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A Leper at the Leper Colony

TOPIC: Missions in African Division

Sabbath, January 3

SEED THOUGHT: "In a little while we shall be unable to work with the freedom that we now enjoy. Terrible scenes are before us, and what we do we must do quickly."—*"Testimonies," Vol. IX, p. 101.*

MISSIONS TALK: Official Notice.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 637.

PRAYER: In behalf of the work in Africa.

Official Notice

TO OUR SABBATH SCHOOLS EVERYWHERE:

WE HAVE heard with joy what the Lord is doing in Africa. The small beginning years ago has grown into a harvest of souls, and from those who have accepted the message many have gone forth to carry the new-found truth among their own people.

Fear, superstition, and ignorance have had their way in Africa for centuries, but now the light of the gospel is breaking through. Those who have been sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death have seen a great light. It is the light of the gospel of Christ for these last days. Shall we not, therefore, stand by our valiant forces in their line of advance in our gifts to missions during the first quarter of 1931? Many are waiting for the word of truth.

We are asking our Sabbath schools to raise \$112,000 this quarter, for the regular work in African Missions. One half of all the overflow will go for new work, and one half of this will go to African Missions.

The largest Thirteenth Sabbath Offering ever made was for missions in Africa on the last Sabbath of March, 1928. What will be the offering three years later? Let every Sabbath school endeavor to make it more.

Yours in the cause of missions,

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

Sabbath, January 10

SEED THOUGHT: "Our talents, our means, our knowledge, are not merely for our own benefit; they are to be used for the salvation of souls."—"*Testimonies*," Vol. IV, p. 80.

MISSIONS TALK: Our Need of Nurses.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 594.

PRAYER: That God through us may help supply the need of nurses in Africa.

Our Need of Nurses

A. N. TONGE, M. D.

[Medical Secretary, African Division.]

THE LORD is richly blessing the medical missionary workers in the African Division. He is helping us to carry the message of His soon coming to many thousands of people. He is going with us into virgin territory and is blessing the treatments given, the operations performed, the words spoken, so as to break down the antagonism that exists toward the entering of the missionary. He is also helping us to deal with witchcraft in a way that it is

impossible for the non-medical missionary to do. Just a short time ago a British official from a native area made the statement that "The medical man, missionary or non-missionary, is doing more to do away with witchcraft in Africa than are all the other factors combined, because he can meet it with something that takes its place." This official is highly in favor of the medical missionary above all others. We as medical missionaries have the greatest opportunities of all in upholding the true principles of the Christ life. Because of our ministry for the sick we are given a kindly reception in all parts of the country, and this opens the way for the gospel missionary.

But we are few in numbers in comparison with the hundreds of thousands of sick who need the medical missionary to demonstrate to them the better way.

It would be impracticable to place doctors in all of the centers where the medical missionary is needed. Therefore we are following the plan of placing a doctor with a small hospital in each of the most strategic points throughout the division, of which we have six at present, and then to build small dispensaries on each mission station where it seems advisable, with a nurse in charge. So far this plan has been very practical and the work of our nurses is being greatly blessed.

Patients come to our medical centers from parts far distant to receive physical help. This we try to give them and at the same time we teach them of Jesus so that they may be

lights to their own people. Although these centers are in most instances from five hundred to a thousand miles apart, their lights are lighting great districts, creating centers where untold blessings are being received. More of these dispensaries and hospitals must be built to help the suffering in Africa.

It is not our purpose to build large institutions, but we are trying to carry out the following instruction given to us: "The sick are to be reached, not by massive buildings, but by the establishment of many small sanitariums, which are to be as lights shining in a dark place." And from these "trained workers are to go forth into places where the truth has never been proclaimed."—"*Counsels on Health*," p. 211. Christ embraced the world in His missionary work and He desires that "plants should be established in various places all over the world. First one, and then another part of the vineyard is to be entered, until all has been cultivated."—*Id.*, p. 214.

In order to carry out this plan in Africa, we need trained nurses. We have the young people in our field who are longing to take the nurses' course, but we have no place to train them. Many are going into government institutions to receive their training, the most of whom never return to us. In such an environment they soon lose their Christian experience. Others are going to America to enter one of our sanitariums, but this is very expensive and they feel that they must make money to pay

their debts before taking up medical missionary work.

When we consider the size of the African field with its teeming millions of natives to be warned and its scores of European young people who are eager to obtain a training that they may respond to the calls for medical missionaries, we can realize the importance of establishing such an institution in Africa. Thousands of dollars will be saved to the cause through transportation alone, as it costs the Mission Board hundreds of dollars to send one person to the mission field. Then, too, we will be saving our African and European youth for the kingdom. Think of the splendid young missionaries who are coming to us from the Helderberg College, which the overflow helped to build. A training school for nurses would save to our work many of those who are now going to the world for their employment, and who in the end may be lost to the kingdom.

Our people in Africa appeal to their brethren and sisters throughout the world for funds to make possible a nurses' training school. We are sure that you will not disappoint us. It is through this right arm of the message that many in Africa are to be warned. The Lord is calling upon us to awaken to a realization of our responsibilities.

"Give of your best to the Master,
Naught else is worthy His love."

Sabbath, January 17

SEED THOUGHT: "Heavenly angels are waiting for human beings to co-operate with them in the practical carrying out of the principles of truth."—*Testimonies*, Vol. VII, p. 58.

MISSIONS TALK: A Call for Help from Ruanda-Urundi.

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

PRAYER: That we may faithfully do our part to help in the work in Central Africa.

A Call for Help from Ruanda-Urundi

D. E. DELHOVE

[Pioneer Worker in Central African Union]

LOOKING at the map of Africa you will find that this country lies between the lakes Tanganyika [tan-gan-yē'ka], Kivu [ke'voo], and Victoria in the heart of Africa. It is about twice the size of Belgium and has a population of over six million. These are divided into three different tribes: The Watusi [wä-tōō'sē], or the noble class; the Wahutu [wa-hōō'tōō], or the working class; and the Batwa [bät'wä], the outcasts or pigmies.

Before the arrival of the Europeans and especially of the missionaries in these two provinces, these tribes were constantly at war with one another. While the writer was building one of the stations in that thickly populated country, he had to lay down the trowel more than once to run to the place where a fight was going on, separate the fighting parties and teach them the better way to happiness.

The country is beautiful and has been rightfully called the "Paradise of the Congo." It has an altitude rising from 2,400 feet to about 7,000 feet, culminating in the volcano region where several big peaks rise as high as 16,000 feet. Some of those peaks are at times covered with a beautiful white cap of snow, contrasting with the black appearance of the mountains. Amid that great sea of hills where there are no two alike, live those people whom we are to learn about today.

