

MISSIONS QUARTERLY

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A Yaqui Mother and Her Children

Topic: The Indians of Inter-America

Sabbath, April 2

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: John 3: 16.

READING: The Official Notice.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 510,
first and second stanzas.

PRAYER: That we may do our part to give the
third angel's message to the Indians of
Inter-America.

Official Notice

Nov. 5, 1926.

TO OUR SABBATH SCHOOLS EVERYWHERE.

DEAR FRIENDS:

THERE is a cry coming to us from the Indians of Inter-America which should touch our hearts as Sabbath by Sabbath we meet to study the Word of God and listen to the need of the Indians in Mexico, and northern parts of South America.

The information pressing in to the General Conference indicates very plainly the opening providence of God in the work in Inter-America, both among the Indians and other peoples of that far-flung field.

We are asking the Sabbath schools to provide \$98,000 toward the support of work already in hand in Inter-America, with the understanding that any amount above that will be used in advance work, especially among Indians where it seems the way is definitely opening to send the message.

The call to advance and enter new territory should challenge and arouse our Sabbath schools again to give freely on this thirteenth Sabbath. We should do still more this time as the manifest leadings of our Peerless Leader

call us to send these needy people the bread of life.

Very sincerely,

J. L. SHAW,

Treasurer of the General Conference.

Sabbath, April 9

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "The commission that Christ gave to His disciples just before His ascension is the great missionary charter of His kingdom."—"*Testimonies*," Vol. VIII, p. 14.

READING: Call of the Indians in Inter-America.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 532.

PRAYER: In behalf of our work and workers in the Sonora Mission.

Call of the Indians in Inter-America

E. E. ANDROSS

[Vice-President for Inter-America]

WITHIN the borders of Inter-America which includes Mexico, the five Central American Republics, Panama, Colombia, Venezuela, British, Dutch and French Guiana, the West India Islands, including the Bahamas, is to be found a great task—one that we can hardly say we have as yet touched; and that is, the work of carrying the third angel's message to the millions of aboriginal Indians speaking many different tongues. In some parts, this work may be accomplished with the Spanish language as a medium of communication; but in most parts the vernacular of the people must be mastered by the missionary,

and in numerous parts the Bible must yet be given to them in their own tongue.

The Indian Work in Mexico

The Yaqui [yă'kē] Indians, a savage tribe in the northwestern part of the Aztec Union which for years has been a fierce antagonist of the white race, have repeatedly, through their chiefs, urged us to establish work among them, assuring us protection.

The superintendent of the Sonora Mission, embracing a large Indian territory and including the Yaquis, writes of gathering the first fruits from this tribe. He says:

"This year we must have two mission stations for the Yaqui Indians, one on the El Fuente River [el-fwěn'tā], and one in the Huicholo [hu-ē-chō'lō] country, both of which are populous districts."

Farther to the south we have many believers from various Indian tribes, and a number of churches. We have no more loyal or devoted, self-sacrificing people anywhere than these Indians. No more precious fruit can be found anywhere than that which is fast ripening in this field; and judging from recent experiences, and every tangible evidence, I believe it may be gathered in great abundance.

Recently Elder E. P. Howard, superintendent of the Guatemala-Salvador Mission, made a preliminary visit to the Indians of Guatemala, where there are said to be 1,250,000 pure-blood Indians. The majority speak the Quiche [kē-chā'] language, or a similar dialect understood by those who speak the Quiche

and the Mäm languages. About 200,000 of these Indians have the Bible and 2,000 have professed Protestantism. Brother Howard writes:

“These Indians belong to the great Quiche tribe of Guatemala, and strange to say, I found several words they were using practically the same as the Aymaras [i-mä-räz’] of Lake Titicaca.”

Here seems to be a wonderful field of opportunity that is completely opened before us, with everything that we could desire inviting us to enter and take possession. Catholicism in its worst form is in possession at present, but the people are independent, and, at least in some parts, they seem to be dissatisfied with the priests, and long for something better.

The Talamancas of Panama Appeal for Help

We now pass on through Central America far to the southwest, leaving behind us many tribes of Indians, each one of which must hear this message, and that soon. We come to the Talamancas [tä-lä-män’käs], a tribe dwelling in Panama, a peaceful people, with many of the characteristics of the Mayas [mä’yäs] of Yucatan. Some of our people in the Bōcäs del Tōrō district became acquainted with a chief of this tribe who urgently requested that a Bible teacher be sent to his people.

The “Davis” Indians of Guiana

Far to the East, past the Chibchas [chēb’-chäs] of Colombia, who anciently had a rela-

tively high degree of civilization, not stopping at still other tribes of that great country, beyond the Orinocos [o-ri-nō'kōs] of Venezuela, we come to the Caribs [kar'ibz] in the wilds of British Guiana. Here in 1911 Elder O. E. Davis laid down his life that he might proclaim the good news of salvation to these children of the forest. After having labored undoubtedly far beyond his strength, he was unable to resist an attack of the dreaded blackwater fever. He died alone among his Indian converts, having no experienced hands to minister to him in this trying hour. They had learned to love him, and now with sad hearts they laid his body to rest in their quiet uplands. He had lived, however, to baptize around three hundred of these primitive people, and had organized three churches. Fourteen years passed by before the fervid appeals of these lonely brethren, far removed from civilization, in a well-nigh inaccessible region, were answered by the visit of Brethren W. E. Baxter and C. B. Sutton in October, 1925.

Now the people, scattered over the territory far beyond the bounds of Brother Davis' early influence, have learned of the heaven-sent message, and earnestly appeal to us that the same sweet story be taught to them. Can we deny this appeal?

We are sure that the hearts of our dear people in the homeland will respond to the audible, and also the mute but eloquent, appeals of these millions, whose brothers in the flesh to the south have responded, and are

still responding by the thousands to the earnest efforts of our missionaries; and have suffered persecution even unto death for the faith they love better than life.

Sabbath, April 16

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 24: 14.

READING: God's Providences Waiting for Us.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 370.

PRAYER: That the Lord will richly bless the workers in the Central Mexican Mission.

God's Providences Waiting for Us

C. E. MOON

[Superintendent of the Sonora Mission]

THE Lord is going before us in a remarkable manner. Everywhere are indications that the Lord's plan is to do a quick work through the power of His Spirit on all flesh. We have been waiting on the Lord to this end, but the time has come when the Lord is now waiting on us to be gracious to us and to give us a part in His work. (See Isa. 30: 18.)

From Tepic [tā-pek'] in the southern part, Brother Alvarado writes of his plans to attend to interests in two nearby towns where people are waiting to hear the truth.

From Mexicali [mēx-i-cä'lē] in lower California, comes this good word, "Come over at once. The people are just hungry for the truth. There were twenty-seven last Sabbath in our Sabbath school, and many are interested." From Guamochil [gwä-mō-kēl'] in

Sinaloa [sē-nä-lō'ä], comes word of an entire family of twelve keeping the Sabbath and wanting to know the truth. Brother Cruz, our veteran colporteur, found them and tells us that they had a Bible, but were neither Catholic nor Protestant. Brother Cruz also tells of several in El Fuerte [el-fwēr'ta] accepting the truth.

