

MISSIONS QUARTERLY

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A Home and Garden in Our Mission Compound
in Keizan, Southern Korea

Topic: Homes for Missionaries

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Prayer in behalf of our missionaries.

The Official Notice

Takoma Park, D. C. June 10, 1919.
Mrs. L. Flora Plummer, Secretary,
Sabbath School Department.

Dear Sister Plummer:

At a recent meeting of the General Conference Committee it was decided to place before your department our needs for homes for our workers in foreign fields, with the request that you present these to our Sabbath schools throughout the world as the object of their gifts for the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering for the fourth quarter of 1919.

We will be called upon to supply homes for all the foreign territories occupied by our missions, including the far eastern field, India, the countries of Central America, and the Inca Union Mission of South America. In all these fields conditions are such that in order to protect the health and lives of our workers the Mission Board finds it necessary to supply them with sanitary homes, which can not be found except as we make it possible for them to build.

The budget for the present year calls for expenditures of this character in excess of \$43,000. Our Committee therefore remembering the hearty cooperation of the schools in the past are bold to ask you in presenting this object to the schools for their gifts for the quarter under consideration, to appeal to them for offerings to the amount of \$48,000.

Very sincerely yours,
W. T. KNOX.

Why Homes Are Essential

I. H. EVANS

HEALTH is of first importance the world over, if hard work is to be long endured. That is not saying that men and women who are not strong may not do much work, but they must have favorable conditions in which to live. Men and women who are well and strong can do far better work, and more of it, and can stay by it much longer, if they can have comfortable homes, with sanitary surroundings.

Health affects the outlook—the vision. Generally a sick man has a circumscribed view of things; he overestimates his strength, or he lives in fear of difficulties which threaten to overcome him. It is almost impossible for a sickly person to be normal either in work or in judgment. An old proverb says, "He who has health has hope, and he who has hope has everything." Above all others, the missionary needs health and its hopeful outlook.

Intelligent thoughtfulness in preserving the health must control the missionary; if not, sickness will consume the time, or a hasty furlough will follow. The missionary himself is not the only one who suffers loss; the field in which he labors, the mission board that sends him, and the cause of God all suffer loss.

In the Far East conditions are unlike those that prevail in the West. In this field the people crowd into villages or cities, where the streets are narrow and often filthy, and the

houses very poorly adapted to the American or European; or if a house is suitable, the rent is beyond the ability of the missionary to pay. He must live among the poor, under appalling conditions as far as health is concerned, or for a good house with healthful environments, he must pay a rental beyond his means. For this reason the various mission boards usually build homes for their workers. Many business concerns, such as the Standard Oil Company, do the same. They find it economy to provide homes suitable to the needs of their workers, and seldom allow their foreign employees to live in native houses. They find it pays to protect their employees, so they can remain for years with their work. This is done to protect the interests of the company as a measure of economy.

Since the General Conference has adopted the policy of building homes for the missionaries in the Far East, fewer missionaries proportionately, have been compelled to leave for home on account of sickness, and the health and courage of the workers have greatly improved.

Every new family sent to the mission field should have a home provided. This means money, but it also means economy. There is no other way in many of these fields than to let the worker and the home be provided at the same time.

Our people have done well in giving means for the providing of these homes, but more and more we must see that each newcomer to this land of need has a home in which he can

find rest and health, and thus stay by the work. The denomination must send to these hard fields only such men and women as will give their lives to the work. It cannot afford to send workers simply for a few years. To live in the East, and to work hard for a long term of years, requires good food, good homes, and conditions where the heart is content and where health can be preserved.

Shanghai, China.

A Great Need

R. W. PARMELE

IT is difficult for those residing in the United States, surrounded by every comfort, to really comprehend the necessity of homes for our missionaries in foreign fields. But such a necessity is very apparent to one who travels in these fields and experiences the difficulty encountered in securing a house that is a healthful place in which to live. There must also be provided a place of meeting that is comparatively quiet and representative. To secure a makeshift for these purposes is a very expensive proposition.

