

THE INTER-AMERICAN DIVISION MESSENGER

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No. 2

Our Trip to Mt. Roraima, No. 3

About 4 p. m. we reached Kopinang, where we were held up by a heavy rain that came in torrents for two days. The mosquitoes and *kabourn* were unbearable in this camp; we were so close to the river. Our carriers returning from the Ireng river, where most of our stores were waiting for us, brought us the news that the water had reached them. We, therefore, started early the next morning for Waipa, not knowing how we could cross some of the difficult streams.

We again had a rough scramble over and between *taccubas*, and had to ford several deep creeks. We were glad, indeed, when we finally reached the Ireng about 5 p. m., to find our stores in good condition except for the thousands of ants that had taken possession of them. These we killed in great numbers with a spray gun.

There we stayed over night; and the next morning, after all our stores had been taken over the Ireng in two dug-outs we paddled across. It is quite an experience to travel in these dug-outs, as any motion on our part would upset us.

First Mail After Many Months

On Friday we were happy to receive our mail, which was brought to us by Jonas, our interpreter. This mail brought us the first news from Brother and Sister Christian, telling us that Sister Christian was improving, and that he hoped to be with us soon.

The next day being Sabbath, we had a meeting at which a number of Indians from Waipa were present, and during which great interest was shown. My husband gave them a talk on the second coming of Christ, and while showing them a picture of Jesus coming in the cloud, Isaac said that *the Lord might come before we reached Roraima*.

On the Sunny Savannahs

On Sunday our carriers took one load of our stores to the next camp in the savannahs. We followed in the afternoon. It was a welcome change to be in the open air, after our experiences for so many months in the damp forests. The air was so refreshing and cool, and every blade of grass seemed to be

smiling at us. From this point we decided to go through to Roraima with the 64 carriers we had with us, leaving the remainder of our stores in the care of Mr. McWatt, who had come with us from Wong Creek. We made arrangements for these stores to be brought up to us after our arrival at Mt. Roraima.

Through Rapids On Foot

August 16, we were having a pleasant march over beautiful green savannahs, when the Kanang river, with its roaring rapids, suddenly came into view. We were quite surprised, when told that we must ford this river on foot, for the water looked deep and dangerous. While crossing these rapids, I was supported by two strong men; but in spite of this help, I would feel myself almost carried away by the force of the water which was very cold. Our faithful dog, Spot, was nearly drowned at this place; and was only rescued in time to save his life. The next day we had much rain which made marching most uncomfortable as the trail becomes so slippery.

Building a Boat in One Night

On that day, at 5 p. m., we arrived at the Wailang, which is another river with several racing rapids. It was here that the Akawayo Indians had hidden the boats especially prepared for us; and our Indians told us that we would have to stay for one or two days to build more boats before we could cross. My husband and Jonas, however, soon had the frame of a boat built; and by seven the next morning it was ready for service.

The frame of this boat was made from trees, cut in the forests and tied with bush vines, as we had no nails with us, and then covered with one of our tarpaulins. It gave good service, carrying all safely to the other side of the river.

When the Carriers Took Vacations

It was not always easy to keep our carriers together; and you will see, by the following account of a half day's march, that some patience is necessary when dealing with Indians on the trail, as they are never in a hurry,

and take all the time they desire.

As we started on that morning, all our carriers were forty minutes ahead of us; but we had not walked more than fifteen minutes, when we found two of our men out hunting game, having left their loads on the trail. We called them, and after waiting several minutes, we finally got them started again. A little further on we encountered two others; one was cutting bark from a tree, while his friend had started braiding a rope. We asked him kindly to come along with us; but before he did come, we had to wait another fifteen minutes while he finished his rope, and his friend had cut his bark.

After further walking, we met two more of our carriers with all their belongings spread on the ground, while they were enjoying a nice sun bath. After we asked them to continue their journey, they said, "No, you go on, and we will wait awhile." So we waited awhile; and again we waited awhile. Finally, I got down on my knees, and collected their cassava bread and other belongings, while they sat and laughed at me. After I had finished packing for them they spread everything out on the ground again, repacking slowly to suit themselves.

Next we saw three out fishing, beside a creek; but we hastened on, for just beyond we saw the remainder of our loads, minus some of the carriers. These carriers had just killed a bush cow which they were bringing from the forest for their midday meal. This meal lasted two hours; and they told us that they wanted to spend the night at that place in order to finish the cow. After much encouragement, however, we persuaded them to move on, as we had not completed half a day's march.

First Glimpse of Mount Roraima

Later on that afternoon, after climbing two mountains, we obtained an excellent view of Roraima in the far distance. This made us very happy, although we were still five days' march away from our destination. It was a glorious scene to me, with clouds of ever changing colors covering the mountain's flat top. Isaac and Shem shouted at the top of their voices, "Roraima, Roraima, yes Youkundle." And they may well be proud of their country. That night we had a very

comfortable camp out on the open savannahs. The sky was clear, and the moon at its full; but it was quite cold at this altitude, and we were thankful for a warm camp fire.

Next morning we started at sunrise, and did some good marching until 1 p. m., when we camped just a 30 minutes' walk from Pi-pi, where there is a beautiful stream, studded with eta-palms. From this palm the Indians make rope and sandals. Here we would have spent a pleasant Sabbath, had it not been for mosquitoes and *kabourn* flies which were so numerous that we had to stay under our mosquito nets nearly all day. We held a short meeting with the Indians after dark, when the flies were less troublesome.

Around Mt. Weitipu

On Sunday, about noon, we reached the Kwating river, which we crossed in dugout canoes. Here we were glad to meet some more Indians, as we had not encountered any Indian camps since leaving the Ireng. We stayed here for the midday meal, and were soon on the trail again; and after some two hours' marching, we saw an anteater in the distance. We tried to overtake it, but did not succeed. The anteater is an animal about five feet in length and two and a half feet high. It has a long tongue, lubricated with a gum-like substance, to which the ants adhere, and are swallowed before they can liberate themselves. It is a dangerous animal, at close quarters, on account of its sharp claws, which cut like knives. Our next camp was uncomfortable, because of numerous sand flies and mosquitoes. The following day was spent in marching round Mt. Weitipu, which had hidden Roraima from us for some time.

