

MISSIONS QUARTERLY

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"OPERATING UNDER DIFFICULTIES"

Dr. Adrian Clark (left), Dr. A. E. Coyne (right); Mrs. Clark in background.

TOPIC: South India

Sabbath, April 6

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 28:18-20.

READING: The Official Notice.

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

PRAYER: In behalf of our work in India.

The Official Notice

NOVEMBER 5, 1928.

TO OUR SABBATH SCHOOLS EVERYWHERE:

The field to which we desire to call the attention of our Sabbath schools this quarter, is India. One fifth of the population of the world lives in this country, in an area not more than one thirty-fifth of the habitable portion of the earth. This vast population consists of nation after nation, differing in language, manners, and customs, crowded closely together. It is a world all its own, a land of great interest.

In this country the enemy has established his massive bulwarks of diversified languages, religions, castes, and customs. Still the message has made a footing for itself in many places, and hearts are being won. A mighty work is yet to be done. There are still many peoples speaking many different tongues to whom no living representative of the present message has yet been sent.

Our work in India demands increased effort, in order to take advantage of the opportunities open to us, and to our Sabbath schools we must look largely for means to hold our ground and press on. We are, there-

fore, asking our Sabbath schools on the thirteenth Sabbath of this quarter, June 29, to give \$98,000, with the understanding that one half of the overflow will go to the work in South India where there are so many urgent calls; the other half will be gathered into a fund for advanced work in other fields where the summons to advance is equally pressing.

Your brother,
J. L. SHAW,
Treasurer of the General Conference.

Sabbath, April 13

MISSIONARY TEXT: Isa. 32:20, first part.
READING: India's Earnest Appeal for Help.
MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 583.
PRAYER: A few sentence prayers in behalf of our work and workers in India.

India's Earnest Appeal for Help

A. W. CORMACK

[President of the Southern Asia Division]

SABBATH school members everywhere will read with sympathetic interest the appeals presented in the following readings in behalf of the work in the South India Union Mission. We are thankful that at this time the attention of the sisterhood of Sabbath schools throughout the world is being directed to this needy field, and we ask that every member will not only determine to do his part fully in making possible a good overflow on the coming thirteenth Sabbath, but that each member will remember the

field and its needs from week to week in earnest prayer before the Lord.

You will think of three great opposers to the gospel in India as you look toward that field this quarter—Hinduism, Mohammedanism, and Buddhism. These great anti-Christian religions hold in the grip of ignorance and superstition millions of souls to whom we owe the light of the message. These three great "isms" of darkness are, truly, formidable barriers to the advancement of the kingdom of God in the earth. But as you think of them, remember also that with the commission to preach the gospel, God has given us the assurance that scattered among these millions of India are many who are longing for the light of truth.

A Buddhist priest in South India came searching for truth. Like Nicodemus of old, he came by night, for he was ashamed and afraid to come openly at first. This was not so long ago. Now he is a baptized member of the church; having exchanged his yellow priestly garb and all it represented for the spotless robe of Christ's righteousness. But before this man came searching for the living preacher his interest had been aroused by the reading of an Adventist tract concerning Christ's second coming. Some one's offering had placed that tract within his reach, and some one's prayers had been instrumental in providing facilities for the establishment of a mission station in that district.

There are hundreds and thousands of villages in India where the message has not yet gone. Additional facilities are sorely needed at this time. Just now your offering may count for far more than double the same amount will later on. We urge that you pray earnestly and give liberally. The two things go together. One without the other would be incomplete. Then, if your best offering seems small compared with what others are able to give, remember that Jesus can bless and multiply it as He did the loaves beside the sea.

And pray for victory for the workers in the field as they battle against the forces of heathenism. God is faithful, and He will bring His promises to pass.

As we bring our offerings let us remember the bond of brotherhood existing between us and the people whom we call heathen. Through Jesus our elder brother, and theirs, we are become their brethren, and what we do for them, the Saviour accepts as done to Him.

"He is the Son of man, and thus a brother to every son and daughter of Adam. His followers are not to feel themselves detached from the perishing world around them. They are a part of the great web of humanity; and heaven looks upon them as brothers to sinners as well as to saints. . . . And every deed of kindness done to uplift a fallen soul, every act of mercy, is accepted as done to Him."
—*"The Desire of Ages,"* p. 638.

He says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

May God abundantly bless our Sabbath schools during this quarter and make them a blessing.

Sabbath, April 20

[Note: The reading will be more effective if given as a talk.]

SEED THOUGHT: "If we love Jesus, we shall love to live for Him, to present our thank offerings to Him, to labor for Him."—*"Christ's Object Lessons,"* p. 43.

READING: Into a New Language Area—Kanarese.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 565.

PRAYER: That the Lord will bless our workers as they labor among these people.

Into a New Language Area— Kanarese

O. A. SKAU

[Principal of the South India Training School]

OUR hearts were filled with praise and thanksgiving when we heard the cheerful news that the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering this quarter comes to South India. When we think of the unfinished task out here, our hearts grow cold, and yet we know that the gospel must go to all before our blessed Master can come.

Just recently we had the privilege of welcoming to our field Brother and Sister A. E. Rawson. These young people have been asked

to pioneer the work among the eleven million Kanarese [kă-nâ-rēz'] people. These people live in the mountain country along the west coast of India, from Goa [gō'-ä] on the north to Travancore [trav-an-kōr'] on the south, and will also be found throughout Mysore [mi-sōr'] State, one of the most progressive of the native states of India. This state is located near the center of the southern portion of the Indian peninsula. Mysore has made greater progress along educational and material lines than any other native state in India, with the possible exception of Baroda [bâ-rō'-dâ]. The Kanarese people are a bright, intelligent folk where educational advantages have been available, and these are being extended more widely by the native government from year to year. It is a crushing task to reach these Kanarese millions, and in our own imperfect way we do not see how we shall succeed. One thing is sure, and that is that we cannot do it in our own strength; we must first of all seek our heavenly Father. But this will not suffice, for the Lord has given us a part in this work and He expects us to do all that we can to spread the gospel of salvation.

Mysore State, so largely Kanarese, is surrounded entirely by British territory, and itself is a plateau country from two thousand to six thousand feet above the sea level. In normal times, with a good monsoon season, it is very productive, and Bangalore, [ban-ga-lor'] near which our training school for Southern India is located, and Mysore City

are among the most healthful locations in all India. A good climate prevails in this plateau section. For the greater share of the year and in the winter season nearly all of the northern fruits and vegetables are obtainable, while even during the summer many of these are available. Mysore has installed one of the finest hydro-electric schemes in India, supplying power to the gold fields of Kolar and in the Bangalore districts, as well as lighting the two principal cities of the state, Bangalore and Mysore City. Much in the line of textile goods is manufactured, and that highly prized wood known as sandalwood is a state monopoly in this native state. The Kanarese people are among the last large language sections of southern India to be entered by this message, yet every hope is held that the results among them will be equally promising as in the other areas, once we are able to minister to them.

