

MISSIONS QUARTERLY

Vol. 12 Issued Quarterly at Washington, D.C. No. 1
By S. D. A. Foreign Mission Board
Edited by the General Conference Sabbath
School Department

5 cents a copy First Quarter, 1923 20 cents a year

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

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of Postage provided for in Section 1103, of the Act of
October 3, 1917, authorized July 24, 1918. Printed in U. S. A.



A CHINESE SCHOOL BOY

Topic: South and East China

Sabbath, January 6

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

OFFICIAL READING.

MISSIONARY TEXT: Acts 20: 35.

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

READING: South China Union Mission.

PRAYER: A prayer for South and East China.

The Official Notice

Dear Sister Plummer:

It is a pleasure to pass on to you the recommendation of the General Conference requesting our Sabbath schools to make the object of their gifts on the thirteenth Sabbath of the first quarter of 1923 our work in the East and South China Union Missions. There are in these two unions seven provinces with over 224,000,000 of people or twice the entire population of the United States. Among this multitude of people an earnest band of workers is sowing the seed, and results are following. The church membership numbers over three thousand with a thousand inquirers seeking for the light.

Toward the support of work in these fields we are asking our loyal Sabbath schools throughout the world to contribute \$100,000. Though this is a large undertaking on one Sabbath, our brethren have faith to believe our Sabbath schools will accomplish this, and wish them the abundant blessing of the Lord in this splendid endeavor.

Yours in the Master's service,

J. L. SHAW,

Treasurer General Conference.

South China Union Mission

ALMA M. MILNE

OUR field embraces the two large provinces of Kwangtung and Kwangsai, and the smaller province of Fukien. Our work is divided into six local missions namely, North Fukien, South Fukien, Swatow, Hakka, Cantonese, and Kwangsai Missions. For these millions who wait in darkness, only a few lights have been kindled. We have twenty-nine organized churches with a membership of 2,045 and seventy-six Sabbath schools telling the story of Jesus to a company of 3,085. But what are they compared to the eighty million who should know this truth?

These lights that have been set are burning brightly. Come with me to a Sabbath school which I visited not long ago. The first thing we notice is the quiet air that pervades the room. There is no whispering or noise, and the kindly face of the superintendent shows a strength of character.

Behind him on a large chart is an exquisitely painted grape vine with a cluster of thirteen grapes. Some of these are tinted a rich purple. There is a grape for each Sabbath in the quarter. Their goal is five dollars a Sabbath.

The primary department passes while the school sings. After their review they separate into classes. There are eight classes, and most of the teachers are students. All seem^{so} so interested in their class

work. Faces are eager and eyes bright. On the blackboard hang various devices. There is an individual goal list with many names on it. At the beginning of the quarter individual goals were set, and now, when a child reaches his goal, each Sabbath a star is placed beside his name.

Here is a picture of a stairway with a little boy climbing up. Each step represents the room's goal for the Sabbath, and when the four dollar mark is reached the boy is moved up another step. The primary leader tells us that nearly every Sabbath of this quarter they have gone over their goal.

In the big room the hum of voices tells us that here, too, the interest is high. Here there are nine classes. Now it is time for the school to reassemble. The superintendent adds another grape, and he says that this one is put on by the primary department alone. See them smile! The consciousness of something accomplished brings a glow of satisfaction.

But this is only one little center of light. We need many such schools to shine out in this darkness. Now is the time to establish them, for people are searching for truth. The circulating manager of the South Christian Book Company says that his colporteurs report a greatly increased sale of Bibles. A movement has been started here against Christianity, and as a result people have been led to inquire, "Who was this man Jesus?" Now is the time for us to press out farther. May our people at home sense our great needs here.

Sabbath, January 13

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Isa. 60:1.

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

READING: "What Is Upon Your Doorpost?"

PRAYER: A few sentence prayers for the work in East China.

What is Upon Your Doorpost?

MRS. O. A. HALL

As one passes along the streets in China he will notice that upon practically every door of the houses are pasted banners of red paper bearing large black characters, written one below the other as is done in Chinese. After having learned to read the Chinese characters, it is most interesting to note some of these mottoes, which are generally pasted up each New Year, and in a way may be said to express something of the desires or aspirations of the inmates of the house. Some, however, are simply quotations from the classics expressing often a thought in regard to nature. Very often such expressions as these may be seen, "May happiness, riches, and prosperity come to this home." Another very common custom is that of pasting on the neighbor's wall, opposite their front door, the four characters, "Dui O seng tsai," which means "May the one opposite me become rich." This does not mean that they are expressing this wish for their neighbors but rather that the one living opposite the sign, in other words, themselves, may become rich.

Recently, while traveling in Chekiang province and visiting at the home of one of our Chinese evangelists, we were interested to read what was upon the door. The main door to the house is always double, consequently there is a motto on each door. Upon one door, our brother had these words :

“There’s a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar ;
For our Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.”

While on the other door were these words :

“O land of rest, for thee I sigh ;
When will the moment come
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell with Christ at home ?
We’ll work till Jesus comes,
And we’ll be gathered home.”

