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Shauque and Umikiri, chiefs among
the Campas.

TOPIC: South America

Sabbath, January 7

MISSIONARY TEXT: Isa. 60:1.

MISSION TALK: Official Notice.

MISSIONARY HYMN: "Christ in Song," No. 589.

PRAYER: That the Lord will help us to sacrifice and give that the work may advance.

Official Notice

TO OUR SABBATH SCHOOLS:

We have for study and consideration this quarter the South American Division, well called "The Land of Opportunity." The message is strongly onward, notwithstanding times of depression. Trying experiences add consecration and sacrifice to the work, and the message advances more rapidly. We read in the eleventh chapter of Acts concerning the worldwide depression in the days of Claudius Caesar. "Then," it says, "the disciples, *every man* according to his ability, determined to send relief unto the brethren which dwelt in Judea." In the dearth throughout the world today, let every Sabbath school member on the thirteenth Sabbath send help to our brethren for the work in South America. We are asking our Sabbath schools to raise \$88,000 this coming thirteenth Sabbath for the regular work in South America, including the work for the Indians. One-half of the overflow above this amount will be used for new work in that field, the other half to help in new work in other fields.

Very sincerely yours,

J. L. SHAW,

Treasurer of the General Conference.

Sabbath, January 14

SEED THOUGHT: "Our burden for the 'regions beyond' can never be laid down until the whole earth shall be lightened with the glory of the Lord."—*"Testimonies,"* Vol. VI, p. 29.

MISSION TALK: It Must Not Stop.

MISSIONARY HYMN: "Christ in Song," No. 720.

PRAYER: In behalf of the work and workers in South America.

It Must Not Stop

N. P. NEILSEN

[President, South American Division]

IT BRINGS courage to us down here in South America to know that during this quarter the four hundred thousand members of our Sabbath schools the world over have their eyes and their hearts turned toward our great South American field. Yes, it thrills our hearts to know that prayers in more than four hundred different languages are ascending to God in behalf of the work in this southern continent. We down here would pause a moment, just now, that our prayers may mingle with yours at the throne of grace. Wonderful indeed, the thought that, though scattered around the globe, though speaking in different tongues, though reared under different customs, as Sabbath school members, our prayers today may actually meet and mingle together at the throne of God. We thank you, fellow members, for your prayers in our behalf.

South America has rightly been termed "The Land of Opportunity." It is the land of opportunity for this message. This country has been under the rule of the Catholic Church for four hundred years, but a new day is

breaking. During these many years the people have been inclosed in the darkness of Catholicism. They bow before the crucifix and pray to the Virgin Mary. They make the sign of the cross, they count their beads; but they know not the way to Christ. They confess their sins to fallible man instead of to God. They stop at some wayside shrine and burn their candles before the image. They offer their incense to the dead, and leave their gifts for some venerable saint of long ago. They know not the way, but they are feeling after God. There is a longing in their souls for something that will satisfy. There is an awakening among the people. A new day has come.

The story of what God has done for these people who are in spiritual darkness, will be set forth by others in the articles to be read during this quarter. We are now nearing the 22,000 mark in our baptized membership, and calls are coming to us from every side, calls which it seems almost impossible for us to answer for lack of men and means.

Not long ago I was on the train from Puno [pōō'nō] to Cuzco [kōōs'cō], upon the highlands of Peru. At one of the stations a man and his wife entered. They were foreigners, and I soon decided that they were missionaries. I seized the opportunity to become acquainted with them. They belonged to a certain evangelical society, working for the Indians. They had been in the field for nine years and had about twenty Indians converted.

Evidently they had worked hard, and I greatly admired their fine Christian spirit and courage.

Later, as I reflected upon it, I could not but compare this with what some of our Indian workers had reported just a few days before. One of them told us that 161 Indians had been baptized in his field the last year. He said, "Even though the enemies stand on their heads against this work, it goes forward." Another Indian worker told of ninety-five having been baptized at his mission that year. Surely there is a wonderful power in this message to change the hearts and lives of men.

What God is doing for these people through the third angel's message is attracting the attention of other mission societies as well as officials and business men of the world. A certain man of influence told Brother Schaeffler, who is working among the Campa Indians, "You have been here but a short time, but you have done more with these Indians than we have in twenty years." Another influential man said to a Catholic priest: "The Adventists have done more in four months than you have done in four hundred years." These may be extravagant expressions, but it reveals how our work is attracting the attention of others. In comparing our work with that of other evangelical organizations, a Catholic parish priest recently said: "The most important and the one that does the most work is the Adventist Church."

Not long ago I was in Lima, and together with the superintendent of the Lake Titicaca

Mission went to the Chamber of Deputies, or House of Representatives. It was in session, but when our cards were sent in, the representative from the Puno district invited us into a parlor for a friendly visit. He also called in two other representatives from that part of the republic to meet us. They were all well acquainted with our work, and inquired about our workers at some of the mission stations, calling them by name. In fact, one of these representatives in the lower House of Congress has one of our Indian boys at his place as teacher. Thus our work is well known, even in the courts of the land.

Shall we now stop this work for lack of means? I hear a thousand voices at once reply: "No, never!" Ten thousand others take up the echo, "No, it must not be done!" No, indeed, it must not stop. Let us now, just now, bow our heads and mingle our prayers with those of our fellow members around the world in one united appeal to the throne of God for help. He is our Helper.

Sabbath, January 21

SEED THOUGHT: "Again and again I have been instructed that the medical missionary is to bear the same relation to the work of the third angel's message that the arm and hand bear to the body."—*"Counsels on Health,"* p. 513.

MISSION TALK: Our Greatest Need.

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

PRAYER: That we may help answer the call for the medical missionary work.

Our Greatest Need

N. Z. TOWN

[President, Austral Union]

WE INVITE the members of our Sabbath schools to accompany us on a short excursion trip to some of our cities in the Austral Union Conference. This is the field in which our work began in South America. The first missionaries landed in the city of Buenos Aires [bwā'nos i'rās] in 1891, forty-two years ago. This "Paris of South America" is the third largest city on the American continents, and, with its suburban towns, has a population of 2,500,000, one fifth of all the people in the Argentine Republic. It has been stated that this is the most cosmopolitan city in the Americas, and several years ago it was said that there were more millionaires in Buenos Aires than in any other city in the world. Here are found some of the most beautiful bank buildings and other edifices; well-paved streets are filled with high-priced automobiles. Here the Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists have fine church buildings and good congregations. The Salvation Army also carries on a very prosperous work in the city.

After a period of over forty years, what do the Seventh-day Adventists have in this great center? During all these years we have had neither church nor hospital nor treatment rooms. Efforts have been made at different times to reach the people with evangelistic meetings and Bible work, but the results have not been what were expected. At the present

time there are two groups of believers in the city with a total membership of 150. The workers in this city consist of two young licentiates and one Bible worker.

