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No. 1

A HIGH AND HOLY STANDARD

"Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." Heb. 12:2.

"For the joy that was set before Him," Jesus "endured the cross, despising the shame." On the crowning day that is just before us, the "good and faithful servant" will hear these words of never-ending blessing: "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Matt. 25:21.

The joy of the Lord will never be experienced by any, except such as have been especially prepared for it. Before we can see Jesus, and enter into His glory, we must be made like Him. "We know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure." 1 John 3:2, 3.

Man in his natural state is impure; he is defiled with sin; the image of God has been defaced from the soul; but "as the sacrifice in our behalf was complete, so our restoration from defilement of sin is to be complete."—*Testimonies*, Vol. VIII, p. 312. This work of restoration from the defilement of sin, is to be so complete and perfect a purification from its guilty stain, that the redeemed will be altogether like their Saviour.

What a high standard is this! But it was inspiration that traced these words, that placed the standard where it is; and to attempt to lower it would be fatal. He who calls for this perfect work of transformation in your character, and in mine, has made every provision for its accomplishment. There are no exceptions. However sinful we may be, however perverse our natures, Jesus "is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him."

The ever changing conditions in the world,—its customs, its fashions, its standards—can never affect in the slightest degree the unchanging, and unchangeable standard of God's righteousness. This standard, to which man must attain, if he is prepared for the coming of Jesus, was most beautifully exemplified in the perfect life of our Saviour. By beholding Him, by copying the example He set forth for us, by following the pattern He so perfectly revealed in all its beauty and glory, we shall be "changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." 2 Cor. 3:18.

But some may say, "Jesus was God as well as man, hence He could live a perfect life in this sinful world, while I am weak and erring and beset on every side with the prevailing sins of the last days. How can I be expected to live a holy life?"

The Lord has given us examples of men, "subject to like passions as we are," who lived just as He expects us to live, who are looking forward to translation, and to glorification at the coming of Jesus. "The life that Christ lived in this world, men and women can live, through His power and under His instruction. In their conflict with Satan, they may have all the help that He had. They may be more than conquerors through Him who loved them and gave Himself for them."—*Testimonies*, Vol. IX, p. 22.

Through perfect surrender to the will of God, as exemplified in the life of Enoch, "men were taught that it is possible to obey the law of God; that even while living in the midst of the sinful and corrupt, they were able, by the grace of God, to resist temptation, and become pure and holy. They saw in his example the blessedness of such a life; and his translation was an evidence of the truth of his prophecy concerning the hereafter, with its award of joy and glory and immortal life to the obedient, and of condemnation, woe, and death to the transgressor."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 88.

"In the midst of a world by its iniquity doomed to destruction, Enoch lived a life of such close communion with God that he was not permitted to fall under the power of death. The godly character of this prophet represents the state of holiness which must be attained by those who shall be 'redeemed from the earth' at the time of Christ's second advent."—*Id.*

A host of men such as Noah, Abraham, Joseph, Moses, Daniel, John the Baptist, Peter, John, Paul, and a long roll of others, both men and women, have fought in this conflict and have won the victory. They were not infallible; they were weak and erring, but the Lord wrought through them as they gave themselves to His service. These holy men did not shut themselves entirely away from the world. They had a work to do for God. In the family as husband and father, in the community as friend and citizen, they were kind and true. Conscious of their own weaknesses, they drew nearer and still nearer to God through prayer, and the study of His word; and by the abiding presence of God's Spirit, they were completely transformed into His likeness.

But such holy characters are not developed, such victories are not won, without a supreme struggle. Sin must be put away; the perverse nature must be subdued; the world with its affections and lusts must be conquered.

Satan is working with all his power and cunning to lead the people of God to form worldly friendships; to charm them with its beauty; to entice them into pleasure-seeking, and mirth; to lead them to bow the knee to the goddess of fashion, and to cause them to become slaves to perverted appetite; to induce them to conform to the spirit and customs of the world. He well knows, if he can awaken in their hearts a love for the world, that he will succeed in binding them to his chariot. He knows that "goodness, purity, and truth, reverence for God, and love for sacred things,—all those holy affections and noble desires that link men with the heavenly world,—are consumed in the fires" of "fleshly lusts which war against the soul."

"The followers of Christ are to separate themselves from sinners, choosing their society only when there is opportunity to do them good. We can not be too decided in shunning the company of those who exert an influence to draw us away from God. While we pray, 'Lead us not into temptation,' we are to shun temptation, so far as possible. . . . Those who would not fall a prey to Satan's devices must guard well the avenues of the soul; they must avoid reading, seeing, or hearing that which will suggest impure thoughts. The mind should not be left to wander at random upon every subject that the adversary of souls may suggest."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 459, 460.

"This is a high standard to which we are to attain if we would be children of God, noble, pure, holy, and undefiled; and a pruning process is necessary if we would reach this standard. How would this pruning be accomplished if there were no difficulties to meet, no obstacles to surmount, nothing to call out patience and endurance? These trials are not the smallest blessings in our experiences. They are designed to nerve

us to determination to succeed. We are to use them as God's means to gain decided victories over self, instead of allowing them to hinder, oppress, and destroy us.

"Character will be tested. Christ will be revealed in us if we are indeed branches of the Living Vine. We shall be patient, kind, and forbearing, cheerful amid frets and irritations. Day by day and year by year we shall conquer self and grow into a noble heroism. This is our allotted task; but it cannot be accomplished without continual help from Jesus, resolute decision, unwavering purpose, continual watchfulness, and unceasing prayer. Those who decline the struggles lose the strength and joy of victory. No one, not even God, can carry us to Heaven unless we make the necessary effort on our part. We must put features of beauty into our lives. We must expel the unlovely natural traits that make us unlike Jesus. While God works in us to will and to do of His own good pleasure, we must work in harmony with Him. The religion of Christ transforms the heart. It makes the worldly-minded man heavenly-minded. Under its influence the selfish man becomes unselfish, because this is the character of Christ. The dishonest, scheming man becomes upright, so that it is second nature to him to do unto others as he would have others do unto him. The profligate is changed from impurity to purity. He forms correct habits; for the gospel of Christ has become to him a savor of life unto life." — "Testimonies," Vol. V, pp. 344, 345.

