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First Karen Ordained Minister and His Wife

TOPIC: Southern Asia Division—
Burma

In the interest of economy, the MISSIONS QUARTERLY has been reduced in size from forty-eight pages to thirty-two, and in order to give as much space as possible to the mission stories, the suggestive program has been omitted. Hereafter each school will plan its own mission feature program.

SABBATH, APRIL 1

Official Notice

TO OUR SABBATH SCHOOLS:

IN OUR recent Autumn Council it was decided to change the plan of the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering slightly during the financial depression in order that all the funds may be used for the maintenance of the work to hold our missionaries at their posts in the fields. It is unwise to raise money for new work in the fields as long as we are so hard pressed in gathering funds for work that has already been started. According to this change of plan, any overflow above the base determined will be used for the field represented in the call or by the division in which the specified field is located.

In harmony with this we are asking our Sabbath schools to raise \$70,000 for the work in the Southern Asia Division, which includes the work in Burma. Any overflow above that amount will be used to maintain the

regular work in the Southern Asia Division.

We are very hopeful that our Sabbath schools will remember the work in this field and all the world fields both on the thirteenth Sabbath and on each Sabbath of the quarter. We hope they will remember the missionaries we have sent to these fields, the fruit that is accruing from their labors, and the importance of holding these workers in the field. At this time it is important that those who know the language and are acquainted with the people may be allowed to remain and carry forward the message in days to come.

J. L. SHAW,
Treasurer of the General Conference

SABBATH, APRIL 8

Burma's Pure Gold

J. F. ASHLOCK

[Acting Sabbath School Secretary, Southern
Asia Division]

IN A village in Burma there lived a little girl by the name of Aye May (ā Māy). In this village a few years ago two of our missionaries conducted a series of meetings. They spoke of the evils of the use of tobacco, betel-nut, and strong drink. Aye May responded to their appeals and signed the temperance pledge. One of the lay members, observing her interest in spiritual matters, encouraged her to attend our mission school and gave her financial assistance. The year in school wrought many changes in her experience, and

when she returned home she bore witness in the face of severe opposition to the truths she had seen and heard. As she made preparation to go back to school, a fanatical uncle said to her, "If you return to that mission school, I will kill you."

As her father was dead and her mother and sisters were not in sympathy with her, she dared not oppose him. Throughout the year she endeavored to be true to her Master, hoping for a change of attitude on the part of her relatives. When months had passed and another school term was about to begin, she asked permission of her mother to go to the mission school and made bold to request that a younger sister be allowed to attend also. Her mother replied, "One Seventh-day Adventist in the family is enough," but she finally consented and still fearing the uncle, the two girls left secretly for the school. It was necessary for Aye May to work very hard to meet the expenses of herself and sister, as no financial help was given on this occasion. The Lord blessed her work and study and soon both girls were ready for baptism.

After repeated invitations, Aye May's mother visited the school. Being pleased with the improvement she saw in her daughters, she decided that she would attend the religious services. Again and again she came and was fully convinced that her daughters had found God's truth. In giving her testimony, however, she always added, "I can

never give up my tobacco." As the Holy Spirit worked upon her heart she smoked more than ever. The more she smoked the more Aye May prayed.

One day Aye May went into her mother's room and found it filled with smoke. Seeing her mother puffing away at a cigar about twelve inches long, she could not control her feelings, and bursting into tears she threw her arms around her mother and pleaded, "Oh, mother, mother, can't you stop smoking?" As she held on to her mother the tears began to stream down the old woman's cheeks. After several minutes of heart struggling the mother cried out, "I am finished, I am finished, I am through with this terrible habit." Then to show her sincerity and determination, she took a big knife and cut that filthy cigar in a dozen pieces. As soon as this surrender was made, God gave her the victory. Then the whole atmosphere was changed. Two other sisters soon joined Aye May at school, and within a few months this youthful witness had the joy of seeing her mother and these two sisters baptized. Aye May's influence has extended beyond the family circle. Many in her village are convinced of the truth, and the old uncle who threatened to take her life sent his own daughter to our school.

Dear Sabbath school members, do you now understand what we mean when we refer to Burma's pure gold? We thank God for the few hundred youth enrolled in our schools

and Missionary Volunteer societies, but we must hasten to gather others. There are those who are willing and anxious to work in this promising gold mine, but they are dependent upon you to hold the ropes. May heaven's richest blessings rest upon you as you give and pray for the youth of Burma.

