

MISSIONS QUARTERLY

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by the

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Two faithful Indian brethren who have suffered for the truth. They were thrown in jail and fined and greatly humiliated.

TOPIC: Indian Work in South America

Sabbath, July 7

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: John 3:16.

READING: The Official Notice.

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

PRAYER: In behalf of the Indian work in South America.

Official Notice

January 26, 1928.

TO OUR SABBATH SCHOOLS EVERYWHERE:

DEAR FRIENDS:

No work ever undertaken by us in mission lands has aroused greater interest or been more productive of results than that among the Indians of South America. Our hearts have been thrilled as we have learned how the message for this time has brought hope and cheer and salvation to the lives of the Indians who for generations have been downtrodden and degraded and kept in ignorance. Their lives, their homes, and their villages have been transformed by the gospel. Their devotion to the message in the face of severe persecution and hardship has been an inspiration to us, and we rejoice that more than eight thousand of them have heard and accepted it and have been baptized. But this rapidly growing work has brought with it great problems, for its needs are developing faster than our ability to meet them.

Most of our Indian work thus far has been done in Bolivia, Ecuador, and Peru. Our workers in South America tell us that in all the republics of that continent are to be found

Indians in large numbers who are just as greatly in need of the light of the gospel as those of Bolivia, Peru, and Ecuador, and among whom our work promises to be just as successful. Work is being undertaken among some of these, and the readings this quarter will tell you of their needs and the opportunities for work among them. There will also be reports of work and of opportunities among the Indians with whom we have come to feel more or less familiar. I feel confident that our Sabbath schools will, after hearing these readings from Sabbath to Sabbath, be more than glad for the opportunity that will be afforded on the thirteenth Sabbath of supporting this work. We are asking you to raise \$93,000 on that Sabbath; and we have the hope that you will do even better than that, thus providing an overflow which will be sent on to the field for advance work among these needy, downtrodden people.

Feeling sure we can count on our Sabbath schools to respond to the needs of the hour, just as they have always done, and assuring them of our gratitude for their liberality, I am

Yours in the Master's service,

J. L. SHAW,

Treasurer of the General Conference.

THE Thirteenth Sabbath Overflow for the third quarter of 1927 amounted to \$3,309.43. This was for East and Northeast Africa.

Sabbath, July 14

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 9:37, 38.

READING: The Waiting Indians of South America.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 480.

PRAYER: That the Lord will help us to do our part in giving the message to the Indians of South America.

The Waiting Indians of South America

CARLYLE B. HAYNES

[President of the South American Division]

DURING the Sabbaths of this quarter our attention will be directed to the Indian world of South America. At the close of the quarter, an offering will be taken which, if the prayers of God's people in South America are answered, will be the largest Thirteenth Sabbath Offering ever made.

The Indian world of this continent is a world sitting in darkness, in which, at widely separated places, gleams of light are beginning to appear.

The members of the Sabbath schools will, during these coming Sabbaths, be made acquainted with the work already going forward among the Indians. What that work has already accomplished in bringing salvation to thousands, will be set forth. The hardships our workers, and especially the native Indian workers, are experiencing every day, will be described. The calls which are coming to us from every side, calls which it seems impossible to answer; the needs which multiply

with every advance move; the sacrifices which are being made by workers and converts to bring hope and salvation to those in darkness; the superstition, the degradation, the persecution, the appalling ignorance, and the ever-advancing march of God's cause in these lands, will all be covered in the articles to be read during this quarter.

Between seven and eight thousand Indians in the vicinity of Lake Titicaca have heard the message for this time and openly accepted it and have been baptized. More than one hundred schools are now being operated in their Indian villages, while imploring appeals are being made for more than double this number, but these calls cannot be answered.

The story of what God has done and is doing has penetrated far and wide among distant tribes; it has struck the attention of the white man living in these countries, who stands in amazement at the change wrought in human lives; it has been brought with profound interest to other mission societies, which have not seen its equal, and are puzzled to account for it; it has been carried even to the Vatican in Rome, which has dispatched an agent to study and report on it, in the hope of preventing further advance. It is one of the outstanding miracles of modern missions.

I do not exaggerate when I say that this great Indian work is now facing the crisis of its history. It has grown so rapidly, creating such perplexing needs in its development, making demands which are entirely beyond our present ability to supply, that we are

confronted with what seems almost a hopeless task. Only the wisdom, grace, and power of God can enable us to direct properly, and adequately provide for this remarkable work.

It has grown to such a degree that it has projected itself far beyond the vicinity of Lake Titicaca, where it had its origin. The Indians of South America are not confined to the high Andean Mountains. They are found in large numbers in all the republics of South America. And now our work is extending among them, reaching out in all directions, and into various countries. The new work which Elder F. A. Stahl is beginning, with headquarters at Iquitos [ee-kee'tōs], Peru, on the headwaters of the great Amazon system, is more than a thousand miles from Lake Titicaca. The Indians in the States of Goyaz [go-yāz'] and Matto-Grosso [mät'to-gros'so], in Brazil, among whom Elder A. N. Allen is now beginning work, are two thousand miles from Lake Titicaca, and probably know nothing of that Lake or the Indians surrounding it, for they are of entirely different tribes. The Indians in the State of Para [pä-rä'], Brazil, who later may be influenced by the new mission being established by Elder J. L. Brown in the city of Belen [bā-lěn'], are three thousand miles from Lake Titicaca. In addition to these three new enterprises we are also just beginning work among the Quechuas [kā'chwäs] of the Ayacucho [i-a-koo'cho] district in Peru, where Brother Pedro Kalbermatter is pioneering the way, and in the Yuncas [yoon kas] district in Bolivia among

the same tribe, where Brother Jose Replogle [hō-zā' rēp'lō-gěl] is establishing a mission.

During the Sabbaths of this quarter I would have you be thinking with us of scores of tribes, tens of thousands of Indians, waiting in the darkness for the light to shine upon them! waiting with eager, outstretched hands for the bread of life! waiting with quickened hope as they hear of the light coming nearer! waiting with increasing despair as their appeals are denied again and again! waiting with tear-blinded eyes as their loved ones pass on to the grave, waiting in hope, dying in despair, but always waiting, waiting, waiting, while they call to us to come. God grant that that call may reach your ears this coming thirteenth Sabbath. God grant that what you do then may shorten their time of waiting.

Sabbath, July 21

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "Every one on whom is shining the light of present truth is to be stirred with compassion for those who are in darkness."—*Testimonies*, Vol. VII, p. 33.

READING: The Upper Amazon Mission.

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

PRAYER: That God's richest blessing may rest upon our work in the Upper Amazon Mission.

The Upper Amazon Mission

WM. SCHAEFFLER

[Study this article so you can give it as a talk instead of reading it. It will be much more effective.]