The writer recently received from Elder W. C. White a collection of leaflets in which are given reports from workers who are engaged in medical evangelism in California, Georgia and other places. As we read these leaflets and the quotations from the "Testimonies" which accompany them on "Methods of Labor," and "Methods of Support," we felt impressed that this is the kind of work which should be established in Buenos Aires and other large cities in the Austral Union. In these quotations from the "Testimonies" we read:

"In every large city there should be a corps of organized well-disciplined workers; not merely one or two, but scores should be set to work. *But the perplexing question is yet unsolved, how they will be sustained.* I have been shown that in our labor for the enlightenment of the people in the large cities the work has not been as well organized or the methods of labor as efficient as in other churches that have not the great light we regard as so essential. Why is this?"

This is the question that perplexes the leaders in the Austral Union. Even with the appropriations which are received from the General Conference, and with the tithes from these fields, we would not have sufficient to enlarge our work nor to undertake any new

enterprises, for since the beginning of 1931 our regular appropriations from the General Conference have been reduced twenty-four per cent. Not only are we unable to undertake any new enterprises, but we must curtail or drop some of the things already begun. If the Sabbath schools could help us solve this perplexing question and enable us to secure equipment to make a start in this medical evangelistic work, which is proving such a success in the cities in the homeland, it would be the best assistance they could give to the Austral Union and the Buenos Aires Conference. During 1932 a new church was constructed in Buenos Aires, with well-lighted basement rooms, where a beginning could be made in this work.

We have spoken of Buenos Aires. Just across the River Plate is the beautiful city of Montevideo [mon-tē-vid'ē-ō], with approximately 500,000 inhabitants. At the present time the only laborer is a lady Bible worker. For quite a number of years a brother who graduated from the sanitarium in Gland, Switzerland, has been carrying on private nursing in the city, with good success. But he is unable to do any evangelistic work.

Two hundred and fifty miles north of Buenos Aires is the city of Rosario [rō-sä'rē-ō], the "Chicago" of South America, with half a million population. At present the only worker in this large commercial center is a man on the Sustentation Fund, who is unable to do full work. This, we believe, would be a splendid

field for medical evangelistic work. In this city the brethren of the Central Argentine Conference expect soon to begin work on a small church building.

Across the Andes [an'dēs] in Santiago [sän-tē-ä'gō], Chile [chē'lā], we have some treatment rooms. The treatments given are mostly electrical. The brethren have engaged the services of a fine physician in the city, and he has become very enthusiastic over the possibilities of the work we have undertaken. It is different from anything he has ever seen. In our annual meeting in Santiago he gave a fine talk to the congregation regarding the possibilities of this work, emphasizing especially that we should increase and expand. We would be glad to, but we are faced with that perplexing question of how to carry on without means. At present in Santiago, besides the work of the treatment rooms, one ordained minister and one licentiate are laboring. Our work has a good foothold in this city. There are two organized churches and two groups with a total membership of five hundred. In the port city of Valparaiso [val-pä-rä'zō], with its 250,000 inhabitants, one lone licentiate is laboring.

In these Catholic countries it has been demonstrated that the medical work is indeed the entering wedge. The River Plate Sanitarium, although located in the country, is well known and some of the best people in Argentina have gone to this institution for medical help. Graduates from the nurses'

course have had splendid success in the field, combining medical and evangelistic work. The following experiences illustrate how the people respond to their efforts:

"A gentleman who saw a notice of Health and Temperance meetings, attended and became so much interested that he soon came to our treatment rooms and was cured of an infirmity from which he was suffering. Later his wife and daughter were given treatments also. Soon they became interested in the truth and took Bible studies, and as a result seven persons accepted the truth and a son of the family is studying the medical missionary course in our college in Argentina."

"While one of our nurses was caring for a sick man, a soldier who was a friend of the patient, and who was accustomed to come and play cards, smoke and drink with him, came in. While the nurse gave the treatment he talked to both of these men of our work, and invited the soldier to attend the meetings that were being held in his own house. The soldier showed no interest, but the family of the patient insisted that he accompany them to the meetings. A few months later this soldier came for the first time to our meeting, and he continued until he finally accepted the truth. He was so deeply impressed with the good work he had the opportunity to see in the treatment rooms, that he resigned from his position, where he was well paid by the government, losing all right to any pension later on. He packed his suitcase and went to our

nurses' training school at the River Plate Sanitarium where he completed his course, and today he is one of our missionaries in North Brazil."

We urgently appeal to our Sabbath schools to help us solve the perplexing question of how we may be able to secure the needed equipment and make a start in this work which is so sadly needed in these populous centers of the Austral Union.

Sabbath, January 28

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 4:23.

MISSION TALK: Our Medical Missionary Work.

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

PRAYER: A few sentence prayers in behalf of the medical missionary work.

Our Medical Missionary Work

R. R. BREITIGAM

[Sabbath School Secretary, South American Division]

ONE of the outstanding needs of our work in South America is a greater development of our medical missionary work. A brief survey of the field will show that we have just barely started along this line.

First, we might mention Brazil with its tremendous territory, which by way of comparison is fifty-six times the area of England; eighteen times that of Germany, or the combined area of the United States, France, and Portugal. Its population is approximately thirty-five million. Here we have no medical institution of any kind operated by our denomination, not even a treatment room, and there are only two doctors and a few nurses. Many

young people have wished to take the nurses' course to fit themselves for medical missionary work, but have been unable to do so for lack of an Adventist institution within their reach. A few who were able to do so, have gone to one of our sanitariums in the United States. Others have gone to Argentina for their training, and a few have gone to worldly institutions, where we know they cannot receive the preparation which will fit them to be medical missionaries.

Brazil has been pleading earnestly for many years that we make at least a beginning in our medical work, which has been so greatly blessed of God in other parts of the world. Our young people keep asking us, "When will we have a sanitarium of our own here in Brazil where we can train as medical missionaries?" Our leaders are anxious to start just as soon as funds are available. It is hoped that at this time the Lord will help us in some way to provide funds for this "right arm of the message."

Our sanitarium located in the province of Entre Rios [ĕn'trā rē'ōs], Argentina, has been a great blessing to our work in all parts of South America. From its doors have gone forth medical missionaries to practically all of the South American Division who have been mightily used of God in the forward march of His work. This little institution is self-supporting, although located in a place which in winter is quite difficult of access on account of the rains. Leading government officials

have been among its patients. It has prospered because God's plan has been followed. Should not this same work be duplicated in other countries of South America?

Located in the highlands of Peru, at an altitude of about 12,500 feet in the city of Juliaca [jü-lē-äc'ä], we have another small hospital. The influence of this institution has been felt all over Peru, even in the capital city and the president's palace. It has not only opened doors for us, but when it has seemed that doors would close, the influence of our medical missionary work has been the wedge that has kept them open.

