

WORLD

Mission Report

Go ye . . . into all the world.

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No. 4

THE THIRTEENTH SABBATH OFFERING OVERFLOW FOR SOUTHERN ASIA WILL HELP TO:

- Purchase properties for church buildings.
- Supply additional dormitory accommodation at Spicer Memorial College.
- Modernize and improve Lasalgaon (La'sal-gow) High



Marathi (Ma-ra'thi) high school students look to Lasalgaon (pointing right side), and all college students hope for admittance to Spicer Memorial College (pointing left side).

SPECIAL NOTICE

The WORLD MISSION REPORT, formerly the *Missions Quarterly*, now follows the practice of publishing some mission stories of a general nature and some especially relating to the field to receive the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering overflow. This is in harmony with an action taken at the 1966 General Conference Presession Advisory Committee meeting of the Sabbath School Department, at which there was representation from all world divisions.

THOUGHTS ON GIVING THE MISSION APPEAL

1. Each article is divided into three sections: the introduction, the body, and the appeal. This is done to help you *tell* the story. Please do not read it.
2. Do some research on the area you will be talking about. Gather pertinent facts. Consult an atlas, maps, encyclopedias, et cetera. Weave these into the story—at appropriate places.
3. Be enthusiastic about the appeal. Make the story come alive. It is only paper and ink as it is. God now needs someone to put the appeal across to the hearers. Be on fire with the message. If the house were on fire, how would you react? The world today is "on fire" and dying, and must receive the message of salvation before it is too late.

SABBATH, OCTOBER 4

The Dividends Will Be Counted in Souls

by Roscoe S. Lowry

[Dr. Roscoe S. Lowry, president of the Southern Asia Division, has been a missionary in India during the past twenty-eight years. Since graduating from Pacific Union College in 1941, he has served as secondary school principal, college teacher, MV and education departmental secretary, and administrator. He was elected to his present position at the 1962 General Conference session.]

INTRODUCTION Southern Asia is not only the home of several powerful non-Christian religions, it is the birthplace of two of the most aggressive of these, namely, Hinduism and Buddhism. For centuries, even millenniums, these views of life have cast their spell over the hundreds of millions of people who live in these lands, and have made it extremely difficult for the gospel to penetrate.

Of late, however, the Spirit of God is being poured out in unprecedented measure and we are beginning to see each year hundreds, yes thousands, accepting the warning message of Revelation; so much so, in fact, that within the past ten years our church membership in Southern Asia has doubled.

One of the agencies of the church in meeting the challenge of spreading the gospel has been its educational system, which in mission fields has often been open to the public. This avenue has, in Southern Asia, accounted for almost one third of all baptisms throughout the years of our endeavor. Our schools not only bring young people to the foot of the cross, but

more than this, they establish them in the faith and equip them to become active workers for their fellow nationals.

Indicative of the urge on the part of the young people of Southern Asia to get an education and the effectiveness of our schools for salvation, is the story of Subodh (Soo-bodh).

Subodh was a youngster who loved to study. He realized early that it was a great privilege for him to attend school, so he made use of every opportunity he could to learn. He recognized also that if he expected to get a college education he should get a good foundation in English. One day as he noticed an advertisement for an English Voice of Prophecy correspondence course, he immediately recognized it as an opportunity. It mattered not to him that he was studying the Bible so long as he could learn English. But Subodh learned more than English. He soon learned to know Jesus, the Saviour of the world.

With a deep longing in his heart he set about to seek ways and means whereby he might study more of Christianity. He decided, therefore, to leave home and seek admission to an Adventist school. While his parents had not objected to Subodh's studying the correspondence lessons, they would not agree to his leaving home. Being determined to carry out a search for truth, Subodh secretly started to save his lunch and pocket money in order that he might earn his train fare to the far-off school.

One day he arrived at school and

asked to be allowed to work for credit so that he might pay his next school year's expenses. It was only three days after admission in the school, however, that Subodh's elder brother, having been sent by his parents, caught up with him and forcibly took him back home. As he was still a minor, he could do nothing but return. The family scolded him severely and put him to hard work that he might earn his food and clothing, telling him that it seemed he did not appreciate an opportunity to study.

Subodh, however, did not lose sight of his ambition and again began carefully saving toward the day when he might have opportunity to go back and be with his Christian friends in the school. It would not be long, he reasoned, until he would be old enough to choose for himself. However, a friend, who was sharing his room, sought frequently to borrow money. In order that his resources might not be depleted, Subodh attempted to keep only large bills around so that he might make a legitimate excuse to his friend. His friend, on the other hand, having learned of his secret intentions to go to school, and being angry with him for not lending him money, informed Subodh's parents of his plans. Again his father caught hold of him, took his money away from him, and brought him back home. This time all of his clothes were taken away from him, except a few torn rags, in the hope that this would embarrass him to stay near at home.

Although Subodh was not a Christian, he had already learned to

pray, and now in his hour of difficulty he turned to God for help. God answered his prayers in a strange way. Shortly after Subodh had been forcibly returned home, the elder brother was taken suddenly ill and died of cholera. The father consequently seemed to have a changed heart and allowed Subodh to begin study again, but with a private tutor. In course of time the tutor, who was somewhat tolerant toward Christianity, advised the father that the son might do better if he could have opportunity to attend a school of his choice. The tutor reasoned, "He will soon tire of their religion and their food. Furthermore, if you continue to oppose him, you will lose his affection in the end, and, in any case, if it is the will of the gods that he should be a Christian, you can never stop him."

After much urging and persuasion, the father finally allowed Subodh to leave home, but would not permit him to take any money for food. It was, nevertheless, with joy that the young lad boarded the train and headed for the mission school. At school again, though a lad from a high-caste Hindu family and not familiar with the available jobs, Subodh accepted all types of work that were assigned him. He worked hard in order to provide himself with necessary funds. He wore without shame the clothing that was provided by the mission Dorcas women. He studied hard and drank in the truth as it was presented to him. Then, before the school year was concluded, Subodh was baptized. What joy came into his heart as he joined himself to the remnant

church and continued his studies in preparation to be a minister to others.

APPEAL Our schools today are filled and overflowing. Unfortunately, however, scores and scores of Seventh-day Adventist youth cannot find admission simply because there is not sufficient room to accommodate them. It is safe to say that all our many schools are grossly overcrowded and inadequately equipped. Spicer Memorial College, the division's worker training center, to which part of this quarter's overflow will go for added dormitory space, would have to reduce its present enrollment by about 30 per cent at least if it were to comfortably house its students. Nevertheless, our schools are definite soul-winning agencies in spite of their many needs. Crowded conditions, inadequate equipment, and often insufficient staff do not alter this fact. How much more could be done, however, if more students could be selected among the many applicants, if more money were available to buy much-needed equipment, if more staff could be provided so that there would be more scope for soul-winning activity.

As God's Spirit is poured out and men's hearts are turned to seek truth, we as His people should be ready to capitalize on every opportunity. Invitations to preach the gospel are being presented on every hand, and companies of believers are being organized in many places throughout the length and breadth of Southern Asia. It is our hope that we will be able this quarter to acquire land on which to erect modest worship halls for these many new believers, who though poor in this

world's goods are rich in the love of the truth. Therefore, it has been decided that a portion of this quarter's offering overflow will go toward this objective. At the present time there are literally several hundred groups of believers who have been organized into companies of twenty-five and more, who today have no place in which to worship.

We appeal to the world church to consider the challenge which the church in Southern Asia presents as an opportunity in which to invest money where the dividends will be counted in souls won to the kingdom of Christ. There is no better time to invest than now.

SABBATH, OCTOBER 11

Spicer Is Counting on Your Support

by M. E. Cherian

[Dr. M. E. Cherian completed his baccalaureate program at Spicer Memorial College in 1949, and thereafter joined its faculty in the department of religion. After serving as dean of men and librarian, he attended Andrews University to obtain a Master's degree in theology in 1956, and then attended Maryland University to receive a second Master's degree in history. Returning to Spicer in 1957, he served in such capacities as registrar, head of theology and history departments, and since 1963 as president. He received his Ph.D. degree from Poona University, India, in 1965.]

INTRODUCTION Southern Asia Division with a population of 700 million has among them only about forty thousand Seventh-day Adventists. Yet the only full-fledged training college our church has from which to draw

workers to evangelize approximately one fifth of the world's population is Spicer Memorial College in Poona, India. At the present time more than 90 per cent of the national leadership of our church in this division are those who have received their education at Spicer Memorial College. Today Spicer graduates not only constitute the overwhelming majority of our working force for India, Burma, Ceylon, and Pakistan but also they constitute the backbone of our church organizational structure.

