

MISSIONS QUARTERLY

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"Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." Matt. 6:20.



J. S. James cutting the "shendi" from the head of a caste Hindu.

TOPIC: Southern Asia

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SABBATH, JULY 6

SEED THOUGHT: "Never was there a more important time in the history of our work than the present."—*"Testimonies" Vol. IX, p. 53.*

READINGS: The Official Notice.
India and Her Needs.

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

The Official Notice

January 20, 1935

TO OUR SABBATH SCHOOLS EVERYWHERE:

WE desire to place upon the hearts of our people during the third quarter of this year that densely populated country which comprises one-fifth of the world's population. India has long been called the "Gibraltar of Heathenism," and long has it stood out against Christianity.

It was in 1893 that our canvassers began to pioneer the way in India, and after seventeen years, at the close of 1910, we could report only eleven Sabbath schools with a membership of 221. At the end of the year 1934 there were 303 Sabbath schools with a membership of more than 10,000.

As a denomination we worked twenty long years before the first 1,000 of our members were baptized in that difficult field. During the last two years—not twenty years—more than 1,000 members have been won to the church in Southern Asia. God in His providence is changing things. His Spirit is moving on the hearts of those poor, benighted people, and turning them to Him. Surely God is showing the way of access to the Hindu heart.

In behalf of this most needy field we are

asking our Sabbath schools to bring an offering on the thirteenth Sabbath of \$75,000. If this goal is reached it will assure to India an overflow gift of \$2,500 as a special appropriation to help meet some of its greatest needs, which cannot be cared for from the regular budget.

May the God of heaven abundantly bless our loyal and liberal Sabbath schools as they study this important mission land.

W. H. WILLIAMS,
Undertreasurer of the General Conference.

India and Her Needs

E. D. THOMAS

[Sabbath School Secretary, Southern Asia
Division.]

THE Southern Asia Division comprises India, Burma, Ceylon, and adjacent islands politically attached, Afghanistan [af-gan'ī-stan'], Nepal [nē-pol'], and Bhutan [boo-tān']. The population of India exceeds even the latest estimated population of China, and thus India, nurturing one-fifth of the world's inhabitants within her bosom, heads all other countries in population. Hinduism, the predominant religion of India, guarantees ultimate salvation to all its adherents. Statistics show that 6,824 persons in every 10,000 follow this religion, hence India is fitly called the Gibraltar of Hinduism. According to the latest census, 238,330,812 Hindus, 77,743,928 Mohammedans, and 4,306,442 Sikhs are found in India in addition to many other minor religionists.

The people are divided into nearly 2,300 castes, speaking about 225 different languages and dialects. Only eight per cent of the total population is literate. A Hindu is a slave to fatalism, and his mind is always haunted by a fear of unfriendly aspects of the supernatural world, innumerable godlings, goddesses, and demons that people the burning ghat, the graveyard, the neem tree, the vacant house, and the well.

These indeed have been great impediments to the work of Christian missions. Our canvassers pioneered the way in 1893-1904. When the writer accepted present truth in 1910 we had only eleven Sabbath schools with a membership of 221. At the end of the third quarter of 1934 we had 303 Sabbath schools with a membership of 10,035, of whom 4,400 are baptized members. We thank God for the steady progress the message has made. However, considering the vast unentered territory before us, we feel that very little has been accomplished so far. Since a great change is now taking place among the people of India who are dissatisfied with their old religion which has hitherto given them a false hope, many of them are sending us delegations from different sections and begging us to send them gospel workers to open new stations and conduct series of meetings. Our funds are limited, and we find it impossible to answer any of these Macedonian calls, but how long shall we deny giving them this last message of mercy?

We have seventeen dispensaries and six hospitals to care for the teeming millions of India who are suffering from all kinds of ailments and untold maladies. Lacking medical aid, hundreds of them are entering their Christless graves every day.

We have at present a band of fifty-eight regular colporteurs scattering the truth-filled literature in thirteen of the 225 languages. Something definite should be done before long so that the people of other languages also may have the privilege of hearing the message.

We have only seventy-seven day schools with an enrollment of 2,482 students. Many of these schools are in need of proper equipment and buildings to carry on the work successfully.

I have just returned from a trip to Northeast India, where lives one-third of the entire population of India. There are twice as many people in this mission alone as there are in the whole of the South American Division. In this immense field of Northeast India we have only two boarding schools for the girls, with an enrollment of about sixty. Both of these schools are conducted up to the sixth standard, which is equal to the eighth grade in America. These girls would prefer to stay in school for a longer period and thus increase their efficiency for the Master's service rather than to go home and be forced by their ignorant parents to marry unbelievers. Some of the girls at the East Bengal [bĕn-gol'] Girls' School pleaded with us of late to raise the

standard of their schools, but we are unable to grant their requests.

Brethren and sisters, one of our outstanding needs is more workers to respond to the many calls that come to us. Can you not hear these cries ringing in your ears? We sincerely believe that our people all over the world will contribute liberally on the thirteenth Sabbath of this quarter so that the message may be given to the honest souls in this great Division of the world field, and the children of God claimed before probation closes.

SABBATH, JULY 13

MISSIONARY TEXT: Rom. 10:14, 15.

READING: Plucking Brands from the Burning.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 508.

PRAYER.

Plucking Brands from the Burning

J. S. JAMES

[Superintendent, Western India Mission]

THE visitor to India who is a careful observer will notice that many Indians have shaved all the hair from their heads with the exception of a small tuft left on the crown of the scalp, which is allowed to grow several inches in length, giving somewhat of a pigtail appearance. Those who follow this custom are known as orthodox Hindus. It at one time belonged exclusively to the Brahman caste, but now any caste Hindu may follow it. There are several explanations of the meaning of this custom, the most common one being that the roots of this tuft of hair are at-

tached to the soul or intellect of the person, and that at death the gods are able to catch hold of this tuft and pull him out of hell. So long as this tuft of hair is worn, it is jealously guarded, and is among the last things to be removed from the body when it is being prepared for the burning pyre.

In the picture on the cover page the writer is seen cutting this tuft of hair, or "shendi," as it is called in Marathi, from the head of a caste Hindu. But this man is very much alive, except to the life of sin which he has renounced, and in a moment he will be buried in baptism in the river which runs close at his feet. Instead of his dead body being consigned to the ceremonial fire of Hindu cremation, he is in truth "a brand plucked from the burning." This man, a priest of the Hindu religion, who had spent many years of his life in the exercise of that satanic art, and who was naturally a man of unusual influence and power among the people of his community, is the "first fruits" of Brother and Sister J. B. Carter's faithful and untiring labors among the high-caste villages surrounding their mission station at Kalyan [kal-yän'], near Bombay, India.