What has been said about the influence of those two institutions could be repeated about the new clinic and hospital operated in Chulumani [chu-lu-mä'ne] a provincial seat about two days' journey from La Paz [lä päz'], the national capital of Bolivia [bō-liv'ĩ-ä]. Not only has our medical work resulted in placing all our work favorably before the national government; but as a result of the evangelistic work carried on by the doctor and his associates located there, a flourishing group of believers has been raised up, and the message is going into the byways of that mountainous district.

In Santiago [sän'tē-ä'gō], Chile [chē'lä], we have just one small house dedicated to treatment rooms, with two nurses in charge. These treatment rooms, though only in their second year of operation, are making their influence felt and have had favorable comment

from medical authorities. The small amount of money invested in the work is bringing good returns.

With the exception of some few treatment rooms privately operated in several other places, this is the extent of our medical work in South America.

When the little that is being done has been so mightily blessed of God in the development of our work and the placing of our work in these Catholic countries in a favorable light before the people, should we not duplicate these humble institutions in more countries? Should not the large centers such as Buenos Aires [bwā'nōs í'rās] and Rio de Janeiro [rē'ō dā zha-nā'rō] be entered in some way by our medical missionaries? Should not the great country of Brazil with its thirty-five million inhabitants have at least one medical missionary center? We believe they should, and we know you do also, and we pray that God will soon make possible the starting of this work that has been so long delayed.

Sabbath, February 4

MISSIONARY TEXT: Isa. 60:1.

MISSION TALK: An Unworked Mission Field.

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

PRAYER: That the Lord will give favor to our people.

An Unworked Mission Field

H. F. BROWN

[Home and Field Missionary Secretary, Austral Union]

IN THE progressive republic of Chile [chē'-lä], with almost five million inhabitants, there

is found one of the most original and interesting Indian tribes in South America. These are the aborigines, the real Chilenos, the Araucanian [ä-rau-kä'ny-an] Indians. Only about 100,000 of them remain. Once they were a very powerful nation, covering half of the republic of Chile and a large portion of the republic of Argentina. When the invaders from Spain entered Chile from Peru, they met with desperate resistance from these brave Indians. It is the Indians' boast that they never were conquered, although driven south by the superior arms of the Spanish invaders.

Among the traditions of the race a story is told of an Indian chief, who, on being defeated in a battle, was visited by his wife Fresia, who threw his infant son on the ground at his feet saying that she refused to be the mother of a son of a coward.

The spirit of Fresia is still in a large measure the spirit of the Araucanian Indian race. They are proud and self-sufficient, maintaining their customs through the centuries. The encroachment of the white race has driven them farther and farther south, until their principal place of residence is now around Temuco [tä-mōō'cō], where they live in little grass huts. They are an agricultural people. Through wheat and sheep raising some of them become quite wealthy, but the majority have only sufficient to sustain them. When given an opportunity for education, they are apt students. Some have become lawyers, and one or two

national congressmen have come from among them.

It has been extremely difficult during the past thirty-five years to obtain a foothold among this noble race. From time to time one or two have seemed interested, and we have secured several students for our training school in Chillan [chil-yän], but something has always hindered a real beginning being made among them as a people.

Some fifteen years ago a German, acting as a Baptist lay preacher, began work among them. But having read in the Bible that the seventh day is the Sabbath of rest, he insisted upon this, and soon discovered that he could no longer have fellowship with the Baptists. Our first colporteur, Brother Bishop, sold him a copy of "Daniel and Revelation" and "Bible Readings" in German, and this led him to decide in favor of the truth, theoretically at least.

Mr. Vorpál purchased a farm among the Indians and endeavored to teach them as much of the Bible as he could, and in time had quite a following among them. As age advanced, however, he desired to turn over this interest to the Seventh-day Adventist people, and got in touch with Brother Pablo Mora, one of our faithful lay workers in the nearest town. Although Brother Mora was not a conference laborer, he rode his horse through the rain and cold every Sunday to teach these Indians. The trip through fifteen miles in thick mud is no small feat, and proved to Mr.

Vorpál his missionary spirit. As many as eighty of the Indians would gather together and soon a number of them asked for baptism.

Mr. Vorpál wanted the work more firmly established, and so he asked Brother Mora to come and live on his place and be a teacher to these Indians, giving him a house and building a chapel for them. Brother Mora is at present living among them and serving as our first missionary among this people. A most excellent opportunity is before us if we will take advantage of this open door that God has presented. But our budget has been severely cut and we are told that no new work must be begun. Nevertheless the Spirit of the Lord has told us, "Be careful how you repress advancing work in any locality. There is little enough being done in any place and it is certainly not proper to curtail work in missionary lines."—*Testimonies for Ministers,* page 297.

Should we not take advantage of this providence God has given us to work among this noble race of South American Indians?

Sabbath, February 11

SEED THOUGHT: "Heavenly angels have long been waiting for human agents—the members of the church—to cooperate with them in the great work to be done." —*Testimonies,* Vol. IX, pp. 46, 47.

MISSION TALK: A Word from East Brazil.

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

PRAYER: That the Lord will richly bless the work and workers in East Brazil.

A Word from East Brazil

H. B. WESTCOTT

[Superintendent, East Brazil Union Mission]

THE East Brazil Union Mission, embracing thirteen states and the territory of Acre [ā'-kēr], is equivalent in size to the United States of America west of the Mississippi. This vast field is divided into four missions, with a membership of 2,638 out of the 25,000,000 inhabitants. Besides the unwarmed millions of city and urban population there are many tribes of Indians, some entirely uncivilized.

There are in our union six states, besides the territory of Acre, without a preacher to proclaim to them the truth of God. As we think of these unentered fields many times we cry out, "How long, O Lord, must these people wait?"

Even with our thin line of workers we are sometimes perplexed to know how to provide our evangelists with sufficient funds to conduct the work properly in our many fine cities. We are glad to report, however, that where we are able to conduct the work with anything like proper attention, progress is being shown, and we are certain that what has been done is only an evidence of what will follow once we have the men and means to carry on the work.

The saddest thing of all is the inability to answer the many calls that come from interested people. To many of these calls we have to close our ears because of the lack of men and means. As in every other place, the de-

pression is affecting our finances in Brazil, and added to that is the terrible drought in the northern part of our union. One of the workers told me that he has visited some of our brethren who during four years have not harvested so much as an ear of corn. Many of them are living on roots of shrubs that they find in the woods. These conditions have affected our tithes, but in spite of decreased tithe last year we are glad to report that our mission offerings showed a healthy increase.

The greater number of our native workers are young men, but they are developing well. We must have more men, however, to add to the forces we have already, that we may place workers in the vast, unentered sections of our field. Sometimes as we look at these things from the human side it seems like an impossible task, but we thank God that He who sent us here has said, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore . . . and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." In that promise we find confidence. We also find confidence in the fact that we have behind us a loyal people throughout the world who are giving and praying that God's work may triumph. We would like to add here that our baptisms for last year were more than they have been for some years, and the second largest number that we have ever had for one year.

