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A Village in the Kisi Country

**Topic: MISSION FIELDS OF NORTH-
ERN EUROPEAN DIVISION**

SABBATH, JULY 7

Official Notice

TO OUR SABBATH SCHOOL MEMBERS:

DURING the third quarter of 1934 we have for our study the mission fields of the Northern European Division. The missions of this division are largely in Africa where the need of the gospel is probably as great as in any other part of the world field. We are thankful for the measure of progress that is being made in heralding the gospel in these mission fields, and for the fruitage that is following the earnest efforts of our missionaries.

We believe our Sabbath schools will listen with interest to the information and appeals that are given from Sabbath to Sabbath from these mission lands.

The plan for the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering is now so changed that if our Sabbath schools will raise \$60,000 there will be an overflow of \$1,000 in addition to their regular appropriation. We will then add to this overflow ten per cent of all offerings given above \$60,000.

Trusting God will greatly bless our Sabbath schools in all the world, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

J. L. SHAW,

Treasurer of the General Conference.

SABBATH, JULY 14

A Word to the Schools

W. T. BARTLETT

[Sabbath School Secretary, Northern European Division]

THE articles appearing in this MISSIONS QUARTERLY give but a glimpse of the vast fields under the care of the Northern European Division. From almost every entered territory come earnest pleas for reënforcements and better equipment. From several unentered lands, as the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan with its five and a half million people, still comes the Macedonian call. It is the Sabbath school gifts that, in a large measure, make the response. Many a worker will be hoping and praying that the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering will bring a goodly overflow. The schools can help to answer these prayers.

Our part of Africa is already joining hands with us for the finishing of the work. We now count eleven ordained African ministers, twenty-two licentiates, seventy-five licensed missionaries, two hundred thirty teachers, and a growing army of colporteurs. These must be supplied with literature and other facilities for the hastening of the work.

God has honored our Sabbath school organization and given it a noble part in the carrying out of the gospel program. It endears to us the truth of God, trains us in His service, and by its gifts sends the message to all lands. May God be ever more and more glorified in the Sabbath school.

SABBATH, JULY 21

Native Evangelism in East Africa

A. F. BULL

[Superintendent, Southwest Kenya Mission]

THE longer we labor in Africa the more we appreciate the truth of the statement, frequently made in missionary circles, that Africa must be evangelized by the African. The African native has many advantages over the foreigner as an "ambassador" to his own people. If an evangelist be a "fisher of men," who can know the habits of African "fish" as he who has been one himself? Or, if the gospel worker be fitly described as a "hunter" (Jer. 16:16) who knows the cunning hiding places and artful retreats of African human "wild life" like one who has himself hidden in "the holes of the rocks"?

The African evangelist may know less about the Bible than his white fellow laborer, but what he does know he is able to express in such language and in such a manner as to penetrate into the mysterious inner recesses of the native mind, regions very often unexplored by the foreigner. Apart from the psychological difficulties, very few non-natives succeed in mastering either the idiom or the exact enunciation of an African tongue.

If space permitted we might comment on the African evangelist's superior ability to eat, sleep, work and live intimately with his black converts. However much the foreigner may try to "go native," and possibly ruin his

health in the attempt, he can never actually become one with them in the fullest sense of the expression. For such reasons as these we must concede to the sons of Africa priority of place as contact workers with Africans.

There are a number of different types of African evangelists. Many are strong spiritual forces, men of prayer, faith, and devotion. Some have pastoral gifts; others feel more at home working among the raw heathen as aggressive evangelists. We have just taken a man of this latter type from pastoral work where he was having only moderate success, yet as a preacher among the heathen he has a great reputation. On a recent tour in territory quite new to us he has created such a stir that over forty people are reported to be keeping the Sabbath and the chief, one of the most influential in these parts, has offered him three different sites to choose from, urging him to stay with them and establish a church.

One could write pages on the spirit of self-sacrifice which animates some of these men. I recall an instance where one of our evangelists walked five days in order to bring a new convert into the mission. Now it is not a rare thing for a native to walk for five consecutive days, but it certainly is a rare thing for one to walk when he could have his fare paid. This man walked because his new disciple had no money and he himself had only the one fare provided by the mission, so rather than leave his friend behind he chose to take him by foot.

Remember these faithful men in your prayers. Their temptations are great. They have a bad heritage to overcome. Yet God is adding glory to His name by their labors.

