

MISSIONS QUARTERLY

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SABBATH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT
GENERAL CONFERENCE OF S. D. A.

TOPIC: Transportation, Outfitting, and
Locating of Missionaries Who Will Be
Sent Out in 1922.

Sabbath, January 7

[Suggestion for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Isa. 6:8. Read the text, then have the school repeat it in concert.

READING: The Official Notice.

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

PRAYER: A short prayer in behalf of our missionaries who have gone to the different fields, to give the gospel message.

The Official Notice

Dear Sister Plummer:—

AT a meeting of the General Conference Committee it was decided to request you to place before the Sabbath schools of the denomination as an object for their offerings on the first thirteenth Sabbath of 1922, a goal of \$100,000 to assist the General Conference in meeting the expense of transportation, outfitting, and locating in the various mission fields of the world, the workers who will be sent out in 1922, and also in supplying such homes as we will be required to erect for these workers.

You will understand of course that it is impossible for us at this time to determine how many workers will be sent out during 1922, but we estimate that the total amount required will not be far short of \$250,000 even though there should not be a marked betterment in present financial conditions. A gift of \$100,000 from the Sabbath schools of the denomination for this purpose would be of great assistance to the General Conference treasury, and would be greatly appreciated by our Committee.

With kindest regards, I remain,

W. T. KNOX.

Sabbath, January 14

[Suggestions for Missionary Feature]

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

READING: The Missionaries' Transportation.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No 537, first two and last stanzas.

PRAYERS: A few sentence prayers in behalf of those who are preparing to go to foreign fields.

The Missionaries' Transportation

C. H. JONES

[The interest in this article will be greatly increased if the statistics given are placed on the blackboard where all can see them.]

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." This instruction given by Christ to His disciples nineteen hundred years ago comes down with added force to us to whom has been entrusted the responsibility of giving the last warning message to a dying world, and it is encouraging to note the large number who have cheerfully left their homes and friends and have gone to far-off lands to carry the gospel to the heathen.

We do not have a complete record of the missionaries sent out by this denomination during the entire years of its existence, but, beginning with 1901, the record stands as follows:

Year	No. Missionaries				
1901-02	-	-	-	-	107
1903	-	-	-	-	60
1904	-	-	-	-	40
1905	-	-	-	-	60

1906	-	-	-	-	76
1907	-	-	-	-	58
1908	-	-	-	-	140
1909	-	-	-	-	134
1910	-	-	-	-	61
1911	-	-	-	-	74
1912	-	-	-	-	97
1913	-	-	-	-	157
1914	-	-	-	-	103
1915	-	-	-	-	76
1916	-	-	-	-	147
1917	-	-	-	-	59
1918	-	-	-	-	103
1919	-	-	-	-	83
1920	-	-	-	-	333

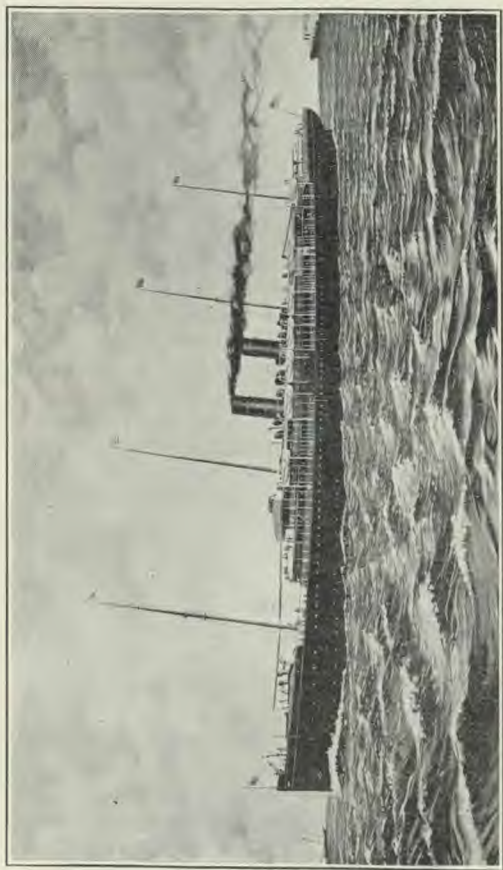
This does not include the children, of whom there were quite a large number. During 1920 there sailed from the port of San Francisco alone, 130 adults going to different countries, as follows:

To China	-	95	adults
Japan	-	14	"
Manilia	-	6	"
South Africa	-	4	"
Honolulu	-	4	"
Siberia	-	3	"
India	-	2	"
Java	-	2	"
Total		130	

TRANSPORTATION

Steamship transportation for this large company from San Francisco to destination cost \$33,185.15. This does not include railroad fare and other incidental expenses.

There are three Trans-Pacific steamship lines operating regularly between San Fran-



THE STEAMSHIP "CHINA"

cisco and the Orient. While all three lines operate on a regular schedule and perform a satisfactory service, the larger number of our missionaries have traveled on steamers of the China Mail Steamship Company. This is due, possibly, to the splendid service found on their vessels, the lower rate of transportation, and to the kind consideration shown them by the ships' officers who seem to be men of fine character and efficiency.

Besides the actual steamship transportation expense, there are other expenses incidental to traveling abroad. Under the Act of Congress of 1917, war tax is assessable on each passenger fare. From San Francisco or Honolulu to any Oriental port beyond, the war tax ranges from one to five dollars a person. Passports are invariably required of travelers upon arrival at foreign ports.

