

MISSIONS QUARTERLY

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MEMBERS OF THE POONA MARATHI SABBATH SCHOOL

Topic: Northeast and Northwest India

Sabbath, April 3

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: John 4:35. Read the text, then have the school repeat it in concert.

READINGS: Official Notice.

Needy India.

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

PRAYER: In behalf of our work and workers in Northeast and Northwest India.

The Official Notice

THE SABBATH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT:

INDIA with all her needs is before our Sabbath schools this quarter. With her people speaking many different languages, fostering many heathen faiths and cursed with a caste system separating them from right and truth, she may well be called the very cradle of false religions. And yet these walls like a Gibraltar are being pierced and the message is going as never before. Our workers are of good courage. The Lord is blessing their earnest, self-denying effort with souls for their hire. Especially do we call the attention of our Sabbath schools this quarter to Northeast and Northwest India. The General Conference is asking that on the last Sabbath of this quarter \$90,000 be raised for the work in progress in these fields, with the understanding that any overflow will go to new work in these two union missions.

Recognizing the remarkable liberality of the Sabbath schools in quarters past, the General Conference asks the members of our Sabbath schools everywhere to take on their hearts during this quarter the appealing needs of these fields in India.

Yours in His service,
J. L. SHAW.

Needy India

A. W. CORMACK

It brings courage and cheer to the hearts of our workers and people in India to know that during this quarter the members of our Sabbath schools, the world over, have their eyes turned toward our great mission field.

India has surely been well termed "the Gibraltar of heathenism." It would almost seem as though the enemy who has been slowly, but nevertheless surely, retreating before the advancing army of the Lord, had it in mind to make a last stubborn stand here in India—that if any land could withstand the power of the message, it is this. He would delay the coming of the world's Redeemer by hindering the work of the gospel among the nations, but Jesus Himself is anxiously awaiting the time when the work of God will be finished in all the earth.

Think a moment of what it means to take the message to India's 320,000,000 people. Seven distinct races are comprised in this vast mass of humanity. How comparatively easy the task would be if they all spoke the same language. But there are 222 languages and dialects, thirteen of which are each the speech of five million or more people. There are many religions, too, but Hinduism and Mohammedanism predominate. Only one and one-half per cent of the population are Christians. That is to say, only three persons in each two hundred even profess Christianity. Tradition, superstition, and long-established

customs hold the people in bondage. And stronger even than these is the grip of the caste system, which finds authority for its existence in the sacred books of Hinduism. A great barrier to progress and enlightenment is the illiteracy of the people. Only thirteen men out of each hundred on an average are literate; and only two per cent of the women. While India is potentially a wealthy country, the masses of her people are desperately poor. In the city of Madras there are 150,000 people who have no homes at all. They live and eat and sleep on the pavements and side-walks of the city.

In the two unions to which the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering is to go, there are no less than 248,000,000 people. The superintendents of these unions and some of the missionaries out on the stations have written concerning their needs. We are confident that you will do what you can to help supply them. Our laborers are very, very few. We had hoped to bring out more workers last year. Some did come; and had the good appropriation that came to us from the home field been of normal value it would have been possible to have added still others, but as a result of the adverse rate of exchange that obtained throughout the year, we lost thousands of dollars. On some stations we have only one family, where there should be two, and there are calls coming repeatedly to which we can make no response because we have no one to send. The following from one of the superintendents, serves

to indicate something of the extremity of our need of workers:—

“Unless we get several new families for work in this field in the near future, we are going to have to let some of the work go, for we will not be able to handle it all. We have so many places for every man and in every place we are undermanned. We have had to close one of the stations because we do not have the men to handle it, and more will follow if we do not get some more recruits soon. It is a problem to know what to do.”

In spite of the difficulties that confront us, we know that God is working for the people of India. He is gathering His people from this, as well as other lands. We are reminded that “He has a thousand ways of working that we know not of.”

At present there is a man at Poona whose case is an interesting one. He is a high caste Hindu and has for years been associated with Hindu temple services. He has traveled much in India, leading bands of worshipers to the various shrines. For this purpose he visited Calcutta some three years ago. While there, he heard a Christian missionary preaching in one of the busy thoroughfares of the city. He heard the missionary read or quote John 3:16, and its wonderful message arrested his attention. He afterwards visited the missionary who told him more of the gospel and gave him an English Bible. He greatly desired to have a Bible printed in his own tongue and the missionary promised to send him one. After returning to his home in South India he re-

ceived a copy of the Scriptures in the Oriya language and began to study its message.

His father endeavored to persuade him to give up his interest in Christianity, but he would not do so. One day on returning home from the temple, he missed his Bible, and upon inquiring of his servant learned that his father had thrown it into an underground tank. He recovered the Book by diving into the tank, and that night he took it to a railway engineering shop some distance away and dried its pages by the furnace. After that he would read his Bible at midnight when the other members of the household had retired. In two years he read the Bible through, not once, but several times. It was not long before he gave up his work at the temple. Just recently he was asked by his father to accompany his two brothers, who were also engaged in temple service, to Raichur for the purpose of escorting a company of worshipers back to the temples in South India. He did so, and while away from home had more freedom to read his Bible. At Raichur he told his brothers of his faith in the Christian religion, and asked them to accept it with him. He told them that it was wrong to worship idols instead of the true God. They upbraided him, saying that their gods were all right. They were the gods that their fathers had worshiped. They said that he had turned against his fathers' gods because he had been reading the English Bible. Finally they sent him from them after taking from him such money and

jewelry as he had. Telling of this experience he said, "When they did this I remembered that Jesus had said that in order to follow Him, a man must forsake all, and I was glad because they had taken these things from me."

He was on the railway station platform without money or other possessions. A train drew in and he felt impressed to talk to the guard. He told him his story and the guard took him aboard and brought him a day's journey to Poona, supplying him with food on the way. At Poona, the guard led him out of the railway station and told him he would find some Christian missionaries somewhere in the city. He made inquiry and was directed to a certain institution, but finding that it belonged to Roman Catholics he would not go in, saying that he considered that the Roman Catho'ic religion with its idol worship was much like Hinduism. Again he went in search of Protestant missionaries and was directed by some one he met to some other mission body. On the way, however, he met a Seventh-day Adventist Indian evangelist who brought him out to our headquarters. He feels that God has led him to us. We have faith to believe that the Lord who has led him thus far will lead him to embrace the truth fully, that he may be used as a missionary to his own people.

May the coming Thirteenth Sabbath Offering be mightily b'essed of the Lord to the up-building of the work in Northwest and Northeast India, and may you be blessed in your giving to these needy fields.

Sabbath, April 10

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "Every one on whom is shining the light of present truth is to be stirred with compassion for those who are in darkness."—"*Testimonies*," Vol. VII, p. 33.

READING: The Northeast India Union Mission.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 482.

PRAYER: A few sentence prayers in behalf of the work and workers in this union mission.