SABBATH, JULY 28

Uganda Calling

V. E. TOPPENBERG

[Superintendent, Upper Nile Union Mission]

YONASANI, an aged but ardent preacher of the Advent faith, had interested in the message an influential landowner and member of the council. When this man returned home he began to tell others what he had heard and read, and soon a number of people came together on the Sabbath to study the Sabbath school lesson. Erelong earnest requests came for a worker; but we had neither men nor means. Although this new interest is farther away than my traveling allowance permits me to go, I decided to take an African worker with me for a visit.

As we were on the way, just leaving another group of believers, I began to feel an attack of fever coming on, and when we reached the new place I had to drop upon my bed in the shade of a tree. The African worker then spoke to the congregation in front of and around us. But when he had finished I saw the people were eager for more. With flushed face, dizzy head, and ears ringing from quinine, I got up and spoke to the people. I then seated myself and answered questions until sundown.

The next day we had more meetings, organized a Sabbath school, and made out several cards for those who wanted to attend the class for interested ones. I could promise them no worker, but told them to step out in faith, build a meeting place, and if at all possible we would send help later.

About six months later I made another visit, and I was taken to a new and cozy thatched booth in which to put up my bed and camp outfit. When it was time for meeting I was led to a new church in a clearing in the banana plantation. It was so nearly completed that we held our meetings in it, dedicating it to the service of God before there was a single baptized believer in that section.

Representatives had come from another place still farther on where another interest had sprung up, and they begged us for at least one worker for these two groups of believers. But we had just received the sad news of further cuts in appropriations; thus calls for new workers, however urgent, could not even receive consideration. It was very hard indeed for me to turn down that call, for they told me that they had prepared a place for the worker and his family, and had planted a large field with sweet potatoes, also setting apart a piece of the banana plantation so that the evangelist would not have to prepare the ground, plant and cultivate, but would be able to give most of his time to preaching and visiting from the very beginning.

Nearly a year has passed by since that sad

visit. No worker has been sent yet, and we now have even less hope of sending one than then. Yet this is only one example of urgent calls coming from every direction. We don't know what to do about it. "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth laborers into His harvest."

SABBATH, AUGUST 4

Work Among the Kpelle People

K. NOLTZE

[Superintendent, Northern Liberian Mission]

FOR some time Lopu had been attending the Sabbath school and now and then we saw her also in our treatment room. Some weeks ago she gave birth to a black baby. In spite of numerous amulets which had been placed on the young mother and her babe, to protect them from the dangerous influences of the spirit world, her eyes had a strange brightness which did not seem to come from maternal happiness only. Because of a hectic fever one flush after another rushed to her painful head. Breathing became more and more difficult, and finally she fainted away, despite all amulets. There she lay, silent, but still alive, while gesticulating women danced around her.

The Kpelle people are very much afraid of people who are dying, so at a given sign, they seized the poor mother, bound her legs upon her chest with creeping vines, wrapped her up

in her mat, and dragged the bundle quickly into the bush. A hole was dug speedily. The Kpelle people usually place their dead in a sitting or squatting position in the earth, just under the surface. What was it that awakened Lopu from her unconsciousness? She tried with immense effort to tear asunder her bonds, and lifted up her arms imploringly, but the spirits of the Kpelle are inflexible. The priests of death were afraid, they shuddered, and called out threateningly, "You are dead, Lopu. What do you want among the living? Your home is here now!" Quickly they grasped her, and pressed her into the small hole, and once again the hot African earth covers a precious human life.

We were surprised at the indifference shown even by children of our Sabbath school when they told of this not rare incident. "Our parents do that; they do many such things," was their expressive remark. But when we described to them the atrocity of such a deed, and pictured what might be their own fate, human dignity arose in these young sensible minds and the germinating seed of the message of fearlessness, of the gospel of eternal peace began to grow. And in their hearts ripened a pledge to become strong young missionaries for their people.

These boys and girls now go each Sabbath, after the Sabbath school, to the surrounding villages, singing hymns of Zion and telling of the message of the everlasting redemption to all they meet. There they stand, in front of

their picture roll, most of them in nature's garb, proclaiming the things they have learned in the Sabbath school that morning. When the glowing sun is sinking behind the mountains, our young missionaries return. On their heads they carry the Sabbath school offerings they have received, which include such things as bananas, pineapples, bulbs, rice, greens, etc. Not once have they returned without such an offering. In our meeting at the close of the Sabbath, each leader of a Sabbath school group tells of the experiences they have had in the villages. Our little ones also mingle with them, telling about their work. These children are not students of a mission school; they do not live in a mission station; they are not children of Christian parents; they live in the huts of their parents, surrounded by gross heathenism. Although their parents threaten them with thrashings, they come every Sabbath to the children's meeting. They often hide, so that their father or mother cannot take them by force to the fields on that day.