In summing up, we ask you to remember once more our vast, unentered territories; re-

member our many Indian tribes, and that we have only begun work among one of these tribes so far; remember the thin line of workers we have in the fields already entered; also remember the many fine cities in which little has yet been done to evangelize them. Remember these needs and our dear workers as you give and as you pray.

Sabbath, February 18

MISSIONARY TEXT: Isa. 54:2.

MISSION TALKS: Sixteen Days Too Late.

Did Not Know What a School Was.

MISSIONARY HYMN: "Christ in Song," No. 543.

PRAYER: In behalf of Brother Stahl's work in the Amazon Mission of Peru.

Sixteen Days Too Late

F. A. STAHL

ONE day while traveling up one of the smaller rivers which are so numerous in this Amazon region, visiting the people, holding meetings and giving Bible studies, I was told about a man who lived far up on this stream who had cut off his foot and hands thinking that he would thus be saved.

It seemed a terrible thing to do, and I could scarcely believe the story. I set out to visit this man. It was a long journey up a swift current, and I was glad indeed when the guide at last pointed out a house saying that the man lived there.

As I stepped ashore I was met by his weeping wife and children. Going up to the veranda where the man was lying, I was almost overcome by the stench of rotting flesh. I

found that what I had been told was only too true. The man told me his story.

He said, "I have lived a very wicked life. I could get no rest or peace. I felt that I must have pardon. I did not know what to do. I turned to black art, then to spiritualism, and sixteen days ago I heard a voice which bade me cut off all the members on the left side of my body and then I would receive pardon.

"I became desperate as I thought of my lost condition, and that night I stole off in my canoe, and drifted down the river several miles. Arriving at a small cove I entered, and grasping my machete (heavy cane knife) chopped off my left foot, slashed off my ear, gouged out my left eye, and quickly cut off my left hand, then fell fainting down into the canoe. I lay hidden there for three days when a man found me and brought me home."

You can imagine my feelings as I sat there listening to this poor, deluded man. Gangrene had set in and it did not seem possible that he could live much longer. Ah! I thought, just sixteen days too late! If I could only have met him before to tell him of the loving Saviour who is so willing to pardon our sins upon our sincere confession. I told the man this and read the precious promises to him from the Bible. "O, if I had only known this before!" he exclaimed with a voice full of anguish. He kept on repeating, "At least this can be a warning to others so that they will not be lost."

It seemed that my heart would break. I asked myself, "Am I responsible for this man's condition or loss of his soul? He lives in my part of the great field." The man became delirious; I did what I could to ease his pain and then left. I have prayed more earnestly since; I have felt burdened to work day and night; I begrudge taking my furlough.

People dying without a knowledge of the wonderful Saviour, to be lost forever! It is an awful thought.

I know that we all have done something, but have we done all that could possibly be done? Can we work more, can we give more? Do we, as the world in general, consider luxuries necessities?

In this time of need one dollar is worth infinitely more to the cause of God than in the future. Let us give the message now to the thirsting multitudes. May God's richest blessing rest upon you as you make every effort to advance the cause of God. No doubt we will all be called upon to make real sacrifices to put means in the work. You share in the responsibility, and you will share in the great reward when Jesus comes.

Did Not Know What a School Was

F. A. STAHL
[Iquitos, Peru]

I HAD been traveling for weeks in the interior of the great Amazon forests. I was weary, and my heart ached, not because of

the mosquitoes, poisonous insects, or hard going; but because everywhere I went I met people, white, and crude savages, all pleading for schools and teachers. On the Ucayali [ōō-ka-ya'lē] River I had just left a fine village of over three hundred Shipibo [shī-pī'bō] Indians. Their beautiful church building was finished three years ago, and still they have no teacher.

It was hard to stop their earnest pleading with just a casual promise, when I had done so several times in the past seven years. Then I knew, too, that at this very time our budget was being cut so there would be less likelihood of securing help for these many interests. I was not discouraged, for I have faith in God, but somehow I could not help feeling sad.

I continued my journey, for I was to visit the remotest parts of our mission field. Several days after I left the last company of Indians with whom I was acquainted, I struck camp on a lonely sand bar. The place was desolate, and the thought came to me that my guide and I were the only human beings in this far-off region.

We were arranging our baggage for the night when to my profound amazement I saw a large company of people coming toward us. Soon I was surrounded by Indians. They were all armed with bows, arrows, lances, which, to my relief, they stuck into the sand before coming near.

They were all great, strong men of the Conibo [cō-nī'bō] tribe, who are characterized

by their tremendous shoulders. I greeted them, shaking their large hands, which I was obliged to reach for. It was evident that they were not accustomed to this style of greeting, but they seemed pleased. Then I asked, "Do you want a school?" There was a prolonged silence. Finally a young man, who looked as if he might be the chief's son, answered, "I don't know." He seemed nervous, looking down all the while, digging his toes into the sand, then hesitatingly continued: "We want to know about the true God." I felt a lump in my throat as I contemplated this large band of Indians, so strong in body and yet so utterly helpless. They did not know what a school was, but they were longing after God, the true God. They wanted to know Him. That is the way they always put it. I have heard it so many times.

Then and there I told them about God's wonderful love, "the old, old story," which is always new. As I knelt in prayer they all dropped down on their knees, reverently bowing, as I earnestly prayed for them that they would treasure the bit they had heard and not become discouraged while waiting for a teacher.

I then retired for the night. Not so the Indians. They continued talking it all over until toward morning. Early in the morning, after worship, I bade them farewell. They helped get my boat out into the current, then stood watching me until a bend in the river hid us from view.

We need means so that we can send out trained native workers to these needy people. Living conditions are so difficult in these far-off places, that native workers seem to be about the only ones who can work continuously. They do very well under the superintendence of white workers. Never has the time been more favorable to work these fields than right now. God has prepared the hearts of the people. It is our privilege to reap a great harvest of souls. We sincerely ask a continued interest in the prayers of God's people.

Sabbath, February 25

SEED THOUGHT: "For want of workers and money the work has been hindered; but it must be hindered no longer."—*Testimonies*, Vol VI, p. 26.

MISSION TALK: Bolivia Needs Help.

MISSIONARY HYMN: "Christ in Song," No. 616.

PRAYER: That our workers may have the needed means to enter these marvelous openings.

Bolivia Needs Help

F. BROUCHY

[Superintendent, Bolivia Mission]

THE Bolivia Mission includes all of Bolivia, the third largest republic in South America, with a population of about four million inhabitants. Fifty per cent of the population are aborigines, without taking into account those called "savages" belonging to various tribes of the north and the east of Bolivia; thirty-three per cent are mixed; fifteen per cent are of the white race; and two per cent are of the negro

race, descendants of ancient African slaves.