When Brother and Sister Carter first began working in these villages, they were met with bitter opposition and hatred. The people were steeped in ignorance and superstition, filthy in their personal habits and home life, diseased in body and mind, and sharing the common lot of poverty which is the chief her-

itage of India's millions. Yet they were very proud and self-satisfied in their religion, regarding themselves clean both physically and spiritually as compared with the unclean and godless missionary and foreigner. They would run away and hide when they would see Brother Carter coming into their village, and some of the bolder ones would try to block his way and turn him back. No doors were opened to invite him in, so his talks had to be given in the glaring heat and filth of the street, tempered by the friendly shade of some mud wall or drought-stricken tree struggling for existence, to an audience of awe-stricken and curious children, old men and women, waiting for the call to another existence, and a half dozen barking, starving village dogs. Through some strange rumor, these people had come to believe that the missionary, through the power of prayer, was able to accomplish miraculous things, and therefore they did not want Brother Carter to pray in their houses, or make them the object of his prayers.

But Brother and Sister Carter were firm believers in the power of the four "p's"—persistence, prayer, patience, and pity—and by these they finally won out, and captured the confidence and love of the people. They now flock around him when he goes into their villages, instead of running away. They no longer fear the voice or act of prayer, and many of them, when prayer is being offered, will kneel with Brother Carter, and some have actually learned to pray to the true God, and

join in singing Christian hymns. Many of their children now attend our village mission schools. In one village where the people used to worship at the village temple, and take part in all the obscene and hideous rites of Hindu worship, the temple is now deserted and falling down, the idols have been destroyed, and the people now seek after the true and living God, with Brother Carter as their "Guru," or teacher. Truly, this is a marvelous work of God's grace. Nothing but His power could take such material from darkness, chaos, and utter ruin, and shape it into God-fearing, praying men and women with clean lives, and a bright hope in Christ and heaven. This Hindu priest who stands on the brink of his baptismal grave is only one of many who are about to come from these villages to identify themselves with the people of God. They are coming out all over India, not so fast as we would like to see, but coming nevertheless, and their coming is a witness of God's power to triumph over all the powers of darkness.

Here are Two Books to Help You

"KORADA, A CHILD WIDOW OF INDIA"

—by GENTRY G. LOWRY

and

"JUNGLE STORIES"—by ERIC B. HARE

They contain interesting stories on the fields which we study this quarter. Order from your book and Bible house. Teachers and leaders of children's divisions will find them especially helpful in arranging their programs.

SABBATH, JULY 20

SEED THOUGHT: "God has opened fields before us, and if human agencies would but coöperate with divine agencies, many, many souls would be won to the truth."—"*Testimonies*" Vol. IX, p. 46.

READING: Who Cares?

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

PRAYER.

Who Cares?

LE ROY HUNTER

[Director, Gopalganj [go-pal-gunj'],
East Bengal.]

"OH, SAHIB, [gentleman], I am just a poor widow beggar. I have no one in this world but this poor dying girl. Please, oh please, save her, for she is all I have."

It is an ill-clad Hindu widow speaking as she comes for the first time to the mission dispensary. She has brought her twelve-year-old daughter for treatment. The daughter is only a bundle of skin and bones with a great distended abdomen all filled with liver and spleen.

"But why did you wait so long before coming? I fear that you have waited too long. See, her feet are all swollen. Her abdomen is as hard as a pumpkin. She cannot even walk. Why did you wait so long?"

"Oh, sahib, do not scold me for waiting so long. Only yesterday I heard that the missionary sahib could help, so I came right away as soon as I could get some one to bring us. Please, oh please, try. I have heard that God helps the people who come here and that all get well."

"No, all do not get well, but we shall try to help your girl, and shall pray to God to heal her. Get some one to read to you from this little book we have given you about this loving God. If you believe in Him and His Son, Jesus, you will be assured of a home in heaven where there will be no more sickness and death."

"I will get some one to read for me, but you must try to help Kukee."

What could one do but try? For six weeks the little girl lingered between life and death, but showed some improvement as the injections were given for the black fever. We feared that the infection might react too much for her, but under the blessing of God she had no reaction except a favorable one. Then we told her mother to keep her at home and to beg milk and good rice for her, and then to return in a month or two. Five months passed. Where had the girl gone? Had she died or not? Then one day in walked a fat, round-faced, smiling girl. "Do you know me? I am the bag of skin and bones that you said could not live. Here I am; don't I look well?" she asked. And sure enough she did. We did not know her, but when her smiling mother came in, we remembered all about her. And with her were some others who needed the same treatment that Kukee had received.

This poor, ragged, sick child is only one of the 8,700 patients who have visited our little 12x16 foot dispensary in the past six months. She had come only twelve miles twice a week

for treatment, while others have come from as far as fifty miles, from villages in four districts, 540 villages in all. They have heard that the missionaries care, so they come.

Some may wonder how we have managed to see so many patients in so short a time and in so small a building. It is a task to give 17,000 prescriptions and to feel the pulses, sound the heart, and hear the stories of 8,700 sick folk 17,000 times in half a year, especially when we are so poorly equipped and so short of help. Yet by working early and late and by daily depending upon God for strength, we have seen 325 in a day and 5,000 in a month. We have given several thousand injections for the black fever, leprosy, and syphilis. We have tested the blood of more than 2,000 patients. Sometimes we wish that no more would come for a while, for we get so tired, but we remember that in our waiting shed and in our dispensary thousands hear the story of Jesus for the first time. Surely God will water the seed sown and will see that there is some fruit from our labor. We are trying to give them medicine for their sick hearts at the same time that we give medicines for their malaria, their black fever, and their other terrible diseases.

We need many things. We need a new and larger dispensary. We need a microscope, we need a building in which patients may stay while being treated. We need more and better trained help. Yes, we need all these, but we need most of all your prayers that we may

have faith and courage and strength to carry on the work out here in this lonely and unhealthful place so far from friends and even white faces. We need a double portion of the Holy Spirit, that the seed sown may yield fruit to the glory of God. While giving of your means that our hands may be strengthened in service, pray for us and for the people for whom we work.

SABBATH, JULY 27

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 9:37, 38.

READING: Does It Pay?

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 683.

PRAYER.

Does It Pay?

MISS M. BREWER

[Principal Girls' School, Chichoki Mallian,
Punjab.]

OUR Girls' School at Chichoki Mallian [chĭ-chō'kĭ mal'li-än]—about eighteen miles from Lahore [la-hōr']—has just opened for its sixth year. We are now in the third week of school, and we have an enrollment of ninety-five, ninety-two of these being boarding students. This is the largest number ever enrolled at one time, but it seemed so hard to say, "No." We have had to refuse more than one already because of our lack of room. To those of us who are working daily in the school it seems almost a miracle how these ninety-five girls fit into a school that was built to accommodate fifty at the most. But they all seem happy and smiling, and still they come!

At the present time we have eight full standards, or ten grades. The problem which will face us at the close of this school year is where to send our finishing class for a little more training, so that some of them may return to our school as teachers and also supply the need in other girls' schools in India. We need a new building where classes can be held, thus enabling us to turn our present classrooms into dormitory space and teachers' accommodations.