On week days, when the tropical night settles down over the dark bush, and the natives roast their rats at the camp fire and boil their rice, then, from the next village, carried by the wind to the hill where we live, comes a strange message,—hymns of Zion ascending from children's hearts, an evening worship, a thanksgiving from God-seeking souls in the midst of satanic darkness.

Our work among the Kpelle people is still

young. The buildings are not all complete. We have no baptized people as yet. We need schools, teachers, and medical help for these people who are living in such darkness. Keep on helping, dear brethren and sisters, and the blessings will return to you again.

SABBATH, AUGUST 11

Fetters of Superstition

HANS RASMUSSEN

[Educational Secretary, Sierra Leone Mission]

THE belief in spirits is a constant cause of dreadful fear among the natives. I remember a few months ago, my house-boy and I were standing on the veranda, when through the stillness of the night was wafted to us a peculiar kind of music. I said, "Moses, what is this?"

He answered, "It is made with a piece of wood held close to the lips."

"But why do they do it? and this is now the second night that we hear it," I queried further.

"Well," Moses explained, "they do that when a husband thinks his wife has been unfaithful. The husband then goes to the medicine man, and there they play and dance for several nights. Then on a set night, the wife is led into the hut, and if a certain sign happens as she passes through the door, she is guilty."

I do not need to paint before you the agony and bitter grief such a nightly trial causes the

poor mother, who is thrust out of her home and separated from her dearly loved children, because the medicine man doomed her as guilty, when the real reason perhaps is that the cruel husband loves a younger woman.

Often when a person is suspected to be a thief, but proofs are insufficient, in the darkness of night he is led to such a "doctor's" hut, perhaps to be tried with boiling oil or other fiery test. If the spirits will suffer the person in doubt to hold his hand in the oil pan without being scalded, he is innocent.

Not every mission truly frees the people from such superstition. It is not an uncommon thing to see other missions lead their converts to the cemetery for seasons of prayer. And why to the cemetery? Just in order to be nearer the spirits of loved ones.

Many in the homelands think that the natives of Africa, without the interference of missions, live a peaceful and happy life. But they do not know that heathenism spells ignorance, sickness, and misery, gross superstition; that its very soul is selfishness, hatred, strife, and cruelty; and its effect, continuous crime, and bitter, bitter grief, and the loss of souls who were bought with a price.

Brother Nicol, one of our native teachers, writes me: "In this town the people practice all kinds of fetishism. At times they will split open their dead ones to find out if they are witches or not. On such occasions, the wives and the children run to the mission for safety,

for the society men (of the devil) will invoke the evil spirits to fill the town." We have fifteen such havens of safety, and we pray always that God will grant that none of these should be closed for the lack of means.

The souls snatched from such heathen thralldom often become faithful Christians, entering into the activities of the church with unusual fidelity. Last year during the Harvest Ingathering Campaign, for instance, some of the schoolboys would walk as far as nineteen miles out to their districts in the morning, canvass in the extreme heat of the mid-day sun, and then at night walk the same distance back. And they did it gladly, though the result seldom exceeded a few cents. We must not quench now any of the precious lights God has so graciously lighted in dark Africa!

SABBATH, AUGUST 18

The Gold Coast

F. L. STOKES

THE day was so still, so hot, so tiring. Gold Coast lay beneath a sky of burnished blue. The road seemed endless and full of dust. We were traveling by car to a small out-station over one hundred miles from the mission. I had not visited the place for over three years and I was wondering what I should find.

"Master, we are soon to reach," came the voice of the boy in my ear, speaking the idiom

of African English. The car was nosing its way down the mere track of a road to face the last incline which led into the village of our destination.

Almost the first person to greet me was a young man of about twenty years, who began to thank me most profusely for some service I had rendered him. He fell on his knees and would have almost kissed my feet. It was quite a few moments before I could grasp the meaning of the display. Swiftly my memory took me back to the time of my last visit. I had found this young man at death's door with pneumonia. Vividly the moments came back when we had worked, struggled, and prayed for the man now so well and strong. Indeed the tide of life had ebbed so low, we had despaired of his recovery. It was good to see him once again well and strong.

