he rejoined, and paid me on the spot. It made my heart rejoice to think that as this new home was founded in the province of Atjeh the printed messenger would make it at least twelve regular visits, bearing the truth for this time.

Traveling in this way, and sojourning at the towns which were along the route, I reached Kota Radja four days after leaving Medan. I remained in Kota Radja from Thursday until the following Monday, when I again took ship and sailed down the west coast of Sumatra as far as Siboga, stopping at several places on the way where the ship put in with mail and other supplies. I went ashore wherever possible, distributing literature and talking with the townspeople whom I met.

On the third day of our voyage we left the coast, and steered south for the island of Simeuloe. We arrived there late in the afternoon, when the shadow of the ship lay long upon the blue water, and the fierce heat of the sun had abated. The entrance to the anchorage is through a very narrow channel leading to a beautiful blue lagoon of absolute quiet. Not the semblance of a ripple disturbed the glassy surface of the evening tide, as I gazed enchanted from the rail at the wonderful prospect before me. There were small round islets, covered with beautiful foliage to the water's edge, and crowned by clumps of coconut trees; farther away, upon the hill-clad island, giants of the jungle raised their mossy branches to the saffron sky. A little cluster of white houses crowded to the margin of the shore, and the merry, wide-eyed children raced out on the beach or splashed in the sparkling water. The sun sank behind the hill, and the southern cross blazed in the heavens. This is part of the world that God so loved, and it is to these

little-known places that the third angel's message must go.

In all the territory through which I traveled, with the exception of Medan, we have no Seventh-day Adventist worker, foreign or native, and the territory is such that a colporteur can scarcely make a living. What shall be done for the multitudes of people who are daily drawing nearer to the gates of death without a knowledge of the truth which would make them free? The Thirteenth Sabbath Offering will help to send them a messenger with the glad tidings.

Sabbath, September 27

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SONG: "Those Grand Old Dollars for the Missions," Sabbath School Leaflet, "Say It in Song."

STORY FOR THE CHILDREN: The Soldiers of Peace.

RECITATION: The Cry from Other Lands.

SONG: Malaysia's Plea.

DIALOGUE: The Chat of the Dollars.

A BLACKBOARD ACROSTIC.

OFFERING.

PRAYER: That our gifts to Malaysia may be a blessing to that field.

The Soldiers of Peace

[This story should not be *read* to the children. Select some one who is especially fitted, to *tell* the story in a way that will hold the children's interest.]

JESUS knew it was not going to be easy for people to live in peace, unless they really loved Him. For He knew there were people who did not live together quietly and happily, who did not love each other as they loved themselves. So when He sent out His friends to go into all the world and teach the nations about Him,

He knew it would be hard work for them, and that they would need to be brave strong men. He knew that Soldiers of War have to be brave men, but that Soldiers of Peace have to be even braver men.

But the Bible tells missionaries, or Soldiers of Peace, what they should do: "Endure hardness as a good Soldier of Jesus Christ. . . . put on the whole armour of God. . . . have the Girdle of Truth around your waist; have the Breastplate of Righteousness. . . . Let your feet be covered with Shoes of Peace; carry the Shield of Faith, wear the Helmet of Salvation, and use only the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Bible."

God gave the Christian soldier something to cover every part of him, *in front*: to go on his head the Helmet of Saving People, to cover his chest the Breastplate of Doing Right, to cover him all over the Shield of Trusting God, for his feet friendly shoes of Peace, in his hand the Sword of God's Word; but—God gave this Soldier of Peace nothing at all to cover *his back*! I love it—because it shows that the Prince of Peace never expects any soldier of His to become a coward or run away. It will always be "*Forward March!*"

Let me tell you something about how brave the missionary soldiers of peace are, and how much harder their work is than the work of soldiers of war. To begin with, soldiers of war all go out to fight together, live together, eat together, and sing together. Every day the captain gives them orders: "Do this!" and they do it. When they march, there is a band to play, so they can keep step, and keep their spirits bright! But missionary soldiers do not go out together; there is no one to talk things over with; no band to play to cheer them up—no! Scattered here and there over the world they live, hundreds of miles apart from each other. They never hear the Captain's real voice saying, "Do this!" they simply know that the Prince of Peace expects His soldiers to spread happiness and peace.