The noble class own a large number of cattle and hire them out to the working class who take care of the cattle and give the owners part of their crops. The Watusi, being the landowners, give the land and the crops to any one they please and take what they wish. For this reason the working class do just sufficient cultivating to last them a season, and they eat almost all the food as it grows. If there is any failure of crops for lack of rain, nearly the whole population is thrown into want and famine, and sometimes many die for lack of food. This has happened several times during the last decade. Last year more than any other brought great distress among the population of Ruanda-Urundi [rōō-än'dä-ōō-rōōn'dē] because of famine.

There are three mission fields well established in the Central African Union. Stanch native Christians have risen to answer the call of the Master to follow Him. They have given themselves to the Lord and have been

instrumentalities in His hands to bring others to the truth.

These natives have learned to sacrifice and in some instances have gone beyond the Europeans in sacrificing for the cause they love so dearly. Beer and tobacco have been discarded and they are now rejoicing at the thought that they are no more slaves of the evil one. The government officials themselves marvel at the good results of our work among the natives.

Your heart would be made glad if you could meet with us some Sabbath morning and see the little children and the grown people coming with their offerings. They are eager to reach the goal that they have set for themselves. Though they earn little money, they get an offering by doing an errand, or hoeing for some one, or selling some of their crops. Come on the thirteenth Sabbath and you will be thrilled with joy when you see all the Sabbath school members give as their offerings that which they have been able to save out of their meager earnings.

Not only do they give liberally, but they are eager to do other kinds of missionary work. Early they rise, especially on Sabbath, to attend the morning worship. Then dividing into small bands of two's and three's, they go from village to village and from hut to hut, calling their friends and relatives to the Sabbath school and other services. Those who have been baptized pledge themselves to bring at least one soul a year to the Lord. When

the roll is called and they are asked how many they have visited, some have from six to ten on their list. Peace reigns among the natives who have come to the mission. Formerly they had family quarrels, often ending in bloodshed, but since they have learned to love the Saviour, they forgive one another for any offense.

The need is great among these millions of Ruanda and Urundi. Let us unite our forces to strengthen our band of workers, both European and native, by increasing our voluntary gifts.

Sabbath, January 24

MISSIONARY TEXT: Eccl. 11:6.

MISSIONS TALK: Solusi Mission and Training School.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 583.

PRAYER: That the Lord may inspire us to dedicate our all to the finishing of the work, not only in Africa, but throughout the world.

Solusi Mission and Training School

W. B. HIGGINS

[Principal, Solusi Training School]

IT WAS thirty-six years ago that Seventh-day Adventists started their first mission in all the world among heathen peoples; and that beginning was here in the heart of Africa, at Solusi [sō-lōō'sē] Mission. The story of the sacrifices and privations endured by the pio-

neers Carmichael, Tripp, and Anderson in starting the work here, is a story at once filled with interest and with pathos. The graves of Doctor Carmichael, Elder Tripp and son, back of the old church, are mute testimony to the supreme sacrifice made by these servants of God in starting this mission enterprise among the heathen. Elder Anderson is still laboring for the Master in this Dark Continent. The story of hardships endured as told by him is one to touch the proverbial heart of stone.

Today we see some of the fruitage resulting from the labors and sacrifices of these men under the blessing of God. On the mission we now have three men who were rescued from heathen darkness by these pioneers, and whose integrity and faithfulness it would be difficult to equal. One of these men is our evangelist and head teacher. His wife was taken in by Sister Armitage at the time of the great famine after the Matabele [mat'ä-bē'lē] rebellion. Another man is head deacon in our church. The third one is the evangelist having oversight of our outschools. Those pioneers labored and we have entered into their labors.

We have a growing church with a membership of 325. Our baptismal classes number an even one hundred. In the six outschools under our supervision we have enrolled at present four hundred pupils, with thirty-five in the baptismal class.

The school here at the mission has been made the training school for the Zambesi [zam-bē'zī] Union. There is at present a

daily attendance of 196 boys and girls, 94 of whom are in our dormitories.

The tone of our work from beginning to end is predominated by the missionary spirit. One of the four graduates of last year is now nearly two thousand miles to the north, among a people as foreign to him as are these natives to the Europeans. He has accepted the heavy responsibilities of head teacher at Chimpempe [chīm-pēm'pē] Mission, our most northerly mission in this union.

So the spirit of sacrifice and service has spread to the hearts of these humble natives of Africa. As their hearts are touched by the torch of truth they are constrained to leave home and friends, to let their lives shine for the Master, if need be, in a strange land.

Today Africa has one crying need. It is not for schools. Our schools are filled with more than 16,000 children. That need is for trained nurses capable of handling successfully the many tropical diseases and infectious maladies common to these people. While we have a competent corps of doctors and a few nurses, we need many more to care properly for the physical ailments of the natives.

We need a hospital on African soil in which nurses, both native and European, may receive a proper training. We have cases almost daily calling for the knowledge of a graduate nurse. While the parents are away in the fields the children play with the fire and many are frequently badly burned. Shortly after our ar-

rival the five-year-old daughter of one of our students met with such a misfortune. We were not able to save her life. A trained nurse or a doctor might have saved this child, and many others.

Cases like the above could be multiplied many times. However, the Lord does cause many almost miraculous cures in spite of the lack of knowledge and training of the one attending the sick. For this we praise His name. May the Lord inspire us to dedicate our all to the finishing of His work in Africa and in all the world.

Sabbath, January 31

SEED THOUGHT: "Knowledge of God was Christ's own gift to man, and this gift He has committed to His people to be communicated by them to the world."—*"Testimonies,"* Vol. VI, p. 55.

MISSIONS TALK: Our Leper Work in Nyasaland.

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

PRAYER: That the Lord may do a mighty work in Nyasaland.

Our Leper Work in Nyasaland

M. M. WEBSTER

[Superintendent, South Nyasaland Mission Field]

THERE is a little strip of land lying to the west and south of Lake Nyasa which is called Nyasaland [ni-as'á-land]. Here, too, the light of the third angel's message has begun to penetrate the darkness of heathenism. We have a large work already established, but much remains to be done. There are still many

who are groping in darkness, many who are dying without Christ, because of our shortage of men and means to carry the message to them.

While proclaiming this urgent message, we are not forgetting to enter into the byways and hedges, and invite all to come to the feast. We are stretching out our hands even to the lepers. We have established two colonies where these poor, deserted individuals can find help. Here they have a temporary or permanent home, depending on the nature of the disease, and their compliance with the rules of the colony.