Soon after we had rested, the church bell rang for the evening prayer meeting, and the members began to fill the church. Their number was a big surprise. I remembered the mere handful three years before. "Teacher," I said, "are all these church members?" "Yes, sir," came the reply. "How is it that you have increased so much?" "You see, sir, when you were here on your last visit the people said that the young man who was sick had caught a disease because he had joined the church, the gods were angry, and so he would surely die. They even laughed at our efforts to cure him. When he recovered, they were dumbfounded, and many were convinced that

we were serving the true God. This caused many to join the church, saying, 'We want to know more of a God who can cure such a hard sickness.' Now my members are over seventy-five."

Words were inadequate to express my thoughts! As I stood there in the rays of that setting sun, it seemed as though God had crystallized in those evening tints all the heartache and beauty of faith, and somehow there fell on a weary wanderer, strength, cool as drops of water.

May God give our Sabbath schools courage to see beyond the present hardships, faith to give to our utmost, strength to endure until our task is done.

SABBATH, AUGUST 25

The Blessing of Medical Work in a Heathen Land

B. BERGSTROM

[Superintendent, French Equatorial African
Mission]

MEDICAL work has a great part to play in proclaiming our message among the heathen. The need of physical help is as urgent as the spiritual. When we give treatments to the people, we have an opportunity to call their attention to the Creator.

One man, who lived not far from our mission station in the north of the Cameroons, [kam'ër-ōōns'] was affected with leprosy in both hands. Two fingers were already fretted

away by the terrible disease. The medicine man in the village had long tried in vain to help him. Another person from the same village then exhorted him to go to the mission station where some others from the same place had been helped. The man, who never before had been in touch with white people, was afraid, but later on he came and got treatment. He was in a deplorable condition, as he was unable to use his hands. After being treated a long time, he was again able to use his hands. He was happy and came to our meetings. Every time I met him he would hold up his hands, uttering thanks, and looking with a radiant face at the hands he was now able to use.

One of our boys lives on a mountain in the neighborhood of our station. One evening after it was getting dark he went home to visit his parents. In the darkness he was bitten by a snake. Immediately he ran back to the mission station where he received proper treatment. The next morning, his parents heard of it and came to take the boy home to the mountain. The father was a spirit worshiper, and explained that the snake was his grandfather's spirit, who in that form came to avenge, because they had neglected to offer sacrifice at the grave after his death. Now they must make that offering if the boy was to be saved. After a while I succeeded in prevailing on the man to leave his boy at the station, as he would certainly be saved by God's help through the treatment we had

given him. They went back to the mountain but had two sheep in readiness to be offered if the boy's condition should get worse. After some days the boy was restored to health. His parents began to falter in their faith in spirits, and their hearts are now more open for the message.

Through the help we can give the heathen in their physical troubles, we get opportunities to draw their attention to God's willingness to help them, not only physically, but also spiritually.

SABBATH, SEPTEMBER 1

Who Will Send Them? Who, But You?

MARY J. VINE

THERE is a palaver in the market place, and it was a boy who began it. "That mission school," said he, "they spend money and build him good, and now they no go and have proper school; only small boys they go take." And that did it! Another boy joined in then. and still another; then a woman selling cocoyam, and some men selling baskets and pots. And the woman's voice carried far and attracted others, so that now there is a whole congregation gathered together, — youth, women with babies on their backs, buyers and sellers of all kinds, old men and elders of the town,—all shouting, all gesticulating, all trying to make themselves heard at once, and all stating vehemently their opinion of a mission

that can give such a fair promise as to build so nice a school, but which cannot now make it good because they haven't sufficient money to staff it properly. We talk about them not being able to carry things through, we remonstrate with them because they so often fail to count the cost. What have we to say for ourselves?

We can only work and pray, and write sometimes perhaps. We were proud of our school when the last block was laid, and the last sheet of pan finally nailed to the roof. Now, however, we look at it grievingly. We built it with such joy in our hearts. It was going to fill such a long-felt need, and be the fulfilment of such an old promise. How splendid to see bright-faced boys pouring out from its doors each day, to be able, eventually, to look among them for well-trained, intelligent workers; how good no longer to have the old parents gesticulating and demanding on our doorsteps, to be able to say to them at last, "Well, you see, the school is there." But the depression came, and instead of the additional help there came very crippling cuts, and, at least for the present, our building is but a monument to, not the fulfilment of, our faith.