From the boundary of the Oruro [ō-rōō'rō] District to the north in the highlands and the deep valleys of the La Paz [la-paz'] district as well as in the Yungas [yōōn'gas], we find one of the tribes of Indians, the Aymaras [i-mä-räs']. From the same district of Oruro to the south are the Quechuas [kā'ch-wäs], altogether different in speech and custom from the Aymaras.

There are in Bolivia about twelve important cities, many smaller towns, and innumerable villages of Indians and mixed population. There are also numerous mining districts where thousands of operators work, the majority of whom are Indians and the mixed races. These people urgently need the peaceful and regenerating influence of this message, because Communism and Anarchism are reaping their harvest among them.

During almost all the history of this mission, our work has centered around the Indians who speak the Aymara, among whom we have six stations, with more than forty Sabbath schools and a large number of church schools. There remains as yet a large work to be done in Bolivia. In order to carry it forward in the short time of grace which remains, we need more consecrated missionaries; and to maintain these in the field, we need a generous contribution in offerings. There are in Bolivia almost one million Quechuas to evangelize, among whom we have not been able to do anything as yet.

There are twelve cities with a population of from 15,000 to 160,000 inhabitants, as well as hundreds of towns and villages, all calling for spiritual help. It has not been possible for us to send any one as yet, because we lack the missionaries, and also because we lack the budgets for maintaining these workers.

Our preparatory school for workers is at present being carried on in an old building which we found on the place acquired a year ago for a school. Because of lack of classrooms, several of the classes have to meet in the open air, under the trees, where the wind, the dust, an infinity of mosquitoes and other insects molest, and constitute a continual danger to the health of the teachers and students.

We do not have even the most indispensable equipment for our school for the training of workers. The students use rustic slabs as seats, and the teachers have neither chairs nor desks. We lack blackboards and maps. The students who are ready to begin their secondary course need charts, and laboratories for the study of the sciences.

Professor C. H. Morton is doing everything possible to carry forward the school program with the elementary equipment which he himself has improvised; but we cannot go on for a longer time under such conditions, if we want to retain the license which the government has granted us for such a school. It is therefore imperative that we receive help from somewhere, and we look hopefully toward our good brethren. God grant that

His Spirit may make us more liberal than ever. Through our offerings this coming thirteenth Sabbath we will be able to demonstrate that we love His cause and desire that it be finished quickly in this earth, so that we may finally reach our blessed heavenly home.

Sabbath, March 4

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 24:14.

MISSION TALK: A Call from the Araguaya.

MISSIONARY HYMN: "Christ in Song," No. 531.

PRAYER: That we may do our part to answer this call.

A Call from the Araguaya

E. H. WILCOX

[President, South Brazil Union]

PERHAPS you have thought but little of the work that is being done far out in the interior of Brazil, along the shores of the Araguaya [a-ra-guä'ya]. This river is a tributary of the great Amazon. About eight hundred miles inland on this river we have a well-equipped mission station, operated by Elder A. N. Allen. Missionary Allen travels up and down this great river in Indian canoes, sometimes staying as long as two months in these at one time. He weathers the heat of the tropical sun by day, and sleeps at night on a sand bank wet with Brazilian dews. He has already visited several tribes of Indians, some of whom live in the marshes and swamps, and others back in the forests, but all of them living largely as do the animals. Their clothing is

that which nature has provided. They roam from place to place, hunting and fishing. They seldom come in contact with people of civilized races. They are brought up in an atmosphere of hatred and fear, engulfed in witchcraft and superstition. It is in this state that God is being revealed to them by the missionary whom He has sent.

A school has been started among the Carajas [ca-ra'yas], which at present is being directed by Brother Ernest Bergold and wife. Several Indians of this tribe are now learning to read and write. It has been hard to get the young men to break their caste and enter school. Those who leave their tribe to attend school are made the laughing stock of those who remain behind. Some day this will all be changed, for little by little this barrier is being broken down. Each year there are more seeking an education. Our Caraja school is practically self-supporting. The students study during certain hours of the day and work during other hours cultivating the soil. Good crops are being produced, and at present the school farm is producing a good variety of foods.

Along the banks of the Araguaya there are many tribes of Indians. Some of these are now calling for a school and offering protection to the teacher. Plans are on foot for establishing a school among one of these new tribes this year. It means much, however, for a young man and his wife to go out in the jungles to live among the savages, far away

from all communication or civilization. We have the men who are willing to do this, but funds for the support of these self-denying, soul-saving workers are scarce, even though the small sum of \$25 a month will support a mission school teacher in these far-away places. Instead of just one school we need a dozen of them, for the gospel must go to these people.

Wonderful changes in the lives of some of these people have already been wrought. Some are now able to read and write. They are establishing permanent homes for themselves, building houses in which to live, and learning to keep these houses clean. They are learning to cook and sew, and to make their own clothing. A practical education is being given them so that they may do practical things. They are being taught to till the soil and produce that which they need to sustain their physical needs. Love and joy fills their souls and Christ is honored. Such a work merits our hearty support.

A launch is greatly needed so that schools, as they are established, can be looked after. This launch would also serve as a medical boat for visiting the sick who are often left to die on the banks of the river. Hundreds of cases have already been treated and given new hope as they have been pointed to the true Physician. Imagine yourself, however, trying to cover a territory five hundred miles in length, traveling in a little Indian rowboat, sleeping on a sand bar at night, surrounded by

nature and the wild beasts of the forest.

May God appeal to your hearts and may your offering be a liberal one, so that a greater work may be done along the Araguaya.

Sabbath, March 11

MISSIONARY TEXT: John 3:16.

MISSION TALK: On a Mission Station.

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

PRAYER: For our missionaries as they travel about in difficult places.

On a Mission Station

J. T. THOMPSON

[Superintendent, Peru Mission]

THIS is written especially for the sisters in our Sabbath schools in order that they may appreciate more fully the difficulties and anxieties of the missionary's wife. It may be necessary to use some imagination, but what is related is stern reality.

Let us follow a missionary and his wife as they go out to a mission station in the jungles of the vast Amazon [am'a-zon] region on the eastern side of the Andes [an'dēz] in Peru.

The first part of the journey is by train with no other inconvenience than that of crossing the mountains at an altitude of 25,700 feet and the discomforts that passing from sea level to this height produces. Including a two-hour auto ride after leaving the train, it is a full day's journey, from seven in the morning to the same hour at night. The next day they are off again by auto down the narrow, winding road along the Tarma River [tär'mā], sometimes near the water's edge

and then looking down a sheer drop of hundreds of feet to the foaming waters below. At noon we stop for lunch. When the hour for changing the direction of traffic on one-way road permits, the journey is continued down the now larger Chanchamayo [chän-chama'yō] River.