The architecture in most foreign countries is quite ancient and very different from what is seen in the homeland. In the Latin American countries the houses are built without a front yard, with no space between one house and another. Usually the house extends back to the rear of the lot, so that the rear is entirely enclosed, except for a little court with a cement floor. If the house has a floor at all, it is

usually of tile. The windows and doors are generally barred. The cooking is done on a tile-top bench, in the fire holes of which charcoal is burned. Many times the only vent for the smoke that is occasioned in starting the fire is a hole in the wall back of the bench.

A very good illustration of the usual ar-



A Frequent Arrangement of Homes in Latin America
rangement is given in the accompanying picture. The partition at the left of this picture, upon which hangs the dishpan, incloses a surface toilet, which is sadly in need of attention. Within the same inclosure is a

shower bath with no provision for heating the water. The kitchen occupies the center space, and the bedroom in which I slept for two weeks is shown through the open door at the right. It was to my advantage to rise early in the morning, or I would be "smoked out," by the building of the fire. The dining room was several feet away, across the open court which made it rather trying on the cook in clear weather, because of the brightness and heat of the sun, and in rainy weather because of the lack of shelter. The front room, which is used for meetings, opens directly on to the street, so is very noisy, and when the singing begins, the neighborhood children mount the barred windows like monkeys. The music over, a bedlum is started in the street. For this house our missionary is obliged to pay a monthly rental of twenty-five dollars gold.

Feeling that more suitable quarters must be secured at once, I started with a missionary in search of them. We were unable to find anything whatever, for rent. One place would be available two months later, it was a little better, but would cost sixty-five dollars a month. No halls for meetings could be found. About the only meeting places of any kind in these Latin towns are Catholic churches, theaters, dance halls, and occasionally a church building belonging to another Protestant missionary society. It is poor economy to continue renting quarters so poorly adapted to our work, paying out three hundred dollars or more annually when by the

expenditure of a few thousand dollars, a suitable place for meetings may be provided, our missionaries health better preserved, and much greater returns be realized.

Homes Needed in Cuba

S. E. KELLMAN

OUR success in foreign missionary operations depends mainly on three principal factors; namely, a message divinely inspired, messengers filled with that message, and means and measures for supporting and sustaining the message and messengers.

From the dawn of the missionary movement until the present time the foreign fields have demanded and secured the best men the homeland could offer. Yet for each sacrifice of men and means, the homeland has remained stronger and more fruitful. The toll of lives among the missionaries sent from the homeland to venture forth in to strange countries, to live with strange peoples, and amid far stranger tongues, customs and living conditions, has been very heavy. This has caused those at the home base to realize that the cause of missions could be made more successful if their sons and daughters going to foreign lands could be provided with some of the necessary facilities enjoyed by themselves to conserve and maintain life at home. This includes a modest, and sanitary home.

Today we do not send just *any one* forth as as a foreign missionary. We select the best of our young people, have them pass a strict

medical examination, see that they are properly educated, and send them forth, oftentimes to places where conditions of living make such heavy demands on their vitality that in a few years they are broken in health, some impaired for life, and others to return among us to die a lingering death.

Cuba is so near to the States that it is sometimes hard to think of it as a foreign field, but one has only to walk along the street of any town in the island to be without any doubt on the subject. Spanish is the language of the people, and the customs are a duplication of the life in old Spain. The religion of Spain used to predominate absolutely, but is superseded among the male population by agnosticism, theosophy, atheism, sensualism, Spiritualism, and other "isms" of a like nature, leaving only the women to follow the superstitions and mysticisms of the old Catholic church, which holds a powerful place in society.