We believe, however, that it will not always remain so. We found a convocation at the door one day composed of the whole of our little infant school. "We want to come to school two times a day," said they. They had already been at school five hours, from

eight until one o'clock, and they wanted now to return from two till five. When even the little ones can be so anxious to learn, when even they clasp their hands and on their knees beseech their Chineke (God) to send more money so that they can have higher standards, as they are ready for them, the answer is not far away, and we are sure that you who read this will do all you can to bring it about.

We are so thankful that we *can* depend on the help that is forthcoming. Even as we write there is a man sitting on the veranda. He has come entreating us for two things, a teacher and a bit of railway iron for a church bell. He has walked forty miles from a town far on the other side of the river, and we have never seen him before. But he is the leader of a growing church. It happened that in the course of his trading journeys he saw a Sabbath tract from which he copied,—for the owner would not part with the tract itself,—a few of the texts on a dirty piece of paper. He carried it home, and there round the wood fires in the evening he discussed it with his brothers, looking up the texts in an old Bible they had and trying to find out what was their responsibility in regard to this question. We know the result. Our friend on the veranda says they have now about twenty adult members, to say nothing of youth and children, and they have also built a fine church building. They only ask now for a teacher and a piece of bell-iron.

Already two out of every three churches

are without a teacher, and in almost every case, when the rains come the teacher has to travel through many miles of water, knee-deep, waist-deep, sometimes even chest-deep, to get from one church to another. Small wonder the churches complain that they are shepherdless. What can we do? They need native teachers. The question for us to answer is, "Who will send them?" Who, but you?

SABBATH, SEPTEMBER 8

The Needs of Catholic Ireland

J. HARKER

[Superintendent, North Ireland Mission]

SINCE the Government of Ireland Act was passed by the British Parliament in 1920, Ireland has been divided into two parts. Northern Ireland is the smaller of the two, and includes six of the counties of Ulster. The Free State takes in the balance of the country, with twenty-six counties in its territory. From the standpoint of both politics and religion, the two areas are antagonistic. The northern section is particularly loyal to the British crown, and is ultra-Protestant. The Free State is more or less estranged from British sympathies and is ultra-Catholic. It is the needs of this intensely Catholic field we bring to the Sabbath schools at this time.

The Free State is in a weak, sick, and troubled condition. She presents the tragic pic-

ture of a body upon which a large tumorous growth has fastened, gradually sapping the life as it increases its stranglehold. That growth is the papacy. Here, for hundreds of years, she has embedded her roots so deeply in the national soil that nothing else, whether religion, politics, education, or even industry can find room enough to grow. Here is one spot at least, where it seems the Reformation had little or no effect. One cannot fail to be impressed with the fact that, while the peoples of Britain and other countries of Europe have been blessed and prospered under Protestant influence, the Roman Catholic church in Ireland has done nothing for the betterment of the generous-hearted Irish.

Let us think for a while of the terrible condition of fear and bondage under which the Irish Catholic lives. The priest in all things is paramount. There is no phase of social and economic life in the country in which by way of promotion or obstruction he does not interfere. In scores of towns where one might hope to find a library or perhaps a reading room, nothing of the kind exists. But there stands the Catholic chapel, raised up by the people, and into the coffers of which are poured their scanty earnings after a makeshift existence has been provided.

We believe it is in the purpose of God that His last message to man take root in this long-neglected field. At present we have one lone minister and his wife along with about

thirty church members to represent the Advent faith. These are all in the city of Dublin. Outside the capital there is nothing, not even a colporteur who might bring light and hope.

We understand the population of Ireland has fallen from eight and a half million to four and a quarter million during the past hundred years. A number of those who have emigrated to America and other parts of the world, have found their way into the Advent message. We trust many of these will be present at Sabbath school to hear this reading. We trust also that the appeal may have the effect of causing not only gifts to flow into the treasury freely on the thirteenth Sabbath, but that many prayers may be offered for the advancement of God's work in the Emerald Isle.

SABBATH, SEPTEMBER 15

With Our Colporteurs of West Africa

A. W. COOK

[Field Missionary Secretary of Nigerian Union
Mission]

THE printed page first pioneered the way for our mission work on the West Coast of Africa, and undoubtedly it will play a great part in the finishing of the work. The first Sabbath keeper read himself into the message from literature handed over by the captain of a passing ship, in the year 1888.