The Northeast India Union Mission

A. H. WILLIAMS

RECENTLY I attended Sabbath school at Bisherkandi, a small village in the fen or marshy district of East Bengal. As yet we do not have a church building there, so the meeting was held in the home of the deacon of the church. Each house in this section of the country stands on its own little island, which has been built up by much patient labor in the midst of the swamp. In the course of years a few cocoanut and other useful trees have grown, so that as one looks across the country, the houses can be located by reason of the little clumps of trees surrounding them. This is the rainy season, so the water everywhere stands from three to six feet deep; and the tiny islands, averaging perhaps five or six rods of land each, are the only places where one can walk at all. Every home must have its canoe, which is poled along through the thick grass, which is often high over the boatman's head. Even where there is a proper water-way, great masses of hyacinth accumulate and cover the surface of the water, making progress very difficult.

Out in the middle of this trackless swamp the gospel has gone. At Bisherkandi we have an organized church of twenty-one baptized members, who faithfully pay their tithe, and give from their scanty incomes, regular Sabbath school offerings that the work of the gospel may be spread in all the world. In all, we have nine organized churches in the East Bengal Mission, with fifteen Sabbath schools, apart from one small school over to the east, on the borders of Assam.

Not all of the East Bengal villages are just like Bisherkandi. A few miles to the north of it the water subsides during the winter season, so that the land can be plowed; and then when the rains begin again rice is sown, and the open country between the villages becomes a sea of vivid green. After we left Gopalganj, the headquarters of the Mission, our houseboat was poled along for two days through the bending rice fields. Then we reached the perennial swamp, where the water never subsides. Again we are out of the swamp, and working steadily along one of the many branches of the mouth of the Ganges, until we reach another of the little companies whom God's truth has established in this land.

Continually the call is for more workers. When an Indian worker is placed out in such villages as these, land must be purchased for the mission home; it must be raised above the flood waters, and a humble house and meeting place built. Each new station sends the light into fresh territory, creating fresh calls, fresh

needs. Today we are face to face with the need of providing for the shepherding of our little flock at Bisherkandi. We hope that in some way we can soon provide what is required. We look to the Sabbath schools throughout the world to help us meet the requirements of our growing work in East Bengal.

In the West Bengal Mission our village work has not been in progress as many years as in East Bengal; but many points of contact have been established in different places, and workers are being stationed in three centers to take care of the interests there. At Hugli is our school for Bengali girls, and a bright and happy little company they are. Many of them have to travel many miles from their homes in order to attend this school; and only once during the school year do they have holidays long enough to allow them to go home to their friends in the villages. Calcutta is in the territory of this mission. In that large city we have a strong English church, which is the outgrowth of the earliest efforts of our missionaries in India, Elders D. A. Robinson, W. A. Spicer and others.

In the Bihar Mission our work is conducted in two vernacular languages, Hindi and Santali. The latter is spoken by quite a large number of people, and as the result of the work that has been done, two main centers of interest have been established. We are very anxious to move out and establish some sub-stations; but just as is the case in East

Bengal, we need funds to provide homes for the Indian workers who will be placed in charge of these. We do not know just how we will provide for the immediate needs, but are hopeful that we shall not have to delay the launching of these projects. Houses must be provided for the evangelists we send out; and as their work progresses, we must start little village schools in order to teach the children to read. In some places night schools also can be carried on in connection with the day schools, so that the older people, as well as the children may be given a simple education, the basis of which is the word of God. The great masses of the people of India have no background of Christian culture on which we can build a knowledge of our message; so as we press out we must be prepared to instruct them in the very rudiments of Christian knowledge.

Hindi is the principal language in the territory of the Bihar Mission, and work has recently been commenced in this language among village peoples in the Ranchi District. Also, near the town of Ranchi buildings have been provided for our Union Training School, so that our young men may be given advanced training.

We pray that a spirit of liberality may come upon our people, as they give on the coming thirteenth Sabbath that means may be available for the pushing forward of the work in this Union Mission.

Sabbath, April 17

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: John 3:16.

READING: Progress of the Gospel in the Northwest India Union.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 576.

PRAYER: In behalf of the work and workers in the Northwest India Union.

Progress of the Gospel in the Northwest India Union

L. F. BLUE

THIS union is made up of that part of British India and the Native States lying in the Northwestern portion of the peninsula. It is bordered on the north by the giant Himalaya Mountains, and shut in by the barren wastes of the frontier from other countries except by a few very difficult passes. This territory is made up of a group of language areas, and it is on this basis that the union is separated from others in the field. Within this union are one hundred forty-seven millions of people, most of whom are Mohammedans and Hindus.

There are sixty European missionaries, including wives, and about one hundred and fifty Indian workers. These are scattered in different parts where we have developed mission stations in the more important places. From these centers of light, rays of truth are emanating to the neighborhood vicinities. There are large sections of the field that we have not entered at all because of lack of funds and workers; the largest of these being

the Central Provinces with a population of over thirteen million. Giving to each European worker an equal part of the population as his parish, we would each have twenty times the population that Jonah had as his task in warning Nineveh.

However, we are not limited because of the fewness of workers, for God is the same as then. He has His own plan and purpose, and is working out the results according to His will. We only need to be true as workers, and stay where the Lord wants us and work His plan. These people will be taught the gospel of the kingdom; as the Lord said to Zechariah, "Not by might, nor by power, but by My spirit."

In the days of William Carey and other pioneers in India, it was difficult to get people to listen to the "Religion of the West," as they called it, but now there has come a realization that Jesus is not the Saviour of any special part of the world, but that He was an Oriental in His ways, and that He loves them, as well as those in other parts of the world. Now we see many doors opened. As I write this, there lies on my desk an application from three hundred and twenty-five people in one place for us to send some one to teach them. They have had the application written by some one else, as they cannot read or write, but they have put their thumb-prints on the paper, making nearly three pages of thumb-prints only. They say they have heard of the truth we teach and desire to know more about it. Recently another application came from a man

in the Punjab, asking us to come and teach the Sabbath to a company of one hundred and fifty families. They have heard the Sabbath truth from a colporteur who has come among them; they say that they have asked him questions until they feel convinced that there is not sufficient proof to show that they have been keeping the right day. They are Christians, but asked that we send some one at once to teach them. Whom can we send? Every missionary has his work, and some are carrying the burden of two or three so that the work may go on. So the calls come. It is not now a matter of looking for opportunities to get to the people, but it is a perplexity to know how to answer the calls that come.

We have several English churches that have been established as the result of direct effort for the English people. These churches are a strength to the work in this field.

We have established two training schools for the training of Indian workers. It is encouraging to note the progress which these Indians make and before long they get a vision of the unfinished work, and throw themselves into it. In many cases it means sacrifice and hardship and severing of family ties, but they are glad to do it for the gospel's sake.

Our colporteurs are entering new fields, and the printed page is left with many. Recently one of our ordained Indian ministers gave up his salary for six months, while he

worked as a self-supporting colporteur, as an example to the younger men. The Lord signally blessed his efforts, and the commission from his sales averaged more than his salary. The same message that has touched the hearts of people in other lands can fire the zeal of the Indian workers, and make them pillars in the church.

