

# MISSIONS QUARTERLY

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Waiting to Be Taught



SABATH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

Topic: CENTRAL and NORTH CHINA

## Sabbath, January 3

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: John 3:16.

READINGS: The Official Notice.  
The Field That Calls for Your Help.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 576,  
first and last stanzas.

PRAYER: For our work in Central and North  
China.

### The Official Notice

TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT:

With deep gratitude for what the Sabbath schools have done in providing means for the support of our world-wide work during 1924, we pass on the official word asking our large Sabbath school family to take upon their hearts in the next Thirteenth Sabbath Offering the work in Central and North China.

Already you know of the multiplied millions in China who are yet to hear of Christ and His message for today. Elder C. C. Crisler, writing of the needs in these fields, says: "We are in greater need than at any time I have ever seen over here. It is not because the men we have are incapable of doing a large amount of work, but our work is advancing and is actually doubling with the passing years. The calls from unentered regions are pressing in but we dare not fill any of these while our present work needs attention."

We are therefore asking our Sabbath schools on March 28, 1925, for \$90,000. Any amount above this will be devoted to new work and to lengthening the cords in these fields.

Yours in the Master's service,

J. L. SHAW,

*Treasurer of the General Conference.*

# The Field That Calls for Your Help

I. H. EVANS

THIS quarter it is the Central and North China Union Missions of the Far Eastern Division, including the provinces of [show map] Hupeh, Honan, Kiangsi, Hunan, Shensi, Kansu, Chihli, Shansi, and Shantung. This territory embraces the northern tiers of provinces and constitutes the better portion of Mandarin-speaking China, being, in fact, just half of the provinces of China.

The population is over 200,000,000. It is difficult to appreciate what such a population means, without comparison with something with which we are somewhat familiar. Should we take the entire population of all North and South America and add to it the entire population of Great Britain, we should have something near the population of these two unions, which hold within their borders one-ninth of the world's population.

Located in this territory we have twenty foreign families scattered, usually two in a province. Only in two provinces have we more than two foreign workers, and these are in centers where we have union headquarters or medical work. Two of these provinces have never had any work done in them, nor have they any workers either foreign or native. They are unentered, untouched by the message that we have to give.

Judging by conditions in the homeland, where most of the people can read and where all speak the same language, more or less, the more than two hundred millions of North

and Central China do not have sufficient working force. The twenty families of foreigners have to lead in all branches of the work, conduct schools and dispensaries, teach and preach the message, and train workers for service. Dividing the population among the foreign workers we find that each worker has more than ten million people in his region. Were it not for the loyalty and help of our native workers, the giving of the message in this generation would be beyond the compass of faith. When one considers that practically one third of the foreign working force is either on the sick list or home on furlough, it can be plainly seen that we are greatly undermanned.

The progress we are making is slow, for we are located in the very heart of China's millions, most of whom are illiterate and have been trained in the superstitions of Buddhism and Taoism. The government is loose and there is the continual threat of war at the very doors of our workers, with all the terrors of bandits and robbers when they travel. Yet God has thrown open the doors of all these provinces and the missionary is free to go where he will, and teach what he believes. Nor is the foreigner worse treated than the native. Many have thought that the foreigner suffers most; but usually the native is the one who has most to fear, and who is generally robbed and spoiled by the bandits. Only now and then are foreigners molested. Perhaps in all the world a foreign woman is no more safe or less often molested or insulted by evil men than in China.

Other mission societies are pressing in with men and means, seizing the present favorable conditions for mission work and opening up many unentered regions. We have waited for six long years for one family of workers to be sent to help head up the work in Shensi, where we had a church of baptized believers brought into the truth through the labors of Brother S. G. White, who had to leave China owing to illness in his family. We thank God that while I am writing this article, the worker is here in Shanghai to go to this field. But six years is a long time to wait for a new worker to appear to take up the work that the sick have laid down.

The unentered provinces of Shensi and Kansu are "Macedonian cries" to the church to send them help. Are we, the remnant church, in the closing days of earth's history, less able to make advances in mission fields than people who have not the work and message that we profess to have? Surely something more than we have done must be done to finish the work. The opportunities to labor are as many as the needs are great. And the church must decide what shall be done.

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## Sabbath, January 10

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

**MISSIONARY TEXT:** Acts 16:9, second clause.  
Read the text, then have the school repeat it in concert.

**READING:** A Retrospective View.

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

**PRAYER:** That sufficient means may flow into the treasury so that more workers may be sent to this needy field.

## A Retrospective View

O. A. HALL

It was within the territory of the Central China Union Mission that the third angel's message first took root in the Mandarin-speaking section of China.

A retrospective view of nearly fifteen years since we began our service in this Central section, brings clearly to our minds a little company of thirty-four baptized members in the interior of the Honan province where our work first started. These constituted one-fourth of the entire membership in all China at that time.

From this small beginning the work grew, stations were added, interests sprang up everywhere, and believers multiplied. Consecrated Chinese members were burdened for their fellow men who were groping in darkness, and the message spread everywhere.

Missionary letters were written, and tracts and magazines were sent, and later a personal visit made by a native brother to a friend, and the result was the opening of the adjoining province of Anhwei.

In still another province, the work was begun as the result of work done by a Christian language teacher for a language teacher with whom he roomed a few weeks, which resulted in his conversion, and a representative of the message was thus raised up for a new field. This teacher is now a loyal pillar in the work in one of the provinces of Central China.

From one province to another the message

spread until now five of the six provinces in the Central China Union have organized work.

The distant province of Kansu to the north-west, which is included in the territory of this union, still has no representative of the message. Shensi, the next farthest to the north-west, was opened a number of years ago, but because of the workers having to leave, was left without missionary leadership. After a long delay and continued calls for workers, we are glad to report that this field is again manned.

A faithful band of Chinese workers are now laboring to bring the truth to those of their own country. These loyal workers are an honor to the cause of truth in the midst of a heathen and superstitious people.

The task before us in this field is still enormous. Of the 126,000,000 people within the borders of this union, only one in 100,000 has yet identified himself with God's remnant people, having the hope of meeting the soon coming Saviour. Each worker, including the missionaries and the native workers, has nearly a million people as his parish.

To add to the already heavy burden with which each worker has to cope, there are the perils of war, famine, and pestilence frequently surrounding the worker, and in many sections there is almost incessant banditry.

But the Lord is sending forth His messengers to engage in a victorious warfare even in dark and heathen lands.

The Chinese church appeals to you, "Come over into China's Macedonia and help us."

The saving message of the everlasting gospel is needed. Nothing but the precious blood of Jesus can save these poor people, who bow down to idols of wood and clay and stone. The third angel's message is the only means of saving a people steeped in superstition and sin, and is that which will prepare them for translation. Central China's millions are still waiting with outstretched hands for this people to make possible their deliverance.

