

MISSIONS QUARTERLY

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SECRETARY OF THE SERINGAPATAM SABBATH SCHOOL

Topic: SOUTH INDIA AND BURMA

Sabbath, October 3

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: John 3:16.

READINGS: Official Notice.

Reunited in Christ.

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

PRAYER: That God will bless our work and workers in Burma and South India.

The Official Notice

THE SABBATH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT:

WE take pleasure in asking our Sabbath schools during the fourth quarter of 1925 to study the interests of our work in South India and Burma. We feel sure the interesting experiences of our workers in these fields will inspire us anew to lend a helping hand. Notwithstanding the caste prejudice and false teachings everywhere prevalent, the message is onward. Recent communications while telling of the work, strongly urge increase of funds. More workers are needed to press the message among the multiplied millions in these strongholds of the enemy.

To maintain the work already started, we are asking our Sabbath schools on the thirteenth Sabbath of the fourth quarter to make their offering \$100,000. Any increase above this amount will be used for new work.

Our hearts have been greatly cheered by the splendid offering for the fourth quarter of 1924 for Africa. Should not this call from India meet as ready a response, and may we not even anticipate a still larger offering on this important occasion?

Yours in the Master's service,

J. L. SHAW.

Treasurer of the General Conference.

Reunited in Christ

S. A. WELLMAN

IN one of the Karen villages of Lower Burma, where the Salwin River runs out of the long mountain valleys into the plains of Tennasserim, lived a Sgaw Karen family. The father was a man of some prominence, having a little property and being respected by his fellow countrymen. The mother, a pleasant faced woman in her earlier years, was becoming wrinkled and prematurely old, as do most of the Karen women. They had four children, and three of these were girls.

Suddenly the fortunes of the family were reversed. The father lost practically all that he had in speculation. He was so overcome with remorse and shame that he left his home and went far into the interior to escape the disgrace. But his wife would not go with him. She took the children and migrated to the banks of the Salwin River. There, in a little shack, she began the task of bringing up the children, wresting a bare living from the sandy soil of the river banks.

They were all heathen, worshiping and fearing the spirits which they believed inhabited the trees, river, and forest, and were always present to hinder their lives and destroy their prospects. The mother was the worst heathen of them all, and sought not only to find help by appeasing the spirits, but also by worshiping the lord Buddah, concerning whom the monks of the Buddhist faith had taught her.

Soon after reaching their new home, a white man came up the river and bought a piece

of land on the other side. He built a house, and later a dispensary. They heard that he was a missionary, and were at first a little afraid to go near the place. But one day, when the mother found one of the children ill with the fever, she went to the *Saya Ma*, who had charge of the dispensary for help. The child being relieved by the medicine given, the mother a few weeks later brought her elder daughter to the *Saya Ma*, and requested that she be permitted to learn dispensary work. It was just what the missionary wanted, and Hla Kin was from that day her faithful helper.

In two short years she became a Christian, and later married one of the teachers in the school that the *thra* (teacher) had started for the Karen boys. And her younger brother and sister were pupils in the school. Nautoo, after studying for some time, followed in her sister's steps in the dispensary, and later was baptized. But the brother and mother still held off, particularly the mother. Once, in an attempt to keep them from becoming Christians, the mother withdrew the younger children, at the instance of a Karen worker in another mission, and took them to a distant town to study. But their hearts were back at Kamamaung, and the next year found them again in the school they had learned to love.

Ten years passed, and the son had also decided to cast his lot with the Advent people. In the meantime, although it had seemed that the web woven by the devil was too strong for the truth to pierce through, the spirit of

God was evidently at work on the heart of the mother, for one day she came to the missionary and asked to be baptized. She received instruction, but still did not seem to grasp all that it must mean to her, so she was asked to wait. She was told that everything must go;—the pan chewing, the worship of devils, of *pongis*, and everything from the past. So the days went by, while she waited and studied and pondered in her hut across the river.

Then came the annual meeting at Kama-maung. The workers and believers of the Karen country were gathered together for a week of study, and at its close there were to be eight souls baptized. Among them was Tonpay, the son of this old Karen lady. The mother came every day to the meetings, and her son-in-law and daughter, Hla Kin, who had been the first of the family to accept Christ, were there. On Friday morning two of the visiting workers were walking down the shaded paths between the dispensary and the home of Pastor Hare, when Thra John, the son-in-law, came to them and said, "My wife's mother is to be baptized tomorrow." They had heard of her being put off, and remarked, "But Thra John, sometimes it is best to wait. You had better talk it over with Thra Hare, and if he is willing, she can be baptized." Tears were in his eyes and they could see that he was anxious. He went to Thra Hare, and that night Brother Hare called the church committee together and they talked with the old lady. She had fought out the battle dur-

ing the months, and had come prepared to cast off all the past, trusting in the Saviour. The next day when her son, Tonpay, went down into the water, his mother too was buried with her Lord and found peace in Christ.

Sabbath afternoon we had the communion service, and the ten new members were admitted to the church and warmly welcomed by the older members. Hla Kin rose to welcome her old mother, and as her arms went about her, she whispered with joy into her mother's ear, "Is it not good? We can all worship together again, mother."

They could worship together with hope, and joy, and the knowledge that there can be no parting of a family thus united in Christ. But in the city on the hills of the interior is still a heathen father, and somewhere else a sister, in need of the same Saviour. And for them the mother and her children are praying.

This is the picture of but one family. All through the villages of that section are others, watching, listening, being slowly but surely influenced by the work of those who are hunting for the lost sheep of the house of Israel. The offerings of our Sabbath schools will greatly strengthen the hands of the workers and hasten the day of the gathering.

"Christ is either Lord of all, or He is not Lord at all."

Sabbath, October 10

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "The Saviour made each work of healing an occasion for implanting divine principles in the mind and soul."—*"Ministry of Healing," p. 20.*

READING: An Experience in Medical Missionary Work.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 479, first and last stanzas.

PRAYER: In behalf of our work and workers in Burma.

An Experience in Medical Missionary Work

J. O. WILSON

"GOOD evening friend. I have never seen you in our little town before. May I ask where you are from? And, Hello! What is wrong? Rheumatism, I dare say, from the way you carry your arms. Yes, your shoulders and wrists are quite stiff. And look! your fingers are drawn and stiff. Have you consulted a doctor?"