THE Upper Amazon Mission is one of the most promising and most interesting of all missions. As I write, we are just beginning to organize the field. We have secured a good meeting place and are holding meetings with the people. The attendance is excellent, and extra chairs must be brought from our home to accommodate all who come. We have also made arrangements for a church school, which will soon be opened. Many people are prepared to send their children to our school. The priests in Iquitos [ee-kee'tōs], Peru, have issued false statements against us, and have tried to hinder our work. When the interest was at its height, we issued a pamphlet entitled, "Who Are the Adventists?" This was read with deep interest, and many said they had been waiting for just such a statement. We are also working outside of Iquitos, and hold meetings every Sabbath afternoon. A goodly number take part.

Of the 12,000 inhabitants of Iquitos, the greater part are Indians. As this town is located in the center of the great waterways of the Upper Amazon District, it is one of the finest mission locations in the world. Our headquarters are at Iquitos, but our main work is for the more or less savage Indians of the surrounding country. The country is mostly jungles and forests, broken by various rapid streams. In these jungles and on the river banks live large Indian tribes. Many of them have dresses made of plant fibers, self-made cloth, or feather adornments. They have their own distinctive dialects. Their

customs are interesting. The worst type are the head-hunting Jivaros [hē-vä'rōs]. The Indians paint their faces, and their bodies are decorated with ornaments of feathers, bones, beaks of birds, colored glass, beads, insect wings, and fruit stones. Their chief weapon is the air rifle with poisonous arrows, used with great skill in hunting. When once we win their confidence, these Indians are true brethren, and love the Saviour with much fervor. They are worthy of our sacrifices and our offerings. We can win whole tribes for Jesus. Invitations to open work among them are coming from all sides. But the Indians are poor. They can do little for themselves. Their tithe often consists of fruits or animal skins. They cannot support a missionary, and they are counting on you. Will you disappoint them? Shall they die without receiving the gospel light? We need many more workers. We have selected the best points from which to open stations for these many tribes. Will you send us workers and means to carry out our plans?

We need money for medical work. The Amazon climate is an unhealthy one, and the mortality rate from fever is very high. Many suffer from sore eyes, abscesses and infections. What the Indians expect first of the missionary is medical help, and this work is really the right arm of our message. We are sad when we send these poor people away because we have no more medicine. We should have at each mission station at least one treatment room, and funds for its operation all the year.

Here is just one story to illustrate the necessity of medical help. A short time ago I was called to see a sick man. When I entered his hut there was an offensive odor as of decaying meat. The sick man lay in a corner on a poor bed. His left leg was black and blue halfway to the knee. The skin and sole of the foot hung in shreds, and the flesh was decayed. A number of worms were already eating this flesh. He said he had been suffering with rheumatism. An old Indian woman had told him an evil spirit was bothering him and that she could drive this spirit away. Four days before, she came to see him and made various mystic movements over the foot and then declared it healed. But she said it was also necessary to place the foot in boiling water to keep the spirits away. When the water was at its highest boiling point, she entered and held the foot in it. Then she disappeared. The consequence was the condition I have described. As there was no doctor to remove the leg, the man died. We prayed with him before he passed away, but could give him no medical help. The need for such aid is great.

And we need schools. The Indians are uneducated but are intelligent, and have proved to be good pupils. We must teach them to read and write so that they can study the Bible for themselves and learn the foundation truths of God's Word. This is the sure way to loosen them from the grip of heathenism.

Do you know the horrors of heathenism? Can you imagine how an Indian mother feels

when her child is taken from her arms, tied to a tree in the woods and left to its fate, because the medicine man accuses the child of being the cause of the illness of some member of the tribe? Can you imagine how an Indian girl feels when, according to Indian custom, she is sold like an animal and has to follow a strange man into a dark future, without rights or protection? Can you imagine how a man feels when, conscious of sin, he goes to his grave without knowing anything about the Saviour who died for Him?

We surely have no more needy or more promising field than the Upper Amazon Mission. Other mission societies have turned **their interest to this field**. They are calling their missionaries from near-by fields to occupy, if possible, the strategic points before we are able to establish mission stations. If we can answer the calls coming to us for **missionaries, schools, and medical help**, we can win whole tribes for the message. If we **cannot do this**, other mission societies are prepared to grasp the opportunity for themselves.

What will you do, brethren and sisters, to help us answer these calls? One dollar to-day is worth more than ten dollars two years hence. Now is the opportune time!

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

Sabbath, July 28

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "Time is rapidly passing, there is much to be done. Every agency must be set in operation, that present opportunities may be wisely improved."—*"The Acts of the Apostles,"* p. 159.

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

READING: Dispensary Work at Plateria.

PRAYER: A few sentence prayers in behalf of the work and workers at Plateria.

Dispensary Work at Plateria

MRS. LILLIAN VORIS WHEELER

COME with me for a visit to the place where about nineteen years ago, our Indian work was begun. To reach there, we must climb the Andes mountains to an altitude of 12,500 feet. The Saviour had some lost sheep among the Indians of these hills. Our workers in Lima [lēē'-mä] heard that some of the Indians were seeking for truth, but when they visited the principal town of this section they were not able to find them.

But the Lord sent a dream to an Indian chief named Manuel Camacho. In his dream he saw two men looking for him, so he went to Puno [poo'nō] and soon found these two workers, and from them learned the message so dear to us. Today there are thousands rejoicing in the knowledge of the same blessed truth, and other thousands are asking that workers be sent into their section of the country.

These Indians have been trodden down by the Spanish who for nearly four centuries

have treated them as though they were little better than animals, but wherever the missionary has carried the gospel message it has been the dawning of a brighter day.

The Indian is naturally distrustful of the white race, but the medical work is the entering wedge. The dispensary connected with the mission station at Plateria is visited by hundreds of Indians who come for treatment and medicine. We meet all kinds of diseases, from boils to smallpox. Little babies as well as grown folk come with their bodies nearly covered with running sores.

We have many kinds of wounds to treat. Usually they are badly infected before they are brought to us, for many of the Indians still hold to their old custom and bind a piece of calf's liver, or the leaves of some weed, over their wounds. The result, of course, is infection.

Toothache is believed to be caused by a worm in the tooth. Many times when we extract a tooth, the Indian will take a stone and break the tooth to find the worm.

Native medicine men are found everywhere. They have many strange and cruel ways of treating disease, such as stripping an insane person of all clothing and beating the body with nettles.

