

MISSIONS QUARTERLY

Vol. 13 Issued Quarterly at Washington, D.C. No. 1
By S. D. A. Foreign Mission Board
Edited by the General Conference Sabbath
School Department

5 cents a copy First Quarter, 1924 20 cents a year

Entered as second-class matter, July 6, 1915, at the post-office at Washington, D. C.
under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of Postage provided for in Section 1103, of the Act of
October 3, 1917, authorized July 24, 1918. Printed in U. S. A.



ONE OF THE SHEPHERD BOYS

(See Page 33)

Topic: India

Sabbath, January 5

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 28: 19, 20.

READING: The Official Notice.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 482, first and last stanzas.

PRAYER: In behalf of the millions of India.

The Official Notice

August 5, 1923.

DEAR SISTER PLUMMER:

KNOWING the ready and responsive attitude of our Sabbath schools to the call of the foreign mission field, I have pleasure in conveying to you the earnest wish of the General Conference Committee that on the thirteenth Sabbath of the first quarter of 1924 the Sabbath schools in all the earth shall unite in raising \$90,000 for the advancement of the work in India.

At the present time some very unusual interests are being developed in that populous field. Especially is this true in Burma, where our missionaries have been brought into touch with a remarkable people, four thousand strong, the large majority of whom are keeping the Sabbath. The reading of a tract on the Sabbath question had led them to obedience. Another company of about five thousand people who are looking for the second advent of Christ has been found. They have given themselves the title, "God's Flock of Sheep." These and other remarkable interests in India present a wonderful field of opportu-

ity for foreign mission endeavor, and strongly appeal to the Mission Board as being worthy of special effort.

Deeply appreciating the earnest, missionary spirit of our Sabbath schools, and trusting that a large offering to India will result on this first thirteenth Sabbath of the New Year, I remain,

Very sincerely yours in service,

C. H. WATSON,

Associate Treasurer General Conference.

Sabbath, January 12

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "Self-sacrifice is the key note of the teachings of Christ."—"*Testimonies*," Vol. IX, p. 40.

READING: The Southern Asia Division.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 477, first and last stanzas.

PRAYER: A few sentence prayers in behalf of the work and workers in this needy field.

The Southern Asia Division

W. W. FLETCHER

It is a pleasant and profitable part of the Sabbath school work that leads to a study of the nations and countries to which the gospel is to be carried. And it is most inspiring to know of the restoration of the image of God in the souls of the men and women of these lands. It is only by this restoration that the real beauty and nobility with which the Lord clothed man at creation is made to reappear.

In the great division of the world known as Southern Asia, we have a wonderfully inter-

esting group of nations. The territory reaches from the island of Ceylon on the south to the borders of Tibet and Turkestan on the north, and from the borders of Persia on the west to the borders of China and Siam on the east.

Within these boundaries is found what is perhaps the most complex group of peoples in all the world. One cannot travel up and down in these countries without being impressed with this fact. There are great differences in color and physique, in disposition and temperament, in intellectual propensities, in dress and social custom, in language and in religion. In most of these things we see not only that which interests us, but much that we recognize as beautiful and attractive. Our constant prayer is that God will glorify Himself by taking out from all these races a people for His name.

The people of India, like the Athenians of old, are "very religious." This does not make them easier to reach with the gospel. None are more difficult to reach than those who are deeply entrenched in Hinduism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, and some other religions of these countries. To break away from one of these religions and become a Christian presents great difficulties and often great dangers to the convert. Only recently three educated Sikhs who decided to accept Christ were compelled to flee from their village for their lives. These are the first fruits for the message from among the Sikhs. One of the men had his head cut with an ax by his relatives, when his

leanings toward Christianity were discovered. In another district a stir was caused about the same time by some Brahman lads stepping out for Christ. Our missionaries had to send them away to another locality for safety and for further instruction. The great enemy puts up a pitched battle for every inch of ground gained on his territory. Only the power of the Lord can enable His people to make headway against this opposition.

It is about half a century since Seventh-day Adventists began work in countries outside of North America, by sending missionaries to Europe. But it is not much more than a quarter of a century since work was definitely commenced in the great non-Christian countries. While the ground gained in these heathen lands may to some seem to be small, it certainly is very important, and the work already accomplished should greatly facilitate the completion of the great task. The efforts of the present and future become much more fruitful because of labor bestowed in the past. We may well be thankful that ground has been gained in so many places during the short time that has elapsed since the work began in heathen lands. But the very ground gained becomes another reason for the putting forth of more earnest efforts.

In the Southern Asia Division the work has been started and some believers have been gathered out from among the following peoples:—the Singhalese, the Tamils, the Malayalee, the Telugus, the Mahrattas, the

Gujerathis, the Punjabis, the Garhwalis, the Urdu, and Hindi speaking people, the Santalis, the Bengalis, the Burmese, the Karens, and the Taungthus. In addition to this, work is carried on in English in the leading cities, and literature has been published in the Kanarese and Oriya languages. Among still other peoples we have isolated believers, although we have as yet neither workers nor literature for them in their own tongues.

Through the coming Thirteenth Sabbath Offering the Sabbath schools will have the privilege of assisting us in developing the work already started in Southern Asia, and helping in the further extension of the message in this great field.

Sabbath, January 19

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

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

READING: The Northwest India Union Mission.

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

PRAYER: In behalf of the work and believers in this part of India.

The Northwest India Union Mission

M. M. MATTISON

THE Northwest India Union Mission comprises a vast strip of territory, very densely populated with our Hindu and Mohammedan neighbors. I say neighbors because this old world of ours has become so small that it is hardly fitting to use the term "foreign" any more or to speak of missionaries as "foreign

missionaries." There are about 125,000,000 of these people and they are as neighborly and friendly people as one can find anywhere. The sad thing about this host of heathen neighbors is, the majority of them are not acquainted with Jesus and His message of love. They do not know He is their Saviour, and that He will soon return to this earth for His people, many of whom He will find in this thickly populated part of His vineyard. How many of our Seventh-day Adventist people would care to exchange their knowledge of this third angel's message and the hope it has given them for a condition similar to that of the majority of these millions? If our next door neighbor were drowning or in danger of any kind and we knew of a way of escape for him, he would certainly receive what help we might give him. These our neighbors are dying eternally and we know of a way of escape for them. We have the great privilege of helping them out of danger, by giving both ourselves and of our means. The coming thirteenth Sabbath will give us a special opportunity to help our Hindu and Mohammedan neighbors.