Contrasting these words and sentiments with those which we saw upon other doors along the way, we were led to ask ourselves the question, “What is upon my doorpost ?” There may be no bright red posters there, which the passer-by may read; but our actions may speak louder than words. Do those about us see that our affections are set upon the dwelling place which our Father is preparing; and are we working day by day to hasten the time when we shall “dwell with Christ at home ?” Or are the pleasures, honor, and wealth of this present world so absorbing our minds that we give but little thought to things of eternal value ?

A young lady from a wealthy family became interested in the truth in China, and she with other members of the family attended our Sabbath school. She was richly dressed, having rings, costly pearl and jade hair ornaments, gold neck chains, pearl earrings, and all that goes to make up the attire of those in her class. Little by little, as she received further light, her convictions in regard to the truth deepened, and she decided to obey. Her rings, necklace, and hair ornaments were laid aside, the pearl earrings being her only ornament. She felt that she could not give them up, because of the customs existing, that girls and women of respectable families must wear earrings. She felt she could not appear before her father and relatives without them.

A woman's Bible institute was soon held at a town a short distance away, and this young lady, eager to learn more of God's word, attended. One night, while sleeping in a room with several others of our sisters, she had a dream. Her weeping aloud was heard by those in the room. In the morning, one of the women, a Bible woman, asked her why she was weeping. She then told her dream. She dreamed that she was bound with many great iron chains. One by one these chains were loosened by one who was near, and dropped from her. Finally, all but one was gone. This one still bound her firmly. She had been willing to have all the other chains removed; but this one remaining one, she was

unwilling to have taken from her; and in her remonstrance was weeping aloud.

The Bible woman said, "My sister, I believe God has given you this dream, and do you wish me to tell you what I believe is the meaning? One by one the chains of sin have fallen from you. You have been freed from idolatry, and have given up all for Christ except this one thing;" as she said this she pointed to the earrings. The young lady said, "You are right, but I will now give them up and make a complete surrender to my Saviour." She then removed the earrings, never to wear them again. The joy and peace shining from her beautiful face, show that it pays to give up all for Jesus.

Sabbath, January 20

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Acts 16:9.

READING: "Won by the Sabbath School."

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 479, first and last stanzas.

PRAYER: A short prayer for the Sabbath schools in China.

Won by the Sabbath-school

A. L. HAM

Ancestor worship is a very old custom among the Chinese, and this worship at the tombs is carried on from generation to generation through the sons of the succeeding families. The Chinese worship the tombs twice a year during the third and the ninth months.

At these times all sons and daughters are expected to go with their parents, and help carry the incense sticks, firecrackers, tea, rice, and many kinds of meat, to offer to their dead ancestors. The hills are the vast burial grounds of millions of China's dead, and this year it seemed as though every man, woman, and child of the city of Canton, left their shops, stores, hotels, schools, and homes, and in one great mass covered the surrounding hills, having no trouble at all in locating the little mound which marks the resting place of their forefathers.

Soon the men were busy cutting out a grassy, cone-shaped clod of earth for each grave, and having first placed a red sheet of paper on the mound, would then put the clod in place. Then they would shoot off firecrackers, serve tea and food to the spirits of the ancestors, and, feeling that the spirits were happy and pleased with their service, would return to their homes to await the returned benefits bestowed by the spirits.

Little Ah Hing has been attending our Sabbath school and mission school in Canton and is staying with Evangelist and Mrs. Ma. He enjoys studying his Bible lessons and has learned to repeat many memory verses. He is not yet four years old, but he says many remarkable things to both old and young about Jesus whom he loves, and often tells the people what they ought to do or ought not to do if they want to be saved.

This spring at the tomb worship season, his father and mother sent for Brother Ma to

take Ah Hing home that he might join them in the worship of their ancestors. So Mrs. Ma dressed him and told him that his father and mother had sent for him to go with them to the tombs. The little fellow seemed hardly to realize what it meant, but he knew he should not do it because he loved Jesus. He wept as though his heart would break, and repeatedly said that he did not want to go and "worship the devil." But Evangelist Ma took him to his father's shop where the little fellow told his father and mother that he was Jesus' boy now, and did not want to go with them.

At first his father and mother tried to persuade him to go with them, and offered him rewards that naturally appeal to children, but he cried and refused these inducements and preached a very eloquent sermon telling about Jesus. Then he entered into a strong protest against his father's business — selling articles for heathen worship. He told his father that he was carrying on the "devil's business." His parents did not get angry with him as he seemed so earnest, but simply told Brother Ma to take him back to the school, "for," they said, "truly he is Jesus' boy, and he is against our worship, and what is more, he is against our business. He will ruin our business if he stays here."

I met Brother Ma and Ah Hing on their way back to school, and Brother Ma told me about the boy's experience. Then I had a talk with the little man, during which he

showed a surprising knowledge of the teachings of Jesus, and a very strong determination to be true and do right.

Surely the Saviour is using this little boy in heathen China to tell the story of His love.

Sabbath, January 27

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Rom. 10:14.