The cost of passports varies slightly with the different nationalities. Missionaries destined to British territory, such as India, must have a landing permit. Before travelers can embark from San Francisco, they must obtain a sailing permit from the office of the Collector of Internal Revenue. This sailing permit pertains to Income Tax. It certifies that Income Tax has been paid for the previous year, or that the traveler is exempt from Income Tax.

After all these necessary preparations have been made, at last the sailing day arrives. Gathering at the wharf are a large number of friends and relatives to bid the missionaries "Godspeed." The steamship's whistle sounds

a long warning. Fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, with tears in their eyes but a smile on their faces, kiss their loved ones and bid them good-by. The gangplank is hauled in, the cables lifted, and the great Leviathan swings out into the harbor, and starts on her long voyage out through the "Golden Gate" into the vast Pacific to the Orient.

Such scenes have been repeated over and over again during the last few years, and doubtless will be in the years to come. What a blessed privilege it is to have an opportunity of assisting in raising the funds necessary to send these missionaries to the regions beyond. And as they go, let us pray that God will richly bless their labors and that the time may soon come when this gospel of the kingdom shall have been preached in all the world for a witness to all nations, knowing that then our dear Lord will appear in the clouds of heaven to claim His own.

Mountain View, Calif.

Sabbath, January 21

[Suggestions for Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: John 3:16.

READING: As the Missionary Goes Out.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christin Song," No. 536, first and last stanzas.

PRAYER: In behalf of our workers in mission lands.

As the Missionary Goes Out

W. A. SPICER

THANK God, the missionary does go out to the waiting fields. In good times and in hard

times somewhere in the home ports that missionary and his wife are going up the gangway to board ships bound for far lands, east or west, north or south.

How our hearts go with these new recruits! May the dear Lord bless them as they leave all the old associations behind and set their faces toward the new and the unknown and the untried. Our prayers go with them and our gifts shall follow them; for they are giving their lives to win souls among these nations and tongues and peoples who must hear the message.

The missionary carries with him the Book that is going to transform the lives of men and women and children in the uttermost parts of the earth. Where now is darkness and degradation, distress, and perhaps even savagery, a wonderful change will come to many a soul when the missionary has learned how to tell the message of the Book in the new tongue. Light will spring up in the darkness. The voices of these new brethren and sisters of ours will be praising God for the gift of a Saviour who has saved them from sin, and who has made the blessed hope that fills our hearts, the dearest hope of their hearts also. And in the Sabbath schools far away children's voices will be heard singing these songs we love to hear, in tongues that perhaps never before uttered the language of this blessed hope of Christ's soon coming.

Don't you believe that when a people, for the first time since the confusion of ton-

gues at Babel, begins to speak the language of this Advent Message, the angels in heaven listen and rejoice to see and hear that the time is yet nearer when that universal chorus of all nations and tongues shall sing the song of the redeemed before the Throne?

Thank God for the new missionaries going out to meet the new and untried experiences and trials, and to win by the help of God, new victories in our missionary advance. One thing we know—One goes with them who said long ago in Galilee: "Go . . . and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen."

And, oh, our hearts do go with these young people of ours and with every worker for God who is launching out into the depth of this world's need. Anew we say to them: We are praying for you in our homes and in our prayer meetings and in our Sabbath schools, and anew we dedicate our means to help in winning souls in the lands to which you go.

Takoma Park, D. C.

Sabbath, January 28

[Suggestions for Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 9:37. Read the text, then have the school repeat it in concert.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 622, first and last stanzas.

READINGS:

What the Homes Mean to Africa.

Two African Heroes, "Making Missions Real," pp. 17-20.

PRAYER: A few sentence prayers in behalf of our workers in Africa.

What the Homes Mean to Africa

W. H. BRANSON

OUR missionaries who are asked to go into the interior of Africa must go far beyond the borders of civilization in order to reach the people for whom they labor. Many of them would have to go from twenty to fifty miles to find their nearest white neighbor, and thus they are wholly surrounded by natives and heathen darkness. While it thus becomes necessary for them to live among these people it is of course entirely out of the question to think of asking them to live in native quarters, for this is impossible for any white man to do. The native huts are built of poles and grass or of poles and mud, depending upon location, and are usually oval shaped, resembling large beehives. There are no windows, and usually the one door is only about thirty inches high. One has to crawl to get in or out. No provision is made for smoke to escape and as everything is cooked on an open fire in the hut, the smoke gets out the best way it can. This one room serves the family for parlor, bedroom, dining room, and kitchen, and is usually about ten by fifteen feet in diameter. These are the only homes to be found in the native territories.

Now I am sure that none of our brethren and sisters in the homeland would think of asking those who come to this field to labor for these benighted people, to live in these native huts. Some of our early pioneers were forced by conditions to try it for a time, and their graves, dotted here and there over this

field, bear silent witness to the fact that it is by far the most expensive arrangement we can make.

No, our missionaries must have homes, not elaborate, but good, airy, well-built houses where they can live with a degree of comfort. In every place where a new station is opened, a home becomes the first essential. Every additional European worker added to the force on that station makes necessary an additional home. It is impossible for our missionaries to advance beyond our present frontier lines more rapidly than we can supply homes for them to live in. We are pleased therefore that our people are to have the privilege on the next thirteenth Sabbath of giving to a fund which is to be used in building homes for these workers who compose our advance guard in all the world. I trust every one will give as he would desire others to give if he himself were under appointment to go as a worker to one of these dark places of earth. We trust that you will, on this next thirteenth Sabbath, make it possible for the Mission Board to send us many recruits during the present year. Truly the harvest is great but the laborers are so very few.

Capetown, S. Africa.