In this union there are twenty American and English families and five single lady workers giving their full time to the work of preaching and teaching the message of Jesus' love and His second coming. Some of these are doing colporteur work, some school work, some medical work, and some ministerial work. There are over one hundred devoted Indian workers giving their full time to these

same lines of work. Here you find a faithful Indian colporteur spreading the light in this dark place, there you find the faithful Indian evangelist shining like a torch right in the midst of a group of idolatrous villages, and thus the message is going from Bombay to Benares and from Karachi to Peshawar. Some people say "It can never be done. What can such a small company of workers do with such a task before them?" Such forget that our faithful brethren in the home country are going to give all their possessions to help finish the work before the Lord comes; that there are hosts of young people in our schools in training for just such fields as India. We know more workers are coming and that more means will be given, yet if more workers should not come our faith as missionaries is in a living God who is powerful enough to finish His work through this small band of men and women who are already in India. God will surely do His part and we as a people do not want to lose a blessing by failing to do our part.

I could tell of many wonderful experiences God has just given us in our own station. We have several hundred inquirers for truth and new ones coming all the time. Our little church of about a hundred members, most of whom have come direct from heathenism, our village schools, and our station workers are being wonderfully blessed in carrying the gospel to the people in our district. Often I am surprised when going into very remote villages where a European has never been, to

hear in only a short time the people saying to each other, "Isai log agae," "The Christians have come." Surely God is doing a marvelous work in our day. Are we helping Him by doing our part?

Sabbath, January 26

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

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

READING: Work Among the Indians of Rangoon. Have one of the young people read this over carefully during the week so it can be related as a story.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 548, first, third and fourth stanzas.

PRAYER: In behalf of the work in Rangoon; also that the Lord will help us to give a liberal offering to this needy field.

Work Among the Indians of Rangoon

J. PHILLIPS

IN Burma's chief seaport and largest city, Rangoon, we have three Sabbath schools—the English, Burmese, and Indian. Because the Indian race is most numerous in Rangoon, I shall confine my remarks to the Indian Sabbath school. This might indeed be a large Sabbath school were it capable of providing for any Indian that might wish to attend. Unfortunately, India's sixteen diverse languages represented here do not allow us to

conduct the Sabbath school in more than one language, though efforts are being put forth in some of the others. So we have selected, through force of circumstances, the Telugu people whose home is really in South India, but who on account of finding it easier to make money here, come across the Bay of Bengal in large numbers.

Let us suppose that we are privileged to attend this Telugu Sabbath school some Sabbath morning at nine o'clock. We should notice first of all that the room is a bit crowded. There are no less than sixty boys and girls with a sprinkling of adults gathered into a hall whose actual dimensions are in length twenty-one feet, in width thirteen and one-half feet, and in height fifteen feet. And we probably would not stay here more than a few minutes without thinking of how stuffy the air is. But what if it is? This is the way most Indians have to live in Rangoon, so it is only a natural scene. There are a few benches in this Sabbath school; and the adults and bigger students as privileged characters sit on these while the smaller children sit contentedly on the floor.

Now the time comes to open Sabbath school. With sparkling eyes these sixty members fix their gaze on the superintendent, Brother D. J. Roberts, who for many years was a self-supporting Telugu colporteur, and is now in charge of our Telugu work. All stand up to sing. Some are in tune; some are not, but it sounds good to hear that open-

ing song, for they sing with a heart and a will. There are Mohammedans, Hindus, and Christians all uniting their voices in praise of God. You would notice that though only the larger members have song books, all join in singing. The Indian is fond of committing poetry to memory and he does it with more ease, I think, than the average Westerner. After prayer comes the review and lesson which are listened to with rapt interest. The children, if they know the answer, like to stand up and answer unitedly with all the enthusiasm they can muster. Nobody sleeps in this school. And we must not overlook the offering at the close. One pice (one-half cent), is the usual amount for the children, though sometimes they bring two pice each. The goal our union has set for each Indian adult member is two annas (four cents) per Sabbath, but we nearly always go beyond it. The attendance is also very good at this school.

Perhaps one reason why the attendance is so good is that there is a day school to support it. All from the day school feel bound to attend the religious services on the Sabbath. Our educational work is a great factor in building up the Sabbath school as well as the church, for the seeds of truth sown in childhood often mature, causing increase in our church membership.

This company of Indian brethren has from its Sabbath school and day school and other agencies, done some splendid work. There have been sixteen adults baptized in Ran-

goon. Five men have become successful workers as teachers and preachers. And, according to the Telugus themselves, it was from Rangoon that Adventists started out to carry the third angel's message to their own nation in Southern India, Brethren Benjamin and Solomon being the first men to go from Rangoon to the Telugu field.

We should by all means have a larger hall for the day school and Sabbath school, if we had the funds. We had to limit this school to one mission-paid teacher this year though we could not limit the enthusiastic leader, Brother Roberts, for he is providing by private donations and school fees enough to employ two additional teachers.

Sabbath, February 2

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 24:14. Read the text, then have the school repeat it in concert.

READINGS: The Calling Multitudes.

Among the Students at the Karen School.

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

PRAYER: That workers and means may be provided, so that these calls may be answered.

The Calling Multitudes

L. G. MOOKERJEE

THE East Bengal Mission field has one fourth the population of the United States of America, but has only twenty workers including evangelists, teachers, and canvassers.

There are 25,000,000 people in our field to be warned, who live in sixteen districts, of which we have entered only five. In the bounds of these sixteen districts there are about 50,000 villages in which the gospel of the soon coming of Christ has not been preached as yet.

There are villages in East Bengal where interests are springing up, but we have no workers located in such places because there is no money to provide for them.

In the District of Mymensingh, with a population of 4,837,730, we have two canvassers, and had planned to send an evangelist also; but, because of the cuts in the budgets of 1922 and 1923, our desire has not yet been realized. Thus there is no one to follow up the interests created by the distribution of literature.

The work in one locality had to be closed, and the worker removed, as there were no funds to erect quarters for him. Since 1921 we have been calling for a place of worship and a worker's house (mat-walled, mud-floored) in two localities, but as yet these urgent needs have not been supplied.

Schools are urgently needed in four or five places where we have our poor village Sabbath-keepers, but as we cannot build a worker's house and a schoolhouse, we are not able to fill the needs.

For these things, the people of East Bengal consciously or unconsciously cry to the church of Christ:

"We are bound with chains of darkness,
Our eyes receive no sight;
O you who have never been bound or blind
Bring us the light!

"We live amid turmoil and horror
Where might is the only right.
O you to whom life is liberty
Bring us the light!"

Will the church be slow to respond to this cry?