This quarter in this field alone 1,750,000 will have passed beyond our reach in death, not yet having received the message of salvation. Surely as we think of this our hearts are moved with a strong determination to carry the gospel to these people.

May the liberal offerings of the Sabbath schools this quarter, and the special effort on the thirteenth Sabbath for Central and North China, result in greatly hastening the preaching of the Word of God to these precious souls, and react in rich blessing upon every giver.

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## Sabbath, January 17

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "Brethren and sisters, will you not help in this work? I beseech you to do something for Christ, and do it now. Through the teacher whom your money shall sustain in the field, souls may be saved from ruin, to shine as stars in the Redeemer's crown." — *"Testimonies," Vol VI, p. 30.*

READING: Sacrifice for Jesus' Sake.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 544, first two and last stanzas.

PRAYER: In behalf of the believers in North and Central China.



## Sacrifice for Jesus' Sake

E. L. LONGWAY

MANY times we in mission lands hear of noble efforts made by our people at home to meet the missions goal, and our hearts are cheered as we read of the loyalty and devotion that our friends in America always manifest in the cause of missions. But not all the sacrifice is made at home. Last winter I was in Shangtsai, Honan. It was the last Sabbath of the week of prayer, and at the close of the last meeting an appeal was made for a sacrifice offering. Some of the brethren gave a few dollars each, and we thought they were doing wonderfully well. Then one dear old sister stood up, and said that she wanted to give ten cents. I asked the local evangelist about her, and he told me that this sister and her husband had been most faithful in paying tithe and offerings, and added that he thought she ought not to give any more. I asked, "Why not?" and he told me a story of sacrifice and suffering that made me ashamed of the few dollars I had given.

This family, consisting of father, mother, and two daughters, is one of the very poorest in the church. They are all Adventists. The father owns a little strip of land, and from this bit of land must get a living for the four of them. Through the help of the church members of Shangtsai, the two girls are in the church school. But the family possess only one quilt, so when the girls came to school, the father and mother were left without any covering at night. They have been sleeping between

straw mats, with old clothing wrapped about the mats to keep them from freezing. And the winter weather here in Honan is nearly as severe as it is in Pennsylvania or New Jersey.

This father and mother were willing to sleep between straw mats, and to live on poor food, in order that their children might learn more of Jesus. Then when the call came for money, they were willing to give the equivalent of two days' food! Is it not encouraging to know that some of those whom your gifts have been instrumental in saving, are now willing to join with you in sacrifice that others may learn of Jesus!

Be faithful in giving and getting for missions, for the people whom we are enabled to reach through the means that you send us are worth all that they cost. And they will do their part in the finishing of the work.

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## Sabbath, January 24

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

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

SEED THOUGHT: "Our burden for the 'regions beyond' can never be laid down until the whole earth shall be lightened with the glory of the Lord."—*Testimonies*, Vol. VI, p. 29.

READING: An Interesting Inquirer.

PRAYER: In behalf of our workers in China.

### An Interesting Inquirer

C. P. LILLIE

MR. HSU of Wuchang has two wives. This is not uncommon in China. Many men have two or more. But now that he is trying to be

a Christian, he wishes he had only one. Like Abraham's Sara, his first wife was childless, so he took a "small wife." Now he has several children.

His position is difficult. His first wife is really the legal wife, but the second one is the mother of all his children. And she is the wife of his own selection. Would it be surprising if he loved her best?

He is very desirous that both his wives shall become Christians; but he fears that if he sends either of them back to her old heathen home, that one will never be converted. So he is praying and waiting and hoping that the Lord will work things out right. He does not resent the fact that he cannot be received into church membership. Owing to the peculiar circumstances in his case, a certain church did accept him as a candidate for baptism. However, his own conscience did not permit him to take the step.

I think this man wants to do what is right. And one of the reasons I think so is because for several years he has not only faithfully attended Sabbath services, but has also been a tithe payer.

It is hard for the Chinese people to pay a tithe of their income, receiving nothing visible in return but a slip of paper. It does not look practical, and the Chinese are very practical. And there are other reasons as well. For one thing, it takes a good deal of money to pay a tithe, and many Chinese, to borrow one of their own expressions, *ai tsien yu ming* (love money as their own lives).

Many who are trying to be Christians, and who accept the doctrine of tithe paying in theory, are too weak in faith, or love money too well, to pay tithe themselves. But Mr. Hsu has been one of the faithful ones.

This man not only pays his tithe into a church that will not accept him as a member, but he has other strong points. A year ago he came to me. "As you know," said he, "I have been living on a pension from the government for several years. Now I have a definite appointment offered me. If I do not accept it, perhaps my allowance will be cut off. Shall I accept it or not?"

"Well," I said, "that is for you to decide, but I will give you the best advice I can. Is your faith strong? If you have faith to continue keeping the Sabbath perfectly under unfavorable circumstances, no matter what the outcome; if you are strong enough to keep from accepting the money (bribes) that will be offered you, I can send you forth with my blessing. It will be a splendid opportunity for you to bear witness for the truth. Cornelius was a military man, and he was a staunch Christian. And there have been other notable examples. Go and do likewise."

Mr. Hsu accepted the appointment, and was sent out to command a body of troops which was protecting a certain district where robbers were troublesome. As soon as he arrived, however, their depredations ceased. There were no pursuits—no fighting.

He was sent to another place with the same result. Where there had been recent disorder,

and where further trouble was expected, quiet and peace reigned. So it was wherever he was sent. The Lord blessed him because he was faithful in Sabbath keeping and tithe paying. And he did not take bribes,—that was what brought him into prominence more than anything else. His services having been favorably reported to the governor, he has now been promoted to a better position.

Will you not pray for this man, that he may be perfect in all things. And pray for the great needy masses in this great country of China, that many of them may be saved?

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## Sabbath, January 31

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "We are to place in the Lord's treasury all the means that we can spare. For this means, needy, unworked fields are calling."—*Testimonies*, Vol. IX, p. 49.

READING: Honan.

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

PRAYER: For the work and workers in Honan.

## Honan

W. E. STRICKLAND

HONAN, one of the provinces in the Central China Union Mission, has a population of 30,000,000 people right in the heart of Mandarin-speaking China. Here our work in this language started, and today the prospects for advancement are greater and brighter than ever before. Our Chinese brethren and sisters are beginning to appreciate what their brethren in America have been sacrificing for them, and are slowly opening their eyes to

the work that must rest upon them for evangelizing their own country.

The greater part of Honan is one vast level plain. Wheat is the staple food. Many people, when they think of the Chinese, picture them as wielding chop sticks over a bowl of rice, and wearing long queues down their backs. Honan is a wheat-growing country, and the people eat bread instead of rice. Many still wear the queue, however, though we improve every opportunity we can to get them to do away with it. During a recent general meeting, one of our visiting foreign brethren offered to give a new Bible to every believer who was willing to part with his queue. This is often a real sacrifice, but we got five or six. They like their queues, but wanted the Bible more, and so they cut them off.