The stranger then told the missionary his story. He was from Rangoon, where the best doctors in Burma live. He had been suffering from rheumatism for several months, and although the doctors had given him copious quantities of divers drugs, he was no better, in fact getting worse all the time. At last they had advised him to go up-country where the climate was dryer. And so he had come to Meiktila, and accidentally—shall we say—had come in contact with the missionary.

Without any railing accusation against the English doctors and their medicines, U Po Han (for this was the stranger's name) ex-

pressed his regret and disappointment that they had failed to cure him. He had now sent to Mandalay for a Burmese doctor to come to Meiktila to see what he could do for him.

"Well," said the missionary, "I am not a doctor, but I think I can give you some relief from your pain. With your permission I shall be glad to come over this evening and apply some simple rational remedies."

The sufferer gladly accepted the offered kindness. He seemed unable to understand why one he had not met before should take so much interest in him.

Now, U Po Han was a Burmese lawyer, one of the most prominent men of his race. The British Government recognized his capabilities by appointing him to the bench in the high court of Burma. But you would not learn much about his prominence from association with the man himself. Unlike most of his people, he was very modest. But those who knew him invariably spoke of his quiet greatness.

The missionary had not known who his patient was, nor was he concerned about that. It mattered not to him whether he were judge or jockey, butcher or baker. So night after night, after the full program of a day in the mission station and school, he went to spend an hour or two with his patient, demonstrating the wonders of hot fomentations and massage. About the third night the man was so much better he expressed his willingness to give compensation for further treatments. He

would notify the Burmese doctor not to come. He was assured that the treatments would be continued, but that no compensation was wanted.

Again the man was astonished that a stranger should show him so much attention. He could not understand it. He followed carefully the advice of the missionary, which was pretty stiff in regard to his diet. But he followed it faithfully, and soon found that it was much to his advantage to live largely on fruits and vegetables, leaving off entirely tea, coffee, and flesh foods.

To make a long story short, U Po Han was so much improved at the end of a month that he returned to Rangoon, and took up his work again. The change in himself and his family was remarkable. They had been changed from gloom and despair to hopefulness again, and it could be seen in their very faces.

During that month he bought "Practical Guide" and the new book "Home Physician," and read widely in them. Besides he read "Steps to Christ," which he pronounced the most wonderful book he had ever read—and he is a Buddhist. Since then he has finished "The Desire of Ages."

He thinks we ought to have a sanitarium here in Burma where we could demonstrate the wonderful principles of healthful living and rational remedies. When it was suggested to him that the Government is planning to build a sanitarium, he said, "Yes, but it will not be at all like one you people would operate."

Truly the medical work was an entering wedge to his heart, and we believe there are hundreds of others here who might be reached with this "right arm" where other methods will fail.

Could we not have an overflow on this thirteenth Sabbath that would enable us to start something even on a small scale? Our medical work at present is limited to a few very small dispensaries out in the jungles. They are doing splendid work in their sphere. But with such a small undeveloped "right arm" we cannot do the work we ought to do.

Furthermore, we could get local support for such an enterprise far more successfully than for anything else. We are not left to guess about this, for the largest firm in Burma has told us we can count on financial assistance when we show that we mean business and have something definite to present. In other words, we will go a long way toward furnishing a horse, if our Sabbath schools at home can supply us a rider—a doctor—to put on him. See 2 Kings 18:23.

Sabbath, October 17

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Luke 14:23. Read the text, then have the school repeat it in concert.

READING: Sabbath Schools in Telugu Land.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 477.

PRAYER: A few sentence prayers in behalf of the work in the Telugu Land.

Sabbath Schools in Telugu Land

JENNIE SMITHWICK FLAIZ

TONIGHT, after almost two weeks of heavy itinerating in a Ford car, we are glad for the privilege of resting in a traveler's bungalow. Mr. Flaiz has gone to a village about four and a half miles from here to hold meetings with our people. Not feeling equal to the nine mile walk, I remained with the children; and now that they are asleep I shall try to tell our people about our Sabbath schools, their work and needs, in the Telugu field.

Perhaps some do not know where the Telugu field is. We really need to know the geography of practically the whole world in order to keep up with our many mission stations, institutions, and their work. Roughly speaking, the Telugu language area extends from Madras on the south along the East Coast of India, to within a few hundred miles of Calcutta. In breadth, it varies from a few miles to several hundred miles. There are approximately twenty-four million Telugus in this area.

At this writing our Sabbath school membership is four hundred and fifty-seven. This may not seem large, yet it is almost four hundred more than we had four years ago. On this itinerary we have many times had the privilege of seeing the good results of the Sabbath school. Our workers have taught the people that they should come to Sabbath school with clean bodies, clean clothing, and combed hair. Also, they have learned that

they should not smoke, drink "toddy," eat dead animals, and use pork. It is wonderfully encouraging to see the change which has come over these people. Formerly, heavy aluminum ankle bands, toe rings, wrist bands, and necklaces were in evidence. Now, many of the women have taken off every ornament, except for a small glass band around the wrist, and a "thalli" around the neck, which are signs of their marriage, and the difference is very marked.

Sometime ago we visited a village where the people had long asked for a worker, but, as is so often the case, we had had no one to send. Many of them would gladly have gone without food to buy Lesson Quarterlies, but not one of them could read. However they had been faithfully keeping the Sabbath the best they could, meeting together, and bringing their offerings, singing hymns, and then returning to their homes again. This was almost a year ago, and still we have no worker among them.

I want to add a few words about the little fellow whose picture appears on the front page of this Quarterly. He may not be a great deal like one of our Sabbath school secretaries at home, nevertheless he is Sabbath school secretary of the Seringapatam Sabbath school. You will notice he is not overburdened with clothes. However, this is not the way he appears each Sabbath. It was only because of an emergency that he appeared this way the Sabbath we were there. He explained that his parents had locked the door and gone off to coolie work in the fields, so that he was

unable to get inside. He was not baffled by this, though greatly embarrassed when he found they had visitors at Sabbath school that day. This picture was taken on Sunday. He was born a Hindu, and has not been baptized yet, but he wishes to become a Christian and attend our boarding school in Narsapur next year. His name is "Pappayya," which means Sinner. This name does not appeal to him, and he thinks he would like to have a Bible name instead. Was the money poorly spent that paid a teacher to teach this little boy of Jesus and the better life?

There are a great many other boys in India whose skins are just as dark, and yet in whom may lie the possibilities for future workers and bright lights in this, their own country. Many such boys have been refused entry into the boarding school because there was no money to support them.

