

# MISSIONS QUARTERLY

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Brother Liu and a Brother from Shensi  
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**TOPIC: CENTRAL CHINA**

## Suggestive Program

*June 2*

The Official Notice.

“Honan, China.”

“What Your Gifts Have Done.”

Distribute thirteenth Sabbath envelopes.

*June 9*

“Shensi—A New Province Entered.”

Dialogue, “Our Little Chinese Sisters.”

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“An Appeal from Evangelist Moh.”

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*June 23*

“Pastor Liu of Gospel Village.”

“Jewels in the Rough.”

*June 30*

“Among the Outstations in Honan.”

Recitation, “What’s in a Dollar.”

Song, “Too Late.”

Offering.

Prayer for Missions in Central China.

## The Official Notice

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER,  
Secretary Sabbath School Department,  
Takoma Park, D. C.

Dear Sister Plummer:—

At a meeting of the General Conference Committee held February 8, the following action was taken:—

“In view of the benefit that the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering plan has been to our people generally in fostering a missionary spirit, in provoking them to larger liberality, and in providing substantial aid in the advancement of mission work in many different lands,—

“Voted, That we thankfully acknowledge the great blessing the Thirteenth Sabbath Offerings have been to the work in other lands, and at the same time request our Sabbath schools once more to “hold the ropes,” this time by making their gifts on June 30, 1917, to the growing work in Central China.”

Our missionaries are finding a wide-spread readiness on the part of the people to hear the gospel in Central China. Doors that once were bolted to keep out foreign influences are now wide open, and a spirit of inquiry is prevalent everywhere. China as a whole is in a state of transition, political, social and economic. Unsatisfied with their old religious teachings, which have lost much of their power upon the people, she is now willing, and in many instances eager to know of the religious teachings of western nations.

Calls from the field urge us to strengthen the slender forces. In the six great provinces of Central China numbering millions of people, there are only two ordained ministers. It is a blessed privilege to fit into China's need and lift in this hour of opportunity.

As we pass on this request of the Mission Board to the schools, we do so assuring them of the heartfelt appreciation of our workers in Central China, who, with our assistance, are hastening on the winning word of truth among the multitudes in that land.

Yours very sincerely,  
MISSION BOARD.

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## Honan, China

O. J. GIBSON

KNOWING that progress in our world-wide work is noted with interest, especially by those who have done pioneer work or who may still be thus engaged, I am glad to be able to submit a few notes by way of comparison in our Sabbath school work here in Honan for corresponding quarters of the years 1915 and 1916 thus far.

While our Sabbath schools have not yet reached that degree of proficiency that we desire, yet there has been real progress. Advancement in this work must be a growth with us, and the proper stimulus for that growth is found in an education. In our schools we have our young people under constant training, and the Sabbath school work

is not neglected. At our general meetings, which correspond to camp-meetings at home, we endeavor to conduct model Sabbath school services that the right mould may be given the schools in the different churches and companies as the people return to their homes. For the training of our rank and file of believers we must depend largely upon properly conducted Sabbath schools. So as we go, we must develop the material for the accomplishment of our purpose. Our watchword must be educate, educate, educate. I believe our people here have already received the inspiration.

The past year shows an encouraging increase in our Sabbath school offerings. The following figures speak progress for the years 1915 and 1916.

	1915	1916
1st quarter	\$42.90.....	\$ 88.57
2nd     "	16.86.....	103.57
3rd     "	61.81.....	102.10
4th     "	91.65.....	205.76

I have entered the amount for the fourth quarter for this year at a venture. By noting the totals, if our hopes are realized, the offerings will be \$500 for 1916 against \$213.22 for 1915. I believe that which has helped our offerings so materially this year is a little correspondence with the various Sabbath schools near the end of the quarter, or in other words just before the thirteenth Sabbath offering. This year I plan to keep constantly before the people the importance of regular weekly offerings. If these can be brought up



to what they should be, our \$500 mark for this quarter will be realized and another year will give us \$1000 for Sabbath school offerings in Honan. To this end we shall work. May God add his blessing.

