

# MISSIONS QUARTERLY

Vol. 20

Issued Quarterly

No. 2

by the

Seventh-day Adventist Sabbath School Department

Washington, D. C.

Printed in U. S. A.

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Second Quarter, 1931

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Nurses and Workers in the Hospital at Nuzvid.  
This hospital was the gift of a titled Indian gentleman.

TOPIC: India. Overflow to advance the work in the Burma and Bombay Unions.

## Sabbath, April 4

MISSIONARY TEXT: Isa. 52:7.

MISSIONS TALK: Official Notice.

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

PRAYER: In behalf of the needy millions in India.

### Official Notice

#### TO OUR SABBATH SCHOOLS EVERYWHERE:

WHEN we mention India, there always comes to our minds a land filled with degradation and misery—a land of teeming millions. We think at once of India's child widows and the misery and suffering they endure. We think of those great religions, Buddhism, Hinduism, and Mohammedanism, which for centuries have proved such a formidable barrier to the advancement of the kingdom of God on earth. And we remember that India is a country of many languages and dialects, castes and customs. These together make India a difficult field.

We are glad to report that in spite of the difficulties and the barriers, God is giving fruit for the labors bestowed on this portion of the world field. Our workers there are of good courage, for they have seen evidences of God's Holy Spirit working upon the hearts of men, winning them from heathenism to Christianity. But all around them are millions who have never yet heard the name of Christ, and our workers feel the need of reinforcements and added facilities in order to carry

forward their work to completion. On the thirteenth Sabbath of this quarter, we are asking our Sabbath schools to give \$105,000 for the work in India, with the understanding that one half of the overflow will go as an added appropriation to that field, and the other half will be used for advanced work in some other field where the needs are pressing.

May God bless our Sabbath schools as they loyally support the work in our great mission fields, is our earnest prayer.

J. L. SHAW,  
*Treasurer of the General Conference.*

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## Sabbath, April 11

[This article will be more effective if given as a talk.]

SEED THOUGHT: "From India, from Africa, from China, from the islands of the sea, . . . the cry of human woe is ascending to God. That cry will not long be unanswered."—*"Christ's Object Lessons," p. 182.*

MISSIONS TALK: India, the Land of Contradictions.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 624.

PRAYER: That God will bless the workers in India, and help us to do our part in hastening the message to its waiting millions.

## India, the Land of Contradictions

A. W. CORMACK

[President, Southern Asia Division]

It is hardly necessary that we remind you of the vast population of the countries comprised in the Southern Asia Division. In all,

335,000,000 people, one fifth of the population of the world, are there in the bondage of heathenism and idolatry. India alone, which is in area about half the size of the United States, has almost three times its population; or basing the illustration on sections of the world field outside North America, we may take the population of the great Northern European, South American, African, Inter-American, and Australasian Divisions, and adding them together, find that the vast total still falls short of the number of people to be found within the borders of the Southern Asia Division, by over ten million. You know that these millions are there, and because the light of the gospel makes us all debtors to those who sit in darkness, we owe to them the message of salvation and liberty in Christ Jesus.

And you know something of the conditions under which the great majority of these people live. They are so bound by circumstances that to free them would seem impossible. Ninety-two per cent of the inhabitants of India can neither read nor write. India is a land of contrasts and contradictions. There is great wealth in the hands of a comparative few, but the masses are sunken in abject poverty. A recent authoritative report says: "There is a great deal of what can only be called dangerous poverty. Millions live on the very margin of subsistence." It is estimated that nine tenths of the population is undernourished.

And there is the language barrier. There are 222 indigenous languages in India. Many of these are of minor importance, but there are several languages, each of which is used by several millions of people, that are as yet untouched by the message.

Then there is the Hindu caste system which divides a people that should be one, into countless groups and factions, and rules out sixty million as outcastes and untouchables. It is said that this system has been the means down the centuries of maintaining a degree of law and order among the Hindu people and preserving to the nation a knowledge of arts and crafts that otherwise might have been lost; that its authors were moved by high ideals and wise and lofty motives. However that may be, the caste system has degenerated into one of the most cruel chains that has ever been forged to keep a people, soul and body, in bondage, and today it presents to the gospel missionary one of the most formidable obstacles to the winning of Hindu men and women to Christ.

But above and beyond all this, it is the religion or the religions of India and its contiguous countries that go to make these countries the veritable stronghold of Satan. The seriousness of India's trouble lies in the fact that her spiritual maladies grow not out of worldliness and ungodliness, as such, but out of her false religion and boasted spirituality. These putrefying sores that make her sick unto death, her poverty, her illiteracy, her

immorality, and her caste system, afflict her not for want of religion or in spite of her religion, but because of her religion. Her case is as hopeless as it is because she is as religious as she is. Of course, man is essentially a religious creature, and everywhere throughout the world false religions oppose the true. Even the savage has to unlearn what he has been taught in the name of religion before he can in simple faith lay hold of Christ, but his very savagery emphasizes his lost and undone condition, and his great need enlarges his hope of salvation. Jesus "came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." But India is self-righteous and self-satisfied. For centuries she has been taught that she needs no repentance. Her religion is corrupt. "From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it." "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint." Yet her boast is in the antiquity of her religion, and she takes pride in her so-called spirituality.

In southern Asia there are 218,000,000 people degraded, debased, and benumbed by Hinduism. Twelve million, mostly in Burma and Ceylon, are groping in the darkness of the so-called "Light of Asia"—Buddhism; while 70,000,000 blindly follow the religion of the false prophet,—Mohammedanism. Out of 335,000,000 only 5,000,000 are Christians. Think of it! 330,000,000 without Christ; 330,000,000 false gods and only 5,000,000 Christians!

Of these 5,000,000, only 2,961 are Adventist

church members. During the past quadrennial period, 1,219 were baptized. This is a gain of 200 over the baptisms for the previous corresponding period, but it is surely not enough. When it is remembered that from the time our work was begun in Southern Asia, nearly twenty-eight years elapsed before 1,219 members were baptized, we do find great cause for rejoicing and gratitude to God that that number has been won in the last four years. But we must expect greater things in such a time as this.

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## Sabbath, April 18

[This reading will be more effective if given as a talk.]

SEED THOUGHT: "The signs that foretell the second coming of Christ are fast fulfilling. Shall the people be left in ignorance of the great event before them, and have to meet that awful day unprepared?"—*Testimonies*, Vol. IX, p. 60.

MISSIONS TALK: The Pillar of Cloud and the Pillar of Fire.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 479.

PRAYER: That we may work, pray and give, that greater progress may be seen in this field.

