

MISSIONS QUARTERLY

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A SABBATH SCHOOL CLASS AT MUSOFU
MISSION

TOPIC: South and Central Africa

Sabbath, January 7

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "Never was there a more important time in the history of our work than the present." — *"Testimonies," Vol. IX, p. 53.*

READING: The Official Notice.

RECITATION: O Speed the Work.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 548, first, second, and last stanzas.

PRAYER: In behalf of the great interests in the South African mission fields.

Official Notice

Aug. 1, 1927.

TO OUR SABBATH SCHOOLS EVERYWHERE:

DEAR FRIENDS:

As you read the mission readings in your Sabbath school this quarter you will realize more fully that the people of the Dark Continent are seeing a great light. Christian forces are making a heart attack upon the African continent. They are advancing to the very center of that great land of need. Our mission workers are pressing as far north as French Equatorial Africa. A mission site has been chosen in the Cameroons [kam-er-oons'], where are to be found four million natives. From many places in Central and South Africa the calls are coming in. Thousands of voices are pleading to our missionaries for help. Their letters to us call continually for more men and means to press on in the advance.

We are asking our Sabbath schools this quarter to raise \$100,000, for the regular

work, to maintain the work already begun. All that is raised in addition to this will be used for advance work in Central Africa. As you hear the remarkable evidences of God's hand working among these surging multitudes of people, will you not do still more, be it little or much, this coming thirteenth Sabbath? The need is great.

Assuring our Sabbath schools of the deep gratitude of the General Conference for their abundant liberality in times past, I am,

Yours in the Master's Service,

J. L. SHAW,

Treasurer of the General Conference.

O Speed the Work

O SPEED the work of gathering souls,
For night is coming on, —
A night in which no man can work;
A night of awful gloom;
A night with not one ray of light
To guide the wanderer home,
For mercy's wing is folded then,
And sealed the book of doom.

Then speed, O speed the work of love;
The warning must be given,
And all must help send forth the call
Who hope to rest in heaven;
For none can rest in that blest home
Whose brows have never here
Been moistened by a toil for souls,
Or furrowed by that care.

Then let us toil and let us pray,
The shining mansions wait;
The Master longs to call us home,
And close each pearly gate;
But honest souls are still unwarned,
And we must speed the call,
Or share the fate of those distressed
On whom His wrath shall fall.

— *Selected.*

Sabbath, January 14

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "God has opened fields before us, and if human agencies would but cooperate with divine agencies, many, many souls would be won to the truth." — "*Testimonies*," Vol. IX, p. 46.

READING: Multitudes Yet in the Shadow of Death.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 508, first and last stanzas.

PRAYER: A few sentence prayers in behalf of our new mission work in French Equatorial Africa.

Multitudes Yet in the Shadow of Death

T. M. FRENCH

[Field Secretary of the African Division]

A YOUNG chief near the Ubangi River, Central Africa, asked me to go with him, so I followed him through the village of mud huts and down a little path to an opening in the jungle. There I saw a crude covering of palm branches which sheltered a grave. This grave was covered with all the earthly belongings of the old chief. I looked it over and decided it was not a good subject for a photograph, so turned and walked away.

The chief followed me to the place where Elder W. H. Anderson and I were camping. He insisted that I return and take a picture of the grave, having no doubt heard of picture taking. At last I yielded and was focusing the camera on the grave when the young chief broke out in a heart-breaking wail. He wept bitterly. But why? Ah, he loved his father, as we love ours. But why

this broken heart? Because that poor heathen chief had no hope. When he told his old father good-bye and looked on his face for the last time, he never expected to see him again. Perhaps he thought I might bring back a picture of his father, but how disappointed he will be when he receives that picture. That poor soul has no hope of the resurrection; for he has never heard the good news of salvation through Jesus Christ.

I remember when as a boy I stood by the open grave and looked at my mother for the last time. My boyish heart was bleeding, but I said, "I'll see mother again in the resurrection." But think of the bitterness of the cup without that hope. As Christians we cannot realize the utter despair of those who do not have this hope. But the Holy Spirit that day interpreted the bitter wail and the sobs of the young chief. I realized more than ever that he and his people are sitting in the "shadow of death" without hope.

But, dear readers, that chief is not alone in his bitter experience. There rises before me a veritable sea of dark, scarred, marred semi-human faces in the great markets, and along the highways and rivers of Central and West Africa,—faces upon which has never shone the light of salvation. Not one star of light has ever pierced the dense midnight darkness of the soul. Their mute appeal comes up to the heavenly Father who spared not His own Son, and that appeal should find a response in the hearts of those who are redeemed by the blood of Christ.

Elder Anderson and the writer traveled for nearly a thousand miles along the Ubangi river and studied conditions in French Equatorial Africa. The natives are steeped in sin of the most revolting character. Many go about naked. Their faces and bodies are tattooed and scarred until you see little of the image of God left. The women wear ornaments piercing both sides of the nose. Some of them have slit the upper lip and forced a block of wood into this slit. Long ornaments are thrust through the under lip and hang down below the chin. Surely Satan has sought to obliterate the image of God from these poor souls.

One day Elder Anderson asked the price of a pony. Its owner wanted ninety dollars. Later he came around and offered to sell Elder Anderson a woman for about six dollars. Ninety dollars for a pony, and six dollars for a human soul! What a price for a soul! Yet that is the value of a soul in Central Africa.

It is heart sickening to travel for days among these poor heathen and never see a Christian, a Christian school, or mission. Surely we cannot allow this condition to continue. We must rally to their dire need.

French Equatorial Africa with its millions of heathen has lately been opened to Protestant missions, but it has not been occupied to any extent. We must enter immediately. Two mission sites have been chosen. But where is the money to pay for them?

A mission site was recently chosen in the

Cameroons [kam-er-oons'] where there are four million natives. This fine province is threatened by a tide of Mohammedanism from the northwest. A high official suggested that the territory be occupied immediately by Christian missions. Think of government officials, governors, and business men urging us forward in our closing work! We were approached by the captain of a steamer and requested to occupy their trading territory of two hundred and fifty miles along a river where there are no missions. An administrator urged us to

"If we love God because He first loved us, we shall love all for whom Christ died." — *Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 391.

open a mission in his territory. Without an exception governors encouraged us to open mission work. A cable official suggested that we open a mission in the territory where he is located.