Let us look down one of the streets so as to get an idea of the homes in the city. We shall pass by the mansions of the very wealthy. This is an ordinary street where the middle class live. The houses are built up to the street and adjoin each other. Consequently there are no windows on the sides, but facing the street, there is one large door and one large characteristically barred window. The house extends back lengthwise, and contains first, "*sala*," or front room, the "*antesala*," or usually the dining-room, then follow two or three bedrooms, the kitchen, with toilet

adjoining. There is an open space called the "*patio*," varying in size. This is cemented, as a rule, and is the only playground for children when the tropical sun with its direct piercing rays permits. All day the passing traffic sends a stream of germ-laden dust, into



A Native Home in Cuba

the homes; the venders of carbon, milk, fruits, etc., with their din and riot; the continuous knocking at the door by mendicants, beggars and venders make life tiresome after the novelty has worn off. For the sick, rest and quiet are unknown.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, rents are high in Cuba. A few homes established in Cuba will, with a moderate rent, bring enough returns to keep up such homes, and with the surplus build other homes as the need may arise. We could build on the edge

of town, and see the green grass sometimes ; and have some place other than the streets for our children. The Cuban children smoke, swear, and do other things much worse from a very early age. It is common to see boys of eight years puffing away at their cigarettes. Sanitary conditions are bad enough in the cities, worse in the smaller towns, and unmentionable in the villages and in the country.

Within the last five years we have had to return several families to the homeland for one cause or another, largely because of ill health. Other denominations supply their foreign workers with well-built homes, free of rent, and as a result, have missionaries at work here with records of service ranging from ten to twenty years. Does it not pay to furnish these workers with homes ?

The message is gathering out in Cuba a people as faithful as any at home, and they are just as true to the principles of the three-fold message. Though few in numbers, it is remarkable the amount of missionary work they do. Nearly every believer is a worker. They are faithful in paying tithes and offerings. Last year they paid a tithe of \$28.34 per capita and offerings averaging \$9.08 per capita.

For some time we have been gaining access to the people with our literature, and we believe the leaven of truth is doing its appointed work in dispelling doubts and darkness, ignorance and superstition that have been cast over this people like a blight through the heritage thrust upon them by

their rulers of yesterday, — the ancient mediæval Catholic hierarchy.

Our opportunity has come with the republic, and we must press into the opening. We need more workers, but first we should have homes for those we have, homes where they may conserve their health in this tropical climate.

We believe our Sabbath schools will come to our aid, and help us in this hour of our need.

Matanzas, Cuba, West Indies.

Mission Homes in India

A. H. WILLIAMS

IN this district great extremes of heat and cold have to be provided for in building, for while in winter the temperature falls below freezing point, in summer it often passes beyond 120 degrees in the shade. These facts make it necessary to protect the walls of the living-rooms from the direct rays of the sun by good verandas, which also serve as sleeping porches at night. In the hottest weather it is impossible to sleep indoors, and one has his bed placed right out in the garden, or upon the roof, which is made flat for the purpose. The ceilings of the living rooms have to be about eighteen to twenty feet high, so as to help keep the rooms cool. This is one reason why it is dangerous for Europeans to attempt to live in houses constructed for Indian tenants, for often these are ill-ventilated, squatty buildings, dark, stuffy and very unsanitary.

Three years ago we owned no buildings in the Punjab. As it was impossible to rent suitable quarters in the villages, our workers were compelled to live in Lahore, thirty-five miles away, and go back and forth on tour to the villages they were working in. This was an expensive and unsatisfactory arrangement, and we were very glad indeed when we were able to buy a piece of land right where our work was. Then came the question as to where the workers were to live while the building was in progress; for it had to be continually supervised. The hot season had begun so living in a tent was impossible, as there was not a shrub more than six feet high on the place. Our workers constructed a dugout, just such as were used on the battle fronts of France. A hole about ten feet long, seven feet wide, and six feet deep was dug, around which a rough wall two feet high was built. Over this wall was laid a wooden ceiling, and then over it all, the double fly tent was pitched. The tent served as a store-room, while the dugout provided a refuge during the heat of the day. A small window was fixed in the wall to allow light to enter. At night the beds were made up out in the open.