SABBATH, APRIL 15

Buddhist Burma Seeks Salvation

C. L. TORREY

[Secretary-Treasurer, Southern Asia Division]

WE WERE aroused from our slumbers by the sounding of an alarm clock at two o'clock in the morning, and we had to be up and gone as quickly as possible if we expected to reach our destination while the tide was in. It was the month of January, and the full moon appeared as a frozen gem in the heavens overhead, lighting the narrow path which lay between the rice fields in the Delta of Burma. We hurriedly dressed and carefully wended our way toward the low-lying river where boatmen were waiting to carry our little party a few miles downstream to a steamer bound for Rangoon.

As we picked our way along we saw tiny lights here and there which appeared as so many fireflies, and we heard voices softly chanting. It was an uncanny sound at such an hour of the morning. We asked Brother Wyman what it was, and he explained that

Buddhist monks were preparing for the priesthood, and were spending the night in meditation and in chanting prayers.

As we watched those devout monks it led us to ponder the question, What is there to the religion of Buddha that would lead men to forsake the world and live a life so different from their fellows? Let us consider this great teacher whose religion of love, so called, has attracted so many millions of people in many lands. As we study his life we find him longing for the way to salvation. Being a Hindu he believed in the reincarnation of the soul—that after death he would be reborn time after time, in some form, perhaps as an animal, a beggar, or even a king, according to how he had lived formerly. He was continually endeavoring to solve the meaning of this world of pain and suffering. Life, concluded Buddha, was not a boon. To be born was an evil. The only way to escape being reborn was to live a good life.

So he formulated what is known as an eightfold rule, right belief, right thought, right speech, right action, right means of livelihood, right remembrance, right exertion, and right meditation. He also gave ten commandments, a few of which are similar to those found in Exodus 20:3 - 17.

Without doubt Buddha's religion of love, as it is known, is worthy of admiration, but when we find out how little Buddha learned of the true way of life, we wonder why men today follow his teaching. At his death he

called his few disciples to his bedside and spoke thus: "My age is accomplished, my life is almost spent; leaving you I depart, having relied on myself alone. Be earnest, thoughtful, and pure, and keep a watch over your own hearts. Whosoever shall adhere strictly to the law and order shall cross the ocean of life and come to the end of all sorrow. I exhort you, work out your own salvation. No one can hope for anything except through his own efforts."

Burmese Buddhists have been trying for hundreds of years to work out their own salvation, only to finally come to the end of life's uneven way and be buried in a hopeless grave. How sad the end! It might have been so different. Burma needs and longs for salvation. She needs your help. She needs it now. This is the harvest time. Will you not assist in the reaping which later in the courts of heaven will bring untold joy to your hearts, by increasing your offering this coming thirteenth Sabbath so that these people, held down as it were by the lash of a cruel master, might receive the light?

SABBATH, APRIL 22

Experiences in the Toungoo Mission

H. BAIRD

[Director, Toungoo Mission]

"WE ARE very happy to have you come to worship here each week, Thara (teacher). Will you be coming here regularly in the

future? We would like to have your name on the Sabbath school roll."

"Coming next week! Why yes! I said that I would come and I am not a child. I am over seventy years old now, and what I say I mean. I have set my face toward the straight path and I mean to follow on in that way."

This conversation was carried on after Sabbath school at the door of the little meeting room in our rented quarters at Toungoo. Such an answer as this in a firm, determined tone of voice, from a well-to-do Karen gentleman on his fourth visit to our meeting place, brought courage to us as workers in a new district.

Seven years ago some one sold this man a little book, "The Christian Sabbath," in the Karen language. The message of the true Sabbath touched his heart, and year by year the conviction of the sacredness of the seventh day settled upon him, until he was now determined to obey.

The town of Toungoo has been the scene of missionary enterprise for the past seventy-five years. Missionaries of different organizations have labored untiringly in behalf of the people both on the plains and in the hill country. Educational work has been carried on extensively, not only in the town and large villages, but out in the wilds of the mountains where the tigers roam and where the only paths through the jungles are the trails made by the Karen elephants.

This endeavor has done much to make the written word of God available to all, even those living in the wilds where present-day civilization has made little or no impression. Day by day for years the quiet solitude of the mountain villages has been broken by the fervent singing of these simple Karen folk in their rough jungle chapels. Today a change is manifest. The cankerworm of formality that has eaten the heart out of many a Christian church is busy among these once pious Christians.

