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SETTING THE KNEE

Our Missionary, Brother Lawrence, doing medical missionary work in the Bahamas.

TOPIC: Advancing the Work in Inter-America

Sabbath, October 6

SEED THOUGHT: "The light of truth is to shine to the ends of the earth."—"*Testimonies*," Vol. VIII, p. 40.

READING: The Official Notice.

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

PRAYER: In behalf of the work in Inter-America.

Official Notice

APRIL 12, 1928.

TO OUR SABBATH SCHOOLS EVERYWHERE:

Our Sabbath schools around the world will listen this quarter with interest to the story of the message in the Inter-American Division. This is a wide-flung field extending from the northern border of Mexico down through Central America, Panama, Colombia, and Venezuela, to the farther border of the Guianas. In addition to the countries already mentioned, the Inter-American Division includes Cuba, Haiti, Porto Rico, Jamaica and other islands of the Caribbean Sea.

The work in this field is advancing rapidly. Companies of believers—Spanish, Indian, and English—are springing up in many places. It seems impossible to keep up with the call for workers. More men and means are urgently required to fill some of the most pressing calls. A spirit of inquiry for the message is growing beyond expectations. The call of providence in clear tones is saying, "Advance, enter new territory."

We are asking our Sabbath schools this thirteenth Sabbath to raise \$105,000.00 for the

regular work in Inter-America, with the understanding that any overflow shall go to new, advanced work. Let us pray that such prosperity and liberality shall prevail as shall make possible a large overflow.

Yours in His service,

J. L. SHAW,

Treasurer of the General Conference.

Sabbath, October 13

MISSIONARY TEXT: John 3:16.

READING: Still They Call.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 641.

PRAYER: That we may do our part in answering the urgent calls for help.

Still They Call

E. E. ANDROSS

[President of the Inter-American Division]

THE aboriginal inhabitants of the Inter-American Division were pagan in their religion. Enshrouded in perpetual night, they had no hope and were without God.

At the time of the Spanish conquests a new religion was imposed upon the native people at the point of the sword. They were given the option of submission or death. They chose submission. As a guarantee of their acceptance of their conqueror's religion, they were forced to submit to the perverted form of baptism, and in this way were inducted into the Catholic Church.

True Christianity always enlightens, con-

verts, and sanctifies those who truly accept its healing message. It works a complete transformation in the life, cleansing and purifying, ennobling and beautifying the character. However, instead of such wholesome results following the adoption of this new and strange religion, the natives found themselves enslaved, and in a far worse condition than heretofore. Instead of having found real Christianity, they had found only the enemy's counterfeit. One has aptly said, "Paganism was baptized, and Christianity was paganized."

For more than three hundred years this paganized religion has been the dominating force in these lands. At last, however, the Spirit of God is mightily moving upon the hearts of thousands, and many are struggling toward the light and liberty of the sons of God. Like one drowning they must have help, and they must have it soon, or they will perish.

Everywhere our missionaries go, whether it be among the aboriginal Indians or among the Spanish-speaking people, they find many who are hungering for the Bread of Life. As an illustration of the spirit that seems to be abroad among the people of every country and of every district, I refer to a recent experience of Brother Nickle of Central Colombia. He wrote as follows:

"The last evening we were in Tula, we conducted a meeting, and closed the service in the usual way, but found it difficult to leave. There had been enough folks standing out-

side to refill the room; and they begged us to continue. So another sermon was delivered, another closing song sung, and the benediction pronounced. We shook hands with the people, and they left the building. But again the room filled with anxious-looking people. They took their places just as we used to file into the mess hall for the second or third table in the army. There they were, ready to be served. So what was there for us to do, but break the Bread of Life to this third audience?"

Companies of believers both large and small are springing up, and are making pathetic appeals for some one to be sent to teach them the way of life. In most instances the beginning of such a work may be traced to the reading of our literature. When the light of truth penetrates the darkness surrounding these poor people, there is begotten in the heart a consuming desire to carry quickly the good news to their friends and comrades both near and far; and like a forest fire, the gospel flame spreads rapidly.

As I write I think of the young Indian boy of the ancient Aztec race, standing on the banks of a beautiful mountain stream watching intently a scene never before witnessed by him. As a brother who could speak his language explained the meaning of the sacred rite of baptism, telling him that Jesus his Saviour was baptized just as these candidates were being baptized, and that soon He would return to earth in power and glory, his pagan

heart throbbed with a new emotion. He turned his footsteps toward his native village where his people sat in gross darkness. Shortly he returned and plead with our missionary to baptize him as Jesus was baptized. When told he must wait till he could be properly instructed, he appealed for a teacher for his people, saying, "I will go home, and when the teacher comes will gather my people to hear this wondrous story."

One missionary wrote thus of a trip he made through the Indian country holding meetings in the towns: "The meetings were filled to overflowing. My fellow worker counted 500 at our second meeting at Cayones. I find that the message has gone to many Indian villages where our own faithful lay members have carried it, villages which it would take a worker months to reach over these steep mountain trails.

"Our need is strong native workers to follow up these wondrous interests, further instruct the people, and give the message in the many villages where they are still waiting for the good news, and where the Word of God is received by these Indian believers as their forefathers received the sacred fire of the ancient Aztec fire-worshippers."

The providences of God have clearly prepared the way before us. The appealing cry of the oppressed, "Come over and help us," is continually falling upon our ears.

We must have schools, dispensaries, and hospitals where our native workers can be

trained for efficient service, and where relief may be dispensed to the waiting people. It is within the power of our Sabbath schools to give so liberally on this thirteenth Sabbath that we will be enabled to provide physical and spiritual help for thousands of weary sufferers.

Sabbath, October 20

SEED THOUGHT: "When God blesses His children, it is not alone for their own sake, but for the world's sake."—"*Ministry of Healing*," p. 102.

READING: Twenty Thousand Dollars—What It Would Mean to This Field.

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

PRAYER: That the Lord will bless the work and workers in Inter-America.

Twenty Thousand Dollars—What It Would Mean to This Field

F. L. HARRISON

[Secretary-Treasurer, Inter-American Division]

THE nearest mission field to North America is the Inter-American Division. In order that you may know something of the vast territory and far-flung fields of this division, I will state that it is approximately 6,000 miles long and 1,500 miles wide. This territory is divided into five unions, which are composed of five local conferences and twenty local missions. The Lord has greatly blessed the efforts of His servants during the past year. We are continually receiving calls for financial help from different places in the division, but as our

work is being conducted strictly on the budget system, of necessity we must send the reply to many that they must wait until funds are provided.

How we can use \$20,000 to the best advantage, is a question to which I have been giving considerable thought. There are 1,250,000 Indians living in the highlands of Guatemala. Brother and Sister J. E. Boehne have opened up work for the Quiches, one of these Indian tribes. We should have another worker and his wife to join Brother and Sister Boehne in conducting a dispensary and a mission school. To cover transportation and outfitting of this worker, and to start the dispensary and school, would take \$5,000.