It gives us great courage to know that the overflow from this next Thirteenth Sabbath Offering is to be appropriated for advanced work. Our people here look forward to the end of each quarter when they can give to some special field, and we are glad when our turn comes to have a part in the receiving. We hope there will be a large overflow, for there are some very special needs. Our girls' school in Lucknow is without proper buildings, and has been held for a number of years in crowded rented quarters in the heart of the city. There are calls for station buildings. Above all we need more missionaries to open work in still unentered parts. We need to have the writings of Sister White translated into the vernaculars for our church members to read and study. We need more free literature that the evangelists can use in their village work. We believe that you will keep these, and other needs in mind, and give as the Lord impresses you on the thirteenth Sabbath.

Sabbath, April 24

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "God calls for workers to enter the whitening harvest-field." — *"Testimonies,"* Vol. VII, p. 23.

READING: Answering the Call of a Night School.

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

PRAYER: That our people may give liberally on the thirteenth Sabbath.

Answering the Call for a Night School

E. R. REYNOLDS

MISSIONARIES often write about poor people, chiefly because there are so many of them in these crowded foreign countries. I know that the hearts of our people at home would go out to these people if they could once see them in their abject poverty. Many are in such a pitiable state, and it seems we can do so little to help them. They are as Paul said of the Ephesians, "having no hope and without God," but if we can carry to them the story of the Friend of the poor and the unfortunate, what a load we may lift from their hearts.

Last night I had an appointment in a village to arrange for the opening of a school. In company with one of our young Indian workers I went to this village. On our way we stopped at the hut of a Hindu herdsman to see his little son who was sick with appendicitis. We are now having our rainy season, and we found the family grouped together inside their little hut, the walls of which were mud and

the roof of thatch. The dampness had permeated everything and in this little place lived this father, son and daughter, the mother having died a short time before. After I had looked at the boy to see how he was getting along, the father told me of his anxiety for him, fearing that he might lose him, too. This opened the way for me to tell them of the love that Jesus has for them. They listened carefully while I told that old story of love, and urged them to pray in Jesus' name for the boy. Then I prayed with them, and we left them much happier, for they had been pointed to the One who helps the poor and afflicted.

While we were still at this home a Mohammedan woman, hearing my voice, came over to make sure that we would visit her home, too, for her husband was sick. She has three little children, and lives in the same kind of place as the herdsman and his family. Here again we had a short Bible lesson and prayer, and I urged them to present their petitions in the name of the Sinless One. They, too, were comforted, and our own hearts were cheered as we saw them helped.

As we entered the village where the school is to be, one of the boys met us to escort us to the place of the meeting. Some days ago this boy, with several more, met me on the road while I was going to another place and told me how much they would like to go to school, and how they had talked with their parents and other boys, and all were anxious for the school to start. These folks are all

very poor farmers. Some years ago we had a worker living among them and some of them know quite a bit about the Bible, yet have never had the courage to take their stand for the truth. I told them the story of the children of Israel in the desert and how God cared for them and led them day by day and rained bread from heaven to supply their needs. We, too, may trust Him and He will supply our needs. All listened very attentively and some asked questions, showing their interest. We laid plans for the school which we expect to conduct at night, so the boys who work in the fields and those who care for the cattle can all attend. We hope, now, as the teacher we are sending gets to working among them, that they will get a clear knowledge of God and worship Him in truth.

Sabbath, May 1

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "When the members of the church of God do their appointed work in the needy fields at home and abroad, in fulfilment of the gospel commission, the whole world will soon be warned, and the Lord Jesus will return to this earth with power and great glory."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 111.

READINGS: Medical Work in the Nadia District, West Bengal.

Work for India's Women.

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

PRAYER: In behalf of the women of India and the medical work in this field.

Medical Work in the Nadia District, West Bengal

A. G. YOUNGBERG

DURING the past cool season, while we encamped in our itinerating tent at Aramdanga,

we opened an outdoor dispensary. The news soon spread and the sick and afflicted villagers came in increasing numbers, some from great distances, until we were treating from thirty to fifty cases a day. Each morning before we dispensed medicines we had a Bible lesson and prayer with the patients, for we longed to bring them to the Great Physician, who is able to minister to their sin-sick souls as well as to heal their physical diseases.

We found the medical work a very effective entering wedge, for it brought the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the Brahman and the outcast and the Hindu and the Mohammedan, together at the tent to wait for attention and medicine. This gave us an opportunity to visit in their homes and hold Bible studies.

After camping among the villages three months we were obliged to pack up our canvas house and leave, for the hot season was already upon us. Before our departure we had the joy of seeing five precious souls baptized and unite with God's commandment-keeping people. Others were interested and when they pled with us to stay we could only tell them that we would ask the mission to build a house so a family could live among them at all seasons of the year. Upon presenting our request we found that no funds were available. Therefore we can not enter the open door and establish a permanent work there.

Upon learning that the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering is to come to this field and that the

overflow will be used in answering such calls, our hopes were revived. We are praying that our people in the homeland will give themselves, their means and their all, as they have never given before, and thus enable the Mission Board to answer our calls and speed the message of salvation among India's sin-darkened millions.

Work for India's Women

MRS. A. G. YOUNGBERG

WE must have women to work for India's women. Many of the women here, especially those of the higher classes, are in "purdah," or secluded from the outside world. Though they have the inner quarters of the home as their abode, a lady missionary may be invited in and visit freely with them and may often hold Bible studies.

There is great need of medical work for these women. Many live and die without medical assistance because there is no woman to help them. In our outdoor dispensary work some high caste women (driven out of seclusion by physical affliction) came, but they stood afar from the men in the waiting crowd, until a woman would come to attend to their cases. Some very sick women were visited in their homes. At times it was very encouraging to see how the rest of the family tried to assist in their simple ways, while in other cases it was most distressing to see the patient lying in filth and rags out on the porch of a mud hut.

Our workers for women are so very, very

few and the need is one of the greatest in the land.

May the Lord impress some who read this to offer themselves to come over to teach and to help their less fortunate sisters in India.

Sabbath, May 8

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 9:37, 38.

READINGS: Northeast India Training School.
An Ordinary Day in a Jungle Dispensary.

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

PRAYER: That the Lord will bless the faithful efforts of our missionaries in India.

Northeast India Union Training School, Ranchi

J. E. SAUNDERS

ALTHOUGH there is little in the way of trees and shrubs to beautify our new school site, in other respects it agrees well with the instruction given through the spirit of prophecy as to location and character of school sites. The school farm comprises twenty-one acres of land, all tillable with the exception of three small rock piles and one large one. It is a beautiful and healthful spot, and we are only about five miles from the town of Ranchi. Here, thanks to the generosity of friends in the homeland and the decision of the Division Committee, we have a group of good buildings of simple design and solid construction. These comprise the main school building, principal's

and headmaster's bungalows and a portion of the dormitory block. A good well supplies ample water for present needs, though we anticipate the necessity of deepening it before we can draw on it much for irrigation purposes.

