

MISSIONS QUARTERLY

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**Juan Ninaja, Indian Teacher-Evangelist of the
Lake Titicaca Mission. (See page 6.)**

TOPIC: Indian Work in South America

Sabbath, October 4

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

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 9: 37, 38.

MISSIONS TALKS: Official Notice.

The Indian World of South America.

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

PRAYER: That God will fill our hearts with love for the benighted people of South America.

Official Notice

APRIL 25, 1930.

TO OUR SABBATH SCHOOLS EVERYWHERE:

AGAIN we ask our Sabbath schools to listen to the story of the message among the Indians in South America. While many obstacles have been placed in the way of the advance of the message among these people, still the work moves on with increasing power. Now is the time to tell the gospel story among the Indians, for their ears are open to hear. Indian converts make good missionaries among their own people. As they learn the teaching of the Scriptures, they willingly tell it to others. In many schools students are being taught the truth, so that the possible increase of workers is great.

Among their greatest needs are funds to take these students from the school and support them. The gifts of the Sabbath school are depended upon in a large way for the support of the work among the Indians. This quarter we are asking our Sabbath schools to raise \$108,000 for regular work among the

Indians of South America. All overflow will go for new work, one half for new work among the Indians. And so the message goes.

Yours in His service,

J. L. SHAW,

Treasurer of the General Conference.

The Indian World of South America

CARLYLE B. HAYNES

[President, South American Division]

THE Indian world of South America to which the next thirteenth Sabbath overflow is to go, numbers between five and eight million people. Exact figures are very difficult to get, because many of these tribes are in the jungles where white men have never penetrated. These Indian people are mainly in the western and northern parts of the continent in the jungles of the great Amazon system, and in the cordilleras [kor'dil-ya'ras] of the mighty Andes range.

Varied and overwhelming are the sorrows of these Indian inhabitants of the southern continent. In some places bands of abandoned and dissolute savages roam through the forests, killing the heads of families and carrying off the women and children to sell to white planters. Many thousands are virtually slaves.

There was a time, no doubt, when these Indians were free, brave, self-reliant, and dignified. They are not so now. They have

fallen under the influence of Catholic civilization, and as a consequence of the oppression which this has resulted in, they have become diseased, indolent, degraded, and dispirited. The attitude of the priests and the people of the country toward them is summed up in the expression often heard, and more often acted upon, "They are only Indians and animals."

Among these sorrowing, hopeless people the saving grace of the Lord Jesus has entered, and in Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, and Brazil, God is doing wonderful things for their salvation. Churches of more than a thousand members have been raised up around Lake Titicaca. Our Indian membership in South America now numbers around seven thousand.

It is a marvelous transformation which is effected in the lives of these Indians when they accept the gospel of Christ. From bond-slaves to drink they become Christ's freemen. One of them said, "I was such a slave that if I smelled it I would have to drink, but the moment I gave myself to Christ He took even the desire for it away, so that I have not wanted to drink since. If the gospel had not come I would have died a drunkard's death. It is the salvation of my people."

Thousands of Indians in the fastnesses of the mountains, and in the darkness of the jungles, have heard of what the gospel has done for those who have accepted it. A new thrill of hope is running through the Indian world. Many are seeking deliverance from

the spiritual bondage in which they have been held. And they are looking to us. We have scores, yes, actually hundreds of calls to open work in places where we cannot even think of going until our funds increase. There are needs before us, appalling needs, which cause our hearts to faint within us as we contemplate them. And so we turn once more to the church in the Sabbath school, and lay these needs before you.

It is a hard, hard field, this Indian world of South America. Our missionaries are making real sacrifices there. In the altitude there are strains upon the heart which positively shorten the missionary's span of life. There are deprivations necessary which sometimes seem cruel. In the lowlands there is humidity at some seasons which covers everything with mold; heat so intense that animals pant in the shade and birds leave the sky; tropical storms; reptiles, insect pests of infinite variety and number; hostile traders, hostile officials, hostile priests, hostile Indians, hostile drink-sellers. And just now there are hostile governments. There are hardships, sicknesses, disappointments, dangers, and terrible loneliness. But all of these are forgotten by the missionary in the joy of beholding the finished work of God in regenerated souls.

Will you share in that joy by giving a larger part of your means on the next thirteenth Sabbath for this perishing, imploring Indian world?

Sabbath, October 11

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

SEED THOUGHT: "If all the professed people of God, both old and young, would do their duty, there would be no dearth in the treasury."—*Testimonies*, Vol. VI, p. 385.

MISSIONS TALK: An Example of Faithfulness.

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

PRAYER: That we may be found faithful stewards of the means God has given us.

An Example of Faithfulness

F. E. BRESEE

[Superintendent, Lake Titicaca Mission]

ANSWERING a knock at our office door, we found Brother Juan Ninaja [Wän Nin-ä'ja]. Juan is an Indian and a teacher-evangelist in the Lake Titicaca mission field. He was making his yearly visit to headquarters. Unlike his one hundred associates, he is not often privileged to meet fellow workers, or visit one of the other mission stations, to say nothing of headquarters. Juan's territory lies way up in the mountains in southern Peru, only a few miles from the Bolivian and Chilean borders. Some one has said that the altitude in that section is close to 17,000 feet above the sea level. I have visited the place and can testify to its barrenness, its peaks of eternal snow and ice, the extreme cold at night, and the noticeable shortage of air. Still, it is a most picturesque place, and offers a succession of majestic scenes.

After the customary greeting, we sat down in my office, and Juan poured out his story,

relating the many interesting incidents that had taken place in his work since we bade him farewell nearly one year before. He told of the number who had given their hearts to God during the year; of their gratitude to God and His people for sending them a teacher to show them the good way.

Then Juan took from his pack six sacks of money. Each sack was about the size of a small salt sack. "What are these, Juan?" I asked. "Pastor, these contain the tithes and offerings from the brethren and believers of Viluta." (This was the name of his territory.) I wish you might have been a visitor at our office that morning. I took a picture of Juan with his money bags, that our people in other lands may see how a faithful Indian worker has fulfilled his charge and has been a real missionary in a far-away field. He taught those people that in knowing the truth they had an obligation to help send it to others who are still in darkness. In those bags Juan had more than \$200 which had been given as tithe, Sabbath school offerings, home missionary offerings, Week of Sacrifice, annual offerings, and tuition for the next year's school. In fact, he had faithfully followed the program outlined for him the year before, and every special day and campaign received due attention. The brethren had given liberally. They number only a few baptized believers, for the work is comparatively new in that section. But many are faithful in Sabbath observance, in giving up

their vices, and in tithe paying, though not yet baptized.

"Juan," I asked, "how long have you been on the way? And were you not afraid to carry this money so far?"