Often we are called to visit the sick in their homes near or far away. Come with me on one of these trips. It is night, and we are called to visit a home where the gospel has not entered. The man is suffering excruciating pains in the abdomen. Taking a few

simple remedies and some fomentation cloths, we go to the little mud hut that the Indian calls home. All is darkness except for a faint glimmer which comes from the corner where the evening meal is being prepared over a fire made of a few pieces of *guano* (dried cow dung). There being no chairs nor floor in this hut, the wife is sitting on the ground, stirring an *olla* or clay kettle of *chunos* (potatoes dried after being frozen) which is simmering over the fire. A little babe is sleeping in filthy rags in another corner. The daughter is trying to calm another child who is wailing with fright because of the strange white visitors. All are clothed with filthy rags. No bed is to be seen, but from one side of the room come groans which reveal to us where the sufferer lies on the ground with a dirty sheepskin for a mattress, and his poncho for covering. Soon we have a kettle of boiling water ready, and the pains yield to the fomentations. Then we tell the family of the Saviour who loves them, and kneeling we ask God's blessing on that home. There are many homes of this kind where a God of love is unknown.

In the home where the gospel is accepted, there is wrought a marvelous change: there we see cleanliness, sobriety, joy, and love.

Oh, that our people in the homeland might realize the blessedness of ministering the gospel to these needy people by giving themselves and their means!

Sabbath, August 4

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Rom. 10:14, 15. Read the text, then have the school repeat it in concert.

READING: Whom Can We Send?

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

PRAYER: In behalf of our church schools in the Lake Titicaca Mission.

Whom Can We Send?

H. D. ISAAC

[Educational Superintendent, Lake Titicaca Mission]

[To be given as a talk, not read.]

As we see the numerous petitions and listen to the many earnest appeals that come from all parts of this corner of the great "Continent of Opportunity," we are indeed reminded of the forcefulness of the statement, "How shall they hear without a preacher?"

God has given us our Christian schools as a means of salvation to our boys and girls. Not only do they mean the salvation of our youth, but also the salvation of thousands of fathers and mothers. This will clearly be seen from the fact that less than half of the 4,500 students enrolled in our eighty-two Indian schools of the Lake Titicaca Mission, come from Adventist homes. Thus the larger part of the hundreds who are baptized every year in this mission are more or less a direct result of the Christian influence of our schools and teachers. In these schools we employ about 115 teachers, many of whom have very little preparation.

As we step into the schoolrooms and see the crude equipment and the antiquated methods used by our teachers, we are more than surprised that the products of the school are at all promising. Some of our schools are fortunate enough to afford a few mud benches for the students to sit on, while in others they have their choice of sitting on the cold dirt floor or standing up. If a school has a few mud benches, an old map or two, a worn-out blackboard from one to two feet in length, and a box with improvised legs, which serves as a teacher's desk, it is then considered a well-equipped, model school. But the students seem to be satisfied and happy with this kind of school life, for they know nothing better. Nevertheless, some good students are turned out of these schools and are sent on to our Normal Training School in Juliaca [hōō-lēē-ä'kä], there to receive the finishing touches.

In the past, so urgent have been the calls for schools, that many times students who themselves were only beginning to receive the first principles of Christian education have been called from our training school to answer these earnest appeals. Yet it is marvelous how God has blessed their feeble efforts, and thus thousands have been brought to the light of the message.

Hardly a week goes by without from one to three petitions coming to the office for new schools. Sometimes these appeals are so pathetic that they are almost heart-rending. It is not uncommon to have a messenger come with these words: "Have we not come from

five to seven days' journey on foot three or four times a year, for the past five years, begging you to send us a teacher who can help us train our children in the knowledge of the Saviour? The school building has been erected and has stood there a long time waiting for somebody to come, but each time you have sent us away, saying, 'There is no one to send.' Surely you will send us somebody this time!" We dare not make them any definite promise, and the only consolation we are able to leave them is that we will do the best we can, and ask them to be patient a little longer. Some stay for several days, stoutly refusing to leave until we can send some definite promise back to their people.

Ought not such calls stir our brethren and sisters to a deeper consecration of their means for the finishing of the work in the earth? Surely many are receiving the outpouring of the latter rain, and people are coming from every direction with outstretched hands pleading for help. The doors are wide open, and we pray that God's people will rally to the cause this coming thirteenth Sabbath, that God may thereby send forth the needed laborers to finish His work.

Sabbath, August 11

SEED THOUGHT: "When God blesses His children, it is not alone for their own sake, but for the world's sake."—"*Ministry of Healing*," p. 102.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 641.

READING: Fidelity Among Lake Titicaca Indians.

PRAYER: A few sentence prayers that the Lord will bless our Indian workers.

Fidelity Among Lake Titicaca Indians

GUSSIE FIELD-COLBURN

FREQUENTLY some one asks if our Indian members have a genuine heart conversion, or if it is but a passing fancy, or, sadder still, the hope of material advancement which leads them to profess Protestantism. Doubtless all these reasons and many others have led our native believers to identify themselves with the Advent Movement, for Indians are no more alike than white people, and wherever the good seed is sown some is always lost. However, I question if any race is more capable of deep, whole-hearted conversion, and in our work we have often felt reproved by the readiness of this people to sacrifice for this truth.

An Indian will leave his home to teach the gospel. No foreigner can quite understand what this means. In days gone by it was not customary for a family ever to leave the neighborhood where it lived. Men were born and died in the same little valley. To go to some city or to the coast to dispose of produce was a dreaded proceeding. Even today our believers very commonly come to the mission station for special prayer before beginning such a trip. But our young Indian workers are away from home almost the year around. Except for a little time at the close of our outschools when the worker may visit his own people, he goes where he is sent by our mission.

Brother Orley Ford needed a teacher from the well-established Lake Titicaca field for his new work in Ecuador [ěk-wa-dōr']. Mateo Mamani was chosen. He was in school at the time, and lacked only one month's work of being ready for graduation. It was a disappointment to him to leave his class just then, but it was imperative that some one go at once. To his unbelieving relatives Mateo's plan of leaving home seemed rashest folly, but to Mateo the call was too clear to consider lightly, and he went. He took his young wife and little child far away to an unknown country where he is still working earnestly to give the light to those distant tribes.

When Elder Stahl began work among the savage Chunchos [choon' chōs] he felt the need of a seasoned native worker, one in whom he could confide implicitly. He put in a call for Rufino Pacho. Rufino's widowed mother lay on her deathbed. It was hard for the boy to leave her to the care of others of his family, but to him the call was not from man but from God, and he went away alone. He has done faithful work among the Chunchos, and the home and friends he left he has never seen again.