Among the Students at the Karen School

H. BAIRD

About six months ago, a small sickly Karen lad was brought to our dispensary by his father for treatment. He was sick. His stomach, which was an abnormal size for a child, and his wasted body and limbs told plainly the cause of his sickness. A few days' treatment with cod-liver oil, together with nourishing food, made a great difference to him.

While staying in the dispensary, the father's interest was aroused. He saw our small boys going into school each morning, and through the day could hear their voices as they recited their lessons in the schoolroom opposite. When school was out, the happy round faces and merry chatter of these lads spoke to this father's heart, and he thought that this was just the place for his little son. Arrangements were made, but the lad was not at all willing to stay. When the father prepared to return home, the boy was determined to follow. His father's entreaties were of no

avail, and ultimately the lad had to be held by force till the father was out of his sight. The crying lad was pacified, but for a few days he walked around with a very homesick little heart and still seeking an opportunity to return home. A few Sabbaths ago this same little boy walked quite a distance to our school here. When asked why he had come he answered, "I have come back to worship God."

These little jungle boys learn to love their Sabbath school just as our little boys in the homelands do, but there are many more boys and girls in Burma who are waiting to know about Jesus. Will you not help in bringing souls to Jesus by your prayers and the giving of your means?

Sabbath, February 9

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "Love for lost souls brought Christ to Calvary's cross. Love for souls will lead us to self-denial and sacrifice, for the saving of that which was lost."—*"Testimonies," Vol. IX, p. 59.*

READING: Among Taungthu Animists, Burma.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 482, first and last stanzas.

PRAYER: A few sentence prayers in behalf of this mission station; also that we may lay our plans to give liberally to help the work in this field.

Among Taungthu Animists, Burma

F. A. WYMAN

I WANT to write just a word concerning our newest mission station in Burma. This has

just been opened by Brother Skinner among a new tribe, the Taungthus, at Hsiseng about sixty miles from Taung-gyi. It takes about three days' hard driving to reach this place by bullock cart. This station is located in about the center of the Taungthu country. The Taungthus are a very simple, hardy people. They are backward, having had little touch with Western civilization. This station is located in virgin territory as there are no other missionaries for many miles. Brother Skinner has made friends with them all. The chief wife of the *Swa Bwa* (Native Chief), has made Brother Skinner a gift of bamboos from her own forest, and with these, and but very little mission money, he has constructed a temporary bamboo mat house for his family, another for his teacher, and a third for a school building. The prospects are very bright for a school here in spite of opposition from the Buddhists.

The mission station stands on one side with a village directly behind it, and about a quarter of a mile away on another hill facing our station stands the Buddhist temple, pagodas, the *Swa Bwa's* palace, and another village. The head Buddhist monk is a brother-in-law of Brother Skinner's school teacher, who has given up his tobacco and betel-nut chewing and is taking hold of the work in earnest. The monk has tried to frighten the people away from the mission by telling them the missionaries would cut off their legs and arms and eat them. But Brother Skinner's

smiling face and gentle way has broken down much prejudice.

Some time ago the people in one village were suffering from eye trouble. Some completely lost the sight of their eyes. Brother Skinner told them he had some medicine that would cure them, but they were wild and suspicious. Finally, things became so bad that the head man ran down one of his boys and made him take Brother Skinner's medicine. He immediately got better. Then the old medicine-man whose medicine had failed completely to help his people, ran after his wife and caught her and sat upon her while Brother Skinner put the drops in her eyes. She got better. Then more came and their eyes got well. One poor old woman who had entirely lost one eye came with her other eye badly affected, and after having it cured, so great was her faith in this new doctor that she asked if he could not do something to help the eye that was completely gone. Poor old soul, only Creative power could help, for she would need a new eye.

While visiting the station a month ago, I was very much interested in their medical work. Brother Skinner is not trained as a medical worker, but he is using what knowledge he has to good advantage. Facilities? You would hardly call them such. A little round table which served as dining table, writing table, etc., the only one on the station, was being used also for a dispensary table; a basin of disinfectant; some clean rags; and

bread poultices. But he was getting results. While applying healing to one poor man's hand (a case of blood poison), there was a quiet little sermon being given to the patient's heart. Every day the hand was better and this man's eyes would shine with gratitude. There were two of them with bad hands. They had been warned not to come to the mission. One of them had come in spite of the warning and was nearly healed. The other had remained at his home, and was not expected to recover.

Word just came that this man has just stated his intention to be a Christian. He asked "Should I come and work for you, or should I go back to my village?" Brother Skinner said, "You must go back to your village, and live a Christian life before your people." On the last Friday night he came to the station with his clothes all washed clean and white, his teeth clean and free from tobacco and betel-nut, and his eyes shining, and sat down with the station family to enjoy the Sabbath evening vespers.

As a Sabbath school, we can all rejoice with Brother and Sister Skinner in this first sheaf won from among these primitive people, and pray that the Spirit of God may continue to speak in this quiet way to these dark hearts. And on the thirteenth Sabbath we can unite in giving of the abundance the Lord has given us, that this and other stations may not be hampered by such great lack of proper facilities.

Sabbath, February 16

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: John 3:16.

READINGS: Bibhabuty.

A Telugu Sabbath School. (See February number of the Sabbath School Worker.) A junior may be asked to tell the accompanying story of Bibhabuty, and a member of the youth's division may give the story of the Telugu Sabbath School.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 533, first and last stanzas.

PRAYER: In behalf of those who are eagerly seeking truth.

Bibhabuty

L. G. MOOKERJEE

WHO is that young girl wading across the crocodile-infested canal on a cold December evening? She has a little girl of four years clasped round her shoulders, and she carries a grass mat, and a small bundle of clothes in her hand raised above the water.

Our boatman, a Seventh-day Adventist who was watching the girl as she waded across, felt very grieved that he did not help her, when he afterwards learned that Bibhabuty was doing this in order to come to our boat. After crossing the canal, she took off her wet garment and put on a dry one from the little bundle she had carried. Then she entered our mission boat to attend a meeting of candidates for baptism who were expecting to be baptized the following morning, after Sabbath school.

Bibhabuty is a fifteen-year-old girl who was persuaded by her brother to marry a young

man who is only a Christian by name, and not of our faith. She was invited to attend this baptismal class by our village evangelist, and in order to do so she had to bring with her from her own village home, the daughter of her dead sister, and a mat to sleep on during the night, and a change of clothing. Just a lone girl in that village who accepted the truth for this time, and who is a light-bearer, as her name implies. She is persecuted by her husband and other villagers for the sake of the truth.