Fifty-four years back the late Elder G. G. Lowry started a small school at Coimbatore (Com'ba-tur), South India, to give expression to the Adventist philosophy of education. Steady growth led to its transfer to Bangalore within the next seven years, and then in 1942 to its present location in Poona in Western India. Between 1942 and 1957, by the generosity of our believers around the world, this school—Spicer Memorial College, named after one of our most loved denominational leaders, Elder W. A. Spicer—was developed as a senior college, and physical facilities were built to accommodate a maximum of about three hundred students.

The history of Spicer Memorial College is one of providential leadings and God's continued blessings. It has not only become one of the best-known collegiate institutions of the land but also achieved accreditation status while retaining its complete identity. Its present student body, representing more than forty distinct language groups and seventeen different nations, is

the most promising human factor for the future of our work in Southern Asia.

Yet today, this college, with its unlimited potentialities, is faced with a serious crisis because of the increased student enrollment of the campus. The boarding enrollment alone has come up to about six hundred students, making the physical facilities of the institution totally inadequate. The situation has become so acute that more than one hundred fifty students were refused admission this year.

I wonder, friends, if you realize the tragic implications of our refusal to admit these young people to Spicer. Do you know that there is not another Adventist college in India, Burma, or Ceylon to which these young people can go? Are you aware of the fact that if we do not admit them, 90 per cent of them will never be able to continue their education?

Do you also realize that next year we will have to refuse admission to at least two hundred young people, and that the number is likely to increase proportionately year after year?

Let us think of a young man like P. R. Solomon. He was brought up to become a priest in a temple, but in the prime of his life he chose to follow the Advent message, and has dedicated his life to become a minister to preach the gospel to his countrymen. Solomon came to Spicer four years back and is now completing his program for the Bachelor's degree in theology.

Even as a student he is engaged in active missionary work and gives

promise of becoming a very effective evangelist by his godly life and zealous soul-winning activities. Yet Solomon is only a representative of many young men and women who are drawn from spiritual darkness to the glorious light of Adventism. However, today many Solomons who turn to Spicer to fulfill their dreams of a preparation for the gospel ministry are turned down, for we have no room for them.

Let us take a look at the men's hostel built in 1954 to accommodate about one hundred fifty young men—four to a room. Today the rooms are crowded with six young men each. Even the guest room, the room for the sick, the parlor, and the worship hall, all have been converted into dormitory accommodations.

However, we have become used to crowded conditions and to the problems of lack of facilities. But with all of these, this year more than one hundred young men were refused admission since there was absolutely no more space in that hostel.

The girls' dormitory, built to house about sixty girls, today crowds in nearly two hundred, and also we refused admission to more than fifty girls this year.

Thus all these young people who leave their ancestral religions and the educational institutions of the land and turn to us to make it possible for them to be educated for service in God's cause and for eternity are turned away because of lack of space. Can we be unconcerned and indifferent to such a cause and so great a need?

I am reminded of a young man by

the name of Mohammed Yaqub (Ya-koob). He was an ex-army youth undergoing training in an army-sponsored vocational center two miles away from Spicer. One of the one hundred fifty or so young people who go out regularly every Sabbath for lay missionary activities led this Moslem young man to the feet of Christ and to the Seventh-day Adventist Church. Subsequently, Yaqub was put out of his home by his Moslem parents for becoming an Adventist. With no other place of refuge, he turned to Spicer. This was four years ago, and fortunately our hostel still had some space and Yaqub was admitted as a student.

Today, after a period of training, Yaqub is a very valuable staff member in one of our secondary schools. Yet, my friends, if young men like Yaqub were to come to Spicer today, we would have to turn them away, unless ...

APPEAL We would be forced to turn them away unless you and I who have been called to be guardians of our youth and stewards of the message of salvation respond to the needs of young people like Solomon and Yaqub and give a truly liberal offering in the spirit of the One who emptied Himself for the salvation of man, including the millions of Southern Asia.

Our offering overflow this quarter will be a Christmas gift that in the years to come will bless many a youth who comes to Spicer Memorial College to be trained for service. It will be a blessed monument to the spirit of true sacrifice and generosity of the members of this Church—of you and me.

SABBATH, OCTOBER 18

And the Lord Led Me On

by R. S. Shinge

[R. S. Shinge (Shin'gee) is educational secretary of the Western India Union, and headmaster of Lasalgaon (La'sal-gow) High School, which is to receive a portion of the fourth quarter's Thirtieth Sabbath Offering overflow. He graduated from Spicer Memorial College (India) in 1962, and received the Master of Arts degree in education from Andrews University (U.S.A.) in 1967.]

INTRODUCTION From a non-Christian home in a small primitive village in India to the dignified graduation convocation of Andrews University in the United States is only half-way round the world, but it helps depict a young man's life turned full circle as he let God have His way, leading him onward to faith and service. This is the story as reported by Elder Shinge:

"Son, bring the chicken and kill it now. Today we must sacrifice to the gods." As she spoke, young Shinge's devout Hindu mother spread a yellow cloth on the floor in front of several metal figures placed in a recess on the wall of the room. In turn, each god was taken down, washed, cleaned, and placed on the cloth. The usual offering of a chicken was made and the flesh eaten. A fresh coconut was broken in front of the gods and offered as prayers were recited, saffron powder was placed on their foreheads, and the family went their way, having performed the ritual expected at such times. In return the gods were to give guidance to the family and

even healing through enchantment.

For several years young Shinge had been attending the Seventh-day Adventist school near his home in the village of Patton Kodoli (Put'ton Ku-dō'lee). During these years he also went regularly to Sabbath School and church functions. The mission school teacher, B. J. Hivale (Hī-vol'lee), had never denounced their village customs, but somehow young Shinge had come to lose confidence in such worship and longed in his boyish heart to be away from it.

As the Adventist school did not go beyond five years of education, he attended the local government school during the next three years, but continued to join in many of the Adventist church activities. Later, in order to continue his education he left home and went to a boarding high school in Kolhapur (Ko'la-poor), the nearest city.

"You boys ought to go to our high school at Lasalgaon," Elder W. H. Jordan, the district missionary, told young Shinge and a group of his friends when they were at home during one vacation. None of them had ever been so far away, but with his mother's financial help and the further encouragement of the local worker, V. S. Shinde, he finally set out for Lasalgaon, situated hundreds of miles away on the other side of the state. This school had been founded in 1919 by Elder W. H. McHenry and R. E. Loasby. Land had been purchased beside the Bombay-Calcutta railway line about 150 miles northeast of Bombay.

Young Shinge enrolled here in the first year of high school with the idea of at least improving his knowl-

edge of the English language. However, God had more in store for him.

Under the daily influence of Christian teachers and the varied religious activities his mind turned more and more toward faith in Christ. When a call was given for students to join a baptismal class, his heart moved him to respond. It has been a real pleasure for him this year to be the one instructing the baptismal group at this same school.

Finally his mind was made up and he was baptized by Elder C. C. Cantwell, the school principal. Upon completion of his high school studies, he enrolled at Spicer Memorial College, Southern Asia's institution of higher education. With diploma in hand he returned to his old school to become teacher and preceptor for four years. After serving as a school principal, then as pastor-evangelist in several cities, he was called to the union office as a departmental secretary, and from there was sponsored to Andrews University for graduate study.

Up to that time no one from his village had traveled so far nor received such advanced education, but God had led him on, and he has confidence to believe the divine One will continue to do so to the end.

APPEAL During these years Elder Shinge wrote many letters to his mother telling of Christianity. With the help of the village church pastors and his letters he had the great joy of seeing his mother baptized, and to this day she is a faithful though aged member.

So each one, having found the blessing of God's leading in his own life,

desires to pass on His love to others.

As Elder Shinge looks around this union field, he sees others in positions of responsibility and leadership, several of whom like himself came from non-Christian homes. What a blessing and means of salvation Lasalgaon High School has been to us. Then there are many others, workers and lay members today, who also have made their decision for Jesus Christ while at this school.

Will you too pass on to today's youth of Western India the continued opportunity of Christian education and salvation by giving a sacrificial offering for Lasalgaon school on the thirteenth Sabbath?

SABBATH, OCTOBER 25

The Gospel of Kindness Conquers Prejudice

by J. A. Hansen

[Pastor Jens Arne Hansen, born into a farming community in Jutland in 1920, attended a series of Adventist meetings in his late teens and was baptized in 1941. Soon after, he went to the Danish Adventist college at Vejlebjerg, from which he graduated in 1946. After two winters' work in his native land he was called to lead the mission on the Danish dependency of the Faroes (Faerøes) Islands (north of the British Isles). Here he served for six years, interrupted after the first three by a period of advanced study at Newbold College, England. He was ordained to the gospel ministry in 1954. From 1957-1963 he served as district pastor in various parts of Zealand (island group in East Denmark waters) before taking over the leadership of the Greenland Mission.]