We need more workers and more money, but most of all, we need the prayers of our people that God may greatly bless the work here, and help us to reach every honest heart.

Sabbath, October 24

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "A crucified and risen Saviour is to be uplifted before those who are without God and without hope in the world."—*"Testimonies,"* Vol. VIII, p. 16.

READINGS: Accepting Truth Despite Great Persecution.
Faithful, Even Unto Death.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 531, first and last stanzas.

PRAYER: In behalf of our work and workers in the Tamil country.

Accepting Truth Despite Great Persecution

E. D. THOMAS

ABOUT two years ago one of our Tamil workers while canvassing during Big Week, sold a copy of a Tamil "Bible Readings" to a weaver. He at once began to study the book very systematically. As he read of the Sabbath, he began to keep it; when he read of the tithe, he laid aside a tenth of his earnings for the Lord; and, as he read of the true missionary spirit, he began to preach his new faith to his neighbors, and won two of them to Christ.

After some time, he learned that we were holding our annual meeting at Nazareth. He was so glad to hear of it that he started immediately for that place, arriving there one forenoon when we were holding a testimony meeting. At the meeting, when he had a chance to talk, he arose with his two new converts, whom he had brought with him, and gave a very interesting speech as to the way the message had found him. As soon as the meeting was over he handed his tithe to the church treasurer. We were very glad to see these dear souls and get acquainted with them. It was a great pleasure for us to have them with us for a few days.

When this man's people found out that he had renounced his former faith and accepted the third angel's message, they began to give him and his converts all sorts of trouble. First they made the wife of this brother leave

him and run away to her father's house. When leaving, she told her husband that she would never come back unless he gave up his new belief. This kind of punishment by a wife is not uncommon in this country. Great was the surprise when the people found out that that kind of chastisement only strengthened him in his faith. Then they took another course, that of refusing to have any dealings at all with our brethren, and thus they were boycotted in many ways. Finally they brought such persecution on these brethren that they had to leave their houses, which they themselves had built, and where they had been living for years, and find homes elsewhere. In the Orient, it is hard for anyone to leave a house where he has lived for years, and it is harder still to forsake old quarters where fathers and grandfathers used to live, and to build a new home on a spot even a few yards' apart from the old relic. Hence it meant a good deal for these brethren to take such a bold step. Of course in the western countries the people have the opposite view in things like this.

There was a great scarcity of water in those parts, and these brethren felt much distressed for a while, not knowing where to go. But they took up the matter with the Lord in a very earnest way. Finally they were strongly impressed to acquire a certain site in the neighborhood and put up a thatched shed to live in, and to sink a well by the shed. They carried out all these plans as they were impressed. The wonder-working

God really performed a miracle in their behalf. After digging down a few yards in the rock, they struck good springs of fresh water. What a great encouragement this was to those world-forsaken brethren. News of this occurrence has spread all over that community. Others are now planning to build their houses close to these brethren's sheds in order to share the blessings of the new well.

These brethren have been begging us to send a worker to preach the message in the neighboring villages. We know there are many honest hearts in these places. We have also come across other individuals having similar experiences. But what shall we do? Nearly all the requests for new workers have been cut out from the budget for the last two or three years.

It certainly pays to take the truth to the country people of India, and these converts from heathenism will eventually shine as stars in Christ's kingdom. Will you not help us to hasten the giving of the message and the bringing of souls to Jesus by your prayers and your means?

Faithful, Even Unto Death

P. RAJU

A HINDU boy of the Tamil country, named Subbayan, was studying in our village school in Vakanangundia. Though a Hindu by birth, he had accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and often attended our Sabbath school and

other services. While he did not have a full understanding of our message, he had learned a great deal from the Bible and had memorized the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer. Daily, after the night school was over, he came and joined with me in prayer to God.

Because of his belief in Christ he had many enemies, of whom his own father and eldest brother were the worst. They were Kordan-gees (priests of devil worship) of that village, and tried hard to keep him from attending our day school and Sabbath school. Sometimes they endeavored to compel him to work hard on the Sabbath, but he would evade them by persuading them to allow him to look after the sheep on that day, instead of doing other kinds of work. This gave him liberty at least to be alone, and keep the Sabbath as David did on the plains of Bethlehem.

A month ago this boy became seriously ill with convulsions. The pain that he suffered was terrible. He often said that it was more than he could bear. As soon as his people knew how ill he was, they decided to consult with the devil, whom they worshiped, and find out the cause of his sickness. The devil replied to them, saying, "I am the cause of the boy's sickness. I have brought this sickness upon him as a punishment because he has professed the Christian religion."

The people, on hearing this, became excited and ran to the boy telling him what the devil had said, and tried to get him to renounce his new faith, and make a vow that

he would not believe on Jesus any more. But the boy, though near death's door, refused again and again to give up his faith, and the one word that he continued to repeat was "Jesus." They did everything they could to persuade him to renounce Christianity, but he held on firmly, even unto death. When they found that they could not influence him, they deserted him and left him alone to die. Some way or other, he managed to send word to us to come and pray for him, which we did.

Three hours before his death, his people went again to their temple and consulted with their deity and pleaded with him to leave the boy alone. The devil then told them the truth and said, "There is a mighty and all powerful God who upholds all things, and in His hands the breath of the boy is. It is He, and He alone, who can save him from death. What am I compared with Him? An insignificant thing." The devil admitted that he had no power, and the people were put to shame because of their faith in such a being. They greatly admired the faith and steadfastness of the boy who believed in Jesus.

If a poor Hindu boy, who had only a little knowledge of Christ, can show such faith and steadfastness under circumstances like these, how much more faithful we who have such great light should be.

"Every man, woman, and child in heathen darkness is a challenge to the church."—*S. Earl Taylor.*

Sabbath, October 31

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "You, my brother, my sister, may not be able to go into the Lord's vineyard yourself, but you may furnish the means to send others. Thus you will be putting your money out to the ex-changers; and when the Master comes, you will be able to return to Him His own with usury."—*"Testimonies," Vol. VIII, page 33.*

READINGS: Unanswered Calls in the Irrawaddy Delta.

What the Boys Can Do.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song, No. 530.

PRAYER: That the Lord will help us to give liberally, so the work in this field may not be hindered.

Unanswered Calls in the Irrawaddy Delta

F. A. WYMAN

"PLEASE don't go tomorrow. Wait two more days."