## The Pillar of Cloud and the Pillar of Fire

A. W. CORMACK

CONCERNING the work as a whole, the greatest encouragement that our missionaries have, is the unmistakable evidence that God has

led and is leading. Acknowledging with thankfulness every other encouraging gleam, we write this down as the greatest of all. The faith that our workers have expressed again and again, in the face of a discouraging outlook, is being rewarded, and the "new day" for which we have looked so long, is dawning before our eyes. We cannot say that great changes have made themselves manifest everywhere. It does not yet appear that the sun of this new day has risen high above the horizon of dark and disheartening conditions that still abound, but the eye of faith discerns here and there and yonder those things that lead us to exclaim, as we contemplate God's revealed plan and His promises, "It must be the breaking of the day."

From one district where the work has been carried on for many years, with little if any appearance of fruitage, the missionary writes: "When we first began our work, the people were not willing that our workers enter their homes, nor draw water from their wells, but by the blessing of God upon our work, we can now see a great change in them. In many villages we are not only permitted to enter their homes, but we are invited to take meals with them, and can also draw water from their wells." Then he adds: "We have labored not in vain. There are people in some of the villages who are becoming interested in the word of God. The other day a man said, 'I know there is only one God, and all these stones that we worship are the works of the devil.'"



In the district of which he writes, the people are mostly poor and illiterate, but they are sadly bound by caste prejudices and customs, and the signs of responsiveness that our brother mentions as being seen among them are encouragingly significant. The same brother reports: "The other day a woman came in from a near-by village, and wanted to go up to the chapel and have a meeting. She could not wait for the Sabbath, so we went to the chapel with her. The next day she came back with four or five other women, and we had another meeting. This woman now attends Sabbath school. We have a number of persons who are now turning from idolatry and are beginning to worship the true God."

There are 10,000,000 Kanarese [kan-ä-rēs']. Among these we had not begun work until at the time of the General Conference in 1926, when means were provided whereby a family could be allotted to this language area. Before Brother and Sister A. E. Rawson had completed their first year's language study, a little company of Kanarese-speaking people had been gathered out, and now a good work is in progress. The nucleus of this first Kanarese church, which has since been fully organized, was formed of believers who were already Christians.

So it was with the beginning of the work in the southern Marathi [ma-rä-tē'] field. We had no believers there a few years ago, and no intention of opening up work in the Kolahpur [kō-lä-pur'] district, for that place was

the center of operations of another mission body. But the Lord went on before, and there came, quite unexpectedly, a definite call for the Adventist message with its Sabbath truth, to be proclaimed in that place.

A number of Christians had heard of the truth from a poor barber boy who traveled from place to place plying his trade. He himself was not a baptized member of the church, but he had heard the message from one of our missionaries, and believed it. Making a periodical visit to this place, he took with him some literature, and distributed it, with the result that the call came for the living preacher to go down to them.

Writing for these Christians, a doctor, one of their number, wrote to the missionary as follows: "We have bought some of your books, and the principles stated therein have appealed to us greatly. We accept Saturday to be the Sabbath of the Christians. There are other things like baptism of which we would like to hear more." The letter contained an appeal that the missionary would go down and teach them. This he did, and now we have there a fine church of twenty-seven baptized members, strong in faith and looking for the blessed hope.

This opening has connected with it some remarkable features. The call itself was strangely providential. Not all who participated in the first appeal for the message to be sent to them have accepted it, but others who were not at that time interested, have

more than filled up the gaps, and are loyally holding on in spite of opposition. Here again strong impressions for good are being made upon the Hindu people of the whole district.

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## Sabbath, April 25

[This reading will be more effective if given  
as a talk.]

MISSIONARY TEXT: John 3:16.

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

MISSIONS TALK: Islam and Its Attitude Toward  
Women.

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

### Islam and Its Attitude Toward Women

A. H. WILLIAMS

[Superintendent, Northwest Indian Union  
Mission]

ALTHOUGH Mohammedanism includes many religious ideas gathered from Judaism, Christianity, and other beliefs of the people of Mahomet's time, there are hundreds and thousands who have ancient Arab social customs, to which has been added in Islam the powerful sanction of a vigorous religion.

So today we find those old-time Arab customs compelling the seclusion and subordination of women, in force just as vigorously, perhaps, as ever. The Mohammedan wife is sub-

jected body and soul to the whims and will of her husband, in the choosing of whom she has had no voice. Surrounded as she is by the almost impenetrable barrier of the purdah (veil) system, she is cut off most effectually from all outside influence, including the Christian gospel. But the powers of darkness can raise no effective barrier against the glorious message of freedom in Christ, and we find that there are those within the seclusion of Mohammedan homes who rejoice in the light and the love of God.

In the nature of the case, this is not a thing that reveals itself prominently in statistics, for these women are bound just as effectually by vigorous customs and circumstances as if literal chains held them fast to some stone prison wall. A prisoner in a dungeon could not go forward in baptism, and so, very definitely, is it the case of Islam's women. Yet their lives witness most powerfully to their submission to the gospel as in holier, happier lives they submit quietly to the sanctifying work of the Spirit.

The situation is well illustrated by a reference to events growing out of the baptism of a young Mohammedan woman some three years ago. The gospel had reached her in the recesses of her home, and she came forward boldly to receive baptism. At the same time, another young woman, whom the former had won to Christ, also desired to witness for Christ by the same step, but was prevented by her parents, who compelled her to return

home, where apparently they subjected her to severe persecution in an endeavor to make her recant. As far as our workers have been able to ascertain, though, their efforts were without success.

This whole circumstance created quite a disturbance in the city where it happened, and many of the men among the neighbors declared vigorously that they would not permit the missionary to visit and teach their wives. But, to the glory of God, many of these secluded women, who in all their lives had hardly ever dreamed of daring to oppose their own wills to those of their husbands, boldly asserted that they would have the missionary lady come. She had, they declared, comforted them in their sorrows, visited them in their sicknesses, helped them when their little ones lay at the point of death, and they would not allow her to be kept away. Thus, in a public way, they witnessed to their love for the message that had been brought to them.

That young woman who was baptized, after a brief period away from the turmoil her faithfulness had created, returned boldly to her home to live among her former friends, and today she is continuing to witness boldly, yet humbly, for her Master.

Think of the millions of souls, and of the vast stretches of yet unentered territory, and also of this time of special opportunity, and in such a time as this, pray for India.

## Sabbath, May 2

[This reading will be more effective if given  
as a talk.]

SEED THOUGHT: "There is work for every one of us in the vineyard of the Lord. . . . We are to work anywhere and everywhere, to the utmost of our ability, for the cause of our Master."—*Testimonies*, Vol. V, p. 386.

MISSIONS TALK: Unentered India.

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

PRAYER: That these unentered sections may soon hear the gospel message.

### Unentered India

S. A. WELLMAN

[Associate Secretary, General Conference Sabbath School Department; former Sabbath School Secretary, Southern Asia Div.]