*Yencheng, Honan.*

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## What Your Gifts Have Done

MYRTIE B. COTTRELL

EIGHT years ago, had you visited our work in Central China, you would have found that Seventh-day Adventists had only opened work in two provinces, — Honan and Hunan.

Our missionaries were living in a slightly remodeled native house in Honan, while a room in the front of the compound afforded what we then considered to be a very comfortable chapel, even though it *was* seated with high, backless benches, only four or five inches wide.

At present our workers in Honan have very pleasant homes, not unlike those to be found in the States, and the accompanying photograph shows the fine group of people who attended the last general meeting held there. The building is our new school and chapel, — well built, roomy, and airy, for which our brethren wish to thank you, as your gifts have made its erection possible.

Eight years ago, the only home the Hunan Seventh-day Adventist Mission could claim was a small native house which no one felt rightly represented the Third Angel's Message. Damp, dark, and gloomy, as well

as being crowded to its utmost capacity, rendered it both highly detrimental to health as a home for Americans, and inadequate to provide a proper chapel in which to hold our public services. But what have your



GENERAL MEETING HELD IN CHANGSHA LAST OCTOBER

donations done for Hunan? Our workers are now very comfortably housed in mission bungalows out in the open on a beautiful island, with plenty of fresh air, and birds and flowers surrounding them. Also a large, convenient, though native, compound, has been purchased and remodeled to meet our needs as a chapel and school, in the center of the great city of Changsha. Thus our work in Hunan is becoming more stable, and we are now counted among the resident missions of Changsha.

Within the last eight years, the work has also been opened in Hupeh province. Two good houses have been built, and three more are in process of erection. These, together with an intermediate school-building and

chapel, will quite fully meet the present demands for the Central China Mission headquarters.

Recently, the two provinces of Shensi and Kiangsi have been opened through our native colporteurs and evangelists; but thus far no mission homes for workers have been built in either of these provinces. We feel sure you do not wish the workers, who, through sacrifice go to these new and hard fields, to lose their health by being compelled to live in unhygienic, native quarters. Let us all unite in providing good homes, that the lives and health of such workers, and others whom you are sending out to this field, may be conserved to fill the many places of God's fast-opening providences.

*Hankow, Hupeh, China.*

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## Shensi—A New Province Entered

FREDERICK LEE

SHENSI, once the terminus of the ancient highways leading from Persia through the land of the Afghans and on into the land of the Sinese, and for many centuries the capital of the most ancient and glorious kingdoms of the East, is situated beneath the great arm of the Yellow river as it turns south from the border of Mongolia. No doubt the first inhabitants of China following this great stream came down upon the sunny and fertile plains of Shensi, and, settling there,



established the first kingdoms of the Orient. It was to this place the prophet Isaiah turned his eyes and saw the land of Sinim. He then prophesied of the time when the light of truth should shine in this kingdom. I wish now to relate how this truth has just recently had an opportunity to shine there.

The message did not gain entrance to Shensi through any plans of man, but through the plans of One who shapeth all things after his own will. According to our plans, we did not expect to be so soon working in Shensi. It being so far removed from the main lines of travel and difficult of access, we had hardly imagined as yet any company of Sabbath-keepers being raised up in that western province. But God is hastening his work and is moving on ahead of the plans of men. We must hasten if we keep pace.

A little over two years ago, a Chinese colporteur from Honan being in possession of three or four boxes of old Chinese "*Signs of the Times*," determined to go to this western province and sell off his old papers. Before we knew where he had gone we received a letter written by him from the border city of Shensi, five days' journey away. He had many difficulties reaching this city where the three provinces of Shensi, Shansi, and Honan, meet and are divided by the Yellow and Wei rivers. The road, which leads one along the highlands bordering the Yellow river, are both rough and dangerous. His boxes were heavy and the roads steep, and after paying a great deal of money for portage he found

by the time he had reached the border city his pocket book was empty. But nevertheless he was cheerful, feeling the Lord was leading him, for he had had an experience which greatly encouraged his heart.