The captain of soldiers of war says to his men some morning: "See that village over there—we must take it today. Destroy it, men! Don't leave one stone standing!" So they turn their guns and their cannons on it, there are noises of tremendous explosions, and by night the little village is gone.

The missionary soldier of peace sees a village, too. He knows without being told what His Captain wants him to do, so he says, "We must take it." But he uses no gun, he has no cannon

he throws no bomb. He quietly walks into the dirty shabby little village and begins to talk to the few people he meets. Perhaps what he says makes them angry, so they rush at him with spears and stones in their hands, determined to kill him. But he never fights back. One such soldier said, "Before you kill me, just let me tell you a story," and then he tells them about Jesus, His birth, His wonderful life, the Home above which He is making ready for all who love Him. When he finishes the story he says: "Now you may kill me!" but no! they don't want to kill him now, and they say: "Stay in our village, and tell us more about this Man." So he stays a week, a month, a year, two years, and oh, what changes one can begin to see! Where the soldier of war leaves nothing but burning homes, dead people, orphaned children, and misery, the missionary soldier of peace leaves the village cleaned up, the homes neater, the savage people gentler, happier, more useful. Little children crowd the school, and the church is full on Sabbaths.

Now tell me: whose job was the bravest? The army soldiers, who stood shoulder to shoulder, and destroyed an unknown village with cannons and bombs, from a distance? Or the lonely missionary soldier who walked alone into an unknown village amid dangers, and spent weeks and years making that village a place that the Prince of Peace would be proud to see? [Give children a chance to answer.]—*Abbreviated and Adapted from "Junior Mission Stories."*

The Cry from Other Lands

- "Why didn't you tell us sooner?"
 The words came sad and low;
 "Oh, ye who know the gospel truth,
 Why didn't you let us know?
 The Saviour died for all the world,
 He died to save from woe,
 But we never heard the story;
 Why didn't you let us know?"
- "We appeal to you, O Christians,
 In lands beyond the sea;
 Why didn't you tell us sooner,
 Christ died for you and me?
 Nineteen hundred years have passed
 Since disciples were told to go
 To the uttermost parts of the earth
 and teach;
 Why didn't you let us know?"

"You say you are Christ's disciples,
That you try His work to do;
And yet his very last command
Is disobeyed by you!
'Tis, indeed, a wonderful story:
He loved the whole world so,
That He came and died to save us—
But you didn't let us know.

"O souls redeemed by Jesus,
Think what your Lord hath done!
He came to earth and suffered,
And died for every one;
He expects you now to tell it,
As on your way you go—
But you kept the message from us;
Why didn't you let us know?

"Hear this pathetic cry of ours,
O dwellers in Christian lands;
For the heathen stand before you
With pleading, outstretched hands.
You may not be able to go yourself,
But some in your stead can go;
Will you not send us teachers?
Will you not let us know?"

—*Selected.*

Malaysia's Plea

H. F. SHARP

[Tune: "There is Sunlight on the Hilltop"]

When the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering
For Malaysia's needy fields
Is collected in the homeland,
And in all the mission fields,
Let us seek the Saviour's blessing
By donating cheerfully
To a cause we know is pressing
In the islands of the sea.

CHORUS:

Come, brethren, what is our answer
To Malaysia's earnest plea?
Shall we send our sons and daughters
And our dollars o'er the sea?

Here is Java with its millions,
And Sumatra close at hand,
Where the light of truth is shining,
Guiding to the promised land.

And there's Borneo just entered,
Also Singapore is bright.
Of Malaysia's thousand islands,
These are all that have the light.

And the light needs to be strengthened
To enlighten all these isles,
For the darkness is the densest,
And extends so many miles.
O, more lamps are needed quickly,
And more oil to keep them bright!
Brethren, here's Malaysia's order,
"Send more lamps and oil for light."

Hark! The Celebes is calling!
Can't you hear the distant cry?
They are calling for the message;
Help them ere this day goes by.
O, how can we sit in comfort
While these brothers go astray
For the want of our donations
On this thirteenth Sabbath day?

CHORUS:

O, brethren, this is our answer
To Malaysia's earnest plea,
"We *will* send our sons and daughters
And our dollars o'er the sea!"