In a place called Los Mochis [lōs-mō'kus] a minister and sixty people are interested to know the truth. They send this appeal: "Let nothing keep you from coming here at once as people are deciding for the truth." We need at least four more laborers for this great unentered field.

In a letter that came to the Union office in Mexico City, we have been asked by a Yaquí [yä'kē] chief to commence work among his people. He tells us that the instruction of our teachers is exactly what his tribe needs. This tribe in the region of the Yaquí River in Mexico, is composed of robust men and women of the Nahuatlan family. They possess the heritage of a noble and honorable character.

The President of the Republic, General Plutarco Elias Calles [kä'yäs], after reading a book on our work among the Indians of Peru, recommended it to the director of the department of Indian schools. All the officials in the department of Indian education recognize the value of our work for the Indians of Mexico; and that feeling of appreciation is felt by others.

In a recent trip through the field, we found

a ready response for medical missionary work among the Indians. One young Indian who accepted the truth, longs to enter one of our schools to be trained for service. At another time when holding meetings among some Indians, I met a young man who came some distance to attend the services. He had learned that the seventh day is the Sabbath; and had also decided to keep it. So he told his six peons who were working for him to come on Sunday, if they desired, otherwise he would employ others. I have never met more earnest people anywhere than those I found in this place. At night they followed me to town for further study. I was kept busy night and day.

This whole country is ripe for the message. We must at this time make a mighty effort to save these Indians. They are wonderful people. But up to the present time we have had to cut down on our budget; and these needy fields have had to wait. May God help us to go and to give until every nation has heard the message.

Sabbath, April 23

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "Heavenly angels have long been waiting for human agents—the members of the church—to co-operate with them in the great work to be done."
—*"Testimonies," Vol. IX, pp. 46, 47.*

READING: Many Accepting the Truth.

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

PRAYER: A few sentence prayers in behalf of the work and workers in this Mission.

Many Accepting the Truth

H. J. WINTER

[Superintendent of the Central Mexican Mission]

WHILE on a trip we saw a great interest in the third angel's message in almost every little village and town. Hearing the calls for help, I turned to Elder Parsons and asked him: "What does all this mean?" He answered: "This is the outpouring of the latter rain." And, brethren, this is the only way that I can explain this progress of the message in the Central Mexican Mission.

Sister Sanchez, our Bible worker in the State of Puebla [puã'bla], reports that she has forty Bible readers awaiting baptism. We are planning to visit this company soon and baptize them. We hope to organize at least two churches there. Sister Sanchez also reports many calls for help that she is unable to answer.

In the mountains, three days' journey on muleback from the railroad, a group of forty people began to keep the Sabbath and to pay their tithe faithfully. They kept this up for a year before a conference worker could visit them. After studying with them for a short time, twenty-five were baptized and a church was organized. Many others attended the meetings, some walking forty or fifty miles over mountain trails, sitting with bleeding feet, and literally drinking in the gospel story. Near this same place are four other villages where forty persons are awaiting baptism.

Through the printed page and the efforts of one of our native evangelists a great interest

sprung up in the State of Guerrero [gĕr-rā'rō]. About thirty people were baptized some time ago; and the last word we received from the Indian evangelist there was that five hundred are keeping the Sabbath.

Down among the Aztec Indians the truth somehow got hold of a young man about twenty-four years old. At once there rolled on to his heart a burden for his people; so he took some literature and returned to his tribe. The Indians would gather around him and listen attentively as he read. They did not have a preacher; but they decided to build a chapel, and to serve God according to the teaching of the literature.

They carried stones on their heads and shoulders two kilometers, or more than one mile, and erected a neat little building with a seating capacity for fifty persons. When this chapel was finished they built their bamboo huts around it; and sent a petition to the mission office for a worker. They lived two days' muleback ride from the railroad; but our Bible worker went down to give them further instruction and they all decided to take their stand fully for God and His truth.

When the minister came to baptize them, they were overjoyed, and presented their chapel as a thank offering to the Lord. When the worker was about to leave, an old man came to him and with tears in his eyes, said, "Brother, I love the Lord; and I want to be faithful to this message till Jesus comes."

During 1925 we baptized 130 such people. At this writing, 1926 has not yet closed; but

we have a baptismal class of several hundred and plan to baptize a good number of them before December 31. We are praying that additional workers may be speeded to this needy field to gather the drooping grain.

Sabbath, April 30

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Isa. 58:6. Read the text, then have the school repeat it in concert.

READING: The Macedonian Call from Tehuantepec.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 544.

PRAYER: That the call for a teacher for these Indians may soon be answered.

The Macedonian Call From Tehuantepec

J. B. NELSON

[Superintendent of the Tehuantepec Mission]

FROM as far north as the famous port of Vera Cruz, Mexico, and south to the border of Guatemala, cutting off the peninsula of Yucatan, lies the isthmus part of Mexico and one of the most beautiful garden spots of the tropics. This great stretch of beautiful forests, fruits, flowers, rivers, mountains, and plains holds a population of about two million pure-blooded Indians of different tribes. Some of these tribes still speak their own tribal tongue and are unfamiliar with the Spanish language. Near some of their villages are to be found the ancient ruins of great cities and temples, rivaling and resembling Egyptian and Babylonian architecture, built by their ancestors

but destroyed by the Spanish conquest or former conquests by other people.

Though the country fairly bristles with Catholic cathedrals and the people have been professedly Christian for over three hundred years, yet from 70 to 90 per cent of these Indians can neither read nor write. In some of the more tropical and remote parts, the people live in absolute nudity, and in other parts they are very scantily clad. All kinds of vices, drunkenness, and other debauchery reign unchecked. The better houses are of native brick or adobe, but the majority of natives live in crude straw or palm huts amid the most unsanitary conditions imaginable. They are ignorant of the simplest sanitation and modern treatment of diseases, though surrounded by all kinds of tropical fevers, and plagues. The mortality of their infants is from 30 to 50 per cent, and one often wonders when visiting in some localities that any infants can survive under their natural environment.

As a result of our work among these people, a great change has been wrought. Our converts, now numbering nearly seven hundred, are learning sanitary living and simple modern treatments for diseases. They are truly a noble people, and many of them are making great sacrifices to save their people.

One good old sister learned to read her Bible after accepting the message at an advanced age. As soon as she could read her Bible sufficiently to study with others, she began visiting her neighbors and telling them

of this great message. Soon she left her native village to visit others, carrying with her Bibles, song books, and such of our literature as her poor countrymen could buy. She has been a faithful self-supporting worker, bringing about one hundred people into this message during the past few years. Although unable to read or write script she continues her work, walking from village to village, and depending on the strangers she meets to write her letters to the mission office, when more literature is needed.

This faithful servant brought the truth to a baker who was so grateful to God that he dedicated the proceeds of his bakery to building a church in his village, where we now have a good company of believers. Since then this good brother has been giving practically all his profits to the work.