MANY think of India as a single land, with a uniform population known as the East Indians. This is far from the truth, for the Empire of India is a conglomerate nation of races, of languages, of religions, and of physical types. It is a far cry from the sturdy Afghan tribesman of the northwest frontier, to the short Mongolian and Mon-Anam types of Assam [a'sam] and Burma. To the south of the Indian Peninsula athwart Madras and still southward to Ceylon, the Dravidian races present still further contrasts in feature, in color, in language, and racial characteristics. India is truly cosmopolitan in its population, diverse in its languages, and divided in its religious affiliations.

Our denominational mission work has made entrance and some headway in nearly all the

most important language areas, and among most of the great racial divisions. But back from the more beaten lanes of travel, away from the more thickly populated areas, are scores of races and tribes, with varying languages, who are just as responsive to the call of Christ, but who still have no immediate prospect of hearing of His imminent return.

On the borders of Burma-Siam and Burma-China are still other races for whom little or nothing has been done. In the hills of the Indian Peninsula, away from the haunts of civilization, are aboriginal peoples who were in India even before the Dravidian invasions, and for these nothing as yet has been done. How long must they wait?

Where work for aboriginal tribes has been attempted, it has been proportionately very successful. A strong church exists among the Santhals [sän'thāls] of Bihar [bē-hor]; a good company of believers has come into the faith among the Mundas [moon'däs] of Chota Nagpur [chō-tā nāg'poor], and isolated believers from other tribes have found the faith through contacts with missionaries and through reading literature. Missionaries have found the aboriginal and hill tribes of India fruitful fields for evangelism. A more definite effort in their behalf should be made while doors of opportunity remain open.

Shall such vast areas as Kashmir [kāsh'-mēēr], with 5,000,000 souls, remain uninfluenced by this message? True, medical and school work seem to be the only avenues of

service with which to begin, for Kashmir is a semi-closed land. Sikhim [sīk'im], on the very borders of Tibet, is also open. Must these important peoples remain ignorant of God's final message to mankind?

Will the gospel of the kingdom be carried speedily to this dark corner of the earth? We answer that question negatively every time we give less than we might have given for the finishing of God's work in the waiting fields. We answer with the cry, "Forward," every time we do all that lies in our power to achieve victory for this closing message by our giving.

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## Sabbath, May 9

[This reading will be more effective if given as a talk.]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 10:7, 8.

MISSIONS TALK: Will You Help Us?

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 863.

PRAYER: That we may have a spirit of sacrifice and willingness to give liberally of our means to hasten the message.

## Will You Help Us?

C. L. TORREY

[Secretary and Treasurer, Southern Asia Div.]

THE family were pioneers to a territory hitherto unentered, and had been located for language study in a city some distance from the place where a little tract of land had been purchased for their new mission station site. As soon as they could converse with the people, they became restless and eager to settle



on the new property so that they might be nearer the people for whom they were to labor. They felt that every minute was precious, for thousands were annually dying all about them without a knowledge of the saving power of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The brother placed his request before the committee, and with considerable reticence on the part of the brethren in charge, they finally consented to his erecting a temporary brick house, which was no more than a hut, to serve until funds were available for a more substantial dwelling. As soon as the hut could be built, the family moved in and work began in earnest for the people in the surrounding villages. The Lord has blessed the seed sowing during the years that have passed. The wife of the missionary was a trained nurse, and treated many cases every day, such as boils, dysentery, fevers, skin diseases, and many others too numerous to mention.

I visited this station on one of my trips, and wished with all my heart that better equipment might have been provided. Here in India, and in other mission fields as well, the missionaries have to use the simplest kind of instruments, if they are fortunate enough to have any. This sister was greatly handicapped in this respect, but was doing cheerfully what she could. It was cotton-picking season when I was there. When she needed a sponge she picked the cotton from a bush, and began the bandaging process. The dispensary cost about \$15, I presume. It was constructed of

poles set in the ground, to which matting was tacked. It was just a "place," and that was about all. This station was not the only one that was comprised of such buildings. Yet it is wonderful what has been and is being accomplished in these little dispensaries, even though the buildings are only huts and the equipment very meager. Dispensary work is the opening wedge of approach to the hearts of benighted souls in mission lands everywhere.

The Brahman priest and chief men of the village nearest this station bitterly opposed the establishing of a Christian mission so near them, and caused trouble when they found the slightest opportunity. But the faithful standard-bearers continued to visit the village and show the people that they were interested in their little world with its cares and perplexities.

One day a little girl about two years old was brought to the dispensary, very badly burned. The interest manifested by the missionary and his co-laborers completely changed the attitude of the villagers, and they have now invited the workers to visit them and give them a series of Bible studies on the life of Christ. Instead of enemies, we now have some good friends, where we once experienced only difficulty and hostility. This year that village contributed a substantial offering of grain, for they have very little money, to our Harvest Ingathering work, or "Uplift Work," as it is known in India.

Some of the things we see now cause us to marvel at the power that is being manifested throughout the length and breadth of the land. The outlook is brighter than it has been for many years, and we see much to encourage us as we face the great task before us. The enemy is putting forth every effort to hold the heathen in darkness, and it seemed in times past that India's dark night of woe had so settled down upon the people that they must be doomed indeed.

But how different the outlook is today! The one ambition of the missionary body is greater evangelism and more souls. It is in the air, and every worker has dedicated himself to living and preaching the message. A local mission set its goal for one hundred souls for the year 1929, and on one occasion nearly seventy were baptized. Their goal was easily reached.

In another locality, a church of over fifty is now rejoicing in this blessed hope, where only a few months ago there was not a single interested person, to our knowledge, in all that vast territory. A letter received from the missionary in charge of this work pleaded for more evangelists to answer the many calls coming in. He could not possibly cope with the situation with his meager force of evangelists. He even sent the Sabbath school superintendent to study with a group of interested people. Such openings rejoice our hearts and cause us to thank God for the manifestations of His mighty power.

While making an appeal for evangelists, the superintendent of another local mission said that he did not dare to launch out as he so much desired, for fear the whole countryside would catch fire and there would be no one to follow up the interest. Every missionary is putting his shoulder to the wheel and doing all he can to make things move forward in the strongest possible way, yet it is a most perplexing problem to meet the various urgent requests which are constantly arising.

For some years now some of our missionaries have been utilizing their bathrooms for dispensaries, thus endangering the lives of their children who, at best, find life in the tropics most trying. It would truly be a blessing if funds could be made available to erect dispensaries on these stations.

Our Indian evangelists and teachers should be provided with better homes. This is and has been a crying need for many years, but to this date we have not been financially able to do more in this connection. New school buildings are needed in the villages where interests are continually springing up, as well as in our training schools. Equipment such as blackboards, bells, clocks, books, oxen, plows, pumps, carts, looms, medical instruments, hospital beds, and general furnishings are required for our mission stations, schools, and hospitals. Last, but not least, we need your prayers, that we may be true and steadfast to the end.