“I will place no value on anything I have or may possess, except in its relation to the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.”—*David Livingstone.*

Sabbath, February 4

[Suggestions for Missionary Feature]

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

READING: What the Coming of Recruits Means to the Far East.

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

What the Coming of Recruits Means to the Far East

I. H. EVANS

MORE than one third of the world's population, or nearly six hundred million people, live within the territory of the Far Eastern Division of the General Conference. There are many shades of religious beliefs among these, but the great mass of them, with the exception of the Catholic Filipinos and the Mohammedans, are heathen, using that word in its usual sense.

The great mass of the Orientals are uneducated. This is especially true among the Chinese, the Indo-Chinese, and the Malay peoples. Scarcely any facilities are afforded the poor for the education of their children, and the poverty that is so general prevents parents who would like to educate their children from doing so.

It is impossible for these people to find Christ without help. For twenty centuries and more they have wandered on, going from bad to worse. Twenty centuries is surely long enough to demonstrate that they cannot find salvation without help. It is therefore the duty of those who profess Christianity to give the light of the gospel to these benighted souls.

What Seventh-day Adventists are especially interested in is the dissemination of the Word of God, the training of Christian teachers and evangelists, and the direct preaching of the word of God as contained in the third angel's message. It is by personal contact that most of these heathen who profess Christianity are won to Christ. When they learn to love the messenger, they often follow on to learn the truth.

With this vast throng of humanity awaiting the third angel's message, it is easy to see how the workers already in the field watch with anxiety and prayer the coming of new workers. Some of our men have been located out on the frontier, where they have remained for long periods of time without coming in touch with other families of believers. In the homeland one can hardly appreciate how eagerly these lonely, isolated workers look forward to the arrival of some one to join them in their labors.

Our forces are so scattered, and our stations so weakly manned, that often it seems as if we must withdraw from many places, and center our activities, thus strengthening those in charge of the fields. But there are innumerable opportunities for our workers, and calls come from many who have read our literature, asking for the living preacher. Some of our individual workers are so located that unless they have additional help, they would have to give the message to fifteen or twenty millions of people if they are ever warned. We have yet waiting in China five provinces, with mil-

lions of people, where we do not have a foreign worker, to say nothing of Indo-China with twenty-eight millions and no worker, either layman or evangelist. Thibet is unentered; Turkestan, Sinkiang, and Mongolia are untouched; many sections of Malaysia are untouched; and we must wait to enter these places until the General Conference is able to send recruits.

The coming of recruits to the Far East means hastening the day when the children of God shall enter upon their promised inheritance, and we trust it means a large number of souls saved who otherwise would perish. No sacrifice can be too great to make in behalf of these people who are perishing for lack of knowledge. The hardships, the self denials, the loss of home and friends and what the world can give are all insignificant compared to the satisfaction and joy of seeing poor lost souls finding salvation. In that great day when the Lord rewards every man according to his work, our satisfaction will not be in the things of this world that we have acquired and held to, but rather in the sacrifices that we made for extending the kingdom of God.

The populations of the countries embraced in the Far Eastern Division of the General Conference are increasing in numbers faster than our present working force can warn them. The increase of population is going on at the rate of about eight or ten millions a year. A far greater number of workers is needed to hold our increasing membership

and at the same time enter the ripened harvest fields. A conquering army cannot hold its conquests and reach beyond, conquering new territory. New recruits must hasten to the front to fill the ranks of the dead and wounded, and to permit detachments to drop out of the fighting forces to train and organize the conquered territory. So in mission work. More and more there must be new workers, reinforcements to hold the lines and press onward into new territory. How discouraging it is to hear, in the face of this need, the word that the Mission Board will not be able to send much help to this field this year, owing to the lack of money!

We earnestly pray that the Lord will give our people liberal hearts, and make it possible to send a large number of recruits to this great and needy field.

Shanghai, China.

“The whole world is opening to the gospel. Ethiopia is stretching out her hands unto God. From Japan and China and India, from the still-darkened lands of our own continent, from every quarter of this world of ours, comes the cry of sin-stricken hearts for a knowledge of the God of love. Millions upon millions have never so much as heard of God or of His love revealed in Christ. It is their right to receive this knowledge. They have an equal claim with us in the Saviour’s mercy. And it rests with us who have received the knowledge, with our children to whom we may impart it, to answer their cry.”—“*Education*,” pp. 262, 263.

Sabbath, February 11

[Suggestions for Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Acts 10:33, 34. Read the text, then have all repeat it in concert.

READING: What Mission Homes Mean to Malaysia.

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

PRAYER: In behalf of the missionaries in Malaysia.

What Mission Homes Mean to Malaysia

F. A. DETAMORE

THROUGH the liberality of our faithful believers in the homeland, a wonderful worldwide work is being carried forward, and recruits are being sent forth to the most needy portions of the mission field every year. Could these foreign missionaries be gathered into one company they would make a good sized army. To preserve the health of these brave volunteers in trying climates and under unfavorable conditions is a great problem to this denomination, no less than is the care of the health of vast armies of soldiers to the nations that are sent forth to battle.

The consecrated worker is the greatest asset to the mission field, but he must be kept in health if he is to render the best service. It costs much to send a family far across the seas, and then support them for one or two years while its members are learning a new and strange language. After the expenditure of this initial cost of several thousands of dollars, if one member of the family becomes

sick and must return to the home country, the other members are usually compelled to return also, and the cause suffers a great loss, for very little has been accomplished up to that stage of the worker's experience in the foreign fields.