In conversation recently with a mountain Karen pastor of another denomination, the secret of a great inward need was revealed. Expressing himself in a heart-to-heart talk, he said that he was sorely discouraged with matters pertaining to religion. The church was not accomplishing all that he had expected of it. The younger generation was growing up indifferent to spiritual things and the church seemed to be powerless to help. Present-day conditions brought new trials and perplexities. Could not the Bible shed some light on the future? Was Christianity after all accomplishing any more for him and his race than did the old-time Animistic rites and ceremonies? Questions such as these are surely the first sign of the working of the Holy Spirit to arouse people to sense the times in which they are living.

We earnestly request your help, both by your prayers and your means, for the building of a mission station in this district.

SABBATH, APRIL 29

The English Work in Burma

R. A. BECKNER

[Pioneer Evangelist in Burma]

“WHY should one go to a mission field to work for English-speaking people?” Besides all the people whose mother tongue is English, and other Europeans who use it, every one who is educated in Burma beyond the elementary grades is using English. This opens up a field for the use of spoken and printed English that is larger than many conferences in North America.

Our first work in Burma was done with English books and magazines. The father of Elder C. K. Meyers aroused the first interest with books and the holding of a few meetings while canvassing. In 1909 there was a church of over fifty members in Rangoon, raised largely by the efforts of Elder and Mrs. H. H. Votaw. Funds were scarce and wages left nothing above bare living expenses. The workers had to live in quarters, and under conditions, that were far from ideal. To meet the rent on the hall where the meetings were held, Mrs. Votaw used to go out and sell books.

You ask if it pays to carry on this work among the English-speaking people of Burma. It does. A large per cent of the tithes received in Burma come from this group. Their Sabbath school and other offerings also

constitute more than half the total for Burma. If time and space would permit, we could tell in detail of the results of this work, not only in Burma and other parts of India, but in Australia as well. But we will say only this, the work that was begun by Elder and Mrs. Votaw and carried on by others, has produced not only faithful converts in Burma itself, but has produced workers for other fields. Surely this work should not be left without some one to continue it.

SABBATH, MAY 6

He Whispered in Church

T. J. MICHAEL

[Assistant Treasurer, Southern Asia Division]

IT WAS Friday and the evening service was being conducted in one of our mission schools in Burma. The congregation consisted of the students, and the workers and their families, numbering in all about one hundred and twenty. The missionary in charge of the school was leading out in the meeting. The opening hymn was announced, and the congregation stood to sing. And oh, how those jungle boys and girls *can* sing! It surely must make the courts of heaven ring, and it must also drive the wicked spirits away in discouragement.

At this school, the children are taught to behave reverently in the house of God. No

talking, no whispering, is allowed during the services, and when a hymn is being sung, every one is expected to sing. But to his surprise the missionary noticed that two boys in the front row were not singing. Instead, they were whispering to each other. At first the missionary was inclined to be lenient, anticipating that the whispering would soon cease. But it continued right through the first hymn. Then followed the prayer, and the missionary was relieved to find that he could not hear any whispering from that front row during the prayer. As soon as the prayer was finished, however, the whispering was resumed. The second hymn was announced, and by this time the missionary's patience was exhausted. How dare those boys whisper in chapel! And they did not hesitate to transgress the rules of the school right at the feet of the missionary! He would step off the platform and speak severely to them as soon as the second hymn was commenced! The congregation stood to sing, and the missionary moved toward the edge of the platform, thoroughly disappointed with the behavior of these two delinquent students. But the little rebels were so engrossed in their whispering that they did not even see the missionary moving toward them.

As he was about to step off the platform, there was a pause between the verses of the hymn, and the missionary heard a little of what was being whispered. He moved nearer and listened more intently, and this is what

he heard: "O give thanks—unto the Lord—
for He is good—For His mercy—endureth
forever."

One of the boys was Ah Kyee [ah chēē] a fifth standard boy, and the other was a little heathen boy, the youngest in the school. The service was to be a "testimony service" and Ah Kyee was teaching the little heathen boy a Bible verse to use in his testimony. The missionary felt rebuked for his impatience, and with a lump in his throat and tears in his eyes, he stepped back, permitting the faithful Ah Kyee to carry on his missionary work.