Sabbath, February 23

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

READING: Faithful in the Santhal Jungles. Ask one of the young people to give this as a talk instead of a reading.

SEED THOUGHT: "Brethren and sisters, will you not help in this work? I beseech you to do something for Christ, and to do it now. Through the teacher whom your money shall sustain in the field, souls may be saved from ruin, to shine as stars in the Redeemer's crown."—*Testimonies*, Vol. VI, p. 30.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 545, first and last stanzas.

PRAYER: For the work in the Santhal Jungles.

Faithful in the Santhal Jungles

R. J. BORROWDALE

SOME years ago when our work for the Santhals was carried on from Babu Mahal, a station fifty miles or so north of our present location at Karmatar, a man by the name of Charan became interested in the truth. He

finally accepted it, and was baptized by Brother W. A. Barlow who was then the missionary in charge of the station.

Before long, however, the newly baptized believer moved with his family to a distant place off in the jungle, and was somehow lost sight of and forgotten. However, he took the seed of truth with him, though to all appearance it had fallen into the ground and died. But again God's promise, "My word shall not return unto Me void," was fulfilled. So the seed germinated and grew, unnoticed, untended, and seen only by Him who giveth the increase.

One day over a year ago, as I sat in my bungalow, a worker informed me there were two men wishing to see me. I went to them. They were old, grey-headed men, travel-stained, and with their bamboo staves still in their hands. They had walked in from their village about twenty-nine miles away, to ask for a worker to teach them the truth. One of them was the believer who had been lost sight of, the other his first-fruit.

They told me there were three families keeping the Sabbath together and rejoicing in the hope of a soon-coming Saviour, and that several others were interested, and urged their pressing need for a worker to shepherd and teach them. The strange thing in their story was that not one of them could read or write a word. These simple people have marvelous memories, and the man who took the seed of truth into the jungle had memorized many

texts bearing on the message and used his memory as his Bible, verifying the verses whenever opportunity offered in the person of some one who could read.

One of our evangelists was sent to visit them and bring back an accurate report. He found what was perhaps one of the strangest Sabbath schools you ever heard of. Five families were attending, and not a man among them could read or write. They knew nothing of Sabbath school quarterlies, so they came together and prayed and repeated truth filled texts, and sang and talked about the soon coming of the Saviour, and asked Him to supply their needed leader. How they would have appreciated some of the privileges we so often thoughtlessly slight.

Soon I visited them myself, and in the course of the Sabbath service told how the message was brought to this country, and the work supported by the offerings of our people. At my next visit about a month later, one of the old men untied a knot in the corner of his *dhoti* and handed me four rupees and nine annas (\$1.40), saying that it was their Sabbath school offering to the work. Now these people seldom see money. They are among the poorest in India, having nothing in the world but their mud houses, their small rice crop and perhaps one or two sheep or goats. It meant sacrifice to make that offering,—I think greater sacrifice than many of us would know if we brought a five or ten dollar bill to Sabbath school. They now have their leader,

and how thankful they are to hear the precious word read from week to week, and to follow the lesson given in the quarterly just as you do at home.

When the truth really touches the heart of a man, he wants to give of his best to carry it to others. It makes no difference if he is white or black or yellow. Probably they sold one of their goats or sheep and brought a little week by week. Have we done as much? Have we ever cut into our property as deep as they did, to make an offering to the Lord? How many of us have ever sold a cow, a house, a car, to bring an offering of love to spread the story of Him who gave so much for us? "What hast thou given for Me?"

Sabbath, March 1

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

READING: The Bengali Girls' School.

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

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 193, first and last stanzas.

PRAYER: In behalf of the girls and teachers in the Bengali school.

The Bengali Girls' School

NETTIE KINSTER

As the name implies, this school is located in Bengal, India, the country where girls are not always welcomed to the home; where many times they are treated as servants or slaves; where their education is considered an unnecessary evil; where often at a tender age

the child becomes a widow and is rejected and forsaken by all her former friends and relatives. It is here, amidst such conditions, that our Bengali Girls' School is caring for and educating our own girls, also some who have come from other missions, and some from Hindu homes.

Not only a knowledge of books is given them, but they are taught to wash, cook, sew, crochet, care for the sick, in fact to do everything connected with the home life. Some are preparing as teachers, some as matrons, while others will become wives of our workers and be able to assist them in giving this message to their own people.

Many of our own girls come from very poor homes. Their parents can scarcely afford to provide them with clothes with which to cover their bodies. Many times in school, during the cool season, they sleep on rope beds—if they are so fortunate as to have one—with nothing under them to keep them warm and but little over them. In this way they often take cold and sometimes fever follows. If only the mission could afford to buy material, they might be provided with straw-ticks which would at least help to keep them warm. The girls are eager to learn, and so are willing to endure hardships in order to get an education.

You will be interested in hearing the experience of one of our girls who came from a Baptist home. She had been in our school for some time and was converted to the truth.

The time came when her fees were not being paid and it was deemed necessary to send her home. When this word came to her ears, she cried bitterly and begged to be left at our school, saying that if she were sent home she would be put into a Baptist school and would not be allowed to keep the Sabbath. After due consideration and much prayer it was decided that inasmuch as the girl was of age and could decide for herself, the mission would take over the entire support of the girl, keep her in school and train her for the Master's service. She herself signed a statement to this effect and is still with us. Since that time she has been baptized and is proving herself a true and loyal Seventh-day Adventist. Were the means available, many more such girls might be helped.

That you may get a glimpse of the condition existing in the lives of many Hindu widows, some of whom are in our school, I will relate to you just one touching incident. In a small native village where one of our school-girls, Shookamari by name, lives, is a very pretty little girl of about ten years of age. She is a Hindu widow and has neither friends nor home. Dirty and ragged she wanders about from day to day in search of food, and often snatches bits of refuse from garbage cans. She is scolded and hated and often beaten by cruel hands. At night she crawls under a dry goods box or hides in some obscure corner lest she be found and driven away.

When Shookamari was home on vacation she often saw this little girl and talked with her. One day she told her of the school she was attending. This seemed to touch the child's heart and she burst into tears. Poor little child! No home! No kind friends! No one to love her and no one to care! Thrust out onto the cold world to fall into the clutches of some vile man and eventually die a horrible death. Sobbing and with tears streaming down her pallid cheek, she in her own language pitifully said, "Won't you please take me with you to that school?"

What a pity! Bright, intelligent young girls who might become earnest workers for the Master going down! down! down! when the small sum of not more than three dollars each month would clothe, feed, and educate them.