Over in Salvador, at La Loma, the small dispensary operated by Brother and Sister Clymer has been closed nearly two years. Because Brother Clymer's health was failing, it was necessary for them to leave the work they had learned to love. That little dispensary cared for from 1,200 to 1,500 patients each month. Pastor E. P. Howard, superintendent of the Guatemala Mission, wrote that when he visited La Loma after Brother and Sister Clymer had left, five hundred people appealed to him to have the dispensary reopened. We should have a doctor to take over that work, and also some one to start a mission school.

Colombia, South America, a republic rich in natural resources, has 7,000,000 people. We now have three missions in Colombia

which are doing excellent work. But we do not have even one dispensary. The urgent need in this field is not only for medical dispensaries, but also for homes for our workers where they can live under healthful conditions. We have urgent requests on file from each of the superintendents of the three missions in Colombia, for financial assistance to erect homes. By careful management and by sending our division builder, \$10,000 would enable us to put suitable cottages in these three cities. If we can do this within the next year, it will bring real courage to the hearts of our workers who are laboring in Colombia.

Adjoining Colombia we have the Republic of Venezuela, which has a population of 3,026,876. In Venezuela we have over 500,000 Indians for whom we have scarcely done anything. We should open a dispensary and mission school for them at once. Brother Steele, the superintendent, writes that now is the time to start work for the thirty-five Indian tribes of Venezuela. The work in certain parts of Venezuela is progressing, and the membership is being increased in that mission. We should have \$3,000 for this work.

Professor C. J. Boyd, principal of the East Caribbean Union Training School, in Trinidad, British West Indies, has recently been here at the American Government Hospital, for surgical attention. He expressed the urgent need of securing equipment to start one or two industries that will furnish the students with work, and help them to earn

their way while they are going through school. He made an earnest plea for help for this school which has recently been opened. Possibly \$3,000 would give them the funds needed to purchase the equipment.

The government officials of Dutch Guiana, South America, have invited us to enter and start a mission school for the natives. We do not have a single representative of the third angel's message in that country. We should have \$3,000 to start a mission school and open up a dispensary. Elder M. A. Hollister, president of the East Caribbean Union, has filed a request with the division office for funds to open up the work in Dutch Guiana.

"You, my brother, my sister, may not be able to go into the Lord's vineyard yourself, but you may furnish the means to send others."—*"Testimonies," Vol. VIII, p. 33.*

We have not listed any of the calls for help from the Antillian, Central American, and Mexican Unions, but the urgent pleas which we have placed before you will more than consume the \$20,000.

In this field there are 429 workers, without one dispensary operating at the present time, and only one doctor on our mission pay roll. With this need before you, we earnestly solicit your co-operation, that the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering may have a liberal overflow for the work in the Inter-American Division.

Sabbath, October 27

SEED THOUGHT: "It is the privilege of every Christian, not only to look for, but to hasten the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—*"Testimonies" Vol. VIII, p. 22.*

READING: Let Us Redeem the Time.

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

PRAYER: In behalf of the East Caribbean Union.

Let Us Redeem the Time

M. A. HOLLISTER

[President, East Caribbean Union]

ALTHOUGH the East Caribbean Union is not one of the "most foreign" fields, we have many of the problems found in such fields. Thousands of natives, destitute, sickly, and often unclothed, continually press upon our sympathies.

In the cities, and in some parts of the country, the government has established hospitals. However, a wonderful field is still open for mission dispensaries. Medical attention would be gratefully received, and in this way the message of the hour could be implanted.

Much has been done by medical science and sanitation to overcome some of the unhealthy conditions which have obtained in the past; but there is still much suffering from common ailments, minor accidents, old sores, eye and teeth defects, intestinal troubles, and dietetic errors. Much good would be accomplished by giving instruction in healthful living, and caring for the sick. Also, instruction

in the care of infants would be a great blessing here. Mission schools would bring us another wonderful opportunity. In them the children could be gathered, not only to be taught the common branches, but the Word of God; and by this early training there could be developed future workers for the kingdom of Christ.

In Trinidad alone, there are more than 100,000 East Indians who need attention; and British Guiana, [ghē'ä-nä] with many thousands more, is virtually a little India at our door. The field may not be so large as some of the great foreign countries; but the need is staggeringly great. If we could have a small sanitarium with a doctor and a few graduate nurses, we would soon be firmly established in both medical and mission school work.

There are men of financial ability in these fields who would gladly help support such a work if they could see that we were doing something for their people. But we must be equipped to show them what we can do, and are willing to do.

Another religious organization has been here years ahead of us, and is doing a commendable work with its schools, but the medical field is still unentered. We have lost many precious opportunities, and now the enemy boldly and openly states that he will prevent our work from every possible angle. What can we do to redeem the time we have lost? This is a question for our Sabbath schools to answer this coming thirteenth Sabbath.

Sabbath, November 3

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 9: 37, 38.

READING: In the Wilds of Mexico.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 479.

PRAYER: In behalf of the work in Mexico.

In the Wilds of Mexico

C. E. MOON

[Superintendent, Central Mexican Mission]

FOR some time I had felt that I must make a visit to our companies of believers throughout the forest-covered, eastern slope of the Mexican plateau. Some one had said that it was one of the wildest parts of this field; but I did not have a very clear idea of what such a trip would mean, and of the hardships I would encounter in the three weeks that I was out of communication with the outside world. I took a stereopticon machine and enough slides for a limited number of lectures. To guard against malarial infection from the dreaded mosquito, which is such a scourge in some parts of the lowlands, I had a mosquito net and an auto thermos bottle for carrying boiled water.

Leaving Mexico City one morning at 7:00 A. M., and traveling in a northeasterly direction, we arrived at the little village at the end of the line, at 1:00 P. M. As we were in a hurry to make our first appointment at Nexcaxa, we left the village as soon as we could pack our mules and get started.

Our first meeting was held in a club house

in the town of Necaxa. About 150 or 200 were present, and much interest was manifested in the good news of the coming of Christ. At our next stop we gave two lectures to a full house, and spent the Sabbath with our brethren and others who came out to attend the Sabbath meeting. We made two trips to near-by towns, and held public meetings for the entire town. These trips were over mountain trails which were really almost impassable, but over which one could travel with a sure-footed mule or horse.

The second day we made our way to an Indian village. We arrived about dark, and met with several of the Indians who came out to greet us and look over our outfit. These Indians speak very little Spanish. They live on their small farms in the mountains, altogether independent of the outside world. We were to hold our service in the Catholic church, and the Indians sent two criers up on two hills on each side of the church. Then they began to cry out to the villagers, who lived in thatch-roofed huts all through the woods. Translated into English, their cry was, "Come, all ye people!" They rang the church bells several times. Then the people began to come,—stalwart, copper-colored fellows with long raven-black hair, wearing blue woolen ponchos for chest protection, and barefooted. I had to speak through an interpreter, but I could see by their earnest looks and gesticulations that they were very much interested. At times I had to wait until one of their

leading men gave vent to his pent-up feelings on the theme.