Recognizing these facts, the General Conference has undertaken to build homes for missionaries, where it is impossible to secure suitable houses at a moderate rental. Already this investment has proved a wonderful blessing in preserving the health of our missionaries, thus enabling them to render longer and better service to the cause. Those who occupy these homes cheerfully pay a reasonable rental, so the amount thus expended is not a loss, but rather an investment that brings back a regular revenue in addition to the amount of good it renders in lengthening the lives and service of the workers.

The laborers in the Malaysian Union Mission have received much benefit from the homes that have been built for them in this field. It is impossible to estimate the value they have been to the work here, where the tropical climate is so trying. Of all the workers that were sent to this country up to a few years ago, only two families remain. But of late, since suitable homes have been provided, the worker finds it much easier to preserve his health and to do faithful service.

We still need a dozen or more cottages in this field, as quite a number are still without suitable places in which to live. There should be five new homes in Singapore, one in Java,

two in Sumatra, one in the Malay States, and two in Siam, to meet the present need, and other families soon to arrive will increase the demand. In many places it is next to impossible to find residences at a rental we can afford.

One family in Singapore is occupying a small, undesirable house at a rental of forty-five dollars. Another is trying to live in two small back rooms of a house occupied by other people. Houses with very meager accommodations are renting for one hundred dollars and up, and yet many of them are not desirable. In another city one of our workers is paying fifty dollars a month for three small rooms in a double house, where the air is shut off entirely on one side. This is very bad in the tropics. Another family is living in a house with thatched roof and bamboo matting sides. Others are putting up with equally unfavorable conditions. We are sure that our loyal brethren and sisters at home will esteem it a privilege to give a liberal offering this next thirteenth Sabbath to help supply homes for our missionaries where they are needed so badly.

Singapore, Straits Settlements.

“Our watchword is to be, Onward, ever onward. The angels of God will go before us to prepare the way. Our burden for ‘regions beyond’ can never be laid down until the whole earth shall be lightened with the glory of the Lord.”—“*Testimonies for the Church*,” Vol. 6, p. 29.

Sabbath, February 18

[Suggestions for Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Ps. 126:6. Read the text, then have the school repeat it in concert.

READING: The Making of a Missionary.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 532, first and second stanzas.

PRAYER: A few sentence prayers that loyal, faithful workers may be speedily prepared for the mission fields.

The Making of a Missionary

J. L. SHAW

THE making of a missionary is the supreme work of the grace of Christ, through the agency of His Holy Spirit. Courses of study, institutions, missionary training centers, or kindred agencies are but mediums to that important end. Unless God by His grace comes into the life to change and transform, any accomplishment or intellectual equipment is to no purpose. "My son, give me thine heart," is the first and chief necessity in the making of a missionary. The great Potter wishes clay ready and plastic. The clay yielded to His master hand, though ugly before it is molded and fashioned according to His divine pattern, comes forth a vessel fit for the Master's use.

The supreme qualification of a successful missionary, and that which includes all others, is comprehended in one small word of four letters—love. This is the foremost gift to the church and without it, all others fail. The missionary candidate may speak all the languages of men, yet if he has not love he is but a "loud sounding trumpet or a clanging

cymbal." He may possess the gift of prophecy, understand all mysteries and knowledge, have faith that can make mountains tremble, yet without love he is "nothing." He may be a philanthropist, giving his possessions to the poor, and even in the warmth of zeal, he may surrender his body to be burned, and yet his service is to no profit.

The missionary should be fearless. "Love has in it no element of fear; but perfect love drives away fear, because fear involves pain, and if a man gives way to fear, there is something imperfect in his love." 1 John 4:18—*Weymouth's "New Testament in Modern Speech."*

It was on this point that Saul, the leader of Israel's host, failed when returning from the slaughter of the Amalekites. Contrary to the instruction of the Lord, he brought back Agag and the best of the cattle. To Samuel he confessed the reason of his disobedience. "I have transgressed the commandment of the Lord, and of thy words: because I *feared* the people, and obeyed their voice." Fear of the people cost Saul his kingdom. This brief record is left, "It repenteth Me that I have set up Saul to be king."

The missionary is called to leave his native land and part with home and loved ones, to take up monotonous toil among unknown people in a strange land, often under very unfavorable conditions, with little help and counsel of experienced leaders. For such an undertaking, he needs a love that will

keep him courageous and cheerful when the battle rages sore.

The missionary should be patient and long suffering. He is to teach Christ through an unknown tongue to a people whose religious thoughts and ideals of life are different. They may be slow to comprehend, insincere, false, and unreliable, yet the missionary is to bear, and bear long, in a kindly way. "Love suffereth long, and is kind." This spirit will lead to continuous perseverance under the most unfavorable conditions and circumstances.

The missionary should be studious. "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." To work acceptably in another tongue requires concentrated mental application. To be fresh and vigorous in teaching the Word, bringing forth things both old and new, requires constant study of the Word.

He should be prayerful. Prayer is the key to the missionary problems. It raises the missionary above the earthly environment surrounding him. It unlocks the storehouse of infinite power and strength, bringing aid for every need and trial. "Unceasing prayer is the unbroken union of the soul with God, so that life from God flows into our life; and from our life, purity and holiness flow back to God." — "*Steps to Christ*," p. 102.

The missionary should be communicative in every way possible, by word and pen and example. By every reasonable and legitimate means, he should with energy and perseverance bring the word of truth to human hearts.