There are sixty-three girls occupying the dormitory for the small girls, and twenty-nine occupying the dormitory for the older girls. Four Indian women and one of the hospital helpers are now living in the teachers' quarters, consisting of one small bedroom, bath, and a small kitchen. During the winter months it is very hard, for it is too cold to sleep out of doors, and hence they must of necessity sleep inside.

Our church services are held in a chapel 18x30 feet. Sabbath by Sabbath, from 150 to 175 people meet to worship the Lord. You can imagine how crowded it is. We need a chapel large enough to accommodate all our members.

Do I hear some one ask, "Does it pay?" "Is our money well invested?" Friends, if you could see the difference in the girls before and after they have been in our school, this alone would be sufficient proof, and you would exclaim, "Yes, it pays, and pays well."

If India's homes are ever enlightened, it

will be through teaching and upholding Jesus, not only to the men and boys, but to the women, to the girls, the future homemakers, those who are the children's companions from earliest years. Whether the child hears only the village gossip, the vile cursing and swearing, the continuous lying and cheating of the ordinary village family, or the wonderful Bible stories and songs so dear to our hearts, depends upon whether the mothers have heard them; and how shall they hear, how shall they know, without a teacher, without a school?

And does Seventh-day Adventist teaching do any good to our girls who come in from the villages? Here is one instance: Shanti came to school when she was five years old. She was anything but pretty, and one could truthfully say she was not bright; in fact, she failed the first two years in her class work. She is just a mite, but ever since she has been in the school, whenever she goes home, she gathers the village people and tells them it is time for worship. This year she brought Namo, another girl from her village, back with her to school.

Another story comes to us of Phoebe and Alice, two sisters, who during the school vacation went out among the Mohammedan and Hindu village women singing and telling them Bible stories.

In 1930, two girls, who were not Seventh-day Adventists, although they were Christians, came from a village about 150 miles away. The

next year a third joined them, and all three were baptized at the close of that year. This year there are six here from that one far-away village as a result of the work of the first two girls who came to us. There is no worker in that village, and there never has been one.

These are only a few of the many inspiring experiences we could relate. They are not great things, but after all, heaven will be made up of those who have been faithful in the little things.

And now, "Does it pay?" Does it pay to have girls' schools in India? Does it pay to give our offerings so that this work can go on, and the blessed news of the Saviour's soon coming be heralded far and near? You, friends, may answer, for—

"He is counting on you

If you fail Him, what then?"

SABBATH, AUGUST 3

MISSIONARY TEXT: Isa. 60:1.

READING: The Colporteur Work in Southern Asia.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 592,
first and third stanzas.

PRAYER.

The Colporteur Work in Southern Asia

L. C. SHEPARD

[Field Missionary Secretary, Southern Asia
Division]

AN outstanding development in India during the last few years is the growth of the reading habit among the common people. Vernacular newspapers, magazines, and books are

multiplying at a marvelous rate. Much of this current literature is worthless, but the hunger for information everywhere present creates a welcome for our colporteurs as they go about with the publications of the message.

The colporteur ministry has been a feature of our work from the beginning. In the early years the individual sales were very small, owing to the very meager supply of literature that was available.

Our first subscription book, "Health and Longevity," was published in 1924. This has been translated into ten of the principal languages of our field. Since then the average sales per colporteur have increased until now they show over 500 per cent more than they were a few years ago.

"Our Day in the Light of Prophecy" has also been published in Marathi, Malayalam, Karen, and Tamil, and the Urdu edition is now on the press. We believe that this message-filled book will be the means of bringing many needy souls in India to a knowledge of our message.

The Oriental Watchman and Herald of Health, our evangelistic health magazine, enjoys a wide circulation among the best people, and has the second highest paid subscription list of any magazine in India. Its readers include men in the highest government and commercial services. Approximately sixty per cent of our subscribers are non-Christians.

The Oriental Watchman constitutes the strongest evangelistic effort that we are mak-

ing in behalf of the highly educated. The wife of a military officer subscribed for it one year while visiting a hill station. This year a colporteur met her again. She said, "Yours is a wonderful magazine." And in renewing her subscription for three years she continued: "We are located in a very isolated station. The religious articles in it help us to keep up our spiritual life. The health articles build up our bodies. Please see my sister, as she is very anxious to subscribe also."

A lady in another part of the country read a single issue of *The Oriental Watchman* and began to keep the Sabbath. A few months later a colporteur came to her door and directed her to our church in that place. She is now taking studies with a view to baptism.

Literature must play an increasingly important part in the proclamation of the last message in our Division. Our task is very great. The increasing literacy among village people makes the widespread distribution of tracts at the great religious fairs a very effective mode of giving the message. As many as 70,000 tracts have been distributed at one fair. It has frequently been noted that while many advertising pamphlets and even other religious tracts are torn up and scattered about, practically none of our literature is treated in this way. On the other hand, wherever the same fair has been visited twice in succession, people have asked for additional literature. More is needed to provide the necessary literature for distribution in this way.

SABBATH, AUGUST 10

SEED THOUGHT: "The light of truth is to shine to the ends of the earth."—"*Testimonies*," Vol. VIII, p. 40.

READING: Burma's Plea.

RECITATION: The Last Hour.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 641.

PRAYER.

Burma's Plea

F. J. MAINSTONE

[Sabbath School Secretary, Burma Mission.]

BURMA has been called "The Land of Pagodas," and well has the name been given, for these edifices are to be seen on every high hill and under every green tree. Sometimes in the most inaccessible places on the brows of precipices are to be seen these emblems of the religion of the people. They are to be seen in the niches in the rocks and towering above the towns and cities, with their golden spires glittering in the sunshine. The Buddhist believes that the building of these brings merit to himself.

This belief of obtaining merit is the underlying principle in all the acts of kindness and philanthropy which actuate the people. A good Buddhist does not build a lodging house for the poor or provide food and drink for the needy because he loves such people and desires to ameliorate their condition, but for the purpose of accruing merit for himself; and thinks by so doing he gets one step nearer heaven. This false belief has been so grounded and rooted into the people that it is difficult to get them to believe that there is life only in Christ. Despite this the Word of God is

powerful and is making inroads into this false system, and fruit is being gathered slowly but surely though the harvesters be few.

Come with me down to the Irrawaddy [ĭr-ä-wöd'ī] Delta. Here two years ago our membership was sixty-five, but today we have 130. Two years ago our Sabbath schools numbered four, with a membership of fifty-eight. Now we have 166 members and eight schools. God has blessed our efforts in this district, though we have only one European family with four vernacular helpers there.