Never shall I forget the week I spent with Dr. V. L. Mann and Brother F. H. Loasby at that time. A short time before I arrived a very unexpected rain had fallen, which had flooded the dugout; so I found the floor and walls of it just stodgy with mud. All day we sheltered in this hold, just going out occasionally to see how the building work was getting

along. We ate our evening meal out in the open, and then, invariably, a dust storm would start. These storms have to be experienced to be realized. Suffice it to say that the sky grew overcast, and the wind blew furiously, and all we could do was to rush to our beds and lie on them to keep our bedding from blowing away, the meanwhile burying our faces in our pillows, to avoid being choked with the dust. After an hour or so of this, things would quiet down, and we would compose ourselves for the night. Never was "baksheesh" (a gratuity, a "tip") more cheerfully given than when the bungalow was completed, and the workmen came round "to be remembered."

Sometimes we have trying experiences finding suitable land. We have a mission house at Kamamaung, on the river Salwin, in Burma. The house is built on stilts, as it were. This is to keep it well above the flood level, for the river has been known to reach the footings of the posts in the monsoon season. Built up high, the house keeps as dry as it is possible to make it in such a country.

It is five years since Brother G. A. Hamilton and I went prospecting in this district. Leaving Rangoon we spent a night on the train and a day in a steam launch. We then traveled three days in a dugout canoe. Sabbath we spent in a Buddhist shelter in a monastery compound.

Our journey was made in the wet season, so the river was as swift as the water in a mill race. This made progress very slow ; ten

or twelve miles being our average accomplishment a day. Wet to the skin we plodded on, our three boatmen paddling on as hard as they could. When we stopped for the night, it was necessary for one of us to dry the bedding while the other cooked the food. At the end of the canoe trip we proceeded by bullock cart, for the river was too turbulent beyond this point for a canoe. The first morning we started out it took an hour to accomplish the first quarter of a mile. Three miles farther on, we found a stream flooded, with four feet of water on top of the bridge crossing it. We were delayed two days on this account; but at last we got through. After crossing the river we completed the final nine miles of our journey by cart, having taken eight days to travel about seventy miles. It was a hard trip, through rough and jungly country. But it was not in vain; for it enabled us to make the acquaintance of the government official in charge of the district, who gave us a good plot of land besides a free grant of timber for building. Already two persons have been baptized at Kamamaung station, and Brother E. B. Hare, who is now in charge there, writes that they have an encouraging little school in progress.

We now have several workers nearing the end of their language study period, for whom it will be necessary to provide houses in the near future. We hope that this Thirteenth Sabbath Offering will be a record one, in order that the General Conference may have sufficient funds to provide for these new bungalows we so urgently need in India.

Lucknow, India.

A True Story

MRS. MARY E. LITTLE

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL:

YOU love to hear of the little children in other lands, so perhaps, you would enjoy the story of a little girl who lived in India. We shall call her Helen. Though it was not her real name, she was a little girl, and this is a true story of her.

Helen's mamma and papa were missionaries. In the part of the country where they worked, there had never been a little white baby until Helen was born. When the people in the surrounding country heard that there was a little white baby at the mission, they came from far and near to see her. They thought that a baby with a white skin and golden hair was a wonderful thing. They could hardly believe that she was born white. They supposed that her mamma had bleached her in some way. They would ask many questions like these, "Did you bathe her in wine?" "Do you use a special kind of soap?" Some of the mothers believed that they could bleach their brown babies if they could only get some of the white baby's soap.

The people of India love little white children, and will do almost anything to please them. As soon as Helen could walk she would watch for a chance to slip away at dinner time and eat dinner with the school children. They were very pleased to have the white baby put her fingers in their plates and eat their rice and curry.

