

# MISSIONS QUARTERLY

Vol. 24 First Quarter, 1935 No. 1

"He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." 2 Cor. 9:6.



The Call to an African Sabbath School

**TOPIC: Southern African Division**

Issued Quarterly

by the

Seventh-day Adventist Sabbath School Department  
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## SABBATH, JANUARY 5

MISSIONARY TEXT: John 3:16.

READINGS: The Official Notice.

Unanswered Calls Press in Upon Us.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 576,  
first and last stanzas.

PRAYER: In behalf of the work in South Africa.

### The Official Notice

August 5, 1934

TO OUR SABBATH SCHOOLS EVERYWHERE:

ONCE again we present to our Sabbath schools around the world the great field of the Southern African Division with its rapidly growing membership. Pastor C. H. Watson, president of the General Conference, who recently made a trip to that important field writes as follows from Capetown:

"The brethren here are of good courage and the work is onward. It is wonderful to meet with the thousands of people who have so recently accepted the truth in this great division. I do not think I have ever been more inspired with what I have seen than has been the case here in Africa."

We are thankful Brother Watson can send such a cheering word as this from the Southern African Division, and believe it predicts the future growth and development of the message among the multitudes in that part of the world field.

We are hopeful that we may have a good overflow for this field as additional funds are greatly needed to give the workers some means with which to attempt new work in new places. You are by this time familiar

with the new schedule adopted for the "Overflow" offering on the thirteenth Sabbath.

When \$60,000 is reached on a thirteenth Sabbath, \$1,000 over and above the regular appropriations will go to the field designated as the objective for that quarter. We will then add to this overflow ten per cent of all offerings given above \$60,000. For instance, if the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering is \$61,000, the overflow will be \$1,100, and thus up to whatever amount may be received on the thirteenth Sabbath, the base sum being \$60,000.

Let all rally to the consistent increase of all weekly offerings Sabbath by Sabbath by which the regular work is maintained, and to greater liberality on the thirteenth Sabbath, that new work may be attempted in new places.

J. L. SHAW,

*Treasurer of the General Conference.*

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## **Unanswered Calls Press in Upon Us**

J. F. WRIGHT

[President, Southern African Division]

AS WE think of the offering to come to us at the close of this quarter, we cannot help but feel hopeful. Therefore it gives us pleasure to present to the members of our Sabbath schools in the great world field some of our urgent needs. Everywhere we turn today we face unanswered calls which urge themselves upon us with an earnestness of appeal. This is true of each union mission field within our

division territory. Really, we stand amazed at times, and are perplexed to know what to do to meet the situation.

While I pen this brief word picture two sections of the field are almost demanding in their requests. One is Angoniland [an-gō'nī-land] of the Nyasaland [ni-as'a-land] Protectorate, and the other is Barotseland [ba-rot'sě-land] on the Upper Zambezi [zambe'zi] River where Elder S. M. Konigmacher is located.

For years we have prayed that Angoniland might be opened to us. It is one of the best sections of Nyasaland. One of the most intelligent and outstanding tribes of the Protectorate lives there. And now, due to the training which two of the paramount chief's children received at the Malamulo [mäl-amu'lō] Mission Training School, the chief swings open wide the door to us and bids us enter his territory without delay. He has taken the matter up with the government officials and has secured permission for us to occupy his territory. But how can we enter? The brethren of the Southeast African Union mission field are perplexed to know how to care for their present work on a decreased budget. To enter new territory at this time seems out of the question. But surely the Lord of harvest has some way of providing for this new opening of Divine Providence.

In every letter we receive from Elder Konigmacher he urges upon us the need of going

in to possess more fully the whole of Barotse-land. The king is most favorable toward our society today, and a wonderful fruitage could be reaped if only we could carry forward a larger and more aggressive program. Really, dear brethren and sisters, the appeal which our brother makes is a soul-stirring call, and to delay answering seems almost tragic.

So, dear Sabbath school members, as you listen attentively each Sabbath morning during this quarter to some of the numerous appeals which press in upon us, we feel confident that your heart will be touched, and that you will give as you have never given before. We know you will do your utmost to help make possible a large overflow for Southern Africa at this time of special need. Be assured that we do very deeply appreciate what you have given toward our work in this far-flung mission field during the past, and we fully believe that you will count it a wonderful privilege to contribute cheerfully and liberally toward the ONWARD MARCH of our mission work into new territories within the DARK CONTINENT in this day of such marvelous evangelical opportunities.