In behalf of these eleven million Kanarese people who have not yet heard of the soon coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, I appeal to you for a most generous and liberal Thirteenth Sabbath Offering. Brother and Sister Rawson have a task similar to what one of our ministers at home would have if he were the only worker for all of Minnesota, Iowa, North and South Dakota, and Montana. Picture to yourselves these workers in the midst of all those people without a tract or paper and with only a meager understanding of the difficult language, and you will be-

gin to get some idea of the immensity of their task.

We need workers, we need literature, we need money, and above everything else, we need your prayers and hearty co-operation in order that the work may be finished and the Lord come to take us all home where no need shall ever present itself.

Sabbath, April 27

[Note: The readings will be more effective if given as talks.]

SEED THOUGHT: "The truth of the living God is to appear in contrast with error. Proclaim the glad tidings."—*"Testimonies,"* Vol. VIII, p. 10.

READINGS: "What Seest Thou?"
Work in Northeast India.

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

PRAYER: A few sentence prayers in behalf of the Mohammedans in India.

"What Seest Thou?"

(Jer. 1:13)

L. G. MOOKERJEE

GOD calls us to stand on "the Watch Tower" and bids us look from the place where we are in order that we may see what is happening in the world. He says, "What seest thou?"—

I see India in perplexity and despair. I see masses of terrified people dissatisfied with priestcraft and religious bondage. I hear them crying out: "Oh! If you have the gospel that will comfort our broken hearts, 'Come over and help us.'" "What seest thou?"—

I see that our obligation to the Moslems is very great. King George rules over more Mohammedans than any other ruler; seventy million are to be found in India, and they comprise more than one fourth of the entire population of the country. Within the area of India, including Burma and Ceylon, the number of Mohammedans is greater than those in all Africa, or the Near East, or Malaysia. According to the census of 1921, the total Moslem population of India was 68,735,233. The single province of Bengal has a Mohammedan population greater than all Arabia, Egypt, and Persia together. The number of Mohammedans in the Punjab alone is nearly as large as in Egypt. In no less than ten provinces in India there is a Moslem population of over one million each. "What seest thou?"—

Alas! We have to confess lost opportunities, neglected privileges. Unless we embrace the opportunities for speeding the gospel in India N-O-W, we may find to our amazement and dismay that in the near future doors will be closed against us. The clouds are already dark in some places, but the sunshine of God's love is shining into seeking hearts.

Today in India we are faced with unprecedented opportunities. India, with the rest of the so-called "unchanging East," is changing fast—dangerously fast—in many ways. This means that our opportunities are such as never have come to us before, and that our responsibilities are correspondingly great. Un-

less there is a speedy and a great forward movement in our mission work, hundreds of thousands will pass away without any understanding of the message of the soon-coming Saviour. Yet our resources are quite inadequate to the task. Surely today God is calling us as a mission to take a great step forward. There have been ventures of faith in the past, but the future must see still greater advance.

Work in Northeast India

MRS. BERTHA LOWRY

THIS is our oldest mission field in India. It is a very difficult field in respect to climate and language. Aside from the three main languages there are many dialects, which are spoken here and there throughout the field.

Interests have been awakened in many places, and just as the work gets started, the missionary's health fails and there is no one left to foster the work that has been so nicely started. And on account of this the seed sown yields only a small harvest. We need many consecrated, strong and willing missionaries where we now have none.

We have thirty-five Sabbath schools in this union mission, with a membership of about seven hundred. Our people are willing to give as much as they are able. They love the message, and desire to see it go to all the

world. Our largest church is in Calcutta. It has a live missionary society as well as Sabbath school. Just this year we have completed our own church building. We have waited about thirty years for this church, and thank the brothers and sisters who have given of their funds and made it possible for us to have our own building. But there are so many more places that are needy!

Several of our Sabbath schools are held in private homes or even out under trees. This is all right except during the rains. It rains very hard in this country, so sitting on the ground in the open is rather disagreeable during the rainy season. One Sabbath school held out of doors that I visited was very unique. There were about fifty members present. The usual Sabbath school program was carried out, the language used being Hindi. For seats a few strips of grass matting were spread on the ground. The children were seated in the front rows, the men in the middle, and the women last. When the time came for the offering to be taken, a man arose, took a large basket that would hold about a bushel, and passed it from one person to another. All seemed to have come with an offering of some kind. I saw them take little bundles, untie them, and empty the contents, which was rice or money, into this basket. Some had their offerings tied in the loose end of their *sari* (the name of the dress that the women wear). This *sari* is a piece of cloth about six yards in length. It is wound around

and around the body to form the dress. One end is left to hang loosely over the head and shoulders. When the offering was taken, the basket was full. Then I understood why a basket was necessary rather than an envelope such as we use in most of our Sabbath schools. Would it not be nice if these people could have a building in which to hold their Sabbath school and other services? This can only be made possible through your liberal gifts.

Another Sabbath school is held in a village near Karmatar on a sort of raised platform built of earth in the center of the village. It is usually built under a tree, and is used as a public meeting place of the villagers. Any question to be discussed by the leaders of the village is brought to this place. At first we did not think they would allow us to hold our Sabbath school here because we were Christians, but God is with His children, and the way was opened for us to meet here. There are about seventy who attend this Sabbath school. As yet none of these people are Christians, but they enjoy coming to Sabbath school and hearing the gospel story as told from week to week in the Sabbath school lessons. They also bring an offering each week for our work. Pray that these dear people may receive the light of the gospel and be saved in heaven.

A set of Ten Outline Maps may be had for 50c from the Review and Herald, Takoma Park, D. C. This set covers nearly all countries of the world.

Sabbath, May 4

[Note: The reading will be more effective if given as a talk.]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Rom. 10:13-15.

READING: A Stupendous Task.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 700, first and last stanzas.

PRAYER: That the Lord will help us to do our part in supplying the need.

A Stupendous Task

H. CHRISTENSEN

[Superintendent, South India Union]

FOR more than a quarter of a century the thin lines of the Advent army have been forging ahead in South India. During these years the families have weathered the heat and the wind of the plains, and have been exposed to dangers of disease and death; but they have toiled on as faithful soldiers of the Lord. Today the South India Union has a small but loyal corps of European workers who are willing to be spent in God's service. As a result of their labors in the past, many of India's native sons are now bearing a share of the burdens and the heat of the day, thus adding to the influence this message can exert on the minds of the people.