Ah Kyee had caught the vision of the spirit of missionary endeavor, and he was working in a very practical way to lead that little heathen boy to Christ. Does mission work for the young people of Burma pay? Most assuredly it does! Burma, the stronghold of Buddhism, needs your dollars, and the work and workers need your prayers. You will not disappoint them, will you?

SABBATH, MAY 13

Progress in the Irrawaddy Delta Territory

A. J. SARGENT

[Medical Evangelist, Myaungmya (mee-ong-mee-ah) Mission Station]

WE HAD traveled all day and far into the night in a sampan (small boat), with great

difficulty pushing our way through the water hyacinth which sometimes fills the channels so that the rivers are not navigable. At about four o'clock in the morning, we arrived at a little landing place. We clambered up the muddy bamboo pier to the river bank, and proceeded to pick our way in the darkness along the path which consisted of slippery logs of wood and bamboo poles. Unfortunately the writer slipped, and found himself up to his knees in the most evil-smelling muddy swamp imaginable. Picking ourselves up, we stumbled along in the darkness through the mud and water until we entered a village. We were glad when we reached the house of the aged brother whom we were visiting. He was surprised, but overjoyed to see us, and particularly grateful because we had braved the heavy rain, swamp, and mud in order to visit him. We spent hours talking with the dear old man about the message.

In this village an interest was awakened last year, and seven persons were baptized in the muddy waters of the Irrawaddy River. During the dry season we were able to speak to crowds numbering from four hundred to a thousand, and it is evident that many people were interested in our message.

About three weeks ago, when the river was impassable owing to the water hyacinth, we walked and waded for about thirty miles to visit some interested people. They were happy to see us coming across the flooded fields and hurried out to meet us. In this particular

district, all the people in one village have shown a great interest in the message, and many have already given up their tobacco and betel-nut habits. As we were leaving the village, the people crowded around us, asking when they might expect to see us again. Our hearts and theirs saddened as we intimated to them that many weeks might have to pass before we could hope to visit them again.

Our trust is in God, but we need your prayers. We need means to help us finish the work of God in the Irrawaddy Delta territory. Will you not do all you possibly can to give us a substantial offering this coming thirteenth Sabbath?

SABBATH, MAY 20

The Jungle Sabbath School Obtains Long Coveted Honors

ERIC B. HARE

[Director Kamamaung Mission Station]

"WE'VE done it! We've done it!—At last!
At last we've done it!"

"Done what?"

"Why, don't you know? Haven't you heard? Hasn't anyone told you?"

"Know what? Heard what?"

"Why, after all these years we've got one! After all these disappointments we've got one. Got one at last! one of our own!"

"No doubt you've got something, but what is it all about? What's all the big noise?"

"Well, if you had been working for one as hard as we have, you wouldn't have to be told. You'd know. And you would be jumping up and down with joy just like the rest of us. Listen and I'll tell you! We've got our first little bit of ribbon, and it's yellow like gold. It shines like the streets of the New Jerusalem, and it's got printed on it, 'For perfect attendance and daily study throughout a year,' but believe me it represents faithful attendance and daily study for more than a year. We've been after that ribbon for six years. We've issued 277 attendance and study honor cards in our attempt to get it. Many of our members have eight and ten quarterly cards, but this is the first time any one ever got four, one after another."

Who is the honored member? I wish you could meet her. Mu Saw [Miss Clean] came to us a little seven-year-old jungle tot, just twelve years ago. She has been a member of our Sabbath school most of the time ever since. Indeed she is clean, just like her name implies, and this year she is little mother for the girls' dormitory.

I was almost as excited as she was when the little ribbon arrived, and planned that its presentation should be made a grand occasion. Accordingly the next Sabbath just after classes reassembled, I made a little speech. Oh, I like making speeches when some one has been faithful, and I like to grip them by the hand when they have finished a tough

job, so I talked for all that I was worth, and then called upon Miss Clean to come and get her prize.

There in my hand lay the coveted honor, the little golden ribbon, wrapped in soft blue paper. Quietly up the aisle came Miss Clean, shy, trembling, and as she came some of us remembered that not a few times during the year she had come to Sabbath school with the flush of fever on her cheek. Never had she left the mission compound to stay over night without taking her lesson pamphlet with her. We held our breath as she reached out her hand to receive her reward. Handing her the delicate golden band, I said, "Mu Saw, the jungle Sabbath school is proud of you."