Brethren, to these colonies come individuals who have lost all hope of physical life. Their spiritual senses are deadened by their lives of sin. In speaking to one of these, he said to me, "Master, I don't think God can do anything for me; soon I am going to die, but I do not know where I am going to." Though with many there is no possibility of ever being cured physically, yet the gospel is being preached to them, and all who will may find spiritual healing.

Could you visit one of these leper colonies you would find a fairly large village, systematically arranged. Some lepers have come alone; others have brought their families and possessions with the idea of staying. As you walk through the village you hear them singing and praising God, though sick, helpless, and lonely. This they do every day for their morning and evening worship. Leading them

is one who was once a leper but who now, by the grace of God and the help of the doctor and the nurse, has been restored to health.

In one colony we have organized a church with twenty-one baptized members. Like other church members, they are doing their part in spreading the message. As regularly as you have Sabbath school and services in your part of the world, so these dear brethren and sisters meet for study and worship. They, too, are doing their share in giving offerings so that those who are in the hopeless condition that they once were in, as far as spiritual light is concerned, may hear the gospel.

In these colonies much work is being left undone, due to a lack of help. The efforts for their spiritual welfare could be doubled, their physical maladies could be better cared for, and the number cured increased, if only we had the means to train and employ more nurses for service in the leper colonies. At present the greater part of the lepers are still in the villages living among their people, contaminating many who are not aware of the awfulness of the disease.

We find the common people ignorant of health principles, the duties of motherhood, and the proper feeding of their infants. The result is that nine out of ten babies die in infancy. On the outstations away from the hospital our missionaries, though some are not nurses, are continually called to attend to the sick. Often the illness is one that requires skilled hands. God is blessing their labors,

and the partition wall of fear and distrust is being broken down. But how much sooner this could be accomplished, if we had trained nurses going from village to village, instructing the people in the duties of the home, and the care of the sick. You are invited to add your gift to the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering, that the necessary work may be done for this people.

Sabbath, February 7

SEED THOUGHT: "We have a work to do which but few realize. It is to carry the truth to all nations."—*"Testimonies,"* Vol. V, p. 580.

MISSIONS TALK: Progress in the Central Congo Mission Field.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 576.

PRAYER: A few short sentence prayers in behalf of the work in Africa.

Progress in the Central Congo Mission Field

W. ROYCE VAIL

[Director, Kirundu Mission, Central Congo]

IT WAS in September, 1927, that we began work at Kirundu [kī-run'du]. As we think back to the time when we held our first Sabbath meetings with those people, we can appreciate what a recent baptism of six persons means. They sat on the ground around our veranda, for we had not yet built our pole-and-mud church. We had an awkward time trying to get them to be quiet during prayer

and to stop talking during the service long enough to tell them a simple story of Jesus. Now there is a marked change. Although but six have been baptized thus far, we have a large group getting ready for baptism, and we hope to see a good-sized company organized there in a short time. Then we plan to reach out after the mass of humanity in Central Africa and win many others as fast as men and money will permit.

As I look at the picture of that little group who were baptized, I think of what they were when they first came under the influence of gospel teaching. There is Abdani [ab-dä'nī], who has taken the name of Peter since baptism. He came to us knowing nothing of how to read or write, and nothing of any principle of morality or Christianity. He was a drinker, and steeped in all the vices that go with it. Several times we despaired of helping him. Today he is a baptized member of our church, clean physically and spiritually. He now teaches in an outschool not far from the mission in the mornings, and attends school in the afternoons. You may wonder why we are sending him out with only three years' training, but that is the best we can do at present. Every week he brings his Sabbath school offering of at least five francs, and sometimes up to eight francs (from fifteen to twenty-four cents U. S. money), and pays his tithe of four francs, fifty centimes (about eighteen cents), at the end of the month. Since he gets only forty-five francs a month besides his food

allowance, you will see that he gives nearly all his wages (\$1.35 in U. S. money). This he does of his own free will, with no urging on the part of any one.

Next to him is Lukamba [lu-käm'pä], now Paul, who came to us in December, 1927, after having completed his contract with the government. Some time ago the people in one of the villages near the mission asked the teacher how it was that there was such a change in Lukamba. He used to be as bad a drunkard as there was in that part of the country. He would draw his pay and not do any more work until his money was spent. Then they asked, "Is that what that religion that you teach can do for a man?" In the three years that he has been on the mission, we have never known him to leave even to stay overnight, except in case of sickness or death of some relative.

Next to him stands Mao [mä'ō], now Zachaeus. Perhaps you can guess why he chose that name, for he is the shortest boy we have on the station. He was the first workman to come to the mission. He was naked, with teeth filed, and his nose was bored, as well as his lips and ears, in ugly heathen fashion. He comes from a tribe that practised cannibalism until the government put a stop to it. He and Amini [ä-mĩ'nĩ] came from the same tribe. This tribe is considerably below the others in intelligence, but these young men are indeed witnessing for the truth today and are rejoicing in its light. They are cleaned

up, clothed, and are learning to read and write so that they can go out to teach others in their own tongue.

Last, but not least, is Yuma [yōō'mä], and his wife Tunu [tōō'nu], now John and Anna. They came two or three years ago, and are now rejoicing in the light of the gospel. John has been to other missions, and has now decided to stay with us until he can get ready to preach and to teach others the way of life.

We rejoice that a break has been made in the wall of heathenism in Central Congo, and we are convinced that the Lord is ready to do a mighty work in this field.

Sabbath, February 14

SEED THOUGHT: "One soul saved in the kingdom of God is of more value than all earthly riches."—*"Testimonies," Vol. III, p. 209.*

MISSIONS TALK: Medical Work in Angola.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 520.

PRAYER: That the way may be opened for our youth in Africa to receive medical training.

Medical Work in Angola

INA L. MOORE, R. N.

[Bongo Mission Hospital]

THE medical work in Angola is small in comparison to the great need. In all Angola we have only four places where the sick are treated. Bongo Mission Hospital, Nova Lisboa [nō'vä lēzh-bō'a], the union headquarters,

the Luz Mission, and Namba [näm'ba]. At Bongo we have a hospital with two wards that will accommodate about ten patients each, and a dispensary where more than 24,000 treatments are given each year. The administration building is small, but it contains a surgery and a doctor's consultation room, besides a supply room and laboratory. It is a beautiful place, but it lacks much in the way of equipment that at home would be considered bare necessities. Nova Lisboa has a tiny dispensary where about 7,000 patients are treated annually, but Luz and Namba do not even have dispensaries. They have to treat the sick from one of the worker's rooms. But in spite of our great needs, God has wonderfully blessed the little we have tried to do in the saving of souls.