We have lots of sand and dust in Honan. In the dry season everything and everywhere is dust, dust, dust. When itinerating, we sometimes hardly know ourselves at the end of a journey we are so dusty, and here at home it is one continual fight with dust. The Chinese always look dusty. Most of the farmers look like beggars and we are beginning to learn that it isn't very good policy to judge a fellow by his clothes, for some of the worst looking are men of wealth, and own large tracts of land. On the whole the people are friendly and hospitable and to some extent ready to hear the gospel. We have difficulties to overcome in giving the message, but the barriers are being broken down and the way seems to be getting clearer ahead.

One of the greatest difficulties to our work in recent years has been bandits. During the last two years they have seemed to take great delight in taking foreigners captive and holding them for ransom, and this has hindered us from getting into the field as much as we should. Time and time again, soldiers have been sent to protect our compound here at Yencheng, and we have been notified by the authorities not to go outside our own compound walls. Sometimes in coming home at night from a trip we have been commanded to stand while soldiers have come forward with drawn bayonets to find out who we were before allowing us to enter our compound. Bandits do about as they please,—burn, kill, loot, destroy, or take prisoner as they will,—and the poor people have no recourse. Our chapels have been looted, and in one instance the bandits took one of our evangelists and beat him terribly, thinking that because he was overseeing the building of a chapel he had money. However he had no money, and finally they let him go, after taking all his clothes. It was night when they took him, and he was beaten so badly that he had to crawl back to his home on his hands and knees.

Another place the bandits were so bad that they broke up the town, and the members of our church were scattered so that they have not been able to hold meetings in that place since, as the people dare not return to their homes. In spite of all this there are encouraging things. At our general meeting one of our workers told how a company of about three thousand

bandits visited their town, and when some of them came to the chapel they received and treated them kindly, and spoke to them of Jesus and the work they were doing for Him, and their talk and actions so impressed the bandits that when they left they not only refrained from looting but gave a donation to the church. The evangelist said that the church there was having a hard time to raise enough money to buy the necessary articles for a communion set, and the money the bandits gave made up enough to buy all they needed. The Lord's work has been going forward, and all these experiences only encourage us to work the harder.

During our Harvest Ingathering campaign last fall, one of our Chinese brethren collected more than fifty-one dollars, the greater part of which was in small donations of twenty-five and fifty cents. To our brethren and sisters at home that might not sound like anything, but to us over here it is a pleasing thing. It shows us that our Chinese believers are in earnest to get the means to help finish this work. And men filled with that kind of spirit are winning souls to the Master, winning them from the darkest of heathenism and superstition. Brethren and sisters, the hearts of these people see no light, all is dark,—darkness fills their lives. But through the grace of God, here and there lights are beginning to shine: they are feeble, but it is *light*, and many are coming. The help that you give, the assistance you send, will be just that much toward lighting more lights and spreading the gospel farther.



## Sabbath, February 7

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 24:14. Read the text, then have the school repeat it in concert.

READING: Converts from Heathenism Love the Scriptures.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 531, first two stanzas.

PRAYER: That we may give liberally of our means that more workers may be sent to this need field.

### Converts from Heathenism Love the Scriptures

O. B. KUHN

UNDERSTANDING that the Bible is the Word of God, the believers prize it above all other possessions. They speak of its teaching as *shen dao* (good doctrine). Its messages they call *hao sin hsi* (good news), and the gospel of the kingdom they term *tien gwoh-dy fuh yin* (heavenly country's happy sound).

Written on the edges of the Bibles of many converts are the words, "*Nei djung yu rung seng*" (inside have everlasting life). Because the Bible presents the Lord Jesus Christ as man's friends, the Saviour of sinners, and tells of the new earth that He is preparing for the redeemed, the believer loves God's Word above all else in this world.

We shall never forget our first impressions of China as we passed through narrow, filthy, reeking streets, crowded with sorrowful, suffering humanity afflicted with sin and sickness of every description. Everywhere were evidences of a life of hardship and misery; and the poor people, friendless and helpless in their

wretchedness, were sunk in resignation to what they considered their inevitable fate. Hopeless and despairing of anything better, they looked forward to nothing but years of miserable drudgery, and finally to the end of their unhappy existence, a death not much better than the death of a beast.

Viewing these conditions for the first time, there came to me a great longing for some mighty power to lay hold upon the governmental, social, and economic systems of this benighted land, and bring about such radical changes as would give this afflicted people joy and gladness in place of sorrow and sighing.

But as the years have passed, and we have had opportunity to study the people and their needs, and the causes of their pitiable lot, more and more we discern that the one and only remedy for the terrible condition of the heathen is the gospel of Jesus Christ. Gifts of money, radical changes applied mechanically to the mass, or any other outward mold put upon the multitudes, can neither effect true and lasting betterment nor give genuine happiness.

Received by the individual, the gospel of Christ brings pardon and peace to his troubled heart, imparts courage to fight the battle for existence against great odds, and gives hope of blessed things in the life to come. Poverty and hardship may continue, but the believer is strengthened to endure; unpleasant circumstances may still surround him, but he possesses inward joy; trials and affliction may yet be his lot, but he is delivered from them

all; enemies of his soul may multiply, but Christ grants victory. The believer has found a Friend.

Finding in the Scriptures the Saviour who redeems from sin, the Friend who helps in time of trouble, the One who meets every need, the message that cheers in the hour of sorrow, the hope that buoys up amidst discouragement, it is natural for the convert from heathenism to cherish the Word of God.

And what is the work of the missionary in heathen lands? It is to bring to the people the Word of God, and to present to them in word and works Jesus Christ the Friend of sinners, the Saviour of men. The numbers of such missionaries, men and women, both foreign and native, should be greatly multiplied.

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## Sabbath, February 14

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "The great work before us all, as Christians, is to extend Christ's kingdom as rapidly as possible, in accordance with the divine commission."—*"Testimonies,"* Vol. IX, p. 219.

READING: The Call to Worship.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 588, first and last stanzas.

PRAYER: That workers may be speedily sent to give the third angel's message to the millions in China.

## The Call to Worship

FREDERICK LEE

THE deep tones of a bell resounded over the ancient city as the time for Sabbath school drew near. The day was clear and beautiful,

and the sound carried out over the waving wheat fields for miles. At the sound of the bell, a trudging traveler hastened his footsteps as he realized how near Sabbath school time it was. He listened intently to hear the sounds. "How much time have I," he thought, "before Sabbath school begins? Oh, yes, that is only the first call," he remarked aloud, observing with joy the deep toning of the bell as it sounded out one beat and a pause, another beat and a pause, and a final beat.