Every heart beat faster, faces all round were lit with a new determination, and though it may not have been just the right thing to do in Sabbath school, all joined in clapping a hearty applause.

"Ah, Mu Saw," the girls all said after Sabbath school was over, "let us see your ribbon! Oh, isn't it beautiful! Isn't it soft! Isn't it nice!"

One added, "Won't you let me have it?"

"Indeed, no!" said Mu Saw. "It is mine."

"Then sell it to me," her friend coaxed.

"What an idea! You could not buy that ribbon with any money! It's mine!" And that's the way the jungle Sabbath school received its first perfect attendance ribbon, yellow like gold, shining like the streets of

the New Jerusalem. But if I know anything about the jungle, I'm telling you it won't be the last.

SABBATH, MAY 27

Soul-Winning by Lay Members in Burma

JOSEPH PHILLIPS

[Superintendent, Burma Mission]

"WHO are Seventh-day Adventists? And what do they believe? Keeping Saturday for the Sabbath and giving up betel-nut are certainly strange practices!" The speaker was a villager living about two days' journey from Rangoon in the flat, rice-growing country so common in Lower Burma. When two Karen workers and I were touring in this section, the people soon saw that we were different from other Christians. The two practices which stood out noticeably were Sabbath-keeping and our refusal of tobacco and betel-nut, which nearly always were hospitably offered us as soon as we entered a home, hence the question of the villager.

The neglected people of this lower country are now being stirred by the message of present truth. Within the last sixteen months there have been five baptismal services conducted in this area, and twenty-five members have been added to the church, mostly from the farming community. One remarkable thing is that this interest started and has been sustained almost entirely by the efforts

of our faithful lay members. Some will think there must be some well qualified lay members to carry forward a work like this. Let me explain what the qualifications of the leader are. The brother who began this work has but little education and works as a day laborer. He finds it difficult to teach a Sabbath school class, not to mention trying to preach. But he does know and love the Scriptures. He lives out the truth in his daily life, and never tires of talking this message with the people and distributing literature.

People in one village acknowledged that the consistent Christian life of this brother who began the work in this section led them to embrace the message. When opponents became bitter and told our brother he was too ignorant to know the Scriptures, the patience and gentleness he manifested won the sympathies of many. This village is now largely a Seventh-day Adventist village.

On our first visit to another village some professed Christians insisted on knowing our reasons for not using betel-nut, and for Saturday observance. Nothing would please them but a sermon on the Sabbath question. At the close several of the elders came forward and wanted to argue. Two Karens and I took turns in talking in Burmese and Karen. Finally at ten o'clock at night I lay down on the floor and prepared to sleep, thinking that our services there were far from fruitful. But one of the Karens went into an inner room with the family, and I could hear him

reading Scriptures and talking in a kind and persuasive voice for some time. The next morning the atmosphere was different, and the people who had opposed us strongly the night before wanted to know who changed the Sabbath. God is wonderfully blessing our lay members. The whole field seems ripe for the message.

We are depending upon you, brethren and sisters, in the homeland to help us to maintain our forces. You will not fail, will you?

SABBATH, JUNE 3

Training Native Workers

JOHN L. CHRISTIAN

[Principal, Meiktila Training School]

THE progress of the message in distant lands is accomplished by the establishment of schools where the sons of the soil may be trained to work. Burma is no exception to the rule, and by 1910 plans were being formed for the establishment of the Meiktila [mēk'-tē-lä] school.

Since those days much progress has been made. Now instead of having nearly all the boys from Buddhist homes, nine in every ten are from Adventist homes or are themselves baptized members. With one exception, all the graduates of the school for the past six years are in the work as evangelists, teachers, or office workers. Three of them are taking advanced training in the South India Train-

ing School. One has just been appointed as a Burmese and Karen printer in the Poona publishing house. At the close of school our students earn their expenses for the coming year through the colporteur work. Those who return to their homes for the summer are faithful in bringing their Sabbath school offerings for the vacation upon their return to school.

During the past vacation a student and a teacher undertook a self-supporting missionary tour across the mountains to the Siamese border and return, a journey of fourteen days. Part of the journey was done on foot, part by bullock cart, and part on elephant back. They sent me a letter telling of the preaching services held, the Harvest Ingathering money collected, and the literature distributed. It demonstrates the enterprise and zeal shown by the Burmese and Karen young people in carrying the gospel to the people of their own country.