Our trip was very interesting, and one who had not traveled here before would find much to please the eye in these lofty mountains, covered with tropical jungle, and filled with many rare species of birds and animal life.

At our next stop our brethren gave us a warm-hearted welcome, and we enjoyed a day's rest. The ordinances were celebrated, some of the service being translated for the benefit of our Indian brethren. Many were moved to tears, and our hearts were stirred by the earnest testimonies of our Indian believers. The Lord came near, and we felt renewed in soul and body to push on into the deeper tropical forests.

The Sabbath day we spent with the brethren at Jobo, where we again celebrated the Lord's Supper. The people were drawn together, wrongs made right, and sins confessed and put away. The Lord's presence was felt, and many were led to a renewal of their consecration. Our hearts were filled with gratitude for a part in this blessed work. At night we gave a public stereopticon lecture.

We rode out through the forests of Nispero. Wending our way up through the forests of Spanish cedar which abound in these parts, we arrived late in the afternoon at Cayones, where we met some of our people who have been true to the message for years. The mayor offered us the largest hall in town for the lecture, so we planned to return after visit-

ing two more companies of Indians farther on.

One of these companies is composed of pure Totonac [tō'-tō-nēk] Indians. We gave the lecture in their bamboo chapel, which they have built a short distance from their homes. At the last place we visited before we turned toward the Gulf, we found a very active company of new believers, led by an army officer. Then we turned our faces toward Tuxpan, which is located upon the tidal waters of a beautiful river. We gave two lectures in this town where we have a goodly number of believers and many more who are interested in the truth.

Our last visit was made with our new company of about thirty believers. This company who had signed and sent to the mission a petition for help, was raised up by a young native Indian boy who, only a few months before, was a strong believer in Spiritualism. After his conversion he studied the truth for three months, and then felt that he must take the message of hope to his own people. He has already won many precious souls.

At one place where we spent several days, the people kept coming in from the villages where they had gone to raise up Sabbath schools and tell the mountain people of the coming of Jesus. They came in, day by day, and told of little lights that had been kindled, and of new Sabbath schools in many ranches and villages. I thought that if they kept on leaving the home church it would soon be empty, and it did seem so for a time. But

when I again visited that church, I found that others had come in from the nearest ranches, and it was full of new believers.

May the dear Lord encourage all our hearts, and help us to be faithful in carrying the sacred fire of Divine love to a lost world, and the blessed truth of a soon-coming Saviour.

Sabbath, November 10

SEED THOUGHT: "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: They Call Us in Atlantic Colombia.

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

PRAYER: Have several sentence prayers in behalf of those who are interested in the message in this field.

They Call Us in Atlantic Colombia

E. W. THURBER

[Director, Atlantic Colombia Mission]

TODAY, as I listened to the reading from the MISSIONS QUARTERLY, I was reminded of the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering that is to be given in behalf of the educational and medical work in this division. As I was thinking of what the schools mean to our work, I looked over to the front seat at an eleven-year-old girl who had just repeated the memory verse. She comes from a non-Adventist home, is present every Sabbath, simply and neatly dressed, and shows every evidence of being a real little Christian. I remembered how she looked a few months ago when she

first came to the mission school. She was painted and powdered and decked with ornaments, as is the custom here. The school costs money and effort, but if through these sacrifices and the faithful instruction of the teacher, only this girl is saved in the kingdom, we shall feel that it was worth while.

As I write, I think of a young lady whom we sent out last year to answer a call for a teacher. She had but a limited education which was not gained in our schools, and no previous teaching experience. We had to send her or leave the call unanswered. I am glad to say that she made a success of the school, organized and conducted a Sabbath school, and was a real leader and helper to the young people under her charge. People a league [about three or four miles] away heard of her school, and asked us for an Adventist teacher, that they might have a school like it, but we had no one to send. At another place overlooking a beautiful lake, with populous shores, the people urged us to come and establish our work. The answer was the same: We have no one to send.

At a place a hundred miles beyond the postal and telegraph service, we have a Sabbath school, and should have a mission school. But we cannot find a teacher. And what shall I say of the other towns and territories in which we have no work whatever? In one of the villages the Indians offer to furnish a house and pay the teacher. What a blessing it would be to them if the

Adventists could be the first to answer this call! But there is no one to send.

In view of the calls and opportunities, we face the question, "Where shall we get teachers?" We cannot get them from the world, for our teachers must be missionaries. We cannot get them from other missions, for they do not have our message, and cannot give it. The answer is, We must educate them in our own schools. But where are our training schools? They are outside of this union mission, necessitating a journey to the coast, and an ocean voyage to reach them. Only a few, at most, could ever be expected to take such a long and expensive trip, for our young people are poor, and have but little opportunity of earning sufficient money for their school expenses.

But though our young people are poor, they can work. We should give them an opportunity to work where they can at the same time receive an education. A number of industrial features are possible in connection with a school. Certain fruits and most vegetables bring high prices, and could be cultivated profitably. We are hoping and praying that from the generous overflow offering which our Sabbath schools will give for the work in Inter-America, our mission may be provided with a school where our promising young people can be trained for doing practical missionary work. This is absolutely essential if we are ever to answer the calls that from year to year grow more numerous and more insistent. We should

begin now to gather our young people into a school of our own. Many of them are talented, are faithful Christians, and would make real missionaries if educated and trained.

We appeal to you for your interest, your prayers, and your means, that an army of consecrated, trained workers may go forth to teach and to hold our own young people, and win other young people to this glorious message of preparation for Jesus' coming.

This doubtless will be the last opportunity some of us will have to help answer these urgent calls, and I trust that on that great day so soon to dawn when Jesus will come for the cheerful givers and the happy toilers, we may meet in the kingdom some whom our combined efforts on this thirteenth Sabbath have helped to save.

Ye pilgrims of night and of sorrow,
Ye heartsore and longing for peace,
Look up, for soon the glad morrow
Shall dawn that will bring you release.

O heavy and long has the moaning
Of earth's suffering children been heard,
And all the creation is groaning
And travailing in pain for her Lord;

We are hearing of war's desolations,
Of pestilence stalking abroad,
Gaunt famine is claiming its millions
And earth's mighty tremors are heard.

But lo! o'er the hills is the dawning,
In the east is the reddening glow;
'Tis surely precursor of morning—
We fear not the marshalling foe.

We gaze o'er the dim, distant hilltops,
By faith we may see the white throne,
With thousands and thousands of angels
To shout the glad welcome, "Come home!"
—Mrs. E. M. Peebles.