This school does high school work and its aim is to prepare the boys of Bengal, Bihar, and Orrisa for service in some branch of the work, either as evangelists, colporteurs, office workers, or teachers. Many cannot pay the fees required, but must support themselves by working at the rate of two cents per hour. To help them in this, and also to provide a vocational training for new converts we are introducing handloom weaving of cotton and woolen cloth. The boys also get some training in carpentry by making their own school furniture. Our most immediate needs are school equipment, such as maps, library and reference books, physiology charts, globe, physics equipment and a chapel pulpit or desk. Our classrooms are almost devoid of seats and teachers' desks, but we hope the boys, themselves, may be able to make some of these as we are able to purchase the necessary lumber. Other urgent needs are a pump and piping to convey water to the different buildings and for irrigation, more accommodation in the dormitory block and a shed for industrial work. The last two items will complete the hollow square design of our dormitory and industrial block. Our present accommodation is for about forty boys.

The needs of the field for trained native

workers are great, and the different local missions are looking anxiously to us to supply these year by year. We in turn are looking to the believers in the homeland to supply the funds necessary for the development of the school plant and property so that we may do effective work.

The fields out here can never be manned by foreign workers in sufficient numbers to finish the work. Will you not help us by your gifts and your prayers to train native youth to carry the last message to their own people?

An Ordinary Day in a Jungle Dispensary

ROLAND E. LOASBY

SIX o'clock in the morning already! Time to be up and around! A frugal breakfast is eaten, and the people are at the dispensary door calling, "Baisaheb, Baisaheb," that is, "O Lady-Saheb, O Lady-Saheb." These people in their dirt and ignorance need help.

The cases? The usual day's run: sore eyes, itch, boils to be lanced, infected wounds, abscesses, infected ears, malaria, etc. Here is a little different one. A young fellow explains how his dog has been run over. She hid in the jungle for twenty-four hours, and when found the left foreleg was broken and the bone was protruding through the skin. The question is asked, "Will the Lady-Saheb cut off the dog's leg?" "She is not an ordinary dog," the young man explains. "She understands everything. She is like a mem-

ber of the family." "And," he concludes, "her pain is more than I can bear to see."

It is not a hospital with a doctor in charge, consequently the government does not allow anesthetics of any description to be kept. And it is not an easy task to cut off the leg of a large, strong dog without an anesthetic, unless the animal is very firmly held. A finer example of patience under suffering has never been seen, and we were glad that within a week the dog was around on three legs, weak, but well on the road to recovery.

Several hours were then spent in examining and treating old men and women, and babies with every sort and condition of filth disease. Often small babies with terrible cases of neglected sore eyes are brought to us. This is the cause of much blindness in this country. One feeble old man who is nearly blind requests that his eyes be made strong. He has heard of so many receiving help from the "Baisaheb" when they had eye and other troubles, so he has come full of hope. But his hope reluctantly gives way as he is told that no medicines, treatment, nor even an operation, can avail. He is about eighty-five years old—very old for an Indian village-man—and the years with their hard labor and insufficient food have taken their full toll of his strength and faculties. He had better spend his time now in thinking on Him who created him; on Him who, though He may not give an old man new eyes, can give him new sight; a new vision of things to come. Knowledge of these things is now the medicine an old man needs.

Not a few are the friends around the countryside who give a cheerful "salaam," the gift of an egg, a few onions, or a handful of grain out of their very meager stock; and, best of all, willing and friendly attention to the words spoken in the villages by the preacher, all because of the help received at the little, mud-walled dispensary.

Sabbath, May 15

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "The watchful Christian is a working Christian, seeking zealously to do all in his power for the advancement of the gospel."—*The Acts of the Apostles,* p. 26.

READING: Preaching the Gospel in New Territory.

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

PRAYER: That the Lord will bless the workers as they seek to save the lost.

Preaching the Gospel in New Territory

C. C. KELLAR

WITHIN a few miles of Calcutta, the metropolis of India, lies a vast strip of wild jungle land known as the *sunderbunds*. This section of the country borders on the Bay of Bengal and is intersected by a vast network of rivers and canals, dividing the land into islands as it were. These sections of land are, in many places, grown over with tall grass, bamboo and bushes which are the lair of the Bengal tiger and other wild beasts. The soil is rich and very fertile and where the jungle has been cleared away, rice is grown in abun-

dance. Here also is to be found good pasturage for the herds of cattle and goats which are to be seen everywhere.

It is from this section of the country that we have been receiving calls for a number of years, asking that some one be sent to teach the people there the truth we love. There are Hindus, Mohammedans and nominal Christians living in the villages in the cleared sections of the country. Some years ago one of our Indian colporteurs was traveling from village to village with our literature, and as a result of his visits these calls have come to us. But owing to a shortage of men and means, we could not respond to them until just recently.

Not long ago Brother W. H. Stevens and the writer made a trip down to this part of the country. Just a few days prior to our visit a hurricane had swept over this part of the land, damaging most of the houses. In some instances the roofs were entirely blown off. Although the people were busy repairing their houses when we arrived, yet they stopped their work and gave us a cordial reception. All listened attentively to the preaching and seemed glad that we had come at last.

In another place we met an old woman who years before had come in contact with some of our people in Calcutta. She had been employed as a servant in the home of one of our mission workers, and thus became acquainted somewhat with our message. She seemed glad to see some one again who belonged to the "Sabbath Mission." There were eighteen members in her family, and all

united in urging us to return and locate a permanent worker among them. In another town about ten miles from this place we found a family of five brothers, all prosperous farmers who, hearing of our arrival, came and urged us to stay and teach their people also. We could not at this time stay as long as we desired, but promised to return later.

As we see these people in the dark corners of the earth reaching out for the light of truth, our hearts are stirred, and we believe that the time has come when we may expect the Lord to work for us, if we as a people are ready to do our part.

Sabbath, May 22

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "A continual imparting of God's gifts wherever the cause of God or the needs of humanity demand our aid, does not tend to poverty."—*"The Acts of the Apostles," p. 345.*

READING: A Son of Consolation.

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

PRAYER: A few sentence prayers in behalf of those who "suffer for righteousness' sake."

A Son of Consolation

R. J. BORROWDALE

ABOUT three years ago, in the village of Kolyan near the Ganges bank in the Santal Parganas, a certain man became dissatisfied with conditions in the church to which he belonged because there seemed to be no difference between the so-called Christians and the heathen around them. The Christians went to the heathen festivals and became intoxi-

cated just the same as the others. They went to church regularly on Sunday morning, but spent the rest of the day in hunting and fishing with their heathen neighbors.