Additions on buildings and equipment have been made until now we are well prepared for our work. Our industries of weaving, carpentry, and printing are flourishing. We thank our good friends in the homelands whose loyal giving has made possible the good foundation on which we build today; and we appeal to you to give liberally again on this next thirteenth Sabbath so that many more of the youth of Burma may be trained for service in the Lord's work in this important field.

SABBATH, JUNE 10

Burma's Unoccupied Territory

JOSEPH PHILLIPS

[Superintendent, Burma Mission]

IN THE northern half of Burma there live more than seven million people belonging to six prominent races. It was in this territory that Adoniram Judson and his wife received such cruel persecution and imprisonment because of the good tidings which they sought to proclaim. But things are different now. Every barrier has been broken down and complete religious liberty is granted throughout Burma.

Our missionaries and vernacular workers are so busily engaged in their respective occupations that little opportunity is afforded for carrying the message to the villages. Our work started in Rangoon, and it has advanced steadily in Lower Burma where we have five main stations and many smaller ones, but we have lacked the men and means for aggressive and sustained work in the north. That land still waits.

Our colporteurs have entered this field with books and magazines and have had excellent results. Recently a colporteur sold "Our Day" and *Signs of the Times*, both in the vernacular, to a doctor. The doctor's wife was very bitter at first, and accused her husband of aiding and abetting a person who was traveling through the country disturbing

the people's faith. As she read further, however, she with her grown daughters began the observance of the Sabbath. She met the colporteur and apologized for her former prejudice. She embraced the message without having seen a minister, and upon meeting one of our missionaries she stated, "My only purpose in life is to live for Christ. My ambition is to see my whole family saved in the kingdom of God."

How much longer must these seven million people wait? You must help us answer this question.

SABBATH, JUNE 17

Good Interest on an Investment

F. A. WYMAN

[Director, Myaungmya Mission]

"FRIENDS, do not be afraid to accept Jesus and to trust Him. It is true that you must give up tobacco and betel-nut chewing, and unclean foods, and the devil feasts, and you must keep the Sabbath, and pay tithe on your harvest. But when you give up all these things it is like some one pulling all the weeds out of your garden—what you give up is of no use to you and you get back ten times as much as you give.

"Look at me now! I used to have to get up in the night to smoke. I couldn't sleep. And the first thing in the morning I had to smoke. My mouth was filthy with betel-nut

chewing. I was sick most of the time. Sometimes I gambled. Occasionally I drank liquor and I was mean to my family. I was poor all the time, too.

"Now I am well and strong. My family are all well. My children are being educated. I have a better house than I ever had before. I sleep the whole night through and my mouth is clean," and a smile showed an even set of shiny white teeth untarnished by betel-nut or tobacco.

"And," the speaker continued, "I have a promise of all the land I want in a better country where there is no crop failure and no taxes, and no one that steals or gives trouble, and where people do not die. I have not lost anything by becoming a Christian. It has been all gain."

So spoke the evangelist a few weeks ago in an appeal at the close of a jungle village meeting, and his words set me to thinking. My mind went back to the time nine years ago when we first met him. He was a Buddhist, a teacher of a little government-aided jungle school. He was a slave to tobacco and in very poor health. We were holding a three-day meeting in a heathen devil-worshiping village. The signs of heathenism were everywhere. We had been invited there by a leader of this devil-worshiping sect. This leader was a sort of sorcerer. He evidently expected to gain some material benefit from the meeting. God, however, used his plans to glorify Himself. When the call was

made to accept Christ, about twenty stood, but like Elymas this old sorcerer held them back. The Buddhist teacher became interested, however, and invited our workers to come and teach in his village. This invitation was accepted by some of the workers who traveled about one-half day's journey by canoe, and held meetings for two or three days in his village. The Buddhist teacher and his wife both heartily accepted the message, and a few months later we baptized them and received them into the church.

On accepting the message his heart was turned toward his relatives and children. He was anxious that a school might be established in his village where his children and those of the village could receive a Christian education and have the benefits of a Sabbath school. He set up a family altar in his home. Faithfully night and morning every member of his family and often some of the neighbors, presented themselves before God for His blessing and guidance during the day and protection during the night. They studied portions of the Sabbath school lessons and learned the memory verses. As his children have grown he has sent them on from the jungle school to our higher schools.