Sabbath, November 17

SEED THOUGHT: "Through His people Christ is to manifest His character and the principles of His kingdom."—"*Christ's Object Lessons*," p. 300.

READING: Juan, the Soul-Winner.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 510.

PRAYER: That the Lord will bless the work and workers in this field.

Juan, the Soul-Winner

O. C. BARRETT

[Secretary-Treasurer of Tehuantepec Mission]

WHILE clerking in a small store in Tehuantepec [tā-wān'tā-pĕk], Mexico, Juan, a young Indian about twenty-three years of age, found a page of *The Messenger of Truth*, one of our first Spanish publications in Mexico. It was wrapped around some merchandise shipped to his store, but on that page there was no address, so he laid it away, planning, if possible, to obtain more copies of the paper, and to learn where it was published.

Two years later his father, who was a drunkard, became so bad that Juan tried to find some medicine to cure him of this vicious habit. Hearing of some advertised cure in Mexico City, he sent for a trial bottle. When the medicine arrived it was wrapped in a back number of *The Messenger of Truth*. Now Juan had the address of the publishers, and gladly became a subscriber.

When the first fresh copy came, he showed it to his younger brother, Aurelio. Together

they studied; together they wrote letters asking more questions, seeking more light, until after three years of study they were convinced of the truth of our message. In the meantime these two brothers had carried their new-found light to their father and mother and brothers and sisters. All except two brothers became believers.

First Juan and then Aurelio were baptized. Later followed their mother, then the younger brothers and sisters. This was the first Seventh-day Adventist family in the isthmus district of Old Mexico. Juan and Aurelio gave up their jobs in the store in order to keep the Sabbath. Juan soon started out canvassing, then taught in some of our native schools. Many souls in benighted Mexico have been led to the Cross by his torch. Like Moses of old he has been blessed with the divine gifts—patience, meekness, honesty, integrity, and love for this truth.

One brother, Julius, studied telegraphy and received a government appointment to an office in one of the villages in the interior of Oaxaca [wä-hä'kä], where he raised up a small company of believers. In his self-supporting missionary work he pastored this flock faithfully until fatally stricken with tropical fever. Another brother, Catarino [cät-rē'nō], who is a doctor, has a Sabbath school in his home.

Last year our committee called Aurelio to the ministerial work. He, like Juan, is very faithful, and has proved a successful worker for the Tehuana [tä-wä'nä] Indians as well

as for the Spanish-speaking people. Some of his brothers and cousins are also preparing for the work. They are all faithful, and their sincerity and self-sacrifice are a worthy example for many of us who have had greater advantages.

Friends, do you not think we should establish dispensaries where young people such as these can be trained to do practical missionary work among their own people? We pray for a liberal Thirteenth Sabbath Offering, that this may be made possible.

Sabbath, November 24

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 24:14.

READING: The Indians in Southern Venezuela.

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

PRAYER: In behalf of the native believers and workers.

The Indians of Southern Venezuela

JULIO GARCIA DIAZ

[Note: Brother Julio, the writer of this article, is one of our most successful native workers in Venezuela. Many people are rejoicing in the truth because of his faithful services. He has been imprisoned for his faith, but his heart overflows with gratitude for the privilege of serving and suffering with his Master.

Once, when coming in touch with the Indians of Southern Venezuela, Brother Julio, through whose veins flows a good bit of Indian blood, learned a story that rolled an almost crushing burden on his heart. He was told that an Indian there had dreamed that a great chief was coming very soon to save those who were trying

to be good. The dream made a deep impression. In fact, it transformed the life of that Indian; and until his death, he wandered around among his people, urging them to live pure, good lives and get ready to meet the great chief who was coming soon.

When relating the story, Brother Julio, with tears streaming down his cheeks, said something like this:

"O, brethren, I long to go in among those Indians with the gospel story. I will gladly go there to live till Jesus comes, and if need be, die to save these neglected peoples." MRS. E. E. ANDROSS.]

Venezuela [vĕn'ĕ-zwĕ' la] is one of the most promising fields for Christian missions. It is a territory three times as large as that of France, with immense forests yet unexplored, and vast pampas, or plains, where are to be found innumerable tribes of roving Indians.

The Catholic clergy who are called to instruct these Indians and to lift them from their degradation, have done and are doing nothing for them. Now and then a priest will visit the regions most civilized and, assisted by the local authorities, will congregate Indians in the villages, baptize the children, and then leave them to continue their savage life of superstition and ignorance.

In the Amazon and the Venezuela-Guiana [vĕn'ĕ-zwĕ'la-ghĕ-ä-nä] regions there are approximately 200,000 Indians scattered among more than thirty-five tribes, each having a different dialect. These poor Indians know nothing of their Creator, and have never heard of the loving Saviour who died for them. They are ignorant of the laws of health, and their food consists of all classes of animals, including reptiles.

When any one is sick they are cured by means of roots and leaves of plants whose curative properties only they, themselves, understand. If one of them dies, it was the evil one, or the devil, who killed him. They sit around the corpse in a circle in order to protect him. When night comes on the chief cuts off some of the skin from the heel of the corpse's right foot and throws it as far as he can into the darkness, in order that the evil one may be entertained by chewing the hard skin until the sun rises. Naturally, when the sun rises, Sainda (the evil one) won't come after the rest of the body. When the hour comes for burial, they place the corpse in the grave with all of the things that belong to him. They do this as quietly as possible and, afterwards, they scatter in every direction, almost without being heard, in order that the evil one may not discover where they have gone. After a year is past, and when the fields and the position of Tata (the moon) show them that that was the same time of year in which their companion died, they return to the place where he was buried; and for three days they drag themselves over the grave, crying and sighing in a dreadful manner.

When a young man wants to get married, he selects from among the girls the companion that he desires, and tells the chief of the tribe about it. The chief then calls all of the tribe together, and each one takes the other by the hand, forming a circle, in the center of which the contracting parties are

placed. After that they all begin to dance and shout. After a time the wedding party ends, and the couple are declared to be united in matrimony.

When a child is born, the parents fear that the evil spirit will take its life, so the father, since he is the stronger of the two, remains with the newborn child while the mother, long before she is able, goes through the forest and meadow hunting for wild animals in order to help provide food for the tribe.

These are some of the superstitious customs of several of the tribes, and these customs form a part of their religious beliefs. They also believe that in olden times the sun and the moon lived together on the earth as husband and wife, and that from this union a child was born whose name was Guanare. This child is venerated with love, because it is said that in the place where he lives there is a river whose waters of crystal contain an abundance of fish of different colors; in the margins of the river are flowers and fruits and rare animals. Thus their superstition paints the dwelling-place of good Indians after they finish this life.