"No. I really must go," I replied for the third time.

A consultation in the next room followed and then a delegation came to talk with me again.

"*Saya Gee* (Teacher), we have a request to make. We want to give you some land (about three acres) for a school. Will you build a school and send us a teacher? We do not care for a fine building. Build it of bamboo."

This was our second visit to this village, which was rather above the average in cleanliness and village spirit. We had spent two days with them, eating their food, treating their sick, and preaching. More than sixty minor ailments had been treated, and four

meetings had been held with an average attendance of nearly one hundred. We had spent hours in teaching the children to sing our hymns and they were getting on wonderfully well. Then came this request. They had caught a vision of a better way. They wanted to follow. They needed some one to teach them. I had to tell them that for the present I did not see any possibility of building a school, as we did not have the money, but I would do my best. That was nearly a year ago, and I fear that this door of opportunity will not long remain open, as the Buddhists are making great efforts to get all the children in their schools.

At another village the old head-man took us out late at night to where a stake was driven in the ground. He was saving this plot of ground for a Seventh-day Adventist mission school and church. At still another village one of the old men, a very influential leader, desired us to come and settle at that place and lead his people and teach their children. He walked with us to the top of a beautiful hill, covered with various kinds of fruit trees, an ideal spot for a mission station.

These are good openings for out-schools or sub-stations, which would no doubt yield a rich harvest in the future. But we have not yet a main station for this district. Our headquarters is in an old rented house, the roof of which leaks so badly that we can hardly find a safe place for the furniture. The work is far ahead of us. God is leading us on faster than our means will allow us to

follow. This great, densely populated Delta of the Irrawaddy is ripe for the gospel. There are literally thousands of villages which are almost inaccessible to foreign workers, but which must be reached in some way. We need many trained vernacular workers. Our schools are beginning to turn them out, but we need means to enable us to hire them so that we may enter these open doors. And we need a good, well-equipped main station from which to direct the work.

We praise God that His people are willing in this day of His power. We marvel at what the Sabbath schools have been able to accomplish under God. Let us all pray earnestly, and work faithfully, and give liberally just a little longer, and then we will all go home together and share in the rewards.

What the Boys Can Do

E. B. HARE

HE was only a little bit of a lad, thirteen years old, but he was here in school. Smart? Just ordinary. This year he was in the fifth class, and he told us the day he was baptized, that he often heard the Spirit knocking at his heart, but that this time it knocked so hard that he just had to open.

He belonged to the Young People's Society, and was one of those boys who did things. During vacations, he preached at home and waged war on the family betel-nut box. After a while, Thara Peter started a little

school near by, and together they worked till grandpa took his stand and was baptized.

One day as I was leaving to visit in that locality, Kale Paw (for this is the little fellow's name), asked if I would deliver a letter for him. It was a real missionary letter, and I was wicked enough to listen in while it was being read down underneath the house, and this is something like what it said:

Dear Grandpa:

As you know, I am here at the Sabbath keeping school, and I am persuaded that this is the truth, and some day I must become a disciple just as you have done. I am praying every day for father and my brothers and sisters (his mother was dead). Now you'll be true and help them all you can, too, won't you?

This is the writing of

Kale Paw, your grandson.

And the old man's voice shook till I could hardly understand when he said, "God bless the lad." Did they try? Of course they did, they all did, and when we held our yearly meeting, we baptized his father, and Kale Paw too.

Sabbath, November 7

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

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

READINGS: Lights in Dark Places.

Does It Pay?

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

PRAYER: For our workers and those for whom they are laboring.

Lights in Dark Places

H. G. WOODWARD

"BUT when He saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd." Matt. 9:36. And we here in Travancore State often have a like experience. Multitudes are everywhere. We see them huddled together in the railway stations and in the bazaars. We meet them on the way to some festival in the temples, and we do so wish that we were able to make known to them all "the unsearchable riches of Christ." If there is one thing above another that oppresses the missionary in this dark land it is the sight of the crowds and the realization of the stupendous task that lies before him. We look at the vast multitudes around us, and then think of the small company of workers. We think how much has been done, and remember how much is still to be accomplished. "The gospel of the kingdom to every kindred, nation, tongue, and people in this generation," we repeat to ourselves. And our hearts echo the words of the apostle, "Who is sufficient for these things?" We feel our insufficiency, and are well nigh overwhelmed with the task that lies before us, until we remember the reply that Paul gave to his own question,—“Our sufficiency is of God”; and we take heart and encourage ourselves in the Lord.

The fact so often demonstrated, that among these multitudes are some whose hearts are

seeking after God, has been a means of untold blessing to us. In the most unexpected places we find those who are seeking God "if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him." Acts 17:27. We think now of a high caste Hindu gentleman who often visits us. He is an educated man, a graduate of the Madras University with a Bachelor's degree, and he speaks perfect English. Owing to the fact that he is in government employ he is much respected. He belongs to one of the most exclusive castes, one from which few Christians have come. Like Nicodemus, he comes by night, and the only purpose of his visits is to learn of Christ. So we try in all meekness to point him to the Lamb of God. He will sometimes unknowingly repeat the words of Nicodemus, "How can these things be?" Before he leaves us, he will humbly request us to pray with him, which we are only too glad to do.

If this brother should become a Christian, and accept the truth, what will happen? We hardly dare to think. He will lose his employment which, in a place like Travancore, would be a serious matter. It will probably mean parting with loved ones, and the loss of all things. It usually does. It may mean,—death; not at all unlikely. And yet he continues to visit us. When we ask him why he comes, he replies, "My heart is longing to find God, and I want you to help me." He asks us to pray for him, and when we reply that he must pray for himself, he says, "There is never a day passes but that I pray God to

reveal Christ to me." Is he worth working for, do you think? And his is not an isolated case.

The Indians are a very tender-hearted people, and the appeal of love finds a ready response in their hearts. When the story of the love of Jesus is repeated to them, they are often quite unable to withstand it. And in the *zenana*, in the temple, away in the jungle, and in many another unlikely place, there are those, who, if only they were taught the sweet story of the cross, would gladly yield themselves to Jesus.

By your prayers, and by your offerings, will you help to carry the message to them?

Does It Pay?

MARY GIBBS-DENOYER

Do the people in mission lands appreciate our efforts to send them the gospel? Are they in turn willing to sacrifice to help carry on this great work? Do such questions as these sometimes come into your heart and mind, even if you are too loyal to speak them out?