Our workers have shown their faithfulness in other ways. Luis Miranda felt that he would be dishonoring God if he went to the local priest to be married. The government sanctions ecclesiastical marriage, but also provides for the performance of this ceremony by the civil officers. Since a civil marriage had never been known in the district where

Luis lived, the priest determined not to permit his followers to be perverted by the corrupting influence of seeing a marriage outside the church. The civil marriage was duly begun when a mob instigated by the priest seized the bride and groom and carried them to the home of the priest. They were threatened and beaten on the way, and the threatening and beating became more cruel in the priest's house. But ill treatment could not turn these young people from doing what they were sure was God's will. For a time it seemed as if they would actually be killed. Their fearless pastor at first accompanied them, but was forced to flee to government officers to save his own life. At last God intervened to spare His servants, thus honoring the self-sacrifice that would not deny Him.

Every year our Indian workers suffer persecution. They are frequently beaten, and sometimes thrown into prison. Occasionally one who has spent one or two or three days in a filthy jail without food or drink is required to pay rent on his prison house for the time he has used it. Many trying circumstances arise to discourage these faithful natives, but it is an exceedingly rare thing for a worker to be frightened away from the place to which God sends him.

Nor are the youth our only faithful believers. Any Indian chief who accepts our truth must face a host of bitter enemies, because his influence for good is a constant menace to the work of the evil one. One of these old chiefs came to me to make a humble confes-

sion of having gone to town and drunk alcohol. I was deeply disappointed in this old believer who had not tasted liquor since his conversion years before, until I had listened to all his story. Then I said, "Dear brother, I need not ask God to forgive you. On your part there was no sin. If you had chosen to do this thing to please wicked friends, or had done it through fear of your enemies, it would have been sin. But when evil men seize you and hold you and pour liquor down your throat, the sin is theirs, not yours."

Even children have shown themselves true to principle in attending services week after week on the Sabbath in spite of parental threatenings, and even when severely beaten after every offense. One boy was only thirteen years of age when he accepted the truth as the result of attending our school. His father thought to save him from a false religion by hurrying him away to be the servant of a Catholic priest who lived a week's journey from their home. For a time the child found relief from his loneliness in reading an old Bible that he found there, but when the priest was told of it, he threw gasoline on the Bible and burned it. From that time on the lonely little fellow found life with the priest most trying, till God honored his faith by turning the father's heart to the truth and causing him to bring his son home and place him in the Adventist school.

I cite these examples to reassure the brethren and sisters in other lands that their offerings and their prayers are not in vain.

Sabbath, August 18

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

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

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 683, first stanza.

READING: A Lesson in Determination.

PRAYER: That the Lord will bless the teachers and students in this Normal College.

A Lesson in Determination

W. E. MURRAY

[Director, Titicaca Normal College]

A TIMID rap at the office door, and in walks Jerome, as his name would be translated. He falters a little, seems humble to the point of being ashamed, but after a few moments recovers courage enough to make his wishes known. Jerome came to see me yesterday. He told me that he was receiving ten cents per day Peruvian money, where he was working. This would be about four cents in American money. He also stated that he wanted to go to school. One obstacle to his beginning his studies was that he had only a part of the matriculation fee. As he talked to me the tears rolled down his youthful cheeks, and he repeated over and over again, "I want to study the Word of God." "Well, it will be necessary for you to work for the rest of your matriculation fee," we told him, "and we shall see if it is possible to arrange for your food from the educational fund." "But, Pastor," he said as he rose to leave the room, "I must go to school, and if necessary I'll borrow money on my shoes to pay the

fee." He was told that we do not allow students to borrow or lend money among themselves. Then he said, "I'll see you later," and left.

The night began, and many times the perplexed young man's face came up before me, and the words: "I must study the Bible" rang in my ears. What does this mean, when a downtrodden Indian boy has the stamina to tell the director that he is going to borrow money on his shoes, even if it be against the rules of the school? That night I saw this boy enter the hall off the chapel where we had evening worship for the boys. He stood by the door, peered in, and then watched the other boys enter, now and then munching a roasted *haba* [bean], perhaps the only food he had. His face seemed to say to the passing boys, "Oh, how I wish I were in your shoes! How happy you must be that your tuition is paid and you are studying in this Christian school!" As he looked, his determination seemed to deepen.

As I passed again the chapel door, his eyes were fixed on the preceptor who was studying with the boys the Word of God. His facial expression seemed to say, "I'm glad I've gotten into the chapel at least. I'm beginning to learn the Word of God." I can imagine that his prayer all through the night was, "God, provide that matriculation fee."

The next morning at nine, the same timid rap was heard at the door. "Enter," I said, and in came Jerome. We asked how it came

that he was not working where he had been sent to work for his matriculation fee. "Pastor, here is the money for my matriculation fee. I must study. If I do not enter now, the classes will get ahead of me, and I am left in ignorance." "But where did you get this money?" I asked. "I sold my shoes," was the shy reply. The director did not know what to say, so he said nothing, but sat down and wrote a receipt and showed Jerome to his class.

This boy became one of our most diligent students, faithful in his manual work, and exemplary in his conduct.

Friends who, as it were, pass by this monument of perseverance erected by a poor Indian boy, learn a lesson in determination to obtain an education.

Sabbath, August 25

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "To the physician equally with the gospel minister is committed the highest trust ever committed to man."—"*Ministry of Healing*," p. 119.

READING: Medical Evangelism Around Lake Titicaca.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 544.

PRAYER: In behalf of our medical work in this needy field.

Medical Evangelism Around Lake Titicaca

M. B. GRAYBILL, M. D.

MEDICAL evangelism is progressing on the plateau highlands of southern Peru. Nothing

extraordinary is being attempted or done. We are driving forward slowly, cautiously, and prayerfully. We have to contend with one almost insurmountable problem here. Peru, as other South American countries, does not under any circumstances grant to foreigners a license or permission to practice medicine and surgery. Untiring efforts have been made to obtain, through medical officials, the merited recognition that foreign physicians deserve, only to be rewarded with failure. A foreign physician who practices medicine and surgery without this license is liable to criminal punishment just the same as a foreign doctor practicing in the States without a license would be liable. Now this is the very offense that I am committing here. True, we do have a superficial protection in the fact that the railroad, an English-American corporation, has named and employed me as their railroad surgeon. But all the protection that this firm could give us would not save us from persecution by the medical profession.

I am definitely convinced that the Lord's hand is over all, and that He is going before, preparing the way and opening up little channels by which we are obtaining prestige, reputation, and good favor in the hearts of the multitudes.

Operative cases among the better classes are coming to us from all neighboring towns, and even from a distance of several hundred miles. This, as you will understand, does not make the medical profession love us any

more, yet it increases our influence and prestige.

Our inherent purpose for medical evangelism here in this part of Peru is for the Indian, yet it is by this means and this alone that we ever can reach the hearts of the Spanish. When the pangs of pain or the inroads of disease affect them, our medical work opens the doors to their hearts.

Because of the great demand for medical and surgical attention by the Spanish, we are held almost exclusively to town practice. The real need is for another physician who would do nothing but visit the many mission stations and minister to the thousands of suffering Indians. No one man can efficiently care for the two distinct lines of practice.