For instance, there is the case of Stephano. His wife and four children were suffering from one of the maladies so common in the tropics. He had heard that the white doctor could help them, and so they came to the mission where Doctor Tonge is located. It took some weeks to cure them. By that time Stephano had become so interested in our message that he decided to stay and learn more about it. He learned it so well that he was chosen to go out as a teacher among his own people. In the last baptism at Bongo six of the candidates were from his school.

Then there was Chipepe. The witch doctors had tried on him all their healing arts, but to no purpose. He grew worse and worse

until he was in such agony that it seemed he could not live. In that condition he sought the white doctor and through his prayers and skill Chipepe was healed. At the same time he learned of the true God. Then he wanted his people to learn of Him, too, so for months he begged the mission to send a teacher to his village. It was only about four months ago that we were able to send a teacher, but already from one hundred seventy to two hundred are attending the Sabbath services.

Siko, a chief, was very sick. The witch doctors had failed completely. Then he went to the Portuguese doctors, only to be told that there was no help for him, so he settled down to die. Chipepe heard of it, and immediately sent him a letter telling of the marvelous cures at Bongo. Willing to try anything that would prolong his life a little, he summoned his carriers and was borne to the mission hospital. He was in such a serious condition when he arrived that we feared we could do nothing for him, but God blessed the means used, and today Siko is well and strong. The territory over which he rules had always been closed to missions, but after his recovery, he opened the land to us and is doing all in his power to assist our native teacher.

The illness of another chief was thought to be contagious, and he was carried out to an isolated hut and left to die. Elder Anderson chanced along just in time to arrange for his transfer to the mission. In a few days he was able to walk back to his village. Since

then he has given loyal support to the school teacher whom we placed in his village, and now he is being severely persecuted by the Catholics for the stand he has taken.

At Luz the natives were so superstitious that it was difficult to gain their confidence in the medical work. But with quinine and other simple remedies Brother Bredenkamp began treating sores and fevers, and in a little time had so won the confidence of the people that they were bringing from fifteen to twenty a day for treatment. One man was so near death from pneumonia that it seemed he could not live. But with faith in God and such treatments as he was prepared to give, Brother Bredenkamp went to work, and the man recovered. He is now one of the teachers in the mission school. In August, Miss Fourie went to Luz to take charge of the nursing work. Latest reports said she was giving from forty to fifty treatments daily.

The Portuguese laws are very strict regarding a doctor. He is allowed to treat natives without a Portuguese license, but not white people. It is very difficult to obtain a license without taking the medical course over again in Portugal. For that reason our hospital has not been allowed to receive Europeans. Sister Anderson, being a nurse, is allowed to work freely among the Europeans of Nova Lisboa. The work in her little dispensary has opened the way for Bible studies and personal work for whites and blacks, and thus souls are being won.

Elder and Mrs. Baker have just begun medical work at Namba. They have no dispensary and no equipment as yet, but with a few medicines and bandages they are starting the work that will open the way to a larger, fuller giving of the message.

Such is our medical work in Angola. Only three of the eleven states of that country have been touched. Were we to depend on America alone to supply nurses, we could not hope that the medical work would grow a great deal more, for it is far too expensive to bring many nurses from the States. God grant that soon we may have a nurses' training school in South Africa where consecrated young people can be trained to go out and extend this soul-saving work, not only throughout Angola, but through all Africa as well.

Sabbath, February 21

MISSIONARY TEXT: Eccl. 11:1.

MISSIONS TALK: Medical Progress at Mwami Mission, North Rhodesia.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 639.

PRAYER: In behalf of the work in North Rhodesia.

Medical Progress at Mwami Mission, North Rhodesia

E. G. MARCUS, M. D.

[Director, Mwami Mission Hospital]

We started work on the mission station just a little over two years ago. Believing that we

had a message for these people, plans were laid for its promulgation, having faith that God would prosper our efforts.

We had nothing to begin with, not even a house to live in, and no knowledge of the language. The natives looked upon us with suspicion, and many refused to have anything to do with us. We found out later that they were told we were part of an organization whose members caused a rebellion a few years ago, and many were hanged.

To try us out and to prove that our medicine was no better than theirs, they brought us a boy who was severely burned and who they thought would die. With much prayer and very careful treatment he made a miraculous recovery, greatly to their surprise. He is now a useful member of the village, and comes to church every Sabbath. The wall of fear was thus breached, but many clung to their old suspicions and superstitions and said that it was only "white man's magic."

Soon after this the leper colony was started and the work began with only three patients. These made rapid improvement, and within three months we had nearly fifty. To date we have discharged five as free from all signs of leprosy with no recurrence of the disease, even after two of them had been ill with fever of another type.

At first they refused to have their teeth extracted, even though they were aching. Now some of them do not even ask for an anesthetic when they have their teeth pulled.

They gladly submit to major operations and have no fear of that bloodiest of operations—a tonsillectomy.

Six months after our arrival here I removed my first cataract. Due to a merciful Father, the operation was successful. As a result, we have removed more than thirty since then. Many patients come from long distances, and a two-hundred-mile walk is not uncommon. On a number of occasions we have seen a leper leading a blind man,—both coming to the mission for treatment.

The government is very anxious to provide medical facilities for the natives, and in every way possible has given us liberal support. The British Empire Leprosy Relief Association which is interested in the eradication of leprosy from the British Empire in this generation, has also given very liberally toward the erection of buildings and huts necessary for treating and keeping the lepers. Some of this money is used in equipping the dispensary and ward. The huts are of brick with cement floors. They are quite sanitary. The walls are plastered smoothly on the inside so that there is no lodging place for ticks.

Mrs. Jewell, our nurse, just handed me a report sheet for the last two months. You may be interested in a few items.

HOSPITAL

November December

Medicines dispensed to patients	3653	4141
Number of treatments given	4913	2913

LEPER DISPENSARY

Medicines	2998	2935
Treatments	2059	2026
Number of In-patients, 200	—————	—————
Total	13,623	12,015

The foregoing figures show the amount of work done at this mission each month along medical lines, and illustrate the truth of the statement that the natives no longer fear the European doctor. At first one had to sacrifice almost every principle of medicine to win their confidence, even to allowing them to use their own medicines.

It is indeed a privilege to be able to break down their prejudice, remove their fear, and win their confidence. Such a privilege is exceeded only by that of winning them from heathenism to Christianity. In fact, the two are closely allied, for we find that often one depends upon the other. If we first win their confidence in medicine, we find it much easier to win them to Christianity later. I am glad to tell you that all our patients have the opportunity to hear the gospel daily. They need this great message with its blessings very much, and we feel thankful for the small part we have in it.

It is a joy to see the change wrought in these people as a result of accepting the gospel. It would indeed be a far greater privilege to witness the promulgation of this gospel to all parts of Africa. Let us pray to that end in His name.