INTRODUCTION Greenland is the world's largest island. It is the biggest area of land in the Arctic

Circle. Greenland is a country of Denmark, separated by 1,300 miles of ocean. It is about fifty times as large as Denmark. The outermost rim of the island is ever green, but about 85 per cent of the country's surface is covered by ice. Most of the 35,000 people live along the coast.

Outside it was bitterly cold. Nels and his mother trudged into the Adventist welfare center seeking help. The boy's boots were good, but they were not his, probably borrowed from his father, they were so large. Longingly he fingered a pair of warm socks.

"Well, take off your boots," suggested the attendant. But the boy hesitated, apparently shy and embarrassed.

"Come on. We must find the right size," urged our worker.

Slowly the boots slid off. He had no socks on. An old piece of dirty woolen cloth was wound around each foot. Thankfully he went home wearing real woolen socks and assisting his mother with a large sack of clothes for the needy brothers and sisters.

Up to 1950 Greenland was a closed land, so there has been much antagonism towards the "new sect," as Adventists are known. There are still some who believe it is their duty to oppose Adventists. Though all Greenlanders are officially members of the Danish Lutheran Church, the majority have never experienced the power of the gospel to change their lives, and they have little knowledge or understanding of the Holy Scriptures. Greenlandic (or Grönlandsk) is an exceedingly

difficult language, and our work is hampered by an inadequate mastery of the local speech. Four years ago, upon the arrival of the Hansens, it was customary for them to hear the children shout rude remarks after the Adventist missionary, but today both adults and children smile and greet them. One day they overheard a little boy telling his playmates, "There goes my pastor." How they pray that some of these children who have attended youth meetings will in time choose to follow Jesus fully.

The activities of the mission for children and youth, the welfare help to the poor and needy, and the treatments given in the clinic have broken down much prejudice and demonstrated that Seventh-day Adventists really want to help Greenlanders.

The amount of reading matter in the native language is severely limited. Adventists have only three books and a series of tracts in Greenlandic, but these are much appreciated. A Greenlandic school-teacher uses *The Great Controversy* for lessons on the history of Christianity, and an Adventist Bible readings book for some Scripture lessons. An office worker, leader of the local temperance society, and an active lay member of the Lutheran Church, admits that he uses Adventist source materials for his meetings.

Another civil servant said that though he did not agree with Adventist doctrine, he respected Adventists for their welfare and clinic work and their fine religious literature.

APPEAL But we want more than respect; we want souls in God's kingdom. Pray for the children who come winter after winter to the meetings in the chapel built by your Sabbath School offerings. Pray for those who read the Adventist literature; pray that means may be forthcoming for the translation and printing of more literature; and give while money is of use, that God's work may be finished in Greenland and in all the earth.

SABBATH, NOVEMBER 1

A Boy Who Made Good

by Dr. Siegfried J. Schwantes

[Dr. Schwantes (Schwan'tees), a native of Brazil, was a teacher for many years in our Brazilian Adventist college in São Paulo. Before accepting a call to serve as head of the Bible department in the Middle East College, Dr. Schwantes taught as associate professor of religion at Andrews University.]

INTRODUCTION The life of George Terzibashian (Ter-zee-bash'-yan) epitomizes the frustrations and hopes of millions in the Middle East. Born in a well-to-do Armenian home in old Jerusalem, young George would in a few short years experience the ups and downs of fortune that have been the lot of so many in this strife-ridden region of the world. The story of young George is an inspiration to all who are interested in Christian service.

As a result of the partition of Palestine in 1948, George's father lost all he had, and the family had no alternative but to spend the next

few years as boarders in the Armenian convent in the old city.

Eight thousand other Armenians were seeking shelter in the same convent! George's family was fortunate enough to be assigned one room which had to serve as living room, dining room, sleeping quarters, and kitchen. There was no use in looking back to a happy past; the pressures of the present must be faced. Schools remained closed for three years, but when they opened again George's father was too poor to pay tuition, so the children were left to roam through the streets of Jerusalem, while mother cooked the meals and made the one-room home livable.

Another year went by and father was still unemployed. At registration time George's mother made a bold resolution: she would sell her most precious possession, her wedding ring, and enroll the children in the school attached to the convent. Eager to learn, but unable to do their homework in the crowded quarters, George and his brother requested the principal for permission to remain in school after classes to do their lessons. To support the promising boys in school, George's mother tried her skills at such enterprises as embroidering, making artificial flower bouquets, and oil paintings. Her sacrifices were rewarded when George, at the age of fifteen, completed his elementary education as valedictorian of his class.

To fulfill a vow made when George was very sick in his infancy, his father now placed him in the Armenian Orthodox Seminary,

where he was to study for the priesthood. During the next three years we find George happy in his studies at the seminary, a devout son of the church, faithfully performing the rites and ceremonies that were part of his seminary training. A dispute between rival bishops contending for the vacant patriarchal seat created bedlam in the once quiet monastery and shocked George out of his complacency. With his faith rudely shaken, the young seminarian decided to quit at the end of the school year.

Sure enough, the following summer we find George meandering through the streets of Jerusalem in search of a job and an education. He found employment in a candle factory, and soon became proficient enough to pay school fees and still help support the family. Two years later when he sat for his examinations at the British Council Center in Jerusalem, George made almost top honors. Prospects in the world were now bright for George, but God had something better for him. One day a fine old lady of their acquaintance dropped by and began to tell about her new-found faith. "In fact," she said, "better come with me to Sabbath School and learn for yourselves." George's father poured his scorn on the good sister, and she left the home brokenhearted.

Pleasantly surprised, George was asked the following Sabbath to accompany his mother to Sabbath School in order to see for themselves what this new religion was and to apologize to the good lady. "There," to use George's words, "I found a haven for my troubled

soul." George was deeply stirred by the sermon on Christ's second coming. He became a regular member of the Sabbath School, and three months later he was baptized.

George, now twenty years old, was invited to teach in our school in Amman, capital of Jordan. This term of service was followed by four years of training in Middle East College in Beirut, Lebanon. George completed the theological course with honors, and today he is pastor of our beautiful Armenian church in Beirut.

APPEAL Verily the Lord has a "firmament of chosen ones" among the multitudes of the Middle East. It is the task of our missionaries to find these precious jewels, while Middle East College will polish them so they will shine as successful soul winners among their own people. God will bless our mission giving, and we may share in the rewards to the faithful.

SABBATH, NOVEMBER 8

A Man Who Loves God

by Eugene P. Vervoort

[A native of Antwerp, Belgium, Eugene P. Vervoort (Fair-voo'rt) is a former lieutenant in the Belgian merchant marines. After the war he was converted to the Adventist faith and went to our school in Collonges (Kō-lonj'). Here he received a diploma in evangelism, and for two years pastored the church in Brugge (Brüg'ä), Belgium. He was then asked to go as a missionary to the Indian Ocean Union Mission, where he has served with his wife for the past nineteen years. After having worked in the Malagasy (Māl'ä gäs' i) bush and on the Seychelles (Sā-shēlz') Islands, he was called

back to the island of Madagascar, where he has served in different capacities. Today he is the director of the bush school for children, the story of which will be told in the following article. We can say that Brother Vervoort is a missionary in the true sense of the word.]

INTRODUCTION The town of Fianarantsoa (Fee - ah - nah' rahn-tso'a), situated about 250 miles south of Tananarive (Tah-nah-nah-reev'), is the administrative center of the most densely populated province in Madagascar. In this province alone live one quarter of the entire population of this red-soiled, red-rivered island. The clever Betsileo (Bet-see-lay'oo) rice growers of the plateau, the rugged cattle breeders of the Bara (Bah'rah) country, the tenacious Tanala (Tah-nah'la) from the eastern forests, and three distinct peoples of the coastal regions contribute to make this section one of the richest in the country. For many years the Advent message has been penetrating into this province, but a serious lack has been felt; namely, our work here did not have a school where the young people leaving the primary school could be prepared to enter the Indian Ocean Union Training School near Tananarive, the capital of Madagascar.

All efforts to establish such a school never amounted to more than a wish. Even when the president of the union gave Brother Vervoort the supervision of this mission, with the view in mind of establishing an institution, he did not have anything to offer him but his very sincere compliments while handing over to him a mission seriously in debt. However, this gave God the opportunity to show His real resources.

In the little village of Manaotsara (Mah-nah-oot'-sah-rah), just a few miles from the center of the town of Fianarantsoa, lives an elderly brother by the name of Rakotosolofo (Rah-koo' too-soo-loo'foo). He has spent all his active life far away from his relatives. He became acquainted with the Advent message while he stayed for some time at Diego-Suarez (Dee-ay'go Swar-ez'). When he retired to the little village to spend his last years in peace and quietness, our brother had a few savings, but also a great love for his Saviour and a fervent desire to serve His cause.