## Sabbath, May 16

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 9:37, 38.

DIALOGUE: A Mission Band.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 852.

PRAYER: That the Lord will bless the workers in India and help us to hold up their hands by our prayers and our means.

### A Mission Band

MRS. C. L. TORREY

[Several chairs may be placed on one corner of the platform to make it look like a veranda. Three girls walk leisurely home from Sabbath school carrying their Bibles.]

EDITH (as the girls start across the platform): Let's walk along together as far as we can. I should like to speak about the talk given by the missionary from India. For my part, I feel like getting out and doing something immediately for those poor people. I think we ought to form a band and make plans to earn money so that we may have a large offering this thirteenth Sabbath.

MAY: At first I was not much impressed with the appearance of the man who spoke to us, but he gave a very fine talk.

EDNA: Yes, that's the way I felt when he began, but after he told those interesting stories, I felt very uneasy and guilty because I have not given more money to missions.

(Carrie and Jean enter and join the group, all stopping for a moment.)

CARRIE and JEAN: Hello, girls!

EDITH, MAY and EDNA: Hello! We are so glad you came along just now!

CARRIE: Yes, I see you are excited over something.

JEAN: Please tell us what you were talking about.

EDITH: Come, sit on our veranda, and I will tell you. (Girls walk to chairs and sit down.) After listening to the talk in Sabbath school, we are eager to do something for the poor heathen in India. We were just considering organizing a band to plan ways that we can earn our Thirteenth Sabbath Offering for India. What do you think about it?

CARRIE: I think it would be fine, and I'd be glad to help.

JEAN: I would, too.

MAY: What do you say, then, girls, shall we organize this band?

ALL (in unison): Agreed.

EDNA: It seems to me that the story of the mission school worker who went to the committee meeting and pleaded for seventy-three dollars to make shutters for the boys' dormitory to keep out the cold, would appeal to most any one's heart.

JEAN: And he couldn't get the money because of a shortage of funds. Isn't it pitiful? Yet we live in comfort and hardly know what sacrifice is. Oh! we must do something!

CARRIE: Yes, that story impressed me, too, for I never supposed it got cold enough in that country to cause actual suffering, but one little boy cried all night in that school where they needed the shutters.

EDITH: You remember the missionary said it got very cold in January and February,—not down to freezing,—but the people wear so little clothing that they feel the cold very keenly, especially when sleeping on the floor, as is their custom. A few iron bars at the windows would never keep out the chilly air.

MAY: I think I would be uncomfortable and perhaps cry, too.

JEAN: He also told of the need for more books for their very small library. Our schools everywhere need books, and if they are needed here, they are doubly needed there.

CARRIE: Did you notice how carefully the people listened when he told the story of the dear little five-year-old heathen boy with the big black eyes, who accidentally spilled some scalding tea on his baby brother who was creeping on the floor? The little motherless fellow had been left to care for the baby while his father was busy in the grain field. When the accident occurred, not knowing what to do, he called to the neighbors, and they advised him to go to the missionary who had a dispensary three miles distant. He put the crying child astride his hip and carried him to the dispensary, where the gentle missionary put medicine on the baby's burns.

MAY: That wasn't the only time he took his brother to the dispensary. He carried him faithfully every day for two weeks, over those three long miles, and it was hot, too.

EDITH: That story made me want to be a missionary. I should like to treat just such cases. It would be wonderful to work in a place like India.

JEAN: Then there was the story of the little Hindu girl who attended our school. She must have been a strong character. The missionary said it was difficult to persuade the parents to educate their girls, for they attend the mission school and after a few months' training become so Christianized that they give up the wearing of ornaments which mean so much to a girl in that land.

CARRIE: Well, girls, I must go home, but before we separate, I want to say that I will help make this offering the biggest we have ever had.

EDITH: Now, girls, how many are for the plan? [All lift their hands in response.] We must also remember the missionaries in our prayers, for they need more than money.

[All bid each other "good-bye" and separate to go to their homes.]

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## Sabbath, May 23

[This reading will be more effective if given as a talk.]

SEED THOUGHT: "The message of the third angel is to prepare a people to stand in these days of peril. It is to be proclaimed with a loud voice, and is to accomplish a work which few realize."—*"Testimonies," Vol. VIII, p. 94.*

MISSIONS TALK: The First and Last Gospel Message in Travancore.

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

PRAYER: That we may help answer the call for workers by giving liberally of our means.

## The First and Last Gospel Message in Travancore

J. S. JAMES

[Editor, Oriental Watchman]

To THE south and west of the Indian peninsula, just where the Western Ghats begin

to lose their rugged and mountain-like formations for the beautiful hills and valleys which finally disappear in the coastal lowlands, lie the Indian States of Travancore [trav-an-kōr'] and Cochin [kō-chin']. These cover a territory about the size of the state of Ohio, and have a population of six million. The principal language spoken in this area is called Malayalam [mal-e-yä'-lem], meaning "hills and valleys," a definition which very fittingly describes the general appearance of the country.

Residing within this territory is found a very remarkable community of people known as the Syrian or Thomas Christians. The name Syrian is given to them because their liturgies and scriptures are in the Syriac or Aramaic language, and because in the early centuries they received reinforcements from Syria and Mesopotamia. They are called Thomas Christians because they claim to have received their spiritual doctrines from the apostle Thomas. Being verified by tradition and reliable history, there is little question but that their claim is true. They state that the apostle Thomas, to escape the persecution which came upon the church after the days of Pentecost, made his way to Alexandria, Egypt, sailing later to the Indus in the Punjab of India (A. D. 48-49), where he remained until that region was invaded by the Indo-Scythian Kushans from China, A. D. 50, when he made his way to the Malabar coast, landing at Malankara [mal-an-kar'a], an island



in the lagoon near Cranganore [cran-ga-nōr'], Cochin, A. D. 52. After gaining many converts to Christ and establishing churches, he went to Madras [ma-drās'] (then called Mylapore [my-la-pōre]), where it is stated that the king and all his people turned to Christ. After visiting China, he returned to India, where he was stoned to death, a few miles south of Madras.

We now find something still more remarkable taking place in this very land and among this people, itself answering to the voice of prophecy that the second advent message would be preached to earth's remotest corners before the coming of Jesus. The third angel's message has found its way into that community and claimed stanch believers from among these Syrian Christians and others living within the boundaries of this territory. I will briefly relate the manner in which the message gained a foothold there.