Hastening on he approached the city gate. Again the sound of the bell urged him forward. This time the tones were more imperative, with two quick beats followed by a pause, two more beats and a pause, and for the third time two quick beats. There was just time, if he hurried, to reach Sabbath school and receive a perfect attendance mark. He had risen early that morning, crossed the uncertain, swift current of the Yellow River on a ferry, and hastened on without a pause.

Soon our friend reached the chapel where he was greeted by the evangelist as he was about to sound the last call to Sabbath school on the great iron bell hanging from a rafter outside the chapel. The pilgrim seated himself with a sigh of relief as he heard the sounds of the bell, now more urgent than before. This time there were three quick beats and a pause, three more beats and a pause, and three final beats. The whole city echoed with the insistent sound. At once the Sabbath school broke forth into song as its members sang rousingly:

"Come, thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise."

Marveling at the system manifested in the sounding of the call to worship, I asked the evangelist about it. "Oh," he said, "come and notice the bell. The members of the church gave the money, and we had the bell cast here in the city. It is different than most bells you see. Notice here on the bell are written the names of the donors and the amounts they gave, whether large or small. Here is written a history of our little church, and on this side of the bell are recorded the words of Revelation 14: 6-11, the three angels' messages."

This sounded interesting indeed, and as I considered the uniqueness of the thing, I remembered that such a custom is followed throughout the East when casting temple bells. Upon them is recorded much important history that might otherwise be lost. Long forgotten religions have been revived because of the records found upon bells and slabs. The legends concerning some of the temple bells are most interesting.

The evangelist continued, "You noticed how I sounded the alarm. For each meeting we sound three calls. Each call is sounded three times. Like the three messages of Scripture, each successive message is added to the preceding one, and the last call includes them all. It is loud, long, and imperative. Every time we sound this bell, it reminds the people of the three messages of the Bible. As each call

is repeated, it warns of the approaching end, even as the time of meeting approaches. It points to the great meeting with God and Christ in heaven."

What a constant reminder this is to the little company of Adventist people out there among the hills of inland China! What a testimony to all those who have not yet heard the message, but who will, because of this persistent reminder, be yet led to inquire concerning the meaning of these things.

During our stay in this walled-in city, we endeavored to hold a series of meetings in our chapel. The first night the mob was so great and so insistent that we had to go out to the street and show a few pictures to quiet the thousands of people pressing in from both ends of the street. It was impossible to speak because of the confusion. The next few nights we used a large temple court, where we spoke to several thousands of people each night on the signs of the end of the world and the Lord's coming. The interest created at this time was so great that the next Sabbath our chapel was crowded to its full capacity.

Thus the third angel's message is sounding out over this great and needy land. Pray that God will send forth more reapers into earth's harvest field, those who will carefully and patiently care for those who desire to listen to God's Word, but who through spiritual ignorance are unable to receive it. With earnest fostering many of these interested ones might be brought to a full knowledge and acceptance of the truth.

## Sabbath, February 21

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 596,  
first two and last stanzas.

MISSIONARY TEXT: Luke 6:38.

READINGS: Wan Chwen Yu.

Rally Day in the Bandit Infested  
Hills of Shantung.

PRAYER: In behalf of our native believers in  
China.

### Wan Chwen Yu

C. P. LILLIE

WAN CHWEN YU attended our Bible School in February and March, 1923.

Before he returned to his village home, he requested very earnestly that I find some work for him,—some small job in the mission,—so that he could work for the Lord. Where he was living in the country, there were no commandment keepers. He had no opportunity there to associate with others of like precious faith.

"No," I replied. "I do not want you to stay here. You would be faithful, I am sure, and a great help to us; but you could only be a gate-keeper or something like that. You must go home, and preach the best you can to your relatives and friends. I want you to go back and raise up a church. You *can* do it. Men not so well educated as you are have done it. Go home and tell the people of Jesus."

So he went. Just a few weeks ago, our Chinese pastor returned from a visit to Wan Chwen Yu's village, bringing a glowing report.

He had baptized two women and one man there, and others were interested. These are this humble man's "first fruits." Not all of our paid workers have done better than that

during the past year. And that tiny company of poor believers have paid more tithe into the Lord's treasury than some of the old churches. Thus did God bless the humble efforts of one earnest believer.

## **Rally Day in the Bandit Infested Hills of Shantung**

FREDERICK LEE

THE little walled city in which we were stopping on the border of West Shantung was a dreary place. The city official was very fussy over us, quit elike a distracted hen looking after her chicks. He had no rest while we were within his territory. If we stepped from the chapel to take a walk on the street, he had armed police accompany us. One day we escaped the vigilance of these minutemen, and took a walk beyond the city wall to a temple upon the hill. We had not been away very long when our escorts came running breathlessly after us. On returning to the chapel, they gave orders to the evangelist that we should never leave the place without letting them know of it. "It is very dangerous for foreigners to go about alone," they said, as we laughed at their distress. It seemed strange for the official to be so solicitous about our welfare, but we understood afterward that the hills near the city were infested with bandits, some of whom were among that famous company which held up the Pukow-Peking express, and carried off twenty-six foreigners in one night. The official did not want to lose his job because of the disappearance of some foreigner.



In this lonely spot we held a Sabbath school Rally Day, and it was a most interesting occasion, being the first one ever held in this district. We did not at first know whom we could find to take part on the program, as so few knew how to read. But it turned out that so many wanted to take part that we had quite a lengthy session, with songs, recitations, dialogues, and illustrated talks. The evangelist led out by giving a talk on "The Heart of the Church." He had drawn a heart and named it the Sabbath school. This appealed to the Chinese because, according to their way of thinking, the heart is the center of the body's activity.

The oldest member and the youngest member of the school each had a part on the program. The oldest member was sixty-three and the youngest, named Red Sea, was a ruddy little fellow of five years. Little Red Sea repeated the memory verses for the quarter, and sang several songs with his sister. His father, the evangelist, had to lift him up onto the platform. He also led out in a dialogue called, "What Shall I Bring to Sabbath School?" There were six children besides little Red Sea, who acted as leader, though all the other children were much older than he. He asked the question of each child, "What did you bring to Sabbath school?" and the child would answer and hold up a card. The answers were, "A Bible," "A donation," "A Sabbath school lesson," "A song," etc. After Red Sea had gone the rounds once and heard the answers, he began going around again, and the answers were obediently given; but when he

began going around the third time with the same questions, and when everyone was wondering how long he would keep it up, his father stepped up and told him that he had said enough. Little Red Sea only remembered that his father had made him ask the questions around and around when rehearsing. He did not know just how many times he had to do it, but he would trust his father to stop him when he had said enough.