Sabbath, February 28

SEED THOUGHT: "As children of God, none of us are excused from taking a part in the great work of Christ in the salvation of our fellow men."—*"Testimonies," Vol. III, p. 209.*

MISSIONS TALK: Medical Work in Bechuanaland Protectorate.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 513.

PRAYER: That the work may soon be finished and Christ come.

Medical Work in Bechuanaland Protectorate

DR. A. HUSE

[Director, Kanye Medical Mission]

FOR the past few months our message here at Kanye [kan'yē], Bechuanaland [bäck'oo-än'ä-land], South Africa, has gone forward in a very encouraging way. Many are turning from heathenism to believe in Christ's soon coming.

In many instances the medical work has attracted the people to our message, while in other cases it seemed as if these heathen people were just waiting for us to visit them.

Five months ago a woman brought her child to the hospital, quite ill with pneumonia. After about one week's treatment, the child was well enough to go home, and the woman with her mother began to attend our church services. After further study both accepted the Sabbath. Thus it became necessary to visit these new converts in their home, and with further study there three more decided to

take their stand, making a total of five adults in that one place.

About the same time, a little child ran a steel prong far into his abdomen. The parents were greatly distressed over the accident, and came to see what could be done. With hydrotherapy and antiseptics, the child was quite well in two weeks. All were very happy, and Bible studies were commenced with the family. At first they seemed a little antagonistic, due to the fact that the mother was already a member of another church close by. However, the studies were continued, and when it came to the testing truths, the father stated his determination to become a Christian and unite with us, but his wife said she was afraid of her minister. However, that was an honest confession, and two weeks later she also decided to follow her convictions. At another time we were called to visit a man who had been treated by the native witch doctors for stomach trouble, and had taken so much of their medicine without any help, that he was getting tired of them. An examination showed he had a bad heart, and he very readily responded to treatment. In a short time he was getting about nicely, and was very thankful. Studies were given to his family, and he with his wife and two daughters became Christians.

There are many other interesting cases that might be mentioned, but only two more can be referred to here. One is a maternity case, that of a young woman who had been ill for

eight days. She had not called for medical help, as she said she was too poor. Word of her illness came through some of our church members, so we went to see her. It is impossible to imagine the circumstances attending such cases among the poor natives, unless one has actually seen conditions. Often there is no furniture in the thatched hut except a chair, which is offered the visitor. All the occupants sleep on the mud floor or on the skin of some animal. Sometimes there are a few blankets; sometimes their one change of clothing forms the only covering they possess. There is nothing clean. It was in such a place that we found our patient. However, the Lord blessed our ministrations, and soon the immediate danger was over, to be followed by complete recovery in three weeks. Four from this place have stated their determination to unite with us as a people.

One other person who had been to the dispensary a few times agreed to accept studies. After the first study on Christ's second coming, the woman said she had been wanting to become a Christian for a long time, but no one had ever told her how. This woman lived only one hundred yards from four Adventist families, and such a statement made me feel that possibly there are many more almost at our doors who are waiting for an encouraging word from us to help them along their way. Just as the Lord brought Philip and the Ethiopian together, so He is bringing us together in the latter rain to do a quick work.

Eighty per cent of our converts are coming from rank heathenism, thus literally fulfilling the words of Ezekiel 36:24, "For I will take you from among the heathen, and gather you out of all countries, and will bring you into your own land." The Lord is using the medical work in a special way to bring about this result. More trained medical workers, therefore, mean the hastening of the day when the work will be finished.

At present there is an antagonistic spirit on the part of some influential natives that has interfered a little with some converts' remaining true, but so far as we can tell at present, the majority are staying with us in spite of persecution.

The Lord has wonderfully blessed our efforts here, and His message is being carried to many honest hearts.

Sabbath, March 7

MISSIONARY TEXT: Isa. 52:12.

MISSIONS TALK: Among the Chokwes of Angola.

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

PRAYER: That we may have a part in carrying the gospel to these benighted souls in Africa.

Among the Chokwes of Angola

MRS. W. H. ANDERSON

WHAT a wonderful power there is in the Word of God to transform men's lives! Truly it is the "power of God unto salvation."

Angola is a Portuguese Catholic colony on the west coast of Africa, with about eight million people. There are many tribes, languages, and dialects. In portions of the country are found some of the wildest people I have ever seen among the interior African tribes. Not all the tribes are entirely removed from cannibalism. The real cannibal tribe is the Celes [sē-lēs'], but other tribes are slyly practising it.

About four and a half years ago we began to explore the northeast portion of the colony among the Chokwe [chōk'wē] and Lunda [loon'dā] tribes, then four hundred miles from the end of the railroad. These people still practise cannibalism. Only about two months ago Brother Bredenkamp went into a village and found a man tied up waiting to be roasted for a feast. Brother Bredenkamp cut the man loose, took him to his home, and later let him go to his own people. When the natives see a white man's bravery, they think that he has taken some very powerful medicine for protection. In this superstition lies his safety among the wild tribes.

I was with my husband when we first went among these people, and it seemed to me it would take a long time to tame them. Very few had ever seen a white woman. Two and a half years later, I visited the mission at that place and was astonished at the progress they had made. There had been a wonderful change. One boy was doing general kitchen service, another was cleaning the house, an-

other was washing and ironing, and all were doing their work well.

Then the Sabbath came. A hundred or more gathered for the Sabbath school and morning service, singing lustily the songs of Zion they had learned to love. Nearly all could repeat the memory verse for the day. Several were teaching classes and helping to carry burdens in the Sabbath school.

A year ago at the camp meeting which was held out of doors to accommodate the crowd, an old man stood up at the close of one of the meetings, and asked if he might talk a little. He was an old witch doctor. He had with him a string of trinkets with which he had practised witchcraft for more than a quarter of a century, also a little basket. The string consisted of charred chicken feet, little horns filled with medicine, and a little carved image of a man. In the basket he carried any little uncommon thing such as buttons, queer-shaped pebbles, shells, a little carved image of a man, and all sorts of things.

When the doctor is called to see a sick person, he sprinkles a little medicine around, sits in front of the patient, and shakes the basket in such a way that the little carved image which is placed next to him dives down under the other trinkets. It depends on the position of this image when it comes up on the other side of the basket as to who has caused the sickness. The purpose of the visit is to find out the source rather than prescribe a remedy. It may be found to be the spirit of a dead an-

cestor who has been meddling. But some one living is always accused and must pay the penalty. There is no use to resist.

This old witch doctor now said, "I got up to tell you I want to be God's man. I have served the devil long enough with these things, and now I am finished with them." Then he gathered a few sticks, made a little fire, and one by one dropped the things into it and burned them before the people. He is still faithful, and is looking forward to baptism next year.