"For the joy that was set before Him" Jesus "endured the cross." The joy set before us, and soon to be entered into, if we mount the heights of a holy life, is none other than the joy of our Lord. With our limited powers it is impossible fully to measure its length, its breadth, its depth, its height; or to sense its ecstasy, its rapture; but the joy of intimate communion with God is a foretaste of the eternity of bliss awaiting the pure and the holy.

"The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Romans 8: 17; 2 Cor. 4: 17.

Let us place our affections upon the eternal treasures; let us dwell by faith in the realms of light. May our separation from the world be more marked, our faith wax stronger, our love more ardent, as we approach the end of the conflict, and the gates of the celestial city swing open to admit the holy, happy company of the redeemed.

Balboa, C. Z. E. E. ANDROSS.

BEATEN FOR THE TRUTH

Gonzalo Aguilar is the second in age of three brothers. Scarce nineteen summers have passed over his coal black head; but he has helped his family defend the home against bandits, and had taken part in a revolutionary movement that enveloped the whole country in powder smoke a few years ago. Now, however, this boy is converted clear to the pocket book; and the same traits that made him a good guerrilla fighter are helping him now to be a good soldier of the cross.

Gonzalo is now our office boy. He is

a fine lad. Though he never had the opportunity of attending school, he reads and writes well. He has learned to use the typewriter and adding machine. He fills orders from our colporteurs and churches; and makes the invoices, calculating the discounts. I look them over, of course, and have found only one or two minor mistakes. He is a rapid and a hard worker, too. His motto is "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

The employees in the post office and bank have become interested in the

MY OLD BIBLE

Though the cover is worn,
And the pages are torn,
And though places bear traces of tears,
Yet more precious than gold
Is the book, worn and old,
That can shatter and scatter my fears.

When I prayerfully look
In the precious old book,
Many pleasures and treasures I see;
Many tokens of love
From the Father above,
Who is nearest and dearest to me.

This old book is my guide;
'Tis a friend by my side,—
It will lighten and brighten my way;
And each promise I find
Soothes and gladdens my mind
As I read it and heed it today.

To this book I will cling,
Of its worth I will sing,
'Though great losses and crosses be mine;
For I cannot despair,
Though surrounded by care,
While possessing this blessing divine.

—Selected.

truth because they have questioned me about this lad. They see that something has changed his life, from the very fact that always he is clean. His cheap cotton clothes are nicely washed, and well brushed shoes cover his feet, while the Indian is known for unkemptness, foul odor, and bare or sandaled feet.

Not long ago Gonzalo came into the office with a bright smile upon his face, although he could hardly move without groaning. His strong young body, that ripples with muscles under a velvety skin, was all bruised and sore from a terrible beating that his father had given him. The father was very angry because Gonzalo and his younger brother had given up Catholicism to become Adventists. He had forbidden them to attend services; but they came anyway in his absence. When they got back from Sabbath school in the morning there was no one at home, so they had no trouble, but when they returned about dark from the Missionary Volunteer meeting, he was waiting for them with a heavy walking stick. In the shadows they did not see him; and the younger boy who was walking ahead received the first blow

which knocked him down. The heavy club was going to fall again on the helpless form of the boy, when Gonzalo put his own body between. He took the beating while his younger brother escaped.

The oldest of the three boys, who is really the head of the family, owning the house and having a wife and children, was standing in the door watching it all. He saw with what patience and forbearance Gonzalo took the cruel punishment from the enraged father when he could have easily overpowered him or escaped at his pleasure. Finally, he could stand the sight no longer, and with physical force made his father leave off beating the boy. Now that brother, with his wife and little ones, is in the truth.

Many young people are not as steadfast and faithful as Gonzalo. Many give up the Sabbath for worldly convenience or pleasure; but we have many fine Indian young people, who are as true as the needle is to the pole, and who will suffer hunger, beating, and even death rather than do wrong. I know this, not because they have told me, but because I am an eyewitness to this loyalty. That is why sickness, and even death, in my family, have never driven me from this field. There are many precious jewels here to be gathered out, and I should like to have a few to shine as stars in my crown, if I am ever worthy to have a crown.

One hard part about working among these people is to get them organized. This is due to the appalling ignorance in which they have lived for three hundred years of Catholic domination and countless ages before of heathenism. About as few here can read as cannot read in the United States.

But we are making progress; and, considering that this is the *tierra de la mañana*, (the land of tomorrow) we are making good progress. We have now secured a worker to look after the canvassing work and home missionary department. This is a grateful addition to our small corps of workers, holding the first line trench: every addition makes us more capable. Our new man is a Mexican brother of long colporteur experience, and is doing excellent work.

Orizaba, Mexico. O. C. BARRETT.

Elder L. H. Christian said sometime ago, "As I have traveled in Africa and as I have been about in Europe, I have been impressed with the seriousness of the times. There is a tension, there is a feeling of hopelessness and despair, there is a dread among men and women today that I have never before seen in Europe since the war. There is a conviction everywhere on the continent that another war is right upon us, and that dreadful times lie directly ahead."

On Our Trip to Mount Roraima, No. 2

(First report sent out as an extra with the July MESSENGER last year.)

My first letter to you was written from Tukeit, where we were waiting for the remainder of our stores to be brought up from Kangaruma. Considerable delay was caused, on account of the heavy rains, as a result of which the rivers rose several feet. We were almost entirely cut off from the outside world, on account of the swollen state of these rivers; and on one occasion, we had all but run out of food, when a boat arrived with some of our stores.

Sleeping on Rice Sacks

On June 6, we left Kaieteur Landing with nine Indians in a boat, loaded with some of our supplies. During our trip four of these Indians became sick with fever. This reduced the available number at the paddles, with the result that we all had to do our share of the work, especially over the rapids where the current was very strong.

We had almost continual rain during the three days that we were on the river. This made the trip rather uncomfortable, for we had brought with us only one tarpaulin, which we used at night as a shelter, while sleeping on rice sacks in the boat. Our river experience made our camp at Wong Creek a welcome change; and we were happy to meet Brother and Sister Christian once again. We found, however, that a number of biting ants, which had a nest near by, had taken possession of our quarters.

