

MISSIONS QUARTERLY

Vol. 7 Issued Quarterly at Washington, D. C. No. 2

By S. D. A. Foreign Mission Board

Edited by the General Conference Sabbath
School Department

5 cents a copy Second Quarter, 1918 20 cents a year

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



Native Santali Workers

**Topic: Burma, Bengal
and South India**

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The Official Notice

January 24, 1918.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER,
Secretary Sabbath School Department,
Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sister Plummer:—

Again the Mission Board turns toward the ranks that have never yet failed to respond to a call of need. As three great provinces of the Orient call for \$34,000 to meet the needs of their work for one year, the Mission Board has courage to say, "You may count on getting it." This assurance comes from the vision of that rank on rank of Sabbath schools lining up with devoted offerings on a thirteenth Sabbath, to meet exactly the call of these great provinces in one united lift for missions. Therefore we pass to you the General Conference action:

"Voted, That we pass the call of Bengal, Burma and South India, for \$34,000, to the Sabbath School Department with the request that the schools make this call of need the object in view in gifts on the thirteenth Sabbath, for the second quarter of 1918, informing the schools that all records of the past assure us that we can safely report to these populous provinces that they can count on this help in the planning of their work."

So, once again, may the Lord bless the Sabbath schools in their glorious work for the regions beyond.

MISSION BOARD.

A Visit to the Karen Mission Station

W. T. KNOX

OF the thirteen million people of Burma, perhaps two million are Karens. These, while they are more or less scattered throughout Burma, are chiefly found in the mountains and valleys bordering on the beautiful Salwin River. Like all other tribes and peoples of these far eastern countries, the Karens are idolatrous, although the gospel has been preached among them almost a century. Our work among them, however, is one of our most recent undertakings in the India Union Mission.

In 1912 Elder G. A. Hamilton was sent from India to open the work. Later on Elder Hamilton was joined by Brother and Sister Eric B. Hare and Sister Mary Gibbs.

The headquarters of our work in Burma are located at Rangoon. In order to visit the Karen station it was necessary to take a train from Rangoon to Moulmein, and from there take a small river steamer up the Salwin, a boat of not much greater capacity than a fair-sized launch, every foot of space being crowded with freight and native passengers. A full day from morning to evening was required to carry us to Shwegun, the head of navigation for this boat. But few towns or villages were discernable along the jungle-lined shores, but the many stops we made always revealed that this jungle land was a populous country, and its inhabitants an interesting and needy people.

At Shwegun we were met by Elder Hamilton with the mission launch, a small gasoline

affair with a capacity of six or eight persons. A journey of twenty or twenty-five miles brought us at last to our mission, which proved to be located on a beautiful site overlooking the river. On the mission ground we found a comfortable bungalow occupied by Brother Hamilton and family and Sister Gibbs, from the front porch of which we looked eastward upon the blue mountain tops of Siam, into which country we hope soon to send the messengers of truth from Singapore. In addition to the bungalow, there were a number of native thatched huts, and a small building used as a dispensary, presided over by Sister Gibbs, where she ministered to the physical ailments of the many natives coming to her for assistance. The thatched huts, with one exception, were occupied by Karens, who have become interested in and been converted to the gospel message. The one exception alluded to was a hut a little better and more pretentious perhaps than the others, and occupied by Brother and Sister Hare. A visitor to this home could not fail to notice how neat and attractive the occupants had made it, but as we visited with them and sat about their hospitable table, somewhat of this charm was lost as we were forced to notice that an excellent refuge was afforded in the thatched roof for lizards, centipedes, and other undesirable visitors, which at anytime were liable to descend upon the table, bed, or floor.

During our brief stay at the mission we had an opportunity of meeting with, and speaking

to, the people for whom these workers are laboring. Both Brother Hare and Sister Gibbs have a good knowledge of the Karen language and readily interpreted for us.

The mission is surrounded with a dense jungle, which in this tropical climate can only be restrained from encroaching upon the mission grounds by the constant effort of the workers. That this carries its full measure of wild animals was evidenced while we were there by the killing of a tiger in the immediate neighborhood of the compound.