As we think of what the Sabbath schools have done for our field, we feel thankful indeed for such an institution and for the loyal people whose hearts are in this work. This quarter we are counting on the Sabbath schools.

SABBATH, JUNE 24

The Sabbath Schools of the World Visit Rangoon

MARIAN H. PHILLIPS

[Sabbath School Secretary, Burma Mission]

[This dialogue, written for two adults, and the following selections are suggested for use on the thirteenth Sabbath program.]

BROTHER MISSIONARY: Brother Sabbath School, you cannot imagine the pleasure I enjoy at this unexpected visit from you. Did you say you traveled out by the Dollar Line?

BROTHER SABBATH SCHOOL: Yes, that is the line that has carried me into every part of this old world,—the grand old line of missionary dollars!

BROTHER M.: Well, now, we must not waste any time. I want you to take a trip with me over this great city today. Its appalling need is certain to grip your heart. We will visit the bazaar first. There you will get a chance to study the people a bit.

BROTHER S. S.: Yes, people are what I am interested in, regardless of their creed.

BROTHER M.: This is the fruit market, Brother Sabbath School. Doesn't it look appetizing?

BROTHER S. S. (sniffing): Seems to me I smell something dead!

BROTHER M.: No, Brother Sabbath School, that is the durian fruit that you smell. The odor is repulsive until you learn to like the fruit, then both smell and taste are delicious.

BROTHER S. S.: I'm feeling very queer. Let's pass on!

BROTHER M.: Just notice this display of beautiful colored silks, woven in Mandalay. These skirts are used for best wear by almost all Burmans.

BROTHER S. S.: Truly this is a gorgeous sight!

BROTHER M.: We will take a rickshaw and go over to the vegetable market.

BROTHER S. S. (holding nose): Oh, what an offensive odor! I am sure I smell something dead this time!

BROTHER M.: I really did not mean to bring you past this place, but since we are here, I will explain this fearful smell. The Burmese are slaves to some very unhealthful habits of eating. This odor is that of decaying fish, or fish paste, a much relished article of diet in Burma. The common kind is made from shrimps and small fish spread out on mats in

the sun for a few days without any cleaning whatsoever. When decomposed they are pounded into a paste with the liberal addition of salt and heaped into a great mound. They then are ready for sale.

BROTHER S. S.: Isn't it astonishing that people are not satisfied with the fresh, wholesome flavors of God's appointed menu? These putrid concoctions are the devil's invention to enslave both body and mind.

BROTHER M.: The bill of fare in many homes in this land includes not only this rotten fish paste, but large quantities of red chillies, snakes, rats, cockroaches, crickets, and so on. Between meals a chew of betel-nut or a long cigar,—sometimes both,—are in the mouth continually. But when the light of truth shines into the heart, what a marvelous change is wrought! Teeth, blackened with betel-nut, become white; dull eyes become bright and intelligent; the brain, clouded by the poisons of an impure blood stream, becomes alert and active. Brother Sabbath School, Burma is in the hands of a terrible slavery, and the truth of God is the only thing that can save her. Let us walk up toward the Shwe Dagon Pagoda. It is one of the most magnificent pagodas in Burma.

BROTHER S.S.: Who are these coming toward us in such strange yellow costumes?

BROTHER M.: That is a line of monks coming out of their monastery. They are off with their begging bowls on their daily round of begging.

BROTHER S. S.: Do the monks really live by eating the contents of these bowls?

BROTHER M.: The monks in these larger cities frequently do not eat from their begging bowls at all. Some wealthy Buddhist sends them a well-cooked meal twice a day, and the bowl of contributions is fed to the dogs and crows around the monastery.

BROTHER S. S.: Then what is the object of begging?

BROTHER M.: A Buddhist believes that salvation is earned by performing deeds of charity and pious acts. These monks are, therefore, giving the people a chance to give alms and so add to their record of good deeds. The monks never utter a word of thanks for what they get. They reason that they are the ones who are conferring the favor.

BROTHER S. S.: Can those yellow-robed priests supply the spiritual needs of these people? I wonder, Brother Missionary, do these people really yearn for salvation?