Cannot we this coming thirteenth Sabbath do something to help care for and educate these girls? We need a school home, for at present we are living in rented quarters; we need beds for our dormitories; we need money to start industries so that we shall be able to take in some of these needy ones and give them work that will bring at least a part of the money necessary to defray their expenses. Last, but not least, we need your earnest prayers.

The Sabbath schools have done nobly in the past, and I believe the present will be no exception. May God bless every effort put forth by the members of the Sabbath school this quarter, is the prayer of your humble servant in dark India.

Sabbath, March 8

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

READING: The Burma Girls' School.

[Story for children, see "Our Little Friend" containing Sabbath school lesson for this date.]

MISSIONARY TEXT: John 4:35.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 536, first two stanzas.

PRAYER: A few sentence prayers in behalf of students and teachers in the school at Burma.

The Burma Girls' School

MARY GIBBS-DENOYER

WE are glad that we have encouraging items to report from the Burma Girls' School at Taikgyi, even though the refusal of Government aid has caused a marked decrease in the attendance of the school. Those whom we now have are the ones most susceptible to Christian influence, and we have more time for Bible instruction.

At the close of the school in 1922, to each of the pupils who completed the Scripture memory work assigned, we gave as a reward a picture from the old Sabbath school picture rolls. The children put these up in their houses, where visitors often were caused to ask questions about the pictures. It would do your hearts good to hear the clear, definite answers some of the children gave. One little seven year old girl, after explaining the ordinance of humility, added that as soon as she was old enough to join the church she would take part also.

As a people, the Karens are very simple in their habits, and cultivate little except rice.

depending upon fishing and hunting to supply the curry pot. They have no idea of meats being unclean, so anything is acceptable from elephant or tiger down to monkey, rats, snakes, or even insects. Almost every family keeps a few pigs. Being nominal Christians makes no difference, so our Adventist children have many trials and temptations over their food. Many people delight to cook a tempting curry and invite Adventist children to eat. The cooks declare that it is cooked with clean meat, but if the children eat of it, then the people ridicule them as they have secretly added something unclean.

Two little children on their way home from school stayed over night with relatives who did not know Adventist beliefs. When they ate their evening meal the children looked at the curry, passed it on, and began to eat their rice with salt. The woman serving the table questioned why they ate no curry. They explained, but she told them that they need not be afraid as no one would tell their teachers. They replied, "It is not that we fear our teachers, but that God says the food is unclean, therefore we have no desire to eat it." The people were astonished.

One little child's father told his cousin, who was bringing the child to school, that he did not want her to teach the child not to eat pork. During vacation the father butchered a hog and his child refused to touch the meat. The father became very angry and began blaming the cousin when the child spoke up

and said, "It is because I saw it in the Bible that I do not eat pork now." The next day the father took his child with him to the paddy field. Their lunch was rice and pickled fish. The fish was so large that the brine had not penetrated properly, so when they opened it there were maggots inside. The child refused to eat of this also, so the father says we are making it very hard for him. Nevertheless he is leaving the child in our school.

Karens live in villages with their houses all huddled together, and often all are enclosed by one fence. Children, pigs, chickens, and dogs have free run of the village. This makes it very hard for our Adventist people with small children, as non-believers delight to give these little tots tobacco, betel leaf or other abominations, and then revile the parents over the children's delinquencies. One of our brethren had so much trouble this way that we allowed him to put his daughter in the school very young. She has made good progress in school, and does not shame her parents now when she goes home.

God is good to those who follow Him today even as of old, for our boarding pupils are subjects of comment even among the heathen on account of their healthy looks. They are given vegetarian diet, and are the fairest and fattest group of children to be found anywhere in that part of the country.

Our greatest need at present is equipment for industries. We plan to add weaving as soon as we can get looms. The native looms

are very simple affairs and quite small children can learn to weave with them. There is a good demand for the articles they can produce, so it will be a means of assisting those who have no financial resources. We are looking to the Sabbath schools to help us supply this need.

Sabbath, March 15

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

READINGS: Urgent Needs in Northeast India.

Ceylon.

SEED THOUGHT: "It is God's purpose that the truth for this time shall be made known to every kindred, and nation, and tongue, and people."—*"Testimonies," Vol. IX, p. 24.*

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 537, first and last stanzas.

PRAYER: For the work and workers in Northeast India.

Urgent Needs in Northeast India

H. C. WILLOUGHBY

IN Northeast India our hearts are constantly burdened by the unanswered calls from all parts of our field, with its 98,000,000. Our small numbers, our still smaller equipment, and the great work that is before us to be completed in this generation, are an unmeasurable reason for prayer and supplication to our God with whom lies the power to supply the needs of this great field.

When I try to think of our greatest need, it seems hard to decide between more missionaries, or better equipment for those already in the field. Here and there, in yonder village and in nearby hamlet, cries for some one to

come to teach the gospel are filling our ears. In a recent trip through some of the villages of West Bengal, we were almost overwhelmed by calls from Hindus, Mohammedans, and Christians to come to their villages to work among them. At night when we were weary from the hard trip during the heat of the day, the men of the village gathered around us until midnight eager to discuss present truth. Their appeals for some one to come to teach them touched our hearts, especially when we had to tell them that we had no one to send. If we could send them a missionary, we would at once be confronted with the problem of a home; for no European could live in the mud houses of these villages for more than a few weeks. As a matter of fact, we could send some one out there if we but had the money to build suitable living quarters for them, and provide them with the necessary transportation facilities. As it is now, our missionaries are trying to work these villages while living at a distance of thirty miles, where houses can be rented in which they can live.

In the other places there are single families out in lonely places, bravely holding the fort. Their earnest appeals for associates, arouse our sympathy, but we are unable to answer for the new recruits come out so slowly that they do not much more than fill vacancies. And so, in considering our great needs, we cry out to the Lord of Harvest that He will fill us all with His Holy Spirit, and with zeal and courage for the work.

Ceylon

N. SISBÖA-PINTO

What a splendid country for a child is Ceylon! When the sun shines all day long and the vegetation is aglow in tropical luxuriance, how can he help being happy, as happy as the parrot chattering in the tree? He lives in a mud hut, nestling in the grassy hills; he wanders over hillocks and over vast rice fields where are wild buffaloes and beautiful Indian bulls. His life is spent in the open under the shady fruit trees; the birds and the squirrels are his friends.