Surely we have reached the time spoken of by the servant of God when voices would be heard from quarters where we would least expect, urging us forward. Brethren and sisters, is it not time that we were making a supreme effort to respond to these varied appeals, and to carry the torch of truth into these dark places? Shall we not make a very liberal offering this thirteenth Sabbath, that funds may be provided for the Cameroons and French Equatorial Africa, where multitudes still sit in the shadow of death?

Sabbath, January 21

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Rom. 10:14, 15. **Have the school read the text in unison.**

READING: Press on to Africa's Millions.

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

PRAYER: That we may heed the call for help and do our utmost to supply the need.

Press on to Africa's Millions

MRS. G. A. ELLINGWORTH

[Secretary-Treasurer of the South East African Mission]

WE appeal to you today on behalf of the millions of our black people scattered over Africa to whom as yet the message of salvation has not been given. To the east of us lies Portuguese East Africa with a population of several millions, and so far as we know, we have not one representative of our message in that great territory. Our hearts burn as we think of these people, and we long to occupy this territory in the name of the Master. But before we can do this we must have means. We are depending on you, dear brothers and sisters, in other lands, as well as on our believers in Africa, for the money which will enable us to enter.

Perhaps you will be encouraged to know that when the natives of Africa receive the message, many of them are in turn ready to sacrifice that the message of salvation may be carried to those who still sit in darkness.

At one station in Central Africa where we were working, several of our native Christian women used to sew or plant gardens so that

they could have an offering for missions each year. The early part of a certain year one of these women lost her husband, and I thought that she would not be able to give all the proceeds from her wheat garden that year, as she had herself and her children to think of. Later I bought her wheat crop, and what was my amazement to see her turn over the entire amount which she received, as an offering to missions.

Another woman who was employed in the dispensary and received four shillings, six pence, or \$1.09 a month, paid her tithe on this, and then turned over the balance as a special offering to missions.

In 1925 the natives in our section paid in offerings a sum equal to their total tithe.

I have often seen our native teachers give for a special offering to missions, in addition to the usual Sabbath offerings, annual offerings, and Week of Sacrifice, a sum equivalent to half a month's income, a full month's income, and in several cases three months' income. Surely such people are worth working for.

Not only in giving, but also in practical missionary work, the natives of Africa soon catch the idea of working for others, as the following incidents will illustrate.

One of our teachers who was an active member of the Missionary Volunteer Society, found himself at a school where every one in the village refused to attend the school or have any services in their village. Sometime

later the chief of the village fell from a tree and was severely injured. The teacher, upon hearing this, went over and did what he could to relieve the injured chief. He kept up this attention till the chief was well. Great was his surprise and joy one day to see the chief march up to the school with all his villagers. He said to them, "The kindness this man shows is good for all of us to learn, so we all want to begin here to learn this way."

At one of our out-schools there was a woman who took a very determined stand against allowing her children to enter the school, although they were very anxious to do so. One of these children had a bad ulcer of long standing. The teacher offered to treat him, along with the other villagers. After some demur the mother consented to this. The teacher cleansed the wound carefully each day, and then put on a wet dressing of copper sulphate [Bluestone] solution. In a short time the ulcer showed improvement, and soon the sore was entirely healed. The mother arrived at the school one day with all her children and made the laconic announcement, "We wish to learn." She afterwards became a very firm Christian character.

It is to these people that our next Thirteenth Sabbath Offering is going, and we are praying that the Lord may richly bless the Sabbath schools in giving, that we may push on into new fields, and that the work may soon be finished.

Sabbath, January 28

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

READING: In the Heart of the Dark Continent.

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 9: 37, 38.

MALE QUARTET: "Christ in Song," No. 703.

PRAYER: In behalf of our workers and native believers among the Baluba people.

In the Heart of the Dark Continent

O. U. GIDDINGS

[Director of Songa Mission, Belgian Congo]

AFRICA is generally known as the Dark Continent, but the Belgian Congo, especially that part of it known as the Baluba country, is one of the darkest spots. Less than four years ago the local Government Administrator did not dare enter certain villages some seventy or eighty miles from this mission, without a company of soldiers for his protection. About half the Baluba people have their teeth filed to points, which is the sign of cannibalism. They are spirit worshipers, superstitious, quarrelsome, and lazy.

However, the gospel of salvation from sin is being proclaimed among this people, and the Holy Spirit is working wonderful transformations in their lives. When the mission was established some six years ago, the superintendent, Brother R. P. Robinson, resorted to the ruse of having his own servants and helpers enter the mission school in order to entice some of the local natives to enter. Now there are eight out-schools besides the mission school, and we have requests from chiefs of twenty other villages to send teachers

who can tell them about the "Mikanda Miyampe," [the good words of God]. These requests we are unable to grant because we have neither the men nor means.

The following incident illustrates how the spirit of God is going before us to prepare the way. Last year four native boys from one of the villages passed through another village where we have an out-school. The school was having its opening exercises of song, prayer, and worship. When the four boys heard the singing they went to look, and finally ventured into the school.

On their return journey they asked the teacher to come and teach them how to sing like the schoolboys. The teacher told them to ask at the mission. In a few days two of these boys with two of the head men of the village, came to ask for a teacher. We had to send them back without a teacher, for we had none to spare. They came several times, however, so we decided to send out one of our schoolboys to teach, who had not more than two standards of education. This we did, releasing an older teacher to open the new school. The last week in September the school was opened. About forty boys attended. They were so wild and unruly that it required all the teacher's ingenuity for the first few days to get them quiet enough for him to be heard. At the end of six weeks the boys could sing some songs, and one boy offered prayer in the opening exercises. At the end of three months many of the people of the village had brought their idols to the teacher.

Titus, the teacher, had begun with the Sabbath school work the very first Sabbath, and the believers began to multiply until at the end of seven months Titus brought the following Sabbath school report to us:

Regular Sabbath school members	122
Average attendance for month	160
Special Bible class members	18
Sabbath school offering	35 francs (about \$1.40)

The report was so far beyond expectations that we questioned Titus rather closely as to his methods of keeping records, and the people's faithfulness. He followed the plan of counting as regular members, only those who came three Sabbaths in succession. He also said that on Friday the people gather enough firewood for two days; that all who possess two loin cloths, the only clothing worn, now keep one clean in a basket to be worn on the Sabbath, and that those who possess but one, go to the river Friday afternoon and wash it for the Sabbath. The people have no money, so their offerings consist of their food, which is the tuber of the manioc plant. When quite an amount of this accumulates, some of the women pound it into flour. Then some of the boys carry it a distance of fifty miles to Kamina, where it is sold to native employees of the railroad. The offering is a splendid indicator of the people's feelings. It is very unusual for a Baluba to give away any of his food, except to his brother, but here was a whole village bringing of their food every week, that they

might help send the gospel to the "heathen" in India and other places.