We are now working definitely on a plan by which we hope to obtain at least local recognition and license to practice here. If we can accomplish this, then it will be time to ask for another physician to come and help.

With grand anticipations we are looking forward to the near completion of our new hospital. It is very substantially built, and will be a real satisfaction to our brethren in the home bases who make missions possible. The building is nearly ready to occupy, and the only shadow that slightly fogs the morning horizon is the lack of equipment which is necessary to perform acceptable work. But we are so grateful for that which we have that we hesitate to mention more needs. Our little hospital has a bed capacity of twenty to thirty, and we have now only six beds.

These are often filled, and the Indians have to sleep on the ground. We may encounter some difficulty in running a full hospital and not having more than six beds.

One other thing seems an almost vital issue. Some time ago in the early morning hours, I was performing an operation for acute obstruction of the intestines. Everything depended on rapidity and efficiency. When we were about half through, the table almost collapsed, with patient, sterile linen, instruments and all. It could have been a terribly fatal accident if our knees had not been in a position to stop the fall. We still have fear at each operation that a repetition, but with more fatal results, may take place.

It is a satisfying pleasure to care for these people, as they are truly appreciative. Recently a group of us returned from a long and tedious inland journey. We all felt more than repaid for any hardship by the bountiful spirit of appreciation manifested.

Almost daily some Indian or Indians come over great distances, bringing their sick, carrying a back-pack filled with potatoes or eggs or other of their precious foods which they gladly give in appreciation. It is an insult to offer them money.

Recently I attended a poor addict of the alcohol habit who was suffering from severe intoxication which had lasted for over two weeks. The wife met me daily with tears, begging that I cure her husband, and then give him something to keep him from drinking. I talked with them, explaining the only sure

cure for this habit. The next day she came with several dozen eggs, and insisted that I take them. She refused to receive a cent of pay, although they were paying for the professional visit also, and were really quite poor people. This terrible drink habit causes hours and hours of cruel suffering. Many come for medicinal cure and plead with tears to be cured of the vice. I do what I can for them, and then tell them that hope lies only in faithful trust in prayer. Many persons are slowly but truly gaining the victory.

Is it not the blessed privilege of every Christian to help bring the glad tidings of gospel health and salvation to the understanding of the unenlightened? It is the prayer of the workers in this field that in faithful obedience to the great commission they may untiringly perform their duties.

Sabbath, September 1

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Acts 1:8.

READING: Holding Fast.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 863, first and third stanzas.

PRAYER: A few sentence prayers in behalf of those who are being persecuted for Jesus' sake.

Holding Fast

F. E. BRESEE

[This little exercise can be made very impressive if some one will take the part of the missionary and tell—not read—what Brother Bresee says. Then have some one else take the part of the old Indian brother and tell what he says.]

MISSIONARY: "My righteousness I hold fast, and will not let it go." Job 27:6.

"These were the words of Job after he had been sorely afflicted by the devil. Job had been visited by trouble until all was lost, even his very life threatened. His home was destroyed, his family killed. His wealth in flocks and herds was stolen. And yet Job would not curse God and die. His testimony is our text. The devil could and had taken the temporal and material things, but there was one thing which Satan could not steal nor destroy; it was the righteousness of Job's heart. Without the surrender on Job's part, this would be forever impossible.

"I have thought many times that there are Jobs living in these days. I have especially thought this since coming to the Lake Titicaca Mission. On every side, dear friends, we find men and women of the stability and steadfastness of Job.

"A few days ago I was visiting one of our main stations, holding a few special meetings with the brethren and believers at that place. In faithful attendance at each meeting was an old man of about eighty years. His name is Rosendo Condori. He is nearly blind. Because of his faithful presence and encouraging testimonies, I took special pains to talk with the old brother. And this is the story he told:

INDIAN: "I do not live here; my home, or what used to be my home, is at Occa Pampa, away across the lake [making sign by waving his hand toward the far side of the blue waters]. Some ten years ago the missionary

arrived in that district. I, with a few others, listened to his story. I believed, and then decided to obey God and keep His commandments. Shortly afterwards my wife and I, with five others, were baptized and became the first Seventh-day Adventists of that wide country. We begged the missionary to stay and be our pastor. I offered a piece of my little plot of ground as land for the mission buildings. To our great joy, the mission chose this site as a permanent location. They accepted my little offer and purchased more land adjoining, and this became the present property of the Occa Pampa Mission Station.

“On the plot of land which I gave, was located the Catholic church of that community. I had given it, or rather loaned it, to the Catholic church long, long ago. But now the Adventists owned the land on which is built the Catholic church. This infuriated the Catholics. They threatened my life, and at last after much suffering and persecution I was forced to flee, leaving all behind,—home, family, and property. I have never returned. But little by little the old Catholic church has grown into disuse, until now it is not used at all. It stands in ruins upon the property of the mission station. Many of those who beat and persecuted me, later accepted the truth and today they are my brethren. There are still a few who are bitter enemies; because of these I cannot return.”

MISSIONARY: “Are you discouraged?”

INDIAN: “Oh no, for Jesus is preparing an

eternal home for me. Some day I'll have that home for always."

MISSIONARY: "And your wife?"

INDIAN: "My wife died a few years ago, faithful to the last hour. I'll see her again soon."

MISSIONARY: "And your children?"

INDIAN: "Oh, Santos Condori is my son, and the wife of Antonio Anamoror is my daughter."

MISSIONARY: "Oh yes, I remember! This son and daughter are teachers in the Lake Titicaca Mission, yearly bringing souls to the Saviour. Dear brethren, does not this touch your hearts as it does mine? Is it not a blessed privilege to give a liberal offering on the thirteenth Sabbath for the Indian work in South America? to give that the missionary may press on into new fields, searching out those like Rosendo Condori, as loyal and true to God as was Job, and 'holding fast' till Jesus comes?"

Sabbath, September 8

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 28: 19, 20.

READING: An Earnest Call for a Teacher.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 576.

PRAYER: That we may do our part to help answer these calls.

An Earnest Call for a Teacher

I. E. MAXWELL

[Station Director, Lake Titicaca Mission]

"Is this the Mission of the 'Evangelistas'?"

The query came from an old Indian who

looked somewhat weary and not a little impatient for a reply.

"Yes," I answered, "this is the Adventist Mission; is there something . . . ?"

"Thank God!" he broke in, and the peace that lit up the Indian's face made me desire to know the cause of this poor man's happiness, for hundreds daily come to our Mission here in the Lake Titicaca field, but not all express the satisfaction that this "Child of the Sun" could not hide. My question brought out the following story:

"My name is Lorenzo Ilachoqui and I come from Yauri [yōw'rēē], sent out by the men of my village, to look for the mission where they teach about God, and to get a teacher to go back with me to my people."