During the last two years institutes have been held in Sierra Leone [sĭ-ĕr'rä lē-ō'nē] Gold Coast, Southwest and Southeast Nigeria [ni-jĕ'rĭ-ä] for the training of colporteurs, students, and teachers in the art of gospel salesmanship. Our present colporteur force of thirty-two is far too small for reaching the 35,000,000 to 40,000,000 people comprising West Africa. Our greatest need at present is for more literature, so that unworked tribes may be reached. In Southern Nigeria there is a small book translated into the Yoruba and Ibo languages, while in the northern provinces and in the other colonies only English books are available at present.

There are great possibilities of building up a strong literature ministry, especially so in populous Nigeria and the Gold Coast. This work is gradually being done. Many of the colporteurs have forsaken all. They have been away from home and loved ones for weeks and months at a time in order to carry the message into this fever-stricken land. Laboring under a tropical sun, they are slowly but surely pioneering the message into the highways and byways of the southern provinces. They are penetrating into strongholds of vice and rank heathenism, even reaching slaves in their dire distress.

Some of these men have raised up companies and churches. A great reformatory movement is at work in Africa today. There is a keen interest and an intense longing for something better. Calls are coming in for teach-

ers from every direction as a result of the literature circulated, but owing to the meager force of workers, and scanty funds, these calls go unanswered. Surely the last call is being sounded, but what of the millions who still wait in darkness? They are waiting, waiting for the light of truth to come. How long must they wait?

Printing presses, and literature prepared in the native tongues, would greatly strengthen our work, and help us quickly to gather thousands into the fold, thus preparing the way for the coming of the Son of man.

SABBATH, SEPTEMBER 22

The Waiting Tribes of Kenya

S. G. MAXWELL

[Superintendent of the East African Union Mission]

KENYA COLONY is one of the British East African dependencies. We have long listed it as one of the countries which we have "entered." But entering and occupying are two different things.

For more than fifteen years our missionaries coming and going from Europe have had to pass through the whole of the colony in order to reach their work. Yet this territory remained untouched with the message save in the far southwest corner where the Luo and Kisii [kĩ'si] tribes received attention.

But the day has now come to break forth on the right hand and on the left. With our meager resources we opened up work with five

new tribes during 1933. Only one of them can have a European missionary. The others must be entered by our native evangelists.

Pastor W. W. Armstrong has recently opened up a new work among the people in Central Kenya. They number three quarters of a million. This tribe presents many problems because of the strong anti-European feeling manifested in many parts. A providential opening has enabled us to obtain a suitable farm for local headquarters near Nairobi [ni-rō'bē], the capital of the Colony. From his new place Brother Armstrong can work out among the Kamba people as well as the tribe where he is now located.

In the northwest of the colony are the Nandi people. A brave and fearless tribe, they once required a punitive expedition to bring them to order. The gospel has made little progress among them. Two missions of a well-known society were recently closed down for lack of results. Yet God opened a door for us. A few of our books caused a leading evangelist of another mission to accept the truth. Today he has become our apostle to the Nandi. Being one of the tribe, he has no difficulty in settling among them, and has begun a work which would have taken a European many years to accomplish.

South of the Nandi are their cousins, the Lumbwa people. Wild like the Nandi, it is unsafe for a member of another tribe to traverse their territory alone. Their great enemies are the Kisii people. But for all this,

two of our Kisii evangelists have volunteered to pioneer the work among them, and are already at work.

Farther south are the interesting Masai people. In the past they were the terror of East Africa on account of their raids. Today a paternal government has considerably restrained this phase of their activity. It is not considered safe for other natives to travel through their reserve and so we are experiencing some difficulty in obtaining the necessary permission to do evangelistic work. However, a Kisii evangelist has made friendly contact over the border and two other Kisii have gone into our hospital for training as dispensers so that a dispensary might be opened shortly among the Masai.

But though you read of the beginnings of our work among five new tribes, what of the remainder? There are two more on the northern frontier, four in the northwest, two to the northeast and five or more on the coastal plains, none as yet touched by the message.

When can we reach them? When can we understand their tongue? When can we find even native evangelists to carry the glad tidings to them? Our working force is spread out to the uttermost to carry the present work. We cannot do more without your help. In the words of the apostle Paul, our hope is that the growth of your faith will allow us to enlarge the range of our appointed sphere and preach the gospel in the lands that lie beyond. 2 Cor. 10:15, 16.—Moffatt.