One evening after a long day's journey while resting on the hard earth bed in an Inn by the roadside, he heard some one singing gospel songs in the adjoining room. After listening to the singing for a time, he decided to go to the room and make the acquaintance of these persons who were evidently Christians. As he stepped past the door which was ajar, he saw a pleasant, fatherly looking man who arose immediately and asked him to be seated, and also a young lady who was the old man's daughter. They of course became intimate at once, according to Chinese custom, asking each other his name, age and occupation and at last of what church he was a member. The young man was somewhat surprised when he found out that his host was Pastor Liu of Gospel Village, Shensi. He had heard of Gospel Village, and of the man who founded it, and was a pioneer of gospel work in Shensi. (Brief history of this man in another article.)

The old pastor, who has been a Christian for over forty-five years, and a member of the Baptist church, was also interested when he heard to what church the colporteur belonged. He at once began asking questions. "How do you know Christ is coming soon? Did not your church set the time of Christ's coming once, and he did not come? Why are you so

different from other churches and keep Sabbath for the Lord's Day?" Although the young canvasser was not very fluent in speech, he took his Bible and in a simple direct way turned from text to text, answering the pastor's questions as best he could.

They sat up very late that night searching the scriptures, and the angels of God chose to assemble in that dirty little wayside inn, far removed from the great places of the earth, and spoke to the heart of that Chinese pastor who had served God for nearly half a century. He was impressed with the truthfulness of the young man's arguments, crude though they were. Before parting he made the colporteur promise to come to Gospel Village.

After a week or two our colporteur made a visit to this place and was gladly received. The old pastor insisted that he make Gospel Village his home while in Shensi. Here and in the surrounding villages where there are hundreds of Christian Chinese, he had wonderful opportunities for preaching the truth. Many people came to him and asked questions, and he, using Bible texts, would answer them. Many became stirred over the Sabbath question, and some were soon keeping that day.

The leaven of truth and opposition started working together, but the truth conquered because God was in it. Soon little companies were meeting on the Sabbath day. The first hint we had of any Sabbath-keepers in Shensi

was a letter from the colporteur and these companies, telling of a large meeting which had been held by the Christian community to stop the advance of Seventh-day Adventists in Shensi. Already many were deciding to keep the Sabbath. A call came for me to visit this new child of the church, but as other work was so pressing I could not go at once.

A letter was immediately written asking Pastor Liu, together with others who might come, to attend our general meeting to be held at Yencheng. This was quite a test to these beginners in the message. The journey was very long and expensive. But they were not to be daunted at the nine days' trip in the cold, and one of the company who came was a man over seventy years old. They greatly rejoiced at the many new things they heard at this meeting, and on returning to their home they greatly strengthened the churches there. Until this time not a Seventh-day Adventist had visited this place with the exception of the one canvasser.

In the spring of last year Dr. Selmon and I visited Gospel Village and held a ten days, Bible Institute. Never will I forget that company of interested people who searched the scriptures from day to day. The joy and the appreciation expressed in their faces as they heard the different points of truth brought out, paid for all the hardship and difficulty we passed through to go to that place. Nearly fifty adults attended our meetings



regularly every day, and many more became interested.

Just before leaving China I again met Pastor Liu who came to attend another general meeting held at Yencheng. He was of good courage. For two years now that young flock has had to feed and care for itself. We have not been able to send anyone to them. We have feared that because of this some would become discouraged and turn back. But not only have none who were truly in earnest at first turned away, but many more have been added. Now there are five places where we have Sabbath schools with an attendance totaling more than one hundred.

In the providence of God these companies have been raised up with no effort on our part, and he has continued to sustain them for two years. Is it not time that the workers and the means to care for this work were quickly provided?