The missionary should be more than a good man with a theoretical preparation—he should be practical. He should have gained an experience in doing things that will give him a measure of independence and initiative, so much needed in the mission field. He needs a gracious supply of common sense that he may readily adapt himself to the many changing conditions in which he is placed; that he may wisely care for himself and family and guard their health, that he may make sensible decisions in the many problems incident to mission service.

And finally, let us emphasize one other great requisite in the making of a missionary—unselfishness. That is, loving God and His work more than our own selves. Love “seeketh not her own,” or, as another translation puts it, seeketh not “to aggrandize herself.” Unselfish love makes a mighty appeal to sinful men when manifested both in word and action. It makes for unity among believers, and wins the hearts of fellow laborers in toil and service.

“Supreme love for God and unselfish love for one another,—this is the best gift that our heavenly Father can bestow. This love is not an impulse, but a divine principle, a permanent power. The unconsecrated heart cannot originate or produce it. Only in the heart where Jesus reigns is it found. ‘We love Him, because He first loved us.’ In the heart renewed by divine grace, love is the ruling principle of action. It modifies the character, governs the impulses, controls the

passions, and ennobles the affections. This love, cherished in the soul, sweetens the life, and sheds a refining influence on all around."—
"The Acts of the Apostles," p. 551.

Takoma Park, D. C.

Sabbath, February 25

[Suggestions for Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT : Isa. 6:8. Read the text, then have the school repeat it in concert.

READING: Why the Mite Boxes Were Full.

MISSIONARY SONG : "Christ in Song." No. 542, first and last stanzas.

PRAYER : A few sentence prayers that we may plan to give liberally to our needy mission fields.

Why the Mite Boxes Were Full

ROSELLA had a blue mite box, and so had her brother Drew. The mite boxes had been given out in Sunday school, and were to be kept two months. All the money saved in the mite boxes was to go toward sending the news about Jesus to the heathen girls and boys across the ocean. The Sunday school superintendent said so, and so did the sweet old blind missionary woman, who had talked to the scholars.

Rosella and Drew carried their mite boxes across the fields toward their tent. They and their mother and aunt and cousins had come several miles from their farm to tent, with a number of other folks, near the Farmers' Co-operative Fruit Drying buildings, during the fruit season, to cut fruit for drying.

Another girl was going across the fields with a blue mite box. She was the Chinese

girl, Louie Ming, whose father and mother had come from the city to cook for some of the owners here.

“Louie Ming’s got a mite box!” said Rosella.

Drew laughed. “Do you suppose she’ll save anything in it?”

“I don’t believe she will,” said Rosella.

Rosella and Drew carried their mite boxes into their mother’s tent.

“We’re going to cut apricots and peaches to help the heathen!” announced Rosella.

Mother nodded.

“We’ll have a whole lot of money in our mite boxes when we carry them back,” said Rosella.

“We’ll see,” said mother.

For two or three mornings Rosella rose early, and after breakfast hurried to the cutting sheds to work. But, after a while, Rosella and Drew grew tired. It was more fun to run over the fields, and mother never said Rosella and Drew must cut fruit, anyhow, though she looked sober.

“The heathen children won’t know,” said Rosella to herself. “Suppose the heathen children were me, I wonder if they’d cut apricots every day to send me Bibles and missionaries? I don’t believe they would.”

The first month melted away. When it was over, Rosella had two nickels in her mite box and Drew had three in his.

“The heathen children won’t know,” said Rosella.

But one Saturday night Rosella and Drew were going by the tent where Louie Ming

lived. Inside the tent sat Louie Ming, with her week's pay in her lap. In the Chinese girls' hand was her blue mite box. Louie Ming was putting her money into her mite box and did not notice Rosella and Drew.

"Why-ee!" whispered Rosella. "See there! Why, Drew! I do believe Louie Ming's putting every bit of her pay into her mite box! Do you suppose she knows what she's doing?"

Rosella and Drew stood watching.

"Do you suppose Louie Ming understands?" whispered Rosella again. "Why she's giving it all! Drew, she's been working in the cutting sheds every time I've been there. She didn't cut fruit till she got her mite box. There, she's given every cent!"

When Louie Ming looked up, and suddenly discovered Rosella and Drew, she looked half scared. Rosella stepped toward the tent, and said:—

"What made you give all your money? Why didn't you save some? You've worked hard for it. The heathen children wouldn't know if you kept some money for candy and things."

Louie Ming looked shy.

"You say wha' fo' I give money?" she asked softly.

"Yes," said Rosella. "Why do you give so much?"

Louie Ming looked down at the blue mite box. Somehow it seemed hard for her to answer at first. Then she spoke softly. "One time I have baby brudder. He die. Mudder cry, cry, cry. I cry, cry all time.

I say, 'Never see poor little baby brudder again, never again!' An' I love little brudder. Then I go mission school. Teacher say, 'Louie Ming, love Jesus, an' some day you see your baby brudder again!' O, teacher make me so happy! See little brudder again! I go home and tell mudder. She not believe, but I get teacher to come and tell. She tell about Jesus to my fadder and mudder. They learn love Him. Some day we all go heaven and see little brudder! Now I save money to put in mite box. Way over in China many little girls don't know about Jesus. Their little brudders die. They cry, cry, all the same me did. Maybe some my money send teacher tell those poor Chinese girls how to go to heaven, see their baby brudders again. So I work very hard to put money in my box, because Jesus come into my heart."

Rosella did not answer, but stood looking at Louie Ming. Then she suddenly turned and caught Drew's hand, and pulled him along till they were running toward their own tent. Rosella rushed in. The baby was sitting on the straw floor, and Rosella caught him up, crying:—

"O baby, baby brother, don't you ever die! I couldn't spare you!"