A young man who recently accepted the message and who was working in an oil refinery, learned of a plot on the part of a group of disgruntled strikers to assault and perhaps kill one of the oil company officials. Our young brother informed the official of this plot and was rewarded by the company with three hundred pesos, or \$150. Instead of using this money for self-gratification, he has been using part of it to help him to visit some new companies of isolated believers and further instruct them in the message, so that they may soon be ready for baptism. With the rest of his money he plans to attend the Spanish academy at Phoenix, Ariz., and prepare himself for evangelistic work in Mexico.

Many other incidents might be related, demonstrating that the gospel is making of our benighted Mexican people just as trustworthy, intelligent, self-sacrificing Christian workers as can be found anywhere in Latin-America.

Only one church school has been established and each one of our thirty churches and companies is woefully in need of a school. These schools call for equipment and teachers. Whole states and other large districts are yet unentered, and we need workers. All this calls for money. This money will purchase the liberty and relieve the death sentence now passed upon thousands and millions of Indians who are pleading for our help. Unless we can soon raise the money for this life-saving work, these poor people must sink forever into the hopeless doom of their condition. May God move upon the hearts of those who have the salvation of these Indians in their pocketbooks, to *Give and Save*.

Will you not make your offering on the Thirteenth Sabbath a liberal one?

Sabbath, May 7

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "The world is to be warned, and God's people are to be true to the trust committed to them."—"*Testimonies*," Vol. IX, p. 19.

READING: Among the Indians of Guatemala.

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

PRAYER: That the Lord will help us to give a liberal offering that the message may be taken to these waiting people.

Among the Indians of Guatemala

ELLIS P. HOWARD

[Superintendent of the Guatemala-Salvador
Mission]

EVER since arriving in this field our hearts have gone out to the great Indian population of which we had heard, and representatives of whom we have often seen on the public highways or on their trips through the cities. We were anxious to visit them in their own territory, see for ourselves the conditions under which they live, and the opportunities for establishing a mission in their midst.

With this in mind, another worker and I left the automobile road at Totonicapan [tō-tō-nē-kä-pän'], and, with two Indians to carry our luggage, climbed on foot a steep, rocky road for several hours. This led us to the top of the hill, where the altitude is 9,500 feet above sea level. Few Indians live at that altitude for it is too cold for good farming. However, we saw many sheep grazing on the short grass, and some excellent patches of oats in the more favored spots.

The top of this hill proved to be a small plateau, which we soon crossed, then we began to descend. At about six thousand feet we reached the Indian village of Nahuala [nä-wäl'ä] where we rested and had lunch. These Indians belong to the great Quiche [kē-chā'] tribe. Presently we found ourselves winding up another steep road, though not so high as the former. About dusk we arrived at the Indian village of Santa Catarina. [kä-tä-rē'na]. These two villages, just men-

tioned, are pure Indian towns. They will not allow any white man to live among them except the priest and school teacher. All dress in primitive homespun woolen skirts, retaining their old customs in dress. Each section of Guatemala has its own style. The more primitive they are, the less danger there is of their being called to military service.

These villages proper are small, the people living on their own little farms spreading out all around up on to the hillsides. They raise corn and potatoes for a living, and nearly always keep a cow or two and a few chickens. They seem happy and content with little. In Nahuala and Santa Catarina they govern themselves, but this is not true in most of the towns in Guatemala. However, the pure-blooded Indian lives mostly in the country. In these two places they will allow no drinking. If one is caught drunk he is whipped and jailed until he sobers up. The Indians have some good ideals and laws. But in most places drink is sold, and the Indian has many bad habits to overcome.

The mayor gave me permission to sleep in his office in Santa Catarina. My native companion and I put our blankets together and made our bed on a table in the corner in preference to the damp, cold, brick floor. We were so tired there was little difficulty in sleeping. In the morning we took a number of pictures and prepared to start for Santa Lucia.

But before leaving I felt something must be said about the truth. Only the chief secretary and one other understood Spanish, so I ad-

dressed these. Among other things I said,

"Do you know that we are living in the end of this world's history, and that the signs all indicate that the Saviour is coming back soon to take His obedient people home to heaven, and to put an end to sin?"

"Yes," responded the secretary, "but before Christ comes there is to be a judgment."

I was surprised at his answer but said, "Yes, the investigative judgment is in session now and will soon be finished."

He seemed anxious to talk and went on to say, "After the judgment, Christ will come again and take His people to heaven for a thousand years, and then we will live on the new earth."

As I understood that no work had ever been done among these Indians, I turned to Adrian, my companion, in astonishment, and asked where this man could have learned so much. He said, "I remember four years ago I passed through here and sold a medical book to the priest and gave a small book each to the school teacher and to this secretary." On questioning the Indian secretary, he said that he had read the little book and wanted to read the one given to the school teacher, but that it had been destroyed. The few seeds of truth left there, however, had evidently found lodgment in his heart and been grasped as truth. How we long for the coming of a worker who can locate among these people to water the few seeds already sown, and also to reach the remaining thousands who are still in total darkness!

In another town larger than this one, we saw hundreds of Indians burning incense on a stone altar, bowing down and praying to the spirits of the dead.

There are 1,200,000 pure-blooded Indians in Guatemala, speaking twenty-two languages and dialects; though for the most part they can understand each other.

Has not the hour struck when we should move forward to finish the work? It seems like a large task, but with God's help, and imbued with His Spirit, we must reach these neglected people. We should plant a mission station among them, and then, when His people are ready, the Lord will finish the work speedily. I do pray that our people will respond with a liberal offering on the coming thirteenth Sabbath.

Sabbath, May 14

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

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

READING: The Call of the Talamancas.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 720.

PRAYER: That the force of workers in this field may be strengthened, so that the cry of the waiting millions may be answered.

The Call of the Talamancas

A. V. LARSON

[Field and Home Missionary Secretary of the West Caribbean Conference]

THE Talamanca [tä-lä-män'kä] Indians live in the mountains in the interior of Panama. One day one of their number met one of our

believers living farther south, and asked that a teacher be sent to his people. From this brother the Indian received the promise that at some favorable time such a teacher would be sent to them. Rejoicing in the expectation that his request would soon be granted, he returned to his home.

Several months later he came to inquire why his request had not been granted. The brethren could only reply that as yet we had no teacher to send to them or money for his support; but they hoped that soon we could send one. The chief reminded them of their promise to send one at a favorable time.

Soon after his return, the chief, seeing the weather was favorable, gathered his people in a large valley where they supposed the teacher would pass on his way to them. At night they kept large bonfires burning so the teacher would not pass by without finding them. After four or five days of anxious vigil their supply of food was exhausted, and regretfully, sorrowfully, they returned to their homes in the mountains without having greeted their long-looked-for teacher.

Later, when the weather again was favorable, they repeated this experience. This they did several times, each time, however, with the same disappointment.

How long? O, how long shall we keep them vainly waiting?

Can I? Dare I?

PEARL WAGGONER HOWARD

MANY lives by sin are darkened,
With their skies as lead above,
Feeling naught but heavy burdens,
Knowing not a Saviour's love.
Jesus loves me,—died for sinners!
Can I keep such news alone?
Can I taste its wondrous sweetness
And not strive to make it known?