The Last Day On the Trail

On August 23, we were all up early, and were quite happy to think that this was to be our last day on the trail. The morning was fine, and the mountain air cool and clear. We did not see Roraima, however, until we had marched for several hours; when, all at once, we had a view of the twin giants, Roraima, and Kukuenaam, with deey clouds veiling their summits.

We waded through a number of beautiful crystal white streams with jasper rock bottoms. These flow down falls. We could see as many as nine falls on the southeast side of the mountain. It seems as though the mountain is one tremendous fountain, ten miles in length, the springs from which bubble over the ledge of jasper rock, and fall a sheer thousand feet down its sides.

The Welcome

The Indians lighted fires all along the trail, as the happy sign of our approach. Three girls came to meet us, bringing food for our hungry men.

We passed through several forest belts, hoping that the end of each would bring us to our village, for we feared that, were we much longer on the trail, our well-worn shoes would be in shreds; and the blisters on our feet were evidence that we had walked almost far enough. At last we all met on a small hill from which we could see our village.

Soon we reached our long-sought destination. The Indians shouted, and fired guns in their welcome to us; and after hearty hand-shaking, they brought out some cassava bread, and their pepper pots which contain a mixture of green leaves, green peppers, meats and even the skin and hair of wild game. Next they offered us some "*cassiri*," a drink made by boiling sweet potato and cassava. Cassava is a root from which the cassava bread is made. An old auntie sits beside a big earthen pot, first dipping a piece of cassava bread in the potato water, then chewing it thoroughly, and spitting it back into the pot. This she does usually for hours at a time. The method causes fermentation of the contents which must stand for two or three days before being ready for use. This the Indians drink in large quantities. For the sake of politeness my husband took a piece of cassava bread, which looked quite clean; but he told them that we did not drink *cassiri*.

Houses Built By Indians

They next showed us the "banaboo," or house, that they had built for us. The frame is made of logs, and the roof of palm leaves; and it is well built with a floor two and a half feet from the ground which was made of narrow round logs, tied with bush rope, no nails being used in the building. We could not use this building for ourselves, as it was too close to the Indian huts; and we were glad that we could tell them that our camp bed, chairs, and table, would go through the floor, as the gaps in it were quite wide in many places. After demonstrating this to them they were quite satisfied, and helped us to erect our tarpaulins several rods away.

We are still living in these quarters, but have started a permanent house, which it will take some time to finish, as we must saw all the boards out of logs which we have to haul quite a distance. My husband told them through the interpreter that we were very much pleased with the building that they had put up for us, and thanked them for it, and said that we could use it as a church.

Sabbath School Organized

We had some wonderful meetings with the Indians, and have organized a Sabbath School. On Sabbath, September 24, we had an attendance of nearly 200, as our carriers had arrived

the day before with some of our stores. We wish that we could have an attendance like this every Sabbath, but this at present is impossible as many of them live so far away from here. Last Sabbath we had twelve Indians present who had come a ten days' march from their homes. We wish that you could be present at some of these meetings, and see the earnest faces of many who attend.

On the first Sabbath we told them that they must all close their eyes, and bow their heads while prayer was offered. We noticed later that some held their eyes closed with their hands, in order to make sure that they were shut throughout prayer. They are obedient, and most anxious to learn, especially the children, whose behavior compares favorably with those of your own land. Last Sabbath, after teaching them a short prayer, they all started counting up to ten with bowed heads and folded hands, as they have no doubt been told to do while praying. The earnest and sincere manner in which this was done, touched our hearts; and we are sure that the Lord understood.

Pets, Cows, Chickens

The Indians are fond of pets, and have brought us quite a number, which are as follows: a full sized macaw of beautiful colors, and about three feet in length from beak to tail; a little black and yellow bird, that uses his long sharp beak, with much energy; two dear, little blue birds, which are called Jack and Jill; a parrakeet, which Joyce calls "Buddy"; as he is her favorite; a pretty parrot; and, last but not least, a tame monkey, a fine little fellow, who entertains the children.

We also have three cows, which give us a little milk; and twenty-one chickens from which we have had half a dozen eggs in the last month. We have a garden started; but we are troubled much by ants and birds eating up a great deal of our green stuff. We are quite comfortable here, when the *kabourn* flies and the mosquitoes are not troubling us; they are always bad before rain, which we are having nearly every day.

Visit By Bandits

The other day we were quite surprised to see about twenty Brazilians march into our camp, some of whom were well armed. Among them was Zepherino, mentioned in Elder Baxter's report in 1926 as the bandit who killed an American and an Englishman about the time that Elder Baxter and Elder Sutton were in the interior. Providentially, we had nearly two hundred Indians in our camp when these visitors arrived. They told us that they had come to climb Mt. Roraima; but our Indians said that they returned to Brazil, and that they had just come to see what

we had, and probably would be back later.

What their object would be, we do not know; we are quite unprotected here in our isolated station; but we say with Paul, "The Lord is my Helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me." The Lord, indeed, is our Protector; and we will trust Him under all circumstances.

Wishing For Dorcas Societies

There is much more that I could tell you; but my duties here are heavy. The Indians continually are coming to me for clothes; and I have to do much sewing for them, as they tell me in such a pitiful way that they are "punished", not having any clothes to wear. If anybody needs clothing, I feel that the Indians here do, both as a protection against the cold and the biting flies which are so numerous. How I wish that some of our Dorcas societies were nearer to us.

Solicits Prayers and Letters

I would again ask for your earnest prayers for our mission at Mt. Roraima. We have our difficulties to meet every day, but we are full of courage in the Lord, Who is our strength and stay at all times.