He had acquired some land on which he planned to build a house for his old age, but God placed a desire in his heart to see the mission establish a school in his little village.

In view of a certain reticence on the part of the mission to enter this open door, our brother began to build a large house. One room served for several years as a day nursery, and on Sabbaths as a meeting place for a group of Adventists raised up by the preaching of this zealous son of God. He tried to enlarge this undertaking by starting a small school in which he himself taught mechanics to some of the young men.

Without land or buildings, with the mission deep in debt, Elder Vervoort found himself before this open door. The building was not very modern, and the village of Manaotsara was rather shabby, so the small open door seemed less inviting. It was without enthusiasm that he entered. Our elderly broth-

er's joy was great as he gave his best into our hands. He started at once to count his assets, and told Elder Vervoort: "This first building is too small. We should have a large school, and we should try to make room for the children of our members who live far away."

He started constructing a second house. Many times it was necessary for him to interrupt the work in order to await the deposit of his small pension that he might start again. It took all that he had, and his aged wife went out to the rice field to make sure they would survive. Thus by hope and sacrifice the second building was finished. It gave the school an excellent start in humble surroundings. We had now seven good classrooms. In the meantime Brother Rakotosolofo had begun to take children of members and friends living far away into his home. Soon he had a roomful. Some months later the children occupied a second room, then the attic, while he and his wife lived in the poorest room. One day he took Elder Vervoort aside and said: "The mission needs all my house for a boarding school for young girls. I have talked it over with my wife, and she is of the same opinion. We are leaving the house, and you can use it for the students." He showed Elder Vervoort a tumble-down shed with a thatched roof near the house. "We shall repair that," he said, "and it will be good enough for us to await the return of Christ."

The repairs were made, and they moved in, happy to leave a comfortable house, but visualizing the mansion Jesus has prepared for them.

Elder Vervoort remembers one day when an unexpected rain carried away a section of the kitchen wall which they were setting up. He met Brother Rakotosolofo at the place of disaster the next morning, and he was in tears when he said: "But what sin have I committed that God has taken away His protection from my work?" The great enemy of God was trying to hinder the progress of the work, but the school is prospering. The churches far away have begun to send their young people, the personnel work with joy even under imperfect conditions, the finances of the school have cleared the debts of the mission, and we are thus permitted to go forward without obstacles.

APPEAL Here is the answer to the question of the noble soul! And this is also the divine answer to our overwhelming problems. What do you expect to see at Manaotsara? An ultra-modern plant? No. Come here and contemplate the work of God: a man—in spite of his old age, his enfeebled eyes, his imperfect speech, his lack of education—is still able to advance the work of God. You also can advance the work of God, brothers and sisters. According to the way in which God can be revealed in you and through you, He can grant His blessings for the salvation of the world.



To Enjoy Your Giving

Giving to God a weekly amount from the top of your income makes giving easier and adds the satisfaction of knowing, as you spend the rest of your income, that you have given God the "first fruits" rather than the "left-overs."

"Please Build Us a Church!"

by G. A. Yesudian

[Baptized in 1933, Pastor G. A. Yesudian (Yee-soo'-dee-an) studied at Spicer college and began evangelistic work in 1936. He was ordained in 1956, and is now a pastor-evangelist in the Tamil Section.]

INTRODUCTION In working for God, it is doing the little things that matter most. Several months ago, in the far south of India, an unknown church member from a district in Madras (Mā-drās') State gave away a Voice of Prophecy application card. A young man consequently enrolled in the Bible course. Today there is a growing church in the little village of Pudikiramam (Poo-dee-key-rā'mum). Let me tell you the story. It is a thrilling one!

Pudikiramam is a small village located ten miles from Sankarankoil (Sun-kur'un-koil; "koil" means "church"). About five hundred families live there. Of these, almost half are Christian.

The first Christian missionary entered the village one hundred fifty years ago. He lived with the people. His home was a small thatched hut. He ate the food of the people, and slept on the ground as they did. His message fell on good soil, and the witness of his daily life bore fruit. The new Christian community flourished. New missionaries came, and lived there. In time the villagers had their own Indian pastors. More than one hundred years passed. One day

their elderly pastor died and nobody was sent to replace him. For many years the Christian community did not have its own regular pastor. However, the members were determined to be true to their Christian principles. They built their own little church—a small hut, thatched with the dried-out leaves of the palmyra palm trees that grow in abundance all around. They appointed their own leader, who regularly carried on the services week after week.

One day, just two years ago, two of the young men from Pudikiramam were talking to a friend from the next village. He introduced them to a free Bible correspondence course he was taking. They enrolled, and were quickly interested. They in turn told their friends what they were studying. There were questions that soon needed to be answered and difficulties that needed a solution. Where could they find a Seventh-day Adventist pastor? Where was the nearest church? After a long search they found Brother Paul Ebenezer, a faithful lay member who has worked successfully over the past twenty years, not only as a farmer but also as a fisher of men. He has raised up a number of churches and companies in the Sankarankoil area.

"Would you please come over and conduct meetings for us? There are many things we do not understand." A promise was made, but twelve months passed before it could be kept. Again they came. "Please come and start the meetings." So it was that the church pastor, accompanied by his wife and Brother

Ebenezer, began to preach. The whole village was soon deeply interested in all that was said. When the Sabbath was presented many of them eagerly accepted it. They began to observe it. Shortly afterward they came to the pastor and said:

"We would like to become Adventists. We want to be baptized—but we have just one request. We are not asking you to give us money. We do not want you to provide us with clothes. We are not expecting you to send our children to school or to set up industries for us, but we would like you to provide a proper church in which to worship."

How difficult to refuse such a request! To prove his anxiety for a place of worship, one of the leading villagers gladly donated a beautiful plot of land and materials worth more than 1,500 rupees for the church. A very large group of men and women began to prepare for baptism. Soon twelve people were baptized, and one hundred others were in the baptismal class. Plans were immediately put into action for building a church for them—a church that would fulfill their hearts' desire.

APPEAL Here in Southern Asia there are more than three hundred churches and companies that have no church homes. They make the same appeal: "We do not ask you for clothes. We do not expect you to send our children to school. But would you please help us to build a proper church in which we can worship?"

How difficult to refuse such a request!

We appeal to all of our Sabbath School members: Give what you can! In giving and working for God's cause, it is the small things as well as the large that count. One man gave away a Voice of Prophecy card, never dreaming that one day more than one hundred people would be studying in a baptismal class because of it, never dreaming that a new church would be erected as a monument to his faithfulness. This quarter your gift, be it large or small, will help to establish many more churches in Southern Asia—monuments to YOUR faithfulness. Their call rings in our ears: "Please help us to build a proper church in which to worship!" Let us answer that call.

SABBATH, NOVEMBER 22

Vacation Bible School Again Opens the Way

by Mrs. Richard W. O'Ffill

[Mrs. Richard W. O'Ffill (nee Betty Eldridge) is the wife of the pastor and academic dean of Pakistan Union Junior College. In addition to her responsibilities as a missionary wife, she teaches her eldest daughter by Home Study and also teaches half time at the college. Before going to Pakistan, Pastor and Mrs. O'Ffill served the ministry in the State of Ohio. Mrs. O'Ffill finds that combining home duties with teaching duties is an all-absorbing task, requiring a great effort, but reaping a rich reward.]

INTRODUCTION Pakistan Union Junior College is one of our youngest colleges. Owing to difficulties involved in getting Pakistani students to Spicer Memorial College, it has been decided to upgrade the old Paki-

stan Union School into a college. In March of 1968 they graduated their first junior college class. The college sent out some of its students during vacation time in an experiment in summer evangelism. The two young men in our story were such students.

"You boys had better not come back to our village. The road here is very dangerous and full of bandits. Besides, two other Christian workers came here once and fell in love with two of our girls and took them away. The villagers are very angry about that, and they might think you will do the same. It is not safe for you to be here. Go back home!"

These threatening words came from a minister in the village of Niaz Beg (Nee-āz' Beg), West Pakistan. The minister was trying to discourage two young Adventist men who had come to the village to hold a Vacation Bible School and evangelistic meetings. This minister claimed a large religious following in the village and was on the school board of their denominational school operating in the village. Our young men politely thanked the minister for his concern, and assured him that they would not do the same as those other Christian workers. "God will be with us. Just give us a chance," they said.