Many seek the virgin Mary—
From the living to the dead!
Yet their pleadings—oh the pity!—
Rise no higher than the head.
I, who know a Saviour living,
Know His intercession kind,
Can I, dare I, not present Him
To relieve their gropings blind?

Many hear of threatened earthquake;
And their hearts grow faint with dread—
Read of storms and wars and famine,
With no ray of light ahead.
Knowing these are simply signals
That our King is at the door,
Dare I walk in selfish silence,
And their piteous fears ignore?

Can I hope with joy to meet Him,
Or in peace, with conscience clear,
If I fail to spread the tidings
That His coming draweth near?
To calamities approaching
Dare I leave them with heads bared,
Thus to face the day of vengeance
Of their God all unprepared?

Jesus is my Lord and Master,
He has died to save the lost;
In His footsteps if I follow
Will my patience soon exhaust?
Can I joy in Christ my Saviour
Yet to these not make Him known?
Never! Yea, nor empty-handed
Can I e'er be saved alone!

Sabbath, May 21

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "In a special sense Seventh-day Adventists have been set in the world as watchmen and light-bearers. To them has been entrusted the last warning for a perishing world."—*"Testimonies," Vol. IX, p. 19.*

READING: The Cry of the Great Llanos.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 474.

PRAYER: In behalf of the work among the Llanos.

The Cry of the Great Llanos

MRS. E. E. ANDROSS

[Sabbath School and Missionary Volunteer Secretary for the Inter-American Division]

DURING the general meeting in Venezuela, Brother Julio Garcia, one of our Indian workers there, made a very touching appeal in behalf of the great llanos [lyä'nōs], as the interior plains of Venezuela are called. In one section 200,000 civilized Indians are calling loudly for missionaries. Pastor L. J. Borrowdale and Brother Julio Garcia have been working there, and have touched the lives of a few of these fine, promising people.

With tears in his eyes, Brother Julio Garcia pled for more workers for the llanos. He said in substance, "Toss up a Seventh-day Adventist missionary and let him drop anywhere in the llanos and in a short time he would establish a church there. As yet no denomination has settled among the Indians of this section. The Catholic priests have visited and baptized some; but there are not even ten priests in the entire district. These people are without religion. Friends, they are waiting for us."

We rejoice that at Camaguan, a town in the llanos, 250 miles from any railroad, we have a church of about sixty members and a school with fifty children in attendance. Many of the children in this school come from Catholic homes.

But the llanos where Brethren Borrowdale and Garcia have been working, are not the only places calling for help. The Macedonian cry comes from other parts where Venezuela's millions await the light whose dawning maketh all things new. One young man from a very different part of the country had been an Adventist only about four months; but he said he had fifteen or sixteen families interested. You will be glad to know that arrangements to answer his call for help were under way when the meeting closed.

Other Venezuelan believers aside from these have developed speedily into earnest, successful workers for the Master. A former merchant is now bearing the burden of the tract society work. About three years ago one of the new recruits in the colporteur work was a farmer, who also kept a small wayside inn in the heart of the llanos. Somehow he learned of a religion that was worth while; and he also heard that one of the representatives of that religion was named "Baxter." Hungry to be taught the way of truth, he obtained a Bible; and then he tacked on his house a board bearing the reference of "Revelation 22: 12." "If a missionary passes here and sees this," he said in his heart, "he will know that I am a Protestant."

God did not forget this honest seeker for truth. One day as Pastor Baxter and others were on a missionary tour into the interior, they noticed a large tree near the road and also a house nearby, where possibly they could get some water to drink; so they decided to stop there to eat their lunch. As they were eating, a native came out to them, saying: "Is your name Baxter?" A look of surprise spread over the faces in the group. But the point of contact was made. God had brought the seeker for truth in touch with the seekers for souls; and today this honest-hearted farmer is carrying a knowledge of the blessed truth that transformed his own life, to others waiting in darkness.

The forces in Venezuela, however, are not able to harvest the overripe grain speedily. They are too slender for this.

In Venezuela honest hearts are waiting anxiously for the time when men and means will make it possible to lengthen cords and strengthen stakes to include them. May God hasten that day!

Sabbath, May 28

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "Let us begin to work for those who have not had the light."—*"Testimonies," Vol. IX, p. 107.*

READING: Rather Die Than Be Unfaithful.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 476, first and second stanzas.

PRAYER: In behalf of the faithful believers in this field.

Rather Die Than Be Unfaithful

O. C. BARRETT

[Secretary and Treasurer of the Tehuantepec Mission]

HE was only a poor Indian; yet who could have done better when brought face to face with death than did this noble hero of the Cross? But I must go back in my story. One evening a telegram came, calling me to go at once to endeavor to secure the release of this Indian and one of our Mexican workers, both of whom had been condemned and sentenced to be shot very early the next morning.

When I arrived, I found things a bit worse than I had anticipated. The authorities had Brother Sanches and this Indian brother, who is the leader of the little company of believers in that place, and were going to shoot them for outlaws. But the Lord was pleased to let things take a turn for the better, even before I arrived; and He did it, it seems, through the testimony of this Indian brother.

They separated the two men and questioned each one alone to see if they would tell the same story. This they did, of course, as both were telling the truth. But the accusers were especially anxious to have Brother Sanches shot, so they said to the Indian brother,

"We will shoot you; but if you will turn state's evidence against that other man, we will let you go free."

"You can shoot me if God wills," was the Indian's reply each time they threatened to kill him, "but I cannot accuse my brother falsely."

"Why do you call him your brother?" they finally asked. "He is not your brother, for he is a Mexican and you are an Indian."

"But he is my brother, for he is a child of God and so am I," declared the heroic Indian. "And can he not be your brother, too?" then asked the Indian. "Will you not be a child of God also?" Through these simple appeals of an ignorant Indian who can scarcely read or write, God touched the hearts of those hardened army men; and they decided to let the prisoners go if I would vouch for their good characters, and give a written statement showing that Brother Sanches was in the employ of our mission.

This was a great disappointment to the accusers of these brethren. In the first place, they did all in their power to keep the telegram from reaching me. When Brother Sanches had opportunity, he wrote out the telegram and gave it to a little Adventist boy. He also gave him two pesos for sending it. The priest noticed this interview with the boy, and at once intercepted him, demanding the paper he had received. Then he put his hand in the boy's pocket and took out a peso. This he evidently thought was all he had. But the boy told his father what was in the telegram that Brother Sanches wished him to send, so he sent it with the undiscovered peso which the boy had put in another pocket.

I learned also that, after taking the peso and telegram away from the boy, the priest, fearing that some one would come and secure the release of the brethren, went and mort-

gaged his property in order to borrow money. Then he went and offered the entire sum to the authorities if they would shoot the men at once, for said he, "They are a curse to the place, and I want them out of the way as quickly as possible."

The enemy of souls is angered; but this makes me feel sure that the work of God is going to increase. In fact, this very incident opened the way for me to have a profitable visit with the authorities, and there is a greater interest in this place. Surely the wrath of men shall be made to praise God, and the remainder of wrath will He restrain.

But I must tell you of another dear Indian believer who would rather die than permit harm to come to the missionary sent to tell her of the Saviour from sin. It was when I was holding a series of meetings near my home, that this dear Indian sister rushed into danger to save my life. The priest of the place stirred some Indians to attack the house one night. The mob did not arrive until after the congregation had left.