In closing, I should like to ask our friends to write to us, as we are in a lonely place, 400 miles away from civilization. Our mail is very uncertain; and at present we can only expect letters every three or four months. Our address is: Mount Roraima Indian Mission of S. D. A., via Potaro Landing, British Guiana, South America.

MRS. ELIZABETH BUHLER COTT.

MEXICAN INDIANS WAITING

In the Central Mexican Mission our trouble is not to look for doors and places of interest; but our difficulty is to know how to follow up, organize, and build up the many who have long called for workers, and to visit the many new companies which the Lord is raising up ahead of us.

Think of a company where the mayor of the town and several business men have accepted the message. With about sixty other believers they have raised funds, and begun the construction of a humble house of worship.

Another company of thirty-five believers, who have been calling for some one to come to instruct them, is still awaiting our first visit. Still another large company of pure blooded Totonaca Indians, whom no foreigners have visited, is calling for us to come. Many of the Indians do not understand the Spanish, and we must use an interpreter in speaking with them.

Recently I was visiting one of our mountain churches. There, too, I

had to speak through an interpreter, as many of the Indians present could not understand Spanish. At another place the Indians wanted me to baptize them after I had held a few services with them, but I told them to wait and learn more of the truth.

At still another place, on a Sabbath afternoon, a company of believers gathered upon the banks of a beautiful mountain stream for a baptismal service. An Indian boy, of the ancient Aztec race, stopped to witness the service. Doubtless, it was curiosity that brought him, for he could not speak a word of Spanish. His heart was deeply moved by the Spirit of the Lord as he heard the singing and prayers and witnessed this sacred rite. One of the believers, who could speak his language, explained that this was the way in which Christ was baptized and the method He had instructed His people to use.

His pagan heart must have throbbed with a new emotion as he turned his footsteps toward his native village and

that man to go home to his people, and wait, and we would try to send some one to instruct him so that he could be prepared for Jesus' coming. He then said, "I will go home, and when you send the worker, I will gather all of my people to hear him."

As I thought of my promise, and the expectancy of that young Indian, who gave evidence that he believed every word, I could not help but reflect on the whitening fields for the harvest: and I could not refrain from giving my own heart in new consecration to the Lord, and from praying that the Lord of the Harvest will send workers to these needy places, where thousands, like this Indian young man, with tear-dimmed eyes are looking to heaven and waiting for the message we have to give.

I can imagine this young man telling his people in his native Indian tongue of the people who follow Jesus, and of the strange emotion in his own breast, upon hearing the singing and seeing persons being baptized. Then I can imagine him saying that now very soon they will come to tell them also of the way of Jesus so that they, too, can follow Him. Friends, how long must they wait up there in their pagan homes? How long must they wait for the messengers to bring the glad tidings of the soon coming Jesus?

C. E. MOON.

Mexico City, Mexico.

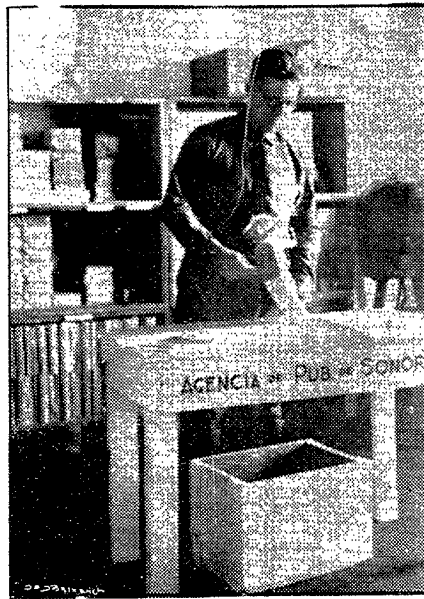
HAITI

The past year has marked a general advance in the work in Haiti. New church centers have been established, and some of the old ones strengthened. Many new members have been added, our primary schools are on a better basis, and our training school for workers has made splendid progress under the able leadership of Professor Orville Dunn. Perhaps no hearts are happier than those delivered by the power of the gospel from their fearful bondage to superstition and the worship of evil spirits.

Haitiens and foreigners of influence often express their appreciation of the character of our work, and of the good it accomplishes in the interests of the Haitien people. We feel that we owe much gratitude to the many friends who gave so liberally during our "Harvest Ingathering" campaign this year.

Our training school at Vaudreuil is doing a good work. Most earnest efforts are put forth by Professor Dunn, and his consecrated staff of teachers, to give the students an education that is more than a collection of facts, or a knowledge of how to make a living. They are helped to build Christian characters, and to meet the problems of life.

In the class room, the carpenter shop,



Brother F. L. E. Ulmer sending out soul winning literature to help the lost in Sonora, Mexico

back to his people who sit in terrible darkness. He felt that he was going back without something; he could not tell just what it was, but he knew that that something which had so strangely touched his darkened heart was something he intensely desired. Finally, he decided to go back to be baptized just as Jesus was.

So he came back, and stood in front of me, and spoke through the interpreter. I shall never forget that picture. His bronze, weather-beaten visage was now beaming with a new hope, as he said: "I want to be baptized, also. Will you baptize me?" I had to tell

the sewing room, the kitchen, or on the farm,—wherever it be about the school,—“Golden Rule” principles of association and duty are held before the students. It is encouraging to witness the growth of the boys and girls, who will soon be going forth from this institution to carry on similar work in our churches and primary schools.

Mission workers and members in Haiti long to see the day when a doctor can be added to our staff, and a small hospital provided. An unlimited amount of good could be accomplished with this additional help. W. P. ELLIOTT.

Cape Haitien, Haiti.

OVERCOMING DIFFICULTIES

The work in this part of the Honduras Mission is going steadily forward in spite of prejudice and much bitter opposition on every hand; and, although progress has been very slow here in the past, we believe there are brighter days in store for the work in British Honduras. There is an ever increasing interest in the truth; and we are thankful that prejudice is gradually breaking.