Short of Food

On June 10, we were off to Middle Camp. The trail was very muddy, on account of much rain; and we had to wade through a great deal of water. We arrived at our destination shortly before dark. This camp was located under big trees in the middle of the forest; and, therefore, was very damp. It was impossible to keep anything dry; and consequently, the seeds we had brought to plant, as well as much of our clothing, were spoiled on account of mildew.

After our arrival, at camp, we soon had our tarpaulin up, and our camp in order; but we noticed that about ten of our carriers, who happened to have our supply of food for the Indians, had not yet arrived; and we knew that they could not reach camp until next day, as it was now dark, and the forest trail cannot be followed during the night.

Although we were more than ready for a meal,—as we had taken nothing since early morning,—the little food we had with us really was fit only to be thrown away, as it was full of insects. When this was prepared, however, a downpour of rain brought in a number of Indians. The situation was a diffi-

cult one, for our scanty food supply was totally insufficient for all.

The pouring rain continued, and our Indian friends stayed with us; but, after giving them some food from our table, and lending them our two umbrellas, we induced them to leave for their own quarters; or they might have stayed with us all night, as they had done at times in the past.

A Good Sabbath Meeting

The next day was Sabbath, and we had a good meeting. As my husband prayed, all the Indians prayed aloud with him; and they paid close attention to what was said. They told us that they were very thankful that we had come, as they had so many enemies which they call "kenaima." This, in their opinion, is an evil spirit causing sickness, death, or any other trouble that afflicts them.

Oh, that they may soon learn to trust a loving Saviour, who is able to deliver them from these superstitious fears. These Indian carriers, many of whom were not from Mount Roraima, requested that we start our mission in their village. Where are the laborers to answer these many calls?

Meeting Isaac From Mount Roraima

On July 16, which was another rainy day, we were sitting under our tarpaulin, which only furnishes us with overhead shelter, and had wrapped up in our raincoats trying to keep dry. Suddenly we heard some happy voices close by saying, "Thank you, thank you. Good, good, good." These were the voices of eight of our Indians from Mt. Roraima, who had just arrived.

Isaac, the man who buried Elder Davis, and the chief of all the village to which we were going, said in broken English, "Tomorrow all buckmen carry Pa-pa Cott, Ma-ma Cott, and pickaniny Little-bit to Youkundle, Roraima. Yes, Youkundle. Thank you, thank you, good, good." They all seemed very happy, and of course we were very glad to see them at this time, as we were short of carriers. "Youkundle." I might explain, is Isaac's way of saying, "My country." They were very anxious to take us to our destination without delay, not realizing that we needed at least 100 carriers to move all our personnel and equipment.

Indians Interested in Pictures

We showed them the photographs that Elder Baxter had taken when visiting Mt. Roraima in 1925. How I wish that you could have seen their happy and surprised faces, when they saw their own pictures, probably for the first time in their lives. They spent a long time

examining these photographs, and pointing to their friends whom they recognized in them, and trying to explain to us who they were. I am sure that we should have much to tell you, had we understood what they said.

The Indians' Song and Prayer

They had not finished examining these pictures when Isaac started singing, "There's not a Friend like the lowly Jesus," in which we all joined. Next he sang the well known hymn, "In the sweet bye and bye." This finished they sang in full tones and quite plainly, "Jesus is coming again," and "Shall we gather at the river?" After singing Isaac started to give the alphabet and counted, saying, "One, two, three, po, pi, set, seven, eight, nan, ten." This he learned from a chief called "schoolmaster," who always said the alphabet, and counted up to ten as a part of the service which he held every morning and evening. Surely, the Lord will remember these simple children of nature, and the efforts which they put forth to serve Him, although they ignorantly say the alphabet for their prayer.

We also showed them our musical instruments. This pleased them greatly. Isaac showed great interest in my saxophone which he would constantly handle and go through the motion of playing. He particularly asked that he might be allowed to carry it for his load. We were sorry that Brother and Sister Christian were not with us at this time, as they were still at Wong Creek, waiting to receive the remainder of our stores from Chenapawn.

Rice and Forest Leaves to Eat

On June 23, we made an early start for Anandabaru, our next camp. This day's march was a hard one, as the trail was very muddy, and we had to cross several creeks; but finally we reached our camping place, with two Indians, Isaac, carrying the saxophone, and Thomas bringing a canister. About fifteen more carriers were expected to bring our tarpaulin and food; but these did not arrive until late in the afternoon of the next day; so we were left without shelter, spare clothing, or food, with the exception of a little rice, which we happened to have with us, and to which we added some green leaves from the bush for our evening meal.

Soon we noticed that we were in for a rainy night, and must find some shelter. We happened to notice across a creek a small leaf roofed structure which some Indians had already occupied. It was about 8 x 12 feet, and in it seven of us found shelter for the night. Some were standing up, some were sitting on the ground, while we had borrowed ham-

mocks; and should have been fairly comfortable had it not been for the leaking roof, and the many mosquitoes and kabouru flies. The "kabouru" is a small fly, a little larger than a sand fly. The bite is very irritating, and raises a red lump with a black spot in the center, which remains for several days. I have counted as many as 200 of these black spots on the back of my husband's hand.

At Mr. Haynes' Diamond Camp

Early the next morning, we moved to Mr. Haynes' diamond camp; and soon after our tardy Indians arrived, we had comfortable quarters fixed under our tarpaulin. I might mention here that when Indians are on a march, and happen to shoot a wild cow or deer, they stop right then and there and have a feast for the rest of the day, even if they have only commenced the day's journey. This, we believe, was the cause of their delay on that occasion. In order to prevent a repetition of this occurrence, we decided that it would be better, in the future, for us to bring up the rear, so as to prevent any camp equipment being left behind.

About 4 p. m. on that date, we had the happy surprise of welcoming more Indians from the neighborhood of Roraima who came to help us. These were brought by Edman, the Indian whom we sent from Wong Creek several weeks before to gather more Indians, and to bring them down to us. He told us that they were delayed by much heavy rains and swollen rivers, which also prevented a larger number from coming down at that time.