In order to carry on evangelical work among these Indians, we need a launch which will carry four persons, that will be large enough to enable them to live in it and be protected from the innumerable swarms of mosquitoes, and from some tribes which, instigated by foreign renegades, devote their time to pillaging and committing other crimes.

We should also open medical work among them. Suppose you lived out there in ignorance and superstition, dying for want of an outstretched hand, and without the blessed hope that makes bright the end of the Christian pathway. But can you suppose yourself in such misery? Yet, dear friends, the half of the story of misery has never been told. Nor have we language with which to express the blessings wrapped in some medical equipment for the missionaries who go to these Indians to heal body and soul.

But I am sure that the members of the Sabbath schools of the world will not remain with their arms folded, listening with indifference to this appeal. Our confidence is placed in the Adventist people. We know that the Spirit of Him who generously gave all heaven, will move the people who have the Sabbath truth to do their part. We believe as you catch a glimpse of things as they are in Venezuela, you will, upon the next thirteenth Sabbath, give so liberally that you will not be ashamed to meet these same Indians on the great day of final rewards.

Sabbath, December 1

MISSIONARY TEXT: Isaiah 60:1.

READING: The Open Door in Yucatan.

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

PRAYER: That the Maya Indians may hear the message.

The Open Door in Yucatan

GEORGE E. REBELL

[Superintendent, Yucatan Mission]

IN THE great eastern part of the Yucatan [yōō-ka-tän'] Mission lies the Maya [mä'yä] Indian territory, which as yet has never been entered with our irresistible message. Judging from the stories brought to us, the living conditions there are beyond description. This territory is not under the Mexican government, and we are invited to open a mission for these Indians. May the day soon dawn when we can see the first wedge driven into this unentered territory, by means of the medical work. We cannot reach this people through literature, as they have no written language.

Wherever we turn, we encounter the sick, the maimed, and the blind. Some regions are more marked, more outstanding than others, with their multiplied human wrecks—the prey of the enemy of righteousness. Can it be possible that a heart exists that could refuse aid to a perishing brother or sister, though it be only a comforting word or a glass of pure water? What have we to offer to these scarred jewels of Jesus, to give them relief from life's countless aches and pains, that their minds may be made free to grasp the precious truths of His word? With our limited funds we could purchase only a few dental tools, a first aid kit, and some simple medicines with which to serve this suffering people.

Here in the "Land of Mystery" where old superstitions and quaint customs still cling to the descendants of that once glorious Maya Indian race, no more value is attached to a man than if he were one of the lowest of beasts. A few days ago, while working in one of the many mud hut villages, I overheard a conversation that took place in the small general store. A thin, half-clad, dark-skinned Indian entered the store and asked for a pair of black socks. The owner of the store inquisitively asked, "Is the man dead?"

The Indian, with little respect toward the dying, replied, "No, but he soon will be."

"Has the doctor come yet?" again asked the owner of the store.

"No," was the answer of the Indian.

The conversation tells the story. Somewhere in a one-room mud hut in the village, lay a man, dying without Jesus. Around him stood his family and ready mourners. They have sent out to buy a pair of socks for him, perhaps the first that his feet have ever touched. From one corner with all ceremonial custom the burning candles throw a ray of light upon the dying man, huddled in his hammock. He realizes that death is near, and he has no one to help him. The doctor is miles away, and the Chief Physician, Jesus, he does not know. Bravely he dies, in Indian fashion, without hope for the future.

Each day the appeal comes stronger, "Help us, teach us, show us how to take care of our bodies, lest we perish in our sins." They come to us at all hours of the day for

physical, as well as spiritual aid. For example, the other night upon returning from a late missionary visit, we found a young Indian lad who had been waiting all the evening to have his aching tooth extracted. A few days before, a woman pleaded with me to give her a study on proper diet in the light of the Bible. No matter where we travel on this peninsula, we meet the staring, deep-sunken eyes of the sick, in search of the Life-giver. Their bodies seem to be dried up by the scorching, tropical heat. Hundreds die of malaria. Little or no instruction is given on how to prevent it or to combat it. Even the leper, with his dreadful, incurable disease, goes wherever he chooses, spreading his plague among the people. A short time ago my wife and I were introduced to a man in the dark of night, whom we found out later was badly broken out with leprosy. Can we not picture the sad condition that exists among the 450,000 inhabitants who have only one small hospital to serve their many needs? "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few."

Yucatan pleads for the dispensaries, medical workers, and means to enter this great needy field among the Maya Indians.

They Call

"They call,
Those far-off mission lands,
Ripened and white.
I see their peoples stand
With outstretched, pleading hands,
Calling for light.

"They call,
Call through their wretched plight
With plaintive plea.
Groping in shades of night,
Strangers to gospel light,
They call me.

"They call,
And I must heed their plea,
As heed I may;
For they are calling me,
Those lands beyond the sea,—
They call today."

Sabbath, December 8

SEED THOUGHT: "All the resources of heaven are at the command of those who are seeking to save the lost."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 199.

READING: The Call from the Lake Mission.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 589.

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

The Call from the Lake Mission

ERNEST E. POHLE

[Superintendent, Lake Mission]

"Nothing to do!" and the Saviour said,
"Follow thou Me in the path I tread."
Lord, lend Thy help the journey through,
Lest, faint, we cry, "So much to do!"

WHEN I think of the medical and educational needs and possibilities of this field, I hardly know where to begin or what to say first in telling the story of our work in the Lake Mission.

Several months ago a lady from a near-by mining town came to Guadalajara [gwä-thälä-hä'rä] to visit her daughter, and also to see a doctor. While here she learned that we

have a native nurse who has served many faithful years in our medical institution in this city. She at once got in touch with this nurse, and after several treatments, she not only was restored to health, but had also learned of the Great Physician, Jesus Christ, and had received spiritual healing. She now rejoices with us in the blessings of the third angel's message.

Doctor Swayze spent many faithful and fruitful years laboring in this mission, but due to age he had to retire. Brethren, we need a young, energetic doctor who can take hold of the loose strings and bridge the space and territory lost by not having a physician to continue Doctor Swayze's work. Doctors, we need you! Church members, we need your prayers and financial aid! Nurses, we want you! What was once a large institution and a prosperous hospital, is now deserted, because we do not have a doctor or even a nurse to minister to the temporal and spiritual needs of the patients who continually knock at our doors, asking for the doctor.

When we think of the educational possibilities and its importance in preparing future workers, and consider that there are only two workers among inhabitants of three and one-half millions, we almost throw up our hands in despair. What can we do with a limited budget, no teachers, no doctors, no tools to work with, and so much work to do? Oh, that the Lord of the harvest might send forth laborers, for, indeed, the field and work are great! "Come over and help us,"

is our Macedonian call to you. We not only need funds, but we need self-supporting physicians, dentists, nurses, and teachers, and the necessary equipment for each. May we count on you for this need? We do, and we must.