During these years the Spirit of God has been at work, and the faithful laborer has seen men and women whose lives were saturated with heathen superstitions give themselves to the God of heaven. Many of these converts to the faith have taken this step at the risk of their lives, and have been disowned by relatives and have even become outcasts.

Just one incident will suffice to reveal the tenacity with which many cling to the teachings of the Bible.

On a recent trip through the South India Union, our attention was called to a boy of about seventeen. He attended the Sabbath services regularly knowing that he would receive many stripes on his bare back upon his return home. Often we wonder how many boys in the homeland would endure what this boy has, in order to attend the Sabbath school.

During my recent visit in the Malayalam field, it was my privilege to baptize twenty-three candidates. Others presented themselves, but were not thoroughly prepared, and will be baptized at a later date. These services will long be remembered by those who witnessed them. As we see the fruit of the years of labor gathered, our hearts rejoice, and we gather new courage for the work before us.

The task is stupendous, the problems difficult, and the number yet unwarned in this great field is staggering. Yet we believe the promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," and somehow we have the assurance that God's Spirit will move upon other men to arise to help give the unwarned the message for this hour.

The needs are many and pressing, and we appeal to you to help us meet them. If I could but have a heart-to-heart talk with you, I feel that you would sense this need as you cannot by simply hearing these lines read.

Among the greatest of our needs at present is a hospital and dispensary where we may give aid to the sick. Everywhere we find the afflicted. But with the meager facilities, how can we minister to them? There are four great fields in which we have no medical centers of any kind. We must have means to supply the medical staff and the equipment, and we are trusting that you will esteem it a pleasure and a privilege to supply the means that will make this a reality in our field. We do not believe you will disappoint us.

What more can I write to press this appeal home to your minds? My heart goes out to God in prayer, that He may convey to your hearts a sense of the solemn responsibilities that are ours together, and make His people willing in this the day of His power. Brethren and sisters in the homeland, may God bless you with every spiritual blessing, and make your hearts and lives abound with a spirit of liberality toward the cause of God in this dark and needy land, that our needs may be supplied. The eighty-five million inhabitants of South India constitute a mighty challenge to the believers in the homeland. Will you arise and meet it by opening your heart and purse? May God help you to do so.

“Money cannot be carried into the next life; it is not needed there; but the good deeds done in winning souls to Christ are carried to the heavenly courts.”—“Christ’s Object Lessons,” pp. 267, 268.

Sabbath, May 11

[Note: The reading will be more effective if given as a talk.]

SBED THOUGHT: "The Lord demands that in His servants shall be found a spirit that is quick to feel the value of souls, quick to discern the duties to be done, quick to respond to the obligations that the Lord lays upon them."—*Testimonies*, Vol. IX, p. 123.

READING: Training Workers for Service.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 695.

PRAYER: That the Lord will bless and help the believers in the Tamil field.

Training Workers for Service

E. D. THOMAS

[Assistant Principal South India Training School. Brother Thomas is a native.]

WHEN we started work in the Tamil field, the people from the small villages were the first to accept the truth. Most of them were illiterate, half-civilized, and people of very little culture; but they were earnest and sincere in the truth they accepted. Almost immediately we began training them for service.

We had to train two classes of believers: one class was composed of children, for whom we opened schools without delay; the other class included those of mature age. Let me tell you how the latter class responded to our training.

They were given practical instructions and encouraged to go out to the near-by villages and towns, giving the message. Some spoke in the highways, and people were astonished to hear the truth coming from people of such

limited education. Afterward we printed literature, and they gave it out. Of course, we held institutes for them at different times. We were surprised to see the way the Lord blessed their efforts. They visited the towns and cities, approaching all the high officials. They had persecutions and temptations too, but with the Lord's help some of them have been faithful.

Two of these men walked from Madras [mä-dräs'] to Nazareth, a distance of about 500 miles, canvassing all along the way. Their evenings were spent in studying God's Word. They returned home happy for the privilege that had been theirs of giving the message to the people of those cities.

One young man, Brother K. G. Samuel, thus studied the Bible, our vernacular "Bible Readings," and our tracts, and became acquainted with the message in a very satisfactory way. He has brought about fifteen people into the truth, some of them coming direct from heathenism. His converts are well grounded in the message, and are faithful in paying tithe and in doing home missionary work. It is a real pleasure to visit his village and spend a Sabbath with him and his believers. In a small cottage they have Sabbath school and Home Missionary meetings and preaching services. As this orthodox Hindu village is located in the southern part of the Tamil field, many miles from any large town, they do not use benches or chairs, but all squat on the

ground, feeling quite contented and happy. He has a number of Hindu friends reading our vernacular magazine, which is published monthly. A night school is also conducted in his home, where many Hindu boys and girls come for instruction. The heathen students are taught the plan of salvation and the love of God in saving sinners. You would be delighted to hear the way they sing good Christian hymns in their Sabbath school. Brother Samuel married a girl from our school who had obtained a partial education. She has been faithful and is a real help to her husband.

There are many other young men of similar qualifications, who, after doing faithful service as colporteurs, are now placed as evangelists. Very recently we held a workers' institute at Trichinopoly [trĭch-ĭ-nop'-o-lĭ] with an attendance of about fifty, nearly one third of whom testified that they came into the truth by reading the literature sold by our faithful canvassers.

Now let us see how the younger ones are responding to our training. First we gave them an elementary education, and then, after they had advanced in years, we opened secondary schools. When they had finished with these, we opened a training school. Some of them were very faithful in taking their courses in these schools. After they had finished their training, we sent some out as teachers and some as preachers. We feel so grateful that the Lord has blessed our efforts along this line of work also. Some of our strong evange-

lists are young men who have been educated in our schools.

Brother V. Isaac who has been with us for some years, was trained in this way. At present he is in a place where we have a growing interest. A church of about forty members has been organized, and eight Sabbath schools with a membership of about 125 are systematically conducted by faithful workers under his direction.

Another young man who has had a similar education is at present in charge of some of our important stations. Along with his other work, he is acting as associate editor with the writer in editing a Tamil vernacular magazine, called *The Signs of the Times, and Herald of Health*.