Let me tell you a little story as an answer. In our mission school the girls do all the work connected with pounding out the rice from the paddy, the cooking and buying from the bazaar, the carrying of water, and the sweeping and cleaning, besides a good amount of sewing and weaving for sale. Each girl has her appointed tasks and, as in the schools in the homeland, they are allowed wages accord-

ing to the value of the work done. They are paid in "school coin" which prevents their patronizing the tempting food vendors who often pass by, calling out their wares. The experience of earning money and spending it for their necessary books, pencils, soap, needles, thread, and other sundries is an important item in their education.

Most of the little girls keep their money with "Mamma," (the one in charge of them) who has a little banking system for them and each has her own little "safety vault." On Fridays, they come to "draw out" for their Sabbath offerings. They had heard of the needs of the work in Africa, so when they drew out for the thirteenth Sabbath nearly every one emptied her little store, and did it with smiles.

The older girls were anxious to give a really worth while offering, but *pice* was so scarce, it seemed hopeless. (A "pice" is a copper coin.) Then they thought of a plan which they asked permission to carry out. With proper chaperons they went out serenading, and although we live in a Buddhist village, they came home with more money than they had ever had to give before.

Former Sabbath school offerings have made it possible for these girls to learn the truth. Has it paid? Yes, of course it has. The hearts of these girls are in the message and its progress just as fully as ours, and they will continue to give loyally to its advancement just as we do. Your gifts for December 26

will help to extend the triumphs of the cross to other hearts in Burma.

Sabbath, November 14

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "Our General, who never makes a mistake, says to us, 'Advance. Enter new territory. Lift up the standard in every land.'" — *"Testimonies,"* Vol. VI, page 28.

READING: The Influence of One School Among the Heathen.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 510.

PRAYER: A few sentence prayers in behalf of the work in the Tamil field.

The Influence of One School Among the Heathen

G. G. LOWRY

A FEW days ago I made a trip to some of our mission stations in the Tamil field of South India. While on this tour I visited several places where our Indian workers are located. I wish to tell you of one place especially. It is a heathen village about ten miles from the railroad, called Cootlooty. This is where Brother G. Sundernam, one of the oldest native workers we have in South India, is located. There are Hindu temples all around the place, and all the people have the mark of the gods upon their foreheads.

When our workers first went to this village the people would have nothing to do with them. They were greatly puzzled to know how to get them interested in Christianity. They tried to preach to them, but the people

would not listen. Then they tried to conduct a school for the children, but the children were afraid of them, and at first would not come. Eventually, however, a few little naked fellows got bold enough to come to the school held on a veranda of one of the houses. Later on, more boys came, and now twenty-four little fellows are studying there. The school is conducted seven days in the week, but on Sabbath the Sabbath school lesson is studied instead of the ordinary lessons.

I was greatly pleased to see how much these little heathen boys had learned in just a few months. When I reached the place they had a sort of reception for me, and one of the things on the program was a recitation by all the members of the school. They repeated in unison the Ten Commandments, the twenty-third psalm, and several other texts of scripture. They had also learned the Lord's Prayer, and as they repeated the prayer they all knelt down reverently. The parents of the children who were so opposed to the school at first, now took great delight in listening to these boys as they repeated the scriptures and sang the Christian songs that they had learned. The parents have now become interested, and have given a piece of land for a school and erected a small thatch covered shed that serves as a schoolhouse for the present. There are a number who have become really interested in Christianity. I was told that seven adults had decided to become Christians and wanted to be baptized.

We hope that after further instruction they may go forward in baptism.

While we were there we had a talk with the people on the harmfulness of using tobacco. There were not many that used it, and those who did not use it helped us to persuade the others to give it up. One man said that he would give it up some time soon. Another said, "If you are going to give it up, why not do it now?" And he made him promise that he would give it up then and there. So he was told to spit the tobacco out of his mouth, which he did. Then a bucket of water was brought and he publicly washed his teeth and mouth as a sign that he had finished with tobacco. Another man publicly threw away his snuff box and promised never to touch it again.

Just a few months before, these Hindu people would not have even listened to what a Christian had to say. Now they are glad to listen, and we can see that the teaching of the Bible has had a good effect on their lives. If our work can go on in villages like these, there will be many honest souls that will take their stand for Christ.

One great difficulty that our workers in these villages have is to find a place to live. Brother Sundernam has not been able to find a house. The people all live in very small houses and have only room enough for themselves. Sometimes three or four families live in the same house. And it is impossible to find a vacant house in such villages, for they are all full to overflowing. So what was

Brother Sundernam to do? He wanted to work in the village, but there was no place for him to stay. We had no money with which to build a house for him. One of those interested in Christianity told our brother that he might have a portion of his cowshed, if he cared to share it with the cows. There was no other place, so Brother Sundernam, with his wife and two small children, are now living in this shed. All there is to separate them from the cows is a low wall about two feet high. In the dry weather it might not be so bad, but in the rainy season, which is now on, it is a very disagreeable place in which to live. We very much dislike to see Brother Sundernam, who has given so many years of service to the mission, living in such a place, but we can do nothing to help him. One hundred dollars would build quite a nice little place for him, and he would be quite comfortable and very happy. If there is any overflow that comes to us from this Thirteenth Sabbath Offering, I think Brother Sundernam ought to have at least one hundred dollars of it, to be used in building him a house, don't you? Will you not, dear brethren and sisters, do your part to make this possible?

"The Spirit of Christ is the spirit of missions, and the nearer we get to Him the more intensely missionary we must become."—*Henry Martyn*.

Sabbath, November 21

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "From all countries the Macedonian cry is sounding, 'Come over and help us.'"—*"Testimonies,"* Vol. IX, p. 46.

READING: Ceylon.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 561.

PRAYER: In behalf of our work and believers in Ceylon.

Ceylon

H. A. HANSEN

THE island of Ceylon is a part of the South India Union Mission, and thus will share in the thirteenth Sabbath overflow for this quarter. It is one of the natural beauty spots of the world, a very fertile land where luxuriant vegetation abounds. As one learns of conditions here, he realizes the truthfulness of the old hymn we so often sing:

"What tho' the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Tho' ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone."

Yet with all these blessings of God so lavishly strewn, the people do not know Him. They need to learn of the Saviour. Neither words nor pen can describe the needs before us.