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

READING: The Conversion of Miss Tsang.

PRAYER: A short prayer for the evangelists and Bible workers.

The Conversion of Miss Tsang

FLORENCE E. WOOD

Our chapel at Bing Wu had but recently been opened, and our foreign Bible worker with her native assistant was calling at different homes in the city, hoping to become acquainted with the women.

Among the homes visited was that of the Tsang family. They were Buddhists, and the daughter, a young lady in her early twenties, had been an unusually devout worshiper at the temple shrines since early childhood. In fact, several months of each year were spent by her with the nuns at the temple, that she might thus give her undivided attention to incense-burning and worship.

Miss Tsang was willing to listen to the visitors, but her object in so doing seemed chiefly for the opportunity it gave her to inform them of the merits of the Buddhist religion,

rather than to learn of Christianity herself. For several months, our faithful little Bible worker called upon her, receiving slight encouragement, but never being really requested to discontinue her visits. About this time, a Bible institute for women was to be held near Shanghai. Miss Tsang was invited to attend, and finally consented to do so.

She is very reticent, and the first day or two of the meetings it was not known just what impression they were making upon her. Upon the third day, however, the subject of the sanctuary was presented, and from the instant the chart was hung up before the audience, she did not attempt to conceal her interest. During the meeting, she informed our native Bible worker that about three months before, in a dream, she had seen the place represented on the chart, and it seemed to her to be in the sky. It was different from any place she had ever seen, but thinking it must be a temple, she had gone from place to place, hoping to find it. When she saw the chart, she immediately recognized the sanctuary as the place she had been seeking, and at the meetings was genuinely converted, as has been evidenced by her life since that time.

Recently, a cousin whom she had not seen for thirteen years came to make her a visit. The cousin had not heard of Miss Tsang's conversion, but said that a few nights before, she had been unable to sleep, and during her restless hours, an irresistible impression came

to her that she should visit her uncle's home. She had planned on remaining only a few days, but prolonged her visit, during which time Miss Tsang improved the opportunity of telling her of Jesus and His love. She seldom leaves her home even for worship at the temple, a trusted servant performing these rites for her. When, on rare occasions, she does go out, a sedan chair calls for her in the inner court of her home, and she returns in the same way, her neighbors seldom seeing her.

Not long after her visit at Miss Tsang's home, our workers were again in Bing Wu, and her interest in what she had heard was such that she attended the meetings at our chapel, and expects also to attend the Woman's Institute to be held in Shanghai next month. May we not hope that at this meeting the light of truth will shine into her heart as it did into her cousin's under similar circumstances three years ago?

We rejoice as we see these souls turning from the darkness of heathenism to the light of the gospel, but there are still multitudes who have never even heard the name of the Lord. "How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?" Rom. 10:14. We need many more consecrated men and women to carry on this great work, for truly the fields "are white already to harvest." May not the prayers of God's people in all our Sabbath schools ascend on behalf of His work in this needy field today?

Sabbath, February 3

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

READING: Chinese Superstitions.

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 24:14.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song." No. 537, first stanza.

PRAYER: That the gospel may soon go to those who sit in darkness.

Chinese Superstitions

F. E. BATES

These Swatowese are in all things very religious. Their gods, practically all of them the supposed spirits of the dead, are represented everywhere. There are spirits, some good but mostly bad, in every nook and corner, inside, outside, above, below, in the high hills and fruitful valleys, in the rocks, the trees, the rivers, in every article or place where water is to be found—in fact, there are spirits everywhere whether you use the term in general or in particular. No boat in the great Han delta would venture out without its array of spirit gods in the best place to insure the success of the trip. If the route is over a stretch of open sea or through dangerous rapids, the gods must first be appeased and implored with sacrifice and incense before the voyage is attempted.

The spirits especially reside in the homes of the people, in the graves of the dead, and in the high hills. In the homes there are the gods of the hearth, the well, the bed, the water jar, the family rice bowls, the walls of the house, the roof, the gate, etc. Here they

influence strongly every act of the home life. In the graves of the dead they also demand special attention. They must be worshipped at stated intervals when sacrifices and incense are offered.

Of all things pertaining to human life and events, the spirits seem to take special interest in marriages. In this line they bear undisputed sway. A short time ago a young man, who was baptized about a year previously was to be married at his home in the country. It seemed that some years ago the father of the young man had engaged his son to the daughter of a friend who lived not far away. At that time both sides of the agreement were heathen, and matters were arranged in true heathen style. Some time later the little girl bride died. About the same time an important change took place in the home of the groom. A Christian worker and his family moved into the district and began to teach some new and strange doctrines which arrested the attention of nearly the whole village, among them our young friend and his people. They believed and entered the church as an unbroken family. Now a new alliance was necessary, and the father sought it within the church. Ere long the arrangements were completed, and, in accordance with his changed belief, announcement was made that on a certain date a Christian marriage ceremony would be celebrated.