A small tract dealing with the Sabbath question had been printed in the Tamil [tam'il] tongue, a language spoken by about eighteen million people adjoining the Malayalam country on the east. The Tamil and Malayalam languages being alike in some respects, there are some in each of these languages who can read and understand both. Into the hands of such a one fell a copy of this tract, and he began reading it aloud to a company gathered about him. One young man in this group was so impressed with what he heard that he gained possession of the

tract, took it home, and spent most of the night studying it. Early the next morning he started on a forty-mile tramp to the Tamil country to find the mission whose address appeared at the close of the tract. There he was taught more of the message, which he received with great eagerness. He gave his life to God, and his heart was burdened with a great desire to return to the Malayalam country, the home of his mother tongue, that he might tell them of the wonderful truth he had learned.

In this manner the first human agent proceeded to carry the last message into that country where still lived descendants of those who had accepted the first advent proclamation. Like those living witnesses who had preceded him, this brother's heart was afire with love and zeal. Naturally gifted with the talents of a colporteur, he was unusually successful in that line of work. Travelling the length and breadth of his native country on foot and with bicycle, in bullock carts and in motor busses, by boats on the lagoons, and by steam trains, he scattered the pages of truth in the principal centers of Travancore and Cochin. His work called him to endure hunger and thirst, exposure to the heat of a tropical sun, and the damp chill of the nights. His life was often in danger because of disease or the fanatical prejudice of those who opposed his work. Hated and cast out by those of his own blood, he shared freely in the sacrifice and self-denial which

his Master had said would come to all who chose to follow Him. Incessant overwork, severe privation, and lack of proper daily nourishment, broke down the natural defenses of his overtaxed system, until he finally succumbed to a heavy attack of typhoid-pneumonia.

This man literally wore himself out for God,—as truly a pioneer and foundation-builder of missions as any worker sent into India from lands abroad. Although at rest from his labors, his works still follow him. The seeds of truth which he sowed, watered by the Spirit of God, are now springing up into a bountiful harvest of souls. Calls are constantly coming from many parts of this country for teachers, evangelists, and doctors to instruct and help them. Hundreds have already been baptized; mission stations have been built; churches have been organized; Sabbath schools and training schools have been established. Still the work continues to develop, and calls are coming in far beyond any possibility to answer with the present limited resources. These open doors can be entered only in proportion to the increase of funds supplied by God's people. We need no longer pray for God to break down heathen walls of darkness to make a way for the truth to enter. The way is now wide open, and the workers are ready to go forward. It remains for us to do our part in supplying the necessary funds, that the work be no longer held back.

## Sabbath, May 30

[This reading will be more effective if given as a talk.]

SEED THOUGHT: "The time is short; the night soon cometh when no man can work. Let those who are rejoicing in the light of present truth now make haste to impart the truth to others."—"*Testimonies*," Vol. IX, p. 135.

MISSIONS TALK: Medical Work in India.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 622.

PRAYER: For our medical workers in India.

### Medical Work in India

O. MONTGOMERY

[Vice-President of the General Conference.]

WE HAD the privilege of making a brief visit to the Nuzvid Hospital, where Dr. Coyne and his wife had been carrying on medical missionary work for more than five years. This hospital was the one that was given to the mission by the Zemindar of Telaprole [zé-mēn-dār' of Tēl-ä-prōle', a landowner]. Dr. and Mrs. Coyne were the pioneers here. They had to start with practically nothing and build up the work from the bottom. They had no nurses, therefore they were obliged to train the native young men and women in this line of service. It was an inspiration to see six young men and the same number of young women, who had been carefully and successfully trained by these earnest workers so they were able to take their places in the operating room and to care for the sick as regular trained nurses. The influence for

good of this hospital has been very wide indeed. Prejudice has been broken down in a remarkable way. Friends among the Hindu people, especially of the higher castes, have been won, so that today the hospital has an enviable reputation and standing in that part of India.

In a letter recently received from Dr. Coyne, who is now in Europe taking some postgraduate work, he says: "There has been a very good interest created among the caste people as a result of the influence of the hospital in the vicinity. One caste man gave Rupees 250 [about \$80 U. S.] to buy the church bell, and another built a cottage in the hospital compound for wealthy patients, at an expense of Rupees 1000 [\$320 U. S.]. We have received many other gifts during the past year or so. The man who built the cottage gathers all his friends and relatives to his house about every Sabbath, and one of our workers comes and conducts meetings there."

Dr. Emma Hughes joined Dr. Coyne at Nuzvid about four years ago. Dr. Hughes is giving her life in service for the women of India. Her joining the staff at Nuzvid has been a great blessing to the work there. She was called to the home of the Rajah of Bobili [bō'bī-li] to care for his mother who was quite ill. She spent a week on the occasion of this visit caring for the Rajah's mother. Her services were greatly appreciated, and were so successful that the mother was restored to health, the Rajah sending a check for

Rupees 1000 [\$320 U. S.] in token of his appreciation of Dr. Hughes' services. At a later time Dr. Hughes was again called to minister to the mother of the Rajah. This time his appreciation of her services was shown by a check for Rupees 2000 [\$640 U. S.].

About one hundred miles from Nuzvid is the Narsapur [nar'sä-pur] Hospital. This hospital was built by mission funds and was under the direction of Dr. A. E. Clark and his wife. Dr. Clark carried on very successfully at Narsapur with a full house, his devoted wife standing by his side in carrying major responsibilities as matron and superintendent of nurses and general helper in the operating room. It was while we were in India two years ago in January that Sister Clark was called to lay down the burden. She sleeps in the compound near the home they occupied close by the hospital, where the last years of her life were spent in service.

When Dr. Clark left India in the early part of 1929 on his furlough to the States, Dr. G. A. Nelson, who had recently arrived in India, was placed in charge of the work at Narsapur, where he is acquiring the Telugu [těl-u-gu'] language and carrying forward the splendid work started by Dr. and Sister Clark some years ago.

Through the influence of Doctors Coyne, Clark, and Hughes in these two hospitals, the Rajah of Bobili became interested in our medical work. As I remember it, Bobili is

about four hundred miles from Nuzvid. The Rajah proposed to give a hospital to our mission for his own city of Bobili. It was our privilege with the brethren to visit the Rajah in his palace and join in negotiations for this gift.

Later the Doctors Sidney and Claire Brownsberger joined the medical force in this mission, locating at Narsapur with Dr. Nelson, for the study of the Telugu language preparatory to stepping into this new Bobili hospital as our first physicians in that important work. Thus the medical work in the Telugu field, for all three of these hospitals are in that language area, is going forward strongly and successfully.

In Northeast India Dr. Snyder and Dr. Hibbard are pioneering the way. Dr. Hibbard is in charge of our hospital at Karmatar [kar'mä-tar] which is our oldest mission station in India. We have had a dispensary there for many years. Upon the arrival of Dr. Hibbard this dispensary was enlarged into a small hospital, and now among the Santali people Dr. Hibbard is doing a splendid work. Brother R. J. Borrowdale is the superintendent of this mission. In addition to his work in the hospital, Dr. Hibbard joins Brother Borrowdale in itinerating trips through the villages so that his influence and the blessing of his ministry is reaching a wider circle than only those who can come to the hospital.