One day on our first exploring trip in that section, my husband went into the bush to investigate the density of the population, and left me by the side of the path to rest. Presently a fierce-looking old native with a few more natives following him, came up to me. He had a big, long knife in his hand. He talked to me, but of course I had no idea what he was saying. Probably he was greeting me. I was terrified, but tried not to appear so. Presently he sat down, stuck the knife in the ground beside him, and just looked at me. After what seemed a long time, he began to talk to our native boy. This boy told him that we had a letter for them from our God in heaven. He wanted us to stay and read it to his people. Through an interpreter we told him that we did not have the letter with us in his language, but that this wonderful letter was written in many languages and could also be had in his language. I told him that if he would send his people to

school the next year, we would send a white man with the letter in his language, and he would teach them its wonderful message.

Last August at the camp meeting this same old man, who was Chief Nikapamba [ni-kapam'ba] of the Lundas, came forward and said he was God's man. His example will be a power for good among his people. The Chokwes and Lundas have intermingled until they are now one tribe.

Truly Ethiopia is holding out her hands for the gospel!

Sabbath, March 14

SEED THOUGHT: "If, to save a perishing world, God condescended to give up His Son to a painful, ignominious death, should not the Lord's missionaries be willing to make every effort to win and help those who are in the depths of sin?"—*Testimonies*, Vol. IX, p. 208.

MISSIONS TALK: Advance in the Southeast African Union.

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

PRAYER: That God will through us answer the calls from Ethiopia.

Advance in the Southeast African Union

N. C. WILSON

[Superintendent, Southeast African Union Mission]

THE Southeast African Union Mission consists of the territories of Nyasaland, Portuguese East Africa, and a part of Northeast Rhodesia. Up to the present time, our mission activities have been confined to Nyasa-

land and Northeast Rhodesia, with their nearly two million scattered people.

During the twenty-five years our missionaries have been in these territories, we have often come to the place where we have felt we must "lengthen the cords," even in the face of great obstacles. God has opened the doors so wide for us at times, and the calls for help have been so strong, that even though the funds have been short and the workers heavily burdened with work already in hand, we have felt urged to enter the open doors to fields unknown to us. As we have gone forward, we have seen the hand of Providence leading.

Until a few years ago, the work was confined to the southern part of Nyasaland. Then the brethren felt impelled to enter territory far to the north, and Mwami [mwä'mē] Mission was established where for some years Dr. E. G. Marcus has been working. This advance move was not made without sacrifice and hard work. For months Doctor and Mrs. Marcus lived in a small temporary house with a grass roof. The tropical rains beat through the roof, and many times nearly everything in the small house was drenched. The torrid sun made its presence felt through the thin roof, and during the midday, helmets had to be worn in the house. There were weeks and months of preparation of material for buildings, of clearing fields of tropical growth and preparing them for crops. There were long trips to be taken by bicycle under the wither-

ing tropical sun, or at night amid the dangers of the jungle, that an unfortunate or sick native might receive help from skilled hands.

For months the work went slowly and hard, but Doctor Marcus and his co-workers at Mwami Mission struggled on, believing that God had placed them in their distant and difficult field, and that He would not forsake them.

Mwami Mission stands today as a worthy monument to the Advent message in North-east Rhodesia. The tide has turned, and the hearts of the people have been drawn toward the mission, so that today we find a church membership of over forty, and well over six hundred are observing the Sabbath.

An aggressive evangelistic campaign is being carried on by the mission workers, and Heaven is rewarding the effort with a rich harvest of souls. God has blessed Doctor Marcus in his medical work. Sight has been restored to the blind, the crippled have been enabled to walk, lepers have been cleansed of their dread disease, and the entire countryside has been physically blessed. Wherever one travels throughout this territory, the name of Mwami Mission and the faithful workers serves as a password to the hearts and homes of the people. Truly this advance move, made in faith and built upon a foundation of sacrifice, has been richly rewarded of Heaven.

A few years ago it seemed that God was leading us on to another advanced step, this

time to the far northern part of Nyasaland. For many years calls had been coming from North Nyasaland, asking us to enter that section and care for a widespread interest which had arisen in our message. Due to lack of funds and workers, we hesitated to launch out. In 1928 we felt that no longer could we turn a deaf ear to the cry for help which we understood came from several thousand earnest seekers for truth. So during that year we began work in North Nyasaland. This was not done without meeting strong and determined opposition from various sources. It required strong faith and prayer and much hard work and sacrifice to move five hundred miles beyond our established work, but Elder and Mrs. Pearson have held on with strong hearts, believing that God has called them to witness for Him in this isolated place.

For months Elder and Mrs. Pearson and their four small children have lived in a temporary two-roomed pole-and-mud building while their house is being built. The timber for the buildings has been cut from the virgin forest and plots cleared for gardens. Long journeys under the burning African sun have been made to visit interested people, or those who need physical help. Food has been hard to get, as the nearest store carrying regular supplies is three hundred miles away. The mail arrives but once each month.

How happy we are that after less than two years of work, we have clear evidence that God has led in this advance step, and we have

been more than repaid for any sacrifice made. Where two years ago we had no believers, today we have nearly two thousand, and more than five hundred of this number are baptized church members. God has broken down obstacles in this field, and the hearts of the people have been turned to the truth. A few weeks ago, school was started on the station where Brother and Sister Pearson live, and at the beginning of the second week, 275 students from a radius of two hundred miles were enrolled, many being old men and women.

Surely this is a grand day of opportunity for the remnant church in the dark, unentered sections of Africa. The unanswered calls held over from year to year, and repeatedly pressed upon us, constitute a mighty challenge to the church of God during this closing day of probation.

Portuguese East Africa with her four million people is pleading for help.

Sabbath, March 21

MISSIONARY TEXT: Luke 10:2.

MISSIONS TALK: What Will We Do with the Money?

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 552.

PRAYER: That God will move us to give liberally that the work may be forwarded in this dark continent.

What Will We Do with the Money?

J. I. ROBISON

[Former Sabbath School Secretary, African Division]

NEXT Sabbath it will be the privilege of the great sisterhood of Sabbath schools to

join in a world-wide offering to Africa. We over here on the battle line are watching and praying in faith, expecting great things from our generous Sabbath schools in every land.

Three years ago our hearts were made glad by the very liberal overflow that came to us, for it made possible a real advance move in many parts of the division. If you could visit our field today, we would point out to you some of the monuments that have been erected as a result of that overflow. These are not made of marble or stone, but are memorials far more useful to the cause. You would see a new mission station in Angola; a fine new boys' compound at the Malamulo [mál-á-mōō'lō] Mission in Nyasaland, which was especially needed, for the old compound was in a very bad state. You would find several new mission homes in widely separated fields, that have brought comfort and health to some of our faithful missionaries who daily rejoice because of that liberal overflow three years ago. A new church building has been erected, and several school buildings, which are also used as chapels; better facilities and new equipment have all been made possible by your gifts. The students of Helderberg College are rejoicing this year in a fine new administration building which was made possible in part by Africa's big overflow in 1927.