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## **An Appeal from Evangelist Moh**

[This article was written in Chinese by Brother Moh and translated for this leaflet.]

THE Seventh-day Adventists of the province of Hunan, China, send greetings of peace to the members of the General Conference Committee, and to all commandment keepers:—

We are well aware that it is the love of God in your hearts which prompts you to





theless, the harvest is great and the laborers are few.

Regarding Hunan, we would say that our province has an area of seventy-four thousand square miles, with nine cities of first rank, eleven cities of second rank, and sixty-four cities of third rank, besides several other populous places. The population of our province alone is estimated at twenty-three millions. But in all this great territory, we have only established work in fourteen places, leaving a large proportion still unentered. Although through the sale of our literature many have become interested, because there is no one to cherish them it is hard to make the work flourish. Our hope and ambition is that we may soon have a church and preach the Third Angel's Message and the second coming of Christ in every place in Hunan, so that many may come out of Babylonian captivity, and enter the beautiful Sabbath land, thus enabling them to glorify God, and be ready to meet Jesus when he comes.

The language forms a great obstacle to preaching the gospel in Hunan inasmuch as there are about sixty dialects, and of course, one must use the native tongue, if one would reach the people.

In southern Hunan, we have two tribes who are very hard to reach, — one called Yao tsi, and the other called Man tsi. These people are said to have very good dispositions, and to be generally honest and upright, as they have not learned evil from other people about them; neither do they worship idols. No

Christian denomination has ever worked among them, and no foreigner has taught them of Jesus.

In western Hunan, there is another wild tribe known as the Miao tsi. Although they have not known much of the craftiness of other men, they are more savage than Yao tsi or Man tsi, and do not consider it wrong to commit murder. They, also, have their own language, and govern themselves quite independently. No government official would issue a passport for protecting a foreigner among this people, and therefore the gospel has not yet been carried to them. But we hear that there are cannibals living on islands in the Pacific Ocean, and that when you send missionaries to teach them the gospel, many accept Jesus. To us it seems that these native tribes are creatures of God, and are Adam's sons and daughters, and that the message of redemption must be shared with them.

Although the area of Hunan is so large, and the population so great, we have as Seventh-day Adventists only begun work in about one-sixth of the territory. It will not be easy to reach all parts of the province, but if this is to be our aim, we must together seek the Lord to greatly increase the number of workers, and to impress the hearts of our dear American brethren and sisters to sacrifice in giving of their means that this message may go rapidly.

*Changsha, Hunan.*

## Too Late

(Soprano and Alto Duet)

LETTA LEWIS

Some one shall offer his gifts too late  
By and by, by and by,  
Taste of the bitterness of sad fate  
Shall you, shall I, shall you, shall I?  
Someone shall then all his blindness see  
Wish from all sinfulness to be free  
Long for a place in eternity  
Shall you, shall I, shall you, shall I?

Someone shall cast to the bats and moles  
By and by, by and by,  
Silver God granted for saving souls,  
Shall you, shall I, shall you, shall I?  
Some will lament and morn and sigh  
In the day that is coming by and by  
O'er garments motheaten and riches that fly  
Shall you, shall I, shall you, shall I?

Someone shall greet at the pearly gate,  
By and by, by and by—  
Souls whom his dollars did consecrate  
Shall you, shall I, shall you, shall I?  
Someone shall travel the streets of gold,  
Bearing his sheaves of a hundred fold,  
Talents whose worth he shall then behold,  
Shall you, shall I, shall you, shall I?

Someone shall sing the Redemption song,  
By and by, by and by,  
Join with the Alleluia throng,  
Shall you, shall I, shall you, shall I?  
Some one shall gather from Life's fair tree  
Fruit to increase immortality  
Walk with his Lord through eternity,  
Shall you, shall I, shall you, shall I?

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Love never asks how much must I do, but  
how much can I do?