Next day, being Sabbath, we had two good meetings with the Indians, and the men working in Mr. Haynes' diamond mine. The Indians took a great interest in the service, especially in the hymns; and while my husband was speaking they would repeatedly say, "Awayke," meaning "Yes," or "Amen."

A Sad Farewell

On the following Sunday, we received the sad news of Sister Christian's illness,



Sister E. W. Thurber and her school in Barranquilla, Colombia.

and Brother Christian's request that we return to Wong Creek. This meant four more days of heavy marching, as the rivers were swollen, and we had to wade through water which sometimes reached my waist. We arrived at Wong Creek during the afternoon of June 28, wet and quite stiff with rheumatism, as a result of our journey.

We found Sister Christian with a temperature of 105, a pulse of 120, and in quite a serious condition. We had special prayer for her, after which it was decided that they should return to Georgetown for necessary medical attention.

It was, indeed, a sad parting. The last we saw of them was Sister Christian, being carried across Wong Creek in a hammock slung from a pole. She had to be carried all the way on account of her weak condition, and we were anxious for her during her difficult journey through the forest; but at the same time we could rest assured that she was in God's safe keeping.

The next day we started back for our camp at Anandabaru with the thoughts that we must now go on alone to Mt. Roraima. We were at that time without an interpreter, as he had returned with Brother Christian to Georgetown. Our journey that day was a lonely one, but we were comforted by the words, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Yes, He certainly was to us. Jesus and His love were more precious to us at that time than ever before, for the next month was a very trying one for us.

Terrible Struggle with Disease

My husband was laid up with a very swollen and infected leg for several weeks. The trouble was caused by two large mosquito worms, which are difficult to remove, unless they are first killed by closing up with adhesive plaster the hole in the flesh through which they breathe; for they have several rows of hair by which they adhere to the sac which they form in the wound, and in which they live.

He was scarcely able to walk, when we were both prostrated with a malignant form of malaria. There was little help at hand, except that afforded by little three-year-old Joycie, who would put cold compresses on my hot fevered brow. A number of our Indians were afflicted with the same epidemic at that time; and one of them died on the trail while bringing a load.

I might state here that Indians are difficult patients, as they seem to have no reserve for combating disease; and, when sick, they lie in their hammocks, often refusing food and medicine, as they consider their con-

dition is due to the "kenaima" or evil influence already mentioned. Their friends, and even relatives, will leave them to die when they think that their cases are hopeless, and sometimes set fire to the hut where the sick Indians are.

I well remember a Friday, when my fever had subsided,—my husband was still down with a temperature of 104,—that I had a tarpaulin put up as a hospital for the sick Indians, as their camp was inaccessible, being a mile away, and the trail in bad condition. I asked two Indians, more than once, to bring up their sick friends; but without result, though they told me that they were dying. Eventually, I went myself to their camp with two of our strong Indians.

An Indian Dies

I found three sick men, who had given up hope, for they told me in broken English that they would remain there to die. I had to lift them out of their hammocks in order to persuade the others to carry them up to our camp. Here we gave them medical care, and were glad to see them recover, with the exception of one old man who would take neither medicine nor food.

The next day one of our Indians, named Shem, told us that one of our carriers had died on the trail; and that they did not wish to bury him as they were afraid of the "kenaima." Some of his relatives were afterwards persuaded to go to bury him; and they had started to do this, when they met him coming into camp. He was a sick man, and needed careful attention day and night before he improved.

The Enemy Makes Trouble

Satan was not idle in his attempts to hinder our progress. He influenced a Patamona Indian to try to bring dissatisfaction among our Arekunas, telling them that since their recovery from fever, they should return home at once, or ask for a large increase in their pay. He also persuaded one of the Akawayos to hide all boats which had been prepared for us on the Wailang river. This man's influence was felt much among our carriers for a time, and some of them refused to work.

But we took the matter to the Lord, claiming the promises of 1 John 3:22, "And whatsoever we ask, we receive of Him, because we keep His commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in His sight." Our prayer was not in vain, for the next day they all started off with their loads; and a few days after this, Isaac, whom we had sent to Mt. Roraima to gather more Indians, returned with 64 willing carriers. You can imagine how happy we were to see them, for this meant that we should be able to go through to Mount Roraima without any more delay.

Climbing Over 925 Fallen Trees

On August 5, we were up early, and started for our next camp at Kopinang. As we marched down the hill, Isaac and his younger brother, Walton, shouted with loud voices, "Carry all to Youkundle, yes, Youkundle." We, as well as they, were more than glad to leave our camp, for the atmosphere seemed to be saturated with malaria.

Well, we were soon among "tacoubas" (fallen tree trunks); they were so numerous that they seemed piled one upon another; and it required all our strength to surmount them. These fallen trees were so thick in our paths, that, at times, we had to walk on hands and knees, and crawl through narrow holes. This caused our carriers much inconvenience. By the time we had walked for two hours, in that part of the forest, I had counted 925 fallen logs on the trail. This condition was caused in 1926, when serious fires did much damage in the forests during a drought which lasted several months.

Strengthened Through Prayer

It was under these forbidding circumstances, that I felt another attack of malaria coming on. We had to call a sudden halt in the forest. My husband tells me that soon after getting me to bed, I was irrational, but after his earnest prayers for me, my mind cleared. On Sunday although I still had some fever, we had to go on, as our food and supplies were at the next camp.

We had walked only half an hour, when I felt quite exhausted, and remained on a fallen tree unable to go on. It was impossible for me to be carried, as the trail was almost entirely blocked. My husband stopped the Indians, and we again had prayer for me. Our prayer was answered, for the Lord gave me strength; and I felt His helping hand over the difficult places.

During these trying circumstances, I found great comfort in verses 12, 13 and 19 of 1 Peter 4: "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you. But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings." "Wherefore let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to Him in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator." *And this is what we did.*

MRS. ELIZABETH BUHLER COTT.

(To be continued next month)

THREE INDIAN TRIBES

We have the Talamancas, Teribi, and Baliente Indian tribes, of which the Baliente is the largest. There is a general awakening among these tribes to learn of Jesus and the Christian's Bible.