So our boys went on with their plans to hold a Vacation Bible School in the mornings and evangelistic meetings at night. They stayed with Adventist friends in a town four miles away and rented bicycles to ride back and forth each day. The

cycles turned out to be less than new. Several times they broke down, forcing the boys to push them home through dangerous territory in the dead of night. But always they claimed the promise that the Lord would send His angels to compass them about and deliver them, and they were never molested.

The boys would arrive at the village early in the morning and would return home late at night. Many times they had to prepare their evening meal at midnight. Did they have a church in which to hold their meetings? Did they have a comfortable auditorium with classrooms for the children who attended the Vacation Bible School? No indeed! The children met together under the shade of an occasional tree, and the evangelistic meetings were held under the stars. These courageous boys did not use inconveniences as an excuse to spend their summer doing their own pleasure. Only those who have labored here can know of the hardships these young men encountered—the extreme heat, the illiteracy of the people, the threats of other village religious leaders, the long hours each day, the late meals, the broken cycles, and the danger of bandits.

When the Vacation Bible School was set up, the children were visited and invited to attend. Soon they could be seen coming, timid and scantily clad at first. But as the school progressed, clothing began to appear on their little brown bodies as the children learned about the things of God and took pride in their daily crafts and lessons. The refining, transforming power of the

gospel could be seen even in these little children. A frequent visitor to these morning classes and also to the evening evangelistic meetings was the minister. God was quietly watering the seeds of truth being planted in this man's heart.

After one of the evening meetings a stranger confronted the boys and introduced himself as the superintendent of education for that district. He asked the boys to meet with him and his staff at a special meeting. The boys were a bit apprehensive and wondered whether they were going to be asked to leave the village after all their hard work thus far. When they entered the meeting at the appointed time, the superintendent introduced them to the group. Who should be a member of the staff but the young minister. Then the superintendent turned to the boys and said, "We would like for you to hold Vacation Bible Schools in all our district schools. Will you do it?" As the staff waited for an answer, the boys looked at each other in surprise and relief. When they were able to answer, they had to tell the members that they were sorry but their summer schedule would not permit it and that there were no other workers who could be sent at this time. It was with heavy hearts that the boys left the meeting that afternoon.

As the young minister continued to attend the evening meetings, he became convicted of the Bible truth and requested personal Bible studies. When the subject of temperance was discussed, the man voluntarily gave up smoking and drinking tea, and he became a vegetarian. Before

the meetings were finished, he made his decision to join the remnant church. His next step was to resign his position with his former church. He told our boys, "This message is so clear and right that if only others understood it as I do there would be Adventist churches and schools all over Pakistan."

APPEAL Yes, if only others understood. If only we had workers to send to that district to hold Vacation Bible Schools. If only we had someone to send to this village or that village to hold evangelistic meetings.

The schools and churches of Southern Asia are training young people and old alike as fast and as well as available funds permit. We need to expand our schools and to enlarge our evangelistic programs. Many are the villages we have never entered. Many are the people who live and die having never heard the name of Jesus. Should not this weigh heavily on your heart this Sabbath day? One day the doors of evangelism may close, and ignorance and superstition will descend like a blanket over the people. Let us do something now while there is still time. Let us finish the gospel in Southern Asia before this generation passes. Let us answer the "Macedonian call."

SABBATH, NOVEMBER 29

God Appoints a Soul Winner

by N. D. Roy

[As a newly married, 20-year-old junior college graduate, Pastor N. D. Roy accepted the Adventist faith in 1949. A few months later he

began to teach in Kellogg-Mookerjee High School near his home in East Pakistan. He studied during the next five summers to obtain an Adventist education. In 1958 he entered a district evangelistic work to which was added in 1966 the duties of lay activities secretary for the East Pakistan Section. He moved in mid-1968 to the port city of Chittagong to do pioneer evangelistic work there.]

INTRODUCTION East Pakistan is a small province with a large population which is divided into a number of separate and distinct groups of people, each living in its own particular area. Our mission program has not yet penetrated into some of these areas. Until a few years ago the district of Sylhet which is located in the northeastern corner of the province was one such area. The Lord was anxious for the message to be preached in that place, and here is the story of how He arranged for it to be done.

Jarip Morol (Jă-rēep' Mō-rôl) was a Christian living in one of the valleys of Sylhet's beautiful mountainous areas close to the Indian border. The inhabitants are called Shungsharik (Shŭng-shă-rēek'). Only a few are Christians, but prior to the events of this story none were Seventh-day Adventists.

One day Jarip dreamed about the truth. In the dream he was told to visit Pastor N. D. Roy. Pastor Roy was the district leader of the area and the nearest ordained Adventist pastor, but he lived more than a hundred miles to the west from Sylhet. Jarip found it difficult to believe the dream. However, it stayed with him to puzzle and worry him. Finally he wrote a letter to Pastor Roy requesting that he come to Sylhet. Pastor Roy read the un-

expected letter with interest and recognized it to be a "Macedonian call."

As quickly as possible Pastor Roy traveled to Sylhet and found Jarip in the village of Bogla Noador (Bôg-la' Nô-ă-dôr'). He was a sixty-year-old, well-to-do middle-class man who had lived all his life in this one village. Locally he was known as "Morol," a tribal title signifying the "head of the area." Arrangements were made to study the Bible in his home. A full year passed in studying the Scriptures. At the age of sixty-one Jarip took his stand for the Sabbath truth and began a new life in harmony with all the newly acquired knowledge of God's Word. He was the only Adventist in all of Sylhet.

Jarip felt that he must not only be a disciple of Christ but also an apostle for Him. He began first in his home village giving Bible studies to friends and relatives. Presenting the truth here was not easy. He endured hardships for Christ's sake. Various trials came as he worked to save others. At times he faced personal peril, but he felt that having dedicated his life to Christ and having accepted Christ's call to work he must not stop his witness. Energetically he labored through a full year, then notified Pastor Roy that a number of souls were ready to be baptized.

Pastor K. S. Brown, then president of that section of the Southern Asia Division, and Pastor Roy visited Sylhet to investigate the work Brother Jarip was doing. They discovered eleven persons ready to be baptized, and many others inter-

ested in the truth. Singing songs of repentance from sin and of acceptance of Jesus, the company of believers and interested ones walked to a nearby stream where in God's own outdoor sanctuary the eleven souls were baptized. Brother Jarip's smiling face actually glowed with happiness as he saw these souls become members of God's remnant church.

Encouraged and inspired by the conversion of those already baptized, Brother Jarip continued his work for the interested ones and reached out to evangelize a number of other villages. Christ's command, "Go ye . . . , and preach the gospel" became a driving force in his life. At the time of this writing, six years after his baptism, Brother Jarip can count two companies raised up in Sylhet, with a number of believers in various nearby villages. Now a full-time worker has been assigned to the area to whom Brother Jarip gives his faithful support in extending the gospel throughout the district.

APPEAL Brother Jarip has been an agent of the Lord Jesus who has not counted any sacrifice of his own time, money, or effort too great as he has attempted to win souls. With gladness of heart he tells how the Lord has rewarded him for his steadfastness in keeping the Sabbath, for his faithfulness in the return of tithes and in giving of offerings. The opening up of this new area under the prompting and direction of the Lord now demands continued and larger expenditures of funds for the establishment of the church there.

Their plea is: "Can we count on you to join us in sacrificial giving so that which our Lord and His servant, Brother Jarip, have begun may be carried to completion? Won't you help us by your liberal Thirteenth Sabbath Offering to provide places where churches can be built? More than three hundred such places are badly needed in Southern Asia today.

SABBATH, DECEMBER 6

The Waiting Ones

by Thomas M. Ashlock

[Thomas M. Ashlock, of missionary parents, grew up in India. At the age of sixteen he returned to the States to complete his education. He is a graduate of Southern Missionary College. He and his wife were called to the Southern Asia Division in 1950, where he labored until 1957. He was later sent to Trans-Africa, where he worked as departmental secretary in various capacities from 1960 to 1967. He is at present Sabbath School secretary of the North Pacific Union Conference, U.S.A.]

INTRODUCTION Sister Florisa Timung (Floor-Isa' Tee-mung'), a devoted Bible instructor of the Presbyterian Church, sat on her veranda in Shillong, Assam, thinking of the startling events that were taking place in the great world outside her hills and of the changes that had occurred right in her own neighborhood since she had moved there some years before. At that time her home, the only one on the hill, was surrounded by stately evergreens and singing pines. Life was simple and men were honest. Now most of the beautiful trees were gone, and in their place were houses, houses, and more houses. Strangers from the

plains, whose languages and customs she did not understand, had crowded in, and as it is in cities all over the world, it was no longer safe to go out and leave one's house unlocked. Her thoughts were interrupted by the clicking of her front gate as a young man, neatly dressed and smiling, approached her.