Come with me to the north of this land of dense forests, wild animals, and paddy fields. There before you stretch vast tracts of land covering an area of many thousands of square miles extending to the southeastern slopes of the great Himalaya range, and on into China. Do you ask who is working there and what is being done for the people? With sorrow and regret I answer, "Nothing." We have not the means or the missionaries to send there. Now look to the east. There before you stretch the Shan States with her millions of inhabitants, a happy, good-natured people dwelling in their hill country but ignorant of the approaching end, a people from whom we have received much help in Harvest Ingathering. How it pains our hearts not to be able to do something for them.

Now let me turn your attention to the south, where Brother and Sister Hare labored for the Karen people for eighteen years. Much fruit has been gathered from among these shy,

retiring, simple, jungle folk, but only the edge has been touched. These folk have come to know our people well, and are always glad to see us. They have come to see the good that is being wrought in their midst, and even the children have caught the seed of enthusiasm, as the following incident will show.

One little boy had not been able to settle his school fees for one year, so the next year he stayed out of school and worked to try to earn enough money to attend the following year. However, at the close of the school term he found he had not been able to save as he had hoped, but this did not bring despair to his heart. At the beginning of the summer vacation Brother Hare and I were traveling up the Salween [säl-wēn'] River, and in due time arrived at the station of this boy's village. There he was on the bank. "Thara," [teacher], he said to Brother Hare, "please may I come to school?"

"Do you have your school fees?" asked Brother Hare.

"No," he replied, "but if I can work all summer in the school I will be able to earn some."

Could anyone meet such enthusiasm and a hunger for knowledge with a refusal? In less time than it takes to tell it, that lad was on the boat with a smile on his face and a song in his heart. Just to see what he would say, Brother Hare asked him, "Supposing I had refused you, what would you have done?" He looked into the face of the man who he

knew loved him, and replied, "I was coming just the same, Thara." The teacher smiled and turned away, but he could not repress the lump in his throat nor hide the tears that welled up in his eyes.

Dear Sabbath school members, do you hear a call today asking for help? Do you see that boy of twelve years working all summer under a tropical sun that he may go to school? Do you hear those village elders asking for a teacher? Who will come and give them the spiritual help? Do you see that heathen mother bending over her child and calling on the evil spirits to be kind to the little one?

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me," said our Great Teacher.

The Last Hour

THE sunset burns across the sky,
Upon the air its warning cry
The curfew tolls, from tower to tower;
O brother, 'tis the last, last hour!

The work that centuries might have done
Must crowd the hour of setting sun;
All through the lands the saving Name
Ye must in fervent haste proclaim.

The fields are ripe to harvest, weep
O tardy workers, as ye reap,
For wasted hours that might have won
Rich harvests ere the set of sun.

We hear His footsteps on the way!
O work, while it is called today,
Constrained by love, endued with power,
O brother, in this last, last hour!

—*Anonymous.*

SABBATH, AUGUST 17

MISSIONARY TEXT: John 3:16.

A DIALOGUE: The South India Training School.

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

PRAYER.

The South India Training School

LEON B. LOSEY

[Principal]

SABBATH morning at about 7:00 Chickappa was hurrying Muniswamy so that they could get to the Sabbath school held at the South India Training School (near Bangalore) [ban-ga-lōr'] on time, for Sabbath school began at 9:30. These two boys had been attending the village school in Na-ra-yana-pura conducted by Brother and Sister Collett of the staff of the training school, assisted by Joshua, Vedaratnam, and Jonathan, boys who are taking normal work in the training school.

CHICKAPPA: My, I am glad our teachers want us to go to Sabbath school every week, for we learn so much about Jesus and how different He is from our Hindu gods.

MUNISWAMY: Yes, and I am glad we can go to school where there are such good teachers. I want to keep right on, so I can go to the training school some day, and maybe I can be a teacher like Cundasamy. Do you remember him?

CHICKAPPA: Oh yes, he is the boy who came clear from the island of Mauritius [mō-rīsh'-ius] and finished school and is now teaching in Ceylon. Then there is Daniel Ignace, who came from Mauritius, too, and has been

preaching in the Seychelles [sā-shēl'], and has told so many people about Jesus.

MUNISWAMY: Yes, and there is Israel and William, both teaching in the Telugu school at Narsapur; and Moses and Thomas in the Tamil school; Arthur and Ka Lee Paw in Burma. Oh, there must be hundreds of boys teaching in schools all over India that were in this training school.

CHICKAPPA: Well, maybe not that many; but lots, anyway. If they are not teachers they are evangelists, or assistants in mission offices, or they sell books or work in the hospitals, or in the publishing house at Poona.

MUNISWAMY: By the way, I forgot to tell you what happened the other morning. A man from the village four miles away came with an urgent request for medicine from our dispensary. He said that he had been away from home for some time, and on his return found his wife and children all ill with the influenza. He did not wait to see the Indian medicine man, but came straight to the training school for medicine. And do you know what he said? He said that Losey-amma had a good hand and any medicine that she gave would make his family well.

CHICKAPPA: We are glad and grateful that she has taught the training school students to attend to the village people every morning at the dispensary. Headaches and backaches, in fact, all aches disappear after a dose of medicine from there. Many of us would have suffered intense pain if they had not attended

us when we had sore eyes. And they are so kind, too, when they treat us. We must be careful to give them more ragi [a kind of grain] this year when they come round Harvest Ingathering.

The school has earned a name for itself as an industrial center, and government officials have visited it at different times to find out how they can change their school system to make it more practical. They marvel that our boys from all castes will do any kind of manual labor. We tell Hindus and Moham-medans that it is the love of Christ in the hearts of the boys that makes them willing and glad to do whatever they are asked to do. Our facilities are meager, but we are doing our best to train boys from thirteen different language areas to find their place in the Master's service.

SABBATH, AUGUST 24

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 24:14.

READING: Give of Your Best.

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

PRAYER.

Give of Your Best

R. L. KIMBLE

[Director, North Agra Mission]

THE 1931 census reveals that India has a population of a little over 351,000,000, of which eighty per cent is largely concentrated in her more than 750,000 villages. It is in these villages that we find the people and that

much of our mission work is carried on. One is often reminded of Bible days when going among the people in this way. You may see women with their jars and jugs coming to the wells for water as did Rebekah "with her pitcher upon her shoulder," and women sitting on the ground, beside their simple round stone mills, grinding grain for their household needs. Here at harvest time the muzzled ox treads out the grain in the same slow way that has been the practice for centuries in eastern lands. And in the larger market places one may see workmen standing about waiting for work, which is so vividly described in our Lord's parable of the laborers.

There are many things here that remind one of Bible days, and too, I believe the hungry, tired multitude, concerning which our Saviour said, "Give ye them to eat," is to be found in India. Recently fourteen were baptized in a village, and then a worker was sent there to live. Now we have at that place a day school, and two Sabbath schools. Last Sabbath ninety-five were present at one of these Sabbath schools. A letter has come from another worker saying he is starting three new Sabbath schools. We are glad for this, for we feel that the Sabbath school is a first means of approach in reaching the people with this urgent message.