"I have been on the way ten days and the greater part of ten nights," he replied. "I asked the Lord to protect me and save the funds which I was bringing for His work, and He has brought me safely here." Then he added, "I was delayed for three days by a swollen mountain river, and had to wait till it subsided before I could cross." (Rivers often rise very rapidly in these sections, due to heavy snows in the mountains.) "Then came the Sabbath. What should I do? Had it not been for the swollen river, I could have arrived here just before the Sabbath. I thought, 'Maybe the Lord is testing me. I'll observe the Sabbath right here.' There was a young boy with me. We put up beside the trail, and spent the Sabbath studying the Sabbath school lesson and reading the Bible. Oh, yes, Pastor, we took up a Sabbath school offering, and here it is; and we took up the church offering, and here it is."

With the last two statements he put his hand into his pocket and drew out the money. I could not help wondering if all of us would be as faithful in giving our offerings and in the observance of the Sabbath, under similar circumstances. We might have argued that we had sufficient reason for continuing our journey on that Sabbath, and the Lord would

understand. But not so with our brother. He would be faithful in all circumstances.

Juan is a most strict tithe payer. When he eats a meal at the home of a brother or friend, he notes down the value of the meal, and tithes it. When he receives from others potatoes, eggs, beans, grains, or any other item of food, he tithes it. He gave me a list on two notebook pages, containing several columns, each of one quarter, one half, one, two, and three cent items. "What is this, Juan?" I asked. "Tithe," he said, "that I want you to deduct, besides the regular tithe from my salary. It represents gifts in food from the people of my district."

If every Seventh-day Adventist were as faithful in paying tithe as is Juan, we would never lack money for the finishing of the work. It was our privilege to baptize eleven well-prepared candidates on a recent visit to his field. Juan is a soul winner, a faithful example in this respect. He has a good-sized class awaiting baptism. While we were there, I noticed an old, broken-down shrine, and was told that the very ones we had baptized used to worship there. Since hearing the blessed news of salvation, they have left their pagan ways. An old temple stood not far off. This was where the heathen rites and ceremonies were celebrated. The first school in that section was held in that old temple until the people could build a more acceptable place. Remember Juan and his school in your prayers.

Sabbath, October 18

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

MISSIONARY TEXT: Mark 16:15.

MISSIONS TALK: Experiences in Bolivia.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 596.

PRAYER: Several sentence prayers in behalf of the work in Bolivia.

Experiences in Bolivia

L. D. MINNER

[Superintendent, Bolivian Mission]

A VISIT to the Rosario Mission Station in Bolivia brings us in touch with many interesting things regarding the establishing and developing of our Indian work. Rosario is a small village named for the saint whose image is given first place in the Roman temple there, and who is believed to be a wonderful miracle-working goddess.

Many times I have been told of the devout worship that was given this image before the truth came to the town. On a high mountain peak in front of the town is a shrine and a cross where the devoted worshipers often went to pray and to plead with the Holy Virgin for rain and for success in their work. These people are not taught to pray to God directly, but that they must always approach Him through a mediator. The Holy Virgin and the saints whose images decorate the churches throughout the country, are the mediators between God and man.

Brother Reid Shepherd was the apostle of the third angel's message to the Indians of

Bolivia. After he had lived in Rosario a few weeks, the roof of his house burned. Some of the people told him that it was because he had not worshiped the virgin of Rosario whose image was in the church. They begged him to go and place a candle in front of this virgin before greater calamities came. He told them it burned because he had been careless in putting the stovepipe through the grass roof. All houses in the Indian villages of Bolivia, with very few exceptions, have grass roofs.

Brother Shepherd bought corrugated iron and reroofed the house. The walls had not suffered, being made of mud. He continued to live among these people and to try to win them from their idolatry to the living God.

Once at a certain feast the Catholic priest preached vigorously against the missionary. He said the missionary was a devil and warned the people that unless they repented and drove the devil from among them, that when he did leave, the whole place would be filled with demons. The priest left town about daylight the next morning. It so happened that Elder Peterson and Elder Pohle had arrived the night before to visit Brother Shepherd. About eight o'clock in the morning, Brother Shepherd and his visitors went out into the town to make some calls, and when the people saw them they believed what the priest had said. It seemed that more devils were arriving.

They found, however, that these brethren did not display the characteristics that devils

usually have, and they began to investigate the truth. At a later visit of the priest he found to his regret that the whole village was on the point of accepting the truth. Brother Inocencio Chuquimia [E-nō-sēn'ci-ō Chu-ki-mi'á], one of the principal men of the town and who is now director of the Rosario station, was called and violently rebuked before the whole village for being the ringleader in such heresy. Brother Inocencio was not yet a full believer, but was a friend of Brother Shepherd's. He responded to the priest's accusations and routed him in the public discussion before the crowd that had gathered. The priest threatened to burn him, but found that public opinion was very strong on the side of tolerance. The priest nailed a horseshoe over the door of the Catholic church, and said it would remain closed until the heresy that was flourishing should be driven out.

The people were very anxious to see what miracles the virgin would perform in this time of crisis, but they waited in vain. Soon many began to turn to the truth, and before long practically the whole village was receiving spiritual food in the meetings held by the servant of God. Today there is just one family in Rosario that has not accepted the truth. It is true that not all have been as faithful as they might, but the persecution that has been carried on against our people from the surrounding villages has been very effective in keeping them humble and faithful.

Sabbath, October 25

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

SEED THOUGHT: "There are thousands of honest souls praying for light. God's watchmen are to stand on the walls of Zion, and to give the warning. 'The morning cometh, and also the night.'"—*"Testimonies," Vol. VI, p. 26.*

MISSIONS TALK: Indian Chiefs Seek the True-Sabbath Mission.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 616 (fourth stanza).

PRAYER: That the Lord will help us to answer the call for means for this needy field.

Indian Chiefs Seek the True-Sabbath Mission

C. H. BAKER

[Sabbath School, Educational and M. V. Secretary, Lake Titicaca Mission]

"THIS gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." This verse is ringing in the ears of every true Seventh-day Adventist. The field is the world, the work before us world evangelism, and we all have a part in the greatest of all endeavors.

The Lake Titicaca Mission comprises a territory in which the challenge of the above verse has met a partial fulfilment. But the challenge must be fully met before "the end" can come. This mission comprises a tremendous expanse of territory, thousands of square miles of which remain to this day untraversed by the foot of a Seventh-day Adventist missionary or teacher. Trackless forests and mountain passes, precipitous gorges

and extensive pampas make up this territory. Here and there, tilling the soil for themselves or for the "masters of their souls" are three million Indians, desperately ignorant, broken in spirit, abused and tormented, and without rights and privileges. They are beckoning to us here, and to you in more favored climes, for a touch of sympathy, and for that liberty and peace of soul that comes from knowing the blessed Christ.