In order that the health of the workers may be preserved and that they may enjoy at least a measure of comfort and convenience, there must be added to this mission at least one more bungalow. Another will really be needed as soon as Sister Gibbs is able to return from her furlough, made necessary by her long stay in that trying climate.

Washington, D. C.

Albert Barlow and Barka Murmu

Babumbohal, Katoria P. O.

Simultalam E. I. R.

Dear Sister Plummer:

Your letter was read with interest and greatly encouraged us here in the Santal jungles. I am enclosing a picture of my little son, Albert, and his Santali playmate, Barka Murmu (the East and the West). I will tell you about this dear little fellow and his family. Some fifteen years ago when we first began work among the Santals, the father of Barka, then a poor

heathen boy, came to our school. After awhile he went home, but could not rest until he returned to school. He told me that



Barka Murmu and Albert Barlow

the cause of his leaving was that there was so much Bible teaching and singing of gospel songs that he could not bear it any longer. After his return he began to listen attentively, and soon after requested baptism. His young wife followed his example, and

now they are both happy in God's service. Barka and his sister are both studying in our mission at Karmatar and doing well, thank



Converts in Our Santali School

(*Jegon is marked thus x*)

God. One day they will also follow in their father's footsteps.

Jegon is Barka's father, and I am glad to say that he has proven himself a very earnest and successful worker, both in school and in selling our literature in Bengali, Santali,

Hindi, and Urdu. He was with me on a tour some years ago visiting the festivals and markets, and did good work.

Only a few weeks ago he visited here and told us how God was blessing him in the sale of our Hindi and Bengali papers at a place called Asansol. He was doing well there when on a certain Sunday a man came out and stopped him from selling our literature, and ordered him off, and said if it had not been Sunday he would then and there call the police and have him arrested. This did not move Jegon at all. He went on selling his papers and at evening wrote to Brother Burgess, our Bengal superintendent. When the reply came, Jegon, in a very courteous and Christ-like spirit showed it to the man. After the man had read it carefully he handed it back and never troubled him again. Jegon sold many more papers there, and was happy in the path of duty.

He has also done work in village school life. He was one of our first village school teachers. Now we have about twelve students from a heathen village as the result of his work. We have baptized several students from our boarding school who attended Jegon's village school, and from them we secure converts to Christ through the Bible teaching and Christian songs taught the pupils.

Pray for little Barka Murmu and his sister and his parents that they may be used of God in winning souls for Jesus' sake.

Yours in his service,

W. A. BARLOW.

The School at Meiktila

R. B. THURBER

“IF you see a Burman who is skilled in a practical trade you may put it down that he is an ex-convict. A native must commit a crime and be sent to jail in order to learn a trade. No other provision is made for technical education.” So said a missionary of another denomination whom I met on the train after I had been in Burma two months. He further told me that his society and others had tried in vain, again and again, to start an industrial school. But the people would not take an interest in it, and could not be taught to work at paying trades.

Thus he built up the city of Hopelessness, walled it up to heaven, and peopled it with giants. And we, poor insignificant Calebs and Joshuas, were saying that they could be subdued. For we had come to Meiktila to start a technical school, and dared to hope that we could succeed. The story of how well we did succeed is not all a matter of history yet. This prophet of failure exaggerated the difficulties a little, I think, but in the main he was right. The combined potential energy of the West moves the East but slowly. Yet the power of God, back of his definite instruction, does wonders.

Three years after our beginning, the English director of schools visited our place and looked over our work. He was manifestly surprised and said, “A short time ago the government officers and the manufacturers

and merchants in Rangoon met in a conference to decide what could be done for technical education in the province. After long deliberation they concluded that the time was not ripe for anything to be done. Now here you are doing the very thing they said was impossible." From that time on he urged us to accept aid from the government.