We put one more question to Titus, for not a person in the village can read a word as yet. "What do the people do on Sabbath when you are not there?" He replied that they come together as usual, sing some songs, and one of the schoolboys prays. Then the offering is brought. After this one of the schoolboys, whom Titus has taught the memory verses for the thirteen Sabbaths, stands up and teaches that large congregation of natives the memory verse for that particular Sabbath. Then they sing again and go to their huts to remain quiet until, as they say, "the sun falls on the ground."

Surely the faithful believers in all lands who make possible by their offerings the establishing of new missions and the sending of more laborers, will one day see a great company of Baluba and kindred tribes from the Belgian Congo, surrounding the throne of God.

Sabbath, February 4

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "As laborers together with Him, let us pray for the sanctification of His Spirit, that we shine more and more brightly." — *Testimonies*, Vol. VIII, p. 40.

READING: Progress in the Zambesi Union.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 588.

PRAYER: In behalf of the work and workers in the Zambesi Union.

Progress in the Zambesi Union

E. C. BOGER

[Superintendent of the Zambesi Union]

THE Zambesi Union mission field comprises the following territory; North and South Rhodesia and Bechuanaland [bet-choo-a'-na-land]. North Rhodesia has been divided into two separate mission fields. There are ten mission stations and one medical mission in this field. We also have 116 out-schools. The church membership is 2,571. Besides this there are 1,623 in the hearers' [inquirers'] class, and 635 members on probation, making a total of 4,827 believers. These members are scattered over a very large territory. There are still large and thickly populated districts that have not been touched, such as Barotseland, a large portion of Northeast Rhodesia, and the greater part of Bechuanaland. In South Rhodesia we have only made a beginning in Mashonaland, which has a population of 600,000 people.

God is greatly blessing the work already begun, and the workers are of good courage. Recently Brethren Bozarth and Morton made a trip by ox wagon out on the Kalahari [ka-la-ha'-ree] Desert. There they found about seventy-two families interested in the message. A number of years ago a native came into Mafeking and secured a Bible. He returned to the desert and taught the people the Word of God. They believed the doctrine of the second coming of Christ. Later a trader told them of the church at Kanye

where the people kept the true Sabbath. Then they heard of our medical work also. They sent word that they would like to have the Sabbath church come and establish work among them.

The brethren took a native worker along and left him there to instruct the people. Before long we hope to have a good strong work away out there in the middle of the desert.

We rejoice in the faith of our native believers. The following experience will illustrate this:

Five years ago old Baleni, who it is supposed is the first convert to Christianity in Rhodesia, accepted the truth. This man through being loyal and supplying the British troops with vegetables during the Matabele rebellion, was rewarded by the late Cecil Rhodes with a grant of land containing about two hundred acres. This little farm has a nice stream of good water running through it, while most farms in Matabeleland are dry. On this property Baleni erected a burnt brick building, a minor portion of the expense being borne by the mission of which he was a member. This building was used as a church and school. When Baleni accepted the truth, he in due course reported this to the missionary, and tendered his resignation. His request that the Adventists now use the building with the understanding that compensation be made for the small initial expense borne by this mission, was sternly refused, and every obstacle thrown

in the way, so much so that the authorities firmly refused to allow our denomination to have any school at Baleni's village. All these years old Baleni with his wife and two married sons and their families, have remained faithful. The old man has never lost faith, often saying, "The school will yet be opened." From time to time he has visited the authorities and made special trips to the opposing missionary. On one occasion when the church at this mission had been burned down by lightning, he made a donation of twenty shillings toward a new building. We are told that this act brought tears to the eyes of the man who was the cause of all the trouble, but nevertheless he would not relent. A few months ago things took quite a new turn, and much to the joy of Baleni and all of us, the authorities took a favorable view of the situation, and granted us permission to enter. Other instances might be mentioned where the Lord is overruling so that the message may go more rapidly than ever before, so that His work may be finished in this generation.

Sabbath, February 11

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

READING: When the Witch Doctor Failed.

MISSIONARY TEXT: John 3:16.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 589,
first stanza.

PRAYER: A few sentence prayers in behalf of
the work in the Congo Union Mission.

When the Witch Doctor Failed

C. W. CURTIS

[Superintendent of the Congo Union Mission Field]

BECAUSE of the great scarcity of native teachers, we find it necessary to take the boys from our main schools before they are really fitted for teaching, and place them in our outschools. In the latter part of February, 1927, a young out-school teacher came to the main station very much disturbed. Things had been going so well with him at the school he was conducting that the director of the mission was very much surprised to see him. The boy said that a witch doctor had entered the village where his school was located, and in a very dignified way told the people that the big spirit had gone on a long hunt, and that they must not speak until he had finished his hunt, for if he returned and found them talking he would be very angry and might destroy their village and do them great harm. The people obeyed, and for three days went about making signs to each other, and silence reigned supreme. This is very unusual for a native village, for generally they are very noisy.

The third day being Sabbath, it broke up the Sabbath school which this young teacher prized very highly. He could only get five or six of the boys to even enter the school-house. This prolonged silence broke up the school and threw the teacher into great perplexity. He started for the mission to seek

counsel of the missionary, fearing that his work in that section was finished. The witch doctor had told him he must not reopen his school until he should receive permission to do so.

When this young teacher arrived at the mission, he laid the situation before the missionary. After listening carefully to his story he decided that there was only one thing to do, and that was to lay the matter before the Lord in prayer. A special prayer meeting was called, and it was decided that the teacher should return to his school and leave the results with the Lord. They could not believe that the work in that place should end so abruptly, for several had already taken their stand to obey the truth, and many others were interested; so he returned to the village to reopen the school and watch for results. About all he could do was to go into the schoolhouse every day and pray that God would bring light out of darkness. He had been instructed to be very careful and not antagonize the people in any way, for they have great faith in what the witch doctor tells them.

The sequel came about a month later. This same old witch doctor came back, set up his stirring pot, hung up his beads and witch balls, and began to stir medicine into the pot, calling upon the spirits to appease their anger, for he had found that some of the people were talking. He told them that for a small sum of money which was payable in francs or trinkets of various kinds, they

could be exempted from the curse that was coming upon them. A few of the more superstitious began to drop their money and trinkets into his basket.