A week ago I was in Talamanca Valley, where we have a company of Eng-

lish-speaking Adventists. I met a young Meskito Indian from Nicaragua, who was worshipping with our people. He is very devoted. He said that his parents worship the sun and moon; but he now keeps the Sabbath and worships the Lord of the Sabbath. Our hearts went out for him. He can sing "Jesus loves me, this I know." I believe that the Lord will astonish us soon with wonders among these very tribes.

G. H. NEMBARD.

IN CENTRAL COLOMBIA

Pastor G. C. Nickle of the Central Colombia Mission writes of the work in his field as follows:

"Our work, generally speaking, is going along in an encouraging way; and from the present outlook, it appears that we shall have a new company in Buga; for a young German, who is in business there, has accepted the truth recently, and seems to be filled with the Spirit to the extent that he is interesting his friends and patrons. His first introduction to the message was as a result of becoming acquainted with Brother Christiansen, up in Caldas. I do not know what we would do in Colombia without the colporteurs who are scattered around over the country.

"Brother Brower reports progress at Bogotá, and a goodly number of books are being sold there. However, he is having to meet serious difficulties, even to his life being threatened. But we trust that the Lord will take care of Brother Brower."—Let us pray earnestly for his protection and success.

Later a letter, written by Sister G. C. Nickle, brought this bit of good news: "Mr. Nickle is working with the medical book in Buga, a little town about fifty miles away. He went up the first time last Wednesday; but he found that a fair was beginning there that day. So he considered it useless to try to work the business section, and went to canvass the outskirts of the town. During the eleven hours that he worked, he took over three hundred dollars' worth of orders; so that he ought to do pretty well this week with better territory and more time in which to work."

IN AN EXCLUSIVE INDIAN TOWN

While a few of us were searching for a location for an Indian Mission in Guatemala, we visited Santa Catarina, an Indian town about twenty-three miles northwest of Lake Atitlan in the heart of the great Indian territory. We had heard much of this town and district, where no white man is permitted to live or own property, and where four missionaries of another denomination were recently severely beaten by the Indians for passing through their country to spy out the land.

Santa Catarina is the center of the Wahuala tribe, numbering about 40,000; and these Indians have chosen this territory as it is more or less isolated from all the surrounding country. In order to reach it, we had to walk about six miles, part of the way along a precipitous gorge,—the most magnificent it has ever been my privilege to see. In some places its banks rise almost perpendicularly to a height of 2,000 feet.

When we passed through this deep ravine, and the more open country beyond appeared, we saw a sight which we shall never forget. Hundreds and hundreds of Indian homes could be seen upon the mountain sides and in the valleys as far as the view was open. Mountain slopes, cultivated to the very summit, gave evidence that this is an industrious people; and a deep longing came into our hearts to give the truth of the Third Angel's Message to this needy people.

When we reached the town, we found some of the people rather shy, for very few strangers pass that way; and we judged, by the cold demeanor of some of the Indians, that our presence was not welcome. Brother Howard had visited the town once before, and had taken pictures of some of the officials. When they had recognized the individuals in the pictures, smiles began to appear, and they were more friendly toward us. A few of the men, however, followed us to the council chamber and church, which we were anxious to see, and watched our movements closely.

About three years ago a colporteur passed through this town, and sold a medical book to the priest. He desired



Standing on the bridge spanning the Maracas River in front of our East Caribbean Training School.

to do some missionary work, and gave one small book to the school teacher, and another to the secretary of the mayor. This secretary, Miguel Rashelean, could read Spanish, and became deeply interested in the truth. When he had read the book, he asked the teacher for the other but was told that he had burned it. Upon his first visit there, Brother Howard learned that this Indian knew about the coming of Christ, the investigative judgment, the millennium, and that this earth will finally be the home of the saved. All this he learned from the book he had read.

We were disappointed to find that Miguel Rashelean had left his home just before we arrived; but were pleased to meet him about a mile from town on our return journey. We had spoken only a few words, when he began to speak of the coming of Christ, referring to the pests, famines and other signs, as indications of the nearness of the coming of the Saviour. He said, "We are too careless. We should be preparing for the coming of Christ." We could not help noticing his expression of earnestness as he spoke these words. The Spirit of God is impressing upon hearts, in the highways and byways of earth today, the solemn fact that the end of all things is at hand; and Miguel Rashelean is only one of many in this exclusive Indian tribe who will accept the message if we will take it to them.

Balboa, C. Z. C. E. WOOD.

GOOD NEWS FROM VENEZUELA

Sister Steeves, who is home on furlough, because of failing health, but whose husband is leading out in colporteur work in Venezuela, writes: "The Lord's work seems to be taking on a new impetus in Inter-America. Mr. Steeves' letters are so full of enthusiasm and courage; and many times, as I read of the wonderful experiences he has to tell, I am moved to tears. Venezuela surely has a faithful band of missionary colporteurs.

"Brother Tirado, of Camaguan, recently while canvassing, came across a rich coffee grower, who is keeping the Sabbath, as a result of reading "Coming King," that was sold to him some time ago. He knew nothing of the truth except what he had read in that book; but he allowed no work on the Sabbath on his large plantation. He also runs a dairy, and delivers milk in a nearby town; but on the Sabbath he gives it away. Brother Tirado sold him many of our books and gave him Bible studies.

"While Mr. Steeves was at the hotel in Cumana, he bowed his head in thanks before eating, as his custom is. Another man noticed this, and later came to Mr. Steeves. It developed that that man was interested in the truth, and already was keeping the Sabbath as a result of

contact with Brother Alberto Acusto, one of our colporteurs. He is a lawyer and a very intelligent man.

"There are interests springing up in every part where our colporteurs have been; and many people are keeping the Sabbath. I am very anxious to return to the field. It is hard to content myself, so long away from my husband, but some day we will be where partings will be no more if we are faithful."

God's Beautiful Plan

If the tithes were in the storehouse,
That belongeth to our King;
If all who share God's bounties,
All their tithes would quickly bring;
Heaven's windows would open wide,
At the word of His command,
And blessings then would be poured out,
Which would overflow the land.