## The Message Taking Firm Root in Shensi

R. F. COTTRELL

FROM distant Shensi, Brother Liu Dan Dji has just made his second trip to Honan to attend the annual meeting held at Yencheng, — our provincial headquarters. We feared that since we were unable to send one or two foreign families to locate in Shensi, the inquirers would become disappointed and indifferent; but Brother Liu reported the interest in and about Gospel Village as absolutely sound, and the Sabbath-keepers, to the number of about one hundred, as loyal and earnest.

Directly following the Honan meeting, Pastor Liu Djen Bang and Evangelists Du Fu Gu and Wang Djung Hsin returned with Brother Liu [see picture on cover page] to hold a two months' Bible Institute in Shensi, the last named worker to remain as a permanent laborer in the province.

May the Lord of the harvest soon prepare two families with courageous hearts and a sincere passion for souls, as volunteers for Shensi. Let those who believe in the efficacy of prayer, press their petitions to the throne of grace that God will water the seed sown in Shensi and these other interior provinces of China, bestowing an abundant increase. And brethren and sisters, while you read concerning the progress of the work, and while we all pray for its speedy triumph, may the Spirit of God impress us each with the great



fact that every new opening is a fresh call to liberality, and each new territory entered is an appeal to sacrifice for the finishing of the work.

*Hankow, Hupeh, China.*

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## Our Little Chinese Sisters

### A DIALOGUE

MARY: How would you like to have your pillow made to look "like a tiger with a head on each end, with large black glass eyes, a savage mouth, and leather ears, and filled with sawdust instead of feathers"?

ELEANOR: I should not like it at all.

MARY: That is the sort of pillow that some of our little Chinese sisters have who live on the other side of the world. Others have only a piece of bamboo, or varnished wood, or a polished brick on which to rest their necks.

ELEANOR: "Rest"! I shouldn't think there would be much rest about it.

ETHEL: I would not like their beds much better than I would their pillows. I was reading, the other day, about a little girl named "Chenchu". She slept on a brick bed. One half of the room was built up "twenty inches above the other part of the room, and was covered with brick the same as the floor. In winter, they built a fire under the bed until the bricks were warm, over which they spread a thin mattress, and thus instead of having one hot brick in their bed they had twenty!"

MILDRED: I remember, I saw that, too, and I read somewhere else, that the fire was made of a bit of dry grass and twigs, and soon went out. Those who were in the bed, therefore, were either roasting or freezing, all the time!

HELEN: I think I could stand the bed and the pillow better than I could the binding of my feet. I heard about one girl whose feet were not bound until she was eight years old, and her feet had "grown so large that the bones of the instep had to be broken!" Her cries could be heard a third of a mile away; and yet no one paid any attention. Her feet were then wrapped with strips of cloth, and bound around with bands. "They festered and broke and large sores formed," and for weeks the girl "lay weeping on a hard bed, until she once more fulfilled the proverb that 'For every pair of bound feet there is a bed full of tears.' "

ELEANOR: That is terrible. What does make them do it?

HELEN: Oh, her mother was a stylish woman, and she thought she would not be able to get a respectable husband for her daughter if she allowed her feet to grow like a man's!

MARY: Think of going through all that suffering and then never being able to take sure, steady steps, but always having to walk "with a reeling tottering gait," just because it's the fashion!

ELEANOR: What makes the Chinese people have such heathenish ways?

MARY: Why, it's because they do not have

the Bible and know about Jesus.

ETHEL: Well, then, I move that we send them some Bibles at once. What do you say?

ALL TOGETHER:

Yes, we will send them Bibles,  
And missionaries, too.  
We'll work and earn the money,  
And do all we can do.

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## Pastor Liu of Gospel Village

FEDERICK LEE

THE man who was the founder of Gospel Village, as well as one of the pioneers of gospel work in Shensi, is now a great influence for the truth in all parts of that province. Pastor Liu became a Christian over forty years ago. He is now a man nearly sixty years old. Educated in the first Christian school started by the Baptist Mission, in Shandong, he prepared to enter the ministry.