Dr. Snyder is giving his life to the Bengali people. He had no hospital at the time we

were there, but the plans were well under way for the erection of a hospital base at an advantageous point for Dr. Snyder's work.

We must not fail to mention the dean of our medical work in India, who, assisted by his faithful and efficient wife, has given twenty-three or twenty-four years to this line of endeavor in that needy field,—Dr. H. C. Menkel. Dr. Menkel has been located for years in Simla, which is the summer capital of the country. His winter work is carried on at Lahore [lä-hōre'], the capital of the Punjab. In both of these cities Dr. Menkel has well-equipped offices. His work is among the British Government officials and the wealthy and educated Hindus, but largely among the Europeans.

The plan now is to build a small sanitarium at Simla for Dr. Menkel. Last year appropriations were made for this purpose, and the brethren are giving study to the definite location and plans for a sanitarium at this strategic point. This will be a great help and strength to the work which Dr. Menkel has been building up for many years.

We have another veteran medical worker in this division,—Dr. Olive Tornblad, who is located in Burma. For twenty-five years Dr. Tornblad has been carrying on earnest, soul-winning work in Burma. Her work, however, is very largely Bible work, using the medical work and the giving of treatments as an opening wedge to find her way into the hearts and homes of the people. The long years of faith-



ful, earnest service have been rewarded by many precious souls won to Jesus.

There are many openings, and great unanswered needs in other places throughout India for the establishment of dispensaries and hospitals, with men and women to operate them. May God greatly bless the medical missionary work in this needy field and make it all that it ought to be, is our prayer.

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## Sabbath, June 6

**SEED THOUGHT:** "Medical missionary work is the pioneer work of the gospel. In the ministry of the word and in the medical missionary work the gospel is to be preached and practiced."—*Ministry of Healing*, p. 144.

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

**MISSIONS TALK:** Experiences in our Medical Work.

**PRAYER:** That the Lord will use the medical work to bring His saving message to many hearts.

## Experiences in Our Medical Work

H. C. MENKEL

[Medical Secretary, Southern Asia Division.]

WE HAVE had many periods when it seemed to us as if our real objective was very far from being realized. But within the last three or four years, there have come to us evidences that the labor of past years has been gradually having its effect, and now people are opening their hearts in a way that is most gratifying.

We started our work as medical, and our main contact was medical. During the six-

teen years there has come to us a great list of illustrious names, both highly placed officials and Indian royalty, as well as hundreds of the better class of the Hindu and Mohammedan communities.

In the privacy of the consultation room, hearts have been opened, showing on the part of many a deep, yearning desire for something that India does not have, but yet is keenly desirous of having. An Indian princess, one who lives behind the veil, told me how her soul resents and struggles under the impositions of India's womanhood. "Doctor," she said, "I know you are a spiritual man. Do you know anything that Jesus could do for me that would make my life more worth while?"

I have had a man, a chief justice, tell me that, having received all the honors and dignities his fellows could bestow on him, he had found that these things had brought him no satisfaction. A university student came as a patient, and later said, "Doctor, I have been told that you have found God. Can you tell me how I can find Him?" O, this opens up a wonderful thing,—India's earnest quest for God.

It has been my privilege in the contacts I have had, to see these very men and some of this type of woman, enter into a new experience, and for the first time in their lives get down on their knees and open their hearts to God as to a friend. And I have had in kindergarten fashion to lead men and women of

position and authority in the simple method of getting into contact with God.

I feel that there lies before us the greatest opportunity of seeing the fruits of our labor that it has yet been our privilege to see. India is entering upon a new experience, and I know that, under God, great things lie before us in the near future.

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## Sabbath, June 13

SEED THOUGHT: "The great work before us all, as Christians, is to extend Christ's kingdom as rapidly as possible, in accordance with the divine commission."—*"Testimonies,"* Vol. IX, p. 219.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 536.

MISSIONS TALK: India's Need.

PRAYER: That we may sincerely do our part in sending the gospel to these needy millions.

### India's Need

H. H. HALL

[Secretary, General Conference Publishing Department.]

THE first impression one obtains upon arrival in India is the vastness of its population. It simply staggers one. A book of ten million pages would be quite a volume, would it not? yet its every page would be required to write even the names of these people. In the prayer of one of our workers at the opening of a general meeting he cried out, "Oh, Lord, as we elbow our way among this mass of humanity, we wonder in our hearts how we can ever reach them."

Perhaps the next impression one obtains is of the misery and burdens resting upon the people. They have a proverb which says, "Every buffalo knows the weight of his own horns." The buffalo is an ungainly creature with enormous horns. They have used the weight of these horns to describe their own burdens. Think, for example, of their more than twenty-six million widows of whom two and one half million are less than ten and one half years of age. Consider the terrible results of the caste system. Note the starved appearance of the men, women, and children, then remember the famines that sweep over some portions of the country almost every year. Yes, India is "poor, and blind, and naked." Her people have been snared by the deceitfulness of sin.

But as a person comes more closely in contact with the people, he realizes that they long for rest and freedom from the goads of conscience. One night a party of us was traveling toward Lucknow. A wealthy Brahman and his family boarded the train. The wife and children went into the third-class coach while the Brahman came into our second-class compartment. He was an educated man. He had left his store in the charge of a manager, and with his family was on his way to Benares where they would bathe in the sacred Ganges. One of our party talked with him. He was free to tell of the tremendous expense this trip would be to him—more than one thousand dollars gold. He was

asked what he thought this trip and the bathing in the Ganges would do for him. He replied that he expected it would wash away his sins. We asked him if he were sure. He said he was not, but that this was what the books told him to do. It was the only thing he knew to ease his conscience. But oh, the pity of it all!

On another occasion we were visiting the beautiful Jain temple at Calcutta. It is indeed a very beautiful building. Its marble columns, its mosaic, beautiful pictures, and golden images all impress the senses. We were, of course, required to remove our shoes before going up the steps. Among others we noticed a man on his knees before one of the images. An attendant waved a brush before the god to attract his attention to the kneeling suppliant. Up and down, back and forth, he waved this brush made from the hair of a horse's mane, while the kneeling figure continued to pray. Finally the attendant became weary, the brush lagged and then stopped; the man got to his feet and left. It was the only way he knew to get release from the burden of sin. He did not know the Burden Bearer who said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

In the grounds of the great Kālī [kāl'ē] temple is a tree to which hundreds of little stones are hung by cords. These indicate individual prayers for specific things, made by the pilgrims who come there from all over

India. When a prayer is answered, the stones are supposed to be removed. The burdened limbs of the tree indicate that but few answers have been registered.