There were no other white children where Helen lived, she had no playmates as you have. Then, too, she could not play freely out of doors as you do. White children cannot go about in the Indian sun even for a few minutes without a thick pith hat called a topee. It was hard for Helen to remember always to keep her topee on. Once she was very ill for several days because she had been careless. In the hot season Helen could be out of doors only a short time in the morning and evening. White people cannot be out in the intense heat so Helen had to stay indoors from nine o'clock in the morning till five in the afternoon. There were interesting things to do indoors, such as sailing boats in a tub, looking at pictures and playing house, but sometimes Helen tired of being shut up all day in darkened rooms. However, she was generally well and happy while her papa and mamma lived in a cool, airy house at Deopur.

People in the homeland build houses to be warm in winter, and they carefully plan for stoves and fireplaces. You would think it very foolish, wouldn't you, if a family in this country tried to live all in an open, airy house without a fire. India is very hot most of the time, and people who live there must plan to keep cool rather than warm. There people become very ill and some times die, from heat. Our people in the homeland did not always understand this.

While Helen was still a tiny girl, it was thought best for her papa to move where he could be nearer the center of his work. There

was no good house in this place, and no money to build one. The best house the committee could find for the mission had little tiny rooms and no proper ventilation for the hot season.

When the hot season came on and the sun beat down on the small, low-roofed house, the air inside was as hot as the outdoors. Day after day the sun beat down for months, and each day seemed hotter than the one before. Helen and her baby sister became thin and pale. Helen lost her appetite and at many meals hardly tasted food. In her heart, Helen's mamma used often to wish for a house with at least one big airy room. As the heat increased and Helen grew thinner, her papa and mamma had a talk something like this:

"Mamma," said Helen's papa, "you will have to take the children to the mountains."

"I am afraid so," answered mamma, "but how can I leave you to see to your own food, and do your heavy work in this heat."

"Oh, I'll be all right," cheerfully answered Helen's papa. "In a few days Brother Jay will be back, and I can take a change in the mountains. Besides I shall not be at home much, for I must visit some of those needy people in the district."

"Besides," persisted Helen's mamma, "it costs so much to go to the hills. It has put us in debt to get this house in shape to be at all livable. How can we ever get caught up?"

"Well, never mind, mamma, we'll manage somehow. You see the children will die here. Besides, you look like a ghost yourself. Get ready to go as soon as you can."

"If people in the homeland only knew how much better work the missionaries could do if they had better houses what a difference it would make" thought Helen's mamma as she began preparing for the journey.

In a short time, they were in the mountains where Helen and the baby soon grew rosy and strong. Every day Helen talked of the good times they would have when papa came.

It is too bad, boys and girls, that true stories do not always have a happy ending. Helen never saw her papa again. He died on the way to his little girl.

You who have heard this story will be glad to help build houses for missionaries, won't you? You do not want to hear that other little missionary girls have lost their papas.

College Place, Wash.

Homes for Workers in the Far East

W. W. PRESCOTT

WHEN I visited the Far East the first time in the winter of 1906-07, I found that the Mission Board did not own a single home for the workers. One worker was able to build a house for his family; some others were so located that they could rent foreign houses; but all the others were living in houses built for the native peoples. Some effort had been made to improve these houses by putting in windows, cutting additional doors, etc., but they were still crude buildings, poorly adapted to use by foreigners. They were cold in

winter and hot in summer, and often unsanitary in their arrangements and surroundings. I saw at once the imperative need of providing suitable homes for our workers, if we expected them to remain permanently in those fields. Although I was not in a position to make any promises or to give any assurances, I determined to bring the matter to the attention of the Mission Board on my return to America, and urge the necessity of a new policy.

My report of conditions, together with the representations of workers in the fields, has brought about a complete change of plans, and when I went to the Far East again in 1917, I found a very different situation. Now there are good foreign houses at all the different centers of our work in Japan and Korea ; in China from Changchun in Manchuria on the north to Canton on the south ; in the Philippines ; and with preparations all made for a number of houses at Singapore. I was profoundly thankful to observe this change,—a change which can be fully appreciated by those only who have lived under both conditions.