**"God has made it so that love given must unfailingly come back an hundredfold; the more we give, the richer we are."**

## SABBATH, JANUARY 12

MISSIONARY TEXT: Acts 16:9, second clause.  
READING: Evangelism in the South African Union.  
MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 617, first two and last stanzas.  
PRAYER.

### Evangelism in the South African Union

N. C. WILSON

[President, South African Union Conference]

THE evangelization of unwarned millions is the great problem confronting our workers in South Africa. Our missionaries are called upon to make many personal sacrifices. Their task is a taxing and difficult one. However, the spiritual burdens, rather than the temporal, bring sadness of heart, and cause the missionaries' health to fail.

During the past few years of greatly reduced income, we have done everything possible to keep our workers at their posts of duty, and God has wonderfully blessed in attaining this end. We have been able to hold the ground so dearly purchased by hard work and loyal sacrifice during more prosperous times. We must not now settle down to merely holding the fort, but we must rather advance all along the battle front, for surely this is God's day of power and our day of opportunity.

During past years we have presented our needs to the Sabbath schools of the world, and the response has cheered our hearts and enabled us to advance. Our greatest temporal

need in South Africa is to provide our missionaries with simple evangelistic equipment. Efforts are being held at the present time under most primitive conditions,—under the trees, in one-roomed native huts, and in other unsuitable places. The fires of evangelism are burning brightly and the work is onward regardless of these difficulties. However, we often think what a blessing it would be if we had some good evangelistic equipment. We wonder if it might not be possible, by special sacrifice during this quarter, to enable the providing of some simple evangelistic equipment to assist the burdened workers among South Africa's unwarned masses.

Thrilling things are happening in our midst even though our evangelistic workers are so poorly equipped. Larger and larger numbers are accepting the gospel. In one place, sixty have taken their stand with us. As the result of a simple effort in another place, eighty are rejoicing in the truth. Africa's masses today are moving toward the light, seeking for the bread of heaven. We must quicken our pace and greatly increase our soul-winning activities. In order to do this we look to the Sabbath schools throughout the world for help. God is blessing wherever the word is preached, regardless of unfavorable conditions. However, we are very confident that the harvest would be greatly increased if we could provide our workers with some simple equipment. The Sabbath schools throughout the world have helped us wonderfully during

the past, and we are confident that in this hour of great need, when God's work must be quickly finished, they will again respond to our appeal.

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## SABBATH, JANUARY 19

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matthew 9:36.

READING: On the Old Slave Trails.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 544.  
first two and last stanzas.

PRAYER.

### On the Old Slave Trails

C. W. CURTIS

[Superintendent of Angola Union]

ANGOLA [an-gō'la] is a land whence many slaves were taken to supply the world market with such labor in days gone by. If some of the grand old baobab trees that line the western slopes leading down to the seaports, could only speak, what tales they might tell of the long lines of men, women, and children, unclothed, half starved, and heavily laden with ivory or rubber, driven by slave owners. It has been stated by early missionaries who entered Africa from the west coast, that there were paths resembling the ruts made by a cart wheel, which were the trails over which thousands of weary feet trod their way as they were marched on to the places of embarkation for foreign ports. If fifty per cent of the slave caravan that left Central Africa lived and were able to reach the coast, the trader had made a profitable trip.

The slave trade has been abolished, but the



larger part of Central Africa is still in bondage. About five years ago a chief died and all of the young men of the country were afraid to travel alone, and under no circumstances could they be induced to go out on the road at night, for according to custom it was necessary for this chief, in passing on to the great unknown, to be provided with servants, so they must capture some young man to bury with him.

One of our teachers told me the story of having witnessed the burial of a paramount chief. A large grave was dug and the chief was placed in it in a sitting posture, then three of his wives were taken alive, bound and placed on their knees in the grave with him, one on either side and one at his feet; then a boy nine or ten years old was bound and placed near him standing up,—he was to be the personal servant when the chief arrived at his destination. One wife would be there to cook his food, one to bring the wood and water, and one to make the garden. The grave was then filled in while the drums beat and the people mourned. Two of his noblest soldiers were killed and placed standing by the grave with weapons to guard the dead.