Their arrival at the mission coincides with the close of the rainy season so it should not be long before the water is low enough to permit going farther down the river by canoe, but this happens to be an off year and the rains continue to pour incessantly until the days lengthen to weeks and further progress is impossible. When the rains finally cease sufficiently that the river can be navigated, though with some risk, the missionary's wife is left alone while her husband goes ahead with some Indian guides who have come for him, asking that the mission site which has been chosen, be abandoned for a more suitable location. He is gone several weeks, during which time there is no word from him. He returns, reports his findings to the mission superintendent, and asks for advice. Again the trip down the river is made. The natives plead for new mission sites, assurance is given that they will be speedily granted, and every one is happy. Fatal delusion! Week succeeds week and only vague answers come to anxious inquiries.

At last an under-official of the company on whose property the mission is to be located says, "Go in, I'll see that you get the neces-

sary permission." Something must be done quickly for the rainy season is again approaching, and soon it would be not only dangerous but impossible to enter because of high water. Canoes must be brought and loaded with baggage and sufficient provisions to last six months, until the water again becomes navigable. Except for the Indian runners that glide through the jungles to get the mail once a month, the isolation during this period is complete. After several days some of the first canoes return for another. Did everything get there all right? O, yes, only one canoe tipped over. Was anything lost? Only what did not float, the rest was saved. Until she gets there the missionary's wife does not know what precious things have gone to the river bottom.

The last canoe load has been sent off, only one remains to take the missionary and his family. Just as he is about to step in, ready to push off, a friend says hesitatingly, "Friend, beware, there is a plot among an unfriendly tribe to kill you and steal your provisions. You know they like the white man's food and other things. Be careful." Too late now to turn back, the missionary thanks him and shoves off.

Arriving at the mission site all the Indians are called together and told of the plot. The Campas [cam'pas] are furious when they learn that evil is intended for their pastor. By clever strategy the missionary discovers and reveals who the plotters are. Only the

intervention of the missionary prevents their being killed on the spot. Order and safety restored, they move into an Indian hut, open on all sides, sheltered only by the low eaves of the thatched roof. Pouring tropical rains, driven hard by the winds, sweep through the open sides and soak everything, or at least leave everything very damp. All depends upon how many canvasses or waterproof ponchos there may be at hand. During the rainy season the cold and dampness can become very unpleasant, and with the lowered vitality caused by an enervating climate, may be dangerous. So it proved in this case. The little baby boy of nine months became ill with pneumonia from the exposure, and in spite of all their efforts, handicapped as they were, soon there was left only a little mound under the banana trees as a daily reminder to the missionaries of their loss.

Between showers and the days when the rain did not fall in torrents, the faithful Indians labored with a will to erect the missionary's house. Poles were cut and brought out of the jungle for framework, boards for the doors were sawed by hand, palm branches were gathered to thatch the roof, and the work went steadily forward until a comfortable house was built. Eight months later, with health impaired from more than five years in the tropics, an over-due furlough is granted. The mission is left in charge of an Indian teacher and they depart for a much-needed change.

Returning from furlough, the same journey is made by train over the mountains, and the same auto ride down the other side, but the ride down the river in canoes is no longer necessary. The auto stops at the government aviation base where a hearty welcome is extended by the commander. After the usual greetings and a little chat, he orders the mechanics to wheel out the big Boeing plane from the hangar. Captain Alvarino steps into the pilot's seat, starts the motor, and when it is sufficiently warmed up he motions for the missionaries to get into the snug little cabin. The plane taxis across the field, and just before reaching the bank that drops abruptly down in the valley, it sweeps up into the air and floats over the most wonderful panorama that the eye can gaze upon, of verdure-clad mountains, intersected with deep gorges and wider valleys. Below lies the muddy Perene, now swollen by recent heavy rains, and its many tributaries, that help to increase its volume. Here and there are plantations, some larger and others smaller, and scattered over the jungles are seen the thatched roofs of many a Campa hut. Just twenty-four minutes in the air and the wheels touch the earth again and the plane glides over the smooth surface of the landing field of the Sutseque [sōō-tsā'ka] Mission, saving two days of travel by mule and canoe.

Through the interposition of Providence this condition has entirely changed.

No longer is there an isolation of six months

with its attendant fears and anxieties, not to mention dangers. In case of illness or other need, a smoke on the landing field is a signal for planes passing over to descend and render aid. Passengers are taken in or out free of charge for keeping the emergency landing field. The benefits are mutual, for now in case of storms or accidents the planes have a sure place to land where they are among friends and where supplies are kept in store. Through this our work has obtained greater publicity and the public is made aware of what we are doing among the benighted children of the jungles.

Sabbath, March 18

SEED THOUGHT: "We are to place in the Lord's treasury all the means that we can spare. For this means, needy, unworked fields are calling."—*Testimonies,* Vol. IX, p. 49.

MISSION TALK: An Appeal from Lake Titicaca.

MISSIONARY HYMN: "Christ in Song," No. 621.

PRAYER: That the call for another doctor may be speedily answered.

An Appeal from Lake Titicaca

F. E. BRESEE

[Superintendent, Lake Titicaca Mission]

THE greatest need of the Lake Titicaca Mission is funds sufficient to provide for another doctor. The demands on our little hospital are such as to require practically the entire time of our one doctor and his helpers. The large reduction in our base appropriations

has made it necessary to reduce our staff of foreign station directors. A couple of years ago our budget carried nine mission station directors; today it carries five. But if we could add another doctor to our foreign staff, who could devote his entire time to field work, visiting our mission stations and extending his services into new territory, our great loss would be somewhat regained. The medical department has done much in this field to open the work in new regions, for the people clearly see that we are here not for commercial gain, but for what we can do for the uplift of others.

The following incident, representative of many, may help our Sabbath school members to appreciate the influence a doctor has in helping to establish new enterprises, and also in changing the opinions toward our mission of those who have not understood the purpose of our endeavors.

We had walked from early morning, descending the steep river path leading down one of the valleys into the forest and jungle country of the eastern section of our mission. For many years we had been requested to visit this region, and now at last we were following two Indian guides who had heard of our coming and had come a day's journey out on the trail to meet us. We had hoped to reach an Indian village lying in a parallel valley, before nightfall, but between it and our trail there was a range of very high mountains. A precipitous path led over the moun-

tains to this village. As we began the ascent, a few drops of rain fell. Soon we were engulfed in a heavy fog and darkness had come. The narrow path, whose one side was a sheer mountain, the other a perpendicular precipice, became slippery. At eleven o'clock we knew that to continue was useless, for we were wet, cold, tired and hungry. We sent our interpreter out to locate, if possible, a place where we might pass the remainder of the night. In a short time he returned and told us of a small building not far away where an Indian woman told him we could come and occupy the upper floor in her house. We were happy, and immediately set out for the place. When we arrived the woman greeted us and showed us where we were to sleep.