Life in these mission fields is sufficiently trying at best, with the changed surroundings, with the necessity of adapting one's self to a considerable degree to native foods and to native helpers, but when to all this are added the trials of a native house, the tax upon vitality is too great, and serious results are almost sure to follow.

While there are still some cases where our

workers are compelled to live temporarily in native houses in the Far East, the general policy is to provide homes wherever the work is opened up, and this Thirteenth Sabbath Offering will help to provide the funds needed for this most worthy purpose.

While we are enjoying the comforts of our homes, with favorable surroundings and pleasant associations, we ought to remember those who have left all in order to carry the gospel message to the dark parts of the earth, and to do what we can to make their conditions as favorable as possible. A proper appreciation of the situation will suggest a liberal contribution.

Takoma, Park, D. C.

The Need in Peru

L. D. MINNER

WE are glad to report that the work in Peru is growing faster than we are able to take care of it with our present group of workers. Calls are continually coming for workers for new places.

The needs in this undeveloped field are many. It is hard for a person who has never been in a mission field to really appreciate these needs. It is difficult for us who are here and have to wrestle with the problems, to know how to present the most important of our needs in such a way that our brethren and sisters in the homeland, who are giving so liberally of their means to advance the message, can give intelligently.

One of the greatest needs is homes for the foreign workers who carry the responsibility of directing the work. The office of the Inca Union Mission as well as the Peruvian Mission



Home of Brother and Sister Ellis P. Howard of Moho, Peru

is located in Lima. This makes it necessary for a number of families to live here. In the past the work has suffered because the workers have not been able to secure suitable homes.

The home life here in Peru is much different from that in the homeland. In North America there is not such a difference between the rich and the poor, and nearly all can have comfortable homes. In Peru the distinction is very sharply drawn. The rich and those having large incomes live in fine houses, but the poor and the people with small salaries, who do not and can not own their own homes, are obliged to live in very cramped quarters or in houses

that are dark and unsanitary. Tuberculosis and bubonic plague thrive in the cities of Peru.

Being unable to pay the rent required for a healthful place in which to live, our people have lived in such homes as could be secured with the money they have been able to pay. As a result, sickness has made it necessary for many valuable workers to leave the field.

The price asked for rents is not in keeping with the investment. A property involving an investment of three or four thousand dollars rents from fifteen to twenty pounds, or seventy-five to one hundred dollars gold a month. If you could have a look at a house that rents for three or four pounds, the price that a missionary can afford to pay, I am sure the need I am trying to present would appeal to you.

The only way we have been able to get along and live where we can preserve our health is for several families to live together in one house. Each family has only two or three small rooms, and then we have to pay a rent that would secure a comfortable home in the States. It would be a blessing to us if we could have an appropriation with which to build homes for those who have to live here. I trust that the gifts from our people everywhere will be liberal on this Thirteenth Sabbath, so that we may be able to build comfortable homes that our workers can rent at a reasonable price.

Lima, Peru.

The Need in Sianfu, Shensi, China

S. G. WHITE

FORTY years ago the China Inland Mission sent its first workers into the southern part of the province of Shensi. They had to wander about, living in Chinese hotels for two years, before they were allowed to rent a house. All their belongings were carried on the back of one mule. It is only a few years since foreigners have been allowed to live in Sian city. During the revolution, eight years ago, several foreigners from the China Inland Mission were murdered outside the south gate of the city.

At the time of the Boxer trouble, when foreign troops were about to besiege Peking, the dowager empress fled to Sian and established her court here for a year. While she was here, in 1901, there was a severe famine in the province, and more than 2,500,000 people died of hunger. It is reported that in Sian alone six hundred coffins were carried out daily for several weeks.