In those early days the Christian religion, being new and strange, was not popular, and many are the times he with his father, who was also a Christian, were persecuted. As I sat listening to Pastor Liu relating his life experiences, I was much impressed by his earnestness and his confidence in the leadings of the Lord.

During those first days' experience the evil one was reluctant about releasing his prisoners of darkness, and many times, Pastor Liu said, the devil disturbed them in their home. While calmly eating a meal, a stone would fall

upon the table from some unknown place, and rappings would be heard about the house. Bread would unaccountably disappear and then as strangely reappear. But although there were many trials in the Christian way, they remained faithful.

Because of famine conditions in Shandong and the offering of homestead lands in Shensi and Shansi, Pastor Liu and all his father's family as well as one hundred of his friends, mostly Christians, immigrated to the province of Shensi. During this long march of more than 1000 miles, the men and boys walking while the women and children rode in the ox-carts, or such teams as could be provided, they had many trials as well as deliverances by the Lord.

In one instance when they were nine days' journey from their destination all their money gave out, and they had to stop at a large city and beg for food. Pastor Liu had a little knowledge of the use of foreign medicines, and having a supply with him, went about healing the sick. The money he received from this work helped mostly to support this large company of people. Soon many sick were coming to him for help. He would give them some medicine, and then, telling them of Christ, would pray for them. Many are the experiences in Divine healing which he had. And some of the devil-possessed were healed also.

One day he was taken to a woman who was possessed of a devil. She made a great deal of money through necromancy. But the rela-

tives did not like the disgrace of it. They called in Pastor Liu who prayed for her and she was immediately healed. Some time later they again called for him, for the woman was again possessed. She said she was afraid of no one but Pastor Liu. She did not want him to come near her. But her parents secretly called him in. After again praying for her, she was again healed. He told them of the power of Jesus to heal. But the family did not have so much faith in Christ's saving power, as they did in Pastor Liu's ability to heal. After a brief time, the woman being again possessed, the relatives called for the Pastor to come. But this time he told them he could not go unless they would accept Christ as the Divine Healer. Thus this man was an influence for good wherever he went. After some weeks of delay in this city they continued on to Shensi, where Pastor Liu and his family had first to live in a broken down temple, and then later in caves.

Later on when the Lord prospered them, comfortable houses were built and a village was founded which was called Gospel Village. This was over thirty years ago. Work was just beginning in South Shensi, through the labors of the China Inland Mission. But in the north and central part of Shensi, Pastor Liu was one of the first witnesses for the Lord Jesus. Soon many of the settlers were becoming Christians. So much progress was being made, that an appeal was sent to the missionaries in Shantung to send some one to help them.



During those first years when prejudice among the heathen had to be broken down, and sealed cities opened, Pastor Liu worked actively. He has now served the Lord for nearly half a century and he has been happy in this service. But now since coming to the fulness of the truth he is overjoyed, and through his influence many are accepting the message for the last days.

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## What's in a Dollar?

F. J. GREENWOOD.

NOTE: The speakers are arranged in a semi-circle, each having a silver dollar, which he holds up and contemplates intently as he recites. As the last speaker recites, "Come, all of you," the others crowd in close, and gaze at her dollar with her. As she says, "Will you consecrate your dollar," the group breaks up, and she goes from one to the other while the piano plays the tune, "Hear the Pennies Dropping." The children assembled in the audience, near the platform sing, "Hear the *Dollars* Dropping," and use the words, "*Will* he get them all" instead of "He will get them all." Those having the dollars show more or less reluctance about giving them up, especially the first little boy, who holds out till almost the last note, but throws his dollar in just as the children sing, "Yes, He'll get them all."

FIRST, A SMALL BOY:

What do I see in a dollar,  
So big, and round, and bright?  
I see lots of things in a dollar,  
That look fine to me, all right,  
There's a nice big box of candy,  
And a package of chewing-gum;  
'Bout forty cents' worth of cookies,—  
I can eat 'em, every crumb.  
A nickel top, ball-bearing,  
And a "Lively Bounder" ball,  
And a, and a,—let's see,—  
Hold on; I guess that's all!