"Goo!" said baby brother, holding out his arms to Drew.

Drew did not say anything, but he took baby brother.

"Drew," said Rosella, "I'm going straight to work. Aren't you? I'm ashamed of myself. To think that a Chinese girl who once

did not know about Jesus, would work so hard now for her mite box, and you and I haven't! Why, Drew Hopkins, I haven't acted as though I cared whether the heathen boys and girls knew about Jesus or not! I'm going to work to fill my mite box. Why, Drew, Louie Ming's box is most full, and she used to be a heathen!"

Drew nodded, and hugged baby brother tighter.

The next Monday Rosella and Drew began working hard cutting fruit. How they cut fruit the remaining month! How they saved! And how glad they were that their mite boxes were heavy when the day came to carry them back!

The blind missionary woman was at Sunday school again. After the school closed, the superintendent, who knew Rosella and Drew, introduced them to the missionary. And the blind missionary said, "Bless the dear girl and boy who have cut peaches for two whole months to help send the gospel to heathen children!"

Then Rosella, being honest, could not bear to have the missionary think it had been two months instead of one, and she suddenly burst out, half crying, and said, "O, I was not so good as that! I didn't work two months, and I—I'm afraid if Louie Ming hadn't loved Jesus better than I did, Drew and I wouldn't have had hardly any money in our mite boxes."

The blind missionary wanted to know about Louie Ming, and Rosella told the missionary all about her. Then the blind missionary

kissed Louie Ming's cheek, and said, "Many that are last shall be first."

But Rosella was glad that she and Drew had worked to send the news about Jesus to heathen children.—*Mary E. Bamford, in "Over Sea and Land."*

Sabbath, March 4

[Suggestions for Missionary Feature.]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Rom. 10:14, 15. Read the text, then have the school repeat it in concert.

READING: Value of Recruits to the Mission Fields.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 477, first stanza.

PRAYER: In behalf of our missionaries in South America.

Value of Recruits to the Mission Fields

J. L. SHAW

IMAGINE yourself a missionary working single handed, doing the work of two, in a center of heathen influence many miles from other workers, with no immediate fellowship with those of your own tongue,—and you will have some conception of the value of recruits to the mission field. There is a longing that is difficult to express for fellowship and help.

Well does the writer remember the morning we said good-by to Brother and Sister Replogle just outside their little mud-walled thatched-roof mission house at Ilave Pampa, among the Indians near Lake Titicaca. There was a tear in Sister Replogle's eye that morning as she said in Spanish, "*Adios*" (good-by). The burden of that last little talk was their appeal for help. To help you see the reason for their appeal, I will explain.

Three years ago, in answer to urgent requests, work was started at Ilave Pampa. Brother and Sister Replogle, just out of our training school in Argentina, answered the call, built a little adobe house of one room, and began work. They went forth, following the Master's plan, preaching the gospel and ministering to the sick. From every direction in that thickly populated *pampa*, people came. Soon a class was formed preparatory to baptism, and then a church, which now has more than two hundred members, and a Sabbath school of four hundred. We found forty persons awaiting baptism. It takes weeks and months of patient teaching to prepare native peoples for baptism, as they know but little of the gospel. Three hundred were deeply interested, waiting for a full explanation of the truth. Such an interest and work as this we found resting on the shoulders of Brother and Sister Replogle. They had also the medical side, counseling the sick and dispensing medicine. On the occasion of our visit, when the Indians learned that Brother Stahl would be there, they pressed about the little mission house, and for the time being it became a dispensary. Three nurses and one doctor in our party undertook to render medical aid. Brother Stahl estimated that he had put medicine in the eyes of one hundred people that afternoon.

In addition to the spiritual and medical work, educational interests were to be fostered. Five mission schools, with two hundred eighty matriculated pupils, were to be supervised.

One of these schools is at the station, and four are out-schools. Mission buildings are to be erected, including a house for the missionary, a schoolhouse, and a dispensary. Can you wonder at their last words of entreaty "Send us help?"

Though Brother and Sister Replogle are young and strong, yet this strain of effort in the light air of Lake Titicaca, 12,500 feet above the sea, was too great. They knew it, and knew, too, that they could not meet alone the varied needs of the work pressing upon them in that mass movement toward the truth.

At Pomata, where Brother and Sister Orley Ford were stationed, a similar need could be pictured. This station is among the Indians about thirty miles from Ilave Pampa. To send recruits to such stations, fills the most urgent calls. And these are not necessarily isolated opportunities for service. From every land the Macedonian calls come for help. To fill them not only sends relief to our struggling soldiers at the front, but it hastens on the glad message of freedom to souls bound in heathen chains. It means finally the proclamation of the message of truth in every land, and the glorious consummation of our hope in the coming of the Lord Jesus in the clouds of heaven, with great joy. Let us continue to send of our best to these lands of need.

Takoma Park, D. C.

Sabbath, March 11

[Suggestion for Missionary Feature]

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

READINGS: A Map Talk on South America, "Making Missions Real," pp. 156-158.

Story for Children (See *Our Little Friend*, dated March 10.)

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

PRAYER: For our work in South America.

Sabbath, March 13

[Suggestions for Missionary Feature.]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Prov. 11:30.

READING: Necessity for Mission Homes.

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

PRAYER: In behalf of our workers in Manchuria.