The Indian masses have been deceived and deluded for centuries, and it is not strange that with this background of experience, they are subject to disillusionment. On the other hand, they are learning to choose between the good and evils of civilization.

Sometime ago the chiefs from a distant point heard that a certain mission near ours was opening and operating schools in their interest. They walked many miles to inquire about the matter. They had heard that this mission was teaching about the true God, and they too longed to know Him. Upon reaching the mission, they asked the pastor about the school. "Surely," replied the pastor, "prepare the building and get everything ready, and we shall see about sending you a teacher." Apparently satisfied, the chiefs left, but had not gone very far when they began to wonder if this really was the mission that was teaching the truth of God. Hastily returning to the pastor, they inquired as to what he taught, and especially wished to know if they taught the people to keep the Sabbath.

"Surely, we teach that people should keep the Sabbath of the Lord, and that they should keep the entire law of God."

"But," the Indians responded, "what day do you keep?"

"We keep the first day of the week, the day that Jesus told us to keep."

"But," they replied, "you say you keep the law of God, the fourth commandment of which teaches that the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord, and that He blessed and sanctified that day, and that all Christians should keep it."

"No, no," replied the pastor, "that is all in the past; the Jews kept the seventh day, but Christians today are bidden to keep the first day in honor of the resurrection of Christ."

The Indians, however, had learned that Jesus kept the seventh day, as did also the apostles, and decided that this was not the mission for which they were looking. Hearing that our mission was located in Puno, they came another six days' journey to see about getting a teacher from us. The Indian has been the dupe of substitutes, fakes, and unrealities too long. He would rather be without help and progress than to accept something that does not relieve the longing of his soul.

Thirty-five hundred Indian boys and girls, the men and women of tomorrow, are sitting daily at the feet of Christian teachers in their humble schoolhouses learning lessons of truth that bring hope and peace to their souls. Between six and seven thousand children and

parents are enrolled in our seventy-two Sabbath schools, and weekly they join in song and praise, and in the study of the Word of God. Still a great task remains to be accomplished. What has been done is but a small part of what remains to be done. May we vision those who are waiting yet in gross darkness, in superstition and paganism, and may that vision lead us to give ourselves and our means, that we may soon see the glorious triumph of God's great plan in the earth.

Sabbath, November 1

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

MISSIONARY TEXT: Isa. 49:25.

MISSIONS TALK: Opportunities in Peru.

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

PRAYER: That our missionaries may be blessed with physical endurance.

Opportunities in Peru

J. T. THOMPSON

[Superintendent, Peruvian Mission]

FROM June to November the coast country of Peru is enveloped in a gloom of clouds and fog that the sun's rays do not penetrate for weeks at a time. Living constantly in this gloom is depressing to the spirits and detrimental to the health. To escape this, many people go up the valleys a few miles to get above the fog and enjoy the sunshine.

So it is in our work. At times the menacing clouds of opposition hang heavily over us.

and we need to get out into the sunshine of brighter prospects. This is not difficult to do. A trip into the interior, visiting some of the large Indian communities and becoming acquainted with their needs, listening to their insistent pleas for help, causes the gloomy clouds of doubt and uncertainty to pass away before the sunshine of God's opening providences.

Many have heard of Brother Kalbermatter's experiences in entering the department (state) of Ayacucho [I-á-ku'chō], and of the priest-instigated mobs that not only tried to drive him out, but to kill him as well. For four long months he was detained in Lima by the minister of government, trying to arrive at some solution of the difficulty. During this time Sister Kalbermatter with her five little children stayed by the work amid threats and menaces of the ignorant and fanatical. To fully appreciate what that meant, one would have to see the place and the people.

Finally permission for his return came from a most unexpected source. The archbishop himself gave a letter of recommendation to Brother Kalbermatter that opened the way. Space forbids the details of one of the most thrilling and interesting experiences of missionary endeavor on the South American continent. Faith, unrelenting determination, and prayer battered down the doors of opposition, and today Brother Kalbermatter travels about with all freedom. He is treated with respect by high and low, and no attempt

against him would have any success. Recent letters from him state that as he goes from village to village he is hailed with joy, and the sick are brought to him or he is taken to them. The authorities welcome and banquet him. Great is the change that has taken place in the hearts of the people.

In February, 1929, he began an exploration farther to the south in the department (or state) of Apurimac [A-pur'i-mac]. At one town he treated the sick with wonderful success, and soon won the hearts of the people. He was asked to move to that district, and was promised aid and protection if he would do so. He was so impressed with the prospects that he urged us to visit the place. In June, Elder V. E. Peugh and I went to Huanta with the intention of going on to Cuzco. The experiences of three hundred miles by mule-back is a story apart from this. Suffice it to say that we passed by large Indian communities where no evangelical missionary work has been done, and where even the Catholic priests give them scant attention.

The doors of a vast region are not only open, but from within, outstretched hands are pleading with us to enter and help them. Said a young man, "As much as we prize the medical work that Doctor Kalbermatter has done here, that is not the chief object of our desire that your work should be established. This region needs a spiritual uplift more than anything else. Your medical work is but a key that opens the doors to the hearts of the

people. It is the practical side of religion,— what we need is its transforming power.”

A large landholder, a very influential man in that region, said to me when I told him of some of the opposition that we would be sure to encounter if we began work there, “All the better; then we shall know that it is a good work. No one throws stones at the rotten fruit that hangs on the tree.”

But let us not lull ourselves to sleep thinking that all is well and there is no need of haste. Plans are being laid, and organizations are being effected as never before to combat our work. Their power and influence can only be appreciated by those who are on the ground. The arm of man is powerless to withstand them. Only the mighty agency of God’s Spirit working in the hearts of men, and the consecrated, surrendered life are able to cope with the mighty machinery of an organization such as never has been equaled since the entrance of sin into the universe.

Sabbath, November 8

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

SEED THOUGHT: “Every extravagance should be cut out of our lives; for the time we have for work is short.”—*“Testimonies,”* Vol. VI, p. 385.

MISSIONS TALK: What the Gospel Has Done in the Province of Inquisive, Bolivia.

MISSIONARY SONG: “Christ in Song,” No. 520.

PRAYER: For God’s special blessing upon the medical work in South America.

What the Gospel Has Done in the Province of Inquisive, Bolivia

DAVID E. DALINGER

[Director, Inquisive Mission]

WHEN a person first visits a new place in this field, it is quite discouraging to see the Indians so filthy and enslaved by their vices. But the change which comes about in one year, due to the power of the gospel, is more than satisfactory; it is wonderful. The Indian who accepts the gospel leaves off his evil practices, such as alcohol drinking and the use of coca. The change which the gospel works in him is evident in the very expression of his face.