It is hard for one, who has never become acquainted with the work in this part of the Honduras Mission, to understand why progress has been so slow; but, as I have studied the work and the people and have tried to understand them, and sympathize with them, I have to some extent discovered the reason. To forsake the old beaten paths, right about face, and go in another path, new and strange, though it be the truth, require fortitude, steadfastness of purpose, and determination to do the right against all odds and regardless as to what the consequences may be; for when it is known that a person is interested in the truth, forces are mustered to turn him from the truth. He is ridiculed, scoffed at, entreated, and threatened with the loss of friends. Often he is also told that he will fail in business, become a pauper, and starve to death, if he joins the Adventists. So, unless the person is determined to do right, he will give way that he may have peace.

It has been my privilege thus far in 1927 to baptize ten precious souls; of these six were men; and one has been added to the church upon profession of faith.

Our Belize school, with an enrolment nearing sixty, is progressing nicely, and is having a good influence for the truth.

We solicit your prayers, as we strive to carry on the work in this part of the Lord's vineyard. We are of good courage, and, along with the literature work which we are doing regularly, we plan to have two or three evangelistic campaigns during 1928.

C. E. OVERSTREET.

Belize, British Honduras.

AMONG THE INDIANS OF GUATEMALA

When Brother J. E. Boehne and I made a trip through the interior of Guatemala, we saw on the hills and in the valleys, many thousands of the aborigines peacefully tilling the soil. They own their land, and are quite independent.

We discovered fruit, such as blackberries, wild cherries, and peaches, growing in abundance. There were also some apples and pears. These fruits have been left to grow without any special selection or pruning, for the Indians seem to know nothing about the cultivation of fruits. We discovered also that the most of the Indians are impoverishing their land, by a constant cultivation of corn and wheat, without regard to proper rotation of crops to build up the soil.

It has been our desire to help these Indians in some way; so we have bought a small piece of land in their midst, where Brother and Sister Boehne have now located; and it is our plan to demonstrate to the Indians the proper cultivation of fruits and the rotation of crops, while teaching them the truth.



Brother Lawrence, in the Bahamas returning home at night with fodder, after spending the day building church

We discovered a few apples in Chicicastenango that had as nice flavor as any from California, though the trees were not pruned. Guatemala is spending thousands of dollars each year for the importation of apples, that can be raised equally well on her own soil. We have talked with many people in the interior, and they would greatly appreciate help along this line. The Indians do not take very well to book learning; but something practical appeals to them.

On the little place that we have

bought near Solola, we plan to help the Indians in industrial lines, and also, morally, mentally, and physically. We recognize that true religion includes the practical three-fold education, which trains men and women, not only to be happier, and more useful to their communities; but, also, to be better fitted to love and serve their Creator, with all the heart, and all the soul and all the mind. These Indians are bright, happy people, and worthy of all our best efforts in their behalf.

ELLIS P. HOWARD.

Guatemala City, Guatemala.

IN CURACAO

The progress of the message has been retarded somewhat in this island field, because of the number of languages with which we must contend. But the Lord helps us along, and we do not become discouraged. There really is no prevailing language spoken in the island. Spanish, however, is spoken and read by many people, and our Spanish literature appears to sell better than any other.

While our sales have not been large, they have been steady. We seldom meet any opposition as our literature is presented to the people; but not all buy. Three young men sell literature a part of their time, and are meeting with some success. These brethren have had very little training in the methods of selling our books, so we can hardly expect the best results. Our two little boys have sold a few large books, and have little trouble in disposing of the small books. Their efforts, especially among the Jewish people, are having a good influence. These people ask many questions, and seem glad to get reading matter on the second coming of Jesus. The boys are admitted into the finest homes of these people.

Eight have been added to the little church here since we arrived, six by baptism, and two by letter. Others will be admitted soon. It is quite encouraging to see the interest among the Catholics. We are expecting some of these to take a stand on the side of the message in the near future. While out in the Harvest Ingathering work, I met a gentleman, the head of one of the departments of a firm. I presented our needs to him, and he gladly gave me a good donation. He seemed so interested in what we are doing, that I ventured to ask of what faith he was. After telling me that he was a Catholic, he very freely spoke of his convictions concerning the mother church, and also how he viewed our efforts to advance the kingdom of God. We pray and hope for his salvation.

We have two meeting places now in the city. The one at our home in the western part of the city is attended

chiefly by the English speaking people, while at the other, in the eastern part of the city, we hold the meeting in Spanish. These meetings are well attended, and a good interest is manifested. Last Sunday night the people could not all be seated at the meeting in our home. Our courage in the Lord is good.

D. C. BABCOCK.

Curacao, Dutch West Indies.

THE INDIANS OF CHIRIQUI

In Chiriqui, Panama, which is an open, rolling, and well watered country, dotted here and there with forests, lives a wonderful race of Indians called the Guaimies. The exact number of these people is not known, but from my personal knowledge of them, having made three trips into their country, I can safely say that they number many thousands.

They are an industrious people. They make the hats, hammocks, and Indian hand bags sold in Panama and Colon. They are good farmers in their own way. The inhabitants of Horconcitos, San Lorenzo, San Felix, Remedios and Tole, look to them, to a great extent, for their supply of corn, rice and beans. These Indians also raise cattle, horses and pigs. I have come in close contact with them for many years, and have a good many friends among them. In spite of their love for rum and fighting, as a natural consequence, they make good friends. But it is also true that they make very bad enemies.

The women, who are great lovers of jewelry, and can always be seen with their necklaces of silver dollars, as a rule are the burden bearers. Besides their load of corn and beans, they put their youngsters in their *chacaras* (bags), and travel sometimes for two or three days to market.

As a race they are not indifferent to religion. When approaching their homes, I have seen crosses planted here and there; and they tell me that these help to keep away the evil spirits.

I have seen them at their war dance. This is a sad occasion for a Christian. On such occasions these Indians besides being drunk, have their faces painted, their clothes patched with bright colored cloth, and make every kind of noise one can imagine.