No one was there except the man who lived in the house where the meetings were being held, his wife, mother-in-law, and two faithful old Indian women who had canvassed much with small books.

The mob surrounded the house, and commenced yelling and clamoring for me to come out to them. Knowing that the mud walls were thin, and the doors frail, I thought it best to go out. There were more than fifty in the mob which was led by the town chief,

called the municipal president. Resistance of any kind would have been out of the question, and it seemed best to reason with them, if possible; but after a few words there came such a shower of stones and other objects that further talk became impossible.

One man in the front of the crowd had a large stone in his hand and tried to strike me with it; but one of the old ladies, bent with years, had followed me. She jumped between me and this man, and the heavy stone, aimed at me, struck her on the side of the head and knocked her senseless.

I picked her up and went inside, closing and barring the frail door as well as possible, and, with the few brethren there, stretched the little old lady out before the Lord, with the blood streaming from the wound. As we prayed, our faithful sister revived and joined in the prayer. Just then the mob dropped the heavy pole with which they were breaking the door down, and ran away in great confusion. They had set fire to the thatched roof, but a hard shower had put it out. As the brethren were looking around to see what had frightened them off, three young boys of the believers came down the hill yelling. The mob had heard them and ran away.

These two noble Indians, my dear friends, are only two of a splendid people who want the gospel. They love it, and they appreciate it! How much do we appreciate the privilege of giving it to them?

Sabbath, June 4

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "Every one on whom is shining the light of present truth is to be stirred with compassion for those who are in darkness."—*Testimonies*, Vol. VII, p. 33.

READING: Helping the "Davis" Indians.

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

PRAYER: That we may plan to give liberally, that these waiting Indians may have the teachers needed.

Helping the "Davis" Indians

W. E. BAXTER

[Superintendent of the Caribbean Union Mission]

SOME fifteen years ago Elder O. E. Davis, who was then president of the conference including the three Guianas, felt keenly impressed to go far back into the interior of British Guiana to visit a tribe of Indians at Mt. Roraima [rō-rä-ē'mä], where Venezuela, Brazil, and British Guiana join. He was the first Protestant missionary that had ever gone among them. To reach them required about three months of wearisome travel through trackless forests and over dangerous rapids of unfrequented rivers. Tropical fevers racked his body as he pursued his journey, and when he finally arrived, he was privileged to spend only one short month with those Indians whom he had learned to love. Subjected to such a terrible strain and weakened by the persistent attacks of fever, he passed away and they tenderly buried him in his lonely resting place. But before his death he succeeded in winning 130 Indians to the truth. Also in that short time he taught them some of our English songs

which they still remember, although in a strange tongue to them.

An explorer passing through that country shortly after the death of Brother Davis, brought back the story of his sad fate and delivered the diary that we treasure so much for the report it gives of his last labors. Elder Davis, on his dying bed, assured those Indians that some one would come to follow up his work; and for all these years, those poor souls have been watching for some one to come who would teach them as Brother Davis did. A few years ago they received word in some way that the missionary was on his way to them, so they quickly sent out a delegation to meet and assist him; and can you imagine their disappointment, after days and weeks of weary travel, returning home without him?

News of their faithful watching and waiting for the "Davis man" has continued to come to us all through the fifteen years since the death of Brother Davis; and, dear friends, when Elder C. B. Sutton and the writer were selected to seek out that lonely grave and plan for the establishment of a mission in that vicinity, we accepted willingly, deeming it a great privilege to be able to assist in any way possible so that those Indians might at last hear more of the gospel for which they have hungered so long.

To reach them meant three weeks' march from civilization by the shortest route; so we waited for the dry season of the year which is always more favorable for the traveler in tropical lands. The care and leadership of

God over the entire extent of that long wild trail, were the most evident that we had ever experienced. Once when our progress was completely barred by failure to obtain a boat with which to make a two days' trip up a river through a densely forested and uninhabited section, a band of Indians, knowing nothing of us and our extremity, had left a boat just a day previous at the very place we needed it. Our attendants also noticed, and remarked how it would rain every night that we had a shelter and never when we were compelled to camp in the open, which was more commonly the case.

On reaching the border of Brazil we came to the Indian village of Iwaipai. Here they besought us to establish a mission among them. We spent Friday and Sabbath with them and held several meetings each day. Sunday, after an early morning prayer meeting with many present, we started off while it was yet cool, with happy hearts and hopeful of being at Mt. Roraima by the next Sabbath. And sure enough, on Friday afternoon our Indian carriers vainly endeavored to point out to us the village at the foot of Mt. Roraima which was the object of our visit. After they had fired their guns as a salute to a friendly visit, we pushed on toward the village.

On reaching there we were not greeted in as friendly a manner as we had expected to be, but after being told who we were, they came forward and gave us a hearty handshake. Being very tired from our long journey we hung our hammocks in a shed nearby, and lay

down to rest a little, feeling sad at heart to know that the Indians were no longer holding any services. Presently, a young man came into the shed and standing by Brother Sutton, said to him in broken English, "I want to be a good man." The earnest tone of his voice and the sad, earnest look on his face touched our hearts, and we said to each other that this was worth all the trip.

Then he began to sing "There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus." We joined in and soon our shed was packed full and surrounded by Indians, singing the song Elder Davis had taught them fifteen years before. This song finished, another Indian began to sing "Shall we gather at the river?" in which all joined. Brother Sutton's and my voice grew husky and our eyes filled with tears, as we looked at their earnest faces. While they sang out the refrain, "Yes, we'll gather at the river," we were impressed that indeed many of those very Indians *would gather* at the river in that glad day, when our dear brother in that lonely grave who awaits the call of the Life-giver will come forth to join them and reap the reward of his toil and sacrifice.

Four Indian boys with faces aglow now hurried off in as many different directions to carry the news of our arrival to their friends. Many of the others, in their efforts to show us they were glad we had come, stroked our faces with their hands and put their arms about us. The fact that we sang the same songs Brother Davis had taught them, seemed to give them confidence that we were the Davis men.

Sunday morning a chief from the other side of the mountain came with twelve of his tribe, earnestly beseeching us to establish a mission among them also. Then the man who had buried Elder Davis led the way for a half day's march to the old mission. Here we saw the ruins of the building where Elder Davis died. Directing us about 150 yards toward the mountain, he showed us a sunken place in the earth which was the grave of Elder Davis. We felt very solemn as we stood there realizing we were the first of our people to visit his grave. We burned off the grass, leveled up the ground over the grave, put a large stone at the head and built a fence about it from timbers taken from the house in which he died. Thus we permanently marked the grave and left it, feeling assured that it would open when Jesus comes to take His faithful ones to Himself.

Before leaving Mt. Roraima we called the Indians together and asked for those who desired that a missionary be sent to teach them, to hold up their hands. Every one held up both hands and not only that, but all jumped up and down and shouted loudly to send the missionary. They were loath to have us leave. At last twenty-one of them took their hammocks and food for the journey, and accompanied us for eight days, just to go a piece with us to prove their love.