The area of Ceylon is about 25,000 square miles, or about the size of the State of Iowa, but its population is much larger, approximately five million. These people live in a little more than half the island. The other

half is so infected with fevers and other tropical diseases that very few human beings live there. Even in a certain section of the modern and up-to-date city of Colombo, the infant mortality is more than fifty per cent of the birth rate. These alarming conditions have led the mayor of the city to solicit urgently the help of all mission bodies and social workers to remedy the situation. These poor people must be taught how to live properly; they must be taught the love of God, which more than anything else puts a determination into their lives to do better. More than that, it gives them the power to live right. He that said, "All power is given unto Me," also said, "Come unto Me." "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." John 6:37. He is faithful in all that He has promised. To help these poor people, we must have men and means. We are receiving calls by the score to come and teach people the truth.

Just a few days ago one of our Singhalese books, "Enemies of Ceylon," was sold to a Buddhist gentleman. This book tells of the harmful effect of alcohol, tobacco, betel, etc. He was so impressed with its teachings, finding it so different and the principles set forth so much better than those of other missions, that he wrote to me to come and teach him and his village the rest of our doctrine. He felt sure that a mission teaching such ideals must have the truth. Dear friends, that man is still waiting,—waiting, because we have no one to send. Will you not on this coming thirteenth Sabbath, by your prayers and your

offerings, make it possible for us to send some one to teach him and his people the blessed truth of the third angel's message?

Sabbath, November 28

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "We must now by the Holy Spirit's power proclaim the great truths for these last days." *"Testimonies," Vol. VI, page 24.*

READING: A Little Child Shall Lead Them.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 596, first, second, and last stanzas.

PRAYER: That the Lord may richly bless the efforts of our workers in this field.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them

G. G. LOWRY

IN countries where for generations the people have been surrounded by heathenism, superstition and darkness, it is very hard to impress them with truth from an intellectual standpoint. Their minds seem to be benumbed, seared over, and it is hard to make an impression upon them. In such places the children are oftentimes the only channel through which the older ones can be reached. Their minds are easily impressed, and truth taught to them sticks. The following incident will show how children impressed with truth often influence their elders.

While visiting some of our workers in South India recently, I went to a station down at the tip end of India, very near Cape Comorin. Here we have a worker by the name of Pon-

niah, who for many years was a colporteur, but is now teaching in a small school which he has opened in that place. He has eighteen students in his day school and a Sabbath school membership of twenty-five. Most of these students are from non-Christian families, and Ponniah is trying to teach these children the principles of Christianity.

There is a Hindu temple just a few yards from the schoolhouse, and in this temple there are a number of Hindu gods which are made of burnt clay and painted up in various colors. Ponniah had been teaching the boys in this school that these gods were no good. He pointed out that though they had hands they could not work, and though they had feet they could not walk, and were perfectly helpless. He taught the boys that it was wrong to worship such idols. So one day, without the knowledge of their teacher and parents, these boys got together and decided that they would each get a club and go to the temple and smash these gods to pieces, and they carried out their plan. When their parents, who were worshipers of these idols, learned what had happened, they were very angry with the boys and with their teacher. But when it was pointed out to them that these gods do not even have power to protect themselves against the small boys of the village, the parents decided that after all the boys had not done anything very wicked, and so did not punish them. This little incident shows what effect just a few months of Christian teaching has upon heathen children.

And who can tell but that these same children, after further instruction, will be able to convince their elders of the folly of many other heathen doctrines by which they are now bound, and eventually lead them to Christ?

Sabbath, December 5

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "Let the gospel message ring through our churches, summoning them to universal action." — *"Testimonies,"* Vol. VII, page 14.

READING: Work in the Neyyoor Circle (Tamil Field).

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 542.

PRAYER: That the Lord will help us to supply the means so that the message may go forward in this part of India.

Work in the Neyyoor Circle (Tamil Field)

E. D. THOMAS

IN September, 1922, a series of meetings was held by me and my associate workers at Neyyoor, South Travancore, where for years a number of our books, tracts and Tamil magazines had been sold.

As no building was available, we had a temporary thatched shed put up, and had it very nicely decorated. Printed notices announcing the meeting were scattered far and wide. In response to the announcements we had an audience of about four hundred people every night, representing the Roman Catholics and many Protestant churches, as well as

Hindus and Mohammedans, some coming from distant places. Very strict attention was paid night after night to all the discourses, and several being convinced that we had the truth, were planning to renounce their former faith and accept the message. Of course the great enemy of the truth was not quiet during these days. He had some of the rowdies of the place stirred up to disturb our meeting and do personal injuries and drive us out of that section of the country. Accordingly a mob was organized, and they threw stones on our shed and made all sorts of disturbances, bringing many false accusations against us. But the local police authorities gave us every help and prevented them from carrying out their plans.

When we found out that there were some honest souls who wanted us to continue our work, we decided to leave two workers there to foster the interest. Despite much opposition, these brethren went ahead sowing the seeds of truth in highways and byways. No time was lost in hunting out the interested ones and to our great surprise, we found quite a number of them in various nooks and corners of these scattered villages.

What a great change has taken place during the last two years in that section of the field! It is marvelous to see those who threw stones on our shed two years ago, now coming to our evangelist's house with their Bibles in their hands to be taught of Him who shed His blood for their salvation. We have hardly any enemies there at present. Nearly all of

them have found that we are a peculiar people, with a peculiar message, and nothing can drive us out of the country. Since they have noted the changes that have taken place in the lives of those who have accepted the message, the people have come to the conclusion that the message we teach has transforming power; any opposition against it is nothing but an open rebellion against the Most High. A number have begun to study the truth in real earnest. We do thank God for the great sympathy the people in those parts have for us as a people and the blessed message we bear. Today we have six well organized Sabbath schools with an enrolment of 112. Some of the members have already been baptized, while others are being prepared for it.

The work has been carried on under many disadvantages for a long time. We have no proper buildings either for worship or for the workers to live in. And we have many calls coming from other villages to send them evangelists to preach the message. We are glad to say, brethren and sisters, that we have some fine Indian young people ready to step in and press the battle forward, but find ourselves very much handicapped financially to strengthen the stakes and lengthen the cords. How long shall we deny the message of mercy to these Macedonian calls? Shall we not arise and supply the need by sacrificing our means and comforts, and thus help give the message to these different places and win many souls to Christ before probation closes?