Necessity for Mission Homes

BERNARD PETERSON

NEARLY seven years have passed since that eventful day when the steamer brought us from Shanghai to Dairen, the southernmost port in Manchuria. At this port we boarded the train and entered the Three Eastern Provinces, as Manchuria is called by the Chinese. The following morning we reached Mukden, which was to be our headquarters, and from where we hoped to reach out to the uttermost borders of this vast country. There were none of our believers in Manchuria at that time, and no home awaiting our arrival, so we did not know where to go. We stayed in a Japanese hotel for a few days while searching the town for a place we could call home. Foreign houses were indeed few. There were

some semi-foreign houses, but most were Chinese in architecture, with paper windows and in many places had only Mother Earth as a floor, and many of the things a Westerner holds dear were absent.

Finally, after a few days of searching we secured a semi-foreign house. It was located right in the midst of Chinese life. Their peculiar way of doing things, and the many strange sounds were continually before us early and late. However, in the midst of this busy Chinese life we were glad to have a place that we could call our home. The Chinese know no privacy, but here in our own compound we were shut out from the rest of the world. It was not the kind of a home we would have chosen had we had our choice, but under the circumstances it was a haven of rest, and perhaps we appreciated it more than many a millionaire in America who is surrounded by luxuries in his home. The house was filthy when we moved in, and our bodies bore witness to the fact that cleanliness had not been one of the virtues of the former occupants. Centipedes and even scorpions also made their abode here, we learned. A centipede fell from the wall right into our water pail. The walls were damp several feet from the floor, and the rooms smelled very musty.

The surroundings were far from inviting. Water holes and deep mud were in the streets around the compound, and carts often sank deep into the mudholes there. Only a few feet from our door was a big pond into which was dumped all kinds of filth, and in the sum-

mer the stench was almost unbearable. At times it became necessary for us to close our doors and windows to give relief from the smells, though it was in the midst of summer, and we longed to have every door and window open. There were these and many other things that were unpleasant, but still we were glad to be in Manchuria and to be permitted to suffer [to some extent, if it can really be called suffering. Had not many others had it a great deal worse than we?

But the laws of health must be respected, for it is a law that, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." The day came when we had to reap the fruit of living in those unsanitary quarters. My wife's health broke down after having spent six years in China, and it became necessary to seek refuge in the homeland, where a good share of the time had to be spent at the sanitarium endeavoring to build up the strength that had been lost. She succeeded in regaining her health, and we are again back in the city of Mukden, but this time things were different when we arrived. We did not need to move into the old unsanitary buildings where once we lived. Through the generosity of our brethren and sisters in the homeland, we have good homes—as good homes as we ever could wish to live in in the homeland. I think of the old place where we used to live. What a change! Often have I passed by the old scenes, and thought of those, our first days in Manchuria. I am glad for our present comfortable homes which the Mission Board has now provided for us,

and we do not feel we are any longer sacrificing as we were in those days, as we are as well off in that respect as many of our brethren in the homeland.

To provide homes for our missionaries is a very paying proposition for the Mission Board. It does not under any circumstances pay to leave them in unsanitary quarters. The lives of foreign missionaries are very expensive. It costs a great deal of money to get them out to a foreign field, and then again to support them while they learn a strange language. By the time it is learned, two years will have passed. Nothing will have been gained if the missionary must then return. It is simply a waste of money. Those who are still without homes should be provided with them as soon as possible, that the health of the workers may be spared and they may thus be saved for the work to which they have dedicated their lives.

You who are left in the homeland can also have a part in doing missionary work in these heathen lands. Your prayers are a great strength to the missionary, and your gifts will enable him to build a home where he can live and work for these benighted people. In this way you are having a part in bringing the gospel to those who know it not. Now is our opportunity to come to the help of the Lord, and may we improve it while it lasts.

Mudken, Manchuria.

Sabbath, March 25

[Suggestions for Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT : John 3:16.

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

MISSIONARY EXERCISE : Dialogue.

RECITATION: " Little Boys Make Men."

SONG : " Bid Them Look."

OFFERING :

PRAYER : Pray that the blessing of God may go with our gifts to the needy mission fields.

Dialogue

(Scene : Sabbath school room. Enter three girls singly.)

EDNA : Good morning, May. I see you're here first. I guess Edith passed the word to each member of our class.

MAY : Yes, she said she had received a letter from Gladys, and if we were here early, there would be time to read it to us before Sabbath school opened.

EDNA : Oh, here comes Bessie.

BESSIE : Good morning, girls. My! but I've hurried!

EDNA AND MAY : Good morning, Bessie.

(Enter Edith, with letter.)

EDITH : Good morning, everybody. We're really an " On time " class today, aren't we? Maybe we'd better tell the superintendent that all the device he needs for punctuality with a class of girls is to promise them a letter from a former classmate.

(All laugh softly.)

MAY : Now for the letter.

EDITH : I'm afraid there won't be time to read it all through before Sabbath school, so I'll let each of you have it later. But I did want to read parts of it while we all were together, and watch the effect. You remember the way Gladys felt toward bugs and creeping things in general?

ALL : I should say so!

EDITH : Then listen to this. (Reads from letter.) " How you would laugh at our house! Manchurian architecture does not have much charm for us. We did the best we could, securing what they call a semi-foreign house. Oh, girls! The walls are damp two or three feet from the floor. We scrubbed and cleaned, and stopped up the cracks, but the bugs just would come in. Father says

there is something good in everything—even bugs—and these are good object lessons to us in untiring, persevering effort. Yesterday, while helping mother in the kitchen, I heard a splash. Looking in the water pail, I saw it was only a centipede that had fallen from the wall."

MAY: A centipede!

EDNA (Moving about uneasily on chair): Oh, girls! Think of it!