When the educational work in this mission was begun, we met with hostility. One of our schools was attacked by the enemy and burned, and the little daughter of the teacher was burned to death. Other schools were also threatened, but thanks to the Lord, we now have eight well-established schools and a church with 311 members. There are also several other places asking for schools.

The medical work is a strength to our efforts. More than one hostile Indian has been converted after having come to the mission to find relief from physical suffering. We could mention many cases of poor Indians who, after hearing for the first time the word of God, have spoken thus: "Thank you, pastor, for having come to give us this good

news. I will leave my vices and serve God, because I want to get ready to meet Jesus."

There is still a great field in Bolivia where the gospel has not entered. I wish my brethren could see the Indians when they come to the mission station and with tears plead for some one to be sent to teach them on the Sabbath. They will say, "We want to learn how to sing. We come together each Sabbath, but as we have no one to teach us, we pray together, asking God to send us a teacher."

I am happy, and I know our Indian brethren are also glad, that a part of the next Thirteenth Sabbath Offering will come to Bolivia. May God touch your hearts, so that you may give of your substance for the furtherance of the message among these poor people who are hungering and thirsting for the Word of God.

Sabbath, November 15

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

MISSIONARY TEXT: Isa. 52:10.

MISSIONS TALK: New Believers Send Their Tithes and Offerings.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 719 (first and third stanzas).

PRAYER: That our gifts may enable the workers in the great Amazon country to secure the equipment they need to carry on their work.

New Believers Send Their Tithes and Offerings

GUY F. LODGE

[Director, Juliaca Mission]

A FEW weeks ago word came to our mission station that far up in the mountains a new company had begun to keep the Sabbath and had started a school. At the first opportunity I took my interpreter and went up to visit them. It was a two days' ride on horseback over mountain ranges and up valleys, sometimes fording rivers and following them until finally they were but mountain streams rushing down over the rocks. At last we came to the school where a mere boy, with an education of only the first two and a half grades, is the teacher. The school building is of rock with a grass roof. It has a door, and two small holes for windows.

This school, with its surroundings, makes a picturesque sight. It nestles in a deep canyon fourteen thousand feet above the sea level, with the mighty walls of rock towering to majestic heights on either side, while far above those mountain peaks soar the great condors searching for their daily food. There is very little grass growing. The ground is covered with a moss on which the alpacas and a few sheep live. The dwelling houses are quite different from those farther down the mountains, in that the walls are only three feet high and the door is a hole about two feet high and probably a foot wide. The

covering to close the door is made of alpaca skin, as is also the framework of the roof. A small hole about six inches square, near the bottom of the wall, covered with a piece of glass or skin, serves as a window. The houses are usually about five or six feet wide, and probably twice as long.

As soon as we arrived, the teacher sent the older pupils out to notify the people. Soon we saw them coming from all directions, bounding from one rock to another, as nimble as the wild *vicuna* [vi-kōōn'yà], and hardly less shy. We spent three days with them, holding nine meetings in all. They manifested great interest. At times they were so overcome with the good news of salvation that they would all begin talking at once, so that it was necessary for me to wait a few minutes before I could go on with the study. On Sabbath we organized a Sabbath school and helped them in setting their goals. We also organized a baptismal class, which they all wanted to join.

About three weeks after I returned home, the boy teacher came walking in to the station, bringing tithes and offerings from that mountain school. I was glad to see that they had almost reached their Sabbath school goal, besides giving a liberal offering for all the other church collections. The teacher also had a long list of names of those who sent in tithe. I think it represented about every family in that section,—a wonderful example for God's people in all the world.

Sabbath, November 22

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

SEED THOUGHT: "The means used to bless others will bring returns. . . . Gratefully will the ransomed ones remember those who have been instrumental in their salvation. Precious will heaven be to those who have been faithful in the work of saving souls."—"*Christ's Object Lessons*," pp. 377, 378.

MISSIONS TALK: The Giver's Reward.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 532.

PRAYER: For God's blessing upon the Pomata Mission.

The Giver's Reward

J. C. RUSKJER

[Director, Pomata Mission]

THAT the gospel message will change the hearts and enlighten the minds of a down-trodden race who have sat in gross darkness and in strange superstitions, is clearly shown in the lives of many of our members here in the Pomata Mission. When the message first entered this territory a certain man was ever on the lookout for an opportunity to bring disaster and persecution to the believers. He was ever alert to cause the downfall of those who tried to lay off the old habits. But like the apostle Paul, his heart was touched by the Saviour's call, and today he is our strongest member. His life is such that his family is united with him in the gospel, and his example is one that can but point others to the better life. During the time of harvest you may see him early in

the morning coming to the mission with as many as fifteen llamas loaded with heavy sacks of tithe in products. His small fields witness to the promise found in Malachi 3.

A promising young man from one of the out-districts has given up his former habits, and is attending our services regularly. He has also paid tithe. His parents and relatives have opposed him bitterly and have abused him in every way possible, so that he would be led to forsake the Advent message. Finally he was asked to leave the home and live somewhere else where his life would not be a rebuke to them. Even under this trial, he and his wife seem to be full of the love of God, and we look forward to their baptism, and feel that he will be a strong help as one of our workers.

Amid the ridicule of his associates, a young Catholic boy attends Sabbath school regularly each Sabbath. He is never late, and always knows his memory verse and Sabbath school lesson. He seems to have a great interest, and we know that he has much courage as well as a thirst for the Word of God, else he would not endure the trials and unkind things said to him by the Catholics where he resides. Surely from the obscure places will God call His people.

Last Sabbath one of our members carried his three-year-old boy over five ranges of hills, so that the child could attend Sabbath school in the children's class. The man himself has lived faithfully under very trying circum-

stances. His parents and brothers are doing all in their power to hinder his spiritual growth, but it only seems to add ardor to his zeal.

We have a sister who walks twenty-four miles to attend church. We can imagine how weary she must become at times, but her spirit and love never seem to weary, as she has done this for many years. Her husband often abuses her for her desire to attend church. She has a bitter struggle in order to pay her tithe. So intense has been her struggle, that at times she has spoken hard words of her husband. But she seems to feel that in these words she has sinned, and desires to be rebaptized. She lives up to all she knows to be right. I am sure that in the new earth we shall clasp the hands of a multitude of ransomed souls from this part of the harvest field. But this could not be were it not for the generous offerings which have been given to further the work among these people who for ages have lived in the darkness cast by sin and superstition. Vast territories still await the messenger bringing the good news of salvation. When this is accomplished, those who have given will see the full results of their gifts and be satisfied.

What you give on the coming thirteenth Sabbath will make all the difference between eternal life and eternal death for some of these Indians.