Another of our workers, trained in our schools, Brother S. Thomas, is at present pastor in one of the big cities of South India. In connection with his evangelistic work, he has sold a large amount of our literature. He is very regular and zealous in conducting public meetings, making a good display of our prophetic charts. In dealing with the prophecies he is especially enthusiastic. Very often he gets a large, well-educated audience, and we hope that before long he will be able to greatly strengthen our evangelistic work in those cities. All these men have married girls who have been educated in our schools, and are a help to them in their work.

I could name a number of workers who have given very faithful service. If they are

only humble and faithful in the years to come, they will be able to bear heavier responsibilities in this message. Of course, we have had our disappointments also, but it is our prayer that the Lord will bless the efforts of these faithful workers and raise up many more men and women of this country who will be able to give the message to their own people and win them to Jesus.

We know our brethren and sisters in America and in other parts of the great field have sacrificed much to make it possible to establish the work in mission fields, and we feel thankful for all that they have done. We hope that before long we will be able to have a corps of faithful, earnest workers who will fit into almost any phase of missionary activity, so that the work may be finished and the coming of the Lord hastened. Brethren, let us take courage in sacrificing our means for the mission field. It really pays. Only the last day will reveal to us in definite figures the number of souls brought into the message by the sacrifices we have made. There are about twenty million Tamils to be reached in South India. We face a stupendous task, but the prospect is very bright, and we are of good courage, looking forward to a good overflow to help advance the work in this great field. May we count on you to give the best offering this quarter that South India has ever received? And we need your prayers, as well as your offering, that God may bless the seed sown, and give an abundant increase.

Sabbath, May 18

[Note: The reading will be more effective if given as a talk.]

SEED THOUGHT: "There must be a devotion that will regard no earthly interest of sufficient value to take the place of the work to be done in winning souls to a knowledge of the truth."—*Testimonies*, Vol. IX, pp. 123, 124.

READING: A Message of Hope from Burma.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 576, first and last stanzas.

PRAYER: In behalf of the work in Burma and Ceylon.

A Message of Hope from Burma

T. J. MICHAEL

[Superintendent, Burma Union.]

BURMA is a Buddhist stronghold, and there are few other countries in the world where less response is made when Christianity is lived, preached, and taught to the people. For twenty years and more, Seventh-day Adventist Christians have been presenting the Christ of our message to the people of Burma, but it would seem that scarcely any impression has been made upon the dreamy, indifferent people of this fair land. Burma has a population of thirteen million; yet after more than twenty years of mission work our church membership for the whole of Burma is only two hundred sixty. But this work is the Lord's, and we believe that He has many precious souls whom He will call out from the false religions of this country, to unite with the people of God as they prepare for the soon coming of Jesus.

Sermons, to a considerable extent, seem to

fall on deaf ears, but the work of our dispensaries, our schools, and our Sabbath schools is steadily making a real impression on the hearts of the people. The Lord will surely do a "quick work" in Burma, and we believe that we can see signs of a beginning. The enrolment in our schools is appreciably higher than it has ever been. In addition to these encouraging features the Lord is working miracles of healing by the hands of our dispensary workers, thus demonstrating in a striking manner the superiority of the true God over their gods. To illustrate this I will mention one case which occurred recently.

We have no qualified mission doctors in Burma, and our dispensaries are equipped to treat only minor ailments. A few weeks ago a little boy burned his fingers. His father, who was a Buddhist, practised medicine after the Burmese fashion at a neighboring monastery. He refused to heed the advice of the people of his village, who suggested that he take the child to the near-by mission dispensary. He began to treat the boy's hand himself, declaring that neither the Christian nor the Christian's God could do more for his child than he could do. The hand became worse, until it was gangrenous right up the arm, and the child was running a temperature. Only then would the father consider seeking the help of the Christian missionary. Word was sent to Brother Eric Hare, and he had the child brought to the dispensary for examination.

Brother Hare immediately recognized that only by having the arm amputated above the elbow would there be any chance of saving the child's life. He suggested that the boy be taken at once to the Government Hospital, about fifty miles away, as the mission dispensary was not equipped for such a serious operation. While Brother Hare felt that this was the best he could do, he was almost certain that the child would not live to reach the hospital, even should his parents agree to take him. The thought of turning the little fellow away to almost certain death, without making some attempt to help him, haunted Brother Hare, and he could have no peace of mind. The next morning he sent for the child, and decided that after seeking the special help of God he would try to amputate the arm, in spite of having only the most meager facilities with which to work. The parents and friends having agreed to the operation, the mission workers knelt in earnest prayer, pleading that the boy's life might be spared as a witness to the love and power of the living God. A very successful operation was performed, and the child was steadily restored to health and strength.

The story does not end there, however. While the little boy was still weak from the operation, he, with other members of the family, was stricken with a very malignant fever, and in a short time the father and one son had died. But the little boy for whom the missionaries had prayed so earnestly, survived,

and still lives. This incident has stirred the village, and the people talk in wonder of the fact that while the father who had denied the superiority of the Christian God, had died, the little boy who had been prayed for, was saved. By many other similar demonstrations of His love and wonder-working power, God is calling these people out of their superstitions and false religions into the marvelous light of His truth.

The Lord is doing His part. May we do ours by giving ourselves and our means.

Sabbath, May 25

[Note: The reading will be more effective if given as a talk.]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Acts 2:21. Read the text.

READING: Snatched from the Jaws of Death.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 548.

PRAYER: That the Lord will bless our dispensary work and workers in Burma.

Snatched from the Jaws of Death

THERE they stand, around the verandas, on the steps, crowded into the reception hall. See them? Indians, Burmese, jungle Karens; in-patients, out-patients, friends and curious on-lookers; sore-eyed, skin-diseased, fever-racked, sick and dying.

This is the only dispensary for fifty miles north or south, and there is no way of measuring the distance east or west, so they come to us from all quarters. Some have been on

the journey a whole week. They have learned to believe in the Mission, so after going the limit in witch doctoring, and after sampling every imaginable kind of jungle concoction, they come to us.

Watch us dress this little baby girl. Her dress caught on fire one morning and burned her severely from the navel to the nose, including both arms. We thought she would have died the first night, but she has been alive for a month now; still I think there is no hope for her, for see! the little ribs are almost bared, the little heart seems as if it must rupture the raw tissues just over it at every beat, and the throat is burned so thin that it pains too much to swallow. We will be sorry to lose her after all this time, but there are some cases, you know, that even the big hospitals cannot pull through.

Here is a cancer case. Did you ever in all your life see any one so thin? I am trying to persuade him to go to the city hospital for an operation.

Here is a man whose eyeball burst. From a small infection it spread, till the whole ball ulcerated. He came too late to save his eye, but just in time to save his life. He is going home in a day or two.