Just about that time the local witch doctor saw what was going on. He had become a member of the Bible class, and the seeds of gospel truth were already beginning to take root in his heart. He had given up his practices of witchcraft, and had brought all his instruments of witchery and given them to the teacher. He arose and told the people that the witch doctor could not control the spirits, for there was one great spirit that controlled everything, even to the creation of the world and all that is therein. When the people heard this, those that had paid the witch doctor went and picked up the presents they had given him and ran away with them. He vainly stirred his medicines and continued going through his incantations, but no one came to reward him for his trouble. Then he fell to cursing the people and calling for all the evils to be visited upon them that might come to any one. When he found that the people were paying no attention to him, he gathered up all his traps and took his departure, and nothing has been heard of him since. This school has been going on stronger than ever before, and practically the whole village has begun to keep the Sabbath. We look for a rich harvest of souls at this place.

We are of good courage here in the Congo, and are looking forward to a good overflow this quarter to help advance the work in this

great new field. The Congo Union is as large as the United States east of the Mississippi River, and up to the present we have only made a beginning. We have four mission stations established in good locations, but there are still vast unentered territories waiting for the gospel.

Sabbath, February 18

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

READING: Without a Knowledge of God.

SEED THOUGHT: "God calls upon His workers to annex new territory for Him. There are rich fields of toil waiting for the faithful worker." — *"Testimonies,"* Vol. VI, p. 29.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 545, first and last stanzas.

PRAYER: That we may do our part to strengthen the work in the South Congo mission field.

Without a Knowledge of God

L. BILLES

[Director of Katanga Mission, Belgian Congo]

RECENTLY I made a very interesting trip into the southern part of the South Congo mission field. The people seemed eager for the message. During one meeting, we pointed out that because of the intellectual and moral influence of Christianity the white race as a whole has benefited. There was a time when the white people lived almost as do the natives of the present time. In fact, history seems to bear out the fact that they had descended so low that some were cannibalistic. The true God was forgotten. They had their gods

of wood and of stone, but when these proved to be futile, they turned to the teachers who were beginning to go through the country bearing tidings of the true God and of His Son. As a result, the purifying and uplifting influence of these teachings wrought a wonderful change.

God has commanded His people to take these teachings into all the world, even into those countries where Satan has succeeded in keeping the people in ignorance of the God of heaven. His plan has been to cause men to worship gods of wood and of stone. Thus in the worship of these visible gods they would forget the God of heaven. As these first idolaters passed away, their children received these gods and carried on the worship of them. So it has gone on for centuries, until at the present time the people have these gods and know not the true God.

After this little talk with the people, we asked questions and received the following answers:

Question: "From where did these gods come?"

Answer: "Our fathers left them when they died."

Ques. "Did your fathers tell you where they got them?"

Ans. "Yes, their fathers gave them to them."

Ques. "If you take a sick man to them, do they heal him?"

Ans. "Ah, no, they are only wood."

Ques. "If you speak to them do they hear?"

Ans. "No, they have no ears."

Ques. "If you are in trouble and go to them, do they help you?"

Ans. "They have no hands or feet."

Ques. "Have your gods ever done anything that you know of?"

Ans. "No."

Ques. "Then why do you serve them?"

Ans. "Because our fathers did."

Ques. "Will you continue to worship these gods of wood and stone, or will you accept the true God who has done so much for us, and who says 'Whosoever will may come'?"

We then offered to tell them the next morning how the Son of God died for us, and that He is coming again. In the morning a large number assembled, and I referred to what had been said the evening before. "Do not stop to tell us about that," a little group of men said. "Last night when we went home we destroyed those gods, and broke their calabashes and huts. Tell us now about the true God." I told them of the coming of Jesus, and finally made an appeal for a show of hands from those who would accept Him. Up went the hands, and a chorus of voices testified to their faith. It was touching to see the glad light in their eyes. There was one incident which went to my heart. A woman at the back of the crowd, in her eagerness to be seen, stood up, and as if that were not enough, she raised both her hands as high as she could. The Saviour means something to her.

One Friday we made our camp at a village,

intending to stay over Sabbath. There was a famine in this section of the country, and the people seemed much concerned about their bodily ailments. They came flocking around for medicine for sore eyes, etc. On Sabbath afternoon I strolled through the village and found a woman lying on a mat. She seemed to have a high fever, and I decided to get some quinine. Teacher Tom met me on the way back, and said, "Come, see here. There is a woman. She has smallpox." He led me back to this same woman. They would not hear of segregation, because that would not be an act of love. Quite cheerfully the chief told me that three of his folks were just recovering, that this was the fourth, and that soon this bad sickness would come to all of them. Some would recover, others would die, but it would not trouble them again, and would pass on to another village.

Next day, as we entered another village, we heard the mournful wailing for the dead. A woman had died a few hours previously. Huddled into a hut were all the women and children of the village. The tears were streaming down their faces. On the edge of a mat in the center, five or six chief mourners were grouped, while one old woman had the dead person in her arms. Throughout the day and night they would take turns in holding her. At once my mind went back to the previous day. "What if this is smallpox?" I thought. Oh what a need for medical advice and help! Lepers are allowed to mingle, without any restrictions, among the

village people. Other cases, even more gruesome, could be given. Many must remain in these conditions until death takes them. But must it be without a knowledge of the Saviour? May the Lord make it possible for us to send some one to help these needy people.

The romance of mission life fades before these stern realities. We have a grim, tremendous task — the salvation of a lost race. But the workers in this field are of good courage. A fine spirit of unity and consecration prevails, and we look forward to a rich harvest of souls in the near future.

Sabbath, February 25

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

READING: Medical Work in Angola.

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 4:16. Read the text, then have the school repeat it in concert.

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

PRAYER: That the Lord will richly bless Dr. Tonge and his co-workers in Angola.

Medical Work in Angola

DR. A. N. TONG

[Medical Secretary of the Equatorial Union Mission]

THE work in Angola [an-go'-la] is only about four years old, but the "right arm of the message" is already getting a good start. Before my arrival in October of 1926, Elder and Sister Baker were carrying on as best they could in administering to the needs of the natives. They are both nurses, and all the time they could spare from their duties

was given to the care of these uneducated but appreciative people.