During the Mohammedan rebellion, about fifty per cent of the people of the province were slaughtered without mercy. Sian city, being a regular fortress, held out against the siege for two years, 1868-1870. At that time all the beggars and aged were slain so as to conserve the food supplies. Chinese women manned the guns on the city walls, but the smaller cities and villages suffered a terrible fate. Women and children were gathered together and trampled under horses' feet. It

is said that the cause of the Mohammedan uprising was oppression. If a Mohammedan murdered a follower of Buddha five, or six Mohammedans were executed, but when a Buddhist murdered a Mohammedan, the magistrate merely demanded the life of a chicken or duck.

During the revolution in 1912, more than ten thousand Manchu people were massacred in this city, and their dwellings were destroyed so completely that when we first came here in 1917 we failed to find a single square foot of masonry intact. Surely oppression has seen its outcome in this province but to no profit, for the lesson has not yet been learned.

It was to this inland province of China that God's final warning message came in 1915. Since then more than fifty persons have been baptized, and next week we hope to see seven more follow their Lord in this rite.

Late in 1917 Brother and sister R. E. Loveland, with the writer and his family, arrived in Sianfu, but we were not fully settled before we were in the midst of a rebellion with bullets flying all about us. The city gates were closed for several weeks. We received mail only once in six weeks, and from that time until now the people of the province have been passing through a terrible experience. Robber bands, composed of men who were formerly soldiers, numbering more than thirty thousand, have joined the revolutionary movement, and the condition is awful beyond description. Three fourths and more of the province is still under their control. Last summer, in order to care for our already opened work, we moved into robber territory

and stayed there for five month. During this time one of our mules was shot, but the Lord preserved our lives. Returning to the city, we spent three days and two nights coming what would have been a distance of thirty-five English miles, had we been permitted to come direct.

We are still living in a Chinese house. Our mission has not yet purchased property here. Chinese houses, crowded together as they are in these large cities, are dark, damp, and unhealthful. The house we live in is surrounded by a high twenty-foot brick wall. In the front we have light from between two buildings through an opening about forty feet long and five feet wide. In the rear of the house there is an inclosed, open space about twenty-five feet square, but the sun shines only two or three hours a day. If we could only tear down some of the buildings around us we could get along nicely.

A compound and foreign houses are greatly needed if our missionaries are to stay in this field and retain their health. In the compounds next to us are outhouses which are anything but conductors of health. During the winter months the danger from disease is not so great, but in the summer when flies circulate freely, there is great danger. We have screened the best we can. We are arranging to spend the summer here, and pray that God will again encircle us with his protecting care during the hot summer months, that we may continue in health while living in a crowded city of 300,000 unsanitary people.

The work in Sian is just recently opened, but the interest is excellent. Several have already taken a definite stand for the Truth.

Wang Gia Dun,

Hankow, Hupeh, China.

Homes for Mothers and the Children

C. C. CRISLER

"HERE is our store of fruit for the winter," said one of our sisters to me in Korea where we have several mission homes for our workers. There, on curtained shelves, in orderly array, stood row upon row of glass jars filled with fruits and with vegetables, ready for use. "Where did you find all these good things?" I asked; for among the store of tempting fruits and vegetables, I saw some of the familiar products of the homeland that are seldom seen in the Far East and rarely ever obtainable outside of the markets of a few favored ports. "Oh, we grew them all in our own orchard and garden," the sister replied. "We have an abundance every summer and fall, and we can up the surplus for winter use."

Out in the garden, later in the day, we were shown the plot of ground where the vegetables and small fruits were grown. Close by was a vineyard, not large, but ample for the needs of the compound. Just beyond was the orchard where early experimentation had given knowledge of the varieties that thrive best, and where some of the less profitable trees were being displaced by young stock of proved merit.

Round about the homes of our workers in that Korean station, were shade trees and ornamental shrubs and flowering plants. Here were homes affording a restful retreat for the mission workers and wholesome surroundings for the children. Below was the village, with its thatched-roof, mud-plastered dwellings, with cheerless yards and depressing surroundings,—unsanitary, uninviting, and almost wholly devoid of the comforts of modern home life. Surely our workers in Chosen have been placed on vantage ground!