There are all sorts and conditions of children in Ceylon—of different shades and different natures. There is the Tamil cooly boy, black in color, with long, smooth, well-oiled hair—a fearless lad. Then there is the chetty boy—with long, smooth-cut features and a head as bare as the palm of your hand. A silent little man is he, moving about in a long flowing white cloak, uncommunicative and stealthy. There is also the Senegalese boy. He can climb a tree better than any one else in the world, and doesn't he know how to sail a catamaran! The Moorish lad is backward and shy. He looks quite smart in his red fez cap and colored cloth and banian.

These lads are all happy, as I said before, but happy only in their ignorance; for they are growing up without a knowledge of the best Friend they have—the Friend of little children. Most of them bow down and offer

gifts to grotesque images of wood and stone, which inspire awe and dread in their childish hearts, when they might be sitting at the feet of Jesus and learning of His great love, and the beautiful home He has prepared for those that keep His commandments.

Ah! Ceylon's need is great and this call for workers comes from hearts deeply interested in the spiritual welfare of this picturesque little island.

Sabbath, March 22

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

READING: The Shepherd Boys of Kariananthal.

SEED THOUGHT: "We are to place in the Lord's treasury all the means that we can spare. For this means, needy, unworked fields are calling."—*"Testimonies," Vol. IX, p. 40.*

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 544, first and last stanzas.

PRAYER: In behalf of these shepherd boys.

The Shepherd Boys of Kariananthal

E. D. THOMAS

It is nearly thirteen years now since our first Sabbath school for the Tamil people was opened at Prakasapuram, Nazareth, South India. Today we have fifteen Sabbath schools in the Tamil field. As we have eighteen million Tamilians to be warned with this message, we still find a very great work before us.

It is about two years now since we opened a small school in the village of Kariananthal, where we have a little company of believers. The school has been conducted by one of our

young men, who received his education in our training school at Bangalore. The interest manifested by him was so great that the school very soon came to be known far and wide. As a result many heathen parents began to send their boys to our school. In a short time the attendance went up to thirty-two. Hearing of the good Christian teaching given there, some of the shepherd boys began to pay friendly visits to the school and to note the way in which the boys are taught. A great desire was thus awakened in them as they visited the school regularly. Seeing that the teacher was very kind and gentle to the students, one day they asked the teacher if they would be admitted in the school. If they were permitted to come they said they could come only in the night, as they had to spend the day with their sheep in the field. The teacher was very much pleased to have these boys brought under his influence, and was glad to open a night school for them. And now this night school which has been regularly conducted since, begins at 9 P. M. and closes at 10:30 P. M.; but at times, it is prolonged even to 11 P. M. Among the many things taught here, the study of the Bible is very strongly emphasized. As they were all boys from heathen homes, it took some time for the teacher to bring them to see the folly of their own religion. As these students studied the truth, some of them were fully convinced of it and they began to stand for it. But as their parents were orthodox idol

worshippers, they did not like their boys to become Christians, and they began to make the house too hot for them, and brought all sorts of pressure to bear. However, the boys were thoroughly prepared to endure every opposition patiently.

Once recently it was my privilege to visit them and enjoy their company for a few hours. I was quite astonished to find them all very regular in their night classes, and very punctual in attendance at their Sabbath school which is held at nine o'clock every Friday night in the mission cottage. As it is the only time convenient for them to hold any meeting or classes, I was told that the Sabbath school was to be held at that time. On every Sabbath morning the teacher holds a preaching service for them in the field, as they are there with their sheep. When I was there I was asked to take the preaching service that Sabbath. We had to walk three or four miles from the mission cottage to meet them. At the appointed hour we reached the place where they were accustomed to have their Sabbath morning service, and we were quite pleased to find about twenty of them waiting. And as there was no difficulty in getting them together on the broad field under the open sky and close by their sheep, I spoke to them about David. They felt very happy as they listened to the story of a shepherd, and realized how the Lord had watched over David while he was yet a shepherd boy, and blessed him in all his efforts.

Some of these boys had already begun to keep the Sabbath in spite of severe persecution from their parents as well as their friends. It will not be long before some of them will be baptized. Another thing that keeps coming to my memory is their tithe pots. They each have a small earthen pot in our mission house where they lay by their tithes and offerings, as they are afraid of their parents. The parents of these boys went to the teacher one day and told him that they were quite pleased to know of the good teaching given their boys in our school, and the good influence it has over them: but requested him not to teach the Bible, which helps the boys give up their old religion and turn toward Christianity. If our teacher would only do that much for them, they would be glad to send more students, and help to support the school. But the teacher made them understand that the teaching of the Bible is the only essential thing, without which all their learning will be of no use.

Seeing they could not induce him to stop teaching the Bible in our school, they thought it would be better for them to prevent their boys attending our school. Ever since that time, they have been doing all they could to keep them from the school. But the boys are still very regular, and are praying for their parents' early conversion. Kindly remember these shepherd boys in your prayers, so that a good church may very soon be raised up in their locality through them.

There are many loyal hearts in these villages and towns. Many young people take their stand for God's truth despite severe opposition from their parents and other relatives, and we want to reach them all. Will you not by your offerings help us to do it?

Sabbath, March 29

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "This is to be our watchword, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'"—"*Testimonies*," Vol. VI, p. 303.

DIALOGUE: "The Lucknow Girls' School."

RECITATION: "In Mission Lands."

SONG BY CHILDREN: "Tell Me Again."

TALK: "I Am God's Child," given by a junior. See March number of Sabbath School Worker.

DIALOGUE: "Giving."

RECITATION: "India's Need."

EXERCISE: "Come Over and Help Us," given by five little girls.

RECITATION: "India for Jesus."

DIALOGUE: By four boys.

SOLO: "Our Sunset Song."

OFFERING

PRAYER: That God may bless our gifts to needy India.

The Lucknow Girls' School

Mrs. A. E. NELSON

[Dialogue between an American girl and an Indian girl, one girl being dressed in *sari*. This is a native dress made of cloth five to seven yards long, one end of the cloth being draped around the waist from right to left to form a skirt, the other end thrown over the left shoulder across the back and around the right shoulder. The girls meet in America. Indian girl's name Barakat, meaning "b'essing."]

Doris: Good morning, my little friend. I am so

glad to see you. Please come and tell me about your country so far away.

Barakat: Salaam. I am very glad to see you, too. For a long time I have wanted to see some of my little American sisters who have done so much for us by helping us to learn of Jesus. I shall be happy to tell you anything I can about my home, and my people.

Doris: Are things much different in India than what you see here?

Barakat: Oh yes. I see so many wonderful and strange things here that it keeps me looking this way and that, and so I suppose if you were in my country everything would be just as strange to you. Everything is so much different that in a long, long time I could not finish telling you. I will just tell you some of the things now, then maybe another time I can tell you some more.