God is blessing our efforts, although our facilities are limited in the extreme. As yet we have no hospital, nor even a dispensary, only as the bathroom in my house serves as such. At first the people came out of curiosity to know what the new doctor would do for them, and also to try his medicine. The natives' idea of a doctor is that if his medicine is strong, tastes bad, and produces evident effects, then he is just the man they want. But if there is no taste to the medicine, and it produces no visible effects contrary to their normal habits, then he is no good. So it is very important that the first impression made upon the people be favorable.

At first the people began coming at the rate of about three or four a day. Some of them complained of toothache. As I examined them I found that their teeth were very poor and that it was necessary to pull a good many. It was not long until these came back bringing others. This line of work has increased each month, until now I have from six to ten dental patients every day.

These people are very appreciative of all that is done for them. I am sure that as they learn that the medical missionary is sympathetic, and always tells them the truth, they will listen as he also tells them about Jesus, and learn to love Him and to put their confidence in His Word.

There are hundreds of natives in our part of the country that have never heard the

name of Jesus. It is a real joy to see the expression of awe and gladness that comes over their faces when the story of Jesus is first told to them. Even though working largely in the healing of their bodies as medical missionaries, we make it our first aim to bring healing to their sinful hearts. We are indeed glad for the evidences of God's guiding hand in the growing work in Angola.

In the four months that have passed since my arrival here, there has been an increase of one hundred patients each month over the preceding month. A few of these cases may be noted as typical of our work in medical missionary lines. One woman came to the mission having severe pains in her back and joints, making it difficult for her to walk. Upon examination it was found she had four teeth that had large pus pockets at their roots. These teeth were removed, and in a few days she returned practically well. She came to tell us how much she appreciated what we had done for her. She has brought many more with decayed teeth, because it had been explained to her just why she had these severe pains, so now she is bringing in others before they get into the same condition that she was in.

Another patient was a young lad who had intestinal tuberculosis. This disease had caused the abdomen to fill so full of fluid that it was very difficult for him to breathe, and the heart was very rapid, due to the pressure. We couldn't give him any real hope of recovery, but we could give him temporary

relief. Using a small syringe which held one eighth of an ounce, I succeeded in removing three quarts of fluid the first day. The next day the same amount was removed. He went home a happy boy.

We are looking forward to the time when we will have a small hospital in which to do our work. This has been planned, but the money for it is not yet in hand. We know that God will supply all our need if we but rely upon Him in all that we undertake. He has promised to bless His people. It is the purpose of the workers in Angola to do our part in the carrying of this saving message to these benighted people.

We ask your prayers and your gifts that the work of the Lord may be pushed forward with all haste in this far-away corner of the great vineyard.

Sabbath, March 3

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

READING: North Rhodesia's Appeal.

SEED THOUGHT: "Millions upon millions of human beings, in sickness and ignorance and sin, have never so much as heard of Christ's love for them. Were our condition and theirs to be reversed, what would we desire them to do for us?"—*"Ministry of Healing,"* p. 104.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 683.

PRAYER: That we plan to give liberally of our means that the call from Barotseland may be answered.

North Rhodesia's Appeal

N. C. WILSON

[Superintendent of the North Rhodesia Mission
Field]

As we look over the Sabbath school work in Northern Rhodesia, our hearts go out in thanksgiving to God for His special blessing. Our Sabbath schools are developing in strength and growing in numbers, and they are truly becoming a mighty factor in finishing the work in our territory.

Calls are coming to us from every section for Sabbath schools, for native people enjoy this service more than any other.

Three years ago one of our native school-boys went home to his village and at once started a Sabbath school. His only equipment was a Bible, Picture Roll, and songbook. Week by week, he faithfully taught his people in a simple way. Recently, when we visited this village, we found that there were more than fifteen people ready for baptism as a result of the work done by this boy through his Sabbath school.

At another place one of our believers located among a group of villages who knew little of the gospel. This man felt a burden to start a Sabbath school, but received little encouragement. However, he kept on talking the gospel, and soon found a few who were willing to join him in a small Sabbath school. The cheerful songs and Picture Rolls soon attracted other people, and a good-sized Sabbath school was organized. When I visited this place a few months ago, I found a live

interest in the Sabbath school and a good group who were attending regularly. As a result of the work done by this simple believer through his Sabbath school, sixteen people have been quite fully instructed in the truth and are asking for baptism.

Our native believers are getting under the financial burden of the mission work. Of course their gifts must be small, for the native is very poor. It was an encouraging sight a few months ago at the Upper Zambesi Mission to see the boys and girls give their offerings. When the offering was called for, up they came to the front of the church with their gifts. There was corn, kafir corn, meal, potatoes, eggs, fowls, a few coins, and many ornaments. They kept bringing up their baskets full of produce until we could hardly find room to stand on the rostrum. Our hearts were deeply thankful as we saw this spirit of sacrifice.

Elder S. M. Konigmacher tells of one of the Sabbath school members on the Zambesi. The headman of this woman's village was strongly opposed to her attending these services, so he did everything he could to prevent her from coming. He succeeded for a time, but soon her desire to attend Sabbath school became so great that she ran away from her village, going through the fields, woods, and swamps to the mission. Today this woman is a regular and faithful member of our Sabbath school and church at the Upper Zambesi Mission, and is exerting a strong influence for the truth in her heathen village.

In the Northwestern corner of this field lies Barotseland with her nearly 250,000 people. The paramount chief, Yeta III, is asking for our teachers to come into his territory. For many years his people have been calling for our message. The Barotse are a fine, stalwart people. They have had quite a complete system of self-government for many years. The Advent message has been carried into this country by visiting teachers, and all through their villages there is a remarkable interest in the truth. Barotseland with her thousands of splendid people is holding out her arms today, pleading for the blessed truth which we have to give them.

We hope to be able to enter this territory so rich in opportunity, in the near future. The gospel must be carried soon to all these waiting villages. We trust that you will remember us in your prayers and in your giving, that we may be able to answer the many calls which confront us in Northern Rhodesia.

Sabbath, March 10

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "You, my brother, my sister, may not be able to go into the Lord's vineyard yourself, but you may furnish the means to send others." — *Testimonies*, Vol. VIII, p. 35.

READING: Pioneering in Portuguese West Africa. Part I.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 488.

PRAYER: That the Lord will richly bless Brother and Sister Anderson in their work and help us to aid them with gifts and prayers.