But our real successes did not depend altogether on success in teaching the Burman to work. Industrial education is an integral part of our message, so we planned to make this part a magnet to draw the natives to the more vital whole. It is interesting to note how we were led to Meiktila. Our work had just got well started in Rangoon when Elder H. H. Votaw gave Bible studies to a telegraph operator there. Later this man was transferred to Meiktila, in Upper Burma, and he invited Elder Votaw to come up for a change and continue the studies. This was done, and a neighboring government prosecutor was invited in. The telegraph man did not accept the truth then, but the prosecutor did. He, being an influential man and exceedingly energetic in spreading literature and talking the truth, soon interested many Buddhist Burmans. At first they were attracted to our vegetarian diet and industrial education. Their older men see that their country is fast passing over to the Indian and the Chinese, and other foreigners. They wanted us to start a technical school, and began to raise the money for it. We could not refuse to take action upon such a loud and insistent call and such a favorable opening.

So the work was started. More than half the money spent on buildings and grounds was raised by donations in that country; not a small portion being given by Indians, Chinese, and American oil-drillers. At first the institution was a great burden to us, an experiment to the government, and a curiosity to the people. However, when we settled down to make shoes and baskets and furniture, we soon had many friends.

The most gratifying results were seen along spiritual lines. They are not wonderful, comparatively speaking, for among the self-contented and easy going Buddhists the gospel of self-sacrifice does not make progress rapidly. But in Burma, the land of rubies, there are many unpolished stones that await our seeking. About fifty young men have been baptized, and some are actively engaged in work for their own people today. Five of our youth from the school have gone on to the higher training school at Lucknow to receive finishing preparation for preaching to the twelve millions of Burma.

In a recent letter from one of our most successful young students, he said, "You are the one who made me a man." He was an ardent Buddhist, but, like Paul, he has changed completely and is a valiant soldier for Jesus.

One day a little fellow came running down the road calling loudly for me to wait. On reaching me he put two annas (four cents) into my palm and with the words "In ten parts, one part," he was gone again. He had paid his first tithe.

It is a glorious task to work for these lovable and appreciative people. When from year to year a little group of boys resolutely stand on the shores of beautiful Meiktila Lake, and one by one are buried with the Jesus they love so well, and rise to bear the yoke with him along the dusty roads, and in the benighted villages of indifferent Burma, we feel that the Word is not returning void, and the labor of love is well repaid.

Berrien Springs, Mich.

The Tragedy of the Empty Pulpits and the Closed Doors

GEO. F. ENOCH

“AT both these places the believers have already provided themselves with meeting places, and have furnished their own seats and all other necessities,”—so reads a report from a great unentered province in Asia.

I say unentered, meaning, by the living preacher, but—thank the Lord—the faithful colporteur has passed through, scattering the printed page, and in more than a dozen places in this one province there are now companies of believers.

Do you get the picture? It took but the spark left by the passing colporteur to light the fires in all these places, in some of which, ere the living preacher reaches them, they have built and furnished their meeting houses. They are not now pleading with us for money to buy a lot for their building, or to help erect

it, or even furnish it. They have bought the lot, built the church, furnished it with seats and all other necessities and now assemble, *facing an empty pulpit*. They have groped their way out of the darkness this far, and are now imploring us to hasten the living preacher to these empty pulpits. There are many who have waited years in vain for this privilege.

Three Unentered Language Areas

Telegu

Ten years ago when the writer went to India, so earnest a plea for help came out of the Telegu language area, that it was a matter of perplexity to know whether to send us there or to the Marathi language area of Western India. The Marathi language finally claimed us.

Eight years ago my attention was called to the fact that a native Telegu had translated some articles on present truth from the "Oriental Watchman," our missionary paper in India, and printed and distributed them at his own expense. Every year during the last four years I was in India most pitiful pleas came from the Telegu area, pleading for the living preacher.

At the biennial conference three years ago, at Calcutta, Prof. H. R. Salisbury said, "Plans must now be made for opening a mission among the Telegus, even, if necessary, by the curtailment of our appropriation to other parts of the field. I believe the hour has struck for us to take the Word to that

people who have so gladly responded to the gospel.”