Doris: Did you ever go to school?

Barakat: Yes, if you like I will tell you about my school.

Doris: Yes, please do. Do you have a school building and a dormitory like ours?

Barakat: I will tell you all about it. In the bungalow where our *memsahib* who has charge of the school, lives, there are two rooms and a veranda which are used as class rooms, then there is another big room which we have for a chapel. A part of this room is curtained off to make another class room. And as to our dormitory—behind the bungalow is a row of godowns where we live.

Doris: What do you mean by godowns?

Barakat: This is a little building with several small rooms in a row. We have eight of these rooms. Each room is eight feet by eleven feet. The rooms have just one door opening to the outside and no windows. In place of a window, here and there a brick has been slipped out, thus leaving a hole for air and light to come in.

Doris: Do you have only eight rooms for the girls to live in?

Barakat: Yes.

Doris: Then I suppose you have fifteen or sixteen girls in school.

Barakat: More than that. When school closed last year there were thirty-eight, and for the new year they plan to have not less than fifty.

Doris: Where do they all stay?

Barakat: Instead of having one roommate, I have five. You see, two of our girls have sore eyes so they have to have one room together where they may keep their things separate. Then there are thirty-six of us left for seven rooms.

Doris: But surely five or six girls don't all sleep in one room, eight by eleven feet?

Barakat: No, we all have our beds outdoors. Our beds are not like yours either. They are just like frames on legs, but in place of springs like you have, we have rope strung across.

Doris: Can you sleep outdoors all the year?

Barakat: No. It is very cold in Lucknow in December and January, and at that time we crowd our beds into a carriage house. We put the beds so close together that we cannot walk between them but even then they don't all go in and some have to take their beds into their rooms. But we all like to sleep in one place. It does not seem nice to us when a few have to go somewhere else to sleep.

Doris: With so many in one room can you get enough air?

Barakat: One side of the carriage house is open. That is why we are allowed to have so many beds in there.

Doris: I understand. Now tell me about your dining room and kitchen.

Barakat: We do not have any.

Doris: Where does the cook prepare your meals?

Barakat: At the end of our godown we have a place built of bricks and mud where we burn wood and cook our rice and *dalh* (which is a kind of lentil), or make our *chipaties* and cook vegetables.

Doris: What are *chipaties*?

Barakat: *Chipaties* are our bread. We do not eat the kind of bread that you do. We have the whole wheat ground up; with this we mix water, and after much kneading, we flop it back and forth in our hands until it is flat and round. Then we bake it on an

iron and stand it up by the fire at the side of the fire place, and it swells up or puffs out and then is ready to eat. It does not take long to make them, and they are very good food. You mentioned a cook. We have no cook. We girls do all of our work.

Doris: Don't you have any big range for cooking or baking?

Barakat: No. Our brick and mud stove is all we need, and if it should break, it does not take much to repair it.

Doris: Then tell me what you do for a dining room.

Barakat: When meal time comes each girl gets her plate and stands in a square in the yard. In the middle of the square we place the big kettle in which is our food, and then in line we march up to the kettle and are served. When all have received their food and returned to their places, one of the girls returns thanks, and then we sit down on the ground and eat. We do not need knives, forks, or spoons, and, in fact, feel very uncomfortable and awkward if we try to use them.

Doris: What does your school need most?

Barakat: I do not know what to say we need most. We need more room to live in, a larger yard to walk about and play in, and a place to make a garden. We have no desks in our schoolroom. We sit on the floor and hold our slates in our laps. The larger girls sit on a bench at a long table. We also need a sewing machine. We have one, but it is old and rickety. However, it still sews pretty well.

Doris: Do you do much sewing?

Barakat: Yes, we make all of our clothes. The past year we made about a hundred dresses and nearly twice as many pieces of underwear. We enjoy this work and are glad we know how to do it, but one sewing machine is not enough.

Doris: No. I shouldn't think it would be.

Barakat: Now I have mentioned so many things hoping that when the thirteenth Sabbath comes, and that we need, but even that isn't all. So we are the offering is sent to the Southern Asia Division, it will be such a large offering that we shall be able to get some of the things that our school needs so much.

Doris: My mother is calling me, so now I must say goodbye. I hope you will be able to tell me some more another time.

Barakat: Yes, I hope so. But before you go I want to thank you for what you have done, and to tell you that we appreciate very much what we have, and thank God every day for the privilege of being in the mission school. We hope when we have been trained, we shall be of some service in God's work in bringing the knowledge of God and His love to others. Salaam.

Tell Me Again

MRS. C. C. KELLAR

[For Tune see "Christ in Song," No. 582]

Into a hut where a Hindu child lay,
Dying, alas, at the close of the day,
News of the Saviour was carried. Said he,
"Why, why so late, did you tell it to me?"

Chorus:

"Tell me again! Tell all, oh tell
How when He lived on this earth among men,
His hand was outstretched, He made the sick well,
Giving His blessings again and again.

"If He so loved us, the sons of dark Hind,
Gave us good tidings and light for the blind,
Hold not, oh hold not, but as light is sent
Speed the news onward, and rest not content.

Chorus: *

"Keep not the news! Hold not thy hand!
Millions are waiting of India's sons,
E'en now the darkness sweeps down o'er the land;
Send forth the message, our Master soon comes."

Slowly he sank, as the sun in the west
Dropped from our sight. Said he, "How can you rest?
Go, quickly, tell them the story so old!
Go quickly, bring them all into the fold!"

Chorus:

Give it again! Give it again!
Means of salvation, oh give o'er and o'er,
Till none can say among India's men,
No one the story has told here before.

Giving

[For two little girls]

First Girl:

"Mary had a little lamb
Whose fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

Second Girl:

"I wish I had a little lamb
With fleece as white as Mary's
I'd have it sheared and sell the wool
To help the missionaries.

Together:

"But even if we have no lamb
With fleece as white as Mary's
There are lots of things that we can do
To help the missionaries.

"We'll pray, and earn some pennies
By doing things, you know,
To help the missionaries,
To heathen lands to go."

India's Need

CHARLES RITCHIE

From India's Northern mountains, to Cormorin's
southern cape,
Millions of sinners striving, from death find no
escape.

In this land of many races rite and ritual hold sway,
Temples, mosques, pagodas, churches, lead their cap-
tives, each its way.

Theirs are idol gods by thousands, millions are their
deities,

Nature's objects are their worship, bow they down to
effigies.

Repulsive are their many doctrines, all their thoughts
incline to sin;

Strive they e'er to still the conscience: yet some must
be gathered in.