SECOND, A SMALL GIRL:

What do I see in my dollar,  
As I hold it up to the light,  
Besides "E Pluribus Unum."  
And the eagle, with wings so bright?  
I see a cute little dolly,  
Blue eyes and golden hair.  
With a perfect dream of a jacket,  
And shoes, the cunningest pair!  
I'm going to name her "Pearly,"  
'Cause she's such a perfect jewel.  
I see nothing else but one nickel;  
I'll give that to Sabbath school.

THIRD, A LARGER GIRL:

You ask what I read in my dollar,  
That makes it look good to me.  
There's the title of a novel,  
Full of love and tragedy.  
I see a cozy corner,  
With a girl about my size,  
Scanning its thrilling pages,  
Entranced by each clever surprise.  
But she drops it in consternation,  
When she sees that the hour is late,  
And rushes off to meeting,  
With only a dime for the plate.

FOURTH, A LARGER GIRL:

What do I see in a dollar?  
That's a funny question to ask!  
To tell what's so plain to the vision  
Is surely no difficult task.  
But as I look at the Goddess,  
Her features begin to change,  
Till she looks like another being;  
A transformation strange!  
This beautiful disc of silver  
Has become a mirror to me,  
For, when I look at a dollar,  
Just MYSELF is all I can see.

FIFTH, A LARGE BOY:

What do I see in a dollar?  
I will tell you, if I must.  
*You* might see engraven upon it  
The motto "In God We Trust."  
But somehow, that inscription  
Doesn't look quite right to me;  
For I can only read it,  
"O, Dollar, I trust in Thee!"  
And as I gaze at this dollar  
I see many, many more  
That, by its wise investment,  
Will be added to my store.

SIXTH, A LARGE GIRL OR BOY:

Though precious are all *your* dollars,  
And wonderful to your view,  
There is something about *my* dollar  
That has not appealed to you.  
It's a consecrated dollar,  
Which makes it of priceless worth;  
It's value can never be measured  
In the terms of the money of earth.  
Come, all of you, gather around me,  
While the Spirit enlightens my view,  
And I'll tell what's spread before me;  
Perhaps you can see it too.

I see far across the ocean,  
To a land where God is not known.  
Where the people grope in darkness,  
And idolatry holds the throne.  
Hark! my ears are touched by the Spirit  
That already has touched my sight,  
And I hear the voice of the lost ones,—  
Their heart-prompted pleadings for light.  
But look at the light that is breaking,  
And gaze, with those captives, on high!  
The LIBERTY graved on this dollar,  
Is blazoned out there on the sky!

Will you consecrate *your* dollars,  
And give them to Jesus to-day,  
To reflect the light of the Gospel,  
In the darkness far away?

*Oakland, Cal.*

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## Jewels in the Rough

GEORGE HARLOW.

IN the land of Sinim there are many dark places as yet not reached by the rays of Christian enlightenment, but in these isolated spots there are "jewels in the rough" waiting for polishing.

It was in such a place in the mountains of Hupeh where the writer met an old man, whose grandson had been instrumental in leading him into the light of the Third Angel's Message. The boy had become acquainted with our message while attending one of the outstation schools and being brought into direct contact with one of the Sabbath schools he learned to keep the Sabbath. Later he carried the message to his grandfather a hun-

dred miles away. The old man's eyes filled with tears when he related his experience to me. He said, "I thank the Lord for this new doctrine which teaches the Father's love." Although this man's manners and customs are foreign to our liking, still one can see the glow of Christian fellowship in his face, and the warmth of Christian love in his hospitality.

God has many such souls in this benighted land, and as Christians it is our duty to give them the gospel. Will you help reach one?