Hundreds of thousands have been baptized there in recent years, the Baptist church baptizing more than 2000 at one time at one place.

In spite of these facts, today June, 1918, the twenty-two million Telegu people are waiting still for the first herald of the third angel's message to locate among them and learn their language.

But the Lord, wearying of our long delay, has been working in their behalf. By sending Telegu men ostensibly seeking work to other parts of India where the message is being preached, and by the printed page, first in English, and Tamil, later in Telegu itself, the Lord has been gathering out the first fruits. The light thus kindled has been so blessed that some have already been baptized; believers in a number of places are awaiting baptism. Colporteurs are scattering our Telegu literature far and wide; two trained native evangelists are already preaching the message, and in our training school at Lucknow four bright young Telegu men are being prepared to enter the field. But no missionary from us has yet located among them or learned their language. This is more than an empty pulpit in a single church, it is the vacancy for a leader to gather out the remnant from among twenty-two million of people.

Malayalam

A similar condition prevails among the six

million Malayalam people of Southwestern India. It would be but a repetition of what we have said about the Telegu country to repeat their story. In this section of India where Christianity first came to India, both in ancient and modern times, we now have baptized believers, an active force of colporteurs scattering the pages of present truth, and companies of believers are springing up, yet no leader is located among them.

Ceylon

The island of Ceylon is a part of the South India mission. Although no missionary has as yet located there, we have about thirty Sabbath-keepers scattered from the north to the south. Two flourishing Sabbath schools have already been organized. Now a touching plea comes to us from the two language areas of Ceylon, Tamil and Singhalese. For years we have been singing :

“What though the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, . . . ”

yet in 1918 Ceylon still waits the coming of the living preacher to locate permanently. Is it not time for us to do more than sing about Ceylon?

In this Thirteenth Sabbath Offering needy India pleads. Why should not our schools respond to this plea, not only in nickels and dimes, but by hundreds and thousands of dollars, thus making this the largest offering we have ever laid at the Master's feet?

A Letter from Dan

MARIAN BROOKE

(Four boys, Jack, Walter, Will, Robert. Jack stands reading a letter. Enter the other boys walking leisurely.)

WALTER: Hey Jack, what you reading, your big sister's letter?

JACK: (Looking up) Sister's letter? No—sir—ee, its a letter from Dan.

ALL: From Dan!

WALTER: Hurry, let's hear it! When did he get there? How does he like it?

ROBERT: My, I'm glad I'm not in his boots.

WILL: I know he wants to come back already. I don't see what Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds wanted to take Dan to India for, but they said he could be a missionary, too.

WALTER: Read it to us, Jack, we want to hear what he's got to say about it.

JACK: Well, this is what he says: "I have just been out playing 'Kabaddi' with the little Indian boys. It's a great game, something like 'dare.' One boy starts toward the boy opposite him calling out, 'Kabaddi.' As long as he can say it without drawing his breath he is safe, if his breath fails, his opponent dashes after him calling 'Kabaddi'; holding his breath. If he doesn't get back to his base before being caught he is to keep doing it."

ROBERT: Who ever heard of such a game? I guess its a good thing Dan has to write instead of talk to us, for I know those Indian boys kept him saying "Kabaddi" until he was hoarse.

JACK: Will, you're wrong when you say you know he's ready to come back. Listen here: "I've had a fine time, seen lots of sights, and have planned so many things to teach these little Indian boys I don't believe I'll ever have time to come back to America. Why, fellows, when the boys heard that we had entered the city, they left their games to come and see us. The house was so crowded that they couldn't get in, so they climbed on the roof and looked down through the holes in the thatch. Since then,

I've heard them trying to sing what the missionaries sang that day. All they knew were two lines:

'Jesus loves me this I know
For the Bible tells me so.'

Just wait! It won't be long before I can teach them songs and tell them about Jesus. Boys, I know I never seemed good or very much a Christian at home, but I didn't always let you know how I felt. Somehow, I was ashamed to show that I wanted to come here and be a missionary, but now I'm proud of it. You would be, too, if you could see these superstitious heathen, who never heard of Christ become converted and try to be good. Why, they are real soldiers of the King."