The Chat of the Dollars

MRS. A. G. YOUNGBERG

[NOTE: If this is desired for a dialogue instead of reading, let the children who take the parts of the dollars each carry a large round paper with a dollar sign on it. An older person can give the parts that are not spoken by the dollars themselves.]

They had reached the General Conference treasury, those thirteenth Sabbath dollars, and were having a little chat. Upon being asked what he could do, the first dollar replied: "I shall help to send missionaries. When they are all ready to go to answer urgent calls, they need me to take them across the deep, blue sea. How shall the heathen believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how can the preacher get there without my assistance?"

The second dollar spoke up quickly: "Yes, that is true; but the laborer is worthy of his hire, and you can readily see that I am important, for I help to pay their salary which buys daily food and clothing."

The third dollar, impatiently waiting for his brother to cease speaking, said, "Yes, but what is the object of sending and supporting workers if you do not provide them with mission homes? If their health breaks down, and they must either return home or fall at their post of duty because of not having homes that I could help to build, then much of your efforts would be in vain."

The fourth dollar: "True! Yet, when you have all done your part, they need me to help to pay the teachers who instruct them in foreign tongues. For the missionaries must learn to speak the native languages, otherwise why send them?"

The fifth dollar: "Exactly! And then my part comes. I help pay their traveling expenses when they go out to preach to the natives, whether they go by train, auto, rickshaw, oxcart or boat. I provide itinerating and medical outfits and many are the poor, sick natives who have been restored by me. I am greatly appreciated by them all."

The sixth dollar: "I pay for free literature to hand out to the poor. I help to establish printing presses and publish tracts and books in many languages for colporteurs to sell. You cannot overestimate the value of the printed page in gospel work."

The seventh dollar: "And then the interested ones want to learn more about the Man of Galilee, who died for sinners. Oh, if only the people in the homeland could see how much must be left undone because I lack assistance! If they could see a school of native children on the porch of a mud hut with no pictures, blackboard, or maps! If they knew of the times when, even in warm climates the nights are cool and the girls in our boarding schools do not have enough bedding to keep them warm. Perhaps they do not know that many of them have no money to give to missions so they go without a portion of their usual food in order to give a little as a Sabbath school offering, and how the small girls smile as they drop their little offering in the envelope! For have they not given to missions too?"

The eighth dollar: "I want to say a few words to you while we are still together in the General Conference treasury. I have just returned from a trip around the world with a General Conference representative. Perhaps I have had a better opportunity to see and hear the needs of the field than any of the rest of

you. For two months I wandered about among our mission stations where the needs are so great and our workers so few. Long ago I decided that I want to be spent where I can accomplish the most good in the Master's service. The greatest need as I see it today, is to establish and equip more training schools so a much greater number of native boys and girls can be trained to become soul winners among their own people. They need to have industrial training as well as Biblical knowledge, in order to become practical workers for God. It is only by turning out such a product from our training schools in a greatly increased number, that the world-wide proclamation of the message can be accomplished in this generation. So I have decided to go back to the mission field and do all I can. I am so glad that all the rest of you have been sent to go with me."

"So are we!" "So are we!" shouted all the other dollars.

"Thank you," said the eighth dollar. "But how I wish that there were many more of us to help in this great enterprise. I am sure that if our people only realized how much a dollar can do, they would have sent so many more dollars that this safe would not be half large enough to hold us all."

The other dollars were all eager to tell how much they wanted to go to help build churches in the large cities, establish sanitariums and dispensaries, assist in giving our missionaries a short rest in the hills, pay the scant wages of the native workers and render special help in times of flood, famine, and pestilence, and in many other ways help to finish God's work. But just then the General Conference treasurer came and took them out to send them on their journey. God bless them as they go forth to be spent in His service, for are they not the offerings of those who have made a covenant with Him by sacrifice?

A Blackboard Acrostic

Malaysia is a dark heathen land,
A place where 60,000,000 know not God.
Lack of means delays our work
And many are calling for the truth.
You now have a chance to help,
So deny self and give liberally.
It is a blessed privilege to give.
As you give, pray for the work in Malaysia.

MALAYSIAN UNION MISSION