Just a few days ago, while visiting the ex-governor of the state of Jalisco, he offered to give us land free of charge if we will put up a school on his farm. All the necessary natural resources are at hand: water for power, hills, valleys, orchards, irrigation, and building material, such as lime, sand, and stone. He has shown great interest in our work, and has offered all the facilities we could ask for. Shall we hesitate when such offers are made?

In the state of Michoacan [mē-chō-a-kän'] there is a tribe of 300,000 Tarasco Indians. Fourteen of their villages can be reached within an hour from the starting place, by gasoline launch. There are no missionary activities among them, not even public schools. Why should we not advance and establish schools and have a doctor to minister to their needs, and teach them the right way of living?

The governor here has promised and assured us protection and liberty to continue in our work.

The Sabbath schools of the world have within their hands the power to help us go forward. May we count on you to give the best offering this quarter that Inter-America has ever received.

Sabbath, December 15

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 28:18-20.

READING: Our Need of More Schools.

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

PRAYER: That the Lord will help us give liberally of our means so that the work in Inter-America may go speedily forward.

Our Need of More Schools

E. J. LORNTZ

[Superintendent, Honduras Mission]

THE crying need in Honduras [hon-dōō'ras] is more schools,—schools for our own children and young people, and schools for those who sit in darkness. Illiteracy is general in this field, and there are thousands who thirst for instruction. In many cases the children grow up like the flowers of the field, and nothing is done to educate them. We know from experience that our schools do open the way, and remove prejudices against the truth. It is our aim to combine some useful industry with our schools, as this is a sure way to break down many barriers.

These lines are being written in the office of the governor of one of the large departments of the interior. We are establishing a mission among the numerous Indians of this territory. Our missionary and his wife will teach the people to weave and to build their own looms. The governor is sending out circulars to all the towns and villages in his district, announcing the opening of our

school. The people are already genuinely interested in what we are doing.

However, this is only a small beginning. We need more schools—more consecrated teachers who will dedicate their lives to the uplift of this people. Brother Karl Snow and his wife are conducting a splendid industrial school, backed by the government. Why should we not have many more of these schools to help open the door for the message to enter? We could use dozens of young men and women. But, friends, there is not the shadow of a hope for this at the present time, as our funds do not allow us to advance. Our hands are tied because of lack of money. Are you going to help us kindle the light up in the mountain valleys of Honduras? The whole field is open to us, and we have full liberty to teach and to preach. May God impress His children to give so liberally that we shall be able to take advantage of this liberty, for the time may come when the open doors will be closed.

Sabbath, December 22

SEED THOUGHT: "What will be the gratitude of souls that will meet us in the heavenly courts, as they understand the sympathetic, loving interest which has been taken in their salvation!"— *Testimonies*, Vol. VI, p. 310.

READING: Clementina's Education.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 617.

PRAYER: In behalf of our young people in Inter-America.

Clementina's Education

GLENN RAY

ALTHOUGH our Union Mission School is very small, there are few that are more cosmopolitan; for the nineteen pupils that make up our student body come from six different countries, not counting the two San Blas Indian boys whose people recognize the dominion of no foreign nation. And perhaps in no other place could one more quickly come to know the character and the characteristics of our Central American young people than here in our school. The fact that, without exception, our boarding students are earning half or more of their own way, shows their determination. The fact that the entire student body is planning to become workers, shows their consecration. I am going to relate the story of one of our girls, not because she is exceptional nor her experience rare, but rather because she is typical, and will give you an idea of the class of students we have in our school.

Clementina's home is in the Chiriqui [chě'rē-kě'] district of western Panama, and with other members of her family she accepted the truth through the reading of a copy of "The Hope of the World" that had been thrown into the gutter by a neighbor. With her conversion came a strong desire to attend our school and to prepare herself to do the work that she felt the Master had for her. This desire was not appreciated by her father, as he considered the sixth grade edu-

cation which she had received in the public school sufficient for a girl.

As the opening day of school drew near, she had a growing conviction that the Lord wanted her to go and that He would open the way, even though her father had repeatedly told her that it would be impossible for him to help. So strong was this conviction, that she made herself new clothes and packed her trunk and grip in preparation for the trip. Up to within three hours of the time when the weekly boat was to sail, there was nothing to indicate that she would be able to go. But at this hour a native worker came, offering money that made the long journey possible. She arrived with a surplus of \$20. Not wishing to ask help from her father in an undertaking that he had not approved, she worked long hours in order to pay her own way.

During the first summer's vacation, and the two since, she has canvassed in the interior of Panama and in Costa Rica (a rare experience for a young lady in these countries), and each time the Lord has so blessed her efforts that she has gained more than her school expenses. She returned home last summer for the first time, and brought her two brothers back with her. It took them nineteen days to reach the school, as a good part of the journey had to be made afoot, through the tropical jungles of western Panama. It was indeed a difficult trip when one considers that it was made during the season of heaviest rains. But they place a Chris-

tian education far above personal hardships, and rejoice that they can be here.

Clementina will graduate next year from the twelfth grade, and already three conference presidents have said that there would be an opening for her in their field. Again I say that her experience is not exceptional and that there are many others just as faithful, just as worthy, and just as promising.

We wish to thank the believers whose past and present offerings have made the training of such deserving young people possible. And we know that on the sea of glass, many of the redeemed will be from these Inter-American countries. May we all meet with them.

Sabbath, December 29

[Suggestions for the Thirteenth Sabbath Program]

SEED THOUGHT: "We must now by the Holy Spirit's power proclaim the great truths for these last days."—*"Testimonies,"* Vol. VI, p. 24.

DIALOGUE: Planning a Thirteenth Sabbath Program.

EXERCISE for Six Children.

RECITATION: "He'll Come Again."

RECITATION: A Little Boy's Collection Speech.

A TALK: A Striking Clock.

RECITATION: He Chose You.

SPECIAL MUSIC.

OFFERING.

PRAYER: That the Lord will add His blessing to our gifts.

A Dialogue

MRS. E. E. ANDROSS

[Planning a Thirteenth Sabbath Program]

(CHARACTERS: Leader, John, Margaret, Hazel, Henry, Catherine, and a foreign missionary, a middle-aged man, called in to visit the band.)

(SCENE: All, except the missionary, seated on a platform, in a semicircle.)

Leader (a serious and enthusiastic young man): "We have been asked to give the thirteenth Sabbath program on Inter-America, and we should formulate our plans today. After hearing the good mission talks which we have had during this quarter, I am sure we can give a program that will stir other hearts just as ours have been stirred. Who has a suggestion?"

John: "I should like to have some one tell about the work in Mount Roraima [rō-rā-ē'mä]."

Margaret: "But that is such a long story, and there would not be time enough to touch even the vital points."