*Hankow, Hupeh, China.*

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## Among the Outstations in Honan

FREDERICK LEE

WHILE itinerating among our outstations in Honan last fall, I stopped for the first time at one of the most famous Meccas of heathenism in China. At this place we have had a little company of believers for some time. For several years they have had practically no help. Their chapel was on a back street and at the back door of another mission. If any asked to be directed to the Seventh-day Adventist Chapel, he was always told that it was at the back door of the Sunday church. Of course this was enough to discourage the heart of any Adventist, for should we not be located at the front? However, this little company of two men and a few women continued to pray that the Lord would help us to



find a suitable chapel, and that some worker would be permanently placed there.

For various reasons, mostly because of the shortage of workers and partly because we felt but few could be brought to the gospel in that heathen stronghold, we had successively located four men there, and had successively changed them after a few months. At last there was no one left to lead this little flock. Still their appeals came to us until we were persuaded to permanently appoint a man to this place. After he had been there but a short time the Lord opened the way for us to secure a suitable chapel.

When I visited this place our chapel was crowded. Many had come to hear the gospel. A whole school of forty-five Mohammedan students with their four teachers, together with a party of students from the government school, came to hear me preach on the war and the signs of the end. They were much impressed and said, "Truly the end of time has come." As we told them of the need of preparation for that time and of salvation through Christ they appeared greatly interested and promised to come often to listen to the gospel. This is not a time of closed doors or ears.

The heathen and the followers of the prophet are asking what is the end of all this confusion in the world.

Heathenism is falling into decay, Confucianism cannot save. The ancient sage himself said that he knew nothing of the future. Now is the opportunity to give the truth and

to point the way in the overshadowing darkness. We know not when doors will be closed against the gospel. Heathenism will never lose its full hold on the people. Many temples have been torn down, and idols thrown away, and now there are thousands who have no form of worship. Will the country become a republic of atheists like France, or will it again repair its temples and bring back its idols? I, for one, believe it will do the latter. A people can not long remain without a god. And if it is not the true God, it will be a false one.

I was impressed with this as I visited the huge grave of Fu Hsi, who according to Chinese tradition was the sole survivor of the flood. Here by his grave are immense temples to which thousands of people flock for healing and virtue. At the time of my visit, carpenters and painters were repairing the temples. A school of twenty or thirty pupils were lustily studying their Confucius lessons before the gold-leafed idol. Fragrance from the burning incense on the altar filled the room. Although for many centuries thousands have worshipped before this shrine, one could see that its glory had not yet faded.

By the side of the grave grows a cypress tree, hundreds of years old, through the trunk of which is a good sized hole. It is said that any one with a backache, or perhaps any other ailment, who worships before this grave, and then crawls through this hole will speedily be healed. The bark of the tree has all been

worn off, and now the tree trunk is highly polished where the thousands of people have rubbed the tree in passing through this hole.

Do not ever think, as some persons do, that these superstitions have lost their hold on the heathen. They have not, and unless the true worship of God takes hold of the heathen, he will again turn to his idols.

The hour for giving this message has long since struck. All doors are now open, but just as surely as earth's history is drawing to a close, just so surely will these doors be closing one after another. I was happy to be able to proclaim the message in this great center of heathenism. There are hundreds of such openings, but for lack of men and means, we see, oh, so many opportunities passing by, with no one to answer the calls. Who among us dares to bear the cross of Christ in through these open doors, and plant the banner of Immanuel at the feet of these wavering heathen, calling them to follow in the foot, steps of the Prince of Peace? He, only, can answer their heart throbbings, and lead them into a land of sunshine and bliss.

*Honan, China.*

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“If every soldier of Christ had done his duty, if every watchman on the walls of Zion had given the trumpet a certain sound, the world might ere this have heard the message of warning.”—“*Testimonies for the Church,*” Vol. 9, page 29.

## Our Part

"The restless millions wait  
The light whose dawning  
Maketh all things new.  
Chrst also waits,  
But men are slow and late.  
Have we done what we could?  
Have I? Have you?"