And here is another interesting case; we call it our "amputation case." Let me tell you the whole story.

I was making charcoal with the boys one afternoon. I heard the motor launch come chugging back to the landing, but hardly

heeded it till Brother Baird was right beside me.

"Well, Thara, what about a major operation this evening?" he called.

"Oh, rather," I answered, "bring them all along; the more the merrier."

"Righto, come as soon as you can get changed."

"Oh, go on," I said, thinking he was joking. "Get your patient first, I'm making charcoal."

"No, truly," he said, "the patient is here, came by canoe, because they were frightened by the Fry Smell of the engine and landed at the top landing." I was properly interested by this time, I assure you, and asked for more details.

And here are the ghastly details that Brother Baird told me. "They came about an hour ago, to call me to see a girl who had burned her *finger*, so I ran up in the launch and found that a young woman of twenty-five, during a fit, had fallen into the fire. She had burned the third and fourth fingers right off, and the ulna was exposed for over six inches, all black and charred. That had been fifteen days ago, and now the flies had blown it and the maggots are eating it alive. Some burned finger, eh? She had a fit a year ago during which she fell with a lamp against her baby sister's bed, and burned her to death. Now they want me to cut her arm off. I've tried and tried to get them to go to the Paan Hospital fifty miles away, but they are scared. They say they would rather die here than go

where they know no one, so now what can we do?"

The joke was all gone now, and for a moment we two stood there facing each other, reading each other's hearts. We had thus worked together for seven years, and had together faced not a few serious situations. We had confidence in each other. But more than that, we had confidence in God, and realizing that a life was just about to pass into the jaws of death, we set to it.

Our little jungle dispensary was all astir at once, sterilizing, preparing bandages and pads and the few little instruments that we had. Soon we were ready, white clad and confident. Then came a short prayer and the operation.

An hour and a quarter later she groaned, half opened her eyes, and wanting to turn, groped with the other hand to ease over the member of death, but it was not there. She groped again, and opened her eyes a little wider. For a moment she was startled with fear, and lifting her head, groped again. The pathetic picture brought tears to our eyes. "Is it finished already?" she asked—and smiling, dropped off to sleep.

That was just twenty-nine days ago, and I suppose today will be the last time she will have to come. The wound is all healed. She is much better in health, and has learned that the missionaries' God is powerful.—*Eastern Tidings*.

Sabbath, June 1

[Note: The reading will be more effective if given as a talk]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 9:37, 38. Read the text, then have the school repeat in concert.

READING: School Work in the Telugu Mission.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 482.

PRAYER: In behalf of the work in the Telugu Mission.

School Work in the Telugu Mission

C. A. SCHUTT

[Educational Secretary, Telugu Mission.]

OUR school work from the very first has been the means of contact in our village evangelistic work. This means of contact has been used by all mission bodies operating in India and it is an effective way of carrying on mission work.

These village schools are not church schools as we use the term in the homeland, for it is usually the case that almost all of the students are Hindus or Mohammedans. It is thus a definite part of our evangelistic work. When an interest develops in a village and it is considered justifiable to open up work in that place, a small village school is started and with this as his point of contact the worker carries on his evangelistic work. This is a very real help, for the school which we place in the village is usually the only one there is. Our evangelistic work also is not carried on as it is in the homeland, for ninety per cent of the people are illiterate; and here again the schools help out, for the simplest

doctrines of our message are taught to the people as though they were children.

We have ten outschools in the Telugu Mission which have been established in the last six years. With these schools as a means of contact a good constituency has been built up. Not only this, but these schools are feeders for our central boarding school at Narsapur, [nur-sá-pōōr'] where our potential workers are in training. The students from these village schools come to us with only a little knowledge of Christianity. But with this as a start they turn out to be good, clean, intelligent Seventh-day Adventist workers. They know the message and can preach it well. This is the most encouraging feature of our work. We have a regular baptismal class and a good percentage of our students are baptized each year.

With the money which we receive now we are only able to accept a limited number of students. We are making plans to change the location of our school so that we can run it more in harmony with our educational principles. We want to locate on a farm of from one to two hundred acres. Then we will be able to provide work and raise food for all the students who are sent to us. It is very hard to have to turn away fifty per cent of the students who apply for admission. However, projects of this kind require extra money which cannot be found in our regular annual appropriation; so we are looking to you on this thirteenth Sabbath to provide it.

Sabbath, June 8

[Note: The reading will be more effective
if given as a talk]

SEED THOUGHT: "Individual responsibility, individual effort, personal sacrifice, is the requirement of the gospel."—*Ministry of Healing*, p. 147.

READING: Narsapur Seventh-day Adventist Mission Hospital.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 483.

PRAYER: In behalf of our medical work at Narsapur.

Narsapur Seventh-day Adventist Mission Hospital

MRS. A. E. CLARK

IN SUN-KISSED Southern India, thirty-five miles from the railway, two and one-half miles from any large village, in a barren field covered with sand and encircled by cactus bushes, has sprung up in the short space of one and a half years, three hospital buildings and two cottages for workers—nice to look at and with airy and spacious interiors. Dotted here and there for miles around are many little villages from which the sick come daily. Usually they have been sick many days, and are in an alarming condition before it occurs to them that something must be done and they will consent to leave their homes.

When they fall sick in their villages the simple village remedies are first tried. These consist of the internal and external applications of the excretions of the cow and sacred leaves and seeds. One favorite remedy is the juice of onions and garlic mixed with a saffron paste. This is applied over the seat of their trouble, as well as rubbed over the whole

body. If these remedies fail to give immediate relief, they resort to the very drastic measure of giving one half to one *tola* [a unit of weight in British India] of mercury. This usually is their last form of first-aid treatment. If this fails, then they are willing to go to the European doctor, who has the reputation of being a god who is daily working miracles. So they come to us. On top of their original trouble we have the symptoms of mercury poisoning to treat, which sometimes are severe, and make them very miserable.

Sufficient mission funds have made it possible for this little hospital to be erected. Daily from fifty to one hundred patients seek help here. But because of insufficient funds the workers are all working too hard and too long hours. We have but one trained Indian nurse and we need four. We are only paying this nurse \$10 a month, and yet we cannot afford to hire others. If there is a very sick patient she must stay up with him at night, and she must oversee the work in the wards and give all the injections. She is carrying more than double the work that she should, and doing it cheerfully. We are just starting a Training Course for nurses, but until these girls and boys can be instructed, we need more trained help.

Our friends at home may sometimes wonder if the offerings that they give and the funds that are sent out to the mission fields, are properly spent. With the money which

was appropriated last year to erect two buildings here and to cover running expenses for 1927, we have put up three buildings instead of two, and earned practically all our running expenses from the money received from patients.