John: "That is true, but just a few thoughts would bring a vivid picture before the minds of the school. Thousands of hearts have ached to think of those Indians, waiting for sixteen years after the tragic death of Brother O. E. Davis, for the promised missionary. And now, if we could only give our Sabbath school a picture of the price of answering that call! I should like to show Brethren Cott and Christian and their company going up over the rapids, scaling the mountains, wading through water up to their waists, making a boat, and then Sister Christian, when so very ill, being carried back to civilization in a hammock."

Leader (smiling and looking at John): "Excuse me, John, but we must not let you give your lecture just now. Mount Roraima [rō-rā-ē'mä] is one, but only one, of the golden opportunities we have found in Inter-America for service. Who wants to specialize on Venezuela?"

Margaret: "I do. I should like to make brief mention of the work back in the great plains where Brother and Sister Greenidge have a school of about one hundred children. Being nurses, these workers also teach the children about simple treatments, etc., but so far we have not one dispensary in the great Republic of Venezuela. Just think what it would mean to have even one dispensary in that field!"

Hazel: "But is not the need of schools as great as the need of dispensaries?"

Margaret: "Yes, indeed, all government schools are Catholic, and some of our children have been expelled for refusing to kneel to images."

Hazel: "Similar conditions, I understand, obtain in Colombia, where our work is going forward by leaps and bounds."

Leader: "What shall we say about Colombia?"

Hazel: "Well, I would like to give a word picture of one of the groups pleading for a teacher. Colombia has 7,000,000 people in gross darkness, and only three foreign missionary families, and one single foreign worker in that vast republic. Only two mission schools, no dispensaries, and no money with which to provide them."

Henry: "You can hear that same cry for schools and dispensaries all through the Central American countries. The president of Honduras, for instance, where we have a few thriving church schools, sometime ago urged us to multiply our educational institutions in his republic. We had had a small school in Salvador. It was operated in connection with a dispensary, but the worker's health failed, and for over two years both have been closed. Five hundred Indians, with tears in their eyes, made an earnest appeal to our workers to reopen that school and dispensary. Several tribes of Indians in Panama are calling for similar help. And in the bleeding Republic of Nicaragua, many who have had their 'all' swept away by revolutionary storms, are calling for the true riches of life."

Leader: "Seems to me we have a doctor in Nicaragua."

Henry: "Yes, that is true. In fact, two of the three self-supporting physicians in Inter-America are located in Nicaragua. The other is in Honduras."

John: "What about the Quiche [kē-cha'] Indians of Guatemala?"

Henry: "Oh, there is another thrilling mission chapter. When I read a brief account of Brother and Sister Boehne's settling up there among the Indians, I felt as though I should like to go and help them. Brother Boehne said that there were times, after a hard day's work, that he longed for a rocking chair to drop into for a few minutes. I hope they have one by this time."

Leader: "So far we have said nothing about Mexico, nor anything about the West Indies. And the islands of the sea furnish as interest-

ing a mission story as can be found in any part of the field."

Catherine: "We have six missions in Mexico, and every one is in desperate need of mission schools and dispensaries. In spite of all handicaps, however, the work is going forward with miraculous rapidity. In one quarter Tehuantepec [tāwān'tā-pek] doubled its membership, increasing it from 300 to over 600."

John: "I have been very much interested in the reports by Elder Moon, in the *Review and Herald*. He tells of company after company that has accepted the truth through reading or through hearing others tell the wonderful story. These new believers are appealing for some one to teach them more about the truth."

Leader (looking at his watch): "The time is slipping by pretty fast, and we have not yet arranged our program. Surely, with the needs for medical missionary work and for mission schools towering sky high, as they do in Inter-America, we shall not have any trouble to find material, but who has a suggestion for the best way of presenting it?"

Margaret: "I have a bright idea!"

Leader: "Good! What is it?"

Margaret: "Why, that missionary who spoke to us last week is from Inter-America. Why not call him in?"

Leader: "That is a bright idea. His talk made me long, all the more, to be a doctor or a nurse so I could go to one of those places about which he told us."

John: "Shall I look for him?"

Margaret: "Yes do."

(*Leader* nods, and *John* leaves quickly.)

(*John* enters with missionary, a middle-aged man. *Leader* rises and while shaking hands with the missionary, and offering him his chair, says): "How do you do? We are surely glad that you could come."

Missionary (sitting down, while *leader* takes a chair near by): "Thank you."

Leader: "I suppose *John* told you why we called you."

Missionary (smiling): "Yes, your plans have been somewhat explained to me. I am very happy for the opportunity to meet with you on this occasion. I would (rises and stands behind his chair, faces the audience, and talks very earnestly), my dear friends, that I had the power to paint before you, things as they are in Inter-America. Would you know why God called a certain organization, 'The Mystery of

Iniquity'? Then go with me through Inter-America and see the bitter fruits of its reign over the poor, bewildered people whom it has despoiled, degraded, and enslaved, and who, from the depths of their despair, are crying for help, while sinking into Christless graves. Still, they wait. How often my heart cries out for power to give a Macedonian call that will pierce the hearts as well as the ears of young people who could go. I tell you, if you had seen what I have, nothing could keep you in the homeland, save a plain "Thus saith the Lord."

Leader (quietly): "What are the prospects for training some of the young people down there, who become Seventh-day Adventists?"

Missionary: "Well, the answer depends upon which way you look at your question. We have some splendid young people. Didn't you read about the Indian boy who assisted Brother Barrett in the office? He developed quickly into a proficient office worker, and his transformed life caused people to marvel and want to know about the truth. There is a young man in the West Caribbean Training School, bearing heavy responsibilities. Another in the Jamaica Conference office. And I recall a girl who is the very backbone of one of the churches away back in the interior of Venezuela. These are typical of hundreds of others, equally promising. But now (turning toward the leader), I come to the other side of the question—the dark side.

"One of the greatest needs in Inter-America is the need of dispensaries and mission schools, where a host of these young people can be trained to be missionaries to the waiting millions beyond. And have you noticed how many dispensaries we have in Inter-America?"

Hazel: "We have not learned of any, so far."

Missionary: "That is because there are none there to learn about. Aside from the meager equipment of the three self-supporting physicians in Inter-America, there is not even one dispensary operated in the entire division. Of course, God is not dependent on us, but He is counting on us. I know these somewhat startling facts are positively true. It is really remarkable what money will do in some of these needy lands. Often, as I go along the street I say to myself, 'What a fine dispensary that unnecessarily expensive automobile would have built.' And then I think of how many lost ones might have found in that dispensary the door of hope to eternal life."

Catherine: "We were somewhat surprised when Sister Howard wrote from Guatemala that there is a new law which compels children's attendance in every kind of day school, on the Sabbath as well as on other days of the week, except Sunday, with increasing fines for every absence. No excuses will be accepted, and no permission granted for Sabbath absences. So they seem to have the same problem in Guatemala that exists in Venezuela and Colombia."