WILL: Phew, Dan's most turned preacher, but say, fellows, there's something in what he says.

JACK: (Reading again) "I know you will hardly believe me when I say I haven't seen a girl since I've been here. How would you like that? Why sometimes girls are married when they are babies in the cradle, then when they are nine or ten years old they are carried away to live with a houseful of people where her husband lives. She must try to make everybody like her, even her husband has to learn to love her. If they don't she suffers all kinds of misery. There was one little girl named 'SooBoo,' who was married but her husband wouldn't take her to his house, because she was born on Friday and they thought she would bring ill-luck to his household. You can't imagine how I long to be able to tell these boys better.

"If the husband dies, his people claim his wife killed him and they make her work awfully hard, give her only one meal a day, and have her head shaved. She can never marry again. Just think, there are some little girls that can't remember ever having been free to play! In high caste homes the little girls can play with their brothers. When a visitor comes they must hide. The father will call the boys and show them to the visitors. Some fathers used to kill the baby girls."

WALTER: I tell you the boys have an easy time over there.

JACK: Wait until I read what he says before you are sure. "The wee little boys have to work for their wives, and don't get much for their work, either. They have to guide oxen to the plough all day, or carry heavy pots of water from rivers or canals to put in channels to water the fields."

ROBERT: It's awful, wish I were over there to help Dan tell them the right way.

JACK: Dan says, "Those that know Christ here call him the King of India, but those that follow this King are so few. There are enough boys and girls in India to win all their land for him if they only knew him. Now, the boys and girls in Christian lands must help, there's a part for all. Christ the King, needs many knights in India to redress wrong, to save the sad and dying and the sinful; but he needs others to be servants of the knights in India. So, I'm depending on you fellows to support me."

WILL: We would surely do that thing if we only knew how and what to do.

JACK: Just wait, he's got it all planned out for us. "I hear that they are going to give the Thirteenth Sabbath School Offering to Burma and Bengal this quarter. It's useless for me to say more, for I can hear each of you planning how you are going to get your dollar, besides telling everyone else how much we are in need of a big offering to spread the message of the King of kings in India. Pass this letter to the girls, for they, too, will be eager to help their little Indian chums."

Boys, be sure to pray for Burma and Bengal and me. Your little missionary friend,

"Dan."

WALTER: Say boys, how does that strike you? As for me I'm not going to stop at one dollar.

ROBERT: Good! I say, let's call ourselves "Ambassadors for Christ," and prove that we are.

ALL: Sure, let's shake on that. (Shaking hands) We will lift high our heads declaring our loyalty to the King of kings and our love for and faith in Dan.

The Medical Work Reaches All Classes

MRS. EDITH E. BRUCE

IN India as in other lands the medical work is truly an entering wedge for the gospel. Medical work is carried on in several places in India. There are hundreds of towns and villages where the work is needed and where it would be greatly appreciated, but, alas, the laborers are too few to supply the needs.

During almost three years of medical work in Calcutta I was brought in contact with many fine English people and also high-class natives.

We had no doctor connected with the institution, so were obliged to use our own judgment in administering treatment. These efforts were attended by the Great Physician, and we had some very interesting experiences which brought us in close contact with the people in a social and a spiritual way.

One day while giving treatment to a lady of government rank, she very abruptly said, "Mrs. Bruce, do you know I should love to have you teach me the Bible." This was a very happy surprise to me. Though very busy, I arranged to go to her house each week to study with her. I always found her waiting with Bible, notebook, and pencil, ready for her lesson. She always sent her private carriage to bring me and take me home.

I also held readings with another lady whose husband had a good position in the government. From the first she seemed very

much interested, always carefully taking notes and texts, which I learned later she rehearsed to the family in the evening. At first her husband was prejudiced, but after nearly a year he began to join in the readings. Later this lady's two sisters, one a Normal graduate, and the other the wife of a government employe, came to visit her, and also joined in the study of God's precious Word. Her husband also became interested and finally accepted the truth.