This is a little glimpse into India with its more than three hundred twenty million people to whom this gospel of a soon-coming Deliverer is to be carried.

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## Sabbath, June 20

MISSIONARY TEXT: John 4:35.

MISSIONS TALK: "I've Got a Big God."

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 476.

PRAYER: A few sentence prayers that the Lord will help and bless our workers in their ministry.

### "I've Got a Big God"

ERIC B. HARE

[Medical Missionary Secretary, Burma Union Mission]

THE house was very strangely quiet as they approached it. But for a stray chicken or two scratching near the paddy pounder, a full-grown sow with a litter of little squawkers rooting in the sunshine, and a lone dog barking his challenge, there were no customary signs of life. There was no fire in the fireplace, no one turning the cotton gin, no children playing around. Indeed, the ladder itself was drawn up and hung on a floor joist. "There's nobody home," suggested Mooga.

"Yes, there is—she's inside," replied the

man who had been looking three or four days for a jungle doctor to treat his wife, and at last had been directed to the Karen pastor's wife. "She smells so bad no one will stay with her. We've offered rice to the spirits, we've sent an offering to the Phongyi [pōn'jī], Buddhist priest, we have rubbed her with bewitched oil. Nothing's any good; but if you'll only—" and he unhooked the ladder for the party to ascend into the house.

Mooga reached for a handkerchief, and felt queer all over. They were not inside yet, but already the cause of the poor patient's loneliness was so manifest that Mooga trembled a little. Because, after all, she was only a little woman; she could stand under my outstretched arm. Sitting down to compose herself, she waited till the man opened the door and called for her.

"Whatever did you do? Whatever is the matter?" she exclaimed as she forced herself, in spite of the terrible odor, to the patient's side. Out from the bundle of disheveled rags and blankets came the trembling, faltering reply: "You know over there near the water-pots, where we throw the refuse, and pour the rice water, and bathe, and underneath where the pigs wallow? Well, on account of the heavy rains, the bamboos had rotted, and I didn't know it. I was carrying a heavy water-pot, and when putting it down, the floor gave way, and down I went. It tore the skin off my legs, and cut my body. Oh, how it hurt! And it landed me in all that slime.

"The pigs fled for their lives, and I was left to pick myself up slowly as best I could. In no time there was a crowd around me, and every one thought it a huge joke—all except me. By the time I was washed and dressed again, I could almost have forgotten all about it, except I was sore and cut and scraped, and little thinking, I fried the curry for the evening meal—and that was the mistake. Now the 'fry smell' has gone all through my body, and all those scraped and cut places are loathsome and foul-smelling sores. Please look, and see if you can help me."

And the dirty clothes were slowly removed, revealing the worst sight poor Mooga had ever seen. She tried to look, but the terror of it shut her eyes; she tried to touch, but the thought of it made her shudder. "O sister," she said, "what can I do? I dare not touch; I dare not look."

But the pain in those eyes, the disappointment, the lost hope in that saddened face, stirred Mooga's soul to its depths, and stroking the careworn brow, she continued: "I'm only a little woman, I can't do much; but I've got a big, big God. He can do everything."

O, what a glorious thought! A big, big God who can do everything. The sickening, foul-smelling room seemed bright with His presence. The fire was lighted, hot water prepared, the floors swept, and the sores washed and dressed with simple ointment. It seemed to take hours, but at last the first treatment had been given. The sores had been bound



in clean bandages, and the patient dressed in clean clothes. The dirty blankets were put to soak, and the old rags burned. Mooga lingered just a moment to say, "Sister, this is all I can do; but let's ask my big, big God to do the rest," and they bowed in prayer.

"Outside, the reaction came," she afterward told me. "Oh, how I dreaded to think of the next trip! That night I couldn't swallow my food, because, you know, I'd never seen anything like it. I'm not even a nurse. All I know is what I've learned in bringing up my own seven. But that taught me to rely upon our big God.

"Really," she said, warming up to the subject, "I've seen God work miracles. Things I couldn't even diagnose have answered to the simplest treatments. This poor woman was quite well again in about two weeks, and has promised to come to Sabbath school.

"Then you saw that man standing on the steps while we were having meeting last night? Oh, I never saw any one so swollen in my life! It seemed he must surely burst. It seemed that every breath must be the last. (I made my husband learn to treat the men patients; and you would have thought he was handling snakes when he first began.) He was simply frightened to treat this case. But I told him we had a big God on our side, and well, we saved him.

"Since we have come to this village, the Phongyi has moved out, and we are called upon for everything. I wouldn't dare to take

the responsibility by myself. But with our big God, Thara—eh? Yes, that makes all the difference.”

And Mooga could have talked on for hours, telling of her cases; but seeing the hour was late, she left me to retire. However, left alone, after such a recitation, how could I but ponder the lesson being lived out in this remote jungle village? We have our trained doctors and our trained nurses, and we can't do without them! But what the world needs most, and what God needs most, is trained Christians; as Mooga says, “little people with a big, big God.”

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## Sabbath, June 27

[Suggestions for Thirteenth Sabbath]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 24:14.

RECITATION: The Time Is Now.

DIALOGUE: Hanging a Sign.

RECITATION: Not a Thought.

SPECIAL MUSIC: Our Sunset Song.

RECITATION: Waiting Millions.

OFFERING.

PRAYER: That the Lord will bless our gifts.

## The Time Is Now

LIFT up your eyes, behold the task to which  
The Master calls. Earth's fields the reapers  
wait,

Behold, the 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 earnest  
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  
speed  
"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.

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## Hanging a Sign

AMERICAN GIRL [An American girl with a diploma in one hand; in the other hand the sign, "Eleanor Brent Smith, M. D."]: At last! Oh, the thrill of actually holding in my own two hands this precious diploma and my sign all ready to hang up to lure patients! Now where shall I hang my sign? It would be great to go back to my own, my native town, and demonstrate to the unbelievers that I have actually finished the course, and that I have a perfectly good license, authorizing me to the practice of medicine and surgery. They did not think I would stick to my studies until I finished, and I should just like to hang this sign in that old town to show them. But there are, let me see [counts] one, two, three, four, five, six,—six doctors there now, and there are only three thousand people. It would be an uphill business to build up a practice. Perhaps it would be better for me to stay right here near the medical college. But think of all the famous doctors and surgeons here! I'm afraid no patients would ever come to poor little me. I thought my troubles would all be over when I passed the various and sundry tests and examinations; but here is a new problem: Given a diploma and a degree and a sign all ready to hang up, where shall I hang it? Who bids for my sign?