Are the patients who come to us receiving help and comfort? Often when these people get sick their relatives forsake them, and they are left alone. In case of sickness they believe that there are many evil spirits near, and when they need their relatives the most they are often forsaken. One day a woman came to us in a very weak condition. She had a large abdominal tumor and wanted and needed an operation very badly. But she was poor and her husband was dead, and no one else cared. We operated on her, fed her, and cared for her two weeks. She heard the story of Jesus, and each day we found her happier, and full of hope and cheer. She entered sad and distressed. She left comforted and relieved. This is only one of hundreds of cases that I might tell you about.

Many are facing death when they come to us, and this they realize. With God's help most of them are relieved by the medicines given. They hear the glad tidings of salvation, and their lives are made a bit brighter and the seed of truth is planted, ready to be watered by the Spirit of God.

We need more workers so that we can follow these patients to their villages and to their homes, and foster the interest that has been

awakened. The hospital workers cannot do this except on Sabbaths. This keeps us in touch with our patients, but we cannot begin to do the follow-up work that should be done. There is a vast field of labor for a European evangelist, and we hope that soon one will be sent. Perhaps the overflow on this thirteenth Sabbath which comes to South India will bring us a new worker, and in turn more souls from India's needy thousands, to enjoy eternity with the redeemed and faithful.

Sabbath, June 15

SEED THOUGHT: "Christian motives demand that we work with a steady purpose, an undying interest, an ever-increasing impertunity, for the souls whom Satan is seeking to destroy."—*Ministry of Healing*, p. 164.

DIALOGUE: A Visit to India.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 51.

PRAYER: That the Lord will help us to make the surrender of our lives to Him complete.

A Dialogue: A Visit to India

LILLIE GEORGE BLUE

Characters: Two girls and one boy.

Scene: One girl sitting; second girl knocks, and comes in, taking off hat.

RUTH: Oh, Phyllis, you do not know how glad I am to be home again. We had a wonderful trip all the way around the world, but after all "There's No Place Like Home."

PHYLLIS: Yes, your parents and you have been away nearly a year. Our Sabbath school class welcomes you again, and we are anxious to hear all about the interesting things that you saw. Just now we are studying about India, and all the quarter we have been saving every way we could to have money for the offering which goes to India.

RUTH: Oh, I am so glad to know that, for the needs of India are indelibly impressed on my mind.

(Joe enters.)

JOE: Hello, Ruth, glad to see you again. I hope you don't feel too proud to associate with the rest of us since your trip around the world. But what was that you were saying about India?

RUTH: You know that my father is not a member of the church, and went to India on a business trip. He and mother are acquainted with several missionaries in India, and when we arrived in Bombay, we received invitations to visit some of the mission stations. Father had some extra time, so we did.

PHYLLIS: From Bombay where did you go?

RUTH: On our way east from Bombay we stopped at the Kalyan [käl-yän'] mission station, where the Marathi girls' school is located. The girls are very energetic Missionary Volunteers, going out to the near-by villages and holding Bible studies with the women. At Lalsalgaon [lä-säl'-gä] there is a large secondary and training school combined, and Mrs. R. E. Loasby does a large amount of dispensary work as well as helping with the school. Everywhere we found our missionaries working very hard.

JOE: Why doesn't a missionary have regular hours, say from nine o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon? Then he would not be bothered at all times of the day. Why doesn't he have a sign?

RUTH: That is impossible, because an Indian does not place any special value on time. In many Indian villages there is not even one clock or a watch. If a missionary should adhere to strict office hours, he would miss many opportunities of doing good. The missionary's office hours read like this, "Always Ready for Service."

JOE: It seems to me that I have heard of a mission station called Hapur. Did you go there?

RUTH: Yes, Hapur is about forty miles from Delhi [de'-li], the winter capital of India. This is the station where Pastor and Mrs. M. M. Mattison and family worked for a number of years. The gospel has been preached in many villages around Hapur. Much opposition has been received there from a branch of Hinduism, called the Arya Samaj, [ära-sa-maj'] whose purpose is to destroy Christianity.

PHYLLIS: Did you attend any village Sabbath school?

RUTH: One Sabbath we went out to Bhikanpur [bi-kän'-pöör] which is the first village in which Mr. Mattison began to preach. These people are very faithful in giving Sabbath

school offerings. There is an Indian widow there who takes great interest in the Sabbath school. The Sabbath we were there she put one rupee into the offering; a rupee is thirty-three cents. That rupee meant more sacrifice to her than it would to many of us to give five dollars. Her clothes were made of coarse, bright-colored cloth, and she was barefooted, but her heart was right with God, and she looked happy.

JOE: Did they have a nice church building?

RUTH: I should say not. They did not have any building at all. Sabbath school was held right out-of-doors under the shade of a big *neem* tree. They sat on the ground. The Indian worker, Piyare Lall, has taught them a lot of Christian songs. We could not understand the words, but we could feel the spirit with which they sang. When we were in Hapur, the Mattisons still lived there, but not long afterward they went on furlough, and Mr. Mattison died soon after reaching home. It truly can be said that he gave his life for the country and people that he loved so dearly. One of the Indian workers in writing of Mr. Mattison's death, said, "It is very hard to express our unlimited sorrow which we have from the death of our dear Pastor Mattison Sahib [sä-hib]. We always think how unbounded his love was for Indians and how sweet-tempered and self-sacrificing he was. I am really ready to put myself instead of him, if it could be possible, because his presence was required more here in India." That is the way the Indians who knew him feel. Surely there will be many stars in the crown that Mr. Mattison will receive, and many Indians saved because of his noble, self-sacrificing life.

PHYLLIS: Do any Mohammedan girls ever accept the truth?

RUTH: There was one Mohammedan young woman baptized while we were in India. Miss Chilton had been teaching her the Bible for several years, and recently she had attended the Lucknow girls' school. One could tell by the expression of her countenance that she is happy as a Christian.

PHYLLIS: Does Miss Chilton meet much opposition in her work?

RUTH: One of the girls who had been baptized, was telling me of a letter she had received from one of her friends, in whose home Miss Chilton has been teaching for many years. She had decided to become a Christian, and

was being persecuted. She said that the neighbors would come and spit on the house, throw bricks, and threaten to burn the thatched roof, if she did not give up her intention of becoming a Christian. Her husband, Sultan Marzan [Sōōi-tān' Mar'-zan], is a *baniya* [shop-keeper], and the Mohammedans do not want her to get her supplies of rice and *dahl* from the shop. They say to her, "You are filthy; you are a Christian. You cannot take things from the shop." Nor do they want her to continue living in the Muslim section. But she replied, "I will be a Christian, and will not listen to you, no matter what you say. I will have the *Missahiba* come and teach me the Bible." So you see that Christianity is bearing its fruit among the *pardah nishee* women of India [those who appear in public veiled]. Their faces are veiled to those outside their own homes, but the light and love of Christ can shine in their hearts.