Many of you are personally acquainted with Brother and Sister A. W. Cott, and Brother and Sister Christian, who sailed for this field in the latter part of 1926. We are confident

that our dear people will give cheerfully and faithfully to these devoted workers their loyal support.

Sabbath, June 11

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "Let the gospel message ring through our churches, summoning them to universal action."—*"Testimonies," Vol. VII, p. 14.*

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 482, first and second stanzas.

READING: Mount Roraima and the "Davis Indians."

PRAYER: That the Lord will richly bless the efforts of the workers in behalf of these Indians.

Mount Roraima and the "Davis" Indians

MRS. FLORENCE HUTCHINSON

WITH what interest we are keeping our eyes fixed upon Mount Roraima [rō-rä-ē'mä], the first real interland mission in our Union! By the time this reaches the Sabbath schools in all parts of the world, Brother and Sister A. W. Cott, our missionaries to the "Davis" Indians, will have reached their destination, and work for these people, which has been so long talked of, will have been started. Since November, 1925, when Elders W. E. Baxter and C. B. Sutton returned from their tour of inspection to that part of our field, and told us how these people, who have been kept waiting for years, are still longing to be taught the

way to God, our interest has centered there, and we have talked and planned for the work, and hoped and prayed that nothing would hinder the coming of the missionaries; and now it seems that God has gone beyond the grasp of our faith, and has given us a second family, Brother and Sister Christian, to join Brother and Sister Cott in their work in this new field. This we so much desired, but hardly dared hope for.

Mount Roraima, close by the side of her twin sister, Mount Kukunaam, stands where the boundaries of British Guiana, Brazil, and Venezuela meet. The watershed off the cliff-edged plateau of Roraima feeds the Orinoco [o-ri-nō'kō] in Venezuela, the Amazon in Brazil, and the Essequibo [es-se-kē'bō] in British Guiana, thus evidencing the appropriateness of its name, which means "Mother of Streams." The Essequibo, which is twelve miles wide at its mouth, together with its tributaries, should form a natural highway the whole length of British Guiana, from the Atlantic on the north to Brazil on the south; but the innumerable racing cataracts and dangerous rapids make necessary frequent, and in some places long, detours, or "road portages" as they are spoken of here, over cattle trails on the savannahs and through forests, either walking or riding muleback, sometimes through loose sand ankle-deep, or over rough corduroy paths or rocky trails, at times traversing low foothills, and then rising sharply up some steep climb.

The trip from Georgetown to Mount Ro-

raima, where the "Davis" Indians are, covers from 250 to 300 miles, according to the route chosen; and while it is evident that there must be some inconveniences for the missionary to endure in making his way to the land to which God's love is beckoning him, these may be mollified by the evidences, all along the way, that happily Nature has not forgotten to leave touches of beauty and delight, here and there, in the great variety of gorgeous tropical blossoms, the ever-changing green of the foliage and the glad songs of the many-hued birds for which British Guiana is famed, as well as by the farther-reaching joy of souls to be won to Christ—won to reflect glory to Him forever and ever.

The "Davis" Indians comprise several tribes, the immediate vicinity of Mount Roraima being peopled by the Arakuna Indians and their close neighbors, the Makusis and Akawois, all offshoots of the ancient Caribs [kar'ibz], other smaller tribes, including the Patamonas, being located near by. They are a curiously quiet people, nature loving, and generally agreeable among their own tribesmen; they seldom raise their voices and sometimes appear in groups of a dozen or twenty, suddenly and noiselessly, when their presence is least thought of. They see no reason why they should not share in whatever the missionary has, and are very free to ask for what they desire, but are usually very willing to share their possessions in turn; if, however, they think they are not fairly dealt with, they hide their feelings, showing no animosity, but

secretly disappearing, sometimes to the great inconvenience of those who were depending upon them.

In walking they put their feet down one immediately in front of the other, and when carrying loads they are very expert in the use of their toes, clinging to the edge of rocks or to the limbs of fallen trees and picking up any article which may have fallen without stooping to regain it. They dislike weights on their shoulders, as they are accustomed to carrying their loads on their backs, with a strap over each shoulder and the third strap across the forehead, thus their hands are free. Their trails go directly up the side of a hill in a straight line without the least inclination of winding to avoid unnecessary exertion.

The Indian women are short and have well-developed bodies, as they are the burden-bearers from childhood, having to carry their garden products from the provision fields, close to the rivers, to their *banaboos* (house) usually built at some height above the water. The men are taller and also well-made, and as young men, are said to be handsome, full of life, and graceful. They have large families of children who are carefree and seem to enjoy life—no schools or lessons, and no hampering clothes, and besides they have the privilege of going to bed and getting up just when they like. They are bright little boys and girls and I can imagine just what interesting Sabbath school scholars they would make, and how their serious little faces would light up at the story of the baby Jesus, His

great love and sacrifice for them, and the glad hope of His soon coming. We must go to them soon—to all of them, scattered over the broad interior of our mission field—with Sabbath schools and day schools; but where are the teachers and where the means to support them? Yes, we know we can depend upon the Sabbath schools—our dear Sabbath schools all over the world—to help to make it possible for us quickly to finish the work among these waiting people.

Sabbath, June 18

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Eccl. 11: 6. Read the text, then have the school repeat it in concert.

READING: "Come Over and Help Us."

MISSIONARY SONG: Special song, "Inter-America is Waiting," see the June *Sabbath School Worker*.

PRAYER: That we may by our gifts next Sabbath help to answer the calls from Inter-America.

"Come Over and Help Us"

E. E. ANDROSS

[Vice-President of Inter-America]

THE picture of the waiting Indians in Inter-America hangs constantly before the eyes of the slender force of workers struggling forward there with the message of salvation. Would that we could hang it this quarter on the wall of every Sabbath school room around the world! There are a host of these splendid people. In fact, the best available statistics show that there are in Inter-America twice

as many Indians as are to be found in all other parts of the Western Hemisphere. In a very special way, these perishing millions this quarter are standing with outstretched hands appealing to you for the Bread of Life. Next Sabbath will determine how many of them in the near future shall be given an opportunity to rejoice in the same blessed truth that cheers our own hearts.

A number of Indian believers have become successful soul winners and are doing their utmost to save their people. An old Indian sister down in Tehuantepec [tä-wän-tä-pëk'], for instance, for years has toiled unceasingly for the lost. To many she is a very familiar figure, as she trudges through the country for miles and miles sometimes in mud up to her knees. In her hand is a well-worn basket filled with our books and papers, and in her face is reflected the bright rays of the blessed hope. Not long ago in speaking of her, one of our workers said: "Why, she must have brought at least one hundred people into the truth."

After three months of work in a certain locality, another Indian laborer reported five hundred keeping the Sabbath. This was indeed a cheering message to all our workers; but perhaps no Indian worker has won more lost ones than has one who toils in a very different part of the great Indian field. At the close of one of the early years in his Christian experience, his annual report ran as follows: 87 sermons, 841 other meetings, 907 Bible readings, 248 missionary visits, 23 books

sold, 6 lent or given away, 3,077 tracts given away, and 150 papers distributed.