CHINESE GIRL: Oh, let me put in a bid for China! Hang it in my land. China has two hundred million women, and only about one hundred women doctors. Why should you wait for patients in America while China has patients waiting for you? China is making wonderful progress, but still there is such great need. Still our doctors and priests are bound by superstition. Still we have little straw men made to place beside those who are sick, in order that the sickness may be lured or enticed into the man of straw by the money which we tie to it, and then the straw man be burned or thrown away. China needs with a need greater than you can know, this sign of yours. There you can begin at once to minister to those who need you and are waiting for you! There you can help us to train our own doctors and nurses. I beg you to hang your sign in China.

JAPANESE GIRL: I bid for your sign for Japan. We have many doctors and many hospitals, but oh, so few Christian doctors! We need,—oh, Japan needs so much the message of the Great Physician, whose name has never yet been named to millions of our people.

GIRL REPRESENTING MISSIONARY FROM AFRICA: I come as a Christian missionary to beg you to hang your sign in Africa. A whole continent of opportunity is opened to you. I can show you a block of country nearly a thousand miles square without a doctor of any kind, and only one trained nurse.

I can show you the bleached bones of thousands who have been taken out on the veldt to die alone and uncared for because they were declared to be bewitched.

How the poor people of Africa suffer! How the women suffer! How the little children suffer! Fifty million women in Africa and only fifteen women doctors! In the name of the Christ who died for these degraded savages, I beg you to hang your sign in Africa!

KOREAN GIRL: Korea begs for your sign. You girls of America, oh, how little you know of a childhood terrorized by fear of evil spirits! All my life I have spent in terror of the spirits—spirits of the air, spirits of the water, spirits of the land! The bodies of our whole nation show even today the scars of superstition, pierced as they have been by sharp knives to let the evil spirits out. Smallpox is so common in my land that no man counts his children until after they have had smallpox. Our eyes have been blinded by steel needles. Our bodies have been burned with hot irons. Even today

our native physicians are giving such prescriptions as powdered tiger claws, tincture of bear's gall, or decoction of crow's feet. You laugh at our superstitions, but you send us so few doctors to teach us truth. I beg you not to hang that sign in a place that needs it not, when Korea's need is so great.

**MOHAMMEDAN:** I bid for that sign for Moslem women. In your hand you hold the key, the only key which can open the Mohammedan lock. The medical missionary can enter through doors locked and barred to every one else. Think of one hundred million women in Moslem lands with only twenty women doctors! Why should you enter an overcrowded way here, when you might be a pioneer in unbeaten paths to bring health and healing to the veiled women of Islam?

**GIRL FROM PHILIPPINES:** If you want your sign to hang 'neath your own Stars and Stripes, I bid for it for the Philippines. The United States has done much for us, but there is yet much to be done. Why should you not hang your sign with the determination to help put tuberculosis and leprosy out of the Philippines, and out of the world?

**GIRL FROM INDIA:** I bid for your sign for India—for India with its millions of child wives and widows. We have only about one woman doctor to every million women in India, and our land is not as is your land, for in India no man is permitted to look upon the face of the women of the high caste. It will not be hard for you to build up your practice in India. I can take you to a hospital that has its gates closed because the only missionary doctor there has broken down and has had to go away for a rest; and notwithstanding all her pleadings and entreaties to the girls of America, no one else has come out to take her place. A high-caste girl was carried many miles to that hospital. Through all the pain of the rough way she looked forward to the time when she would reach the hospital, and find the wonderful doctor of whom she had heard. When they came to the gate at the entrance, it was closed. The old gatekeeper had to send them back all the long, rough way because there was no doctor there. On the homeward way the girl died.

So my people are suffering and dying with no one to help—little children and little mothers! Oh, such little mothers, when your children of America are happy at their play! If you could see one of the little widows I have

seen, lying half starved in a damp hall, burning with fever, cursed by her father-in-law who forbade any one to minister to that wicked creature who, he said, had caused the death of her husband, his bright and gifted son. When he thought she was about to die, he had her carried out into the street on a mat so she would not pollute the house. For three days and nights she lay there without food or shelter in the pouring rain. The chilly air of the rainy season penetrated through her tiny, worn frame, and no one came to minister to her. The orthodox Hindu neighbors dared only to hope she would soon pass away, since her cries and moans disturbed their slumbers. Thus do our little girls suffer! I bid for your sign for India.

AMERICAN GIRL: And now the face of my problem has changed! Given *one* sign to hang out, and such a multitude of calls! What shall I do? One of them is my call. No sleeping potion could give me rest if, with these calls ringing in my ears, I failed to answer. That land is henceforth my country, which needs me most. [Faces the audience squarely.] But the other calls—I pass them on to you. Who will answer them? Who will go? Who will send?—*Adapted from the Missionary Review of the World.*

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## Not a Thought

I KNOW a lady in this land  
Who carries a Chinese fan in her hand;  
But in her heart does she carry a thought  
Of her Chinese sister who carefully wrought  
The dainty, delicate, silken toy  
For her to admire and for her to enjoy?

This lady has on her parlor floor  
A lovely rug from Syrian shore;  
Its figures were woven with curious art.  
I wish that my lady had in her heart  
One thought of love for those foreign homes  
Where the light of the gospel never comes.

To shield my lady from chilling draft  
Is a Japanese screen of curious craft.  
She takes the comfort its presence gives,  
But in her heart not one thought lives—  
Not even one little thought, ah me!—  
For the comfortless homes that lie over the sea.

My lady in a gown of silk is arrayed;  
The fabric soft was in India made.  
Will she think of the country whence it came?  
Will she make an offering in His name  
To send the perfect, heavenly dress,  
The mantle of Christ's own righteousness,  
To those who are poor and sad and forlorn,  
To those who know not that Christ is born?  
—*Woman's Work for Woman.*

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## Our Sunset Song

[Tune: "Juanita"]

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

(CHORUS:

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

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

(CHORUS:

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

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

CHORUS:

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

Far toward the sunset  
Lies a land to pilgrims dear,  
But alone, in dreaming,  
Do its shores draw near;  
But the heart grows braver,  
Looking toward that homeland 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.*

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## Waiting Millions

BEHOLD the millions in their tears  
Of sorrow, slavehood, sin and shame;  
They grope through superstitious fears,  
Unloved, unknown is Jesus' name.

Dull worshipers of stones and trees,  
Blind children of a blinder god,  
Weary, they crawl on hands and knees,  
But know not why they toil and plod.

Gaunt women faint with loads of care,  
Unnurtured children fade and die,  
Nude pilgrims spend their lives in prayer  
Yet find no answer to their cry.

O Master, of the ransomed life,  
Give me the word to set them free,  
Let Thy sweet calm replace their strife,  
Teach them the joy of trust in Thee.

No cost too great to make them Thine—  
These hungry crowds that seek in vain—  
O fill Thy church with power divine,  
The clamoring millions to reclaim.

—*Frederick Fisher, in Missionary Review  
of the World.*