Pioneering in Portuguese West Africa

MRS. W. H. ANDERSON

PART I

IN 1923, we first entered Angola on the west coast of Africa, locating a training station on the plateau near the coast close to the little town of Lepi in the Benguela [bĕngā'-la] District.

In 1924 Mr. Anderson and I went farther into the interior to find a location for a second station. For days and weeks we went up and down this vast country hunting a healthful location, with access to good water near populous sections.

Motor roads in West Africa are not all they are in civilized lands! They are simply a path cleared of stumps. But we are thankful for these, for it saves us months of travel by foot as in the early days of pioneering African missions. There are no filling stations along the way or garages for repairs, so we must carry gasoline and oil for the thousand-mile trip.

Having been used to the travel of the days of old, we knew little of the new method. We really expected too much of machinery. We knew how to care for the ox and our boy, but when something went wrong with "Henry," we did not know where to look for the trouble. One thing and another, and sometimes several things at a time went wrong. Finally we found we had miscalculated on the gasoline.

When we arrived at the place where we were to start exploring, knowing we would not have sufficient gasoline for our return, we at once sent men back 350 miles to bring more.

We knew it would take several weeks of hunting to find a desirable location, but after fifty-seven days the men had not arrived, and we were ready to return.

We had decided on a good mission location, had gone to Sarimo to file our application with the governor, and on returning to our camping place found we had just a quart of gasoline in the tank, so we had to wait. After a few days the diamond company's truck came through loaded with gasoline for the mines. They loaned us enough to reach the first place where our carriers were to leave a case. From this place the boys had taken a short cut to our camp, and we never saw them again nor the seventy gallons of gasoline.

We had trying experiences on this trip. A local insurrection among the natives was on. One night we saw signal fires. We knew what that meant. We thought it was better for us to hide away in the bush till morning. In a few minutes we saw a signal fire in the path ahead, so we knew we were surrounded.

Mr. Anderson, having had both his eyes operated on for cataracts, must have lights to see through his glasses. I had to lead him by the hand. We thought we had better turn back, and go to the Portuguese military camp five miles away for protection. The commandant sent back native police to guard

our camp, giving orders to shoot any one who came for mischief. However, the Portuguese army that night was on their way to the scene of trouble. Two days later we started down country, and escaped further trouble. Just before this a white trader had his wagons surrounded by about 3,000 of these rebel warriors who demanded his goods. He was glad to give up his possessions and escape with his life.

This was in September. The following April it was thought best for Mr. Anderson to make a hurried trip to this place again, to make final arrangements with the governor for occupation of the mission site before the missionaries went up to start work. Then he was to hurry on to Bulawayo to the general meeting.

We put in food supplies for about four weeks, to be on the safe side, and started on our way. All went well for about a week, then it began raining. We had had no rain for five weeks previous to this, so we thought the rains had stopped for the season. We had a top put on the truck made of pine ceiling boards. The rain, followed by the hot sun, soon made it possible for us to see the stars at night through the cracks. Heavy rains fell day after day, making our clothes and bedding wet all the time. We first got putty, and went over all the cracks, but the wind soon dried and cracked that. We then found some wild honey, took the beeswax, heated it, and put it in the cracks. But the hot sun soon had that running down the end of the car.

The roads were good till we reached the Quanza River. This is a large river emptying into the Atlantic Ocean. There we came into three miles of swamp. In trying to get out of that, we wore out the low gear and the brake bands. We were just ready to start into the mountains. We soon found that we could go no farther. We camped on the hillside to wait for some one to come by to help us. Days passed. Finally a Portuguese road overseer, hearing of our plight, sent a messenger to ask if we were ill, and if he could assist us. We penned a note to tell him our trouble, and asked for some native men to carry our cargo of gasoline and to supply power to the car in climbing the mountains. After crippling along for two weeks we could go no farther without repairs. Two months was the soonest we could hope to have them, so we left the Ford with the Portuguese trader, and sent back for repairs. We still had a distance of about 275 miles to go to the governor's place. We walked 125 miles, finally arriving at the site we had pegged out for the mission the year before. I felt I could go no farther, for there were sixteen rivers yet between us and the governor's place. All were full, and I could not swim.

The rains were still pouring, so we thought it would be best for me to stay there with the natives, many of whom had seen white people before. Mr. Anderson was to go the rest of the way alone. He was gone a week when he came down with fever probably brought on by wading the swamps and swim-

ming the rivers. The rains lasted seven weeks before they ceased for the season. By this time all hope was gone of returning for the Bulawayo meetings. We built some grass huts and proceeded to protect ourselves as well as possible from the rain and mosquitoes, while we laid out the mission station, cleared land for gardens, dwellings, etc.

[Next week we will hear the rest of this pioneer story in Angola.]

Sabbath, March 17

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

READING: Pioneering in Portuguese West Africa. Part II.

SEED THOUGHT: " 'Go forth preaching the gospel to all nations,' the Saviour says to us, 'that they may become children of God.' " — *"Testimonies," Vol. VIII, p. 17.*

PRAYER: A few sentence prayers in behalf of Brother and Sister Anderson and their co-workers.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 479, first and last stanzas.

Pioneering in Portuguese West Africa

MRS. W. H. ANDERSON

PART II

ALL loads must come into the country on the heads of the natives. So after several months of negotiating we finally persuaded one hundred of the wild natives to go 300 miles to the rail head for the new mission workers and their things. Through some misunderstanding the workers were delayed, and the carriers returned without them. Four

months had passed. The rains were soon to fall again. We were having fever, and our food supply had long ago been finished. Mr. Anderson must visit other portions of the field before the wet season, so it looked as though he must leave me there again, walk back to where we had abandoned the car, repair it, and go after the workers. I was too weak from the repeated attacks of fever to walk back with him. I had a faithful native Christian boy from the Lepi Mission with me, so my husband started, leaving me at the mission site.