The entrance to the second floor, which was made of poles hung across from one wall of the room to the other and covered with hay, was from the outside. A stairway, which was more of a ladder than a stairway, led to the opening to this floor. We soon had our beds prepared and, to say the least, were most grateful for this humble accommodation. It was a godsend, as we shall soon see, giving us protection from more than the cold and rain. We had hardly fallen asleep when we were awakened by loud and excited talking below. Not understanding the Indian language we were unaware of what was taking place. Considerable commotion was evident, but because of our fatigued condition we soon fell asleep again, and we did not know till morning what

had happened. Then our interpreter related the following:

"After you had gone to bed last night, one of the guides mentioned to the woman that you were evangelists. She became very angry, and stated that she could not allow you to sleep under her roof, for you would bring a curse upon her home, upon her farm, and upon her animals. She said she had been told you were very bad men, and you were deceivers of the people and robbed them of their property. With this statement she ran to one corner of the room, and seizing a huge stick, hurried outside, and started up the ladder."

Our interpreter saw what was happening and saved us perhaps serious injury by overpowering the woman, and then he showed his faithfulness and self-sacrifice by spending the rest of the night on the top of the ladder to prevent her from reaching the second floor. When we came down to the porch we were met by our hostess, who endeavored in no uncertain ways by word and gesture, to hurry us away. We tried to engage her in conversation, but the only answer spoken in angry tones was, "Away, away." We had hoped for a little breakfast, but this was beyond reason for "bad men" to expect.

As we hastily prepared to leave, one of our party saw a little girl of about eight years of age lying on a sheep skin at one end of the porch. Her arms and limbs were like little sticks; her face was thin and ashen. When the doctor saw her he began to question the

mother, but her only answer was, "Away, away." Then we told her that here was a doctor, that he had medicine and only wanted to help her little daughter. At this the mother allowed the doctor to examine the child, after which he opened his medicine case and took out several remedies which he gave to her with instructions as to their use. He gave further instructions as to food, water, sunlight and general care. The poor mother, who had been so misinformed, looked on and listened in astonishment, and then said, "How can it be that others say you are bad men?" Her anger was gone; her reserve conquered. She made us put down our packs while she prepared something for our breakfast. We asked God, who saw and understood, to bless the food, the mother, and the little sick girl. Before leaving we promised to call on our return trip.

Several days later we fulfilled our promise. How happy the mother was, for in this short time the child had greatly improved. More instructions were given by the doctor, and then this poor woman asked us why we were out there in that far-away place doing good for others. We sat down, and for an hour talked of the soon coming of Jesus, of His sacrifice, and the pardon for sin. We read and prayed. Then with pleadings, such as only the missionary hears, we were begged to return and teach the people of her tribe what they had never heard from those who called us wicked men. We told her that we hoped some day to send a teacher to that great region.

I wish space permitted the writing of more of the experiences of this trip, but I must add one word to tell you, dear Sabbath school member, that because of a thirteenth Sabbath overflow two years ago, a foreign worker and his wife are today located in that vast territory, and we will have at least one hundred baptisms this year.

Dear brother, dear sister, will you not give a liberal offering this thirteenth Sabbath and thus help to provide funds, that similar definite advances may be made more speedily in this needy field where thousands still await the message of salvation?

Sabbath, March 25

[Suggestions for thirteenth Sabbath program.]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 28:18-20.

RECITATION: Our Best.

DIALOGUE: The Missionary's Story.

RECITATION: She Gave All.

SPECIAL MUSIC: We'll Help You All We Can,
page 48 of Quarterly.

OFFERING.

PRAYER: That our gifts may hasten on the
gospel message in South America.

A Dialogue—The Missionary's Story

N. P. NEILSEN

[The platform may be arranged to represent a home where father, mother and three children—Daisy, John, and Mary—are sitting around the table. The father is reading a newspaper, and Daisy a paper.]

DAISY: Mother, I have just read a little about Brother Stahl's work among the Indians, and I would like to know more about it. Where can I find something to read, or can you tell us something about it?

MARY: Mamma, do. Tell us. I can't read. I want to hear, too.

JOHN: Yes, mother, do! Tell us about the Indians and what Brother Stahl did.

MOTHER: Well, children, father is reading his newspaper, but if you will all come over on this side of the table so it will not disturb him too much, I will tell you a real Indian story; but Daisy can first tell us a little about what she was reading.

DAISY: I was just reading about Elder Stahl working among the wild men of the jungles in South America. There are poisonous snakes and insects and terrible diseases. Here, I'll read what he writes:

"On the eleventh of August, 1922, we moved into a small thatched house in a clearing of the great forest region of Central Peru, to begin work for the thousands of savages who inhabit this region.

"One day a savage came with his wife and sick babe. The child was in a dying condition, beyond human help. We prayed that the Lord would heal the child, and He did. This man left happy, and told others that God's people lived in that forest clearing. He was a leader among the witch doctors.

"Soon others began to come. They came by tens, twenties and fifties. Savages who were murderers many times over came, and all voiced the same plea, 'We want to know about the true God. We have heard that you will teach us.'" Mother, tell us more about it.

MOTHER: Yes, children it is really wonderful what God has done for the poor Indians of these jungles. Many have been led to give up their wicked life and turn to God. Now there are hundreds of faithful ones among them.

JOHN: Mother, is Brother Stahl all alone down there among those Indians?

MOTHER: No, we have many workers among the Indians of South America. Elder William Schaeffler has worked for a number of years for different tribes in that part of Peru. I have heard that he has just returned on furlough. How I wish he were here to tell us about it. About three years ago 184 Indians were baptized one Sabbath. 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. Oh, I wonder who that is rapping at the door. (Mother goes to the door.)

Well, good evening, Elder Schaeffler. This surely is a pleasant surprise. We had heard that you were coming, but did not know when.

Come in. The children have been asking me about the Indian work in South America, and now you can tell us all about it.

FATHER: Good evening, Mr. Schaeffler. Glad to see you back again. Sit down and tell us about the country of South America, although I have never been much interested in this Indian work.

BROTHER SCHAEFFLER: I am glad to be here. It is several years now since I went into the interior of Peru, and it seems good to be back again for a little while. I am glad to tell you about the Indians. My first contact was with the head hunters, the Chiboros, [chē-bō'rōs] who have the peculiar custom of cutting off the heads of their victims, after a tribal war. Through a secret process these heads are shrunken in size until they are as large as a man's fist, and are worn around the neck as amulets at the time of their victory celebrations. Then there are the Cashibos [cha-shē'bōs] the cannibals. They desire human flesh in order to attribute to themselves the strength which they suppose is contained in the parts of the human body which they consume.

JOHN: Oh, Brother Schaeffler, aren't you afraid to go in among those fierce Indians? I would be. I have always been afraid of Indians.