The last number was the perfect attendance pupil, old lady Djang, who stepped forth with a smile and ascended the platform, glad to have a part on the program. As she was among the very few who could read, she had been appointed to read a resolution and a pledge on the Sabbath school goals,—Perfect Attendance, Daily Study, Earnest Giving, and Personal Work.

Altogether it was a very pleasant day, and the Sabbath school members of that lonely and dreary city went out to their homes with the sunlight of God's precious truth shining in their hearts.

**“Our burden for the ‘regions beyond’ can never be laid down until the whole earth shall be lightened with the glory of the Lord.”**  
—*“Testimonies,”* Vol. VI, p. 29.

## Sabbath, February 28

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 28:19, 20. Read the text, then have the school repeat it in concert.

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

READING: Sabbath School in the Forbidden City, Peking.

PRAYER: FOR our work and workers in Peking.

### Sabbath School in the Forbidden City, Peking

FREDERICK LEE

SABBATH school in the world famous Forbidden City of China is a thought to stir the imagination of the most romantic. Here the Son of Heaven, as the emperors of China were once known, abode in deep seclusion. The brethren and sisters of the Peking church had the peculiar experience of attending Sabbath school on several occasions within the vermillion walls surrounding the grand entrance to this place. In the spot that was forbidden to all but the personal attendants of the sacred person of the emperor, only twelve short years ago, in this place which in times past many a Westerner has risked his life to enter, the songs of the Sabbath school have ascended, and have been wafted by the breezes among the yellow-tiled gate towers of the sacred city. Here, in the shadow of the massive gate entrances and grand approaches built by the famous Yung Loh, the founder of Peking, the Sabbath schools of Peking met Sabbath after Sabbath during our evangelistic series. If the spirits of the dead emperors were still linger-

ing about the great courts, they would no doubt have been much startled by the gospel songs of the hated foreigner.

The Police Commissioner of the city of Peking had granted to us this wonderful spot upon which to pitch a tent and hold evangelistic meetings. It was a bold request that we made of him, after we had thought of the wonderful setting this would be for a tent effort. But a great envelope was received one day, which contained a letter from the Commissioner telling us that we could use the land and he would give us every protection needed. It was as surprising to us as to others when we were actually preaching the gospel for the last days in this spot. No one had ever attempted such a thing. Evangelistic meetings had been held in busy, dirty, temple courts, but none in such a quiet and dignified place as this. It is the exact center of Peking, and one of its most famous places.

During two such tent efforts, we organized a Sabbath school and called upon the four schools of the city to join us. It was indeed an interesting company who met there to worship God. There were men and women who had passed through many of the great trials of Peking revolutions and sieges. They had seen the imperial dynasty overturned. They had seen one gate after another opened. And now they were able to worship God in this revered spot at the very entrance to that famous city where the Empress Dowager had sat enthroned and defied the nations of the West and their God. All were wonderfully impressed with

the meaning of these things. Here was a great testimony to the fulfillment of God's words that the gospel should go to every nation. A revolution had taken place in order to open these gates to the preaching of the third angel's message.

As we met Sabbath after Sabbath and sang songs of praise, those passing along this approach to the Forbidden City, which had been recently opened to the public, would turn their heads and observe the company of orderly people in the neat tent situated in this famous spot. It was a wonderful opportunity to spread a knowledge of the third angel's message. Thereafter as we entered banks, stores, and shops all over the city, people would approach us and inquire about the meetings we had held in the Forbidden City. Many expressed their interest in the work we were doing.

We thank God for the wonderful opportunities we have had to witness for Him in this famous place. Many are searching the Word of God as a result of the work done there. In many a province men are revealing their interest in this message as a result of the words they heard beneath the tented tabernacle, pitched in the shadow of Yung Loh's famous gateway, which bears the name "The Peace of Heaven."

**Not what we gain but what we give  
Measures the worth of the life we  
live.**

## Sabbath, March 7

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Daniel 12:3. Read the text, then have the school repeat it in concert.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 570.

READING: A Church by Home Missionary Workers in Satan's Stronghold.

PRAYER: For the work and believers in southern Hunan.

### **A Church by Home Missionary Workers in Satan's Strong- hold**

C. H. DAVIS

IN southern Hunan there is a famous holy mountain called Nan Yoh. On the top of this mountain there are seven temples filled with numerous idols. These are cared for by many priests who keep the temples in order, chant prayers, and keep incense sticks continually burning. The mountain, temples, and gods are so famous that pilgrims come from all over China to worship, to be healed of diseases, and to protect their families from the wrath of their avenging gods. Some of the pilgrims have to walk many days to reach the mountain, and often the priests require them to go through severe penance while on the way, that the gods be not offended, or that their wrath may be appeased. Some of the pilgrims are required to fast from the time they leave their home, until after they have made the trip to the top of the mountain, worshiped, and arrived at their homes again. Often this requires a fast of one or two weeks, with the result that some die on the road. Others are required to bow and offer prayers

toward the mountain every five paces while on their pilgrimage.

In 1915 Djou Feng Lou, a native church member, went to live with his people at the foot of this mountain, and talked the truth to an old man named Liao Bu Ching, with the result that he accepted it. The old man is deaf, but his sight is still very good, and he studies his Bible carefully. In turn he labored earnestly and brought all his family into the truth. Their idols were torn down and destroyed. Since the old man's conversion, family worship has been faithfully conducted daily in his home, and every morning before taking up the duties of the day, they assemble and study the Sabbath school lesson. As a result of the faithfulness of this old deaf man, eight members of his family and a number of his relatives have been baptized. On one occasion two of his daughters-in-law invited the old father to dine with them. Prior to this time he had labored with them to get them to destroy their idols and worship the only true God, but these women clung to their heathen worship. The old man went to dinner, but on arriving he noticed that the idols were still kept in place and worshiped. He was unable to eat his dinner and wept bitterly. The women, seeing the father so affected, took the idols down, and have since accepted the truth.

About four years ago, after some members of the Liao family had been baptized, a severe trial came to the family. Liao Bu Ching had rented his farm from a rich landlord, and had

lived on the farm for over forty years. The landlord heard of his becoming a Christian, and holding worship in his home, and was afraid that the wrath of the gods would be stirred up, and he would not be able to get his rent from the Liao family or something would happen to destroy their home, so he served them notice to leave after the next harvest. An unusual thing happened that year. There was a drought in the district, and all crops with the exception of the Liao's were a failure, and those renting the farms were unable to pay the usual amount of rent. They could pay only three-fifths of the required amount. Liao had an exceptionally good year, with a better crop than he usually received, and so was the only tenant that could pay the landlord the full rent. This allayed the fears of the heathen landlord, and he notified Liao that he could continue on his farm.