The news reached the father of the dead girl who was still a heathen. Now according to the heathen custom even death could not

break his daughter's engagement, and before there could be a marriage with any one else his own daughter must be recognized as the first and honored wife. But his daughter had been dead for several years, so he must select a substitute. This was a very easy matter for the tablet containing her spirit had been in its place in the ancestral hall ever since her death. So he called a sedan chair, prepared it with all the finery he would have accorded to his daughter had she been bodily present, placed gifts of food and clothing in the chair, and sent it all to the young man's home.

Here it should, according to heathen custom, have been received in state, given the place of honor in the house, at frequent intervals worshipped and offered food, and when the day should come for the ceremony it should be recognized and honored as the true wife. The real bride could in the heathen sense be only a proxy or sort of "acting bride." Then before any food could be set before the assembled guests it must be first offered to the tablet. After the wedding it must be kept in a place of honor in the new home, and worshipped faithfully by its members. But the reception actually accorded this spirit bride was somewhat different from the heathen custom. The tablet was taken from its beautifully decorated sedan chair, placed in a bureau drawer out of the way, and given me on the wedding day as a memento of heathen blindness and superstition. The tablet is made of soft pine, and is ten and one half inches tall,

and three by three and one-fourth inches at the base.

But the gospel is releasing many captives. Many are rejoicing in a freedom heretofore unthought of. Day by day this number is increasing and the company of freed men is enlarging. But still our work is only begun. May God bless His closing work that men and means shall not be lacking till "this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come."

Sabbath, February 10

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Dan. 12:3.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 552.

READING: The Headquarters of the South China Union Mission.

Nanning Hospital-Dispensary.

PRAYER: A few short prayers for our workers in China

Headquarters of the South China Union Mission

F. H. DEVINNEY

Since its organization, the South China Union Mission has been without the necessary headquarters' facilities, except those that could be obtained through rented buildings. We have been located in the city of Kowloon on the mainland of China, a suburb of Hong-kong, and joined to it by convenient ferries. Rent is very high, and suitable houses for our work are difficult to obtain. No sooner do we secure a desirable place than the rent is ad-

vanced beyond what we can pay, or it is sold to other people, and we are forced to seek other quarters. These frequent changes do not contribute to the mission's good standing and reputation.

It has been found necessary for the union to maintain entertainment rooms for the convenience of our missionaries passing through Hongkong to the Philippines, Malaysia, the East Indies, and India, or returning to the homeland from those fields. As this port is the terminal of most of the steamship lines making necessary a change of ship, by keeping these rooms we have been able to save hundreds of dollars which otherwise would have to be paid to the hotels, and many times no accommodations can be secured there. They also furnish a place where our own people from the interior can come for a change and rest, and to have dental and other work done which would be impossible anywhere else in the field. These rooms also afford a place of refuge under British protection when a crisis is on in the storm centers of the South.

Several times during the past few years, evangelistic work in the colony has been opened and then discontinued, and the result lost. The lack of a proper place to hold meetings is not the least important factor of this situation. Our plans for the union headquarters contemplate homes for the union laborers, offices, home for the city evangelist, a chapel, and entertainment rooms. These are to be in the form of a terrace or flats, the

usual form of the houses for foreign population in the colony,

This will furnish convenient, comfortable, and pleasant homes and headquarters for our work, and will add to our standing and influence throughout the field. If properly located and constructed, the buildings will be a profitable investment should it ever become desirable to make a change of location. We are sure that these needed facilities for which we have waited so many years, will not be delayed longer on account of any lack of interest or giving on the part of the Sabbath schools.

Nanning Hospital-Dispensary

R. L. WILLIAMS

During the summer of 1920 we began to build a small hospital across the street, back of the mission compound. It proved to be uphill work, but by much prayer by the close of the year we had finished a nice little building which was large enough for our demands at that time. As time has passed the work has grown till now we find ourselves confronted by the question, What are we to do for more room? People ask us, "Why don't you enlarge? Why don't you have a building for women?" The only answer is, we do not have the money required for enlarging and will have to wait till the Lord puts it into the hearts of some good people to help.

The cost of the present building and some of the equipment, has been met by Harvest Ingathering donations given by the people of

Nanning. This is saying a great deal for these people, for it is their natural inclination to get all they can from the foreigner, but in this case they realize the benefit of the foreigners' method of treating disease. They know it is far superior to the methods of the Chinese fake doctors. So they gave freely toward the building of the hospital-dispensary.

Perhaps the question may arise in your minds, Why do you not call on the people of Nanning for money to enlarge your building? We have asked them, but with little result. There is reason for this. This province has been at war with the adjoining province of Kwangtung for two years, and during the most of the time this past year, all communications with the outside world were cut off and all business suspended, thus bringing a great loss to the merchants of Kwangsi. The paper money they had used for several years, had always passed at practically face value, but suddenly it dropped so that it was worth less than 40 per cent of its former value, and during the last few months it has been steadily losing in value, till now it is hardly worth the price of the paper on which it is printed. As this paper is all the money the province had that could be called its own, it naturally leaves most of the people in very hard circumstances.