About this time this man came in contact with our worker in that district. He learned that, although at one time this worker had been a heavy drinker, he now neither drank nor smoked and belonged to a church which considers the body as a temple for the indwelling of God's Holy Spirit, and therefore tries in every way to keep it clean and pure that He may come and abide. He asked about the observance of Sunday among this people and found that they did not observe it at all, but kept the seventh day holy as the commandment reads. His interest was aroused and he came to study with the worker until all the light of present truth was opened to him. He accepted the message with a glad heart, and expressed a wish to be baptized. After a suitable probationary period he and his wife both united with us in full church membership.

That same year crops failed in the district and our new brother was forced to leave his farm and seek other employment in order to provide for his family. He had had some education and so was able to secure a position as overseer of a gang of stonebreakers employed by the railroad. All went well for a week or so. However, after a while he was told that it was a great nuisance to have him absent on Saturdays and he would have to come the following Sabbath or lose his posi-

tion. It was a severe trial as the family was absolutely dependent on his small wage (about sixteen cents a day) for sustenance. He decided to give up the place and after vainly seeking another post in which he might have the Sabbath free, came back and took work as a day laborer with the same gang of stone-breakers over which he had been overseer, getting about twelve cents a day for his work. All who know anything of the strength of the caste idea in the East can imagine what this humiliation meant to a man of his education. Those among whom he worked doubtless made the most of their opportunity to taunt him. Soon he was again told that it was inconvenient to have him away on Sabbath, and he would have to come to work like everybody else, and again he chose to remain faithful.

Things now looked quite hopeless. There was no crop, no money, and no work. Was he to be driven to give up the truth? No. He sent his wife and babies to her father's home for a time as they were much better off than he, while he, himself, managed to subsist on roots and leaves from the jungle till the new crops were ready.

All the time our brother was suffering these hardships, he faithfully conducted a night school in his own house for all who would attend. He taught them to read and write with the Bible for his textbook, and preached the gospel to them as they sat in school.

And God blessed his faithfulness. At our last conference two fine young men from this

village were baptized as a result of his work in that little night school, both of them coming straight from Animism (devil worship). At my last visit to this brother I was glad to see a little church standing in a corner of one of his rice fields, built entirely by private donations in cash and produce.

There are hardships and disappointments to be met in mission fields, there are many things that tend to discourage one, but there are also things which make the heart rejoice. Even here in this Gibraltar of heathenism there are precious jewels to be gathered like this one so appropriately named Barn-abas.

Sabbath, May 29

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Isa. 58:6. Read the text, then have the school repeat it in concert.

READINGS India's Need of a Saviour.

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

PRAYER: That the workers may be blessed in their effort to give the gospel to India's millions.

India's Need of a Saviour

R. E. HARE

"SALAAM, Padre Sahib, Bakhshish mangta." I was standing on a street corner in the second city of the British Empire. It was Sabbath eve, and the shades of night were falling. My thoughts were far away in the homeland, and I wondered how it would feel to be able to go to Sabbath school in one of the home churches on the morrow; when these words brought me with a jerk out of the land of dreams,

and reminded me that I was still in Bombay.

Glancing down to where the voice came from, I saw a little child, not more than two years of age, her complete dress consisting of a dirty little cap, that had once been green, tilted on one side of her head. She stood there gravely salaaming and I became curious to know whence she had come. Turning round, I saw that behind me lay a vacant plot of ground, piled high with heaps of waste building material, which the growing shadows of the night were sketching in fantastic shape, making numerous hiding places for the lovers of darkness. Looking down again, I saw the child standing before me, her large eyes fixed on mine, and hands outstretched in supplication. Apparently taking courage from the fact that I had not lifted my cane, and that my face didn't look angry, she repeated her request "Sahib Bakhshish mangta." This seemed to be a kind of a cue because before the minute hand of my watch could move one space, there came a scurrying and a scramble and I was surrounded by a bevy of little urchins, twenty-three in number, whose ages ranged from two or less to not more than four years. I almost called them little ragged urchins, but that would hardly be true, because three or four ordinary sized handkerchiefs would have equaled all the clothing to be found among them all.

Oh, had I the gift of words, I would write the story so that you could look down into those dark, mysterious eyes; see those little shaven pates with the pendent lock of hair at the back, which is left for the gods to pull them

up to heaven with; feel those little clutching fingers; see those foreheads smeared with sacred cow dung ash; and smell,—but I must on with my story.

It was useless my protesting like Peter of old, "Silver and gold have I none." They knew better. The Sahib that came across the sea in a big ship always had the things they wanted. They worked all the tricks of professional beggars; they wept real tears; they sang little songs; they tried to work on my vanity by calling me a "Bahut bare sahib" (a very great man).

After they had me well rattled, I put my hand into my pocket. Silence—you could feel it. Those eyes did all the talking now, expectancy, wonder, avarice, wistfulness, all combined. Would the Sahib pull out a pocket handkerchief, or a copper pice? Perhaps he would find a nickel coin, or maybe a silver one. I waited quite a little while, wondering how long the silence would last. When the strain had gone almost to the breaking point, one little fellow, more venturesome than his mates, but fearing that if he spoke the spell would be broken, knelt at my feet and touched his forehead to my boots as a mute reminder that they were waiting my pleasure.

At last! From the depths of my pocket I produced an anna, and dropped it into the little green cap. The spell was broken. I wish you could have heard the cries of glee and chuckles of delight as with a "Bahut salaam sahib" they disappeared into the friendly arms of the gathering dusk there to gloat over

the fact that they had gotten the best of a Sahib. All went but one little fellow, misshapen, undernourished, racked with disease, who stood by and patting his little stomach said, "Sahib kanna nay hai." He was asking for food, but as I looked into his sunken eyes, and saw staring at me a need, not of curry and rice, but of something that would take away the dread and fear that lurked there, I thought of the words of the Master, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." What are we going to do about it?

I thought again of the others and what an anna had done for them. Only two cents—a fortune to them, not much to us—yet it had made them happy, or, at least, they thought it had.

Brethren and sisters, there is only one way to remove the haunted look that lurks in the eyes of these people; only one way to remove the spirit of fanaticism that is the curse of the religious life in this country; only one way to remove that spirit of intoleration and bring about feelings of eternal brotherhood; only one way to brighten the lives of these people; only one way to make life worth living for the millions of girls and women, condemned to slavery of the worst kind sometimes before they can walk, and who today are not considered as worthy of respect as a cow; only one way and that is to bring Christ into the hearts and lives of these people. I know of no better way to do this than by the Sabbath school. Do you?

I am writing this in behalf of the English churches of Northwest India. We are here on the spot and we sense the need. We consider that no sacrifice is too great to try to help these benighted people. I make no apologies at all in asking you to dig down into the deepest corner of your pockets, and give as Christ gave for us. Rest assured that He who said "It is more blessed to give than to receive" will reward you openly for your sacrifice and your prayers in behalf of needy India.

Sabbath, June 5

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Rom. 10:14, 15.

READING: The Conversion of Murli.

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

PRAYER: A few sentence prayers in behalf of Murli and those whom he is trying to teach the gospel.