Following in the trail of these earnest workers who are risking their lives to spread the message of salvation among their people, are some splendid Indian youth. A few of these are in training for service; but the many are waiting for this opportunity. In their poverty and illiteracy they stand before us to-day with outstretched hands. "The last time I was there," said one of our American workers after visiting some of these Indians, "the men followed my canoe all day to the railroad station, begging me with tears in their eyes to send them a teacher. I could only tell them they would have to wait."

We do thank God for the wonderful way in which He is blessing our Indian workers and for the youth who are coming to us for training. But friends, these few are only the first fruits gleaned from the overripe Indian fields. They are only a reminder of the splendid Indian peoples who are waiting for the message God has commissioned us to carry to them. We need schools and dispensaries; and we need missionaries to conduct both. Down here in the Inter-American Division, with the largest Indian population in the Western Hemisphere, we have not one dispensary and only a few schools serving the Indian peoples.

"But what would \$15,000 mean to them?" do you ask? It would make possible the sending of four mission families to as many different tribes of Indians, leaving sufficient to provide homes for these families and to support

them one year; or it would send two families into two new tribes and leave sufficient money to start a central training school for the Indian youth; or it would send two families to two new tribes and leave sufficient to establish and equip four dispensaries. And with all these facilities added, and with our ranks thus reinforced, how soon might thousands be warned and scores be trained for strengthening the advancing lines! How soon might recruits be sent to the overripe fields where precious grain is already wasting.

Friends, we all must share this great responsibility. Some must go, and all should give and travail in prayer for these lost ones. Then will you not give next Sabbath as if one of these Indians stood before you pleading the cause of his benighted people? Will you not give as you would if you were placing your offering in the sacred hand of the Master, and you heard Him say to you: "Inasmuch as you do it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me?"

Sabbath, June 25

[Suggestions for the Thirteenth Sabbath Program]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 28: 18-20. . .

DIALOGUE: Aunt Eleanor's Round Table.

SPECIAL MUSIC: See "Gospel in Song," No. 124, for an appropriate selection.

DIALOGUE: Must They Longer Wait?

RECITATION: The Worth of One Soul.

RECITATION: "True and Loyal Every Day."

OFFERING.

PRAYER: That the Lord will richly bless our gifts.

Aunt Eleanor's Round Table

MRS. W. E. BAXTER

[Scene: Living-room with table in front and some books, a Bible, and bouquet on it. Map of South America on the wall. Motto on wall or blackboard "No discouraging thought ever came from God." Aunt Eleanor, a shut-in, reclines in a lounging chair or rocker; looks at clock, and picks up "Testimonies," Volume II, speaking aloud.]

AUNT ELEANOR: Only a few minutes now until my beloved young people are here. We have such interesting studies and Bible games together. Last Sabbath we used Elder Fitch's games and it is surprising how fast they are learning the important dates connected with the message, the twelve cardinal points of our faith, and the texts of Scripture to prove them. When they first came, some of them could not find the books of the Bible even, and were unable to locate one text of Scripture, and all of them from professed Adventist homes! No wonder Hosea says, "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge." Thank God for the happy privilege of helping the dear lambs of the flock. When I first learned I never again could engage in active service, the cloud of despair was so dense that I thought I never could fight my way back to light. Then I learned the battle was not *mine* but *God's*, and the experience has been wonderful, inexpressibly sweet! [Listens.] I hear them coming. God bless them! Today our subject is "The Davis Indians," about whom a world-wide interest has been aroused. [Hears a knock.] Come in, children, come right in. You know your places. [Enter Wayne, Lenora, David, Leslie, Sarita, John, Leonard, Lawrence, Chauncey, Joe, Margaret. They group about the table and Aunt Eleanor in semi-circle facing audience. Margaret arranges a fresh bouquet on the table as she talks.]

MARGARET: O, Aunt Eleanor, we all have so much to tell you. Do you remember that letter in the March 17 *Instructor* by Elder W. E. Baxter describing his trip to Mt. Roraima [rō-rä-ē'-mä], the one we read aloud one Sabbath? Well, today, he spoke at the church telling us all about it, and on the rostrum with him sat the very missionaries who are to sail soon to live among the "Davis" Indians,—Brother and Sister A. W. Cott.

LENORA: Yes, and Brother and Sister R. J. Christian who are under appointment to the

Yaquí [yá'-kē] Indians in Mexico were also there and wished they could go with the Cotts to British Guiana.

DAVID: Here is what interested me. A stranger and his wife and baby sat by us in church. The lady cried some when Elder Baxter spoke of the great need of another family to go with the Cotts, and there was no money to send them. After church I found they were Brother and Sister C. H. Irish who have offered themselves for British Guiana.

WAYNE: What I want to tell you, Aunt Eleanor, is that I read Brother Baxter's copy of the diary which Elder Davis kept of his trip into the interior. I'm especially interested in the time, 1911, for that is the year I was born. Let us trace on the map the journey from Georgetown to Mt. Roraima. [Georgetown to Wismar up the Demarara river [dem-e-rá'-rá] Wismar to Rockstone; Rockstone to Chinapow up the Essequibo [es-se-kē-bō] and Potaro Rivers past Kaietur [ká-ē-tör'] Falls; thence through Guiana and northern Brazil to Mt. Roraima ten days to the west.]

LEONARD: Leslie and I went with papa and mamma last Sunday night to the Riverside church and saw the stereopticon views illustrating Elder Baxter's trip into the wilds, starting at Georgetown and ending at Mt. Roraima. It was very interesting, and made me wish I was through school and ready to go.

CHAUNCEY: Please explain about these Indians. I've been up in the mountains at Summit and have not been reading much.

DAVID: Why, they are the ones we studied about in our History of Missions.

AUNT ELEANOR: Joe, what have you and Lawrence to say on the subject?

JOE: I've studied all week from the *Review* of June 10 in which Elder Baxter tells the story. In 1911 Brother Davis made a trip into the interior of British Guiana to investigate and to establish missions as God might open the way. It was a long, lonely, wearisome trip, by boat, by canoe, miles from civilization, and finally long, long days of travel on foot, over hill and valley, through dense forest and glen, sleeping where night overtook him, running the risk of infection at every turn. He was alone save Theophilus, his Indian guide. He established three mission stations, the last one at Mt. Roraima where 130 persons, aborigines, professed faith in the gospel message and solemnly declared their purpose to live for Christ. They

could understand no word of English but Brother Davis taught them several hymns in our language. Wayne says the diary shows that Brother Davis was with these Arecuna [ä-ra-kä'nä] Indians only about thirty days, yet in that time they learned the songs "There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus," "Shall we gather at the river?" and "Jesus is coming again." Yes, and sang them fourteen years later to Brother Baxter and Brother Sutton. Think of it!

LAWRENCE: In July, 1911, Brother Davis sickened of blackwater fever and died. The last few days of July his diary was kept by Theophilus, and on July 31 it abruptly ends. The Arecuna Indians buried him, Chief Jeremiah being in charge of the ceremony. He was buried near the scene of his last labors.