SABBATH, SEPTEMBER 29

A Girls' School in Africa

W. T. BARTLETT

[A conversation among four missionaries]

(Miss Harper and Miss Jones conversing)

MISS HARPER: I am so delighted that we have this opportunity to meet each other while we are home on furlough. Aren't we having an inspiring conference?

MISS JONES: Yes, indeed! I am greatly enjoying the meetings. It is such a boon to us missionaries to meet again with our home friends. When do you sail?

MISS HARPER: About two months from now. And you?

MISS JONES: My boat leaves next week. I have nearly finished my packing.

MISS HARPER: Are you glad to be going back?

MISS JONES: Yes, I am just longing to see my girls again.

MISS HARPER: I only wish I was returning to a girls' school, as you are. The account you gave of them in the meeting yesterday quite made me feel envious.

MISS JONES: Why don't you start a girls' school? I don't see how a mission can really succeed unless it gets hold of the girls. Do your Christian natives marry heathen wives?

MISS HARPER: Unfortunately yes, in many cases. You see, there are so few Christian girls to marry. The parents are very set against letting their girls come to our mission schools. If the girls should become Christians, down would go their value in the marriage market. In our country, a good-looking girl may bring from 15 to 20 cattle, but the rich men who can afford to give a good price would never dream of taking a Christian. So there is strong opposition to any work we attempt in behalf of the girls.

MISS JONES: But don't you find that heathen wives drag the Christian natives back into heathenism?

MISS HARPER: Too often it does work that way. Sometimes the Christian husband wins his wife over. More often she is a sore hindrance. Most of our cases of backsliding come that way. Imagine a preacher going out on a tour. He preaches in many villages, and the people throng to listen to him. Then he comes back to his own home to find his own children

with the witch doctor's charms tied around their necks to ward off disease, and his wife engaged in some degrading form of idolatry. It is very discouraging for the poor man.

MISS JONES: I should think so. I have been through it in my own mission experience. We used to talk to our Christian boys about the evil of mixed marriages, and they always agreed that it wasn't right, but what were they to do? Get us some Christian girls to marry, they said, and we will never think of a heathen girl, no matter how strong and good-looking she is. They were always in trouble with their heathen wives. They would forbid them to practice heathen customs, but it was no use. The girl thought her mother knew best, and she would do what her mother had taught her. Sometimes the bewildered husband tried to enforce his wishes by beating the wife, but of course that only made matters ten times worse. Oh, I know what it means to try to carry on mission work without training the girls, and you have my sincere sympathy. Doesn't your committee think you ought to have a girls' school?

MISS HARPER: Yes, I believe they would be willing enough, but they think it would be such an expensive business.

MISS JONES: Even so, in my opinion, it is vital to success. And, anyway, it need not be very expensive.

MISS HARPER: But it must have been very expensive to erect a building large enough, with the necessary facilities for cooking and washing, etc.

MISS JONES: Some missions do spend a great deal of money on such items, and it may be necessary in some places, but we got along much more economically. Some of our native teachers are quite level-headed, and they gave us practical suggestions. For one thing, they reminded us that after the girls left our hands they would have to spend their married lives in native huts, and they ought to be trained in the same kind of place as they would have to live in. So our sleeping huts, cooking huts, and study huts were all put up by natives in the best native style, with of course the improved ventilation and better lighting that we have been urging upon all our members.

MISS HARPER: That must have cost the mission quite a sum.

MISS JONES: It hardly cost us a cent for building. We told our teachers about our plans to train Christian wives for the young men, and in gratitude they undertook to put up the buildings themselves. They brought all the mate-

rials, the poles and grass, and did all the building. All the mission gave was a supply of large nails to make the roof timbers more secure. Also we supplied some of the benches and forms for the study hut.

MISS HARPER: How about the food?

MISS JONES: The girls grow their own, mostly. We had our own grain houses, also built by the natives. The girls did the grinding, and made the cooking pots and the water pots. The work of getting water and fuel and all the rest was divided up, and the girls were able to do it all, as well as put in the regular hours for study, and then they had all the leisure that was good for them. They were full of life, and there was a place in the program for games. Some of them would rather stay on in the school than to marry.