"Good afternoon, Sister," the stranger greeted. As she accepted the handbill he said, "I shall look for you at the first meeting this coming Sunday evening," and went his way.

"Prophetic Bible Lectures," Sister Florisa read aloud, "to be held in the Seventh-day Adventist Church. Do not miss this opportunity to learn what the Bible teaches about the meaning of present-day events."

"Oh, that is what I most want to know!" she exclaimed.

In describing her experience of the first evening, Sister Florisa said, "As I listened to the sermon, which was actually a long one, it seemed to me it ended all too soon. I left that evening with the determination to attend every meeting."

As the sermons, preached for the first half of the series by Pastor DeVer Laursen and continued by Elder Ashlock, were given night after night, it was most encouraging to see this faithful woman indicate her willingness to accept each truth presented. Despite the fact that she had spent her life teaching the Bible to others, it now became to her a new and even more precious revelation of the love of God. Now her greatest desire was to share with others what she had learned.

She regretted that the leaders of her church had not come to hear these lectures, for she felt sure that had they done so, they, like her, would have accepted these truths.

So it was with joyful anticipation that Sister Florisa set forth to call on some of her church leaders. She was wholly unprepared for the cool reception she received. Some became so upset that they seemed to regard her as a traitor. Hour after hour, one after another reasoned with her in an effort to dissuade her, but never once did they endeavor to prove from the Bible that what she had learned at the lectures was wrong. In relating these incidents later, she said, "I had no desire to leave my church nor to separate myself from my fellow churchmen, whom I loved, but when I realized that so many of the doctrines, such as those concerning infant baptism, the immortal nature of man, the continual punishment of the wicked, the sacredness of Sunday, and kindred subjects, were based on tradition, the product of mingling European paganism with true Christianity, I concluded with sadness that I could no longer remain a member of, and a worker in, my former church."

Just because some of her dearest friends refused to accept the Bible truths she explained to them, Sister Florisa did not become discouraged. Soon after her baptism she prepared a set of doctrinal tracts in her native Mikir (Me-keer') language. Despite her advancing years, she traveled on foot many miles to the Mikir Hills in order that she, the first Mikir Seventh-day Advent-

ist, could present in person God's last message to the people whom her father, the first Christian evangelist, had won to Christ from the fear and darkness of the worship and appeasement of evil spirits. As a result of her efforts a group of believers there now rejoice in the third angel's message.

If you were to visit Sister Florisa, you would find her either in Delhi, the capital city, with her daughter, who is a member of the Indian Parliament, or at the home of one of her other children in Shillong. Though fully retired, she would tell us of the joy that comes to her as she witnesses for her Saviour. She would conclude with a request that we share with her news of the progress of the work of Christ in other parts of the world. Before we would leave, she would plead with us to pray that something could be done to make it possible for more of our young people to go to the more than thirty language groups in her part of India who have not as yet heard the message of a soon-coming King.

Brother Ashlock writes that though he only had a glimpse of the fear and anguish brought about by Satan's hellish designs that Sister Florisa has seen, he has seen enough.

During the past seventeen years, many times he has awakened in the middle of the night haunted by two large brown eyes, deeply set in a small heart-shaped face. With her jet-black hair, olive complexion, and sharp features, she could have left impressed on his mind the image of a most beautiful child. But the sad

picture is that of a wan, little tear-stained face, framed with a few strands of hair that had come loose from the long braid which hung almost to her waist.

It was about ten-thirty in the morning on the first day of a long train ride from Calcutta to Bombay. The train had been stopped at a small station for some time, and Brother Ashlock was finishing a delicious Indian meal served in the train compartment by the railway dining service. To conclude his meal he had eaten a banana and had thrown the peeling out of the window, intending it for one of the many goats that frequent these remote railway stations in India. The peeling had no more than hit the side of the tracks when he heard in Hindustani, "Thank you, sir. Thank you very much, sir." The voice was obviously that of a child. The double blast of the whistle and the slight movement of the train made him hurry to the window.

Though she was probably seven years old, she was so little that at first glance she looked to be only four or five. As she walked along with the moving train picking off the cinders that had clung to the banana peeling, she again said, "Thank you, sir, for I am so hungry." Then quickly glancing to one side, she saw something that replaced the sparkle in her eyes and the smile on her face with a look of terror. As her eyes momentarily met those of Brother Ashlock's again, he saw a plea for help that he will never forget. Hurriedly she began to stuff the entire banana peeling into her mouth, cinders and all. Then

it was that Brother Ashlock, too, saw him—a tall skeleton of a boy probably fifteen or sixteen years old. He darted from behind a railroad car, knocked her down, took her precious banana peeling and in two or three gulps swallowed it and was on his way. He too was hungry.

As she got to her knees and held out her hands imploringly, the train chugged around a curve and she was out of sight. Back on his seat was a second banana, but somehow Elder Ashlock couldn't eat it now. At the next station he bought a whole stalk of bananas—enough for at least one for each child on the station platform as well as for those on the trackside of the train. However, all their thanks could not drown out the echo of that pitiful, "For I am so hungry." Brother Ashlock cannot tell you the exact color of her ragged little dress, but the plea in those eyes—that cry for help—has given a special urgency to John's prayer, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

APPEAL "O Lord, give us the peace and joy that come to those who participate wholeheartedly with Thee in Thy marvelous plan to save mankind. Help us who have so much more than banana peelings to eat to give as we should that Christ's work on earth may soon be finished so no one will ever hunger again. Amen."

★ ★ ★

A loving act carries a momentum all its own, like a pebble tossed into a lake. And sometimes it can throw out enough rings of love to embrace a multitude of people.—Adapted from Arthur Cavanaugh in *McCall's*.

SABBATH, DECEMBER 13

Lost but Found

by F. E. Schlehuber

[The writer was born and reared in the Pacific Northwest. He graduated from Laurelwood Academy, Walla Walla College, and received his Master's degree from Potomac University (now Andrews University). From 1946-1959 he served as principal of the Tanzania and Kenya training schools in Africa. He was principal of Upper Columbia Academy in Washington State from 1960-1966, and currently is principal of Lakpahana (Lock'pa-hanna) Training Institute, Ceylon.]

INTRODUCTION From the southernmost tip of the resplendent isle of Ceylon the Dondera Head lighthouse sends its guiding beams to the extensive shipping plying the busy lane between the Orient and the Persian Gulf oil ports. Important as this light is to the ships that skirt the tip of the island, there is another light that shines forth in an isolated area just seventeen miles east of Dondera, in the community of Tangalle (Tan-gall').

This story had its beginning nearly half a century ago when a harbor pilot met and married the daughter of a Colombo shipbuilder. To this union were born six children. When Margaret, the youngest, was only nine months old, her pilot father slipped on the gangway, breaking his spine. Medical facilities in Ceylon were inadequate to cope with the problem, so he was sent back to his native England. Upon the advice of friends, the mother decided to leave nine-month-old Margaret in Ceylon until she returned. She knew she would have her hands more than full looking

after her bedridden husband and five children, the oldest being just nine.

Arrangements were being made to place the infant in a well-known convent when a prominent Ceylon family offered to care for the child. They felt to have this baby in their home would in itself be a mark of distinction. Satisfied that their baby would be properly tended, the family sailed to England. Two and one-half years later the father died. The mother's desire now was to bring her child home since it was evident that the family would never again come back to Ceylon. It was not as simple as it sounded, for the Ceylonese family had become fondly attached to little Margaret. Time passed, and every effort of the mother to recover her child seemed futile. Margaret continued to receive birthday and Christmas cards from her mother until she was ten or eleven years old. Then the cards no longer came, and Margaret was led to believe that her mother was now dead.

School days occupied most of her childhood and adolescent years. At the age of sixteen Margaret left school and was entrusted with managing one of the foster family estates. By chance she was reading one of the books found in the estate house, only to discover folded between the pages of that book a portion of a letter written by her real mother making inquiry about Margaret. What a thrill it was to think that perhaps her mother might still be alive. Just to see the handwriting of her mother, whom she really had never known, was in itself a great

satisfaction. Margaret secreted this letter as a treasure.

Four years later, at the age of twenty, Margaret was reading yet another book, this time in the Colombo house, when by chance she found the other portion of the same letter. This was even better, for it contained the address in England. Again her heart thrilled as she read the yearning of a mother for her lost daughter.

It was during these lonesome years that Margaret found in her Bible a constant companion, a source of solace and comfort. She retired to bed one night after a weeping spell only to be awakened in the middle of the night by a voice that commanded: "Write to your mother." Margaret lighted a candle and wrote a long letter asking many questions about their separation. She expressed her unhappiness and her desire to see her mother. With a prayer on her lips, she addressed the envelope to the old address given on the treasured letter she had accidentally found, and mailed it.