Only a few weeks ago an appeal came from another place for a teacher to open a school. If workers were available, three or four village schools could be started at once, and thus enable us to reach another large section of

the field. Recently at a Hindu religious festival a man came to my tent to talk about religion. Soon his eyes filled with tears, and with a broken voice he said, "I never knew that Jesus loved me so." Last year a young man of high caste was baptized and has since proved true. At first it seemed he would have to leave home, but he has been able to remain, and now his wife steps forward ready to take her stand with her husband and join in his new-found faith.

We wish each Sabbath school member could come and see, then he would understand conditions better. He would hear the ring of the temple bells and see the hideous idols without number. He would see men and women bathing in fetid streams, striving to wash away sin. And a thousand other things would be brought to his attention, and we could only point to them and say, "That is heathenism."

Notwithstanding these conditions there would be Sabbath school services to attend, where many sing, "Jesus loves me, this I know." While none of you will be able to come, we know you will remember the special opportunity given you on the thirteenth Sabbath, and that you will give of your best for these dear people in far-away India.

"Continual giving starves covetousness to death."—"Testimonies," Vol. III, p. 548.

SABBATH, AUGUST 31

SEED THOUGHT: "The very life of the church depends upon her faithfulness in fulfilling the Lord's commission."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 825.

READING: Vincent Hill School and College.

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

PRAYER.

Vincent Hill School and College

I. F. BLUE

[Principal]

VINCENT HILL SCHOOL is situated in the beautiful Himalaya Mountains. The elevation of the school is about 6,000 feet above sea level, so it is rather cool all the year. The climate is dry and fine except during the rainy season, when we expect a great deal of rain. On the whole, the climate is about as healthful for children as any to be found in India. That is the reason this school has been established for our European children. It is impossible for the children of our missionaries to stay down in the heat of the plains during the hot months, so it becomes necessary to send them to the hills. Older persons can stand the stifling heat of the six months of the hottest weather, but children languish and become ill. It is a great sacrifice for parents to have to send their children so far away to our school, but it is the only thing to be done, and is counted as one more of the sacrifices they have to make for the work in India. One mother asked to come and visit the school this year. She had been sending her children here for ten years and had never seen the school. The 2,000 miles between the

school and the mission station had been the barrier.

Usually there are no schools for our missionaries' children near the mission stations, so it is necessary to send the children away if they are to have an education at all. It wrings the hearts of parents to have to send their children away, but it is all that can be done under the circumstances. They could not think of sending their children to outside schools, no matter how near they might be. The principles of Christian education are a part of the great work in this land, and if we are to teach these things to others, we must practice them ourselves.

It is a problem to conduct a boarding school for children and young people of such varied ages. There are children in the school six years of age and some young men and women in the twenties. This makes it difficult, but these things have been arranged so that the school runs on smoothly, and all are happy and contented. The teachers here in the school feel that they are just as much a part of the work in India as the workers in the villages, for by taking care of the children of the missionaries, it is possible for the work to continue and build up strongly.

In India servants are cheap, and it is easy to employ them to do the ordinary work about our homes. However, this is not good training for our children. In the heat of the plains this is necessary, but here where it is cool we can teach the children the dignity of labor. Most

all the work of the school is done by the students. They have to look after the buildings and attend to the ordinary duties. We have industries also where the students can be taught useful trades. The baking industry gives promise of being very remunerative, as the products of the bakery are easily sold. It provides work for several students who could not be in school except for this means of support. It is a practical trade also, and will make it possible for some of our children to have a means of being self-supporting.

Besides the children of missionaries, there are many of the children of our European believers from our churches. Some of these are from the large city churches, and others are the children of our isolated believers scattered throughout India, Burma, and Ceylon. There are church schools in some of the larger cities, and the children come to us when they have finished the work which is given in the church schools.

Many workers have been trained for the work in India, and there is a call for more workers than we have been able to supply so far. Our offices are filled with the stenographers that have been trained here, and some of the teachers in our schools have had their training here. We believe that this school is filling a place in the great work in India. There are many things that we need in the school, but we have tried to get on with such facilities as we have so that the money could be used in more needy places. May God bless the

work of this school, that its influence may extend far and that it may fill its place in the finishing of the work in this great land.

SABBATH, SEPTEMBER 7

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 10:9, last part.

READING: Cheating the Devil.

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

PRAYER.

Cheating the Devil

O. A. SKAU

[Director, Tamil Mission]

SUVISASHA MUTTHU [soo-ve-sa'sha mu'thoo] was a Hindu gentleman—a landholder of about 100 acres or more, with a family of boys and girls. I said he *was* a Hindu gentleman, for he is a Hindu no more. He was recently baptized at the close of a series of meetings conducted by the writer for eight weeks, with meetings four nights in the week. The following little experience was told by him to the writer just a day or two before his baptism.

Suvisasha Mutthu had three sheep which he kept for a sacrifice to the devil. One of Suvisasha's sons came in contact with the truth and was baptized. He then married a Christian girl in our mission, and the two set up housekeeping in the young man's Hindu home. The father became interested in the message and requested the writer to come and conduct meetings in his community. Suvisasha Mutthu sold the three sheep in the market for about \$13. Sometime later while the old gentleman

was sleeping, the devil came to him in the form of a person and asked for his share of the money realized from the sale of the three sheep, saying, "You kept those for a sacrifice to me, so they are mine and you should give me at least a share in the proceeds." The old gentleman said, "You just go away from me now. I don't want to have anything to do with you any more. I am now following Christ." The devil left him and has not troubled him since.

The dear old gentleman is only one of India's millions for whom Jesus died. He was one of six from Hinduism that were baptized at the end of the evangelistic campaign. Ten in all were baptized, and about twenty more are preparing to be baptized. What we need in order to reach the many millions of India is not a new religion or more plans, but more money. Money spells men, and men in the field mean more souls brought to Christ. There are, according to the 1931 census, 20,411,652 Tamil-speaking people in South India. For this multitude of people we have twenty-seven workers, counting the Indian and European men and women. And eight of these are connected with our high school, leaving nineteen men in the field of whom three are also connected with small village schools.

Is it any wonder that the reports from India are small? How would you feel, dear friends, if America had only twenty-seven workers for the following southern states: Alabama, Arkansas, Arizona, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky,

Louisiana, New Mexico, and North and South Carolina? Yes, and we may add Utah, Vermont, and Wyoming. And yet in percentage we have made wonderful progress and God is blessing our feeble efforts. The percentage of baptism to the membership has ranged from ten to twenty-five during the past three or four years.

As you plan for the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering, think of the multitude of Tamil-speaking people in South India and what your money may do for the millions here. Remember that the dollars you give mean workers, and that more workers in the field will mean more souls saved from the devil's grip. God bless you, we are assured that you will do your best.

SABBATH SEPTEMBER 14

SEED THOUGHT: "It is the privilege of every Christian, not only to look for, but to hasten the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."
"Testimonies," Vol. VIII, p. 22.