The Conversion of Murli

M. M. MATTISON

MURLI is the only boy from a whole village of about five hundred people who has responded to the calls we have made from time to time to give up idol worship and turn to the worship of the true God. This young man's people are weavers by profession. The cloth they weave is something like the home-spun cloth made by our grandparents.

Murli was about twenty-one years of age when he decided to give his heart to the Lord Jesus. He was married, as most of his people are, when he was a mere lad, but his wife died before he was twenty years of age. Murli

joined the Indian army after her death and spent some time in war service. Like many others of the young men of India, he saw the world and its opportunities. When he returned from the war he could not feel satisfied to settle down to his old ways of idolatry. He could not fall in line with the heathen ways of his parents again. He destroyed the idols in the house against the wishes of his father and explained that if the idols were not able to prevent him from tearing them down, what benefit would be derived from worshipping them.

Many times I have had preaching services and stereopticon lectures in Murli's village, and when he heard the story of the true God, he longed to know Him. When he heard of the love of Jesus, and that He is the Saviour, he believed. He soon openly announced his intention to learn more of Christ and to serve Him in whatever ways he could.

He asked me to allow him to come with me and study thoroughly the message of Christ. I told him I would give him a month's trial and if he made good progress I should consider instructing him further. He grasped the opportunity and at the end of the month I was surprised at the progress he had made. When he came he could read Hindi just a little. I gave him a Hindi New Testament. Every day he had a Bible lesson in either the Old or the New Testament. He learned who made the earth and in how many days, and the work of each day of creation. He learned with surprise what sin is and how it

came to be here. He learned the Ten Commandments and the names of the books of the Bible. He learned the story of the birth of Christ—about His miracles and parables, and about His death, resurrection and ascension. The best news to Murli was that Jesus is coming again.

When I baptized him he asked me to give him another name as he did not care to retain the name, Murli, which was given him in honor of some heathen god. I told him I would call him Sabit Masih because he had been true to Christ in face of opposition. Sabit Masih means firm, or steadfast, in Christ. He is proud of his new name.

Nearly a year has gone by since he cast his lot with the remnant peop'le, and I feel very happy over the progress he has made in the study of the Hindi and Urdu languages, and in Bible study. He is not content merely to be a learner, but for several months he has been conducting a school for some Hindu farmer folk. He has a class of fifteen boys and he teaches them the same things he has learned. His students love him dearly. Recently I wanted to transfer Sabit Masih to another place, but his students sent me an application signed by the thumb impressions of their parents, begging me to allow their teacher to stay with them. I have not moved him yet and he is giving his best to these boys.

I thank God for giving me a place in the grand work of bringing the light of Bible truth to these people who are so sunken in heathen darkness. I thank Him for the gen-

erous brethren and sisters in the homeland who support this work. Our one aim is to be faithful to the call of God until Jesus comes.

Sabbath, June 12

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "The vineyard includes the whole world, and every part of it is to be worked."—*"Testimonies," Vol. VI, p. 24.*

READING: Beginning Mission Work in the Gujarat.

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

PRAYER: In behalf of our work and workers in Gujarat.

Beginning Mission Work in the Gujarat

CATHRYN CLARK-SMITHWICK

WHEN we first came to our field, the Gujarat, we chose for our location the city of Surat. It is pleasantly located on the Tapti River, ten miles from the Arabian Sea. In this city of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants there lived one Indian Seventh-day Adventist and his family. He had formerly been a canvasser and worker in Bombay, but at the time we came to Surat he was suffering from tuberculosis, and was unable to carry on mission work.

As soon as we were able to speak a little of the language, we began going out to the nearby villages on Sabbath. Our equipment was a meager vocabulary, a Picture Roll, and some Sabbath school picture cards for the children. The people flocked about us, out of curiosity no doubt, but the important thing was, they came. After answering their numerous questions, we would direct their attention to the

picture and begin to tell a simple story. At the close, the cards would be passed out to the children. In this way we were able to get somewhat acquainted with the people, and at the same time get a little practice in this strange language.

Later on we visited these villages again and stayed for several days holding meetings with the people. We traveled in a bullock-cart, covering an average of four or five miles a day. At night we camped out under a tree. We had no tent, so we retired at night with a large company of Indian spectators.

Considerable time was spent in locating a desirable site for our mission station. This is a long and tedious process in India, but we finally secured a very good piece of land. About this time a Gujarati man was sent from Bombay to help us. He is very consecrated man and does good, faithful work for Christ. As he is a cripple, he is unable to do district work, so we began a Sabbath school near his home. From the first it flourished in numbers, and the same children came each Sabbath. This enabled us to begin a regular course of studies. This Sabbath school has been going on now for about a year. Not only do the same children attend, but many of the mothers and older sons are attending and are learning to sing hymns and to say the Lord's Prayer.

The Gurus, or Hindu religious teachers, became alarmed at the interest the people were showing in Christianity. They attempted to stop our work by forcing the woman from whom we rent our room to turn us out, but

this she refused to do. Then they began to conduct meetings on Sabbath a few doors away, but when it came time for Sabbath school, the children left their meeting and came to ours. Next, they tried giving the children money and sweets to keep them away, but to no avail. Finally, they resorted to beating a few of the boys as an example to the rest, but still they came. As a result of this interest, our Indian worker, Brother Joseph, is kept busy during the week, visiting among these people and giving simple medical aid. Before long we hope to see some step out and take a definite stand for the truth.

The past year the way has opened up for us to put up a two-roomed brick building, with bamboo out-buildings, on our mission site. At present, we are living in this building, as it brings us in closer touch with the Indian village people.

What do we need to help us in our work? Our first need is literature. With the exception of the Bible and a few two-page tracts we have no literature in the Gujarati language. Imagine, if you can, trying to carry on work at home with no printed Sabbath school lessons, or doctrinal literature. We are very much in need of a stereopticon with slides. A very small per cent of the people of India can read or write. In many of the villages there are perhaps but one or two who are able to read.

We are very thankful for the Ford which has lately come for our use, thus saving us

the tedious and tiresome bullock-cart experiences. We hope this year to add a tent to our equipment for itinerating.

We plan soon to put up a small bamboo building to serve as a temporary dispensary. So far our equipment in the medical line consists of a set of fomentation cloths, a few forceps, and a pair or two of scissors. The physical suffering of the people of India is beyond belief to those who have never seen it. The smallest thing that one does for them in relieving pain is appreciated, and the news spreads from one village to another. There is no medical work being carried on in our locality, so we hope to build up a good work along this line. Your Thirteenth Sabbath Offering will determine whether or not we can do this.

Sabbath, June 19

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "Scarcely a thousandth part of the work is being done that ought to be done in missionary fields. God calls upon His workers to annex new territory for Him."—*Testimonies*, Vol. VI. p. 29.

READING: Simla.

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

PRAYER: In behalf of the work in Simla.