Three weeks later a cable arrived saying: "Letter received, overjoyed, writing." Margaret took the cable to her room, fell down on her knees and uttered a prayer of thanksgiving that she had found her mother. Then came the long letter with family snapshots and a full explanation of their separation. Life took on a new zest until her foster mother discovered what had happened. New moves were on foot. Through contact with the Anglican priest, a marriage was arranged, and Margaret became Mrs. Andrée.

Peculiar as the circumstances

were in this unusual marriage, Mr. Andrée proved to be a kind, loving husband, who ardently cared for Margaret. In the early years of their marriage Elder Dunbar Smith came to Colombo and conducted a series of meetings in the town hall. It was Mr. Andrée who insisted that his wife attend these meetings, for he said, "These people explain the Bible very well." After work hours Mr. Andrée joined his wife at the meetings and then they returned home together. When the effort was over, Margaret was baptized into her new-found faith, rejoicing in the new light that had come to her.

Not long after becoming a Seventh-day Adventist, Margaret took into her home another adopted child from her former foster home. This girl, apparently possessed of an evil spirit, frequently erupted in uncontrollable fits. Over the years, Margaret, the church pastor, and members worked and prayed for this girl. God saw fit to heal the girl, and she too was converted and today stands with her husband and four children as pillars in the church.

At the age of fifty, Mr. Andrée, who had been afflicted since childhood with a respiratory condition, was stricken with double pneumonia. He was forced to retire from government service, and moved back to Tangalle, his home area. Here he and Margaret lived, developing the small property he owned, during the next five years until his death. During these last years Margaret's heart was thrilled to see her husband also surrender himself to the Master, to be used as He saw fit.

APPEAL Many friends have tried to persuade Margaret to move back to Colombo, but she has steadfastly refused. Her goal is to see some souls in Tangalle brought to the light that has meant so much to her. One of these days an evangelistic effort in Tangalle will harvest a crop of souls where the seed has been sown by this lone Seventh-day Adventist who stands as a lighthouse to guide souls into the harbor of safety. And you can do your part by your liberal offering on the next thirteenth Sabbath to help prepare an evangelist to water the seed that has been so faithfully sown. Spicer Memorial College has an enrollment of double the number that it is built to accommodate. Your offering will make room for the training of some of these much-needed evangelists.

SABBATH, DECEMBER 20

"Let Us Arise and Build"

by H. D. Erickson

[H. D. Erickson has given fifteen years' service in our schools in India, and at present is principal of Lasalgaon High School, which is to share in the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering overflow for the fourth quarter, 1969. He received his B.A. degree from Walla Walla College in 1950 and later his M.A. from the SDA Theological Seminary. In 1953, with his wife (daughter of veteran Southern Asia missionary O. W. Lange), he was appointed to Assam Training School. After one year's teaching, he was made principal. Since then he has served as principal of Raymond Memorial Training School and Narsapur SDA High School, both in India. He was appointed to his present position in 1967.]

INTRODUCTION We are thrilled that the Western India Union boarding high school at Lasalgaon

(La'sal-gow), about 150 miles north-east of Bombay, is to receive help from worldwide Sabbath School friends this fourth quarter, 1969. For the first time in its fifty-year history this institution will benefit from a Thirteenth Sabbath Offering overflow. Virtually every worker and national leader in Western India Union today received his high school training at this school, and it is the source also for future workers for this challenging union with its more than 60 million non-Christians.

"Please, sir, may I move my chair? The water is pouring onto my book again." So for the third time Prakash (Pra-kosh') and the whole class move to another part of the small classroom, hoping this time to escape the numerous steady streams of descending rain water. Then both students and teacher concentrate again on their math problem.

"Why don't they put a roof on?" you may ask. Well, they have a roof, but let me explain. The tile roof over the entire administration building is so old that it is no longer waterproof. At least one staff member has spent sleepless nights moving and removing furniture around his apartment vainly trying to escape the rain water.

A tradesman was recently employed to fix the roof, but after ten days' effort it was no better. It is beyond repair, no longer keeping out the water during the rainy season, which continues through nearly half of the school year.

You can help put a roof over these classrooms by giving generously on the thirteenth Sabbath. "Why are

those students and teachers sitting out there this morning?" a visitor to Sabbath School asks. He must be told that there is no room left in our inadequate chapel, which is really only a large classroom. And it is urgently needed for classroom and office space. To solve the problem a 40- by 60-foot open-sided steel frame structure has recently been purchased. If we had the money we could brick in the walls and tastefully finish this to make an attractive chapel and church.

A recent General Conference visitor to the school stated that after inspecting the press, he was "depressed." Although it is a vital link in the gospel work of the church in Western India, printing both the vernacular Sabbath School quarterlies and the church paper, this press is housed in an ancient chicken-coop-like structure, originally built fifty years ago as a girls' hostel. Part of it is already demolished. The cases of type and the composing room are situated on an open veranda.

Plans call for a 35- by 250-foot industrial building, providing adequate facilities for press, grinding mill, carpentry and metal workshops, and maintenance. These plans await funds before they can be implemented.

If you were to visit the school during mealtime you would see boys using sacks to carry the hot pots of food from the kitchen across the campus to their hostel. During its fifty years of existence the school has never had a dining room. After cooking the food in a primitive kitchen, girls and boys eat their

meals in the study and worship room in each hostel. Plans are already drawn for a new dining hall and kitchen.

APPEAL Despite the needs and inconveniences at this school, the students are far from complaining. On the contrary, visitors to the school often comment on the fine group of bright-eyed boys and girls we have enrolled. They certainly are a group you would be happy to help with a generous "Christmas gift" this thirteenth Sabbath.

SABBATH, DECEMBER 27

Sudna Escapes a Life of Fear

by M. C. Lall

[M. C. Lall entered mission work in Lahore in 1945. Except for two years of teaching, he spent his time as a literature evangelist in the Northwestern India Union until 1953. In 1953 he was invited to become a publishing department secretary, and he has continued in this work in local or union capacity until the present time. In 1961 he answered the call of the Northeast Union of the Southern Asia Division, where he continues to serve as publishing secretary.]

INTRODUCTION Karmatar (Kär' mǎ-tār) is located 170 miles northeast of the populous city of Calcutta in Northeastern India. It was in Karmatar that the first established work of the Adventist Church for this region was begun in the late 1800's. Our first publishing press was located here, along with a sanitarium and school. Over the years Karmatar has continued to have a country style of

life, and the spacious Northeast Union headquarters is still encompassed by dozens of villages where age-old living conditions have never changed. The people are mainly Hindu and Moslem, with their worship practices deeply rooted in the customs and traditions of the passing centuries.

Adventist influence has been limited and as much as the mission's presence is appreciated yet the conversions have been difficult. M. C. Lall, publishing secretary for the Northeast Union since 1961, is perhaps the best acquainted with Sudna (Sōōd' nà), whose story follows, and has done much to influence his life.

He walked into Sabbath School wearing a newly made-over suit. He had on a necktie to match and a pair of canvas shoes. It was difficult to realize that the boy who walked into the church so quietly and bowed his head in prayer was the same young boy who followed his mother around when she came to work for the Lall family when they first moved to Karmatar to take up their new appointment at the Northeast Union headquarters office.

Sudna was about six years old at that time. He came with his mother to get away from the monotony of village life; to get away from things that frightened him, such as the three vertical lines painted on the mud wall of his thatched hut. These lines ever reminded him that evil spirits were a regular visitor to his home. Children of homes on whose walls these marks were found were never left alone at midday or after dark. He lived in constant fear, and was afraid to step out into the dark-

ness. He was weary of the endless tales of fear told by the older village boys. Tears welled up in his large brown eyes each time he saw the head of a small goat forced into a wooden trap, its head chopped off, and the lifeless body squirm, jump, and then lie still. Even though these occasions made him sad, he was particular that this sacrifice of blood be performed to appease the great evil spirit. Much of the family's meager earnings were spent on the annual poojas (poo'jus), religious ceremonies which called for an animal sacrifice.

And then he was taken to the mission compound. How different life seemed! The people were clean, busy; their homes smelled different, and best of all they were unafraid. There seemed to be no fear for these people who worshiped in a room with no visible signs of any god—a room with just ordinary benches and a wooden desk.

Well, why worry about it, he thought. My fate is different. I have been born into another world, another way of life, and I may as well try to be content. However, try as he would to drive thoughts of dissatisfaction out of his mind, whenever he saw the mission children playing and worshiping he felt he was missing something in life.