I met Palacio, the chief, about ten months ago. I have now become acquainted with him, and find that he is a real gentleman. He uses the Spanish language well and knows how to read and write. After talking to him, I gave him a New Testament, a copy of "Pasos Faciles" ("Easy Steps"), and some other literature. Some months later I met him again, and I asked him how he liked the books. He said that

they were very good books. After talking for awhile, I asked him how he thought his people in the main country would like to have schools where they could have their children taught good things, showing him at the same time a copy of our Harvest Ingathering paper, and speaking of the good work we are doing in other parts of the world among the Indians.

He gave me the addresses of different chiefs, and promised to send me a messenger to take letters to them, if I wanted to write them. I thanked him and wrote the letters. In due time the messenger came. He took the letters and also some copies of our Harvest Ingathering paper. After a time the messenger came back, saying the chiefs would like to have the schools.

I am now planning to visit Chief Palacio during this dry season, if the Lord is willing, and stay a few days with him. Who can say what will be the result of these small efforts?

ISHMAEL ELLIS.

La Concepción, Panamá.

WEEK OF PRAYER AT SAN SAN

The San San church members were made glad to have Elder G. H. Nembohard with them to begin the annual Week of Prayer last December. The Spirit of the Lord drew near, and we returned thanks to our heavenly Father for mercies and blessings received. We confessed our sins and failures and shortcomings, with a determination to go forward in faith and in better service. The Week of Prayer was to our church very refreshing and encouraging. Those of our neighbors, who visited our meetings, expressed that they were well repaid for attending, and regretted not having attended all the services.

That the Spirit of the Lord will move upon many hearts and help these friends to make a decision for the truth is the earnest prayer of the writer.

L. J. BROWN.

San San, Panama.

HEALTH WORK NEEDED

The home life of the people in the far removed northwestern part of the Dominican Republic is very simple. Their houses are constructed in a very primitive way; and, in the country districts, very few have floors. In the daytime the fowls and goats, as well as the pigs, are often seen, sharing the living room with the people. In some of the homes I recently visited, the furniture consisted of a few boxes. Yet the people seemed to be happy, and perfectly contented with their lot. When mealtime comes each inmate is served with a plate of food, and finds

a place to sit while eating. The starving dogs, and sometimes the pigs, are in the dining room waiting for crumbs to fall.

In these out-of-the-way places, no bread is seen for weeks and months; but nature has provided plantains, which are cooked green and eaten in the place of bread.

This primitive way of living, with dirt floors and unsanitary conditions, causes much sickness, especially among the children, who are usually on the floor. A great work must be done for these poor people, in giving them instruction in healthful living and in Christian standards. The Spirit of Prophecy says: "If we would elevate the moral standard of any country where we may be called to go, we must begin by correcting the physical habits of the people." *"Healthful Living."* p. 272.

Many of these people are sincere and anxious to do the will of God. They demand the love, and earnest efforts of those to whom the Lord has given the world-wide message, that many may be won and fitted to shine in the kingdom of God.

In Las Lagunas, where we have the center of our work among these people, we are now erecting a simple house of worship. The lot was donated by a friend of the mission. In other places we must have similar memorials, where the people can gather to receive the instruction that they so much need to prepare for the soon coming crisis. Had we only a few more workers and more means, how much more might be done to bring precious souls to a saving knowledge of the truth for this time! Truly, these people need our earnest efforts, as well as our prayers and gifts.

C. V. ACHENBACH.

Santo Domingo, R. D.

NEW PROVIDENCE

New Providence is a part of the Republic of Panama, situated on the outer border of the Canal Zone. It is inhabited almost entirely by emigrants from the island of Jamaica. In proximity to it is New Limon, which is mostly Spanish. The population of the two places together is about seven hundred.

The Third Angel's Message was established here soon after the place was settled. It has struggled through many vicissitudes, but still holds its own. We have a small church building and a membership of twenty, all of whom are doing their best to uphold the standard of truth in this corner of the great harvest field.

JOHN J. SMITH.

New Providence, Panama.

THE JOY OF SERVICE

My soul is profoundly grateful to God, not only for bringing me in touch with such a wonderful work as this Third Angel's Message; but, also, for keeping me connected with it for these past thirty-one years. What wonderful progress it is making in all lands!

The thirty-one years have gone swiftly by; but what changes have taken place in our world during that short time! What marvelous developments scientifically, and otherwise have taken place! *But the greatest marvel is the wonderful expansion of this work in all the earth!*

There is nothing that can fire the soul with courage and zeal, as can the wonderful reports that come to us of God's opening providences in mission fields. God, surely, is going before us in our division. It was my privilege to establish the headquarters of the West Caribbean Conference on the Canal Zone; and my heart rejoices to hear of the good work that has developed.

It is wonderful! How much do I have to regret for being a Seventh-day Adventist? Nothing! Do I have anything to regret? O, yes, I regret the mistakes and failures in my life. Have I gained anything? Yes, everything. The message has preserved me from this world and its wickedness; and I praise God for it.

God has blessed me in my labors wherever I have been. I am never satisfied. It has ever been the vision of my mind to possess a large measure of the Holy Spirit in order that I may be able to bring many more to the Saviour. What joy to see poor sinners rescued from sin! What joy, like the blessed Master, to spend and be spent in loving service for others.

"His biddings are our enablings." I lift my eyes unto the hills from whence my help cometh. The one and only desire of my life is that it be all spent in my Master's service. I am willing to be purified. I do not fear the process, nor the result. My Lord knows best what to permit. He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. The sorrows and strange happenings He permits, are to draw us closer to Him, until every trace of self is removed, and only His glorious image is reflected in us.

HUBERT FLETCHER.

Kingston, Jamaica.