If the tithes were in the storehouse,
It would not be very long
Till the weary hearts now crying,
Would be shouting Zion's song.
The "thirsty land" would then rejoice,
And the waiting isles would sing;
If all the tithes were quickly brought,
That belongeth to our King.

Darkened hearts would soon be lighted
With God's message from above,
And thousands now in heathen lands
Would rejoice in heaven's love.
Come, ye stewards; haste, get ready!
All your tithes and offerings bring:
You must answer, as a steward,
To your soon returning King.

—A. T. Robinson.

**WITH
OUR DEPARTMENTS**

Our Cuba School

It was my privilege recently to spend some time with Brother N. L. Taylor in auditing the books at the Colegio Adventista, our training school for the young people of Cuba. This school is located on a farm of sixty acres at Barle, Cuba.

The school, for the past two years, has been under the leadership of Prof. C. Lawrence Pohle. For some time it has been working under a disadvantage, not having the necessary teachers; but recently Prof. Carl Montgomery and wife, of Washington, D. C., and Prof. V. W. Ferney and family of Michigan, have connected with the staff of foreign workers. Prof. Montgomery is learning the language, and assisting in the teaching; while Sister Montgomery is filling the position of a much needed matron. Prof. Ferney has charge of the school farm. The land on which the school is located is very fertile, and many of the supplies needed for the kitchen will be furnished by it.

The new building, recently completed, which has the kitchen and dining room below and the girls' dormitory above, is much appreciated by the students and teachers. When we were there, forty-six students were attending the school, some of whom were day students. The school is now in a position to take care of a larger number of students; and, we believe, the young people of Cuba should avail themselves of this opportunity to receive a Christian education.

F. L. HARRISON.

Balboa, Canal Zone.

Pressing Toward the 100 Per Cent Mark

The following figures give a comparative statement of the membership, the number reporting missionary work, and the percentage of membership reporting in the Inter-American Division from the beginning of the year 1924 to the third quarter of 1927:

Year	Quarter	Membership	No. Report.	Percent.
1924	1st	7,112	1,137	16
1924	2nd	9,028	1,785	19½
1924	3rd & 4th	9,233	1,395	15
1925	1st	9,192	2,722	29½
1925	2nd	9,441	3,405	36
1925	3rd	9,592	1,982	20
1925	4th	9,829	1,824	18
1926	1st	9,937	4,463	44½
1926	2nd	9,990	4,129	41½
1926	3rd	9,990	4,422	44
1926	4th	10,356	5,114	49
1927	1st	10,778	5,517	51
1927	2nd	10,902	5,034	46
1927	3rd	10,902	6,005	55

"The work of God in this earth can never be finished until the men and women comprising our church membership (100%) rally to the work, and unite their efforts with those of ministers and church officers."—"Testimonies," Vol. IX, p. 117.

C. E. WOOD.

Balboa, Canal Zone.

Just a Moment, Please

Dear Missionary Volunteers:

For just a moment, I should like to talk with you about our 1928 division M. V. goal: Perhaps your resolutions are all made for this New Year; and I truly pray that you will be blessed in carrying them out. Yes, I wish you

A Most Happy New Year!

I feel sure that your resolutions for the New Year include one in behalf of the Missionary Volunteer work in our division, for you are one of the young people whom God has called to be His helping hand in making this work a success in Inter-America. If every young person will work loyally all through the year to build up his own society, we shall, before this year closes, have the strongest M. V. organization Inter-America has ever known. So, after all, the progress we make this year will depend on each of you! You are the Mis-

sionary Volunteer army! It takes every one of you to make it, and to make it a success.

And now this is our 1928 M. V. Goal:
 5500 Members in M. V. Societies,
 3000 Observers of the Morning Watch,
 600 Bible Year Certificates,
 250 Standard of Attainment Certificates,
 350 Reading Course Certificates,
 3000 King's Pocket League Members, and
 300 Young people converted and baptized.

For how much of this goal will you personally become responsible? Somehow, I look over the New Year with a heart full of courage; for I believe the Master can count on our Inter-American Missionary Volunteers to do their best during 1928, if He spares them for service. May God bless you abundantly.

Yours for more and better service,
 MRS. E. E. ANDROSS.

Balboa, C. Z.

100 Young People Wanted!

Yes, we are calling for 100 young people to qualify this year for the beautiful Bible that Sister Aebi desires to give to every person, who by the close of the year will have earned

- 1 Standard of Attainment Certificate,
- 1 Inter-American Reading Course Certificate,
- 3 Bible Year Certificates.

Several young people received the Bible last year and liked it very much. Remember; the certificates need not all be earned in the present year, though some read enough to do that. Some time ago, for instance, the following message came from Cuba:

"Sister Barita Leiva, mother of Brother Sales, is 65 years old. She read her Bible through two times in 1926, and will finish reading it three times this year (1927). Brother Sales also read it twice in 1926. Once he and others with him read it through in ten days, or in 59 hours. They read eleven hours one day."

If you are a young person, qualify during 1928 for this reward. Be sure—since the offer may not be repeated next year—that this year you will be one of the

100 Young People Wanted!

"Think on These Things"

"He that winneth souls is wise." (Prov. 11:30.) This is God's estimate of the wise man. Whatever else one's occupation may be, the chief business of the Christian is to win souls for the Master. From the pen of inspiration, we read:

"We can measure the value of the publishing work in dollars and cents, in volumes sold, but there is another phase of the work which cannot be measured until it is measured on the sea of glass and that is the souls won and the harvest that only the Lord of harvests Himself can estimate. We must never lose sight of the fact that this work is evangelistic. The gospel

colporteur stands side by side with the minister in the desk. We should get our people to see and appreciate the high calling of the colporteur as he goes from door to door."

The Christian colporteur, as he goes from door to door, finds many who are interested to know more about the truth. The names and addresses of these interested persons should be sent to the Home Missionary secretary, who in turn should see that a way be provided in which these interested ones will receive literature from time to time.