Missionary: "Yes, in all these countries, and in others, there is an urgent need of mission schools. Mix a lot of prayer into your preparation for this thirteenth Sabbath program. Search your own hearts to make sure that they are on the altar for service, wherever the Master shall call, and then I believe the Lord will bless you in stirring hearts and loosening purse strings until there will be such an overflow in the Sabbath school offerings as you never before saw. I trust you will remember the picture of the Teribi Indians in Panama that I told you about the other day. You recall how eagerly they listened to the gospel story as it was related to them by some native believers who came a long way up the river to do missionary work. When they left, thirty Indians followed them to the river. As their little canoe was about to disappear around the bend of the river, the Indians called in their native language, 'Good-by, good-by until when?' Some one in the canoe called back, 'Until God shall clear the way.' Friends, in behalf of Inter-America, I say to you—and I wish I could say it to *every* believer in this country, When shall I meet you there? When shall we see in Inter-America the schools and dispensaries we so much need? Will you not give of your best to help build the first dispensary in one of the great needy fields in the Inter-American Division? And now I must go. God bless you."

(All leave the platform.)

"THERE are only two places in the world where we can deposit our treasures,—in God's storehouse or in Satan's."
—*"Testimonies,"* Vol. VI, p. 448.

A Striking Clock

Mark 16: 15

"YOUR clock seems to be on a strike," I remarked to the attendant at the desk in the telephone office. I had looked up to note the time, and saw the clock was not running. "Yes, it is on a strike," the young woman replied; and added, with some feeling, "I don't like to have it that way. I don't like to have a thing stopped that ought to be running."

Her indictment of the striking clock intensified my own perception of the incongruity of the tickless timepiece,—“a thing stopped that ought to be running.” The strike was a sin against the very nature of the clock. Her protest was the inevitable outcry of Cosmos against Chaos, of life against death, of fidelity against treachery: “I don't like to have it that way.”

I came away thinking of other things stopped that ought to be running. I thought of the church of Christ, halted and inert and forgetful of its Lord's great commission. I thought of the many churches whose chief aim appears to be “to keep up the service,” when they are appointed to carry light and love and life throughout their communities. I thought of those dumb followers of Jesus who never tell anything about Him, as uncommunicative as the clock with motionless hands. I thought of the missionary stations in heathen lands hampered or abandoned for

lack of funds from the home churches. I thought of the huge stacks of Bibles and Testaments shelved and waiting for the means of releasing and broadcasting the Word of God. And, finally, I thought of Him whose body the church is, and of His own disappointment at our stagnation. I almost thought I heard Him say of His blood-bought church, with sorrow in His words: "Yes, it is on a strike. I don't like to have it that way. I don't like to have anything stopped that ought to be running."—*Rev. George Burlingame.*

He Chose You

He chose you not for bitter tears,
Though dark your life may seem;
He chose you not to foolish fears,
And not to sit and dream;
He chose you, in His loving grace,
To action, patience, trust,
To show upon a smiling face
What God can do with dust.

He chose you for His service here,
To witness of His love;
He chose you—oh, the call is clear,
It comes from heaven above—
He chose you, is not this enough
To man you for the fight?
What if the way be lone and rough,
Be true to God and right.

He chose you for His faithful vine,
Peculiarly His own,
To magnify His life divine,
To live for Him alone.
He chose you for that home above,
Where endless praises ring;
He chose you—oh, the matchless love—
A priest of God, a king.

—*Selected.*

Exercise for Six Children

(Note: If possible arrange so that each child will have one or more dollars to give for the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering.)

First Child:

Jesus died to save the world,
But many do not know;
So they wait in heathen darkness
For some one to tell them so.
We can pray and give our money
That God may workers send,
To tell the lost in other lands
Of Jesus, their best Friend.

Second Child:

And suppose we all were heathen
And didn't know Jesus at all,
And were pleading for something better,
And no one answered our call.
What would we do without Jesus?
He helps us so much all the way.
I surely pity the people
Who do not know Him today.

Third Child:

I pity them too with all my heart,
And I'm going to help some way;
I cannot go myself just yet,
But I'll give and study and pray.
I hope [taking out dollar bill from pocket and
holding it in uplifted hand] this dollar
will help them some.
I plan to give more each week,
That many workers may quickly go,
Those poor lost ones to seek.

Fourth Child:

There's a need of missionaries
And dispensaries and schools;
In all these many stricken lands
Where Catholicism rules.
So [taking a dollar bill from pocket and hold-
ing it in uplifted hand] I will give a
dollar, too,
And have a little share
In building schools and hospitals
For the poor and needy there.

Fifth Child:

I have earned a lot of money
From my mission garden sale.
Here's five dollars that I'll invest
In a cause that will not fail;
For this is the Master's business—
These mission hospitals, you know,
And I'd like to build a good one
In every place our workers go.

Sixth Child:

And I should also like to build
In every foreign field,
All the schools for which our workers
Have so urgently appealed.
But now [each child waving dollar bill in
uplifted hand] we'll give these dollars;
And, friends, please won't you add
Enough to build one hospital,
For lost ones, sick and sad?

All Together:

May Jesus add His blessing
To these our gifts today.
May they make sad hearts happy
In dark lands far away.
May Jesus help us every day
To be His children true.
To live for Him and others,
As He would have us do.

—Contributed.

He'll Come Again

The time's been long, yea, very long,
Since angels sang that sweet, sweet song,
"Peace, peace on earth, good will to men!"
'Twas 'most two thousand years ago;
Yet days they come and days they go,
As time creeps on—but, oh, how slow!
And will He ever come again?

Yea, come again He surely will!
His word abideth faithful still.
List to the angels once again;
Hear what they say to wistful men,
He'll come, He'll come, He'll come again:
He'll come, the same, the very same,
As when before to earth He came."

O wondrous joy! joy supreme!
We'll hear again that blessed name,
As when from angel lips it fell,
When heavenly beings came to tell
The story of that wondrous birth,
And herald peace and joy to earth.
He comes again, earth to redeem,
From curse of sin and death and pain!

Yea, praise His name, He'll come again,
The same, the same, the very same,
As when before to earth He came;
And so we'll trust, nor ask Him when.
—C. P. Bollman.

A Little Boy's Collection Speech

I cannot hope to be like Paul,
For I'm too young, you see.
If Macedonia should call
They could not yet send me.

They'd tell me that I wouldn't do;
I couldn't preach and pray.
So, friends, instead of trying to,
I'll talk to you today

Paul started many churches then,
And often wrote a letter
To tell the people to be good
And teach them to be better.

And that is what the mission folks
Would like to see today;
But something else they need from you
Than just to hope they may.

We'd like to have some money now
To send men off to do
The things which Paul did long ago
The heathen countries through.

Paul believed in faith and works
And in collections, too;
So give us dollars and your prayers,
Please, every one of you.

—Selected.