Sabbath, November 29

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

MISSIONARY TEXT: Luke 6:38.

MISSIONS TALK: The Needs of Our Field.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 533.

PRAYER: For the work in the Ilave Mission.

The Needs of Our Field

ALFREDO G. BIAGGI

[Director, Ilave Mission]

OUR hearts were filled with joy and thankfulness when we heard the glad news that a part of the overflow of the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering for this quarter is to go to Peru. The needs in this vast mission field are pressing, and we should make every effort to help these thousands of Indians while it is still possible for us to do so.

Many of our Indian brethren are passing through very trying experiences for their faith. They are not discouraged, but are remaining faithful to the true God. It would take too long to tell of all the suffering through which each one must pass because of his religious beliefs, but I will tell you the experience of one brother who accepted the precious gospel truth.

Dorecindo [Dō're-cin'dō] was brought up a strict Catholic. Desiring to know more about that religion, in 1914 he went to the town of Copacabana [Cō'pā-cā-bān'a], Bolivia. Faticism runs so high in this place that it is called the "Rome of the hills." He returned to his home after six months, bringing with

him pictures and images of saints and rosaries. As soon as he could receive a permit from the vicar in Lima, for which he had to pay ten soles, he built a chapel on his own land, defraying most of the expenses himself.

Three years after building the chapel, he gathered all the Indians from the country round about for a great feast in honor of the Holy Cross. Later the feasts of the Holy Spirit and of the Virgin of the Nativity were also celebrated.

Dorecindo was appointed steward of the chapel. He had to keep order and inform the people when there was to be a feast or religious ceremony. He received no pay for his work. On a certain occasion when he forgot to bring some tablecloths, the priest struck him with his fist and kicked him, but instead of becoming discouraged, the man tried to be more faithful.

Two years later the priest and some people in the town tried to force the Indians to gather 11,000 soles to roof the Catholic church. Dorecindo thought this amount was too large, so he went to Puno to investigate. There he learned that it was all a fraud. On returning home, he told his friends and neighbors that they were not required to gather the money. But the townsmen threatened them if they did not gather it. Dorecindo decided to go to the capital and complain to the president. On his way he passed by a mission station where he met an Indian brother whom he knew. This man

was a true Adventist, and could not keep his light hid under a bushel. Instead of going to Lima, Dorecindo stayed at the brother's home several days to learn more of the gospel. When he returned home his heart was changed. He took with him many tracts, and a person who could read, in order to present the truth in printed form to his neighbors.

Dorecindo had many images which he gave to one of our pastors. It was not long before he was baptized. Though scorned, threatened, and persecuted, he sacrificed and worked for the establishment of a mission. To punish him, one of his sons was sent to Arequipa [A-rä-kē'pä]. It was thought that thus he would become discouraged, and the work would cease. But thanks to the Lord, it was not so. The seed of truth fell on good ground, and now we have a church in Dorecindo's village.

While our brother was away visiting his son, his wife died. At one time his enemies accused him of having broken the image of a saint. He was compelled to pay for the image, and a heavy fine besides. He was also punished severely. He had to hide in the mountains to save his life.

Although his children were motherless, and he was obliged to flee from one place to another, they were not abandoned by the angels of heaven. A little later Dorecindo came to our Ilave [Lyäh'vāy] Mission, and after a time his children came also. He has been an Adventist for more than ten years now, and is

one of the most faithful members of our slave church.

The needs of this field are truly great. We need more workers, more offerings, and most of all, your prayers. We appeal to our brethren and sisters in the Sabbath schools the world over, to make a special sacrifice on the next thirteenth Sabbath. God will richly bless the liberality of His people.

Sabbath, December 6

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

SEED THOUGHT: "The Saviour longs to manifest His grace and stamp His character on the whole world. It is His purchased possession, and He desires to make men free, and pure, and holy."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* p. 827.

MISSIONS TALK: Heathenism Among the Quechua Indians.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 583.

PRAYER: That God will clear away the darkness of superstition from the minds of these Indian people, and cause the light of truth to shine in.

Heathenism Among the Quechua Indians

JUAN PLENC

[Director, Laro Mission]

YOU will be interested in learning of some of the heathen practices still existing among the people you are to help with the next Thirteenth Sabbath Offering. While working in the Lake Titicaca Mission, I found under a heap of stones on a hill, near the ruins of an ancient Inca fortress, a stone idol firmly

fixed in the ground so that it could not be removed. Only its queer-shaped head was showing. On either side were two stone altars upon which many Indians offer sacrifices for three consecutive days, once every year.

In their worship they follow well-defined ceremonies. They offer several llamas in sacrifice, burning a part of each animal on the altars, together with incense, coca leaves, and the leaves of a plant called varacolla. While the sacrifice is being consumed, persons especially designated bring large quantities of *chicha* [chē'ka] (a native alcoholic beverage) and sprinkle some of it on the sacrifices and the head of the idol, giving the rest to the people to drink. As these ceremonies are repeated continually during the three days, all who partake become extremely intoxicated before the end of the feast. Before parting they place a package with food in the mouth of the idol, then cover it with stones, and leave it until the following year.

Another of their yearly festivals is dedicated to the earth and its products. The day before the feast of Corpus Christi the people come together bringing bundles of choice potatoes. Then they choose from among their number a priest to take charge of the ceremony. He lights a fire in the enclosure where they have gathered, and burns a great quantity of incense, coca, and varacolla leaves, in honor of the earth and the potatoes. After greasing their hands with llama fat, the people untie and touch the potatoes.

As in the worship of the idol, much alcohol is consumed. Before losing consciousness from the effects of the drink, they count the potatoes to see if there is an even or uneven number. An even number means that the year is to be bad for crops; an uneven number, that it is to be good. If the number is uneven, they select three potatoes, cover them with alcohol, and kiss them repeatedly. Then they all go into the house while the priest repeats the same ceremonies as before in honor of the three potatoes. When he finishes, they come out. The three potatoes are then tied in a small cloth called *cuna*, and are exposed for some time to the smoke of the incense. Afterward they are cooked in *chicha* with the other potatoes. While the potatoes are cooking, the people continue to drink and dance around the kettle. This orgy goes on through the night, ceasing at sunrise. During the day of the feast no one should dig potatoes from his field. To do so is considered sacrilegious. If there happened to be an even number of potatoes in the bundle, the three potatoes selected are not kissed, nor smoked with incense.

These heathen practices have made the Indians very superstitious. Having been brought up amid vice and superstition, it is very hard for them to break away. Their will power is weakened. Catholicism, instead of helping the situation, has made it worse. When one gazes upon the ruins of the majestic monuments left by the Inca empire, a great physical,

moral, and mental decline in the race can be seen. But in contrast to this sad view we see one which is different. Hundreds upon hundreds of these Indians have been freed from their moral and spiritual bondage, and have not only left their idolatrous and pagan customs, but also the vices and superstitions by which they were bound as with heavy chains, and now consecrate their lives to rescuing others of their race.