All these dear people are now rejoicing in the message. It was thought at first that the gentlemen might be obliged to give up their position in the government in order to keep the Sabbath. This they were willing to do; but God worked in their behalf, and they were retained in service.

From these families the truth was taken to Simla, Northern India. An interest was started which was strengthened and enlarged by Elders S. A. Wellman and H. H. Votaw, until now we have there a flourishing church, and medical work under the direction of Dr. H. C. Menkel.

I give these two instances in my own experience only to show what can be done in this great needy field.

While the call for work among the European population seems to be too loud to be unheeded, the call for work among the poor native people is still greater. Treatment has been administered to many thousands of native people at our dispensaries, where we

have done noble work ; yet in the face of the multitudes, the medical work has scarcely been touched by the tips of our fingers.

As we look at the throngs of poor suffering humanity with little or no comfort in this life, and no hope in the life to come, our hearts grow sick, and we wonder how long it will be before we can by some means touch the multitudes.

The call is loud and definite for more earnest, consecrated workers—for workers who can see in every poor soul one for whom Christ died ; workers who are willing to forsake all for the sake of the Great Physician ; workers who can train others to give the message and do the work which can only be done by the people themselves, under wise and loving guidance. Every one cannot answer the call, but all can help by their means. May the Lord help *many* to go and *all* to give to this most needy field.

Washington, D. C.

Needs at the Karen Station

MARY GIBBS

WORKERS from India are always "at attention" when India is mentioned, and especially when there is a movement on foot for giving money to the many needs that meet our eyes in that dark land.

Karen workers in Burma are indeed grateful for the mission bungalow and dispensary that was given as a result of one Thirteenth Sab-

bath Offering. There are still other needs. Until we came, the nearest medical facilities were about sixty miles from the station. We found much work awaiting us. Patients began coming from long distances, and many were so ill it was necessary that they stay for treatments. The only place we had to put them was in some tumble-down mat huts around the station. They were very unsanitary, but it was during the dry season.

At one time we had six patients in these huts. A man with abscesses all over his body came seven miles; another with such a sore throat he could not swallow came ten miles. A boy with a lame leg walked ten miles; a Chinese with a gangrenous foot was brought thirty miles in a bullock cart and left to be cared for; a child who had accidentally had her heel taken off was brought thirteen miles. An old man with malaria and complications was carried thirty miles in a blanket swung from a stout bamboo which men carried on their shoulders. When this old man came the huts were full, as each patient had a relative who cared for him. The poor old man and his wife had to stay in a deserted sand-pit until some of the others were able to leave. The pit had a temporary roof but no sides. It was some distance from the huts and the old couple were afraid of wild beasts, but that was the best we could do for them. During the rainy season these huts were completely demolished, so now we have no place to keep the sick.

The distances are so great that the people do not come to us until the sick are so ill that

it is impossible to accomplish any results with one or two treatments, and we cannot stay away from the station for very long.

The people bring their own blankets and pillows and rice. All that is needed is a place to keep them near, so they can come each day for treatments. When they stay several days with us and hear the gospel stories at the dispensary, and worship with us on Sabbath it makes more of an impression for Christianity than when we see them but seldom and for only a short time.

Our hearts ache when we go a long distance to see sick persons and find them in great need of care. We cannot stay with them, we have no place to which we can bring them, neither do their own people know anything about caring for them.

There is a good supply of heavy timber near the mission station, and doubtless the government would give us what we need; but it takes money to hire it felled, dragged, sawed, and made into buildings. This is our most pressing need.

Every division of the India Mission field can tell of needs as urgent as ours. Let everyone remember the great need of Burma on the thirteenth Sabbath.

The Women of India

MRS. LENNA E. SALISBURY.