READING: Assam Calls for the Message.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 78.

PRAYER.

Assam Calls for the Message

G. G. LOWRY

[Superintendent, Northeast India Mission]

ASSAM [as-sam'] is a mountainous country situated at the foot of the Himalaya Mountains. It is located in the extreme northeast corner of India, bounded on the north by Tibet, on the east by Burma, and on the south

by India and the Bay of Bengal. The country is undeveloped so far as roads and conveyances are concerned. Most of the traveling must be done on foot or by pony. In many places even ponies cannot travel. The people lead a quiet life, and seldom leave their country for trade or work.

There are 9,247,857 people living in these hills. They speak several dialects, the chief of which is the Kashi language. According to religions they are classified as follows: Hindus, 5,204,650; Mohammedans, 2,780,524; Animists, 992,390; Christians, 249,246; Buddhists, 15,000; Jaims, 2,800; Sikhs, 2,729.

The people of Assam have shown keen interest in Christianity. Forty years ago there was not one Christian in the country, and now there are nearly 250,000. The Bible has been translated into the Kashi language, and portions of it have been put into some of the other smaller languages.

Very recently Pastor C. A. Larsen, Mrs. Lowry, and I made a visit to some of the villages of Assam to see the people who were reported to be interested in the message. From Shillong [shĕl-lōng'], the capital of the province, we motored thirty-five miles and came to the end of the road. Here we secured coolies for our luggage and ponies for ourselves. The paths up and down the mountain sides were very steep and dangerous looking, but the coolies and ponies, being used to the trails, were very sure footed, and traveled the paths without mishap.

While out on this trip we visited six villages that had invited us to come. The people welcomed us to their midst, and did everything they could to show us that they appreciated our visit. From morning till night they came in small groups to visit with us and ask questions about our faith. Both Christians and non-Christians seemed equally interested. Each night we held meetings wherever we happened to be. The attendance was very good. At some of the meetings as many as 400 were present and showed a deep interest in the message of the soon coming of the Lord. In each place the people begged us to remain with them and teach them further.

A number of people in one village have already begun to keep the Sabbath, and they have built a little house of worship. While we were there several of them asked for baptism. The plan is for Brother Larsen to return to these villages and further instruct those who are already keeping the Sabbath and baptize them; also to hold meetings for those who are interested. There are definite interests in at least thirty villages in that section, and the people are very anxious to have us come to see them.

Surely this is the time for us to enter Assam. The Holy Spirit is turning the hearts of the people toward the light, and we must in some way reveal the truth to them. We need to open schools for the young people, and we need preachers and teachers to instruct the people and lead them on to the truth.

Pastor and Mrs. L. J. Burgess, retired missionaries, now live in Shillong and are doing what they can to help develop these interests by translating and printing tracts on the message and circulating them among the people. Brother C. A. Larsen has been loaned for a time to the work in Assam. But what we need is two young couples who can go into this country, learn the language, and open up real aggressive work. If some one can go and develop the interest, there is little doubt but that within a short time fruit will be seen.

We hope and pray that our people everywhere will give liberally this coming thirteenth Sabbath, and that there will be a large overflow so that we may be enabled to enter this most needy and interesting field.

SABBATH, SEPTEMBER 21

MISSIONARY TEXT: John 4:35.

READING: Work Among the Kanarese People.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song" No. 624.

PRAYER.

Work Among the Kanarese People

A. E. RAWSON

[Missionary among the Kanarese people]

WE STARTED work among the Kanarese people about seven years ago. For the first five years we worked in Bangalore [ban-ga-lōr'] City, waiting for an opening in the rural sections. During this time a church of forty-five members was raised up. This work was among the better-caste people. Doctors, government

employees, teachers, accountants, and business men are included in this number.

Two years ago the rays of God's love captivated the hearts of many in Kollegal Taluk, a section about eighty miles from Bangalore. They wrote petition after petition to us, begging for a gospel teacher. The call was answered. The writer held a series of meetings among these people, and I am glad to report that now we have four Sabbath schools in the Kollegal section with an enrolment of 200. These people have given up their bad habits, thrown away their idols, and have left their age-old Hindu customs. It means much to these people to embrace Christianity.

Around Kollegal there have been other calls. We have received delegation after delegation from about ten villages pleading for teachers. Shall we answer these calls? Can we answer these calls? No, we cannot. At present Brother C. K. John is the only Indian worker we have in this section.

There is another remarkable opening in Coorg, a district about seventy miles from Mysore City. In this place we have a faithful little company of Sabbath keepers. They came to the knowledge of the truth through the printed page. The writer visited these people a few weeks back and held some meetings with them. They also plead for a worker to instruct them. I left them with the promise that something would be done in the very near future. Shall we fulfil this promise, or shall we let them grope in darkness?

We are witnessing the loud cry here in the Kanarese field. We have workers in training, but no funds to put them on the pay roll. May the Spirit of God move upon the hearts of God's people throughout the world to give liberally this quarter so that the work in India may triumph and that souls may be garnered into the kingdom of God.

SABBATH, SEPTEMBER 28

RECITATION: Geography and Missions. [See August *Worker*.]

RECITATION: For India.

EXERCISE: Acrostic.

DIALOGUE: Only a Little Girl.

RECITATION: A Child's Story.

A TALK: India.

RECITATION: Tired of Giving.

RECITATION: What Will You Do?

RECITATION: What Would You Need?

RECITATION: Many Workers, One Work.

SPECIAL MUSIC: Thirteenth Sabbath Song.

OFFERING

PRAYER: That the Lord will richly bless our gifts.

Many Workers, One Work

THE work is not mine, but the Lord's;
I am only His diligent hands,
His voice to utter His words,
His feet to speed His commands.

The work is not mine, it is His,
It is His to fashion and rule;
My body an instrument is,
My soul is His laboring tool.

Far-reaching beyond my ken
The great work stretches and grows,
Uncomprehended by men,
And only the Master knows.

My neighbor toilers and I,
With a will and a cheer and a song,
Are hailing the hours as they fly,
And pushing the work along.

We are many the world around,
We are brothers of hand and heart,
And each has his laboring bound
And each has his separate part.

But we labor away as one,
For One is our glorious Head;
And by Him, when the work is done,
Be the words of victory said.

Some day, O brothers of toil,
Some day, exultantly sweet,
Shall rise from the blossoming soil
Our mighty building complete.

Then far in the welcoming skies,
With the choiring of seraphim
Our finished towers will rise,
And we shall be glad, with Him.
—*Amos R. Wells.*

For India

IRENE STEWART-JACKS

THE flowers of wondrous beauty grow;
The balmy winds blow soft and low;
The seasons sweetly come and go,
In India.

The sky o'erhead is ever blue;
Each blossom wears a gem of dew,
And birds their carols chant anew
In India.

When rosy morn our gaze doth greet,
The children gather in the street;
Their voices ring out clear and sweet
In India.