This work has not been done by the strength of human agents, but by the power of the gospel, the only power capable of making such transformations.

Sabbath, December 13

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

MISSIONARY TEXT: Mark 8:35.

MISSIONS TALK: Among the Indians of Bolivia.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 639.

PRAYER: For the work and workers among the Indians of Bolivia.

Among the Indians of Bolivia

LEON REPLOGLE

[Sabbath School, Educational and M. V. Secretary, Bolivia Mission]

SHE was only a poor Indian woman, standing close to three freshly dug mounds of dirt. Can you guess why she looked so lonely and sad? I will tell you.

Four weeks ago she was the happy mother of three lively and contented children. One was eight years old, another five, and the

youngest two. An epidemic of whooping cough broke out in the vicinity. The oldest girl took sick and complications set in. When the child was beyond human help, the mother brought her to the mission, and Mrs. Replogle did all she could to save her, but she died the next morning. A week later the little boy of five became ill and died. Then her baby girl was taken sick. She rushed to our home with tears in her eyes, and told us her baby was going to die. My wife took the baby into our kitchen where she gave it fomentations and a few other treatments that she thought might help. She also gave it water to drink. These people consider it almost a crime to give water when the patient has a fever. But efforts were useless, and there they lie—three little victims of ignorance. Do you suppose the One that sees the sparrows fall took notice of this sad little Indian mother?

As missionaries we are doing all we can to teach these helpless people about Jesus. But our hearts are filled with sadness as we think of the regions beyond. Bolivia has eight large departments, or states, and we have begun work in only one. Thousands, yes millions of poor, needy souls are groping in the darkness striving to find their way to the Light of life. I have thought that if Jesus were to appear on earth again to work for needy humanity, He would very soon come straight to this large Indian field to find many gems for His kingdom from among these altitude dwellers

of the Andes. Calls are coming daily for help, but there is no money with which to answer them.

Some think of a missionary's life as a very romantic experience, but I assure you the first week in the mission field is enough to make such thoughts fade into forgetfulness forever. I am reminded of two little graves only a few steps from our house here at Col-lana [coll-yä'na]. I was told by some of the Indians that when Brother Schneider was fixing up the graves of his two children, they asked him why he was spending so much time and effort on them. He answered, "I loved my little Irene and my baby." They told me that when his baby was sick he rode horseback fifty miles to get the nearest doctor, only to find on his return that it had been a useless trip. As missionaries we consider it our privilege to make these supreme sacrifices for our Master.

Dear brother, dear sister, will you not consider it your privilege to make a supreme sacrifice for your Master the last Sabbath of this quarter? May God bless those who give of their means, as well as the families who give their lives for the advancement of King Emmanuel's work.

The overflow for the fourth quarter
of 1929 was \$16,505.78.

Sabbath, December 20

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

SEED THOUGHT: "Christ gave His disciples their commission. . . . Go to all nations, He bade them. Go to the farthest part of the habitable globe, but know that My presence will be there."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 821, 822.

MISSIONS TALK: Working for the Araguaya Indians.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 773.

PRAYER: That the message may go quickly to all the world, and Christ's coming hastened.

Working for the Araguaya Indians

A. N. ALLEN

[Director, Araguaya Mission]

IN ALL the Americas God is beginning a work which when finished will mark the end of our task, the end of sin and sorrow, the end of all need of money with which to carry on this great work, and the coming of Jesus in power and glory.

The many millions of Indians scattered from the Arctic to the Antarctic are calling to us,—calling from the frozen forests of the far Northland, from the highlands of the Andes, and from the dark and dismal jungle forests of the great Amazon and its many tributaries.

As I write, I am sitting in a thatch hut with dirt floor and mud walls, which serves as our home. My little Corona is a great curiosity here, and a crowd of women and children are watching me write. Some of them have just learned their letters, and as I write they call the names of the letters.

We are about 650 kilometers beyond the last railroad station, and 200 kilometers from the last post office. (A kilometer is nearly five eighths of a mile.) It has cost us many months of hard work to transport our equipment and supplies thus far, to build houses, and clear and plant fields and fence them. We are dependent almost entirely on our mission farm for supplies of food.

We have recently finished a school building and chapel, and each morning the Indians bring their children to school. Nearly always the mothers stay with their children, so in this way they too are learning to read, write, and count. They also sing the beautiful songs of praise which so gladden our own hearts. For the first time in all the world the Caraja [ca-räj'a] Indians are learning to read the Word of God, and some are trying to keep the Sabbath. I say trying, because they have trouble in remembering when the Sabbath comes. About the middle of the week they begin to ask how many days they can work before the Sabbath. Then on the Sabbath they come all clean and nicely dressed.

There has been much sickness this year (1929) among the Indians, and before the new chapel was finished we had to use it for a temporary hospital. At one time we had the floor completely covered with sick Indians and their families. Two died there. How we long for facilities to properly care for the sick who come to us, but even with our limited facilities many lives are saved each year.

When the way opens, we hope to put up a building where we can care for the sick and suffering, and have a physician to look after them.

Just now the school teacher came in to say she must have desks for the children to write on. So far we have been unable to make seats, except rough boards placed on boxes. First the little children came, then the mothers wanted to study, and now some of the young people are coming.

While the Carajas have long been considered harmless, still they were all practically naked when we came. They have been one of the very hardest tribes to influence in any way whatever with civilization. They have been bound by paganism, which can be appreciated only by seeing its results, and were perfectly satisfied with their own ways. Now they say they find us different from the other white people they have known, and feel the need of something in their lives which they do not have. Such is the heart of all humanity who know not God and their Saviour.

To continue the work here and answer the calls from other tribes, demands a real sacrifice on the part of the home church. The reward of those who make this sacrifice will be the joy of our Lord in a wealth of souls saved. Jesus so loved the Indian that He died to save him. Can we pass by on the other side?

Sabbath, December 27

[Suggestions for Thirteenth Sabbath]

MISSIONARY TEXT: John 3:16.

DIALOGUE: Missionaries' Children.

RECITATION: Plea for a Mission Hospital.

RECITATION: The First Three Foreign Missionaries.

RECITATION: The Time Is Now.

SONG: Send the Light (by the children).

TALK: The Amazon Mission of Peru.

SPECIAL MUSIC.

OFFERING.

PRAYER: That the Lord will richly bless our gifts.

Missionaries' Children

GUSSIE FIELD COLBURN

[A dialogue for four girls and three or four boys]

(Daisy comes on platform from one side and greets and kisses Amanda and Rovilla who come from other side.)