Simla

H. C. MENKEL, M. D.

THE work in Simla is conducted on a medical evangelistic basis. This being the headquarters of the Government of India, our medical equipment in physiotherapy apparatus is adapted to meet the specialized service required. This is taken advantage of by all grades of government employees, and among our patients are numbered the highest officials

in the country. As our medical service is of a specialized nature, patients come to us from the remote parts of India. By the blessing of heaven, the results are most gratifying and our practice is steadily increasing.

On this basis of medical service is gained the coveted personal contact and confidence of a highly educated Indian and European clientele. Among these patients we are developing the spiritual interests of the kingdom of heaven. The Hindus, Mohammedans, and Sikhs are the predominating classes of Indian patients. My observations are that notwithstanding the intense political and racial feelings which are developing in this country, there is a keen desire to know the truth about the personality, life and teachings of Jesus. To Indian patients, after developing an interest in Jesus, I usually present a copy of the Gospel of Luke, with a personal note of introduction reading:

"This little book is the life story of a Great Healer. It is written by a physician who himself was a close personal student of the Great Healer. It is presented to you by another physician who is a devoted disciple of the Great Healer, with the hope that the careful reading of this story may prove as helpful to you in solving life's problems as it has to him.

"Very truly yours,
(Signed) "H. C. Menkel, M. D."

There have been no marked conversions to Christianity, but there is an evident increasing sympathetic interest among patients, in

the person and teachings of Jesus. This we count of inestimable value.

As I restudy the life and teachings of our Lord, with the desire of better understanding Him, and His message, so as to give a true interpretation to non-Christian friends, I marvel at the appropriateness of His message for all classes and all the differing interests of life. Jesus makes His own clear appeal to politician, educator, social reformer, financier and to the man whose lot is to perform the routine duties of life.

Frequently Indian patients state as we part, "I appreciate what you have done for me, not only physically, but my life has been affected by my coming here."

And so we work on in confidence and faith, sowing His message as opportunity permits. In His own time and way He will cause it to bear fruit so that those who now respond to His ideals and teachings may also rejoice in His kingdom.

Sabbath, June 26

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "Our burden for the 'regions beyond' can never be laid down until the whole earth shall be lightened with the glory of the Lord."—*Testimonies*, Vol. VI, p. 29.

RECITATION: S.O.S. The Mission's Call to the Sabbath School.

DIALOGUE: India's Need.

RECITATION: A Child's Plea.

SPECIAL MUSIC.

RECITATION: The Call of the Lost Ones.

AN EXERCISE: A Few Facts about the Northwest India Union Mission.

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

OFFERING.

PRAYER: That God will bless our gifts to India.

The Call of the Lost Ones

India's dusky sons are pleading,
Brahma's children weeping call.—
"Long we've worshiped worthless idols,
Daily we before them fall;
Long we've thrown our helpless infants
'Neath the Ganges' sacred wave,
Now we turn to you, O Christian,
Send your God to help and save."

Salt tears fill my aching eyelids
As I listen to their tale,
See their poor secluded women,
Hear again their bitter wail;
And I long to bring them blessing,
Yearn to make their pathway clear,
Seek to shed the light of Jesus
In their darkness, cold and drear.

O, the millions of earth's children,
Waiting for some friendly hand,
Showing them the way to heaven,
Pointing to Immanuel's land.
Christian, do you hear them calling?
You who pray to God above,
Go and tell the heathen dying
That our God is full of love.

—H. S. Streeter.

S.O.S. The Missions' Call to the Sabbath School

'Twas night—a wild, rough night at sea—
White-crested billows lashed the shore
Dark, angry storm-clouds veiled the sky,
Mid lightning's flash and thunder's roar.

A vessel in the harbor lay,
No thought of danger or distress
When suddenly a message flashed
Across the waters—"S. O. S.

"Disabled, sinking in the dark,
Send help at once," the message ran.
The call was heard; it nerved the heart
And stirred the soul of every man.

"Put out to sea, full steam ahead."
The word was instantly obeyed.
One thought was theirs, and one alone,
To rescue those who called for aid.

Each sprang to his appointed place.
"Help coming," flashed the answer back.
What matter though the storm-waves roared?
And Death lay lurking in the track?

Another scene: Probation's hours
Are closing fast, and storm-clouds rise,
The thunders crash; earth's final doom
Is written in the dark'ning skies.

Within the harbor of God's love,
No haunting fears our souls oppress;
But from the darkness comes a call,
An urgent signal of distress.

From distant lands the call has come,
An S. O. S. of wild despair:
"Send help, we're sinking in the dark,"
We hear, but do we really care?

Shall we not flash the answer back,
"Help coming," and arise with zeal,
"Full steam ahead" to reach our aim
And gladly answer this appeal?

Such opportunities will pass
Beyond our Sabbath schools some day,
But heaven will sweeter be at last
If some, through us, have found the way.
—Annie M. Williams.

India's Need

LILLIE GEORGE BLUE

[Characters: Jack, Marie, and their cousin Doris who has just come from India.]

Doris—It does seem good to be sitting here talking to you after being on a mission station in India so many years, and seeing so many dark faces.

Marie—But, Doris, I am surprised that your hands and face are so white. I thought that your complexion might have turned dark like the Indians.

Doris—It is true that the sun's rays are very direct, so that we have to wear topies (sun helmets), and that the heat is extreme, but it does not make us turn black.

Jack—Girls are always interested in their complexions, but what I want to know is about the Indians themselves; what they eat and wear, how they live, and about their religious customs, and the progress of the gospel amongst them.

Doris—What a lot of questions you ask at once, but I shall do my best to answer them. Their food is very simple. An Indian is always happy with a dish of rice and curry, and some-

times chappaties (unleavened whole wheat bread). They have no need of knives, forks and spoons, as they eat with their fingers. At first, I used to take a spoon with me, but I soon learned how to eat with my fingers, too. So far as their dress is concerned, one quickly learns to recognize a Mohammedan from a Hindu.

Jack—How does a Mohammedan look?

Doris—A Mohammedan usually wears a red fez (cap), long coat, and trousers, tight-fitting to the knees.

Jack—Doesn't a Hindu look like that?

Doris—No, he usually wears a small black cap, short coat, if any, and full trousers or shoti. He has a long lock of hair extending down from the top of his head.

Jack—What is caste that we hear so much about?

Doris—Caste is a great drawback to Christianity in India. It is found among the Hindus. A Hindu will not take a drink of water or food from a Christian; nor should the shadow of a Christian fall upon a Hindu's food when he is cooking it. A high-caste Hindu will not allow an "untouchable" to smoke the same huqqa (pipe), or touch his body, his food, or the water he drinks. To be purified from such contamination, he must bathe in cold water.

Marie—They do not understand that in Jesus' sight one person is as precious as another, do they?

Doris—No, that is why the missionary goes to tell them of a Saviour's love.

Jack—Do the Mohammedans and Hindus believe the same?