Toward the north of Angola lies the large district of Malange [ma-län'gě]; it is thickly populated, and as yet the people there have not heard the message of Christ's second coming. The government has granted us a tract of land on which to open up a mission, and has published this in the Official Bulle-

tin. It is necessary for us to occupy this land and make our improvements before the end of 1935, or the land will revert to the government and our opportunity will be lost for entering this needy field.

As I travel about among these people I am so often reminded of the words spoken by Isaiah the prophet: "For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee." We see the darkness on every side, but light is breaking through, and what a change it makes in the lives of these people; cleanliness takes the place of filth, and superstition is being succeeded by faith in the power of the living God. Angola is at this time reaching out her hands to the world's Sabbath schools, with the plea, "Send us help."

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## SABBATH, JANUARY 26

**SEED THOUGHT:** "Our burden for the 'regions beyond' can never be laid down until the whole earth shall be lightened with the glory of the Lord."—"*Testimonies.*" Vol. VI, p. 29.

**READING:** A Transformation in Ruanda.

**MISSIONARY SONG:** "Christ in Song," No. 545.

**PRAYER.**

### A Transformation in Ruanda

R. L. JONES

[Director, Gitwe Mission Station]

THOUSANDS upon thousands in the mandated territory of Ruanda [rōō-än'da] are throwing off the yoke of superstition that has

held them for so many years. They are rebelling against the tyranny of witchcraft and fetish worship and are turning *en masse* to other forms of religion. Thousands have joined the various missions throughout the country, while many more are still undecided. They are losing faith in the worship of spirits and are stretching out their hands for the saving message of the gospel. Upon the church of Christ rests the responsibility of answering their appeal before they are lost forever to the influence of the gospel message.

Recently I visited a kraal where spirit worship had been held the night before. All around the enclosure, little piles of ashes were to be seen before objects that represented the different occupations of dead ancestors. A miniature spear and shield represented a soldier who died in the service of his king nearly three hundred years ago. A milk gourd represented the past owner of many cattle; numerous other objects were featured in the list. "And do you really believe that these spirits answer to your invocations?" I asked the headman. He looked longingly at the ashes for a moment, and then in the spirit of confidence we had developed in our conversation he answered, "Bwana [bwä'na—respectful salutation meaning chief], they are all deaf and dumb, but who knows a better way?" That man is in contact with the better way now. He, like thousands of others, is waiting for the good news of salvation.

Gitwe Mission itself is an example of the revolution in thought among the Banyaruanda [bän-yä-rōō än'da]. A long time ago an old king of this country, who was also the high priest of the cattle fetish worship in vogue here, passed through this district with his retinue of followers. As he approached Gitwe hill a storm arose, and as night was coming on he sought for a place of shelter. The rocky, barren soil of Gitwe had attracted no native farmers, and so the king searched in vain for a house. Tradition says that he passed on to a neighboring mountain and cursed the hill where our mission now stands. His superstitious subjects shunned the cursed spot for many years. The hill became covered with bush, and there the natives of this region threw their dead, as is the custom there. It became the home of hyenas which lived on the bodies of the dead thrown there. No one dared to build on Gitwe or even plant a garden.

A few years ago one of our pioneer missionaries came here searching for a mission site. Gitwe appealed to him as a vacant spot in a populated area and he settled here. The local natives watched quietly to see the effect of the curse. Nothing happened, and a few venturesome souls moved onto the hill.

Less than a month ago I stood on Gitwe hill on a bright Sabbath morning. The members of surrounding churches were coming to Gitwe for a special meeting. Over the mountain paths they came, tall, dignified Watussi

[wä-too'si] of the ruling class; smaller, Bantu-like Bahuta [bä-hōō'ta]; a few Batwa of the old king's minstrels; hundreds and thousands of them streaming down the mountain side, joining in regiments on the highways, marching on Gitwe. Under the trees here they worshiped God with us. Gitwe had been transformed from a cursed hill to the center of a large missionary activity. It is an example of the transformation taking place in Ruanda.