He had been gone four days when I came down with another attack of fever. I well remember the morning. I did not feel very well, soon a chill came on, and I went to bed. As the chill passed and I got warm I dropped to sleep. I woke suddenly and felt impressed to get up. I went to the door of the hut, not knowing just why. I had a mat lying across the door to keep the dog from coming in. As I leaned over to pick up the mat to go outside, I saw a tremendous big snake just outside, coiled and swaying to and fro. It could easily have struck my hand had it seen me, but it was watching the dog, which had not seen it. In my fright I dropped the mat, and this frightened the snake. It made away, but I could not see where it went. The walls of the hut were grass, and my bed was a pile of grass on the ground. I was fearful it would crawl into my bed. As soon as I had the courage to lift the mat again, I went out to see if I could see its mark in the sand, but

I could not. I went in, listened and hunted. I had a cupboard of sticks made so I could keep things off the floor. These four or five shelves extended a little higher than my head. I poked around under this with a stick, and as I was looking around, something seemed to tell me to look on top of the cupboard. Lo! There that snake was! It could easily have struck me again. I had sent my boy on an errand, and he had not yet returned. As I saw this thing with its furiously gleaming eyes, I suddenly felt too weak to fight with it, so I thought I would sit down and watch it until the boy returned. My fever by now was getting high. As I sat down the snake crawled into the wall. Sometimes these snakes fight furiously when they are cornered.

However, when the boy came we searched for it. Finally I felt too ill to do more. I told the boy to watch and listen, for their eyes can see what a white person's cannot. By and by he called me to come. There it was, extended from the wall outside two feet or more. It was ready for a fight, for it undoubtedly knew we were after it. The boy said he dared not go near enough to strike it, but must hit it at a distance. He ran to see if the bow and arrow of one of the village boys was in the hut, while I watched the snake. The bow was not there. These natives are expert with the bow and war club. He hunted for a club of proper weight, took good aim, and the snake came tumbling down. Then he rushed over and killed it. He carried it far from the hut. Usually snakes go

in pairs and follow their mates. This is what I feared.

I went to bed to stay until the fever was broken. I was nearly frantic with fear, having not slept a wink during the time. The house was of grass, and grass on the floor, so I could not have a fire in the room. It was so dark at night I could not see my hand before me, and my candles were finished. The wind blowing on the grass made me wonder with every rustle if the other snake was possibly crawling through. I dared not get up. My boy could do little for me except bring me water to drink and make me a little corn meal gruel so that I could take quinine. The fourth day I tried getting up towards evening to sit outside by the fire. As darkness drew on I felt fearfully weak, and apprehensive. I felt I could not endure another night in that dark hut expecting every minute to tread on something cold, or to put my foot on something cold in the bed. As it became late I told the boy to put wood near by and go to his hut. Before he went I told him if I was not able to get up next morning he was to come in and take a note I would leave for him and to send it by a native boy from the chief's village to Mr. Anderson, following the motor road all the way so he would not miss him.

Having had black water fever twelve years before, I was fearful from the symptoms I had that it was coming on again. I thought I had better tell the boy what to do, for sometimes a comatose condition sets in

quickly, and I would not be able to tell him later.

I soon fell asleep, and slept well till morning. Something seemed to have happened to me. I knew God had in a special way blessed me that night. Next day when Longia saw me he said, "Mdoná, now I know something. Last night when I left the fire I went to bed, but I could not sleep. My heart was very cold [meaning frightened.] I got up and talked and talked [prayed] and by and by my heart got warm and I went to sleep. Now the Mdoná is better this morning. I know Suku [God] listened last night." Surely God heard and rewarded this black brother's faith.

After three weeks my husband returned with the new workers, Brother and Sister Bredenkamp. Elders Boger and Branson also visited Angola at this time, coming over from the Congo. After a few days we all bade farewell to Brother and Sister Bredenkamp and started down country, the men folks relieving me of all responsibility of camp duties on the way. The journey was long and tiring. Toward the end I had symptoms of malaria again. We arrived home on Monday at noon. We remained in Lepi that afternoon while Brethren Branson and Boger went on out to the mission. Mr. Anderson was to follow the next morning. However, next morning my symptoms were very unfavorable. That night the black water fever developed, the symptoms being grave from the first. It is wonderful how our Father times our experiences. He was precious near to us all the

time, and in a special way rewarded the faith and prayers of our brethren as they asked before the throne for me during those trying days. They were such a comfort and help to us.

I hear some one asking, "Is it worth it after all?" I answer from the depths of my heart, "Yes," a hundred times. We try to avoid all such experiences as far as possible, but sometimes unavoidable experiences overtake our workers while pioneering in the unhealthful sections of earth, but they do not cause us to be cast down. Rather they bring us joy when we see as the result another beacon light shining out to save those sitting in such dense darkness.

Sabbath, March 24

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

READING: Africa's Millions Pleading.

MISSIONARY TEXT: Isa. 60:1.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 592.

PRAYER: That we may come prepared next Sabbath to make a liberal offering in behalf of Africa's millions.

Africa's Millions Pleading

W. H. BRANSON

[President of the African Division]

THERE never has been a time when Africa's millions called so loudly to Seventh-day Adventists as today. Thousands of voices in hundreds of places are pleading to our missionaries for help. Government officials are not only friendly but are in many places actually urging us forward; everywhere our

work is gaining favor. Other societies are being forced to retrench, but we must constantly press into new sections and plant the banner of truth until the work is done.

But our workers can advance no farther without additional means. We have stretched our yearly appropriation from the homeland as far as it will go. Unless an increase can be granted to Africa, these who are now appealing to us must still wait. Many more of them must die without the gospel light.

Recently one of our workers preached in a heathen village in a certain section for a few days, and as he was preparing to leave, eight chiefs came to him in a body. They said, "Now we know that there is a God and that Jesus is His Son. You have told us that Jesus is coming soon for His children and to destroy the wicked. Now we want a teacher so we may learn to be His followers and prepare to meet Him." The missionary said, "I am sorry, but we have no money now with which to pay a teacher; perhaps later on we can send you one."

Disappointment was written on their faces as their spokesman replied, "But teacher, tell us if Jesus comes before our teacher gets here."

Surely as this is read many of our people will say, "This appeal of these eight chiefs on behalf of their people must be answered." But brethren, hundreds of appeals as pathetic as this ring constantly in the ears of our African workers. Tribe after tribe is calling us, but to these appeals we must continue to

turn a deaf ear until we receive additional funds.

The overflow from the next Thirteenth Sabbath Offering is to come to Central Africa to make possible the answering of some of these calls. We, therefore, who are on the field, whose hearts are daily wrung by these pitiful cries of the sick and dying, appeal to all our people to roll up the largest Thirteenth Sabbath Offering ever given in our history. We are absolutely dependent upon you for help; there is no one else to whom we can go. Cannot some give five dollars this time instead of one dollar? Could not every one give at least two dollars instead of the usual

"Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." John 4:35.

one dollar? The missionaries do not ask it for themselves; they have just voted to decrease their salaries in order to make the funds go farther. But they ask it for Africa, — Africa with her millions of poor heathen who today look to this people for the light of life.