Sabbath, December 12

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "We are nearing the close of this earth's history; soon we shall stand before the great white throne. Soon your time for work will be forever past."
"Testimonies," Vol. VII, page 15.

READING: A Faithful Jungle Girl.

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

PRAYER: For our work and workers among the Karens.

A Faithful Jungle Girl

H. BAIRD

SOME four years ago, we planned a special visit to the home of one of our school boys, a bright lad of about nineteen years. He had decided to take his stand for the Master, and on account of bitter opposition from his people, he asked us to make a trip to his village and endeavor to reconcile them to the step he was about to take. We set out in a bull-ock cart and after a rough journey lasting two and a half days, arrived at our destination. We climbed the bamboo ladder up to the house, and in a few minutes were shaking hands with the members of the household.

The first one we met was the Karen mother, a stout old lady with a large mouth that was crammed full of betel nut, the red juice dripping from the corners. The father was a merry old fellow who, besides smoking and chewing, seemed to be in the habit of taking something stronger than water. We also met the youngest daughter, a girl about fifteen years old. Her mouth and teeth told

us that she was addicted to the same habit that enslaves most of the jungle Karens, but she was different in one way. She seemed to be particularly interested in the white teachers, and even expressed a desire to visit the mission station.

We encouraged her to come, and some three months later she arrived at the mission. She proved to be like her brother, a rough gem of the jungle. She gave up smoking and chewing, and soon learned to read the Bible. But her happy days at the mission did not last long. Her old mother was afraid that the same spirit that had taken possession of her son would enter into her daughter, and she was right, for upon returning home, the girl's habits of life were changed. For the last three years she has been a living witness for Christ in that heathen village. Since leaving the mission station, she has neither smoked nor chewed betel nut, and although derided for her queer ways, she still reads her Bible, prays, sings hymns and hopes some day to be baptized.

Brethren and sisters, there are many honest hearts in these jungles of Burma. Will you not all join with us in our efforts to reach these people by giving of your means and by your prayers?

Let us give a liberal offering to South India and Burma. "We can do it, *and* we will."

Sabbath, December 19

[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, page 29.

READING: A Transformed Life.

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

PRAYER: That the Lord will bless the work of our teachers and pupils in the Meiktila school.

A Transformed Life

LINDSAY A. SEMMENS

IT WAS after we had had a very hard time in securing teachers for our Meiktila school that one of the faculty came to me saying there was a Karen teacher in Lower Burma who wanted to join the school if we would accept her. On further inquiry, it was found that she was a Baptist in faith.

We sent for her, the salary offered being the lowest that could be given. She arrived one day early in September, 1923. Her name was Fairy Mingan. Her smiling face, and neat but plain attire, seemed to indicate sincerity of heart. She had come, so she said, to do her best.

The blessed truths of the message were presented in the school, but no attention was paid to them. The prejudice was great, as she had been warned that Adventists compelled people to accept their religion. Everything that Fairy did seemed to be with the idea of showing a defiant spirit. Unclean foods, such as snails, putrid fish and other vile things were partaken of freely, for, although the Baptists

have done a good work in Burma, they have not taught these people the principles of healthful living and the requirements as set forth in God's Word for His children.

Toward the end of the school year a call was made for those teachers who wished to return, to manifest their desire. Fairy signified her intention of returning, and did so, being the first one at the school at the opening of the new term. This time there seemed to be an interest awakened within her to do better. During the hard times through which the school passed in its transition period, Fairy stood by, helping in every way to bring in co-operation. Then it came time for the missionary and his family to go to the hills for a change. Fairy asked if she could also take leave and her request was granted.

While the missionaries were in the hills enjoying their leave, Fairy went to one or two of our mission stations. Seeing how Adventist converts lived,—how clean they were, their houses and their clothes—made a deep impression upon her, as the way the Baptist converts lived was rather the antithesis. When she returned to the school, it was very apparent that she too desired to live a better life. Her house became the cleanest on the compound. With these changes came a change of heart and life,—a willingness to study the truth and to obey its principles.

The unclean foods were eliminated from her diet. Then the Sabbath was kept and the tithe paid. All these things were indications that the Spirit of God was at work. Next

she manifested her desire to be baptized and take her stand fully with God's people. She went forward in this ordinance on Sabbath, February 28, 1925, and with her, two other teachers whom she had been partially instrumental in winning to the truth. Her influence has molded the lives of some of her students and God is using her to accomplish His purpose in the schoolroom.

The surrender of heart and life to Christ and this blessed truth has not been without a struggle on the part of Fairy. Opposition has been very bitter from relatives and friends and she expects to be ostracized from her village. These experiences, however, have only seemed to strengthen her faith and trust in God. It means much more at times to stand for the truth in these lands than at home. But the gospel of Jesus Christ is just as powerful to bring souls into the truth here as it is in any other place.

This story is told because we want you to know that the money invested in Seventh-day Adventist schools in Burma, is bringing forth dividends for the kingdom of heaven.

"Love for souls will lead us to self-denial and sacrifice, for the saving of that which is lost. And as Christ's followers give back to the Lord His own, they are accumulating treasure which will be theirs when they hear the words, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.' " — *"Testimonies,"* Vol. IX, p. 59.

Sabbath, December 26

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: "Freely ye have received, freely give." Matt. 10:8.

DIALOGUE: Two Buddhist Girls.

RECITATION: India's Call.

RECITATION: The Pearl of the Sea.

SPECIAL MUSIC:

RECITATION: Ten Little Fingers.

RECITATION: Jesus Loves You.

RECITATION: If (by two kindergarten boys).

SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 537.

OFFERING:

PRAYER: That God will bless our gifts to Burma and South India.

Two Buddhist Girls

MARY GIBBS-DENOYER

Ma Shwe—Are you well, *Ma Sein*?

Ma Sein—Yes, quite well, *Ma Shwe*. Where have you been all this long time that I have not seen you?

Ma Shwe—Oh, I have been attending the Mission School. Had you not heard?

Ma Sein—Yes, tell me about the school. Do the teachers have kind hearts? Does the mamma receive you nicely?

Ma Shwe—Surely you must hear about the school. It is so different from the school in your village. Every morning, almost as soon as we wash our faces, we all go to the chapel for our morning worship. We sing gospel songs, repeat verses from the Christian Bible, and pray to the true God.