A REMARKABLE ANSWER TO PRAYER

After visiting our believers in Ahuachapan, El Salvador, I took an auto for Santa Ana. On arriving in Santa Ana, I missed my hand bag. It contained my Spanish and English Bibles, shaving outfit, kodak, and some valu-

able note books which represented years of careful work. The Bibles could be replaced, but the note books, never. On the road were hundreds of ox carts, and hundreds of people, on their way to market. The hand bag could not remain two minutes in that road without some one picking it up.

I felt my dependence on God. Without His special help our search would be vain. My simple silent prayer ascended to God, "O Lord, Thou knowest how for many years I have served Thee to the best of my ability. I have tried to be faithful to all Thy biddings. And now am not I in Thy service and on an errand for Thee? Thou knowest just where my hand bag is, and I have great need for it in Thy service. Help me, O Lord, to find it speedily for Jesus' sake, Amen." My anxiety left me, and I had the assurance that it would be found.

After inviting the police to search for it, I returned to the mission where Sister Bodle had breakfast waiting. The meal over, we started by auto to search for the bag. Soon we overtook the four policemen who were walking, and invited them to ride. We had not gone far, and had passed only one or two carts after meeting the policemen, when suddenly, I ordered the car to stop and asked one of the officers to make search in the covered cart opposite. I said, "I believe you will find my hand bag in that cart." They looked at me in amazement, but did not hesitate. When the police stopped the cart, the owner was speechless. Under the canvass on the front of the wagon his hand came in contact with my hand bag. The cartman proceeded, and we went back rejoicing. Not a thing had been lost.

The Lord wonderfully answered my prayer, pointing out to me the right cart in the stream of carts and people. God is so good and kind to us—always better than we deserve. His promises never fail, but we must do our part to fulfil the conditions given. When we know that constantly we have done our best to do God's will in all things, then in time of special need, we shall have confidence that God will hear us and answer for our best good.

ELLIS P. HOWARD.

Guatemala City, Guatemala.

WITH OUR DEPARTMENTS

OUR SCHOOL IN PORTO RICO

Our Aibonito Academy is up in the mountains of Porto Rico near the town by the same name. Fanned by the cool mountain breezes, Aibonito is al-

ways delightful, and is a health resort for the entire island.

Come with me to see it. We shall stop a moment to look around the grounds. The building just finished is the new dining room and kitchen. It has a good basement. To the right is the girls' dormitory, to the left, the boys' dormitory; and to the rear, we see the laundry. Then there is the home of the principal to the left, and the rest home to the extreme right. Yonder is the bakery where the boys learn to make some of the best bread in Porto Rico. This product has won its way in the town of Aibonito, and now every day two boys deliver bread to regular customers who are glad to help our youth in this way to gain an education.

The academy management believe in manual labor for helping the students earn their way through school, and for training them to become more efficient workers after leaving school. The bakery, perhaps, is the leading industry as yet. But there are also other industries. On the school farm grow vegetables and fruits served on the academy tables, such as potatoes, bananas, sweet potatoes, corn, peanuts, yucca, cabbage, and carrots. From the apiary honey is shipped to distant cities on the island.

We are very thankful to those who have made it possible for us to replace the buildings destroyed by fire some time ago; but we find we need still more room for the students who desire to attend our academy.

L. J. BORROWDALE.

Santurce, P. R.

WINNING SOULS

There is a great work yet to be done in winning souls from the world to Jesus. Jesus has taken men into partnership with Himself, and angels stand ready to work with us as we obey this divine commission: "Go ye into all the world." This is not a commission for ministers only, but for all the church. Every member added to the church is to be one more missionary recruit to win souls for the Master.

"Unless the church awakes and attends to her post of duty, God will charge the loss of souls to her account."—*Testimonies to Ministers and Gospel Workers*, p. 199.

"How little can men do in the work of saving souls, and yet how much through Christ, if they are embued with His Spirit!" *Id.* p. 144. So we may say with Paul, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

Ministers are to take the lead in this work, and in that of training others. Church leaders are not leaders unless they are soul winners. Mere office

holders in a church are not needed. We need men and women who can lead other members into active soul winning campaigns, in personal work for souls.

Fellow-workers, who have been ordained to the ministry, lift the standard. Every one of us must do it. This is no time for faultfinding, or criticism, or other similar sins. Let us rise above these things. We dare not carry a grudge against any one. If we do, we shall drown our spirituality. We may criticise ourselves, and thank God for the vision He gives us of our own hearts that, by the aid of His Spirit, we may become more like Jesus, and accomplish a far greater work than ever before.

Likewise, must the standard be raised among church officers and members. Neither friendship, nor any other such thing, is to be an avenue to office in our church, but rather a man's fitness, and God's call to the place. No office can bring honor to the man. He must himself honor the office, or he does not belong in it.

Shall not we, as ministers, endeavor, by God's help, to honor the holy office to which we have been called? And should not every officer also seek God for ability to honor his or her office? When all do this, souls will be won to the Lord Jesus. "A working church on earth is connected with the working church above. God works, angels work, and men should work, for the conversion of souls. . . . Everywhere souls are perishing in their sins, and God is saying, to every believing soul, 'Hasten to their help with the message that I shall give you!'" *"Testimonies to Ministers and Gospel Workers,"* p. 204.

Surely, our responsibility is defined clearly, and we cannot escape it without dire results in the day of judgment. Let us arise, and let our light shine.

M. A. HOLLISTER.

Port-of-Spain, Trinidad.

BAD MEMORIES

This story is told of a farmer and his horse. One day this man came to a brook that had become a raging torrent because of the recent heavy rains; and it was only after a terrific struggle that he managed to get the horse to cross. About a year later the farmer drove up to the same stream, which, because of the drought, was only a tiny trickle of water. The horse balked, however, and nothing the farmer could do would induce the animal to cross. Finally, in desperation, the farmer gave it up and said, "Well, old hoss, I reckon your memory is better than your judgment."

As I read this story, I began to

wonder if I was like a horse. Do I refuse to try because of some past memory, or do I use my judgment?