PHYLLIS: How glad I am that I am not a Mohammedan woman!

RUTH: We don't appreciate the blessings that we have, do we? But I haven't told you yet what effect our visit to the mission station had upon my father. Before that he had always taken the attitude that he could be as good a Christian as any one, and not be a member of the church, but when he saw what some of the heathen have to suffer in order to become Christians, he decided that he would join the church, and take his stand definitely on the side of Christ. Mother and I are so happy because father will be baptized today.

JOE: The miracles of missions never cease, and truly encircle the whole world. I myself am persuaded to give my life, as well as my pocketbook, in service to this great cause.

RUTH: The great darkness of India's women is calling me, and to them I surrender my all. Do you join me, Phyllis?

PHYLLIS: Yes, indeed, I do. My face is set toward India, and until I go, I can give and pray.

The Overflow for Second Quarter,
1928, to Japan and Korea was \$17,-
931.58.

Sabbath, June 22

[Note: Choose some one to give this who is a good reader.]

MISSIONARY TEXTS: Haggai 2:8; Ps. 50:12.
Read the texts, then have the school repeat them in concert.

READING: A Jungle Man's Views About Overflows.

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

PRAYER: That the Lord will bless our Sabbath schools in the jungles of Burma.

A Jungle Man's Views About Overflows

ERIC B. HARE

[Superintendent, Tenasserim Mission]

It's catchin', isn't it?

What's catching?

Why this overflow business is catchin'. I can remember when we didn't have even a goal chart up here in the jungle, let alone a special thirteenth Sabbath donation with an overflow: and I can remember, too, the first goal chart we had, and the trouble we had to make it work. It was a maximum-minimum thermometer, something we jungle folk had never heard of, and when the poor superintendent would try to explain the thing he would say,—

"Now how much did our donations amount to last week?" And twenty voices would chorus, "One rupee, two annas, three pies." (An anna is 2 cents. A pie, one-sixth of a cent.) "Yes, one rupee, two annas, three pies." Then turning around to the chart as if he expected the thing to start talking, he'd tell it, "One rupee, two annas, three pies." And then when nothing happened, he'd try to

look detailed like at the thing, but which side was goal and which side was donations, he didn't understand, so he'd point at it somewhere and say, "Yes, that's right, one rupee, two annas, three pies. You see, it should have been one rupee, six—No, wait a bit, that was last week's. I think it should have been—er, should have been—er—er. Does any one know what it should have been?" And twenty voices would chorus, "One rupee, two annas, three pies." "Yes, that must be it; last week, anyway, we got one rupee, two annas, three pies."

So you mustn't be surprised that we got along without goal charts for several quarters. But that was a long time ago, and as the quarters went by our Sabbath School Department started working on goal charts, and we jungle folk got more and more used to the business, till, I'll never forget, one quarter they sent us a goal chart of a river and a little man in a boat. Now all of us jungle folk knew what a river was, and we had all ridden in a canoe, and it didn't take us long to get hold of the idea that so much money would take our preacher to a village, then to another, and another, and we'd come to Sabbath school with broad smiles, wondering if our little man in the boat made his village all right. Of course he made it. How could he help it with all us folks backing him up? And that was the first time we knew anything about an overflow.

Well, it was kind of new and interesting

like, and the next quarter we had a road and a little man in a cart. We started him right to begin with, but then a local meeting shot him ahead by three villages. And then it got more interesting like. We pushed and we shoved, and we backed that little man, till by about the eighth Sabbath we had our quarter's goal. Well, then we started him in at the beginning again. And then it began to get kind of interesting like, you know, and we started off with birthday offerings to help grease the wheels a bit. This was a bit hard for us poor jungle folk because none of us knew when our birthdays were, but at last we all settled on some day or other,—the day we came to school, or the day we took our stand for the truth, or the day we were baptized, or some other day like that. Then on top of that we started the Investment Fund, and we were selling Sabbath eggs and taxing coconuts, and catching rats (we get an anna for every rat we kill, under our rat extermination scheme), all for the Investment Fund. You should have seen that little cart going down the road. But do you know what? By the thirteenth Sabbath he had reached the tenth village on the second trip over his goal chart.

Oh, we like goal charts and overflows. It's so interesting like. We've torn down idol shrines, sailed ships across the oceans, flown airships around mission stations, and always had an overflow. We've helped build schools in Africa and Japan, and then one quarter

an overflow came to Burma,—Ah, then it was interesting all right, because we got a new mission station out of it. I tell you, we believe in overflows and goal charts.

The quarter when we were helping down in South America, I wished we had had their address; we'd have liked to tell them that we knew one Sabbath school in the jungle that would have an overflow for them. And now this quarter, our Division gets it again, and we are all working to make an overflow for our sister union in South India. Oh, it's catchin', this overflowing business is. It's caught us, and we believe in overflows,—they're so interesting like.

Sabbath, June 29

[Suggestions for Thirteenth Sabbath Program]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 10:9, last part.

RECITATION: Hungry for Jesus.

SPECIAL MUSIC.

RECITATION: The Plea of Hindustan.

READING: "Will Any One Stand for Lala?"

RECITATION: Our Goal.

SONG: Our Sunset Song.

OFFERING.

PRAYER: That the Lord will richly bless our gifts.

"Will Any One Stand for Lala?"

[Choose a good reader to give this.]

INDIA was in the throes of a disastrous famine. Little, naked, starving orphans were swarming around the mission school, beseeching help, but the house of refuge was full. Soon the night would come, the doors would be shut, and the starving dogs outside would

ravage and devour—but none troubled to notice the loss of a few friendless, homeless, starving Indian girls!

It was night. Suddenly out of the darkness a pitiful, black, naked, skeleton-like form peeped through the door. The deep, black eyes were wistful, and although the gnawing pains of hunger distressed the little sufferer, the child managed to whisper: "Will any one stand for Lala yet?"

It was a little four-year-old girl who uttered the cry. She had heard that sometimes people in that great-hearted country of England would give £5 (\$25), in order that a little Indian orphan might be cared for through the year; and with the hope that some one had already given, was the appeal made.