A small Branch Sabbath School was started in his village with Pastor and Mrs. David assisting Mrs. M. C. Lall. Sudna came, but much of what was said made very little sense to him. But one thing that fascinated him was that at every meeting the mem-sahib told of a place where there would be no sor-

row, no pain, no death—not even the death of a poor helpless goat, and best of all no fear. In time he learned the gospel choruses which spoke of love, hope, and joy. He enjoyed hearing Pastor G. C. Arinda (A-rin'da) play the violin. When a few weeks later it was announced that the meetings would be held at the mission, he was overjoyed. Soon, along with four other boys and an old lady, he was visiting the mission every Sabbath for a special meeting. He wondered why he couldn't attend Sabbath School every day, and even was bold enough to suggest this to the missionary's wife. When Sudna became interested enough in the Christian religion to start skipping regular school to attend Sabbath School, his father decided to take action, and Sudna was threatened with stripes and was even badly beaten. After a little encouragement from the mission folks and much pleading by Sudna with his father, Sudna left the Government Basic School and joined the mission school conducted by Mrs. Aimee McHenry every evening.

Village life now was uninteresting. More than a year had passed by since he started studying at the mission. During the year he had made much progress. It was therefore not altogether surprising to Mrs. Lall when one evening Sudna very seriously announced, "I want to be a Christian. I am not afraid any more. Do you think it is possible for me to be a part of God's great family?" And then he pleaded, "May I come and live here? I don't want to stay in the village." Mrs. Lall placed her hand on the head of the little fellow

and sent up a prayer of thankfulness to God who had through His Spirit influenced this young lad to look toward a better life, a life secure in the confidence of a loving Saviour.

For the past three years Sudna has been living on the mission compound. His cheery smile and gracious manners have won him a place in every heart. He visits his home often. He earns his food and money for his school fees. At the end of the present school term it is planned that he attend the union boarding school at Falakata. His ambition is to prepare himself to declare the glory of God among his people and to tell them of a "love that casteth out all fear."

APPEAL There are thousands of people who, like Sudna, await the opportunity to learn and to respond to the message of Christ. Yes, it costs something to send the message to these thousands, but the satisfaction of knowing that we have done our best in giving to help is worth the effort. You can have a part in Sudna's life and in the lives of countless others. Your gift will make you a part of the mission program around the world. It is to you that others like Sudna appeal for help. You won't disappoint them, will you?



Me! A Caretaker?

Consider the needs of the church. Ask yourself, "What kind of church would this church be if every member gave just as I do?" All men are caretakers. Christians should try to please God in the use of all that He has put in their care. "Yes, I'm a caretaker—God's caretaker!"

THIRTEENTH SABBATH

December 20 Suggested Program

- 9:15- 9:29 Have a song service of Christmas carols.
- 9:29- 9:30 Program participants enter.
- 9:30- 9:34 Silent prayer and opening song.
- 9:34- 9:36 Prayer—brief. Remember the mission field to benefit from the offering overflow.
- 9:36- 9:59 Special thirteenth Sabbath missions program—usually the adult and/or not more than two of the children's divisions participate.
- 9:59-10:37 Class period—six-point program (see front of Class Record Card), 8 minutes; lesson study, 30 minutes.
- 10:37-10:40 Closing exercises; close promptly.

Note.—Make posters or announcements, and/or use bulletin inserts provided free by the conference announcing the thirteenth Sabbath projects. Hold this special program the Sabbath before Christmas. Plan all details of your program early—at least two weeks in advance. Instruct division leaders whose children are participating so that each may know the amount of time allotted. For additional program material see Children's Edition, *World Mission Report*.



Thoughts to Ponder—

The Lord sometimes tests His people with prosperity in temporal things. . . . For all these blessings they must account to the Giver. . . . Some who profess to be children of God seem anxious to invest their means in the world. . . . If they continue to follow the dictates of their selfish hearts, and expend precious time and means to gratify their pride, God will send reverses, and they will feel pinching want because of their ingratitude. He will intrust His talents to more faithful stewards. —*Testimonies*, vol. 4, pp. 619, 620.

Thirteenth Sabbath Dialog

NO CHRISTMAS?

by Gloria Thomas

Music: Christmas carols.

1st Speaker: I love that Sabbath morning music (all pause to listen. Continue speaking when music is finished). I never hear Christmas carols but my thoughts go to lands where there is no Christmas.

2nd Speaker: What? No Christmas? How can that be? Not that we actually believe that Christ was born on Christmas Day, but we do believe the story of His birth.

1st Speaker: No, it wasn't that bad. We did no Christmas shopping, if you call it that, but there were so many Hindu and Moslem festivals that Christmas was just another festive occasion for a few Christians. After all, what would Christmas mean to someone who did not believe in Christ?

4th Speaker: I've just come back from a trip round the world, and it happened that I joined a Ministerial Association weekend retreat near headquarters office in Poona, India. At one meeting the pastor of Spicer Memorial College gave an excellent talk on "Christ Died for Us." Later a group of us were discussing it. Strangely enough, the group was made up of a former Buddhist priest, a one-time Hindu youth, another young man who was brought up entirely in Moslem surroundings, and myself. Fascinated by this, I asked the once-Buddhist priest what the words "Christ died for me" meant to him when he believed that death was only a birth into another life. It chilled me when he said, "What if someone did die for me? I'd be born again into another life anyhow. So it really means nothing to me."

1st Speaker: I remember a little boy, brought in by his father to sit before a man-made god of stone to do penance. To seek forgiveness for his sins, he had to pierce a large darning needle through his tongue and leave it there for a length of time. Gruesome are the stories of some in seeking salvation. I asked this lad if someone else could have done this for him. "No, no!" he said emphatically, "I must bear the punishment alone to the nth degree. No one can be my substitute." Today, this young man has learned to love Someone who was willing to bear his sins and die in his stead, and in return he has dedicated his life to His service. He is now a senior ministerial student at Spicer College. He has found Christ, and now Christmas has new meaning.

2nd Speaker: It must be strange not to have Christmas because of not knowing Christ. I find it difficult to understand because I've known of Christ since childhood.

4th Speaker: Talking about Christless nations, I think Southern Asia is unique. Note this rough outline map of Southern Asia. (Have large outline map placed on the side from the beginning of the program. Fourth speaker walks up to it and points, writes, or indicates on the map as he continues speaking. See map at the back of "World Mission Report.") This area is Pakistan; it is a Moslem country. Burma is strongly Buddhist. The beautiful island of Ceylon also strongly holds to Buddhism. This large area of India is predominately Hindu. O that the love of Christ may penetrate these lands!

3rd Speaker: I feel ashamed to think that I spend so much money at Christmas time and plan for so much fun when there are actually millions in Southern Asia who have no Christmas because they know not Christ. I wish I knew of some way to bring Christ to them.

2nd Speaker: I know! I know! This quarter our Sabbath School Offering overflow goes to Southern Asia. We can give a *very* special Thirteenth Sabbath Offering to upgrade the mission school at Lasalgaon (La'-sal-gow), and to enlarge the dormitory space at Spicer Memorial College. The fact that they are calling for more space means that many are accepting Christ and are choosing our institutions of learning. I am going to give more than I have ever given before.

4th Speaker: Another project that is to be helped by the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering overflow is the purchase of land for church buildings. Think of the Buddhist temples, Moslem mosques, and Hindu shrines (*point to map*) scattered over the countries, and in their midst Jesus calls for a place of worship. This comes as an irresistible challenge to me to do my best.

1st Speaker: Bring Christ to Southern Asia by making this your largest Christmas gift, won't you? For myself, I have made a special sacrifice. (*Speaker places his offering on plate. Other speakers do the same.*)

Suggestion: The superintendent places his offering on the plate and invites each member to give a real Christmas gift as the offering is taken.

India Is Calling

by Marye Trim

I'd like to bank some money
Up in heaven. Yes, I would!
And I would really do it
If I could.

But there is something else
That I can do,
And so I want to share
This news with you.

For India is calling, calling;
Pleading for the help that we can give
To schools and students, yes, and churches,
That India may know Jesus Christ, and live.

Would you like to store your treasure
Up in heaven? Well, you may,
By gladly helping India
On this thirteenth Sabbath day.

The Thirteenth Sabbath Offering Overflow

For the First Quarter 1970

Will Go to the Northern European Division

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SOUTHERN ASIA DIVISION

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Unions	Population	Churches	Church Members	Sub. Sch. Members
Burma U.	25,000,000	84	4,127	4,895
Ceylon U.	11,500,000	16	1,138	1,000
Northwest U.	156,941,283	72	4,343	4,964
Northwestern India U.	185,500,000	31	2,367	2,930
Pakistan U.	125,000,000	45	3,730	8,622
South India U.	110,160,887	189	22,279	25,421
Western India U.	60,523,600	31	2,319	2,950
Division Totals	674,625,770	468	40,303	50,782