Sabbath schools still more are wanted; eager hearts
and willing hands,

To bear the light, to stand for right, and tear away
the cruel bands.

God of harvests, send more reapers, in this time of
"latter rain,"

Send them forth in holy service, over India's mount
and plain.

Give our brethren health and courage: grant our
sisters gentle love;

Let this little "remnant" people spread the message
from above.

Brethren speed the help to India; lend as to our
Holy Lord,

Days of sacrifice are ending; soon will come Heav'n's
rich reward.

"Come Over and Help Us"

[An exercise for five little girls]

First Girl:

I read a Bible story, girls,

Of how, long years ago,

Paul planned to go a certain way.

God's Spirit whispered *No!*

Then in a dream he saw a man

On Macedonia's shore,

Who cried, Pray come and help us here,

And so he hastened o'er

To where the call was sounding forth,

And preached the gospel there,

And many people turned to God

And joined in earnest prayer.

Second girl addressing third girl:

Suppose that you should have a dream
And see an India child,
A little "Indian widow" girl
Who wept, but seldom smiled.
And she should beckon with her hand
Come over and help me,
What would you do? What could you do?
I really cannot see.

Third Girl:

I could not go like Paul of old,
I am too young and small;
I do not think the dear, wise Lord
A little child would call.

Fourth Girl:

I think I know what I would do.
I'd say, "Dear Lord, I'll go;
But you must wait a little while
Until I taller grow."

Fifth Girl:

But think of all the children who
Will die before we grow!
I think I know what we can do,
I'm almost sure I know.
If we would save the nickels which
We squander every day,
They'd help to take the gospel to
The children far away.

First Girl:

Dear girls, if I but close my eyes,
I almost seem to see
The children of those heathen lands,
All beckoning to me.
Come, let us save just all we can;
Each penny helps, you know.
And there are workers waiting now
For means that they may go.

And if we help provide the means
As Christ intends we should;
I think He'll say of each of us,
"She hath done what she could."

—*Jennie McClelland.*

India for Jesus

A. B. SIMPSON

India for Jesus, and Jesus for India!

This is the message we bear,

India for Jesus, and Jesus for India!

This is our watchword and prayer.

Over the ghats and the hills of Shapura,

Over the plains of Berar,

Over the beautiful valleys of Krishna,

Echoes the chorus afar!

Sing, till the voices of Hindu and Moslem

Blend in the glorious strain!

Sing, till the notes of the Brahman and Sudra

Join in the mighty refrain!

Sing it in Telugu, Urdu, and Marathi:

Over the land let it ring:

Teach them in Tamil, Gujurati, and Hindi,

India for Jesus to sing.

India for Jesus, and Jesus for India!

Over our land let it ring,

Calling the church to her glorious mission,

India to Jesus to bring;

Bidding the lingering heralds of metey

Fly with the gospel abroad,

Till from her hilltops the watchmen shall answer,

"India has turned unto God!"

India for Jesus, and Jesus for India!

Master, the work must be Thine;

Thine is the power, and Thine is the promise;

Send us the baptism divine.

And, as the monsoons sweep over the mountains,

Watering each valley and plain,

So may the Spirit, in showers of blessing,

Come with abundance of rain.

Our Sunset Song

[Tune: "Jusnita"]

Now, o'er the waters,
Burns the crimson after-glow,
From a hundred temples
Fades the day so slow;
Where the palm tree rises,
Telling of a foreign strand,
Turn our hearts in sorrow
For this stranger land.

Chorus:

India, sad India,
Let the dead years speak no more;
India, sad India,
Open now thy door.

Well may each sunset
Bear the color-mark of pain,
On the sky and waters,
In its crimson stain;
And when fiery sun-gleams
Fall on piles where widows died,
See we then the suff'ring
Centuries cannot hide.

Chorus:

India, sad India,
Let the dead years speak no more;
India, our India,
Open now thy door.

Oh! how we're longing,
That you know the Prince of Peace;
When He shall enter,
Thou shalt find release;
When the whole world's Saviour
Lay beneath the eastern star,
Saw you not your day-spring
Rising from afar?

Chorus

India, oh! India,
Lift your eyes from ruins old;
India, oh! India,
Now thy light behold.

Far toward the sunset
Lies a land to pilgrims dear,
But alone, in dreaming,
Do its shores draw near;
But the heart grows braver,
Looking toward that home-land shore,
For the time is coming
When the sea's no more.

Chorus

India, our India,
We would still with thee go on;
India, our India,
Onward to the dawn.

—*Adelaide Gail Frost.*

A Dialogue

MRS. E. M. MELEEN

First Boy: We are only four boys, but we represent the 325,000,000 inhabitants of India, Burma, and Ceylon. More than that, we represent the sixty missionary families who are giving the message to these millions. At present these families are preaching the gospel in sixteen languages. But there are many peoples and languages who have not had the message yet. What are we to do about it?

Second Boy: We want to ask you a question. Suppose we had 325,000,000 people in our country, and these people were bound by Hinduism, caste, and superstition, and spoke thirty different languages. It would be a crime for a man to introduce anything new. A boy would have to be what his grandfather and his grandfather's father had been. And then suppose there were only sixty families in this country to give the message to this people. How fast would the

message go and how much progress would it make, could you tell?

Third Boy: Then we want to ask you another question. Suppose these sixty families each in their station wanted to open a school here, or a mission station there, or print a tract in a new language. They saw the great need, saying "It must be done." Then word came from the treasurer: "Do not start any new work. There is no money in the treasury." What would you do under such circumstances?

Fourth Boy: Now we will tell you our plan. We are only four boys, but we will give ourselves to the Lord, praying that He will use us some day, somewhere, in His service. Then we will ask you to give us an offering for India today. Let it be the best offering our Sabbath school has ever given.

In Mission Fields

S. E. KELLMAN

[Suggested by McCrae's "In Flanders Fields."]

In Mission fields, sweet flowers grow,
Between the crosses, high and low,
That mark our graves; and up above
The heavens declare th' Almighty love
For Mission Fields.

We left our homes, our friends, our all;
Answ'ring by faith and hope the call
To feed the sinsick souls that live
In lowest depths: our lives we give
To Mission Fields.

Take up the fight till vict'ry's won!
The foe sleeps not: go, "carry on."
If ye break faith with Him who gave
His life, His all, lost souls to save
In Mission Fields,

Our God Himself His heralds will send
Crossing our earth, from end to end,
To gather guests from every race,
The supper of the Lamb to grace,
From Mission Fields.