BESSIE: Well, anyway, he drowned, so that's one less.

EDITH (continuing with letter): "We feel real encouraged, though, about the scorpions. They are disappearing fast. But now for the neighborhood. I know you wouldn't approve of it at all. But we were fortunate to get a house of any kind, and of course the neighborhood and the neighbors go with it. The natives peek through the windows at us any time of day or night. At first it frightened us, but we've attributed it to curiosity, and rather expect it now. How I long for window shades though!

(Girls shake their heads in sympathy.)

EDITH (continuing): "If you have a cold today, you should be here with me, and have a free treatment. The day is hot and sultry, and with the doors and windows closed, the house is like a steam bath."

BESSIE: Why close the windows?

EDITH: You'll see why. (Continues reading) "We prefer pure steam to impure odors. You see, there is a large pond a short distance from our door, and into this pond the natives throw all the refuse. Do you blame us for closing the windows?"

ALL (Handkerchiefs covering noses): No! no!

MAY: Why, they will all be sick, and back here before we know it! Gladys told me the fare over there was about \$300 apiece from San Francisco. In addition to that, there was the war tax, and fees for passports. You know there are four in the family.

EDNA: Then, by counting only the fare on the steamer, Gladys' family represents a twelve hundred dollar investment for the Mission Board. If they become ill from such unsanitary surroundings, and have to return, there twenty-four hundred dollars.

MAY: Yes, and another family to take their place means a thousand or so more! I should think it would be more economical to build a little modern house in the first place,—a bug-proof house, in a smell-proof neighborhood.

EDITH: Let me read a little more. (Continues) "Please don't think we are complaining. Father says no sacrifice is too great for Manchuria. He says the Mission Board is going to build us a house as soon as they have the money. They explained that nearly every family sent to a foreign field means one more house to be built. A four- or five-roomed house over here costs about \$2500. Please say a little prayer every night for that \$2500 to materialize."

GIRLS (in concert): Well I should say we will.

EDITH: Here is the entire letter. You read it first, May, and then hand it to the others. It must be about time to go upstairs for the opening exercises.

MAY: Thank you.

(All rise)

BESSIE: And when we've all read it do you know what I'm going to do?

OTHERS: What?

BESSIE: I'll send that very letter on to—to—not to the Mission Board,—They're doing all *they* can. (Enthusiastically) I'll send it on for a Missions Quarterly article!

EDNA: Oh, that will be splendid. I heard our pastor say the other day, "If you want to be *sure* of raising funds, just ask the Sabbath schools to go after it. They'll get it."

OTHERS (All leaving room): Then that's what we'll do. And the Sabbath schools will see that proper houses, transportation funds, and everything else that is needed, are provided.

BARBARA K. ALBERTSWORTH.

A Missionary Exercise

FIRST CHILD

(Small globe for illustration)

This is the earth. 'Tis many a year
Since God created it, they say;
But now, as then, 'tis "very good,"
It turns, and gives us night and day;
Moves round the sun, and seasons change,
While rain and sunshine bring us food.
The only trouble with the earth
Is that THE PEOPLE ARE NOT GOOD.

SECOND CHILD

(With Bible)

I have a book which tells the way
That God would have the people live,
If every one would keep His rules,
If every one some help would give,
I think the old earth would be bright,
And every soul be happy, too.
I wish that all the people had
This blessed word of God, don't you?

THIRD CHILD

(With Cross)

And with the Bible comes this cross;
For Jesus' love it always stands;
'Twould take the place of idols false
In all the far-off heathen lands.
Mohammed's crescent flag would fall,
And Budda's gloomy temples, too.
I wish the world would see the cross
And love the living Christ, don't you?

FOURTH CHILD

(With Bell)

Where Bibles and the cross are seen,
Church bells begin to swing and ring,
The gospel's story sounds abroad,
And children learn to pray and sing.
Then school bells peal through every land,
Lessons are learned both old and new.
I'd like to make the glad bells ring
All round the earth, now wouldn't you?
(Rings bell softly).

ALL

The world need not be dark and cold,
For God's word teaches what is right.
The cross was lifted once for ALL,
That all might worship in its light.
The bells will ring when joy comes in,
When God helps people to be true.
Who'll help the better day to dawn?
We four will help. Won't all of you?

—Selected.

“Little Boys Make Men.”

Some people laugh and wonder
What little boys can do
To help the missionary thunder
Roll all the big world through.
I'd have them look behind them,
When they were small, and then
I'd just like to remind them
That little boys make men.

The bud becomes the flower;
The acorn grows a tree.
The minutes make the hour;
'Tis just the same with me.
I'm small, but I'm growing
As quickly as I can,
And a missionary boy is bound
To make a missionary man.

—*Selected.*

Bid Them Look!

(Tune, No. 907, “Christ in Song.”)

Lift Him up, in every nation,
High amid the dying throng;
Shout the news of His salvation;
Sound the trumpet, loud and long.

Chorus:

Bid them look upon the Saviour,
The wonderful, the wonderful Saviour,
Look in living faith on the Saviour;
For he who looks shall live.

China's multitudes are dying,
From the serpent's fiery sting;
India's children are a-crying;
Send the message, let it ring!

Europe's armies are a-falling,
On the battlefields of strife;
Africa is loudly calling,
"Where, O where, can we find life?"

Hearken, hear the whole creation
Groaning for the coming day;
Hasten, hasten, ere probation
Shuts the door, while we delay!

MRS. J. F. MOSER.

"The spirit of Christ is the spirit of missions, and the nearer we get to Him the more intensely missionary we must become."