Let us bring this illustration home closer. Does your judgment tell you that you can do more for the Lord by circulating His word on the printed page than in any other way? Does your judgment tell you that you are not doing the very work that ought to be done at this very time? Or have you a memory of some past experience, or of some person who has failed, and therefore do not try? May God give us courage to live up to our judgment, and not let memories hinder His work!

H. SKADSHHEIM.

St. Johns, Leeward Islands.

IF YOU WERE BUSY

If you were busy being kind,
Before you knew it you would find
You'd soon forget to think 'twas true
That some one was unkind to you.

If you were busy being glad,
And cheering people who are sad,
Although your heart might ache a bit,
You'd soon forget to notice it.

If you were busy being good,
And doing just the best you could,
You'd not have time to blame some man
Who's doing just the best he can.

If you were busy being true
To what you know you ought to do,
You'd be so busy you'd forget
The blunders of the folks you've met.

If you were busy being right,
You'd find yourself too busy quite
To criticise your neighbor long
Because he's busy doing wrong.

—Nashville Christian Advocate.

WHAT CAN MISSIONARY VOLUNTEERS DO?

What can the Missionary Volunteer do? Yes, that is the question. When the heart of the Missionary Volunteer is yearning to be a blessing to others, his eyes will see a hundred ways of helping. In "Education" we read, "There are many lines in which the youth can find opportunity for helpful effort." Have you ever experienced that feeling of joy and happiness that comes when you unexpectedly receive some little gift from a friend? Still greater is the joy and happiness that comes to the sender of that gift.

Missionary Volunteers, that happy experience may be yours, for "The Lord has appointed the youth to be His helping hand," and He appeals to you to keep the fires of service burning brightly. Your efforts, with God's blessing added, will prove a great blessing to your society, to your church, and to your community. Often the kindly deeds the Missionary Volunteers may do are needed to pave the way for greater effort, and the seed is sown that later leads to souls being won. The wood they chop for the poor widow,

the hours they spend in reading to shut-ins, and the flowers they take to the lonely, the treatments they give to the sick, will make many lives brighter and will give some a desire to get ready to meet Jesus.

Why not organize your society members into bands? Then these bands will be eyes and ears to the society for finding opportunities to help others. They will be hands and feet in service for the Master. They will be the machinery for doing the active missionary work. What the Spirit of Prophecy says about organizing bands in our churches is equally good for organizing bands in our Missionary Volunteer societies.

"The formation of small companies as a basis of Christian efforts has been presented to me by one who cannot err. If there is a large number in the church, let the members be formed into small companies, to work not only for the church members, but also for unbelievers. If in one place there are only two who know the truth, let them form themselves into a band of workers."

Missionary Volunteers, do not miss the joy these is in giving *heart throbs*. If you do not know just where to begin in your endeavors to be a blessing, ask Jesus to show you. He can help you in this, as in everything.

African Division. J. I. ROBISON.

IF THE WORK SHOULD STOP TOMORROW

That is the heading for a little leaflet that I saw on the counter of the American Bible Society office a short time ago. I picked it up. I was impressed by statements like the following:

"Suppose the work should stop tomorrow. Not only the present work, but the effects of past work. Suppose it were all as if it had never been. Suppose nothing should be left of the 110 years of labor of the American Bible Society. If all the work and its results during the past century should be swept away before dawn tomorrow, the clock of Christian civilization would turn back by at least fifty years in many parts of the world."

And I thought to myself, What if the work of our literature forces in Inter-America alone should stop? Not only the present work, but the effects of the past few years' work. Think of the numbers now rejoicing in the light, to whom the truth was carried in printed form. We all know that without our literature, our work in Inter-America would not be today where it is. But some day, ere long, the last book, the last paper, will have been placed.

What will you then wish you had done to distribute the soul winning page?

H. C. KEPHART.

Cristobal, C. Z.

TO SALVADOR

Brother Wallace A. Lusk, who has been engaged in Spanish evangelistic work in Panama City, Panama, the past year, was called to take the superintendency of the Salvador Mission. He and Sister Lusk and little Myrtle Lee sailed for their new field of labor January 13.

The work among the Spanish speaking people in Panama City has made very encouraging growth since Brother Lusk located here. At first he was compelled to spend much of his time perfecting his knowledge of the language; but under the blessing of God, and with the assistance of Brother Poble and Sister Amelia Correa, a Bible worker, the work made good progress. We now have a thriving Spanish church and a growing interest that is being fostered largely by the personal efforts of the lay members. Sabbath, November 19, Brother Lusk was ordained to the gospel ministry, Brother Baxter, the superintendent of the Central American Union, being in charge of the service.

Under the personal supervision of Brother Lusk, who will be located in Salvador City, we look forward to a much more rapid development of the work in Salvador, than has been possible while it formed a part of the Guatemala-Salvador Mission. El Salvador is the smallest but the most densely populated republic in Central America. It has a population estimated at 1,610,000. We solicit the prayers of the readers in behalf of Brother and Sister Lusk and their small force of native workers.

E. E. ANDROSS.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR YOUNG PEOPLE?

Several months ago, during a series of evangelistic meetings, I was impressed to make a special effort to reach a certain young woman who seemed to be very undecided and vacillating. She would promise to come for an interview, then change her mind. Finally she came, and after I had presented to her very earnestly the claim of God upon her life, she decided not to surrender.

It was a crushing defeat, but I told her I still stood ready to help and that I would keep on praying. In a day or two she came and asked for an interview, and after a hard struggle, she surrendered.

A few months later a mutual friend wrote of her death. Being conscious a few minutes before she died, she sang two stanzas of "Holy, holy, holy, is what the angels sing," and "God's Way is Best." Then, after pleading with her father to become a Christian she died.

Many times since I have thought, "Suppose I had not made this special effort, or had not been so persevering? Or suppose there had been no revival effort in that place last year." We do not know, of course, what might have been; but we do know the time of salvation is passing for somebody every day.