Now you will want to know what we will do with the money that is to be given next Sabbath. As is usual on the thirteenth Sabbath, the first \$112,000 that is given will be

used to support our regular work in this great field. This work has been exceptionally fruitful in late years. During the four years from 1926 to 1930 the Sabbath school membership has doubled in this division, until now more than 27,000 people belong to the Sabbath school. Our baptismal classes are larger than ever before, and during 1930 we expect to baptize three thousand in this field.

But that which we are especially interested in is the overflow next Sabbath. As has been pointed out in the readings this quarter, we plan to use our share of next Sabbath's overflow to build up a new medical center in Africa where we can train qualified nurses for the mission fields. There is an urgent call from every corner of this great division for nurses. Where the medical work is established it has proved to be a great soul-winning agency, and so we are trying to provide a nurse and a dispensary for every station. But our great problem is to find Christian nurses who are properly trained, and who also have the spirit of the message in their hearts.

We have the young people here who are waiting and anxious for the training, and who, when properly trained, make splendid missionaries. Our college at Helderberg is now filled to capacity with about 150 European students who are as fine a group of consecrated young people as will be found anywhere. But we have no place in all Africa where those who desire to take a nurse's training can go. When they enter a worldly hospital they are almost

surely lost to the cause, and even if they then consent to go to a mission, they have not the real missionary spirit in their hearts.

And so the African Division Committee is planning to establish in one of the thickly populated native areas, a hospital and nurses' training school. Located as it will be on one of our mission stations, it will afford a real missionary training along with the nurses' course. Upon investigation we have found that those so trained, if the buildings, staff, and equipment meet the government standards, will be recognized as qualified nurses. Therefore, the Committee is planning to build a suitable dormitory, a hospital building, and necessary wards to meet these standards, thus making it a recognized institution and able to provide a training whereby the graduates will be fully qualified.

The hospital facilities now found in these native areas are the most meager. In Basutoland [bä-sōō'tō-land'], where this new institution will probably be located, there are about 700,000 natives living in a comparatively small area. The government is now operating three small hospitals in this field, but these do not begin to meet the need, and they would welcome another medical institution in the protectorate. Sickness abounds in Africa, and there are probably few other places where a nurse would have such a wide experience in dealing with all kinds of diseases.

We have the prospective students in waiting; we have thousands of patients without

hospital facilities; we have scores of places for the nurses as soon as they are prepared, and we are asking the world Sabbath school circle to make this very much needed institution a reality in the near future. It will help all of Africa. Every mission field is supporting this plan with a whole heart, and praying for its success.

Dear brethren and sisters, we are looking to you for help to meet this great need. We are counting on a good overflow next Sabbath. If every one digs a little deeper, and lifts a little harder than ever before, we feel confident that the Sabbath schools of the world will have another monument to God's glory in dark Africa.

Sabbath, March 28

SEED THOUGHT: "If we leave others to accomplish that which God has left for us to do, we wrong ourselves and Him who gave us all we have."—*"Testimonies,"* Vol. IV, p. 81.

RECITATION: God's Call.

DIALOGUE: Picturing Africa's Needs.

RECITATION: The Two Burdens.

RECITATION: Heroes of Love.

SPECIAL MUSIC.

PRAYER: That our offerings may be used to build a monument to Christ in Africa.

OFFERING.

God's Call

God calls: He calls to service clean,

Calls clean, true hearts; calls clean, strong hands

To lands degraded, work that's mean;

But clean all tasks that He commands.

And where He calls, He goes before.

His bloodstained footsteps mark the way,

And whether here or foreign shore,

His pathway leads through dark to day.

God calls: He calls to service great,
Calls lowly, humble to His work.
And if in church, or if in state,
'Tis little souls that shrink and shirk.
Great souls see God in little things,
In all the whirling wheels of life;
They see His hand beneath the wings,
They know His triumph in all strife.

God calls: He calls to mission long,
To service that shall never cease,
To sacrifice and triumph song,—
From Love's strong cords there's no release.
Whether our path shall lie at home
Or pass to ancient foreign shore,
We all may know, where'er we roam,
That Christ our leader goes before.

Then, soldiers true, go forth with Him,
Press bravely on where'er He leads.
Though body fail and eye grow dim,
Though friendships wane and sad heart
bleeds,
He lives, He calls to higher things:
He calls to life from earth's low sod,
And at the last He'll lend thee wings,
Then crown and kingdom, home and God.

—Milton C. Wilcox.

Dialogue: Picturing Africa's Needs

EILEEN BARR

[Scene: A woman, Aunt Ruth, seated in a rocking chair, looking through a photograph album. A younger woman, Betty, enters.]

BETTY: Good morning, Aunt Ruth. What are you doing this fine morning?

AUNT RUTH: Why, good morning, Betty. Come here and sit down. I am just looking over some old photographs, and here is a package of new ones that I want to paste in the album.

BETTY: Oh, are they pictures you and Uncle Harvey brought from the mission field?

AUNT RUTH: Yes, that's what they are, and it makes my heart ache to think we shall not be able to return to the field. By the way, have you made up your mind to answer the call the Mission Board made to you?

BETTY: No, Aunt Ruth, I cannot decide. It seems so unnecessary for me to go. I am the only child, and mother and father will miss me so. Many other young people could go without nearly so much sacrifice. You have been to Africa, Aunt Ruth, now tell me frankly, do you think the needs are as great as they are pictured? Do you really think I ought to go?

AUNT RUTH: Child, I am not going to be your conscience. You must make this decision for yourself. But let me show you some actual scenes from the Dark Continent. These pictures can describe to you the needs far better than I can.

Here is a photograph of a leper colony. This is one of two that have been established in Nyasaland. See that man,—he was once a leper, but by the grace of God and the help of the doctor and nurses, he has been restored to health. Some of these lepers have come alone, others have brought their families and possessions with them, with the idea of staying. A great amount of good has been done, but there remains a far greater amount to do. Right now the majority of the lepers are living in the villages among their people, contaminating many who do not know the awfulness of the disease.

BETTY: You don't mean that the people do not realize what a loathsome thing leprosy is, do you?

AUNT RUTH: Yes, Betty, that is what I mean. The common people are ignorant of all health principles. Hygiene means less than nothing to them, and they have no idea of the meaning of sanitation.