We find in China, as at home, that there are a certain class of people, in fact, a large per cent, who may not be reached with the message in any other way than through sick-

ness. We have, through the agency of the hospital, reached many of these people. Practically all the officials have either called us to their homes or have come here for medical aid. Every patient has the opportunity to hear the truth, for all who enter are given a tract or paper, and their attention is called to its contents. Many have become interested and have asked to learn more of our doctrine. As a result of so much interested inquiry, we have started a weekly Bible class, and it is being regularly attended with great interest.

Sabbath, February 17

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT : Song of Solomon 12:3.

MISSIONARY SONG : "Christ in Song," No. 536, first and second stanzas.

READING: The Blind Necromancers.

PRAYER: For our Chinese brethren and sisters.

The Blind Necromancers

W. C. HANKINS

In the city of Eng-chhun, there lives a blind couple who have for years made a comfortable living by telling fortunes. Being blind they did not wander far from home, but the superstitious heathen traveled many miles to learn from this poor couple what fate held in store for them.

They had a number of methods of divination, the most popular of which was a wooden turtle so set on a little wooden tray that it

could be easily spun around by the one who wished his fortune told. There were certain characters cut in the circular edge of the tray, and the character at which the turtle head pointed when it stopped spinning gave the clue to the answer. The answers were more or less stereotyped and ambiguous and could thus be made to mean several things, so that no matter what happened, the answer would fit the circumstance. Thus it was literally a case of "the blind leading the blind."

Some time ago, this man, having plenty of leisure, as his wife did most of the fortune telling, groped his way to our chapel to attend some meetings we were holding at the time. He became interested and was a regular attendant. As he listened to the word of God he became convicted of sin, and realized that he and his wife were doing the devil's work in telling fortunes.

But he was blind, and his wife was blind, and they had no other means of making a living. Can you imagine how difficult the way seemed to them as they struggled with the question as to whether they should forsake all and follow Christ? When we learned of the struggle they were having, many of us united in prayer that they might gain the victory.

Finally on Sabbath morning they became greatly concerned as they felt they must reach a definite decision. Should they trust God for life here and life everlasting, or should they hold on to their visible means of support? They now understood the truth, and knew

that eternal life was theirs if they chose, but if they accepted the gospel they must forsake their only known means of obtaining food and clothing. Realizing their helplessness they knelt together on the earthen floor of that poor little hut they called home, and layed their case before their loving Saviour and from Him received power to yield their all into His keeping.

Before the service, that beautiful Sabbath morning, Pastor N. P. Keh, Brother R. M. Milne and the writer were in their room busily preparing for the day's services, for there was to be a baptism as well as the ordinances. Presently we heard a knock on the door, and there was the blind man with all his divination apparatus. He said that they had no further use for these things, as they had decided to follow the Lord, and asked us to please take them away with us.

We read of the widow's mites, and they have brought much gold into the treasury of the Lord, but she, at least, had her two eyes, and could see to work and earn more. But here were two people who not only gave all of that day's living, but all hope of making a living for the days to come. It was one of the most striking examples of faith in God that I have ever known, and it made me rejoice and praise God for His mighty power.

Just a few days ago we saw this couple again. Their message was one of cheer and courage, "We expect to be faithful even unto death." And now when the people come to them offering them money to divine

for them as of old, they refuse their money and tell them of the true God and of the One who died to save from sin. Although they are blind on this earth yet they look forward with eyes of faith to that glad day when their eyes shall be opened to see the glories of the earth made new, and shall behold the King in His beauty throughout the eternal ages.

Sabbath, February 24

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: John 3:16.

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

READING: The Cantonese Mission.

PRAYER: For our work in Canton.

The Cantonese Mission

A. L. HAM

The Cantonese Mission has a population of from twelve to fifteen millions of people. The great city of Hongkong and the strictly Chinese city, Canton, with more than two million population, are a part of its territory. There are also many smaller cities of one hundred thousand population, and countless towns and villages scattered throughout the territory. Many of these have not yet been reached with the gospel for our time.

Fatshan, where we have a growing church, has a population of five hundred thousand. We are conducting a dispensary there, where several hundred cases are treated every month. We are also operating two primary

schools at that place, one for boys and one for girls. The name Fatshan means "Buddha's Hill," and as the name suggests, there are many Buddhist temples there which have a large patronage. However, these temples are not kept in very good repair now, which shows that the people do not have the confidence they once had in Buddhism.

Fatshan is known in China as the "factory city." It is given this name not so much because there are large factories, but because every home is literally a factory where grandma, mother, and all the children, from the eldest to the youngest, work from daylight till late at night making Chinese pens, incense sticks, firecrackers, and hundreds of materials for heathen worship. A large part of the articles used in heathen worship in South China are said to be made at Fatshan.

It is certainly gratifying to have there a growing church, a large Sabbath school, two primary schools, and a street mission, as well as a dispensary, right on "Buddha's Hill." Indeed we have at Fatshan a light set upon a hill which cannot be hid.

There are many other places as needy as Fatshan where we have established little lighting stations. We now have chapels in fifteen centers in this field where the gospel is being preached. Sabbath schools are conducted at these places, and are a great factor in gathering in souls. There are many more places where we should have evangelists and Sabbath schools.