BROTHER M.: Buddhism has many careless, indifferent adherents, but I want to tell you that there are hundreds of longing souls in

the homes spread out before you in this large city of nearly half a million people. Many of them are spending their scanty earnings in the hope of buying salvation. They rise at four in the morning and pray for two hours. They come up here to this pagoda, kneel before one of the many shrines, and with their eyes fixed on the marble image of Buddha, pour their earnest cries into his deaf ears, then return to their homes, hopeless, unsatisfied. Do they seek salvation? Yes! But what are we doing to help them? Almost nothing. No worker has ever given his entire time to the vernacular population in this city. Up to the present, we have lacked either the men or the means to begin work here. Now we have the men but no means. I ask you, Brother Sabbath School, must we go on like this? Can you not do something to help us?

BROTHER S. S.: Brother Missionary, the need of Burma touches my heart. I feel a responsibility for these people who are waiting to learn of the Saviour's love. And I pledge myself to do what I can to help finish this great work. My part is to furnish the funds. Yours is to proclaim deliverance through Christ to those who grope in the darkness. Brother (grasping his hand), I promise not to fail you. With the blessing of God I will provide the means for you to go forward in His name.

Burma for Jesus

R. B. THURBER

Burma, land of laughing women,
Burma, colorful and gay;
Burma, land of gold pagodas,
Burma, where the children play;
Burma of the waving rice-fields;
Burma of the ruby mines;
Burma of the mighty rivers;
Burma of the hills and pines.

Burma of the tiger jungles;
Elephants a-piling logs,
Wild deer bark and monkey chatter,
Country of a million dogs.
Burma of the silken dresses,
Brown-skinned maids with flowered hair;
Lads in tints superbly blended,
Languid in the balmy air.

Burma of the false religions,
Candles, mummary of prayer,
Endless quest for satisfaction,
Ever-burning hells that scare.

Burma of the evil spirits,
Haunting men at dead of night,
Blotting joy from happy girlhood,
Terrorizing boys with fright.

Burma of the gloomy future,
Sighs, and tears, and sore distress;
Comfortless in sore bereavement;
Heaven naught but nothingness.
Burma, care-free, yet care-laden;
Burma, laughing but to weep;
Burma, lost, but not forgotten,
Burmese—Jesus' "other sheep."

Oh, the peace on Burmese faces
As the gospel tale is told!
When the Shepherd gathers to Him
Sheep and lambs from Burma's fold.
In Jerusalem we'll meet them,
We who give to save them now;
On the golden streets we'll greet them,
They'll be gems upon our brow.

From a Six-Year-Old Missionary

MRS. J. L. CHRISTIAN

[For Winslow Christian]

When I was only one year old
I came 'way off to Burma,
I love the stories mother told
About America.—
The ice, the snow, school in the fall,
Camp meetings every year,—
I think I'd like to see them all.
You would, if you were here.

But then, I know you'd like to see
Just what I do each day;
And see the boys, brown-skinned, care-free,
With whom I work and play.
Today, when mother said I could,
I drove the bullock cart
To help the boys haul in some wood,—
I like to do my part.

I love the boys here in our school
They're better than the others,
Much stronger, cleaner, as a rule,
Than all their jungle brothers
Who have not heard the gospel taught,
Nor tried to be like Jesus.
These try to live as Christians ought,
For Jesus always sees us.

But often, when we drive our car
Past pretty white pagodas,
Where little boys from near and far
Bow down to wooden Buddhas,
I wish that more of them might come
To learn of Bethlehem.
I wonder, can't you send some one
Across to help us teach them?

In Burma

MARIAN H. PHILLIPS

The moon's clear light that floods the night,
The silent stars that glisten bright,
The skies of blue that gladden you
Shed their soft rays upon us, too,
In Burma.

The tender leaves of forest trees,
Grasses that sway in vagrant breeze,
Flowers that you in childhood knew,—
Daisies, lilies,—they bloom here, too,
In Burma.

The patter sweet of little feet,
The voice of children in the street,
The sun hung low, and twilight's glow—
The sights and sounds you love, we know
In Burma.

The cloud-draped sky, the stars on high,
The flower-decked fields that sunning lie,
The pattering feet of childhood sweet
Paint pictures fair but incomplete
Of Burma.

For heads that ache, and hearts that break,
And lips whose prayer cannot awake
A pitying tone from gods of stone,
Are griefs that we must bear alone
In Burma.

No Christ benign calls "Child of Mine,
Come rest upon My breast divine."
No tender face looks on our race,
Nor guards our final resting place
In Burma.

Do not delay, but haste today,
To send the gospel light, we pray,—
The mansions fair built Over There
The Saviour meant for you to share
With Burma.