Early in 1922 a church was organized, composed of Liao's family, and others from the district that had accepted the truth. The church decided that they wanted their own house of worship, and collected money among themselves for this purpose. They began building their own church toward the end of last year, and now they have a fine church building. The writer visited them while they were in the midst of their building work, and it was a sight to do one's heart good, to see people who were formerly heathen working hard and earnestly building a house in which to worship God. Besides raising money these



good, earnest country folks donated three hundred days of work. It was a labor of love; and while these members worked, they continually offered praise to God.

This little church is very active in doing missionary work, and they are winning new members from among their neighbors. This year we started another Sabbath school with nine members in a place twenty miles distant from their church. Some of the members of this new Sabbath school will soon be baptized, and probably in time another church will be organized, and this also was begun by a faithful member of the Beh Gwo church.

It certainly pays to take the truth to the country people of China, because some who turn from heathenism will eventually shine as stars in Christ's kingdom. Our people at home have the privilege of helping forward this good work by giving of their means, and by praying for God's rich blessing to rest on His work in the dark places of the earth.

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## Sabbath, March 14

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Isa. 49:12.

READING: Does It Pay?

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

PRAYER: For the students in our schools in China.

### Does It Pay?

MRS. O. A. HALL

SOON after our arrival in Shanghai fifteen years ago, we boarded a river steamer for Hankow, which place we reached in four days.

From there, after traveling two days by train, we reached Yen Cheng, Honan. This place is but three hundred miles from Hankow, but as the trains did not run at night, it took us two days to make the trip. Here we were met by one of our Chinese evangelists who helped us to secure a small boat, and on this we made the remaining forty miles of our journey into the interior.

It is always an interesting experience to the new missionary to arrive at his station, and to see his new home and the people among whom he is to labor.

Some say the Chinese all look alike to them at first, but this was not true in our case. We well remember one little boy who came with his parents to call on us as soon as we had come, and to give us a hearty welcome.

His round little face and bright eyes, and happy disposition soon made a warm place for him in our hearts. His name was Siao Ding. I do not know what Chinese characters were used in his name, but the same syllables, Siao Ding, mean a tack, and so I have always thought of him as a "tack" for surely he was as "sharp as a tack."

Every Sabbath we would see him come in to Sabbath school, carrying his big Bible, and his song-book under his arm. His long coat reaching to his ankles, with sleeves so long that they covered his hands,—for this is the style there,—his long braid of black hair hanging down from under his little round black cap with a red knob on top, altogether made him look like a little old man to us, as he

walked straight to the front seat in the chapel and took his seat. He did not sit and look around and get restless, but listened to every word the speaker said, always looking up the texts in his Bible with Chinese characters, which meant so little to us then; but which, nevertheless, are the same Word of God as we have.

This little boy attended church school in our compound. When he started to school he was given a new name as are all children in China. The school room was right back of our house, and as the children studied their lessons aloud, we would often hear Siao Ding's voice rising louder and louder as he became more and more interested in his study. His knowledge of God's Word and His truth increased continually as year after year he attended school.

His father was an evangelist and his mother a Bible woman. They were truly consecrated to God's work, willing to go anywhere, and do anything to which the Lord called them. One day the call came for them to go as "foreign" missionaries, way out into the most western province of China. True, they did not cross the waters, but it means much to the Chinese to go such a great distance from their old family home.

Siao Ding continued his studies in the church schools there, until he had finished all the work given, then he came that long trip to Shanghai to attend the Shanghai Missionary College, where he is now a very good student, and gives promise of becoming an excellent worker.

This boy, however, is not an exceptional case, there are many among our people in China of whom as much, or more, might be told; but we tell of this one only, as it shows what can be accomplished by labor for these little ones of the flock in China.

Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." His love embraces all, no matter of what race, or from what station in life they may come. We have seen little beggar children, who have been brought into the schools, cleaned up, and educated into the most promising workers.

Does it pay to give of our means and ourselves to carry forward this work? It does, not only in this life, but when Jesus comes and sees of the travail of His soul, and is satisfied, we, too, may share in His joy because of the sacrifice we have made. We will not wish for a cent back of what we have given, our only regret will be that we had not much more to give.

Let us make a covenant with our Lord by sacrifice and help all we can this quarter the work in Central and North China.

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## Sabbath, March 21

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "We are nearing the close of this earth's history; soon we shall stand before the great white throne. Soon your time for work will be forever past."—*Testimonies*, Vol. VII, p. 15.

READING: Old Djang Tai Tai.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 477, first two and fourth stanzas.

PRAYER: That we may give liberally of our means to needy China.

## Old Djang Tai Tai

FREDERICK LEE

SHE is an old lady of sixty-three years. I use the term lady intentionally, though she is rough, uncouth, and observes no etiquette whatever. Yet she must be called "lady," for she is educated, being the only woman in her village who can read. In her home village she has high standing, and is shown much deference. But to a foreigner, who is used to the trim ways and conventional manners of the ladies of the West, she is perfectly shocking.

To meet this old lady you would have to cross the ocean, travel far into the province of Shantung by train, and alight at the capital of Tsinanfu. You would not find her here unless you happened to arrive at the time of some provincial meeting, worker's institute, or evangelistic series. Then you would find her on the front seat listening intently to what was being said, though Tsinan is one hundred miles from her home. After the meeting she would take you by the hand after the Western fashion, and hold it until it was almost embarrassing. She always attends the meetings, whatever kind they may be. That is her life and happiness. It is for this reason that I am writing about her for the members of the Sabbath schools of the homeland. We often go many a mile and pass by most promising people without learning a lesson in steadfastness, and many times the most unlikely person will teach us the things we should learn.

But let us hasten on, for unless a meeting is on, we shall not find old lady Djang in Tsinan. We must travel two days by donkey or cart to the west of the province. Our course takes us along the south bank of the Yellow River. Everywhere there is evidence of the havoc wrought by this great river called "China's sorrow." The way is rough, and the farther we go, the rougher the way and the coarser the people. Soon we come to bandit-infested territory, which is every place in China where there are hills and mountains where the bandits may hide.

As we enter the chapel gate we are met at once by old lady Djang, who has never failed to greet us on the occasion of a special meeting.

During the intervals between meetings, old lady Djang invariably enters our room without warning, and sits down beside us to have a chat. She never wearies of telling of her happiness in the Lord, and of her perfect attendance record in the Sabbath school. She once showed me three cards she had received that year for perfect attendance and she expected to receive the fourth. Sometimes she becomes very personal, and asks us most personal questions. She likes to examine our clothes to see how they are made. Often she brings a little gift such as a sweet potato or a date bun she has brought with her from her home. She likes to taste of our food, and enjoys watching our every movement.