We need more well trained workers in this field for all branches of the work. To fill this need, we are operating a training school at Tungshan, Canton, where we have nearly one hundred boys and girls preparing for service. Still the school has inadequate facilities to carry on the work as strongly as we hope and plan for. We plan to give work to worthy students of poor families who give promise of developing into workers, and our industrial department needs to be enlarged and improved to fill the demands. The boys and girls in China are willing to work for an education to fit them for a part in winning souls to their Master.

A Plea For Help

Did you ever cut your finger, and it hurted till
you cried?

And you hurried right to mother, who tied it up
and dried

Your tears with soft, sweet kisses? Or she
hugged you close and tight?

Mothers know just what to do to make the hurts
all right.

Now, listen very carefully to what I'm going to
say.

Across the great big ocean, in lands so far away,
Sick folks with pains and bruises have no way
to make them well,

Unless you give your dollars, so the doctor man
can tell

Them how to live and what to do to find the
good-health way.

So don't forget it's Two Dollars apiece for this
Thirteenth Sabbath Day.

—*Ruth Lees Olson.*

Sabbath, March 3

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 5:16.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 701.

READING: A Call From the Hakkas.

A Story for Children. (See *Our Little Friend* dated March 8.)

PRAYER: For our work among the Hakkas.

A Call From the Hakkas

ALONZO J. WEARNER

The ten million Chinese who speak the Hakka dialect, must needs voice their "Macedonian Call" as the great liberal-hearted Sabbath School Department turns its eyes toward South China.

Is not the vision clear? See them working in the mud of their paddy fields; sweating under their loads of produce carried to market; busy at the counters of their small dark shops; surging up and down narrow streets; or punting, sculling, and pulling (occasionally sailing) their junks in the rivers. Hear the women at their looms; click, click, every daylight hour. Hear the school boys by fifties or more, studying aloud together. Hear the ragged beggars groan. Hear the sick baby cry as it is bounced about on its working mother's back. And again, turn ear to the moaning of the sick and dying, whose slender hopes of recovery lie in the expensive maltreatment of quacks. Smell the odors of opium dens, of fuming joss sticks, mingled with the miasma of open sewers. Feel the

hot tropical sun's glare on your back, or at other times the pouring rain soaking the skin, or yet again the chill of the north wind whistling around your door. Taste the meager daily diet of the average, the coarse red rice of the poor, or the famine fare of grass and wild roots.

Does not the vision awaken every sense? It stirs the heart, on which the greatest impression is made, the greatest appeal felt. It is by this sense that we appreciate love, justice, joy, and sympathy. This sense enables us to differentiate between right and wrong. It leads us to worship our Creator, to give our lives, our means, our all for His cause. It was this sense that led God to give "His only begotten Son." Have you this sense? Cultivate it. It will become keen by use, and greatly increase your worth to the Master. Have you given many times before? Give again.

Sabbath, March 10

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Isa. 49: 12.

READING: Worshipping at the Well.

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

READING: Anhwei.

PRAYER: A few sentence prayers for our work in Anhwei.

Worshipping at the Well

N. F. BREWER

In the little village of Hsing Lu Gi in

Northern Anhwei one of our believers lived. He had forsaken the heathen customs which he formerly observed. However, this was not an easy thing to do as his neighbors and relatives thought he must be going crazy. He listened to their mockings and scoffings, and asked the Lord to help him overcome and stand firm in face of their cutting words. It means much for these people to stand true when their relatives and friends go against them.

Many times in China three or four families live in the same compound and use a common well. Our faithful believer lived in one of these compounds and had to use one of these common wells. Everything went all right till the Chinese New Year, and then this brother had a severe test. The neighbors using the same well burned their incense and worshipped at the well at New Year's time.

They tried to entreat our brother to join them but he refused. They then tried to force him to worship at the well but he stood true to principle. At last seeing that their pleadings had not affected him, they told him that he could not use the water from the well unless he would worship with them. This he refused to do and true to their word they would not let him draw any more water.

Instead of making trouble, he decided to dig a well of his own, and in his back yard started to work. After digging a few feet, he struck water and praised the Lord that He had sent him water. The Lord is preparing His people to suffer hunger, thirst, and pain before giv-

ing up their faith. Only those who know the circumstances realize what it means for these people to stand true. They have come a long way on the heavenly road when we think that only a short time before this they were worshipping idols of wood, stone, and mud. The spirit of loyalty and sacrifice grips their lives.

Now is our opportunity in China. Now as never before is the time ripe to gather the harvest. When we think that fourteen hundred persons are dying hourly without Christ, it should stir our hearts to give, to go, to labor. Think of it! Every day 33,600 persons sink into Christless graves in China alone. Let us consecrate our all to the Lord and work, pray, and give.

Anwhei

PEARL WAGGONER

If I told you of a neighbor living just across the street,
Needing doctor's care or nursing, needing clothes, or food
to eat,

"Why, I'll come at once and help them!" I can almost
hear you say;

Would you come if I should tell you of the needs of "dark
Anhwei"?