"How far is it to Yauri?" I asked. "How many days' journey?" For all distances with the Indian, unless extremely short, are measured by days.

"I've been coming for fifteen days," he answered. "I got to Tinqué two days ago, where I found the teacher that sent me here. I've brought money to buy a Bible and some of your books," he continued, as he fumbled with an old knitted purse which had been hid on the inside of his coarse homespun shirt. From the purse he produced one sol and seventy cents (65 cents American gold), which represented the Bible money sent by the villagers to buy books.

Although he was sorry that a teacher could not be sent immediately, he stayed several days at the station listening to words his feet

had brought him fifteen days to hear; then he went back to his people to tell them the things he had heard, and to show them the Bible and periodicals he had bought.

A few days ago he came again, bringing another Indian with him.

"We want a remedy that will cure the coca habit," he explained, after the customary salutation. "Do you have it here?"

"We certainly have," I answered him, as my interpreter and I sat down and explained to them the dreadful effects of the habit, and of how Jesus came to cleanse men, not only of their sins, but of their bad habits as well. The two men were very much pleased, and again told that there were many old men in their village, how some had died during the year without hearing the gospel they had so longed to hear, and that they had now come to take a teacher back with them.

My heart was made sad as I saw the look of disappointment come over their faces, for even the patient Indian could not help expressing those deepest emotions that his own heart felt as he realized that many more of his people would go the way of all flesh, if a teacher could not be sent till some indefinite time in the future.

But that is only one picture. Sadder still is the fact that the men and women of hundreds, yes, thousands of villages, are dying without hearing of the life-giving, sin-forgiving power of a soon-coming Saviour, because the means are not forthcoming to supply these

dying souls with the bread of life that we so much cherish.

My brother, my sister, can the Master count on you for a liberal offering the thirteenth Sabbath of this quarter, that teachers may be sent to this waiting, dying people? May it not be that stars will shine in your heavenly crown because of the money you gave to send teachers to these poor Indians?

Let us all come to the help of the Lord, and with our means do the part the Master has given us in the finishing of this, our great task.

Sabbath, September 15

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Isa. 60:1.

READINGS: *Among the Caraja Indians.*

Progress of the Work in the Upper Amazon Mission.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 545.

PRAYER: In behalf of the work among these Indians.

Among the Caraja Indians

A. N. ALLEN

THE Caraja [ca'ra-ya] Indians inhabit the country along the banks of the Araguaya River [a-ra-gwi'a] for several hundred miles of its course through Brazil. They are one of the finest races physically to be found anywhere. This is no doubt due to their hygienic habits and freedom from vice.

Their tribal habits are all governed by laws which are rigidly kept, though there seems to be no method of enforcing them but public

opinion. Yet among all peoples, custom and public opinion are the strongest influences in determining conduct.

Some of their customs seem strange to us, and ours are strange to them. But they firmly insist that their ways are better than those of Christians. (They call all who are not Indians Christians.) Unfortunately their experience with the white man is limited to a class of people who have often deceived and abused their confidence.

I asked their chief who his people did not adopt civilized ways, wear clothes, educate their children, etc. He said, "No, Carajas are better than Christians. Christians lie, Christians steal, Christians commit adultery, Christians are without shame. Carajas do not do such wicked things. Carajas are better than Christians." Still, I found an occasional boy whom, when a babe, some white man had had baptised by the priest. The others would point out such a one and tell me he was a Christian. Then I would ask: "And who was Christ, and why are you a Christian?" The reply was always the same, "I do not know." He was as naked and wild as any of his fellow Indians. How I long to see true Christianity revealed among this fine people, not only among the Carajas, but among all the many tribes of the jungle.

The Carajas have many good customs. I have never been among a cleaner people, or a people of better morals. All unmarried men, whether old or young, live in a house by themselves some distance from the village. Neither

did I find polygamy or unfaithfulness to the marriage relation. Love and respect seemed to reign in every home. The children are well-behaved and respectful and obedient to their parents and elders.

The husband never goes anywhere without the consent of his wife. Even when I asked chiefs to go with me on journeys, they always replied, "I will ask my wife, and if she gives me permission, I will go." Once a man wanted very much to go, but the wife said he must work on their farm, so he could not go. When a young man marries, instead of taking his wife away from her parents, he becomes a member of her family and meekly subjects himself to the wishes of his wife's people. But the family life among the Carajas is a happy one.

All were desirous of having schools opened among them, but did not believe that this would ever be done. They said for years the government, the priests, and others had promised them schools, but had never done anything. They said, "All Christians are liars, and you too will never return." But when they found that I was leaving the boat with one of their chiefs, and storing the rest of our things till I could go and return with teachers, they took courage, and are now waiting my return.

One old chief became so attached that he could hardly leave me. He said that if he were alive when I returned he was going to move all his people to whatever place I located, so as to be near me, and then he would

travel with me, and take me to all his people in their many *aldeas* [little settlements]. He said he was also acquainted with the Chave [chä'vê] and Tapirape [tä'per-a-pe] tribes, and that he would take me to them.

So God has opened the way to the hearts of these powerful tribes. Now it remains for us to enter and finish the great work God has placed in our hands.

Progress of the Work in the Upper Amazon Mission

F. A. STAHL

At our forest mission in Perene we are having a large Sabbath attendance, and our baptismal class is making good progress. Our tithes and offerings are coming up. While these savages have very little opportunity, where this mission is located, to earn money, they have expressed their willingness to help the mission with their labor without charge.

Many large delegations from the interior are pleading with us to begin work among them so that they also can learn about the true God. They want the Mission to establish industrial plants in connection with evangelizing agencies, so that they can earn money to pay their children's tuition and give offerings. In the interior where we are now directing our efforts, there are wonderful prospects and possibilities. We need means to buy land now while it is cheap. The world is also seeing possibilities for gain in this region and roads are being put through. We are very

anxious to have these people rooted and grounded in the message before the world shall get an influence over them. One dollar now is worth more than ten will be worth a few years hence.

We are all of splendid courage, and happy in doing God's work. The Lord is blessing in marvelous ways. We now have young men and women from the Campa [käm'pa] and Amuesha tribes that have been in our school here, who are ready to go out into the work; some as teachers, others as evangelists, and still others as interpreters. During our absence these students have been tempted and tried by wicked men from the large *haciendas* [plantations] who have made alluring promises to them, but to no avail, for every student has proved faithful to God and the **Mission**.

We ask a continued interest in your prayers, for our faith is in God, whose help and blessing we need to finish this work.

Urge all to come next Sabbath prepared to give liberally to help answer these calls.