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## SABBATH, FEBRUARY 2

SEED THOUGHT: "Heaven and earth are no wider apart today than when shepherds listened to the angels' song. Humanity is still as much the object of heaven's solicitude as when common men of common occupations met angels at noonday, and talked with the heavenly messengers in the vineyards and the fields."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 48.

READINGS: Leper Work at the Songa Mission.  
A Dream Which Came True.

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

PRAYER.

### Leper Work at the Songa Mission

ELTON MOREL, M. D.

Two years ago when we first began our work for the lepers at the Songa [son'ga] Mission, Belgian Congo, one of the first who came to us was Bibisombe [bibi-sōm'bě]. Her brothers had carried her to the mission in an old blanket hung from a bamboo pole. They evidently thought it much better for

her to die at the mission than alone and uncared for in her village. One leg was just one great open ulcer below the knee. The other leg had several ulcers which had already penetrated to the bone. To add to this, the filthy rags in which her leg was wrapped were filled with hundreds of fly maggots. Certainly no more hopelessly miserable leper could have been found than Bibisombe. Even she herself had given up hope. Many times during the first few weeks she told us that she knew she had not many more days to live and begged us to do something to help her.

Every day our native hospital nurse bathed the ulcerated legs in permanganate solution and carefully dressed the wounds. After several weeks those ugly ulcers gradually but surely began to look more healthy and began to heal. Today if you could see Bibisombe you would not believe the story I have told. She works in her garden every day, and her garden of corn, manioc, peanuts, and sweet potatoes is far larger than the gardens of many who are more fortunate than she. Scarcely a scar marks the place where the huge ulcers used to be. She receives her injections of chalmogra oil each week and no more happy or more grateful patient has ever been cared for at the Songa Mission than Bibisombe.

When the leper patients first arrive they usually have nothing more than a few old rags for clothes. As many of them can care for themselves and work a little each day if

given food, we give each one a hoe, an axe, a piece of cloth, and a small brick hut to live in. In return for this they work in the mission leper garden planting a specified number of rows of manioc (the staple native food of the natives of this part of Africa). Until they have made gardens of their own they receive food from this mission leper garden and are thus enabled to live and care for themselves during the months or years which they spend in the leper colony. They receive their injections of chalmogra oil preparation each week, and already several of the eighteen lepers now under treatment in the colony are showing signs of improvement.

But more important even than the medical care is the changed outlook on life which they receive while in the colony. Instead of being shunned and left uncared for by their relatives, they hear the story of Jesus who healed the lepers while here on earth and died to save them. Just a few days ago one of them said to me, "Bwana [bwä'na, a respectful salutation meaning chief], your God is our God too. We want to serve Him because He loves us." It pays to work for the lepers.

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## **A Dream Which Came True**

M. MYRTLE BAIN

A YOUNG Bechuana [bech-ōō-ä'na] girl watched the new mission doctor with wide open eyes as he treated the sick people and made them well. It seemed to her that he

must be a very good man or he could not effect such marvelous cures. Did she not see a man go to him who had been blind for years, and the doctor operated on his eyes, and now he could see quite clearly? She had heard wonderful stories of Jesus, who long, long ago opened the eyes of the blind and healed the sick. To her the things the mission doctor did seemed nothing less than miracles of healing. She reasoned that Jesus surely must have sent him, or he could not do all the things he did.

By and by this girl with others of her people noticed that the doctor kept the seventh day Sabbath, and after diligent study of the Bible they decided to keep the Sabbath also. We shall call this girl Martha, though that is not her real name. Well, the more Martha saw of the doctor's work the stronger grew the desire in her heart to help the many sick and suffering around her as he did. She talked to the doctor about this and he told her that maybe she might never be a doctor, but he saw no reason why she could not become a nurse and care for the sick in many ways that he could not. Martha was delighted at this news and begged the doctor to teach her how. The doctor did begin to teach her and found her such an apt pupil that he wished she might have a regular nurse's training. For a time there seemed no possible chance of this, but now at our mission hospital we are conducting a small native nursing class and Martha has been a member



of this class from its very beginning, and is fast learning to care for the sick. Her long-cherished dream is becoming realized and she is learning to be the help to her people she has always wanted to be.

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## SABBATH, FEBRUARY 9

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matthew 10:8.

READING: Appreciation of the Medical Work.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 582.

PRAYER.