"No, dear, no one stands for you yet," answered the teacher. And as Lala slipped off into the darkness, the teacher's heart, wrung with anguish, made her voice these words to a companion, "I cannot stand it; if she comes tomorrow night, I *must* take her in."

"But we cannot, dear, you know that we haven't enough rice for those already here," replied her friend.

"Will any one stand for Lala yet?" Nights had passed, and again the pleading voice had raised its cry. The little ribs stood out higher under the black skin, while her arms and legs were like sticks and seemed almost too weak to support the frail, emaciated body.

"No, dear, no one stands for you yet," sadly answered the teacher.

* Again the little figure was swallowed up in the darkness. And the teacher stretched out her hands in agony of mind and heart: "I cannot stand this, I cannot. If the child comes tomorrow night, I must take her in. I do not care what the rules are, I simply must take her in. I know that if I do, the Lord will feed her; and if I do not, the dogs will kill her."

"Any one stand for Lala?" The face seemed thinner still—the black eyes brighter. But after two hours' prayer the sympathetic teacher had decided. "Yes, dear, come in. *Jesus will send some one to stand for you.*"

In Lala crept. Her dirty little body was washed: her matted hair combed. Lala slept that night content that some one would "stand" for her, and that the dogs were on the outside. In the morning she saw rows of children, clean and tidy, sitting upon the floor, each with a mug of rice. Only Lala's mug was empty.

"Children," said the teacher, "we have found no one to stand for Lala yet. Jesus will send some one soon, we know; but she has no rice at all in her mug. Till He sends some one, will you each give her a little of yours? You have only a little for yourselves, I know, but can you each spare her a pinch?" Up one line and down another Lala's mug passed, and when it came back to her it was full and brimming over.

Small revival meetings were being held in

Canada at this time. A lady missionary told the story of Jesus' great love to her neighbors, and appealed to them to love Him and acknowledge Him as their Saviour.

That evening after she had retired,—it was well after eleven o'clock,—the lady was aroused by a faint tap. She slipped out of bed, and quietly opened the door. There in her dressing gown, stood a young girl, her face aglow. "Can you tell me something to do for Jesus? I love Him so, I must do something."

"What would you like to do, dear?"

"I have £2 10s. (\$12.50) which I intended for a new coat, but I want now to give it to Jesus. If I put another £2 10s. to it, would that keep a little orphan in India?"

"It would, dear. It would keep, clothe, and educate one for a whole year!"

"Then take it, and send it for me, will you?"

The money was sent, and was used for Lala.

Afterward it was learned that this young girl brought her gift just on the very day that the missionary in India took little Lala in from the dark and the dogs and washed her, and prayed to the Lord to send some one to "stand" for her!—*Adapted.*

The Plea of Hindustan

S. A. WELLMAN

THE shadow of the mighty range that towers
India's plains
Not deeper lies along its vales than sin's deep
color stains
The hearts and lives of myriad souls beneath
the burning sun
Of Hindustan—where millions die—to God and
hope unknown.

Where Kashmir's vale, by snowy peaks on every side encased,
Awaits the knowledge of the Lord, there sin has boldly traced
Its ugly scars. Athwart the fields of all the Punjab plain
And on to desert Sindh, revealed, are suffering and pain.

What though a scattered few, their lives in loyal service given,
Have prayed and toiled and pled with tears, as they have nobly striven!
Still—near alone—where millions wait, must they expect in vain
The answer of their toil and tears,—the promised latter rain.

Yea, oft and oft again, there looms before our gazing eyes
The millions upon millions lost 'neath India's burning skies.
Bengal, Bombay, and far Assam, in Tamil land below,
Orissa and Bihar, Ceylon, with Shan and Burman too

In mute appeal appear to us, while Malayall wait
With Telugu and Kanarese, the light from heaven's gate.
And shall they wait in vain, nor know, that soon the King appears
Adown the corridor of heaven,—fulfil the hope of years.

Vain was their hope in Hindu gods, though centuries had fled;
Arabia's prophet also came, in error millions led.
Still searching, seeking, wandering, sin-laden and distraught,
The multitudes of Hindustan a better way have sought.

But where alone can India find the balm that heals the soul?
Where rest, and peace, and happiness, the faith that maketh whole?
In Christ alone, the blessed One who taught by Galilee;
In Him whose death on Calvary sets all who choose Him free.

Then why delay, why hesitate? The Lord com-
mands us, "Go!"
Give of your sons, your daughters fair, your
treasure also, so
The millions in dark Hindustan may need no
longer wait.
Ah, how our hearts will leap for joy to meet
them at Heav'n's gate.

To meet them there, the loyal sons and daugh-
ters of fair Hind.
Each from his people separate, but to his
Saviour joined.
One race, one people, and one tongue,—the
language of the blest;
We'll all proclaim Christ King of kings, our
joy in Him, confessed.

Hungry for Jesus

"THE world is hungry for Jesus."
It longs for a Brother and Friend,
A love that will last through the darkness,
A friendship that holds to the end.
Will you help to carry His story,
And whisper His love in the gloom?
Sad hearts are waiting in sorrow,
Go tell them He calls, "There is room!"

"The world is hungry for Jesus."
Can you love as He loved, and still
Refuse to help in the struggle
Where weakness would follow His will?
Go whisper, as He would, the message
That calls from the highways of sin—
Love's message, that echoes in warning
The lost and the weary to win.

"The world is hungry for Jesus."
Oh, what will you give to supply
The call of its weary heart-longing,
Before the helpless ones die?
The sunset is near, and the gloaming
Must soon find the harvest complete,
But still there are sheaves you may gather
To lay at the Master's feet.

"The world is hungry for Jesus,"
Hungry with love's table spread,
But creeds and "isms" are worthless,
Give it the Galilee Bread,
If faith will but hold out the offering,
As Jesus Himself would give,
Some heart will hear the glad message,
Some spirit accept it and live.
—Robert Hare.

Our Goal

C. P. BOLLMAN

THERE is heard the sound of going
In the tops of the mulberry trees;
For God's people are called to action
And faith sure victory foresees.

The message is hastening onward;
The messengers all must be true;
Our Lord will soon be returning;
Let us, then, our work faithfully do.

Privilege always spells duty;
We may be coworkers with God.
He calls us each to His vineyard,
To labor sustained by His word.

Today it's a march and a battle,
Tomorrow the crowns will be given;
Then let us not waver nor falter;
Our goal is the kingdom of heaven.

Our Sunset Song

[Tune: "Juanita"]

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

Chorus:

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

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

Repeat Chorus:

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

Chorus:

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

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

Chorus:

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

—*Adelaide Gail Frost.*