AMANDA: Oh, Daisy Minner, I'm so glad to see you!

ROVILLA: How did you come?

DAISY: We came from La Paz to Puno by auto, and this morning mamma and we girls came to Jullaca on the train.

AMANDA: Where is your father?

DAISY: Oh, he stayed in Puno to help Brother Bresee. Two of our Indian schools have been closed. One of the teachers was in jail, but they got him out. They kept him in jail all night. It was cold, and he didn't have any bed or any blanket to keep him warm. All day yesterday he was in jail, hoping some one would let the missionaries know about him. He was hungry and thirsty, and no one gave him even a drink of water. My, I should feel bad to be in jail like that!

ROVILLA: Isn't it awful! I felt bad when I heard our Antonio was in jail. You know he worked for us till we went on our furlough. Mother laughed about the way he peeled the potatoes at first; and she always washed the clothes again after he got through, but she said it helped a lot to have him rub them first. It was a sad day when we told him good-bye.

While we were in the States, Tony went to the church where he was named to get his birth certificate. The priest tried to get him to confess his sins. Tony said he confessed his sins to God. Then the priest wanted to make him pray to a saint, and had such a hard time trying to put Tony down on his knees that the old image tipped over.

AMANDA: Did Tony get his certificate?

ROVILLA: The priest was very angry. Of course Tony didn't get his certificate. A policeman came and took him to jail, and he didn't get out for twenty-eight days.

(Aileen and Elmer enter.)

ELMER: This is Aileen Butka; and Aileen, this is Amanda Ruskjer, and this is Rovilla Field. Of course you saw Daisy in La Paz.

AMANDA: Then you are Doctor Butka's little girl. How do you like Chulumani [chū-lū-mā'ni]?

AILEEN: Well, it really isn't pretty there, and it's dirtier than you can imagine. We thought it was dirty here in Juliaca when we came from the States, but Juliaca is clean compared to Chulumani. But the people love papa so much we can't help loving them. Papa is so busy! There in the valleys there is always sickness—tropical fevers and especially malaria—but the thing I just can't bear are the terrible ulcers papa treats all the time. Sometimes the feet and legs have great patches eaten away, and I suppose papa will just have to cut the legs off. But he doesn't. He can cure those old ulcers. I don't even like the pictures he takes of them, but I am glad he can help people so much. I always wonder what I should ever do if I had ulcers. But I don't dare think how bad it would be to be sick if my own father were not a doctor.

AMANDA: Wouldn't it be terrible to be a sick Indian? My father and mother are nurses, and the sick people at the Broken Stone Mission keep them very busy. The busiest day of all is Wednesday, because the folks who come to get medicines can attend prayer meeting, too. We have prayer meeting just at daybreak, and people come from all over the valley, and sometimes from several miles away, to attend it. Not having meetings at night, we don't need lights for the church, and the Indians can get home without lights. I suppose they would think night meetings very strange.

(Ricardo and Danelo enter.)

RICARDO: Daisy, your mother says to be ready for children's meeting in fifteen minutes. The bell has rung.

ELMER: I am so glad we can have children's meetings. Isn't it nice to get together every two years and have regular meetings like they do back home? But it is so hard to get here, I'm sure my mother wouldn't think we could come if the meetings were every year. The trip nearly always makes her sick.

AMANDA: We came in the launch this time. That was fun! It certainly is easier than the way we used to come from Pomata.

RICARDO: My father made a bad trip in a launch once with Elder and Mrs. Stahl. The launch filled with water, and the men waded ashore and carried Mrs. Stahl on their shoulders. She only got her feet wet, but the others were wet all over. It was a very cold day, and they had no friends near, but Brother Stahl bought some hay to sleep on, and rented a blanket of an Indian. They all covered up and kept from freezing till morning.

AMANDA: The launch nearly went down last year with a whole crowd of missionaries. I think Satan wanted to have them all drown, for the storm was terrible, and everybody got wet and cold. But God takes care of us when we are doing His work. Many times our workers have been spared from dangers. Luciano Chambe [lû-cî-ân'ô chäm'be] Ricardo's father, has been in more serious troubles than from the launch.

AILEEN: Oh, is Ricardo Luciano's little boy? Tell us, Ricardo, about some of your father's experiences.

RICARDO: I want to go to children's meeting, too, so I'll just tell one story. Elder and Mrs. Stahl and papa went to a strange place to hold meetings once, and a crowd of six hundred Indians attacked the house where they were staying. The Indians were drunk, and carried clubs and hatchets and big knives. They could not get into the house because the men inside put things against the door, but they broke the door to splinters and made one hole so big that my father put his head to the hole and asked a friendly woman to see if their horses were all right. The drunken Indians hit him on the head, but God spared his life. He was hurt pretty bad, but not killed. They set the grass roof on fire to drive our folks out, but the woman who owned the house didn't want any more harm to come to that, so she saved

the roof by pulling off the burning grass. She was badly burned. The mob stayed till night, and then went away, and papa and the Stahls slipped out and got away.

DAISY: Isn't it wonderful how God takes care of His people? He takes care of His work when it looks as if nothing could save it. Think of our schools. It once looked as if every one would be closed, but God has taken care of them. Papa says it is because all over the world our people are praying for them. And when we are sick, or in trouble or danger of any kind, it is a comfort to know people are praying for us.

DANELO: It is wonderful to be working for God. I don't like to hear people say that any place is too dangerous to work in. God can take care of us as well in one place as another. I am willing to go anywhere my father is sent to work. Before we go to children's meeting, let's sing, "Anywhere With Jesus." It is my favorite song.

DAISY: All together now, let's sing one stanza, and then we must go.

(Children form in row to sing, then leave by two's and three's.)

Plea for a Mission Hospital

IN the land of the Incas, where sea breezes blow,

There is a home where sick children go;
Poor little children, in sorrow and pain,
Some who will never see daylight again;
Some who are crippled and never can play
Jumping and running as we do each day.
How can we help them? What can we do?
To lighten their burdens, and save their souls,
too?

We can send them the gospel. How, did you say?

By sending our dimes and our dollars today.
Perhaps some little girl, or some little boy,
A nurse and a doctor a whole year may enjoy.
And they'll be so glad then to learn the story
Of Jesus, His love, and the city of glory.
How happy it makes them to hear it, and when
The children are cured and go forth among men,
Be sure they will tell it to each passing friend,
Thus the gospel is spread by this money we
send.

—Adapted.

The Time Is Now

LIFT up your eyes, behold the task to which
The Master calls. Earth's fields the reapers
wait,
And low much golden grain is bending now;
So low that fallen, soiled, and stained it lies
Because no hand has gleaned! The harvests
ripe
Invite thy love, thy prayer, thy toil. Before
Thine eye and near thine hand the burdened
plains
Are spread. Thy zeal for souls, thine ear-
nest zeal
He asks, who lived and loved and bled and
died
Salvation to secure for thee and thine. . . .