The men go forth each day to till,
The women, too, their tasks fulfil.
Ah, who would think that hearts were ill
In India?

But so it is, they bow the knee
To heathen gods, from spirits flee;
And oh, what sorrows do we see
In India.

How shall we save them from their night?
Shall we not give the gospel light,
And through it end this awful blight
In India?

They sit in darkness over there
While we have light and hope to spare;
The Saviour meant that we should share
With India.

The Lord will bless our present store,
If we will give a little more
Than we have given heretofore
For India.

Only a Little Girl

MRS. H. CHRISTENSEN

[Former Sabbath School Secretary, South
India Union]

[Two girls in ordinary living-room, one in nurse's uniform, sitting on a low stool rolling bandages. The other girl is moving about the room putting things in order, and talking while she works.]

EMILY: Helen, does it seem possible that we have been in India six months? My, how time flies!

HELEN: It surely does. We're so busy every day that we do not have time to think how the weeks and months are slipping past. I'm glad we are, too. I like to be busy even if it is only rolling bandages.

EMILY: I do, too. And I get a new inspiration every morning when I wake up and realize what my work that day is going to count for—that if I were not here to teach these pupils, they would be untaught. It gives me so much encouragement and zeal!

HELEN: I guess that's true in my case, too. This dispensary waited so long for a nurse that I guess if I were not here now there wouldn't be any, and many of these poor sick folk would go uncared for. It is wonderful to be able to help them, but oh, we need a doctor and hospital so much!

EMILY: Yes, the disappointment in that was very keen. It hurts to have to tell the hundreds who ask about it that after all there was no money and the hospital promised them five or six years ago may never be realized. I try to avoid the subject. I know many of them are still waiting patiently.

HELEN (rising): Well, my bandages are all done. Now I must—oh, who is this? (Seeing

some one at the door, Emily turns curiously. Girl of about thirteen or fourteen, dressed in an Indian saree,* steps forward, bowing and salaaming.)

GIRL: Miss Sahib, my baby very ill. I live too far away, I can't bring him. Can Miss Sahib come to my home with me?

HELEN: Where do you live?

GIRL: In Kottayam [kot-yam].

HELEN: Kottayam? That is five miles from here. How did you come,—in a bullock cart?

GIRL: No, Miss Sahib, I came walking. I have no money for bullock cart.

HELEN: What is your name?

GIRL: My name is Anamma [un-amma]. I live near Kottayam, not in the town.

HELEN (to Emily): I do not see how I can go. It is four o'clock now and I wouldn't get back until ten o'clock tonight at the very earliest. It is time to go to the dispensary right now, too.

(She studies her watch, then looks up at Emily with a puzzled expression.)

EMILY: It wouldn't be a very enjoyable ride, especially at night through the jungle.

HELEN (turning to Anamma): Can't you bring your baby here in a bullock cart? I could do much more for him here than I could in your house, you know. I have many more medicines and everything like that here.

ANAMMA: No, Miss Sahib, my baby is too sick to go in a bullock cart. Miss Sahib, please come.

HELEN: Where is your husband? Why didn't he come to tell me about the baby and let you stay to take care of it?

ANAMMA (drooping her head): My husband is very angry with me. He is saying I am a bad woman, and making the goddess Lakahmi very angry and she making baby sick. My husband is beating me very much. I come here when he is not knowing it because I know Miss Sahib can help me. (Desperately) Miss Sahib, please come my house and see my baby. Miss Sahib can make baby well, then my husband will not be angry. Miss Sahib has good God. Oh Miss Sahib, come! (Falls down pleading.)

*[An Indian saree is a simple drape of cotton cloth, plain white for widows, usually white with colored border, or figured or striped material for others. It is about five to seven yards in length, and a yard wide. The draping begins with a skirt-like drape from the waist downward, the balance tastily arranged over the shoulders and head.]

HELEN (to Emily): I really don't know what to do. I would like to help her but (looking out of the window) look at the patients waiting at the dispensary now. How can I leave them?

EMILY (coming close to Helen): Helen dear, this girl is in real trouble. Poor youngster, she's only a child, look how frightened she is! Why, she is trembling!

HELEN: She's all wrought up nervously about something. She must have a brute of a husband. Well, what shall I do?

ANAMMA: My husband was beating me very hard last night. I didn't sleep in my house, he too angry. This morning I am saying I will go get Miss Sahib's doctor to help me. This my husband was doing (throwing saree back and showing shoulders).

EMILY (shocked): Oh, the poor little thing! Look, Helen, he beat her until her shoulders are raw! As if this poor child could help the baby's being sick!

HELEN (coming closer to look): That is bad. Poor little girl! I'll dress it for her.

ANAMMA: No, Miss Sahib, never mind me, only come see my baby. (She takes a small bag from her saree folds, opens it and empties out two small coins, then offers them to Helen.) Miss Sahib can have this money come see my baby. It is all I have. I give it to Miss Sahib to come.

HELEN: (shaking her head): No, no, keep your money for food. (Turning to Emily) Emily, I can't refuse her. But what about these waiting people? Maybe she can wait while I attend to them.

EMILY: No, Helen, it will be too late then. I hate to have you go so far alone at nightfall, but somehow I feel that you ought to, for her sake. I'll take care of the dispensary for you. I'm not a nurse, but I'll do my best.

HELEN: But, dear, what about your own work? It is very sweet of you to suggest doing that for me, but you have a large pile of examination papers to mark.

EMILY: That's all right. I will manage. I want to help in this, too.

HELEN: You're a jewel, Emily. I hope it won't be too dreadful. Some day I will help you. (Puts bandages, bottles, a thermometer, and some clothes in a traveling bag while she talks, then puts on her hat.)

EMILY: I know you will; and now go with her so that you may reach there before dark. Good-bye dear. I'll be praying for you.

HELEN: And I for you, here alone. Good-bye.

(Emily is seated at table, marking examination papers. The door opens, and Helen walks in wearily and drops into a chair. Emily looks up a bit startled.)

EMILY: Helen dear! Something has happened! What is it?

HELEN (resting her elbow on arm of chair and leaning her forehead on palm of hand, shakes her head): Oh, Emily, how much we have to be thankful for! How grateful we should be that we weren't born Hindus!

EMILY: I know it, I'm thankful for that every day of my life. But what happened?

HELEN (looking up): It was awful. When I left here it wasn't so bad. I hired a bullock cart and persuaded the girl to come with me in it, but when we got within sight of her home she was so afraid of her husband that she got out and walked, pretending to be gathering firewood. He happened to see her before she went very far that way, and came tearing out of the house like a madman. He grabbed her hair and jerked her around, kicking and beating her unmercifully. I jumped out of the cart and tried to divert his attention, but he was too angry to notice me for several minutes. It seems the baby died soon after the little mother left home, and as it was his only son he was very angry, and blamed her. While she was away last night she formed this plan of appeasing him and saving the baby—she planned to come home casually with wood for the fire and then let me in and I would somehow make the baby well, then all would be right. But she was too late. He has another wife, an older woman, who scolded Anamma all the time he was abusing her. After a while I ventured to ask if she might come with me, and he sullenly answered that he didn't care what I did with her, she was no good to him. We went to the house of one of her relatives, where only for my sake they let us both stay for the night.