Doris—No, the Hindus are idol-worshippers. They also worship cows and garland them with wreaths; sacred cows roam freely through the streets and in the temples. The worship of snakes, monkeys, and certain kinds of trees is very prevalent because of the spirits of the dead which are supposed to dwell in them. For this reason they do not believe in killing animals, no matter how great pests they may be. The Hindu who dies on the banks of the sacred Ganges River is most fortunate. Pilgrimages of many miles are made to the Ganges for bathing and purification of sin, and vessels of water from it are carried to the homes for cleansing and healing of disease. One writer said, "No sin is too heinous to be removed, no character too black to be washed clean by its water."

Marie—Don't the Mohammedans worship idols?

Doris—No, they believe in one God and accept Mohammed as His prophet. But they think

that Jesus was only a prophet and not the Son of God, and that He did not die on the cross.

Jack—Once you wrote that the Mohammedans pray five times a day.

Doris—Yes, they are very faithful about praying, bowing with their faces toward Mecca. Five times a day the Arabic call to prayer sounds forth from every mosque. This is the call, the first sentence is repeated four times and the other sentences, twice: "God is great! I testify that there is no god but God! I testify that Mohammed is the Apostle of God! Come hither to prayers! Come hither to salvation! God is great! There is no other god but God!" In the early morning the extra phrase is added, "Prayer is better than sleep!" In spite of their faithfulness in prayer, it is largely a matter of form and ceremony rather than heart religion.

Marie—Once you mentioned that people in India did not love baby girls, but thought that baby boys were wonderful.

Doris—Yes, an Indian wife is very much disgraced, if she does not have a son, and often the man takes another wife, if only daughters are born. Recently an Indian man, a teacher in one of our mission schools, and his wife, lost their second baby girl. A few days after they had buried her they found a baby boy thrown away to die on the banks of a small stream. They gladly took him and kept him as their own, believing that God had a special hand in sending them a boy in place of their girl who died.

Marie—And what about the child-widows?

Doris—Their suffering and degradation is terrible. Sometime I will spend the whole evening just telling you what it means to be a child-widow in India.

Jack—But how is the gospel to be carried to the millions who cannot read and write?

Doris—That is a problem, the solving of which God knows all about, and He will work it out in His own way, not by might, nor by power, but by His spirit. All that He asks of us is that we give, first, ourselves, and then our money and possessions to carry out the part He has assigned to man. The gospel of the third angel's message will be carried to all the world on time, no matter how impossible it may seem to human minds.

Marie—It touches my heart, Doris, as I listen to you tell about the great need of the millions of India who do not know about Jesus' great love and sacrifice for us. I have made up my mind to get a training that will fit me to go as a missionary to India. And until I am ready I can earn money to help send some one else. Aren't you glad now, Jack, that we saved our

money for the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering, instead of spending it for that fine radio set we wanted?

Jack—Yes, indeed, I am; and I hope that every Sabbath school member has made a real sacrifice to give a big offering for India today.

A Child's Plea

FLORENCE SWARTOUT-SMITH

I'm only a little Indian girl,
And my papa and mamma are dead;
Nobody cared what became of me—
Whether I was clothed or fed.

I used to beg upon the streets
In a native Indian city.
Nobody gave me a loving word,
Or even a look of pity.

One day I was begging for something to eat,
When I saw a lady fair
She had the nicest, kind, blue eyes,
And sunshine was in her hair.

She put her white hand on my head,
And said in a voice so sweet,
"Little daughter, what are you doing here?
Have you really nothing to eat?"

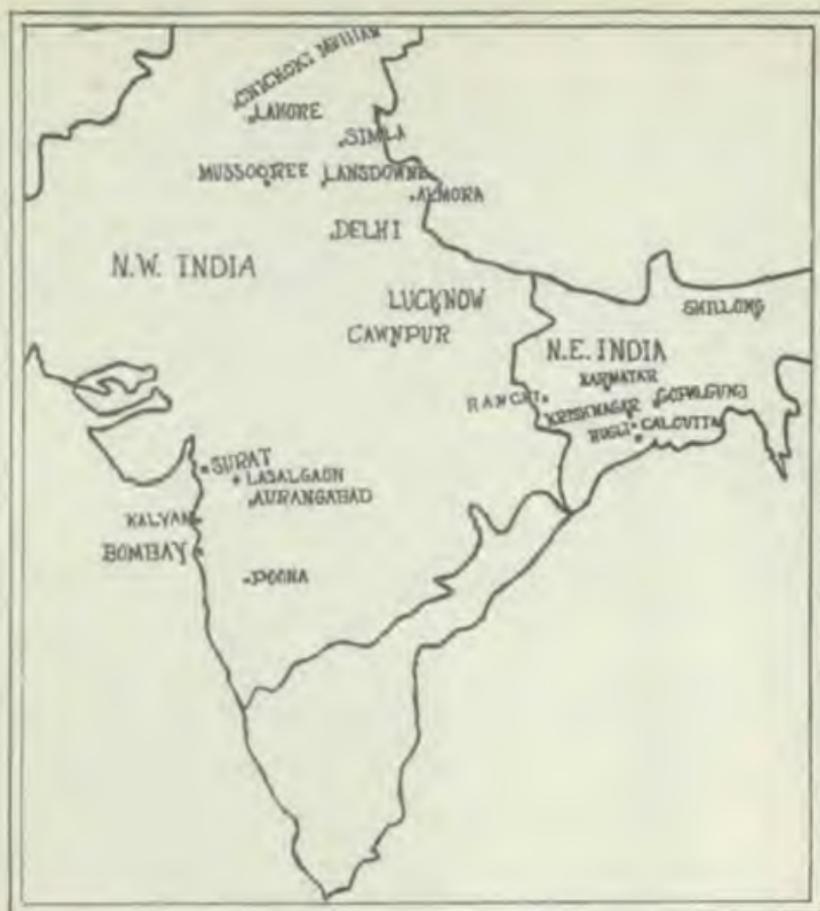
So I looked right straight in her kind blue eyes,
And I told her how poorly I fared;
How my papa and mamma had died of the plague,
And since then no one had cared.

And strangest of all, she took me along
Right out to the nicest school,
Where all the girls were clean and bright,
And plenty of food was the rule.

They took me in, and I was fed,
And they gave me clean clothes to wear;
They taught me of Jesus and His love,
And of His tender, kindly care.

They taught me to read and write and sew,
And how to cipher and spell;
The Lucknow Girls' School is now my home,
And oh, I do love it well!

But we need a place of our own for the school,—
This one is rented and small,
So give your dimes and dollars today,
And remember India's call.



A Few Facts about the Northwest India Union Mission

[This may be given as an exercise to emphasize the great task before our workers in India.]

POPULATION

Population 147,000,000
 Average population per square mile 186

RELIGIONS

Hindus 95,835,000
 Mohammedans 24,728,560
 Christians 987,685
 Other Religions are:

Sikh, Jain, Buddhist and Tribal.

LITERACY

95 men in every 1000 are literate.
 13 women in every 1000 are literate.

LANGUAGES

Western Hindi (including Urdu)	96,714,000
Marathi	18,798,000
Punjabi	16,234,000
Gujarati	9,552,000
Western Punjabi	5,652,000