And I wonder what eternal loss may be if no one is stirred to pray, and plan, and work for a revival in your church during Missionary Volunteer Week this year, March 10-17. Reading for M. V. Day, outlines, material, and helps have been published in the *March Gazette*, but unless church elders, Sabbath-school superintendents, or other church workers take this matter on their hearts, there are doubtless young people who might be reached this year who will be beyond the influence of any loving effort next year.

Washington, D. C.

M. E. KERN.

WAITING FOR TEACHERS

It is wonderful how the Lord works. His ways are beyond the comprehension of human minds. Because of the fierce revolution and the heart rending events that have been taking place in Nicaragua, the people are being awakened as never before to the solemnity of the times in which we live. The recent catastrophe which swept their country from

coast to coast has sounded for them the hour of awakening.

While I was doing colporteur work there, I was sitting one evening on the porch of a country home. Around me was a group of men who had large possessions in the cattle industry. They had suffered irreparable losses during the past revolution, not only in worldly goods, but also in much loved relatives. As they reviewed the recent crisis, they said that surely the end of all things is at hand.

Their faces revealed deep anxiety for the dark and unknown future. The storm had swept away all the remains of their shattered hopes, and now they turned to Him who rules above. I opened the Bible, and told them of the universal signs that were to take place on earth and sea and sky, and of Jesus' love for suffering humanity. When I finished, the look of anxious care had given place to one of security and resignation, while

Oh Zion, Blest Zion

Oh Zion, blest Zion, thou joy of the Lord,
Awake from thy slumbers, and heed the glad word,

There is joy ahead—list! the loud swelling strain,—

Christ Jesus, thy Saviour, is coming again!

Dost know what it meaneth, oh Zion to thee?
That from toil and hard bondage thou soon shalt be free?

That in place of the sigh, the loud praises shall ring?

That in place of the cross, thou'lt be crowned by thy King?

Art ready to meet Him? His glance to endure?
Is thy robe white and spotless, thy heart crystal pure?

On haste and make sure, for His coming's at hand,
And naught that defiles in His presence can stand.

Oh Zion, awake! Thy redemption is nigh,
How canst thou still slumber? Put sleep from thine eye,

Rouse up to glad action - His way to prepare,
To give Him glad welcome—"the fairest of fair!"

Then sound His great message, with a joyful refrain,

Till the end of the earth shall re-echo the strain,
"Be ready! Be ready! Be ready to bring
Glad homage and praise to our glorious King!"

—J. Du Toit.

their eyes beamed with the light of more knowledge of God and His gospel. I could not stay to teach them. I had to go on with my work. But some how or other, I knew that God, in His tender love and mercy, would not forget these earnest people, who are in search of Jesus, the loving Saviour of men.

Hundreds of longing souls are yearning for the message of hope that the gospel brings. The last weakened remains of the wall of prejudice and fanaticism, that once seemed unconquerable, have been swept away by the bloody tide of revolution, and the people are blindly, despairingly, casting about for a sure foundation for their hopes. Shall we not, brothers and sisters, pray earnestly for some one to go to, point them to the Lamb of God? The people of Nicaragua need your prayers.

ALBERTO CARSTENS.

Obispo, Canal Zone.

MOSLEMS WHO DESIRE TO HEAR THE STORY OF JESUS.

Most of the brethren in Ambon took an active part in the Big Week campaign. Two went to a town some distance from their home, and as they were late in starting their work because of the distance they worked

until dark. Soon after starting for home, it began to rain. They therefore decided to stay overnight, if possible, and return home in the morning. Noticing a light in a house not far from the road, they decided to request the privilege of staying there. On arriving at the house, they found the people to be Moslems. They were kindly received and permitted to stay.

Soon they were asked what their business was, and taking out their book "Christ Our Saviour," they began to tell their listeners of the life of Jesus. As they proceeded the family became very much interested, and when the canvass was finished they said that they would like to get one of those books. They said, however, that they could not read. They desired the book so that they could tell the story of Jesus from the pictures to their friends. "Tell us the story again," they said, "so that we may get it clear in our minds, and may be able to repeat it to others." So our brethren went over the story carefully, explaining all they could about the life of Christ, His final rejection by the Jews, His crucifixion, and resurrection, and the promise of His soon return. After the story was finished, they asked if they might hear it once more. So the brethren told the story the third time. It was then midnight, and they told them that they must now go to sleep.

The head of the house was so touched by the life of Christ that he could not sleep, and at four o'clock the next morning he called our brethren to get up and tell them the story of Jesus again before they left, so that they could have it clear in their minds to tell their friends and neighbors. Our brethren were glad to tell the story the fourth time. When they left, the family requested, earnestly, that they come back again and tell them more about Christ. Our brethren are following up this interest, and it will not be long, we believe, until this dear family fully accepts the message.

L. V. FINSTER.

WITH OUR WORKERS

Early in January Brother Rodney McClary of Ohio reached Balboa, Canal Zone, to superintend the construction of the division headquarters. On January 20 Sister Mabel L. Lastinger of Washington, D. C., and Sister Sally Jenkins of South Lancaster, Mass., arrived in Balboa, Canal Zone. The Division office family greatly appreciate having these new recruits added to the force, and earnestly pray that good health, unflinching happiness and increasing success may be their daily portion in their service in Inter-America.

Pastor E. E. and Mrs. Andross and Pastor C. E. Wood attended the Jamaica general meeting held January 12-22. Pastor A. R. Ogdin, the new superintendent for the Antillian Union, reached Jamaica in time for most of that meeting. Immediately after the general meeting the union committee held its annual session. Several workers attended.—Brother N. L. Taylor, the union secretary-treasurer; Pastor W. E. Bidwell from the Bahamas; Pastor R. E. Stewart of Cuba, and Pastor L. J. Borrowdale of Porto Rico. After the union meeting Pastor Wood sailed for Haiti to assist in the work there for a time, planning also to visit Santo Domingo.

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