SHE seemed such a pathetic figure, the little Indian mother of perhaps seventeen years who stood with her sick baby in her arms,

looking up so appealingly into the face of the dispensary nurse. She had come from a distant village that hot summer morning, walking miles under the burning sun to get help for her child. The other patients had been treated and sent away and she was the last. She stood wearily but expectant as the nurse gently examined the baby and questioned her about it. After she had told her what to do to relieve its suffering, and had given her some medicine, the nurse asked the mother to sit down and rest while she read to her from the Bible. The last verse was, "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." How familiar and sweet the words sound "to us who believe," but they struck no responsive chord in her heart, for they fell on ears that never before had heard the gospel story. With a puzzled look she asked, "Who is Jesus Christ? I have never heard of him." "Have you never heard of Jesus?" asked the nurse. "Has no one ever told you about him? He is the one through whom we have salvation." "No," she replied, "no one has ever told me. Salvation?" she repeated questioningly. "What is salvation? I don't understand what you mean."

Perhaps she had never heard the word before, for she was only a poor low-caste Hindu woman, who hoped to win the favor of the gods by offering food and sweetmeats at one of the countless way-side shrines that dot the dusty roads of India. She was unlettered and ignorant, a woman of the people, just one of the millions in that land who still grope

in darkness because as yet no one has brought to them a knowledge of Jesus, the Light of the world.

The worker saw that she must make the message very simple and plain if the woman were to understand it, and she realized that this might be her only chance to tell her of a Saviour's love.

"You know we all must die," she said. "Yes," replied the mother drawing her child a little closer to her heart, "we all must die." "But," continued the worker, "if we believe on Jesus Christ, who came to this earth and died for us, and believe that he will forgive our sins, though we die, we shall live again." "O," she exclaimed with a smile, "is that what salvation means? Now I understand." She could not read or write but she eagerly took the tract which was given her, and said she would take it to someone who could read it to her so that she could learn more about Jesus and his salvation.

Do you think hers an isolated case? She came from one of the thousand villages in India today where Christ has not yet been named. Because she was a low-caste woman and hence not worth safe-guarding so carefully, she could be out on the streets and could come to the dispensary. But what about the millions of the higher-caste Hindu women and the Mohammedan women who are "behind the purdah," whose life is shut in by the four walls of the zenana? How are they to be told?

It is hardly possible for us in this land of enlightenment to realize the wonderful privi-

leges that the gospel has brought us. One must see with his own eyes the degradation and slavery of the Indian women to even faintly appreciate the blessings that are ours.

It is estimated that in all India there are 50,000 zenanas to which the Christian woman missionary may have access, and we have but one European worker who is devoting her whole time to this work. What of the forty million women who are behind the still closed doors waiting for the message of truth which shall make them free? What shall we do for them? It is not always easy to gain an entrance to these carefully guarded zenanas, indeed it requires the utmost tact and often months of patient waiting, but behind their forbidding walls are many souls who are longing for something they have not.

One of our workers went to visit a wealthy and educated Mohammedan woman whose little daughter had just died. As she expressed her sorrow and sympathy, the mother, though her heart was breaking with grief at her loss, exclaimed, "But I would rather have her dead than grow up to be a Mohammedan and live the life I have had to live."

According to the late census, ninety-nine and two-thirds per cent of the Mohammedan women of India are illiterate. How dense is the darkness of their lives, and yet they exert a wonderful influence and in the hands of the women lies to a great extent the future of Mohammedanism, because from the very fact of being shut away from outside influences they throw their whole life and energy into their religion. Listen to the words of the zenana worker whom I have just mentioned:

“The Mohammedan woman is the one who holds the religion together. She is religious, more so than the man, you might say almost fanatically religious. Her whole life is made up of religious observances. Win her over, break down these forms, and you are fairly on the way to vanquishing Mohammedanism. Satan knows this full well, that is why he keeps such a jealous watch over this, his pet stronghold.” The extent and rapid growth of Mohammedanism offers one of the greatest problems before the church of Christ today. How better can it be solved than by reaching the women?