Not your neighbor? You're mistaken, for it is your neigh-
bor, too,

Just across the world *you* live in—yards adjoining
straight down through!

And suppose that you'd been born *there*, and the other
folks lived here,

And *your* life the life in bondage to an awful, slavish
fear,—

Fear of spirits of ancestors, fear of evil spirits more,
Fear to dig lest you disturb them, fear lest they should
find your door,—

Just suppose, dear friends, that those folks there were you
instead of they:

Don't you think that you'd be thankful for some light in
"dark Anhwei"?

Ignorant and superstitious, of all foreigners afraid,
It was through our papers chiefly that this opening was
made.

And if some one now could go there, a dispensary to start,
I am sure 'twould win their confidence and help to win
their heart.

It is needed, oh, so badly! They are precious in God's
sight;

And not simply to enjoy ourselves, He's given us such
light.

If you think He's coming soon, then there's not time for
much delay,

If some jewels for His kingdom shall be gathered from
Anhwei.

Sabbath, March 17

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Eccl. 11 : 6.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 588.

READING: The Man Who Died for Colonel Tai.

PRAYER: That we may be faithful in living for Him, who
died for us.

The Man Who Died For Colonel Tai

W. C. HANKINS

Some years ago while working on the Harvest Ingathering Campaign in the city of Chin-chew, in the province of Fukien, China, the writer made the acquaintance of Colonel

Tai, an officer in the northern army whose troops were quartered there. He is a big man from one of the northern provinces, weighing about two hundred pounds, and having an infectious, hearty laugh.

Colonel Tai subscribed fifty dollars to our fund, and we had a little talk about the gospel. When we left we promised to send him some literature, and advised that he secure a Bible, which he did.

A number of times since then we have had the pleasure of renewing our acquaintance with this man, the last time being in company with Pastor N. P. Keh, who acted as interpreter. Learning that we would be passing through that way on a certain date, Colonel Tai insisted that we take dinner with him the evening of that day.

Dinner was served in a few minutes after our arrival. In one way, the food was different from any I ever saw on the table of any Chinese people not of our faith, for there were no unclean meats or creatures from the sea served, a fact that is very remarkable in a land where the most sought after dainties are those classed as unclean by the Bible. Neither was wine or tobacco served to any of the guests.

We ventured to question our host about the absence of these things, and he answered that he had decided from his study of the laws of health that they were not good to eat, so did not use them, and that his friends were also non-users of wine and tobacco.

After dinner the other guests soon departed leaving the colonel, his secretary, Pastor Kee, and the writer to a little confidential chat. During our conversation we were telling the "old, old story" of how Jesus died for us, and that therefore we ought to live for Him. "Ah, yes," said the colonel, "I understand about that. Some years ago I was commanded to go to a certain place to fight against the southern soldiers. It so happened that I could not go, and a friend of mine, Captain Blank, volunteered to go in my place. The captain went, and, in the fighting which ensued, was killed. He died for me. The captain left a father and mother, and some younger brothers and sisters. I am supporting his father and mother, educating his brothers, and seeing to it that his sisters are safely married."

The captain had died for him, and the colonel was doing his best to do those things that the captain would have done had he lived. How many of us who have been born and raised under far more enlightened conditions than those under which Colonel Tai has lived, are doing as much for Him who died for us?



Sabbath, March 24

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Acts 1:8.

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

PRAYER: A few sentence prayers that the gospel may soon be carried to all.

The Old, Old Story

MRS. P. L. WILLIAMS

Mrs. Ling first came to us last summer when "wars and rumors of war" were driving everybody distracted. It was reported that the oncoming troops were within a day's journey of Nanning, and when they arrived no mercy was to be expected at their hands. The place was in a panic. People were running hither and thither seeking places of safety. Hundreds were coming to us for help, but we already had every available place crowded with women and children, and could do nothing but lock our gates to keep out the mob.

And then little Mrs. Ling came. Looking into my face she asked, "Are you afraid, Sz Naai?" I said, "No, Mrs. Ling, I am not afraid. Jesus is able to keep us in this time of trouble if we trust Him. He brings peace into our hearts."

Tears came into her eyes. "Oh, I want that peace, too. I want to believe the 'Jesus doctrine'! Can I believe tomorrow? And what shall I bring?"

Poor soul! She had always been taught to

bring gifts, and trays of food, and rice, and tea, to her idols to get them in a good spirit before making any request from them, and she thought she must do the same with Jesus.

My heart was touched at her troubled face and pleading eyes. I told her the story of Jesus and His great unchanging love for us: told her that the only gift that Jesus wants is our hearts. At first she could hardly comprehend it, it was so new, so different from anything she had ever heard, so I told her that if she were willing we would study God's word together and she would then understand more about Jesus. She went home more satisfied, with a promise to come again and learn more about this wonderful Saviour.

A few days later her husband called on us and asked to buy a Bible. We supplied him and invited him to come to the Bible class and also to church and Sabbath school. The next week both Mrs. Ling and her husband were at church, and eager and interested listeners they were, too. Since then they have hardly missed a Sabbath. They often come to see us and we study the Bible together. Mr. Ling is teaching his wife to read so that she can study for herself. They wish to be baptized, but we are advising them to wait a little longer that they may become better acquainted with the Bible and with our doctrines.