BROTHER SCHAEFFLER: No, John, for I believe that God has called me to this work and He can protect me. I have Indians for guides on my trips. One guide I had, prided himself on the fact that he had killed twenty-two white people. My longest stay was among the Campa Indians, and I gained access to them through practical, neighborly kindness in the care of the sick. The natives respond to friendliness. The real meaning of "God" is unknown in their language. Their fear of spirits and their superstitions hold them in continual unrest, and cause them to practice the most terrible rites, such as the offering of human sacrifices. The medicine man on one occasion attributed the death of a person to a young girl. This poor creature was taken, tied to a tree, tortured in the most inhuman manner, her clothing torn from her body, and the whole body, from head to foot, pierced with thorns. Before the human sacrifice dies, bundles of burning wood are cast at the feet to cause the victim the most painful death.

MOTHER: Oh, that is terrible! Surely they need to be told about our God of love who can save them.

MARY: Mamma, I am 'fraid of them. They won't come here, will they Mamma?

JOHN: Do you have to live right among such Indians?

BROTHER SCHAEFFLER: Yes, John, we live right among them. That is the only way. With the help of some of these very people, our mission station at Sutchique, [Su-chē/ka] which is a three-days' journey from the nearest white settlement was built. This station is built Indian fashion. The walls are made of split palm wood, and the roof is made of palm leaves, which serve as shelter against the rain and heat of the tropics. Savages of five different tribes have built their huts around our mission home, and now we have a whole mission village, consisting of sixty huts. Various streets lead to the village square, and each street is bordered by banana trees. We have to live among the Indians as Indians, or we will not succeed.

MARY: Do the Indians sing?

BROTHER SCHAEFFLER: No, Mary, the Indians do not sing until we teach them how. They learn to sing through hearing the melody played on the organ. Before we had the organ, I had to play the accompaniment on a mouth organ. They like to hear the organ and love to sing the same hymns you sing here at home.

MOTHER: How is the climate down there, Brother Schaeffler?

BROTHER SCHAEFFLER: Sometimes it is good, but at other times not. The most unpleasant time of the year is the four or five months of rainy season. For weeks the sun remains hidden behind a cloud while the rain pours down in streams. The humidity during that time is so great that a heavy mold grows over our clothing and food; and our beds and the clothing we wear never dry during all that time. Fever increases and many die. It is very trying for the people, especially the missionaries, for they are not accustomed to this climate.

FATHER: Does the gospel really change the lives of these savage people?

BROTHER SCHAEFFLER: Yes, the contrast between heathenism and Christianity is never more manifest than in the every-day life which portrays itself in the mission station. The day begins and ends with worship, and all the inhabitants of the village attend the worships. During the meeting there is the greatest order and reverence. The men sit to one side on rude benches, made in the best possible way from the hard wood obtainable in these forests. The

women sit in the preferred style on the floor. The gospel has brought about a marvelous change in the Indian's way of living in a very short time. Polygamy and cannibalism have ceased. No one is intoxicated any more. There is no key in the whole village, for no one steals. Every one works and is contented. Only the police would be without work in this place.

DAISY: Do you want to go back to them again?

BROTHER SCHAEFFLER: Yes, I am happily looking forward to the time when I may again see these good people and continue my work among them. We will, with united efforts and with confidence in the leadings of God, press farther into the wilds, in order to bring to these people the glad tidings of Christ Jesus. When our health demanded a trip to our homeland, it was almost impossible to leave the mission Indians. They did not want to let us go. They asked us to leave our child as a surety until we would again return to the mission village. We quieted them with the assurance that after nine moons we would return to them. In order to enable them to keep track of the time we placed a block before the mission house and made nine cuts into this block. As often as the full moon shows itself in the heavens, the chief will fill one of the cuts and when the last one has been filled we will be privileged to hear "Ki taitevi we a icki!" (good morning brother!)

MARY: Mamma, I'd like to go with Brother Schaeffler, could I?

MOTHER: Mary dear, we would all like to go; but we cannot, for it is so very far away. But there is something we can do to help the poor Indians. Do you know what it is?

JOHN: I know, mother. I am going to give all my pennies to the thirteenth Sabbath offering, and I am going to tell the other boys in my Sabbath school class about this and get them to save all their money for it.

DAISY: I will do the same, mother. I am so glad Brother Schaeffler told us about it. I hope our class will give more than ever before.

FATHER: I also am glad that I have heard all this. You know, Brother Schaeffler, I have never been interested in the Sabbath school before, but I am beginning to see things in a different light. I too want to help this good work. Here is \$50. Brother Schaeffler,—that is what I spent last year on cigarettes and tobacco. I will not use it any more. A message that can clean up wild Indians can clean me up too. Pray for me!

*Revised
3rd str 61*

Our Best

AS WE list to the stories from tongue and pen
Of those who are bearing the light
To far-away lands where blood-purchased men
Are captives of Satan's might,—
As they tell of the millions, bewildered, afraid,
Who are dying in hopeless night,
Of the weary and sick, the ignorant and blind,
Who are groping for peace and light,
Are our hearts stirred to tell them of heaven's
rest?
Friends, are we doing our best?

Think you if an artist with pigment and brush
Could picture the misery,
The dark superstition, and wretched despair,
Of our brothers over the sea;
If their need of a crucified Saviour's love
Were portrayed for you and me,
Oh, then would we hasten the story to tell
Of Jesus who died on the tree?
Would we labor and sacrifice? Stand the test?
Friends, would we give of our best?

When we greet on the sands of eternity's shores
The ransomed from every race,
Who, because of some effort that we put forth,
Are sharing His saving grace;
When the nations as one their praises shall
voice,
And Emmanuel's glories trace,
When together we stand by the great white
throne,
And in rapture look on His face,—
What joy will be ours as we walk with the
blest,
To know that we did our best.

—Contributed.

She Gave All

N. P. NEILSEN

used 3rd stanza 4/2

I'M just a little girl,
I'm only five years old;
I can't do very much
To help you reach the goal.

But I can give my pennies
I saved for lollypops—
So here they are for Jesus,
It's all—and now I'll stop.

*3rd str
1953*

We'll Help You All We Can

[Tune: "Christ in Song," No. 865]

WE HAVE heard from South America with many
open doors,

Pleading calls for help are heard on every hand.
Must you plead in vain forever from your dis-
tant southern shores?

No! We'll help you with our offerings all we can.

Chorus:

Yes we'll help, we'll help you reach them;
Yes we'll help, we'll help you reach them;
Yes we'll help, we'll help you reach them;
Yes, we'll help you with our offerings all we
can.

At this thirteenth Sabbath service how our
hearts are thrilled and stirred,

That in mission work we, too, may have a hand.
How we long to help you give the word to those
who never heard,

Yes, we'll help you with our offerings all we
can.

We have heard of missionaries crossing jungles
dark and drear,

And at nightfall camping on the river sand;
While the savage Indians gather 'round them
for some word of cheer,

Yes, we'll help you with our offerings all we
can.

We have read the little leaflet, telling of the
needs so great,

In that very lonely, darkened, needy land,
And most earnestly we long to do our part
where heathen wait,

And we'll help you with our offerings all we
can.

"The work of the world is done by
few,—
God would that a part be done by
you."