And thus it is in many a compound in the Far East where homes have been provided for workers through the generosity of our brethren and sisters in the homelands. In the Philippines there are homes where we have found growing luxuriantly many tropical fruits, such as the papaya, the banana, the mango, the pomelo, and the lime.

Not all our workers in the Philippines are thus favored. One Sabbath morning, while sitting with one of our mission families in rented quarters in northern Luzon, I heard, close by, the voices of native children, and then some words in Ilocano, the meaning of which I could not understand. Quickly the parents gathered their own children close to them; the words that to me were unintelligible, were recognized by the parents as bad words from which the children should be shielded. It was with the utmost difficulty that these parents were able to keep their children from hearing and understanding.

More than a year has passed by since that Sabbath morning when I sat with this dear family

in northern Luzon, and yet they are still living in those unfavorable rented quarters. The budget specials for the present year make provision for a home for this family, as well as for several other families in different parts of the Far East. If sufficient is given to enable the Mission Board to grant the specials included in this year's budget for homes, joy will be brought to many a heart struggling with conditions that are especially trying to mothers and to children. When planning how much to give, let us remember that a liberal offering will enable the Mission Board to make liberal provisions in behalf of the mothers and the children.

Shanghai, China.

Blazing the Trail in the Andes

PEARL WAGGONER HOWARD

BLAZING the trail for the message
Here on the Andes heights,
Where clouds hang low, and sleet and snow
Make the wintry "summer" nights;
Finding for shelter a rude mud bed,
Indians 'round us and thatch o'erhead.

Treating the ills of the needy—
Babyhood, youth, and age—
While taking heed, if some can read,
To leave the truth-filled page;
Giving of comfort to heartaches sore, —
Saddling the horses, then off once more.

Blazing the trail for the Master
Over the mountain's height,
Where paths are steep and canyons deep,
And scarce but rocks in sight,
Swiftly descending to sheltered vale, —
Into a dreamland, out of the gale.

Telling the truth that we cherish,
 Spending a day or two,
 Showing our hope to those who grope
 With *earth* their only view.
 Rising betimes, and through wet cloud
 Climbing once more the mountains proud.

 Blazing a trail for the message—
 Now on the pampa vast,
 Now through ravine, while in between
 Deep flows a river fast:
 Muddy the bottom, — treacherous, wide;
 No other way to the farther side.

 Making the fording in safety,
 Trembling and wet and cold;
 A gallop again o'er wide-stretched plain,
 Through weathers manifold,
 Gladly we ride, because we know
 Over these highways the truth must go.

 Crossing a river by starlight —
 Breaking its sheet of ice:
 Or waging fight, by day or night,
 With sin, — or priests, — or lice,
 All are a part of the life up here, —
 Part of the joys of the pioneer,

 Blazing the trail for the Master!
 For news of His soon return
 Sees not its goal till every soul
 The tidings glad shall learn.
 High from the world if the Indians dwell,
 Here must the messenger come as well.

 Blazing the trail for the Master!
 Praying that not in vain
 Our efforts be to set souls free
 From Error's captive chain,
 Lord, in that home of unending delights,
 Grant us rich yield from the Andes heights!
Moho, Peru, S. A.

"The Fields are White"

O, listen to the pleading
From far-off darkened lands,
How can we tarry longer
With idle, folded hands?

The Master looks with anguish
Upon His wasting grain,
O, haste to do His bidding,
Nor longer give Him pain.

The wage of earnest toilers
Will surely be repaid;
When at his pierced feet
The precious sheaf is laid.

The sweetest words, "My child, well done,"
Will all the toil repay,
When with our blessed Saviour
We enter endless day.

—Selected.

"Many would be surprised to see how much could be saved for the cause of God by acts of self-denial. The small sums saved by deeds of sacrifice will do more for the upbuilding of the cause of God than larger gifts will accomplish that have not called for denial of self."—*"Testimonies for the Church,"* Vol. 9, pp. 157, 158.