Dear folks at home, Mrs. Ling is only one of thousands, yes millions, who have never heard the old, old story.

Sabbath, March 31

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Isa. 6:8.

READINGS: Have You Heard of Jesus?

Kiangsu,

A Chinese Maiden's Prayer.

Acrostic on Missions.

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

OFFERING.

PRAYER: That the blessing of God may go with our gifts to these fields.

"Have You Heard of Jesus?"

(To be recited by five little girls standing in a row, each of the first four turning to the child at her left as she speaks the last two lines of her verse.)

First Little Girl —

Little child so bright and fair,
By my pathway straying,
Eyes of blue and golden hair,
Have you heard of Jesus?
Little child so bright and fair,
Have *you* heard of Jesus?

Second Little Girl —

Yes, He was born in Bethlehem,
Cradled in a manger;
King without a diadem,
Wise men brought Him spice and gem,
Brought the little Stranger,
Little child, so bright and fair,
Have *you* heard of Jesus?

Third Little Girl —

Yes, little children in His arms,
He was wont to take them.
There they rested from alarms,
There they knew no fears or harms,
There no dread could shake them.
Little child, so bright and fair,
Have *you* heard of Jesus?

Fourth Little Girl—

Yes. But there's a stranger tale,
Of the gift He gave us,
How the soldier pierced His side,
How upon the cross He died,
From our sins to save us ;
Little child, so bright and fair,
Have *you* heard of Jesus?

Fifth Little Girl—

Yes. Little children bright and fair,
He would have you love Him ;
From His throne He watches there,
Cast yourselves upon His care,
There's no friend above Him.
I'm glad those children bright and fair
(Looking down the line of children)
Have heard so much of Jesus.

First Little Girl—

But are there not some little ones,
Outside our country free,
Who've never been told how Jesus said
" Let the children come to Me ? "

Second Little Girl—

I'm told that they have no Bible,
No holy Sabbath day,
No teacher, friend or pastor,
And they don't know how to pray.

Third Little Girl—

Oh, what shall we do for the children,
The children who have not heard ?
Will you help us to send the tidings,
Will you help us to send them word ?

Fourth Little Girl—

Then, in love let your gifts be given,
Because we love Him so,
And we'll send the story of Jesus
To the children who do not know.

Acrostic on Missions

- M** — is for money which I can give
So poor little children in China may live.
- I** — is for I, myself, you see,
I'll give my life and a missionary be.
- S** — is for Saviour, God's gracious gift;
He died on the cross — men's souls to lift.
- S** — is for Sabbath, God's holy day,
On which we learn His righteous way.
- I** — is for Israel, God's people of old;
About them in the Bible, we're told.
- O** — is for only one God above
Who wants us all to give Him our love.
- N** — is for Nazareth, where Jesus lived.
All His life was in service given.
- S** — is for souls we must seek to save.
Tell all of Jesus, the Son God gave.

—*Selected.*

Kiangsu

PEARL WAGGONER

From the best known Eastern province,
From Kiangsu, the most progressive,
From its foremost seat of culture,
From its seat of wealth, come I;
Where our work was first to enter,
Where we have our East headquarters,
Training school, and printing center,
In the city of Shanghai.

Where the mighty Yangtse floweth,
Flows from west through south of province,
Where unnumbered lakes and rivers
And canals abound, I dwell.
But though waterway extensive,
Yet the land still needeth water,—
Needs the gospel's living water,
Which to you is known so well.

From the capital of Nanking
On the west, to e'en the coast land,
Spread its fertile rice and wheat fields,—
 Flat in tract, but rich in yield,
But another harvest waiteth,
Calling loudly for more reapers,
Waiting for some hand to gather
 For the Master of the field,

Rich in silks and flowered satin
(Exports from the city Soochow),
Are the people of this province ;
 But in some things, oh, how poor !
Will not you, who know the gospel,
Help to send them further teachers,
That they, too, may have a portion
 In the riches that endure ?

And whatever here occurreth
Straightway spreads to every province,—
Sets the fashion for all China ;
 Hence would I appeal to you
For this great, important center,
For this mighty, leading province,
For this needy Eastern province,—
 For the province of Kiang-su !

Pennies and Prayer

Ten cents a week and a prayer
 A tiny gift may be,
But it helps to do a wonderful work
 For our missions across the sea.

Five cents a week and prayer
 From our abundant store—
It was never missed, for its place was filled
 By a Father's gift of more.

Pennies a week and a prayer ;
 'Twas the prayer, perhaps, after all,
 That the work was done and a blessing brought,
 The gift was so very small.

Pennies a week and a prayer,
 Freely and heartily given :
 The treasures of earth will all melt away—
 This is treasure laid up in heaven.

Pennies a week and a prayer
 A tiny gift may be,
 But it helps to do such a wonderful work
 For our missions across the sea.

—Selected.