I was told by the evangelist that Djang Tai Tai was the best pupil in the Sabbath school

for perfect attendance though she had no watch or timepiece and lived four miles from the chapel. Even bad weather could not keep her away; and when she was staying with her daughter-in-law, thirteen miles away, she started off bright and early Sabbath morning, or the day before, and came hobbling in on her bound feet. When I asked her how she could do it, she laughed and said her feet hurt her no more. The Lord helped her and gave her strength. She said she could walk thirty miles in a day and not mind it much.

We cannot pass by these simple-hearted people with a smile. The love of Jesus is doing for them what it is not doing for many of us who are more enlightened. Judging by her present earnestness and steadfastness Djang Tai Tai may be among the first waiting at the gates of the New Jerusalem when they are opened to let in the redeemed.

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## A Little Child Can Serve

[For two tiny tots.]

*First Child:*

Like a little sunbeam,  
I would gleam and glow,  
Shining for my Saviour,  
Everywhere I go.

*Second Child:*

Like a little flower,  
Smiling sweet and bright,  
I would seek to gladden  
All who come in sight.

*Both:*

Tho' we're little, tho' we're weak,  
For our Saviour we can speak  
He'll accept us in His love,  
Smiling from His throne above.

— E. E. Hewitt.

## Sabbath, March 28

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 28:19, 20.

RECITATION: "Harry's Report."

DIALOGUE: How a Sabbath School in China Wins Souls to Christ.

RECITATION: A Little Child Can Serve.

SPECIAL MUSIC.

RECITATION: Shantung.

RECITATION: In a Foreign Land.

SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 545.

RECITATION: The Light That Shines the Farthest.

RECITATION: To Give Is to Live.

OFFERING.

PRAYER: That the Lord may bless our gifts to North and Central China.

### How a Sabbath School in China Wins Souls to Christ

FREDERICK LEE

[Chinese boy, aged eleven, named Paul, son of an evangelist. Chinese boy, aged ten, named Gwe Lin, son of a non-Christian shopkeeper. There are five mouths to feed in Gwe Lin's home, there being besides himself, his father, mother, grandmother, and little sister. His grandmother and mother are devout worshippers of the kitchen god and the goddess of Mercy. Twice each month they burn incense before the paper god pasted on the wall over the pot in which they cook their food. On the first and fifteenth of each month they make a trip to the temple of the Goddess of Mercy where they kowtow and worship with incense. The children must accompany them on these trips and likewise pay their respects to the famous idol. Both boys attend the primary school established by the Seventh-day Adventist Mission. Little Gwe Lin is permitted to attend this because of its reputation for high moral character, which Chinese respect wherever it is found. In summer, one Sabbath day, the two boys meet in the street.]

PAUL: Peace, Gwe Lin.

GWE LIN: Peace, Paul. Where are you going?

PAUL: I am going to Sabbath school.

GWE LIN: What, going to Sabbath school this hot day! I am glad that we are now having vacation so I do not have to go. I will have a fine time playing down at the city moat while



you are sweltering in that dead Sabbath school. I never saw anything interesting there. They just have the same dry thing over and over each Sabbath.

PAUL: You ought to come along to Sabbath school with me today and see how interesting it is since we have a new superintendent. He is very lively and has most interesting pictures on the blackboard each Sabbath, and the teacher of our Sabbath school class is a young man who always teaches the lesson in an interesting way.

GWE LIN: Well, that sounds good. I always went to sleep when I attended that class before. Do you remember how our teacher used to read all the sixteen or more questions as though he was reading a book? He never had anything interesting to tell about the lesson. I got tired of going, so when school closed I decided that I was not going to Sabbath school this summer.

PAUL: You had better come along to Sabbath school with me today, and see how interesting everything is. Our superintendent asked us to look up all the boys and girls who used to come, and bring them to Sabbath school with us. And here you are. I know the superintendent will be glad to see you.

GWE LIN: I think I will go with you and see how things are. I like to hear those stories out of the Bible.

[Off they go to Sabbath school.]

[After Sabbath school, while on their way home.]

PAUL: How did you like the Sabbath school today, Gwe Lin?

GWE LIN: Oh, I enjoyed it very much. I am coming every Sabbath now. I want to be on time and never miss a Sabbath. My teacher is fine, and he says that if I will come every Sabbath for three months he will give me a very pretty card, and if I come every Sabbath for a year, the superintendent will write to the lady who looks after all the Sabbath schools in North China, and she will send me a pretty picture with my name written on it, and two silk ribbons attached.

PAUL: You must try to bring your mother and sister when you come again. Here is home. I will see you again.

[Next Sabbath the boys again meet on the street.]

PAUL: Peace, peace, here you are again with your clean clothes on. But where are your mother and sister?

GWE LIN: Peace, peace. Yes, I thought I ought to clean up better than I was last Sabbath. Everything was so nice and clean at the chapel, and the room looked so beautiful with the flowers the superintendent and the teachers brought I was ashamed of the way I looked. I am sorry that mother would not come with me, and she would not let my little sister come along.

PAUL: That is too bad. What is the trouble?

GWE LIN: When I went home last Sabbath I told mother all about the good time I had at the Jesus Hall, and also something about the story I heard. I then asked her to go with me next Sabbath and take sister along.

PAUL: What did she say to that?

GWE LIN: She became so angry that she almost beat me. She cursed and said she would never go to those "foreign devil" places. Said she was afraid that something dreadful might happen to her, and she did not want me to go there any more. Of course she did not beat me, for she would never do that to her only son. She lets me do just what I please, so today I came away without saying a word to her.

PAUL: Let me tell you one way that will help to bring your mother to Sabbath school. Every day be obedient to her. Always be cheerful and happy. Never speak any bad words. Look around and find helpful things you can do for your mother and grandmother. Sometimes you can sing a Sabbath school song to your sister or tell her one of the Bible stories you have heard.

GWE LIN: Yes, that is right. I will try to remember that. Here we are at the Gospel Hall, and we are just on time.

[Next Autumn, one Sabbath day.]

PAUL: Have you eaten?

GWE LIN: I have eaten.

PAUL: How glad I am the summer is over. This is the first Sabbath in the new quarter. The superintendent is going to give out the cards with the blue seals for perfect attendance, and the red seals for dally study. I have worked hard to get one of these cards with both seals. Will you receive one?

GWE LIN: I believe that I will, for I have not missed a Sabbath since I began coming, and you remember that was on the sixth moon. I have studied my lesson at home every day, too. Mother would often wonder what I was so industrious about, for I used to be always running about the streets with the bad boys. Sometimes when I was teaching the lesson to my

little sister, mother would listen with one ear.

PAUL: I believe that your mother knows that you are a different boy since you began coming to Sabbath school. If you keep on doing right, she will come along with you just to see what it is that is doing you so much good.

GWE LIN: Yes, mother knows that I am different. She thinks it very strange. This week she took me and little sister to the temple. I helped carry her bundles, but when she asked me to bow down to the idol I would not do that. I told her that I would only worship the true God in heaven. She did not force me to bow down as she used to do. I am going to try hard to get her to come to Sabbath school this quarter.