### Appreciation of the Medical Work

YOLAM KAMWENDO

[A Native Worker in Nyasaland]

AS ALL know, the sufferings of Africa are great and heart-rending. The health of our people is poor because we do not live under healthful conditions. But we are thankful that some missions have seen our condition and are doing so much to cure us of our diseases. We can truthfully say, the sick are being healed, the lepers are being cleansed, the blind are receiving their sight, and the dead, though not literally, are being raised, for people who might otherwise have died are brought back to life by the ministry of the medical missionary. Surely as it was in the days of Jesus, the lives of some people are being prolonged. To show that the medical work is doing great good to the people of this continent, I will tell a few stories about the result of this work.

At one time there was a man who was blind. This man had little hope of receiving

his sight again, and from day to day he lived in his heathen village, miserable and poor as you may imagine. He tried to find help from the witch doctors and the medicine man, but all in vain.

Presently he heard that there was a doctor at Mwami [mwä'mī] Mission who was helping other sick people. Immediately in spite of all opposition and threats from his people, he made up his mind to see the doctor. At last he arrived at the mission hospital being led by his brother. By the help of God the doctor operated on his eyes successfully, and in a little while his sight was restored. When he saw what had been done for him, he made up his mind to stay with the medical missionary and become a Christian. Today this man is a good Christian and is working as a head (foreman) in the Malamulo [mäl-amōō'lō] Leper Colony.

Just a few weeks ago there came to our hospital an old blind man seventy-nine years of age. This man knew and traveled with Dr. David Livingstone when he came to Africa. I had a long talk with the man and he asked me many questions about his trouble. When the doctor held out hope that he would see again, he jumped and danced around the doctor and embraced him. He was as happy as though his sight were already restored. After a time the doctor operated on one of his eyes. He is still under treatment; but he can already see with one eye and we are confident that in a short time his sight will be fully restored.

I feel I must tell you something about the lepers. These people, as you all know, are the most miserable people in the world. They are not liked by their people. They are outcasts. Their only expectation is death. But we are glad to report that today these people have bright hopes. There are 186 lepers under treatment in the Malamulo Leper Colony, and fifty have been discharged as cured since this good work was begun. This work is also helping the country very much by keeping all lepers in one place where they are cared for properly, thus preventing them from spreading the disease among the rest of the people.

We are happy and grateful for what the medical work has done for us. It has brought joy to our continent, hope to the sufferers, and life to the dying. We thank you for what you have done to make this possible.

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## SABBATH, FEBRUARY 16

MISSIONARY TEXT: Luke 6: 38.

READING: A Missionary's Letter.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 596.

PRAYER.

### A Missionary's Letter

[Copy of a letter received at the division office from one of our missionaries. It was not written for publication, but we thought our Sabbath schools would be interested in it. It is typical of so many we receive.—A. F. Tarr].

DEAR ELDER WRIGHT:

THIS morning an old witch doctor came in to get his wound dressed. I thought this would be a good time to have a heart-to-heart chat with the gentleman as he is the one who

wanted to stab Solomon when he thought Solomon would take away his divining god.

I had a small box filled with soiled dressings, so I took them out to him and said that I wanted to give them to him. I wanted him to take them home with him and keep them. At first he did not comprehend, but finally he woke up and said "They are no good." "Oh, yes," I said, "they are very good; they come from the black people." But he still thought they were not good. These witch doctors are clever and he saw there was something at the back of my mind. There was an old man with me and he did not understand very well or was afraid, but he, too, began to catch on. Then I drew my lesson, that the filthy rags were like the old evil customs and even though they came from the black people, their ancestors, they were still evil. The mission came to teach them that clean cloths were better; even though the truth came by the hand of the white man it was better and greatly to be desired. Then my interpreter came along, and he was not afraid to give the old man the truth. I went into the dispensary and brought a god, such as he had, and a pipe and put them in the box with the filthy rags. Do you think a lesson like that did not get home? Then I told him to think about it when he got to his village; not to confess only in front of the dispensary, but to hear with his heart. Many are willing to take their stand for Jesus and the mission, but they are greatly influenced by some of the old people.