Every colporteur, when he enters this work, should understand that *when he goes to a home there is involved the sal-*

The Awful Result

Perhaps the most tragic and heart-breaking feature of the failure of Christians to take the Gospel to the lost is the occasional inside glimpse of the awful results.

A pastor was passing a big departmental store, and followed a sudden impulse to go and talk to the proprietor on the subject of his salvation. Finding him, he said: "Mr. T., I've talked beds and carpets and bookcases with you, but I've never talked my business with you. Would you give me a few minutes to do so?" Being led to the private office, the minister took out his New Testament and showed him passage after passage which brought before that business man his duty to accept Jesus Christ. Finally the tears began to roll down his cheeks, and he said to the pastor, "I'm seventy years of age. I was born in this city, and more than a hundred ministers, and more than five hundred church officers, have known me as you have, to do business with, but in all those years you are the only man who ever spoke to me about my soul."

A trustee in an important church in Pennsylvania told the writer that he attended all the services of that church for twenty years, the people knowing all the time that he was not a Christian, and no one in all that time, not even the pastor, ever said one word to him about receiving Christ. Finally becoming alarmed for fear no one would ever approach him on the subject, he hunted up some one himself who could tell him how to accept Christ.

When Wu Ting Fang was Chinese Ambassador to this country, (United States) he spoke in many places throughout the land, and always praised Confucianism as being far above Christianity. After closing his ambassadorship he spent his last Sunday in this country in New York City. The Rev. Huie Kin, a Christian Chinese pastor in the city, telephoned Mr. Wu at his hotel and asked him to attend church service. Mr. Wu said to the pastor: "When I was a boy in China I was acquainted with some Christian people and thought highly of Christianity. I had never identified myself with it, but when I was appointed to America, I decided that I wanted to throw in my lot with Christian people there, and made up my mind that I would accept the first invitation which was given me to attend a Christian service." Then after a moment's pause, he said: "This is the first invitation I have had!"

It has been stated that Leon Trotzky was within easy reach of, if not in frequent contact with, many Christians in New York in his youth and young manhood, but no one ever attempted to win him for Christ. And look at the result!

"If thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood shall I require at thine hand."—"Every-Member Evangelism," of 1928 Ministerial Reading Course.

vation or perhaps the loss of a soul, and he goes to many homes daily. "Who is sufficient for these things?" "For his manner of presenting the truth may decide the destiny of a soul."—"Colporteur Evangelist," p. 56. "It is dangerous to do careless work in dealing with minds."

G. D. RAFF.
 Havana, Cuba.

Are We Doing Our Best?

That is the question that stares me in the face this morning. Are we doing our best in our personal relation to the Sabbath school in Inter-America? Look back for a moment over the record of our division school during the last few years as seen in the footprints of the *third quarter's* report of each year:

	1924	1925	1926	1927
No. Schools	359	390	409	477
Membership	11,249	12,338	13,141	16,452
Attendance	10,308	8,320	11,295	14,940
Two seal honor cards	1,309	1,403	1,901	2,312
Investment fund	\$1.70	\$46.40	\$235.46
13th Sabbath Offering	\$2,428.70	\$2,261.32	\$2,733.82	\$3,120.45
Total contribution	\$7,621.98	\$6,912.40	\$8,523.62	\$10,236.39
Baptisms	170	75	84	313

We thank God for the progress indicated in the figures of these reports for corresponding quarters in consecutive years; but to me there comes with the feeling of gratitude, a longing to see greater progress during this new year. There is a call in these figures for greater diligence during 1928, if God gives us the privilege of caring for this tree planted among us another year.

Will you not join us today in promising, by God's help, to do your utmost, by precept and example, to get your school to reach the 100% mark in

- Membership,
- Attendance,
- Daily study of the lesson,
- Gifts to missions, and
- Personal effort for all who know not Jesus?

Here is an experience that will remind you of some stories you have read about the early pioneer days in our work. Brother Oster, superintendent of our work in Persia, writes:

"Today we had quite a scene in our office. On the floor lay a bundle of books, around which we knelt and fervently asked God's richest blessing to rest upon Baron Haik, one of our new members, our first canvasser just entering upon that phase of the work. I believe he will make a success of it for he is a very earnest young man."

"The cause of God demands men who can see quickly and act instantaneously at the right time and with power."

THANK YOU FOR COOPERATION

The year 1927 has gone, and 1928 is now before us. It is too early at this time to tell definitely how the different fields have succeeded in raising their quota for missions; but we believe that 1927 will show a substantial increase over 1926.

We are pleased to report that there was a net gain in membership of 864 for the nine months of 1927, so that the membership stood at 11,220 on September 30.

We wish to thank our faithful brethren and sisters for the way in which they have supported the cause with their tithes and offerings during the past year. We solicit your prayers, and the same loyal cooperation, during this year, that we may see more accomplished for the Master.

Balboa, Canal Zone. F. L. HARRISON, Secretary-Treasurer.

THE HOME PROTECTION LEAGUE

We should have better homes this year than last. "Every minister, teacher, and other worker should devote much effort to the upbuilding and culture of the Christian home and the right training of children.

"First, because the home is God's unit of society, because 'the work of parents underlies every other,' because 'society is composed of families, and is what the heads of families make it,' because 'the well-being of society, the success of the church, the prosperity of the nation, depend upon home influences.'—'Ministry of Healing,' p. 340.

"Second, because the home is the first and most important school for the training of souls and the development of character, because, "in His wisdom the Lord has decreed that the family shall be the greatest of all educational agencies" ('Counsels to Teachers,' p. 107), because 'never will education accomplish all that it might and should accomplish, until the importance of the parents' work is fully recognized, and they receive a training for its sacred responsibilities.'—'Education,' page 276.

"Third, because there is a fearful breaking down of the home, both in the world and in the church, because, chiefly from the neglect of home training, there is an ever increasing flood of iniquity sweeping the earth, because in this very time there is due a message of reconciliation, understanding, and love between parents and children in fulfillment of God's promise in Malachi 4:5, 6."