Ma Sein—What do you mean by the "true God"? Mother teaches me to bow down with my forehead to the ground before the image of Lord Gautama Buddha when we repeat our prayers, but of course he is not a real god at all. He is only an image to remind us of how good Lord Gautama was, and how we too must keep the sacred precepts. But it is not much use as I am a girl, and you know girls have no chance of gaining Nirvana until they die and are reborn as boys. How I wish I could have been born a boy! If I am not good, my mother tells me that in my next existence I will become a cat or a pig, or some meaner animal, and then no telling how long it will be nor how many different existences I will have to go through, before I get a chance to gain rest. Do tell me of the true God.

Ma Shwe—Why the true God created the sun, moon, and stars, this world, the trees, animals, people and everything that we have.

Ma Sein—But is He still alive?

Ma Shwe—Oh yes, *Ma Sein*, He lives always and can never die. He loves us so much that He wants to give us eternal life also.

Ma Sein—How good that sounds! I am so afraid of death that often at night I dare not go to sleep. How will He give us life?

Ma Shwe—He sent His Son down to this world to die for us and save us. Now we must believe Him and love and obey Him. There is very much to learn about this. Can you not come to school with me? We learn about it every day.

Ma Sein—I should like to go but would they receive me? None of my relatives are Christians, you know.

Ma Shwe—Oh, I think they will receive you all right if you can keep the rules of the school.

Ma Sein—What are they?

Ma Shwe—No one chews "pan leaf" or "betel nut", and no one smokes cheroots or cigarettes.

Ma Sein—Ah, that is why your teeth are so white now.

Ma Shwe—Yes, and we do not eat "nga pe."

Ma Sein—Oh, that is hard, how can you swallow your rice?

Ma Shwe—Our teachers teach us to make such good curries of vegetables and oil and *dahl* that after a little while we really don't care for "nga pe." All the girls feel better and some of them even grow taller and bigger than their sisters who grew up in the villages.

Ma Sein—That must be so, for you are now taller and bigger than I, and we were the same size before you went away.

Ma Shwe—Another thing about school is that we all have to go to bed at nine o'clock. There is no chance to go to "pwes."

Ma Sein—I have always liked going to "pwes" and staying all night. We take our mats and shawls and pillows so that when the acting is dull we can sleep awhile, then when we hear the others laughing we wake up and enjoy the fun too. But it does make a person feel dull and cross the next day. We usually sleep most of the day.

Ma Shwe—Yes, these night theatricals do not really help us any.

Ma Sein—Oh, I want to go to school with you when you return.

Ma Shwe—All right, let us go talk to your mother and father about it.

NOTE.—“Ma Shwe” means Miss Gold and is pronounced shway. “Ma Sein” means Miss Diamond and is pronounced sane. “Nga pe” is the Burmese name for a preparation of rotten fish. “Pwe” is a theatrical performance usually held in the open air and those who wish to attend furnish their own comforts such as mats, pillows, shawls, cigars, and other refreshments.

India's Call

OLIVE SMITH, M.D.

There's a call from o'er the billows
Of the rolling, restless sea,
Ah! I hear it louder swelling,
'Tis of lost ones calling me.

From a land of heathen darkness
Where Christ's name is little known
And the people in their blindness
Still bow down to wood and stone.

There are only tiny tapers,
Trying hard to pierce the gloom;
And by thousands the poor lost ones
Go unrescued to the tomb.

They are calling, loudly calling,
“Bring to us the light of day.
Show us, ere we pass forever,
How to walk the narrow way.

“We are weary; we are heart-sick;
All our prayers bring no relief.
On all sides our loved are dying,
And our hearts are filled with grief.

“Is there not *some one* to help us?
One to tell of Jesus' love?
One to point the way from darkness
To the blessed home above?

“Long we've waited for the coming
Of more light to India's shore
That can help to break our fetters
And swing open wide the door.

“You who have the blessed message
Of a dying Saviour's love,
Will you not come soon and teach us
That we all may meet above?”

The Pearl of the Sea

C. A. W. RITCHIE

Pearl of the sea of God's creation,
Green fields, sweet flowers and pretty
birds,
Island so free in Indian Ocean,
So real, to tell I find not words.

Jack trees, the Bread, and stately Palms,
On every hand rise tall, and sway,
As nature calm presents her charms,
On each returning, happy day.

White clouds across the sky go floating,
Thin shadows trailing as they move,
The zephyrs soft as angels breathing,
Oft whisper of a Saviour's love.

A coral isle 'neath heaven's dome,
Nestling on bosom of the sea,
Bathed in soft snowy ocean foam,
Hark! the Master speaks FOR thee.

"Watchman, go tell my loving children,
That over here are people good,
Bid them by prayer and help to hasten,
And send them living gospel food.

"Tell them all of the angel's message,
Tell them all of salvation's blood,
Tell them all of the one sure passage,
Tell them all how to worship God.

"Show them by all your deeds and actions,
Of what a Saviour did for you,
They will be led by Christ's attractions,
And He will make them workers too."

A cry from Macedonia, brothers,
Ceylon doth raise her mournful voice,
The Master bids you give to others,
Then hear Him say, "Well done—rejoice."

Ten Little Fingers

Only ten little fingers! [*holds them up*]
Not very strong, 'tis true;
Yet there is work for Jesus
Such little hands may do,
What though it be but humble,
Winning no word of praise;
We are but little children,
Working in little ways.

Only ten little fingers!
But little things may grow,
And little hands now helpless
Will not be always so,
And if we train them early
Unto His work alone
They will do greater service,
When they are stronger grown.

—*“Missionary Gems for Juniors”*
Page 17.

Jesus Loves You

I want to send a whisper song
Across the waters blue,
And say to all the children there
“Jesus loves you.”

If they should not quite understand,
They'll wonder if 'tis true;
So I will keep on whisp'ring still,
“Jesus loves you.”

—*“Missionary Program Material”*
Page 87.

If

“If I could find a dollar,”
Said little Tommy Gill,
“Lying in the pathway,
Or rolling up a hill,
I'd send it to the heathen
As fast as it could go,
For they are needing money—
My teacher told me so.”

“I can give a penny now,”
Said little Willie Pool,
“And that will buy a paper
To help a Sabbath school.
I'd better give a penny
And give it right away,
Than wait to find a dollar
To give another day.”

—*May Olmstead.*



If you are not in the habit of having the maps drawn for use in your Sabbath school, start with this one. It will aid materially in the interest if, as the articles are read, the places mentioned are pointed out.