The belief in a soon-coming Saviour is just as dear, if anything dearer to these shut-in sisters than to us, for it brings them the promise of a life of happiness and freedom they have never known. This incident is told of a group of Mohammedan women most of whom were for the first time hearing the glad news of Christ's second coming from the mouth of a Bible worker. As they sat listening, two women turned to each other, a look of joy lightening up their tired faces. “Did you hear what she said?” asked one who was a Christian of the other, who was a supposed Mohammedan. “Yes,” was the reply, “Jesus is coming again, very soon, perhaps, and O, when he comes I shall die of joy.”

“Who is Jesus Christ?” “What is salvation?” These are the questions that come sounding over the seas, straight from the heart of thousands of Indian women, Hindu and Mohammedan, to you and to me, who through the infinite mercy of God have

been given to know something of the "unsearchable riches of Christ." What shall our answer be? "How shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?" What are we willing to give up that the answer may be sent quickly?

The Work in Bengal

L. J. BURGESS

It is now twenty-two years since the first herald of the third angel's message, a lone sister whose heart had been stirred with the needs of the women of India, sailed up the Hoogly River and landed in Calcutta. No wonderful strides have been made during these intervening years, but there has been a steady advance. Workers from the homeland have come and gone. Some have returned to America in broken health, and others have fallen a prey to tropical diseases. The graves stones of at least six faithful missionaries give solemn witness that the message has come to Bengal to stay.

For a long time the work in Bengal was mainly confined to the English speaking community, and it was not till about twelve years ago that any definite work was begun for the natives of the land aside from the orphanage at Karmatar. Since then much labor has been spent in the preparation and circulation of literature and in evangelistic work, as a

result of which some fruit has been gathered. We now have ninety-six baptized native members of the church at Bengal, and about an equal number of unbaptized adherents who are keeping the Sabbath and living up to the light they have, and who will doubtless be baptized in due time.

Although we cannot count our Sabbath-keepers in large numbers yet we rejoice to see that including full members and adherents who are with us at present, there is an average of one for every twenty days during the past twelve years of active work in the vernacular.

Aside from the work for the Bengalis the effort for the European population has been continued, and we now have a church of seventy-one members among the English speaking people of Calcutta.

The prospects are encouraging for the future. Last year a training school was opened for the daughters of our Bengali Sabbath-keepers, which has filled a long felt need. This is our first definite effort to discharge our long-standing indebtedness to the women of Bengal, for whom many appeals have been made in the homeland. Under the direction of Sister Della Burroway the work of this school has been greatly blessed and a number of genuine conversions have resulted.

A boys' school was also opened early in 1917 with an attendance of eighteen which has since grown to twenty-five. In this school we hope to train our future workers for Ben-

gal. Six of the larger boys attending the school spend three or four hours a day in the sale of literature in the city, and thus help in defraying their expenses. Others are being taught how to labor with their hands in various lines, so that they may be able to go out in the future as self-supporting workers.

Calcutta, India.

God's Country

R. B. THURBER

"God's country, where life is worth living"
But tell me just where, if you will,
Germany, Russia or England,
Egypt, Japan or Brazil,
India, China or Greenland,
Settlements down to the Straits;
Islands that speck the Pacific,
Chile, Peru or "the States"?

"God's country, where life is worth living,"
The homeland bids high for the name;
For every man's heart burns within him,
The best for his birthplace to claim.
For every man's country is dearer
Than any far field he may roam;
And no matter what the attraction,
The place of all places is home.

"God's country, where life is worth living,"
But God gave a rebirth to me,
And now in my regeneration
God's country is over the sea,
In Burma's fair land of pagodas,
Mid India's caste-ridden host;
For God in his wisdom of loving
Loves most where they need him the most.

"God's country, where life is worth living,"
Is down where the darkness is dense.
God's country, where life is worth giving
Is teeming, degraded and tense
Away o'er the waters to missions,
For heathen whose need is my call,
I consecrate every endeavor,
My treasure, my talents, my all.



ANSWER: "WHO IS JESUS?"

TAKE AWAY BUDDHISM

SEND MISSIONARIES

SAVE

\$34,000 WILL

BRING TEACHERS

SCATTER

HELP

LITERATURE

RESCUE CHILD WIDOWS

A Blackboard Exercise