Here is a picture of a chief of one of the tribes. He was very ill, and the natives thought he had a contagious disease, so they carried him out to an isolated spot and left him to die. By chance we found him and brought him to the compound. In less than a week he was able to get around, and soon he returned to the village. After that he was one of the most loyal supporters we had in that locality.

BETTY: Tell me about these two pictures. They look like "Before and After."

AUNT RUTH: That is "Before" and this is "After." This picture was taken six months earlier than the other. When this little boy came to our compound one morning, he was a

miserable little fellow. His legs were covered with ulcers, and he had leaves plastered over the sores with mud. We dressed his legs and sent him home. The next day he returned, and so on, for almost a month. Then one day his father came with him. A more grateful man you will never see. He asked to be taught about the God of whom his son continually spoke. So we taught father and son of Jesus. At the end of six months we took this other picture. There is very little resemblance. From a dirty, unkempt, naked child, the boy has developed into a clean, lovable Christian. He has learned to read and write, and when we left, he and his parents were awaiting baptism.

BETTY: He is really a nice-looking child, just as nice looking as many of our little children here at home.

AUNT RUTH: Yes, you would love the little babies, Betty. Here is another picture I want you to see. This is the little girl we named Elizabeth. You remember I wrote and told you about naming a little orphan for you.

BETTY: Yes, I remember. But you never said how you happened to have her with you. Tell me about it now, will you?

AUNT RUTH: Well, one day we were at one of the outstations caring for the sick. So many, many sickening sores and diseases had been brought to us that day and I was tired. I wanted to get some rest. Harvey was finishing up the dressings and sending the poor people to their homes. There were only two or three standing around, when an old man walked in. In his arms was a bundle of what appeared to be old rags. He looked tired and hot, as if he had come a long distance. He walked up to me and placed the bundle in my lap. I unwrapped it, and there lay a tiny baby, only a few hours old. I asked him what he wanted us to do with it, and he told us that he was from a distant village, that in the early morning the baby had been born and the mother had died. The village people were going to let the baby die, too, but he had heard of the white doctors who would not let babies die, so he had brought it to us. Harvey and I did not see how we could keep it, but what was there to do? So we took that infant back to the compound and reared her, and now she has developed into a very sweet child.

BETTY: Do they always let the children die if the mother dies?

AUNT RUTH: Yes, and besides that, nine out of every ten babies die anyway, even if the mothers live. They do not know anything about the duties of motherhood or the proper care and feeding of their infants.

BETTY: Why, Aunt Ruth! That seems terrible! Nine out of ten! Have they no doctors anywhere in Africa? To one who has spent all her life in a civilized country where there are doctors in every block and hospitals in every city, it seems unbelievable.

AUNT RUTH: Betty, you cannot describe Africa in terms of America. You could not possibly have any conception of conditions existing in that land of darkness. They have their doctors, witch doctors they are, whose curative powers lie in their baskets, strings and enchantments. I have a picture of one who was converted. (Looks through photographs.)

Here it is. His string consisted of a charred chicken foot and little horns filled with medicine. In this basket he carried a lot of uncommon things, such as buttons, queer-shaped pebbles, shells, and a little carved image of a man. The main thing the witch doctor does is to find out who is responsible for the illness of his patient. This he does with the basket. Sometimes it is found that a dead ancestor is responsible, but a living relative must pay the penalty. There is no use to resist.

BETTY: What ignorance!

AUNT RUTH: But, dear girl, that isn't one tenth. It would be impossible to send enough nurses and doctors from this country to fill the need, but what a help it would be if we could send enough doctors and nurses to establish training hospitals where the natives might learn to care for their own people. How I wish that Harvey and I could go back. But the medical work that we began will have to be carried on by other hands.

BETTY (leafs thoughtfully through the album a moment, closes it slowly, then she rises and says): I must be going, Aunt Ruth. I have a letter to write to the Mission Board (Kisses her good-by). You didn't make my decision for me, dear, but you helped me to make it. Good-by.

The Two Burdens

ONE night I heard the Master's voice,
In tones of tenderest love He spoke:
"Lift up thine eyes, My child, and see,
The whitening harvest waits for thee;
Haste! I invite thee; bear My yoke.

"Afar and near are priceless souls
That stretch their arms, and wait for thee;
A thousand weary hearts that mourn,
A thousand burdens to be borne;
Wilt thou not bear the yoke for Me?"

"But, Master, see; which shall I choose?
The luring world is bright and fair,
Her giddy joys my spirit woos,
How can I all her charms refuse?
O why should I Thy burdens bear?"

"Let others bear the burdens, Lord,
My hands, are weak, my strength is small;
The tempter brings this child of Thine
A chalice bright of red, red wine,—
Why should I drink a cup of gall?"

"My child, and dost thou ask Me why?
Lift up thy waiting eyes, and see!"
I looked, and 'neath the lurid sky
I saw my Master doomed to die,—
I saw the cross of Calvary.

He bore the burden of my sins,—
The ghastly burden, vast and broad;
I saw Him faint beneath the weight,
I saw Him enter death's dark gate,—
My blessed Master and my God.

O love divine, O wondrous love!
What can I do, O Christ, for Thee?
I'll joyful bear my little cross,
The toil, the burden, and the loss,
For Him who bore so much for me.

—Mrs. L. D. Avery-Stuttle.

Heroes of Love

J. I. ROBISON

I'VE been reading today of the lives of the
great,
And the noble, true men of our land,
And the women of fame, who on history's page
Have a place which forever will stand.

I have read of their deeds of valor and faith,
Of their victories over our foes.
I have marvelled and thanked the good Lord
for such men,
For a life of real hardship they chose.

And I stopped for a moment to think and to ask
If the noble and brave are all dead;
If it's only in books of the long, long ago
That the stories of heroes are read?

Then I thought of a score of real heroes as
brave,
Just as noble, courageous, and true,
As are many whose names are the praise of
each tongue,
For their lives are as true as the blue.

These heroes of mine are unknown to the world,
Though their deeds are none the less brave,
For they serve in the far-away missionary fields
In an effort the heathen to save.

They have left the dear homeland, the loved
ones and all;
These noblemen—kith of our kin,
And in lands that are strange, and through
hardship and toil,
They are preaching salvation from sin.

With their wives and their children, as brave
as are they,
'Mid the perils of desert and swamp,
They have left, for their Saviour who pointed
the way,
All the world with its tinsel and pomp.

And although their brave deeds, and their hard-
ship and toil
Should never be told to the world,
There's a record up yonder, by angel hands
kept,
Which will in heaven some day be unfurled.

When the deeds of all men, as are seen by the
Lord,
Have their merit and worth brought to light,
Then the heroes of love, though unsung by the
world,
Will shine as the stars in the night.