Thy hand, thy heart, thy brain, thy wealth,
He needs
Today! Thy hand to reap, thy heart to love,
Thy brain to plan, thy wealth to cleave the
way
Through forests dark and jungles deep, and
o'er
"His reapers," on to fields as yet unreaped,
Where harvests rich lie waiting for their
toil.

The day is now, the day in which for Christ
All labor must be done. Too soon the night
Comes on when toil must cease, and what is
then
Ungleaned fore'er must lie ungleaned and
lost!

—Ernest G. Wesley.

The First Three Foreign Missionaries

To ABRAHAM in ancient times was given
The call to leave his country and his kin,
To spread the news that Christ would come
from heaven
To live and die, benighted souls to win.
At God's command he went, not knowing where
His way might lead, but faith and hope were
bright.
He walked with God, a man of earnest prayer,
And kindled earth's first foreign mission light.

The gospel dispensation dawned, and Paul
Far hence unto the Gentile world was sent,
To tell how Christ had come and died for all—
All should believe in Him, of sins repent.
He braved the dangers by both land and sea;
He went forth fearlessly and in God's might,
A man of earnest faith and prayer. 'Twas he
Who kindled that great foreign mission light.

At last the final message must be given
To warn the world of its impending doom;
That Christ a second time will come from
heaven,
To wake His saints and take His people home.
'Twas J. N. Andrews heard this solemn plea
And answered it—the end almost in sight.
He left his native land and crossed the sea,
And kindled our first foreign mission light.

A man of prayer, in conflicts hard to win
He deemed his sacrifices only small.
He gave his life to rescue souls in sin,
And rests in hope with Abraham and Paul.
Methinks when these three missionaries meet,
This thought will the eternal years make
bright—
The many saved because they deemed it meet
To kindle each a foreign mission light.

—Mrs. A. N. Loper.

Send the Light

[Tune: "In the Sweet By and By"]

THERE are lands far away o'er the sea
Where in darkness dear children seek light,
And the call comes to you and to me
Who have learned of the way pure and right.

CHORUS:

Send the light all the way,
That the marvelous glory divine
Turn the darkness to day,
Till the whole world for Jesus shall shine.

Bearing the light is a part we may do,
Holding it high that its beams reach afar;
So the light of His truth shines anew,
Gleaming forth from the bright Morning Star.
—Selected.

The Amazon Mission of Peru

F. A. STAHL

[Superintendent, Amazon Mission]

It is really remarkable how the message is going in this Amazon region. On my last trip into the interior, I found interests in the most remote parts of our field. Not only is there a great interest among the Indian tribes, but also among the white people who live on the shores of the rivers.

Our Cascadas [cas-cä'das] Mission for the Campa Indians, which was established a year and a half ago, is proving a success. This mission is situated far from civilization, on the shores of the Perene [pā-re-nā'] River. The terrific currents, rapids, whirlpools, and sharp curves in this river make it almost impossible to navigate. Few indeed are the travelers who pass that way.

A few months ago I traveled down this river with a party of Campa Indians. Although the Indians manage their canoes with astonishing dexterity, every day our journey was filled with hairbreadth escapes from what seemed certain death in the rapids and whirlpools. Within twelve miles of the mission, our canoes were shot out into a large body of calm water, and the Indians made haste to reach the shore. Woe to the stranger who does not know this place, for this water which appears so calm is really running swiftly and hides terrible rapids. Once caught in the rapids, there is no escape from a fear-

ful death by being dashed to pieces on the sharp rocks below.

After leaving the canoes, we made our way along a narrow trail above the roaring rapids. The trail was rough and slippery, and very steep. Hour after hour we pressed forward. The heat was oppressive, and this, with the severe exercise, brought me almost to the point of exhaustion. Suddenly we came in view of an open valley, and as we entered the valley we were met by hundreds of Campa Indians who greeted us warmly. Taking my baggage from the carriers, they joyfully led the way up the steep mountain side to their village. When we reached the village many more Indians added their welcome, which made me forget my weariness.

Samuel Condori, an Aymara [i-ma-rä'] Indian, and his wife have done faithful work, caring for the day school with eighty-nine pupils, and at the same time instructing a large baptismal class.

My four weeks' stay at this mission was indeed a busy one, assisting in the instruction given and treating the many sick who came for help. The morning and evening worship were well attended, and the Sabbath meetings were especially large, the Indians coming in from long distances. I never saw a more enthusiastic people. All gave the most reverent attention during the teaching of God's Word.

The Sabbath of the baptism was one that I shall never forget. One hundred and eighty-four were selected from a class of two

hundred fifty. Among the candidates were old warriors who would not flinch at the approach of a tiger, but who trembled as they stepped into the water to be baptized. The tears ran down their scarred cheeks as they thought of the wonderful mercy of God in giving them a part in Christ.

There were strong youths who approached with set jaw, ready to fight the battle before them in getting the victory over every sin. One of the last ones to be baptized was Mari, the handsome wife of a wicked chief. Her face was pale but determined, for she well knew that her life would be endangered by the step she was taking. She clasped her hands in prayer. I said to her, "Sister Mari, be faithful and true to God. You are going far away to live among your husband's people who know not the living God, and who are ruled by witchcraft. But by your Christ-like life you will win them all for Jesus. God bless you." An expression of joy lighted up her face as she simply said, "Thank you, Pastor."

That Sabbath afternoon we held a testimony meeting which I felt caused joy in heaven. All recognized and testified to the marvelous goodness of God in bringing to them the knowledge of the truth, and all thanked God for saving them from their evil lives. I told them of how our people in other parts of the world are making great sacrifices, giving their children and their means, that the gospel may reach every na-

tion, tongue, tribe, and people. They responded with a most fervent "Many thanks."

It was touching to see the Indians who had come to the mission for the first time. One large company from the Great Plains whose haggard faces and torn clothes told of the hardships of their long journey, were so interested that they stood during the entire meeting so as to catch every word. After the meeting they pleaded that a teacher be sent to them, so that they could learn the Word of God. My heart ached for these poor, needy people, and I promised to pray for them, and also to present their needs to our people.

As we see how God has opened the hearts of these people,—crude savages who only a year ago were ready to kill any stranger who might step into their territory,—and hear them pleading earnestly for some one to come and teach them the Word of God, we are reminded again and again that we who have the privilege of knowing God's precious message should be very faithful and hasten to finish the work that the Lord has committed into our hands.

We are praying that not only will there be an overflow this quarter, but a real flood of means so that these and other equally urgent calls may be answered.