EMILY: Did you bring her back with you?

HELEN: That's the strange part of it. I thought I would have no trouble in bringing her away, although I didn't know how I would manage if she came. My one object was to get her away from that torture. But, do you know, her husband and his older wife turned queer and wouldn't let her come! They came over to the house where we stayed and dragged her home with them. She has to draw water for them and do all their menial tasks. Per-

haps it will turn out all right, for really I do not know how we could keep her here, do you?

EMILY (slowly and sadly): How cruel! No, I don't know how we could manage. Perhaps the Lord overruled for that very reason. But we can pray for her.

HELEN: She has to do a great deal of sacrifice to the gods now.

(Both sit silent for a few moments.)

EMILY: Helen, where is her home?

HELEN: On the outskirts of Kottayam.

EMILY: If the money had been available, as was at first expected, that hospital would have been very near her.

HELEN: Very near. And her baby would have been saved along with thousands of others that are going just like that, every day, right in this very district, to say nothing of the poor little mothers. When I asked her age, she told me she didn't know,—they never do, you know,—but she thinks she is thirteen. She has been married two years. She told me she didn't want to get married, but her people, especially her father, insisted on it, for fear people would think she was a leper.

EMILY: I think I'd rather be a leper than lead the life she does.

HELEN: The parents and husband don't see it that way, though.

(A knock is heard at the door. Emily opens it, and gasps with surprise. Anamma enters timidly. Helen sits up, astonished.)

HELEN: Anamma, how did you get here?

ANAMMA: Miss Sahib, when I went to get wood for fire I ran away. I ran and ran, till I came here.

HELEN: Child, you must be nearly dead. Sit down and rest. (Anamma drops to the floor in a sitting position.)

ANAMMA (pleadingly): Miss Sahib, I may stay here? I can't go back to my husband and his other wife. They are too hard. I will jump in the well first, but I am thinking Miss Sahib will be kind to me. Miss Sahib will teach me, then I can be a nurse, too. I can stay? (Looks pleadingly from one to the other.)

HELEN (to Emily): Can we refuse such a pitiful plea, knowing her need? Jesus died for her as much as He did for us. She will work, I know, but what about her food and clothes? I want to help her, but since our wages and mission appropriations have been so closely cut, we have hardly enough to maintain our present established work. What can we do?

EMILY: That's the question. WHAT CAN WE DO?

A Child's Story

MRS. J. C. H. COLLETT

ONLY a little heathen boy was I;
But now, the child of a king;
I wore but soiled and ragged clothes,
And now, they are neat and clean.

I used to play the whole day long.
But now, to school I go;
I then liked foolish, idle songs,
And now, I love Him so.

Then to herd the sheep my only wish,
But now, with new desire;
I live no more as once I did,
My soul is set on fire.

I want to overcome each sin;
Be clean inside and out;
I want to tell of Christ, my King,
Where'er I go about.

I used to be—well, never mind;
"What made the change?" you say.
In Sabbath school, I learned of Christ
And to Him now, I pray.

India

IF YOU were a little Hindu, you would believe that when you die you would be born again in a plant or some animal. Any animal might be your grandfather or your great-aunt, so not even the very worst tiger or cobra is ever killed. If you tortured yourself enough you would think you might become a saint. So you might stand on one leg for days and days and days. Or you might hold one arm up in the air for so long that it would become stiff and could never be brought down or used again.

You would think the Ganges River is sacred and if you could live and die within ten miles of it you would always be safe. And if you could bathe in it, your sins would be forgiven.

Tired of Giving

TILLIE JACKSON-TULLETT

"TIRED of giving"
I heard some one say;
And clasping her purse,
Turn idly away.

"Tired of giving"
Was uttered again;
By those protected
From sorrow and pain.

"Tired of giving"
Earth's perishing gold;
While countless millions
Are hungry and cold.

"Tired of giving"
But are you and I
Tired of getting
Rich gifts from on high?

"Tired of giving,"
My Lord can it be,
That one could tire
Of giving to Thee?

Should I be tempted,
I humbly implore,—
Help me, dear Master,
To give more and more.

What Will You Do?

MRS. H. CHRISTENSEN

WHILE India's gods of a million score
Claim worshipers of a million more,
While hearts are empty, and hearts are sore,
What will you do to help them?

While women suffer in silent pain,
Bruised and beaten by cruelty's reign,
Their words of pleading heard in vain—
What will you do to help them?

While the millions march with a steady tread
A slow, sad step, and downcast head,
Plodding the path that their fathers led—
What will you do to help them?

While they journey on to the City of Night,
Knowing naught of the Way of Light,
For deepening darkness hides their sight—
What will you do to help them?

While the hours of day are passing fleet,
Ere the record of heaven you must meet,
While the Master waits at the mercy seat,
What will you do to help them?

What Would You Need?

[To be recited by a little girl from the primary division.]

MRS. H. CHRISTENSEN

I SAW a funny picture
In a book the other day,
It was a little Hindu girl
Who carried loads this way.
(Puts a jar on her head)

She wasn't any bigger
Than I am, mama said;
And when she goes to sleep at night
She hasn't any bed.

She rolls up in a blanket
Or lies down on a mat,
And she hasn't any dollies—
Now just you think of that!

She has to work, oh, very hard,
For she's a wife, you see;
And yet she's only ten years old—
Oh, I'm glad it isn't me!

She's never heard of Jesus,
She's never learned to read;
If I were her and she were me
What do you think I'd need?

Acrostic

(An exercise for five primary members)

MRS. H. CHRISTENSEN

[Each child holds up a card bearing the letter beginning the sentence he repeats.]

I NTO that hut where an Indian boy lay
N ews of salvation we carried one day.
"D id He so love me?" we heard the lad say,
"I am so glad you came!"
A ngels repeat that refrain.

Thirteenth Sabbath Song

(Tune, No. 714 in "Christ in Song.")

IRENE STEWART-JACKS

ON India's coral strand,
The sun shines bright and fair.
But heathen ways their lives control
And hearts are bowed with care.

They kneel to wood and stone,
They worship beast and tree.
They have not heard of Jesus Christ,
Who died to set them free.

In spite of Satan's power
They're willing now to learn;
Forsake their sins, renounce their creeds,
And to Jehovah turn.

Shall we not heed the call,
Now ringing o'er the sea—
"As freely as ye give for them,
Ye give it unto Me"?

Yea, Lord, our answer this—
"We give Thee but Thine own.
O take whate'er of wealth we have,
'Tis for Thy cause alone."

"A coin bright dropped every day
In some small box or jar
Will help to send the gospel news
To India afar."