Sabbath, September 22

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Mark 10:45. Read the text, then have the school repeat it in concert.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 96.

READING: "The Eleventh Hour."

PRAYER: That God will bless His work in the highways and byways of the earth.

“The Eleventh Hour”

APOLINARIO G. RUIZ

[Colporteur Director, Lake Titicaca Mission]

THE LORD Jesus looking with prophetic eye upon His work which is to be done in these last days, tells us clearly in Luke 13:23 that His disciples were to go out and work in the highways and byways. We know that the Lord has worked marvelously through His untiring missionaries for the advancement of His work and as a result we see thousands of souls who are happy today because of a knowledge of Jesus which has freed them from the slavery of sin. But according to the parable, the work must be extended far in the byways where thousands do not yet know the Saviour.

In a trip which I made in the mountains of Sandia I passed through several villages where hundreds are waiting for the gospel of salvation. They have heard what God has done in other places and as I canvassed from house to house many asked me if I was one of the people who are bringing the gospel to the Indians of Lake Titicaca. When they learned that I was a colporteur of the Adventist mission they immediately sent the notice around calling the people together. In the afternoon I was greatly surprised to see many men with their families coming from all sides to the place where I was stopping, anxious to hear the Word of God. They raised no objections to spending the night in the *patio* [court] exposed to the weather. The important ques-

tion with them was whether or not they could have another study the following day.

I shall never forget a surprise I had in another village farther in the interior. As I continued my trip, about three o'clock in the afternoon, I came to a village called Tirapacca. There were several men standing in the main square, and they asked me if I was the "evangelista" that had been in the other places. When they found that I was, they gave me a welcome. I remained with them two days, for these people were hungry for the gospel. They cannot read, and yet they are intelligent and understand the Word of God when presented to them. Finally I had to leave them with sorrow in my heart, but endeavored to console them with a hope that we might later be able to establish a mission in this field. As I was leaving, they asked the privilege of kissing the Bible as an evidence of their thanks to God. I have seen this same need and desire in all these villages and long to see a gospel worker among them. With tears they plead with me to make known to the directors of the mission their long desire for a worker and a teacher.

In my last trip to Moquegua [mo-ka'gwa] I had another experience. The people are almost entirely Catholic, but the Lord is preparing many hearts through the literature carried by the faithful colporteur. The doors are open for a larger work. Many persons who have our books said as did Rahab, of Jericho, that they have no greater hope than that of uniting with the people who keep the

commandments of God. We have a small group there keeping the Sabbath.

In view of these many demands from all sides for workers we can clearly understand that the Lord will soon finish His work in the earth. As we learn in the parable in Matt. 20:6, the Lord will raise up workers for these needy fields. May the Lord help us as a church to have more faith and feel the responsibility that He has placed upon us for the finishing of this work.

Sabbath, September 29

[Suggestions for the Thirteenth Sabbath Program]

SEED THOUGHT: "The very life of the church depends upon her faithfulness in fulfilling the Lord's commission."—"*Desire of Ages*," p. 825.

RECITATION: Do You Hear Them?

DIALOGUE: Life on a Mission Station.

RECITATION: True and Loyal Every Day..

DIALOGUE: A Little Indian Boy and Girl.

SPECIAL MUSIC.

RECITATION: "All for Him."

SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 589.

OFFERING.

PRAYER: That the Lord will bless our gifts.

Life on a Mission Station

[Senora (Sanyora) Mrs. or Lady.]

Characters: Mother, the wife of a mission station director; Charles, her son; Maria, a little Indian servant girl; Indian, (head bandaged); Indian, (lame foot); three Indians.

Scene: Mother is behind a screen bandaging the Indian's head. (This can be done beforehand to save time.) Charles is seated at the table studying arithmetic.

CHARLES: Mother, I simply can't get this problem. I have worked it a dozen times and I always get the same answer, but it isn't the answer in the book. Come and help me.

MOTHER: Well, Charles, I can't come now. I haven't quite finished bandaging this poor man's head. But I could soon finish if you would go and tell Maria to bring me another roll of bandage out of the top drawer of the cabinet. Tell her to hurry, then I will help you with your problem.

(Charles stands up, leans over the table to finish summing a column, then starts for the door.)

CHARLES (Re-entering): She's coming, mother.

MOTHER: All right.

(Maria enters with the bandage, and lightly taps on the screen.)

MARIA: Here it is, Senora.

(Mother comes out to receive it.)

MARIA: An Indian has just come, and he wants to see you. He has a big bump on his foot and can hardly walk.

MOTHER: Tell him I'll come in just a minute.

(Maria exits.)

MOTHER: (musing to herself) Dear me! This is the sixth one this morning, and here it is only eight o'clock. The baby isn't bathed and—oh!—I forgot! George told me to be sure to go and give that poor old woman fomentations the first thing this morning. Charles, tell Maria to send that man in, right away. I'm afraid I won't be able to do him justice this morning.

(Charles exits. Maria enters soon with the lame Indian.)

MOTHER: (To Indian with bandaged head) You may go now, and when you get home you must lie down for a while. The wound is deep, and you must be very careful or it will not heal quickly. Come back tomorrow.

(The Indian with bandaged head takes three eggs from a bundle of dirty rags and gives them to mother.)

INDIAN: Thank you very, very much. And may God bless you!

(The INDIAN with bandaged head leaves the room. The lame Indian is ushered behind the screen. Mother follows to attend him. Charles is still working at his arithmetic.)

CHARLES: But mother, you told me you would help me.

MOTHER: True enough, Charles—well—read me the problem, and maybe I can tell you what is wrong without stopping my work.

CHARLES (holding up arithmetic, reads): If a

man had 145 acres of wheat, 50 acres of corn and 75 acres of—

MARIA (entering suddenly): Senora, there is some one at the door.

MOTHER (coming out from behind the screen): Who is it, Maria?

MARIA: Three men.

MOTHER: But I really haven't time to attend to any more sick this morning, because I have to go to—

MARIA: But they aren't sick, Senora, they have come to ask for a teacher.

MOTHER (musing to herself): Well, we haven't any teacher to send. (Louder) Tell them to come in, Maria. (She waits.)

(Enter three barefooted Indians clothed in ponchos.) [To represent ponchos use a piece of unbleached muslin one and one half yards square. Around the edge sew three or four strips, one inch wide, of bright colored tissue paper. Each poncho may be trimmed in a different color, or a variation of colors may be used on each.]

FIRST INDIAN: We have come from Jaya Sunita, and we have already put up the school-house. All we lack is a teacher.

MOTHER: But where is Jaya Sunita?

INDIAN: It is two hundred twenty-five miles from here.

MOTHER: Two hundred twenty-five miles! How long have you been on the way?

INDIAN: We have been seven days on the way.