DAVID: My grandpa takes the "Geographic Magazine" and in the issue of September 1920, is an article entitled "Kaletur and Roraima" by Henry Edward Crampton. He and his party of Indian bearers reached Jeremiah's village just two weeks after the death of Elder Davis. The explorer heard singing in the English language and found a group of Indians about the grave. He carried news of it back to Georgetown.

SARITA: Yes, I think it was he who snapped that picture of the grave with the Indians about it that appeared in the *Review* later, and who took the picture and the diary of Elder Davis to Georgetown. Wasn't it, Aunt Eleanor?

AUNT ELEANOR: Yes, Sarita, he took them to the America Consul in Georgetown, who delivered them to our people.

LENORA: I read this in the *Review* of June 10: "After nearly fifteen years Elder W. E. Baxter and Elder C. B. Sutton were sent by the Inter-American Division to look after the work begun by this heroic sacrifice of Brother Davis, and to see if they could not gather up the remnants of his broken work. It was a truly heroic journey, and required men of brave hearts and dauntless spirits to attempt it. Because of the marvelous opening providences, they had the assurance that God was leading at every step of the way. When they reached the place, tired from the long tedious way, they were disappointed to find that none of the Indians were holding meetings, and had not for several years. But when a young Indian came into the shed where their hammocks were swung, in great earnestness said in broken English 'I want to be a good man,' and began at once to sing 'There's not a friend like the lowly

Jesus,' the hearts of the tired men melted and they said to each other, 'We are already repaid many times for all the effort we have put forth to reach here. This is worth all the trip over here.'"

JOHN: Yes, and then they crowded into the shed, men, women, and children, until it was not only filled but surrounded, and all joined in singing hymns, the missionaries singing with them. And because they sang the same songs Elder Davis had taught them, the Indians were convinced that these were the true "Davis men" for whom they had waited so long.

LESLIE: Four runners were then sent out in different directions to announce that the Davis men had come at last. The missionaries held two or three meetings each day and were visiting all the time. When Elder Baxter asked how many would promise to keep the Sabbath, be true followers of Christ and welcome the new missionary, all in the company held up both hands and jumped up and down promising to be faithful and calling for the missionary to come.

MARGARET: When Elder Baxter and Elder Sutton were leaving, a company of twenty-one Indians marched with them for eight days to show their good will and interest. It was hard for them to say good-by and turn back.

AUNT ELEANOR: You have brought much information and happiness to me today. We will keep the needs of this and other fields before us at our weekly meetings, and it will help fill our self-denial box. If we cannot go, we can help send. In Volume II of the "*Testimonies*," page 128 we read, "While money is spent lavishly in self-gratification, stinted offerings are brought to God almost unwillingly. How much of the wages earned by the young finds its way into the treasury of God to aid in the advancement of the work of saving souls? They give a mite each week, and feel that they do much. But they have no sense that they are just as much stewards of God over their little as are the wealthy over their larger possessions. . . . While such unhesitatingly gratify their supposed wants, and withhold from God the offering they ought to make, He will no more accept the little pittance they hand into the treasury than He accepted the offering of Ananias and his wife Sapphira, who purposed to rob Him in their offerings." [Closes book.]

Are you willing to be missionaries at home? Are you willing to be self-denying, self-sacrificing young people? Are you willing to be cross-bearers? Are you willing to cultivate high

and noble principles, and let self and self-interest die? Are you willing to give *yourselves* to God?

CHAUNCEY: Let us vote "yes" on this like the Davis Indians did, and *mean* it.

[All hold up both hands.]

LENORA: Aunt Eleanor, let us sing to close "No Not One." No song could be more appropriate. [They sing and close with prayer.]

Must They Longer Wait?

MRS. E. E. ANDROSS

[An exercise to be given by six children. Care should be taken to train the children to enunciate distinctly and to speak loudly enough to be heard in all parts of the room.]

FIRST CHILD:

What of the sturdy Yaquis [yă'kēs]
Who your help do now implore?
And the other Indian tribes
Who are opening wide the door?
Why don't you enter in
And at once the work begin?

SECOND CHILD (representing Inter-American Division):

My friend, with deep regret I tell you now
Our budget will not these calls allow.

THIRD CHILD:

What of Central America
Where the upland Indians wait?
Will you linger on the threshold
Till the hour is too late?

SECOND CHILD:

I must sadly confess as I did before
That our budget forbids us to enter this door.

FOURTH CHILD:

And what of the Talamancas [tä-lä-män'kās]
Who in Panama reside?
They have been waiting for a teacher;
Must they longer be denied?

SECOND CHILD:

With deep regret I tell you now
Our budget will not this call allow.

FIFTH CHILD:

In Colombia and Ven'zuela
Hosts of splendid indians live;
Why not speed to them the message
God has called us all to give?

SECOND CHILD:

For an offering today we implore
That will allow us to enter this door.

SIXTH CHILD:

Back in the hills of Guiana
Three deserted Missions call,
And the thousands sadly wait.
Hear this Macedonian call?

SECOND CHILD (addressing the audience):

Yes, we hear the call and our hearts do cry:
Will you help us today these workers supply?
Many, indeed, are the calls day by day
That into our office do find their way.
For the sake of the waiting Indians near,
For the sake of the Saviour soon to appear,
Will you all today do your very best
To help us answer these urgent requests?

True and Loyal Every Day

C. P. BOLLMAN

The fields are white to harvest,
And laborers are few;
Lord, send forth many reapers,
Devoted men and true.

Send forth the threefold message
By press and pulpit too;
Raise up in every quarter
More reapers tried and true.

And give Thou grace to labor
As Christ our Lord would do;
That every missionary
May ever be most true.

And while the fields are whitening,
And reapers toil and pray,
May we who man the home base
Be loyal every day.

Suggestive Wall Chart

MRS. E. E. ANDROSS

"GIVE UNTO US ALSO THE BREAD OF LIFE!" This is the cry today of the Indians of Inter-America, where, according to the best statistics available, are twice as many Indians as are to be found in all other parts of the Western Hemisphere. As yet to only a few of these has the gospel been preached. The multiplied millions sit in absolute heathen darkness. Many are still in a state of savagery, while some are said to be cannibals. Robbed of their country, despoiled, enslaved, their spirits crushed, their hearts broken by those who came to them under the guise of Christianity—these, now as a last hope, stretch out their hands appealingly to us for help. HOW MANY OF THESE WILL RECEIVE THE BREAD OF LIFE BECAUSE OF YOUR OFFERING ON JUNE 25?

The Worth of One Soul

PEARL WAGGONER HOWARD

["Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Luke 15:10.]

How will it feel to the Father's heart—
A soul forever lost,
When we save *just one* from death's dread dart,
He gave His all—not just a part,—
At such tremendous cost?

How must He value a human soul
A price like this to pay!
Can He the expressions of love believe,
Or praise for Himself of those receive
Who let it drift away?

How must it look to the Father's love—
That love which so can yearn—
As He gazes down from the courts above
And sees for that soul our *lack* of love,
Our careless unconcern?

Oh, for a taste of the Father's love
Until *our* hearts o'erflow
With that selfsame love for sinners lost
That never will rest, whate'er the cost,
Till the angels' joy we know!