[Another Sabbath day after Sabbath school.]

PAUL: I see your mother has been coming to Sabbath school for a number of weeks. Is that your little sister and grandmother who come with her?

GWE LIN: Yes, mother and sister have been coming for five Sabbaths. They like it better and better. Mother says that what she hears in Sabbath school brings such a peace to her heart as she has never known before. She says that she believes that the Jesus whom we worship is the true Saviour, and that she will never again go to the Goddess of Mercy.

PAUL: That is just grand. I believe that you will be able to have your whole family in Sabbath school some day.

GWE LIN: Yes, father is much interested. He says that since mother and sister and I began coming to Sabbath school, there is more peace in the home. He is becoming much interested in this Jesus whose teachings can change one's life so much. Mother asked the pastor today if she could join the next baptismal class.

PAUL: How glad I am that I asked you to come to Sabbath school with me that day last summer.

GWE LIN: Yes, I am glad too, for we are all so much happier in our home than we used to be.

**Give a liberal offering to North  
and Central China**

## In a Foreign Land

MAY C. KUHN

It is wrong to long  
For the faces of my friends ;  
In vain the pain  
I try to quell. Time rends  
The wound anew ; alas !  
It is wrong to long  
For the green trees and the river,  
Sweet days,  
And pleasant ways,—  
All the joy the mighty Giver  
Lent me long ago. Alas !  
It is wrong !  
For a throng  
Of hungry faces all round  
Burn into my heart,  
Scorch my inmost part,  
With their fiery eyes,  
Hollow eyes.

When I sleep,  
Still they keep  
Looking at me, calling to me ;  
Suffering, torturing eyes, they woo me  
From my sleep,  
Till I creep  
From my bed to look on high  
Where the stars go marching by,  
And there are no hungry eyes,  
Starving eyes.

Great God,  
Who trod  
This sin-defiled and cruel earth,  
Away from home,  
Where, since thou hadst thy birth,  
Didst deign to roam for thirty years,  
Grant me a heart of love  
To give my treasure trove  
Unto these of the sad, rebuking eyes ;  
Teach me Thy love ;  
Help me to give full free  
The joy I know in Thee,  
And bring these to Thy home,  
Thy home above.

## The Light that Shines the Farthest

We may not cross the ocean wide  
And sail to lands afar ;  
We may not sit at the heathen's side  
Or reach some distant star.

We may not be a beacon light  
That shines out o'er the wave ;  
But candlelight makes the beacon bright,  
Its flicker may help to save.

Yes, we can live as Christ lived here,  
And do our part each day;  
Through words of love and help and cheer  
Our light may shed some ray.

We need not cross our threshold o'er,  
Afar we need not roam;  
"For the light that shines the farthest,  
Shines the brightest nearest home."

—L. A. Wilcox.

## Shantung

Shantung, the northern province  
Of all those in the East;  
The last one to be entered,  
Although in need not least,  
Where none but native workers  
Have heretofore been sent,—  
'Tis this, the needy province,  
I wish to represent.

'Tis true we have one worker—  
This summer just gone by—  
Who went up there for *health's* sake,  
For fear he else might die,  
And, while his health regaining,  
Is doing what he can  
To tell about the Saviour  
Who gave His life for man.

Yet, nestling in the valleys,  
Or studding thick the plains,  
Are villages, all swarming  
(In markets and in lanes)  
With denser population  
Than any other part;  
Think! thirty-eight full millions—  
All hungering in heart!

And hungry, too, in body,  
Since poor the crops and soil,  
With drought and floods acquainted,  
Yet men of patient toil,  
From whom arose Confucius  
And others strong of mind;  
Ah, what will be the harvest  
When once the *truth* they find!

If "in this generation"  
These millions you would reach,  
Some one must go (and quickly!)  
God's blessed Word to preach.  
No folk more honest-hearted,  
More sturdy are, than these;  
I plead for help, for workers  
Among the Shantungese!  
—Pearl Waggoner Howard.

## Harry's Report

You know just how it hurts us boys  
To save and give up things;  
'Most always it's the little girls  
That bring their offerings.  
But when the missionary came,  
About a year ago,  
She made us boys feel sort o' bad,  
Because we didn't show  
Much interest in the mission band,  
Mite boxes, and such stuff;  
She told us how they needed men,  
And how there weren't enough  
To fight the battles of the Lord  
Out in the mission lands,  
And asked us what we meant to do  
With all our brains and hands.  
She said: "God wants you for His work;  
And here is where you start,  
By doing all these little things,  
Each boy his own small part."  
We boys got quiet while she talked—  
We had been wiggling some  
And eating things, and Jimmie Blake  
He had been chewing gum.  
But when we saw tears in her eyes,  
And when she talked so good,  
We listened, and I guess she knew  
That we all understood.  
So then me and another boy,  
We lifted up our hands,  
To show that we would help along  
The boys in heathen lands.  
And then the rest, they joined in, too;  
I didn't think they would,  
But mother says it's always so  
In things that's bad or good;  
Somebody has to start the thing,  
And not stand back and whine;  
And Ma was glad that day to see  
The first hand up was mine.  
So then we boys just did our best  
To work and earn and save;  
You'd laugh to see how much it was—  
The money that we gave;  
And when we brought it to the church,  
To put it with the rest,  
The minister he said, "Well, now,  
The boys have done the best."  
So now we're bound to keep it up;  
And when we're grown to men,  
Perhaps we'll raise our hands again,  
If we are wanted then.

—L. A. S., in "Missionary Speaker."

## To Give Is to Live

[An exercise for eight kindergarten children]

*First Child:*

"To give, is to live" I've heard it said;  
I more than half believe it;  
To send a gift is better far  
Than simply to receive it.

*Second Child:*

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

*Third Child:*

How many, in this world of ours,  
The things we have are needing!  
Dear little ones, who know not God,  
Are for the Bible pleading.

*Fourth Child:*

"Go ye . . . and teach all nations."

*Fifth Child:*

We have our churches, homes, and schools,  
Our noble, helpful teachers,  
Shall not we gladly, freely share  
With all our fellow creatures?

*Sixth Child:*

"How then shall they call on Him in whom  
they have not believed? and how shall they  
believe in Him whom they have not heard?  
and how shall they hear without a preacher?  
and how shall they preach, except they be  
sent?"

*Seventh Child:*

Now on this happy thirteenth Sabbath  
Let's open heart and purses,  
Thus shall we show our gratitude  
For blessings God disperses.

*Eighth Child:*

"God loveth a cheerful giver."

*All:*

"Give, and it shall be given unto you,  
good measure, pressed down, and shaken to-  
gether."

—Adapted.