MOTHER: Well, you poor folks, and then to be disappointed! My husband has gone to Puno and will not be back for two weeks, and I cannot do anything about it.

INDIAN: But won't you send the boy to teach us? He would make a splendid teacher, and we would ask for none better.

MOTHER: But he is only a child, and has not finished his own schooling.

INDIAN: But he knows so much more than we know. Just think of it, we don't know anything about books and letters. Our people are all in darkness. We are slaves to coca and drink. We know nothing else. Where you have your teachers and schools there is peace and happiness. We, too, want to learn how to live peaceably together. We are tired of this kind of life. But we can do nothing of ourselves. We need a teacher to teach us—some one to help us. My people have sent me. I cannot return to them without a teacher. Do give us some one."

MOTHER: I'm so sorry. I wish I could go myself. But my husband will not be back for two weeks. You will have to go home and return again.

(The three turn sadly and leave, saying, as they go) : We will wait here until he gets back.

MOTHER: Oh, I forgot this poor man with the lame foot. I finished him long ago. (To Indian back of screen) You may go.

MOTHER (sinking down in a chair) : Poor people! Would that I had ten children all old enough to send to help these poor people. I would like to send word some way to my husband. Maybe during the committee meeting they could find some one to send. But still, I don't suppose it would do any good. I just heard him say the other day that the budget had been cut on account of shortage of funds. (Rising) Well, come on, Charles, let's go and see what we can do for that poor old Indian woman.

(Exit.)

A Little Indian Boy and Girl

MRS. W. R. POHLE

Little Indian boy:

I am only a little Indian boy, my home is far
away
Up in the Andes mountains where the gentle
llamas stray.

My home is but a mud hut among the barren
hills,
It has no floor, no windows, no sunshine my
home fills.

No chairs have I on which to sit, no tables,
books or toys:
I have no cozy fireplace, so few of this earth's
joys.

And when night comes, I have no light in my
humble hut to shine,
I do not even have a bed, but on the earth
recline.

Little Indian girl:

I am only a little Indian girl, I have never
learned to play
Like you who are so greatly blessed in cities far
away.

With baby tied upon my back, I drive the sheep
to pasture,
For I must work while you can play, and learn
to please my master.

Both :

Not long ago a teacher came and taught us how
to pray
To God our heavenly Father who keeps us every
day.

And now we read the Bible, that tells us of a
home
Where all who love the Saviour, shall live, no
more to roam.

We are glad you sent the teacher; the gospel to
us brought.
So freely give your dollars that others may be
taught.

And then we'll meet together in that bright
home above
Where lovely mansions wait us, and a share of
God's great love.

"If there ever was a time when
sacrifices should be made, it is now."
—*"Testimonies," Vol. VI, p. 450.*

True and Loyal Every Day

C. P. BOLLMAN

THE fields are white to harvest,
And laborers are few;
Lord, send forth many reapers,
Devoted men and true.

Send forth the threefold message
By press and pulpit too;
Raise up in every quarter
More reapers tried and true.

And give Thou grace to labor
As Christ our Lord would do;
That every missionary
May ever be most true.

And while the fields are whitening
And reapers toll and pray,
May we who man the home base
Be loyal every day.

Do You Hear Them?

N. P. NEILSEN

Listen, brother, listen,
To those plaintive pleas,
Yonder in the distance,
Wafted on the breeze!
Listen! Do you hear them?
Yonder! Over there!
Crying, screaming, groaning,
Dying in despair?

Listen, don't you hear them,
Out across the land,
Calling, pleading, begging
For some helping hand?
Comes from yonder jungles,
Out across Brazil—
Goyaz, Amazonas
And the Inca hill!

Listen, brother, listen,
Hear that awful cry!
Indians, by the thousands,
Given up to die!
Lost out in the darkness,
In the swamp of sin—
No one there to help them,
None to bring them in!

In their superstition,
In their awful need,
Far beyond description,
Do you hear them plead?
Hundreds and more hundreds
Dally pass away,
Without hope or comfort
Or a gospel ray.

Thousands and ten thousands
In this jungle land,
Never heard of Jesus
As a loving Friend!
O, their lost condition
Is indeed a call,
'Tis a mighty signal
Of distress to all!

Listen, we must hurry
Ere it is too late!
Hasten to the rescue!
Hasten, do not wait!
Hasten with the story
Of the sinner's Friend,
Who alone can help them
Even to the end!

"All for Him"

[Exercise for Nine Children]

FIRST VOICE:

When I think of the millions for whom Christ
died,
The millions across the sea,
Who have never heard of a Saviour divine,
Who suffered on Calvary,

I feel that I want to do something to help
Spread the news of a Saviour true;
But I'm only a little girl, you know,
And what could a little girl do?

SECOND VOICE:

One little girl could do her part,
And another could help her, too;
I'm ready and willing to do what I can,
And work till the task is through.

THIRD VOICE:

I'm anxious to do whatever I can
To help you two in the work,
I'll be faithful in every duty given,
And promise I never will shirk.

FOURTH VOICE:

I'm only one, but every one counts;
So I'll offer my service today;
I'm willing and ready to do any task,
And work without any pay.

FIFTH VOICE:

Here is one more to swell the ranks
Of harvest workers, you see.
I gladly will do whatever I can,
And always faithful will be.

SIXTH VOICE (A boy):

I have two dollars that I will give,
And I offer myself beside;
They say it takes money and men for the
work,
And I bring both with pride.
(Lays the money upon a low altar in
the front of platform.)

FIRST VOICE:

That makes six; it is better than three,
But are there not more to come?
For Jesus has left us this work to do
Before we go to His home.

SEVENTH VOICE:

Yes, I will come, and I bring one more
Who is asking for something to do;
For all are called, and the willing ones
May even come by two.

FIRST VOICE:

Yes, Jesus is calling for all to come;
The harvest is ready today.
And all who will help in this closing work
Will soon with glad hearts say,

"The harvest is gathered, the work is done,
We are joyfully going home.
In this generation the gospel was given,
And we shall nevermore roam."

EIGHTH VOICE:

Yes, I should like some work to do,
But what can *I* do for others?
Does He want *me* in fields so far away,
Or to work for my sisters and brothers?

FIRST VOICE:

Take up the work that lies at your door,
But do not stop there, I pray!
For millions far over the sea
Need our prayers and help today.

NINTH VOICE:

I bring my nickels (shakes a box of nickels),
a whole boxful;
They are needed, I know, in the field,
And I ask each of you to give all you can
(turns to audience),
"Twill a bountiful harvest yield (lays a box
of money on the altar).

ALL (In concert with extended hands):

Give much, we pray, at the altar today;
O cast thy bread away;
"Twill return to you a hundredfold
In the glorious gathering day.

—(Adapted), Alice H. R. Starr.