MISS HARPER: I must tell our superintendent about this. If it costs so little, I am sure he will want to start a girls' school right away. But you spoke of it taking only a small amount of money for each girl to pay for expenses. What did you get with this money?

MISS JONES: Oh, that went largely for clothing. We gave them simple durable garments, two each year for work, and one for Sabbath. The sewing was done on the mission machine, and we taught the girls how to mend the garments when they were torn and worn out in places. They received a piece of soap once a week. The food they had grown themselves had to be supplemented with a few necessary items. To each was given, as a reward for good conduct, a small weekly sum as pocket money. Out of this they invariably gave to the Sabbath school offering.

MISS HARPER: But you haven't told me how you got the girls to come. What about the parents? How did you win their consent?

MISS JONES: To tell you the truth, we did it without their consent, for a long time, at least. We simply had to fight for our girls' school. I can't tell you now what difficult times we had for the first year or two. But we were sure God was on our side. We worked and we prayed. You can always depend on God to see you through when you launch out for His glory, and to help His creatures. The garments and the soap were a great help. And when the girls of the country, who were of course intensely curious about it all, saw the change in their girl friends who came to the mission school, it was more than the parents could manage to hold them back. But who is that talking to Pastor White just outside the meeting tent?

MISS HARPER: Oh, that is Miss King, who has just joined our conference force of Bible workers.

MISS JONES: I thought I recognized her. Well, she is the one to tell you all about girls' schools. She had charge of a fine one when she was in the mission field. Pastor White! Miss King! (calling to them). Won't you step this way just a moment? (Pastor White and Miss King enter.) I want you to tell Miss Harper about our girls' schools. They don't have one where she is working, and I have been telling her what a splendid help they are. Their committee looks at the expense. What do you say on that point, Miss King?

MISS KING: I should say that it was frightfully expensive to try to dispense with a girls' school. I know of nothing more essential to success. True, they cost money, but the money comes back in the long run.

MISS HARPER: How can that be? Missionary work never pays financially.

MISS KING: I'll tell you what I mean, in our own case. Starting with a modest girls' school, we built up a strong work for women, and the whole district was the better for it. One day a government education inspector came along. We showed him our school, and also what we were doing for the girls. He was so impressed with this that he sent in a glowing report to his government, and they decided that, in view of the very helpful and far-reaching work we were accomplishing for the women of the country, they would in the future be responsible for my salary and expenses. So I cost the mission no more as long as I stayed in that field. For once at least the girls' school was a success financially. Pastor White knows that I am telling you the truth. Isn't that so, pastor?

PASTOR WHITE: Surely, I can vouch for it. You tell your superintendent for me, Miss Harper, that girls' schools are a fine investment. Our native tithes and offerings went up, and the membership increased in numbers and strength when the influence of Christian homes began to make itself felt in the land. Nothing brought us more favor with all classes, and nothing brought such confidence to our believers as the Christian homes and Christian villages that followed in the wake of our girls' school work.

MISS HARPER: Well, I thank you all very sincerely for this most helpful talk. Next time you see me home on furlough, I hope to be able to give my testimony also. If the committee can't find the money, perhaps our native Christians will show us the way. Good by!

How Shall I Pass This Way?

MRS. W. D. ALLEN

How shall I pass this way?
The way where men lie bruised and faint,
Their bodies scarred by sin, and left
In Satan's path to die;
For few they are who linger
And the great Compassion show.
Gross darkness fills the earth
For Truth is dimmed, and nations
Groping for the Light, cry,
"Day is past; O, Watchman,
What of the Night?"

Christian! What of the night?
You with your vision plain, unsealed,
With Calv'ry's light upon your brow,
The Spirit's sword in hand,
Knowing the times and seasons,
Hasten to give the warning cry!
Morning dews are falling
While fiercer grows the tempest,
And there on Life's highway
Blood-bought souls are dying,
No help have they!

Help me, O Lord today,
The Good Samaritan to be;
Lift from the dust the fallen ones,
Pour in the oil and wine,
And on my beast of burden
Carry them to rest and home;
Take out my purse and give
Not only what is due, but more,
E'en Love's most precious gifts,
My goods, my strength, my life,
That men may live!

A Little Light Bearer

"I'm a little Light Bearer,
I hope you understand.
I mean to let my light shine
In every heathen land.

"For every penny sent there
Is a little ray of light,
A tiny star of hope
To guide their souls aright."

—Anon.