Brethren, will you not do it for Africa and for Jesus, remembering the words of the Master, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Matt. 25:40.

Sabbath, March 31

[Suggestions for the Thirteenth Sabbath Program]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 28:18-20.

RECITATION: What If the Light Goes Out?

RECITATION: The Call.

SONG: "Love Lifted Me," in "Gospel in Song," No. 122.

RECITATION: An African Village.

RECITATION: Jesus Loves You.

RECITATION: From Darkened Lands They Call.

RECITATION: If We Had Lots of Money.

SPECIAL MUSIC:

PRAYER: That God may bless our gifts.

An African Village

J. I. ROBISON

[Sabbath School Secretary, African Division]

Into a jungle clearing,
I wandered alone one day
And there all still in the forest
An African village lay;
Its huts, of thatch, were scattered
With neither thought nor plan,
All over that jungle clearing,—
Far from civilized man.

I paused as I came to the village,
For a moment a thought in mind
That here in the heart of the forest,
Some peace and rest I'd find.
Far from the world's temptations,
Far from its turmoil and vice
In a quiet native village,
Where sin could not entice.

Then entering into the village,
From hut to hut I strolled,
With ears and eyes wide open
Sights and sounds to behold;
Instead of a haven of peace,
Instead of harbor from sin,
The great Destroyer had passed,
Left sickness and death within.

A thin naked baby lay
On the ground by his mother's side,
Death on the pinched face written,
A longing from eyes now wide.
A moan from a mud hut yonder,
A call from an anxious man,
Bids me his hut to enter,
To give what aid I can.

Within on a mat of rawhide,
In a filthy corner lying,
Naked, save for a loin cloth,
His dear young wife lies dying.
Oh, for the skill of a doctor!
Oh, for power to impart
Health to this young wife, dying; —
Hope to her darkened heart!

Giving such help as was in me
And praying for Heaven to bless,
I left the suffering woman,
Midst her pain and moans of distress;
As on through the village I wandered,
Its sin and its sorrow I'd seen,
Its rest and its peace were a phantom,
For dirt and disease reigned supreme.

On all of those dusky faces
Were lines of sadness and woe,
For life held nothing of gladness,
No hope could their idols bestow;
Nor were there many small children
All playing happily round,
Instead stand they naked and dirty,
Or sitting in filth on the ground.

Oh, sorrowful African village,
Surrounded by tangle of vine,
Whenever will God's message find you,
The gospel of peace so divine?
Oh, when will its saving precepts
Your waiting people bless,
And to them open up the door
Of peace and righteousness?

The answer came to me softly,
Sent from the Father above,
"To all the world I have sent *you*,
To give the gospel of love;
Carry its hope and its gladness
Into *this* region of sin,
And bid the Son of Righteousness
With joy to enter in."

Accept I, Lord, Thy calling,
My service bless with power,
And these benighted people
With Thy own graces shower.
But of these other thousands,
Lost sheep of jungle and veldt,
Who'll carry the message to them?
Must they too die unhelped?

Once more came the tender answer,—
"My loyal people await,
In every tribe and nation,
In valley, city and state,
To give on the thirteenth Sabbath
From out their bounteous store,
A gift to Afric's missions,
Pressed down and running o'er."

So now, dear friends, we invite you,
Who today have gathered to hear
The calls from Africa's millions—
To give, that the message of cheer
May go to every lost village
To save them from suffering and sin,
That soon when the Master returneth
Heav'n's gates we may all enter in.

What If the Light Goes Out?

What if the man who watches the light
'Way up in the lighthouse tower,
Should say: "I'm tired of the dull routine
Of tending the lamps each hour."

And the ship which was nearing its harbor safe
Was dashed on the rocky coast;
Just because no light shone out in the night,
The lives of the crew were lost.

What if a child who has promised to shine
As a light in this world of sin,
Should tire of the light bearer's task, and say,
"To live for myself I'll begin."

Her mite box lies empty upon the shelf,
To borrow from it was no theft.
A vacant chair in the mission band
Is all of that light bearer left.

And out in Africa a little girl
From the mission school is sent
To the awful dark of a heathen home;
For the light bearer's light was spent.

— *Selected.*

Jesus Loves You

I want to send a whisper song
Across the waters blue,
And say to all the children there
"Jesus loves you."

If they should not quite understand,
They'll wonder if 'tis true;
So I will keep on whisp'ring still,
"Jesus loves you."

—*"Missionary Program Material,"* p. 87.

The Call

Do you hear the cry of millions in dark lands
beyond the sea,

Who are groping, ever seeking for the light?
Jesus shed His blood for sinners—not alone
for you and me;

Shall we give to them the precious gospel
light?

Do you know that every hour, in the lands
beyond the sea,

Thousands die who do not know a Saviour's
love?

Jesus bids us, "Go," and tell them that He died
to set them free,

That they, too, may share the joys of heaven
above.

Do you hear the words of Jesus, "Go ye into all
the world;

Teach the truth to every tribe and every
tongue"?

Shall we heed this call to service, till His
banner be unfurled,

And all nations of the earth His praise have
sung?

Yes, they're pleading, ever calling, "Come, dispel
sin's darkest night.

Tell to us the wondrous story of the cross."
If you cannot go in person, with the glorious
gospel light,

You can *give* that it may never suffer loss.

— *Cora Felker.*

From Darkened Lands They Call

From darkened lands they call to you,
Amid the piteous strife.
Remember these who never knew
The Way, the Truth, the Life.

The little children in their pain,
Neglected and untaught,
Oh, shall they plead with you in vain,
And die for want of thought?

The glorious gospel light of truth
Shines o'er the land we love,
Go, spread the light, O favored youth,
The word is from above.

They call to you, they call to you,
Whose lives are dark and drear.
You know the way, oh, pause today,
The cry for help to hear.

—*Julia H. Johnston.*

If We Had Lots of Money

(A missionary exercise for three little girls.)

First Girl:

I wish we had lots of money!
I know what we would do —
We'd send it to the heathen;
I would, now wouldn't you?

Second Girl:

I'd send ten thousand dollars!
That's just what I would do.
I guess that would surprise them.
I'd do it! Wouldn't you?

Third Child:

I wish we did have lots and lots,
But our pennies will count, too;
And Jesus, dear, will bless them.
I think so, now don't you?

—*Florence A. Richardson.*