On this same subject Brother Lorntz, superintendent of the Honduras Mission, writes:

"For some time I have been impressed with the lack of home religion in many of our Seventh-day Adventist homes. In order to help remedy this I am asking all our workers to start a campaign to encourage regular hours for worship in the homes. We are getting new converts this year in a richer measure than ever before in this mission but we are losing young people through the back door. I feel that we must do something about this. We are organizing a Home Protection League, and have printed little membership cards for it."

Is there a family altar in your home?—If there is, you will not want to do without it. If there is not, you should do without it no longer.

A GREAT SACRIFICE

At the conclusion of a series of services held at Stanford, a little South African village, I was asked to call on the superintendent of a hostel for indigent children. After showing me through the institution, he conducted me to a small office, his wife also being present. He then shut the door, locked it securely, walked across the room and from a small safe took a Golden Syrup tin, of which the lid was securely soldered, with only a small aperture cut into the top, big enough to let a sixpenny piece through. This he handed to me and with trembling voice and tear-stained eyes, said: "There is my thank-offering."

At first I was disinclined to accept the tin with its contents, especially after its history had been related to me. But when the gentleman assured me that the decision had been arrived at on his knees, I gladly kept it and we knelt down side by side and thanked God for the grace given to His child.

The history of the Golden Syrup tin in brief is as follows. During several years this kind brother dropped every threepence or sixpence which he could spare through the opening in the top, hoping in this way to build up a fund which in time would enable him to visit his aged father in Holland. This was a slow process

THE NEW YEAR

We thank Thee Lord for this New Year,—
Fragrant with hope, smiling with cheer,
All clean and pure, unstained with sin!
Guard our feet as we enter in;
And grant each day the setting sun
Shall smile on noble deeds well done,—
Unmarred by selfish word or thought,
But each by Thine own Spirit wrought!

O, teach us, Father, day by day,
More earnestly to seek and pray;
From all around, from stars above
To learn Thy holy will to love;
To make Thy Word our constant guide,
And ne'er from duty's voice to hide;
To others' faults to be more blind,
And to their needs helpful and kind.

Anoint our eyes that we may see
The Christians that we ought to be;
Unstop our ears that we may hear
The cries of those in darkness drear;
Cleanse our hearts from the guilt of sin
Pour Thy unselfish love therein,
That in this year, if spared to serve,
We'll never from our Master swerve.

A year with Jesus! glorious thought!
Quickly the pleasures of earth fade to naught.
One hand in His, one gathering the lost!
O, 'tis joy untold, whatever the cost!
Brighter and brighter the rugged pathway,
Sweeter and sweeter His presence each day,
And on just yonder is our Father's Home;
Soon we'll cross the threshold no more to roam!

indeed. He had no prospects of ever putting more in than sixpence at a time, for his salary was below 100 £ per annum and he had two children to support at school. But in spite of this he had, with the aid of his economic wife, almost filled the tin.

In a further discourse this kind donor said to me: "I dare not keep the money to go and see my father. I have seen my heavenly Father and I know Him. I am assured that, should I not see my father here on earth again, we shall see each other in heaven, and there be united for ever. But think of the millions who know not of the love of the Heavenly Father. I must help to introduce them to Him."—The Bible in the World.

ANOTHER MONUMENT

The writer, assisted by Brother and Sister Kephart of the Pacific Press Association, has just completed a series of meetings lasting five weeks in the new church at Gatun, (Canal Zone), and fifteen precious souls have embraced the message of the hour. One fine young soldier boy, who had taken his stand, came to me, as we neared the close of a meeting, and told me that another boy from the barracks wanted to stand the night I made a call, but that he was a little timid. He wished to know if it would be all right for him to go to his friend when the next call was made, and invite him to stand.

This, to my mind, was a beautiful illustration of this young soldier's sincerity, and another object lesson of the true missionary spirit. His own heart had been touched by the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit and his first thought was for his friend.

Whittier said, "The soul is lost that's saved alone." Our richest blessings come as we pass on to others that which has brought happiness into our own lives.

Cristobal, C. Z. L. L. HUTCHINSON.

FOUR NEW CHURCHES

On each of four successive Sabbaths, beginning November 19, 1927, a new church was organized in the West Caribbean Conference. The first was a Spanish church of 23 members in Panama City. Preceding the organization of the church fifteen new converts were baptized, and several others are to be baptized soon. The following Sabbath a Spanish church of twelve members was organized at Cristobal. The membership has now increased to eighteen with others awaiting baptism. Pastor W. E. Baxter led out in the organization of these churches.

Sabbath, December 3, a church was organized at Gatun, Canal Zone, with a membership of twenty. There are eighteen at this place in the baptismal class. Sabbath, December 10, the fourth church was organized at Frijoles, another small town on the banks of the Panama Canal, with a membership of sixteen. Several are soon to be baptized and unite with them. The latter two churches are English speaking.

The organization of these four churches is evidence of a decided forward movement in this conference. This is not wholly the fruit of recent efforts, but it does mark advancement that brings courage to the hearts of the workers and of our entire membership.

This marks a new era in the work for the Spanish speaking people of this territory. The work was begun in this field in 1901. Since then twenty-three churches have been organized; but only four of these are Spanish. The first of these was organized about three years ago, the second a few months ago, and now two more are fully organized and equipped for service. There are good prospects of several more being organized within the next few months.

The population of this conference is overwhelmingly Spanish, and though it has taken a long time to get the work started among them we expect soon to see the Spanish membership far outnumber the English.

Balboa, C. Z. E. E. ANDROSS.

OBITUARY

HYLTON: Mrs. Matilda Foster Bishop Hylton, was born in Jamaica, in 1871, and died of cancer at Ancon Hospital, Canal Zone, December 3, 1927. Sister Hylton was of English-German parentage. In 1902 she embraced the faith of Seventh-day Adventists. For twenty-two years she was a faithful follower of her Saviour, and very active in her efforts to win others to His side. In her death her family and the church at New Providence, of which she was a member, have sustained an irreparable loss. She leaves a husband and six sisters, besides other relatives and many friends to mourn. The funeral service was conducted at the chapel of the Ancon Hospital and interment took place in the cemetery at Corozal. E. E. ANDROSS.

INTER-AMERICAN DIVISION MESSENGER

Editor—Mrs. E. E. ANDROSS

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