I have just returned from an effort to the north. Since money is so scarce I tried to walk, and you ought to see my feet. I think I walked about 300 miles. I found a tribe I never knew existed, the Baliuwa [ba-li-ōō'-wa] people, a strong tribe living away out in the plains to the north. When I asked one of their old headmen, "Do you want the words of God?" he rose up and shoved his arms up into the air, and said, "I want the words of God." And oh, how badly they need them.

We have one school at the edge of this huge plain and recently the committee felt compelled to close it, but I have written for permission to carry it on as we have made a saving on the wages of two of our teachers who have gone to the training school for further study.

We are going to put forth every effort we can to increase the numbers of the believers even in these harrowing times. Say, Brother Wright, I wonder if some of our people at home could see these blisters on my feet and know how much these people need the precious gospel of Jesus, if they would not do just a little more in helping to finish God's work. Walking at home on beautiful shady walks is just a bit different from crossing the plains in narrow sandy paths hardly wide enough to put one's feet together comfortably in one place. The sand gets into one's boots in spite of everything and soon makes holes in socks and blisters on the feet. Then we have to wade water holes, cross swamps and rivers,

and sometimes get pretty bad water to drink. My guide showed me where a leopard clawed him. One village had medicine (some native concoction supposed to have a magic effect) to keep away the lions.

Well, in spite of the famine and the sun and the lions, we are pushing on in this service of evangelism till all who sit in darkness in these parts will have heard of Jesus, our only Saviour.

Love and best wishes from the missionaries,  
S. M. KONIGMACHER.

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## SABBATH, FEBRUARY 23

MISSIONARY TEXT: Mal. 3:17. Repeat in concert.

READING: Emmanuel Mission.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 548.

PRAYER.

### Emmanuel Mission

MRS. R. C. SHARMAN

[Wife of Director of Emmanuel Mission]

UP IN the hills of Basutoland [bä-sōō'tō-land], at an altitude of 6,000 feet, we are endeavoring to hold aloft the light of gospel truth. The year through which we are passing is by far the most trying we have ever experienced. For several years evidences of a drought have been increasing. But this year a climax was reached, and we have seen the native people enduring real suffering and hardship.

When rain finally came, the few surviving oxen were so weak and the people so emaciated and poverty-stricken, that it was a diffi-

cult problem indeed to know how to sow their crop. The government came to the rescue of the most destitute and allowed them some seed. Many people who had lost all their oxen during the drought, were seen out in the fields hoeing their seed into the ground, thus endeavoring to secure at least a partial crop. The hopes of the people were just beginning to revive when heavy floods came, which not only washed away most of the seed but much of the land as well, leaving widespread destruction to property and animals.

During the past few months we have been witnessing scenes that would melt the hardest heart. One young mother who had a baby three weeks old, was starving. For several days she had not tasted food. Night after night she retired early so as not to feel the pangs of hunger. She begged from her neighbors but they were unable to help her. Indirectly we heard about this case and sent some of our boarding students with supplies for the family. They arrived there early in the evening to find the household of four in bed, not because they were sleepy they said, but because they were hungry. They were overjoyed and sent a warm message of appreciation for our kindness.

The other day just as we finished dinner a knock was heard at the door. A wan little face greeted us and in his own language he said, "Oh, I am so hungry. Please give me some food." And then in such a pleading voice he added in English, "Please." He

was told to sit down on the back porch and he was given a large plate of vegetables. After he had finished he still had room for several pears and apples.

The hunger cry is heard on all sides and such pictures of destitution as we are forced to witness! The government is assisting the people by supplying a certain amount of food to them, and here in Northern Basutoland the assistant commissioner has asked the mission directors to help in the work by distributing the mealies to the needy in their respective territories. Every Tuesday morning the people assemble here to obtain their week's supply. It is touching to see them as they file on and off the mission, many of them old men and women bent with the years and scarcely able to walk, and all so scantily clad. Some do not even possess a dish in which to carry their food away, but use the corner of what used to be a blanket, and is now their only bit of covering.

As you read this, conditions will be much worse, for there will be few mealies reaped this year. With winter almost upon us, we shudder to think of what it means for the people. Truly the future looks dark indeed. Our school work has been affected most by this condition. Where we had about two hundred little children in one room in prosperous times we now have about fifty, and as we look at them we cannot help but feel that even they should not be there.

Dear brethren and sisters, may that day



when we can lay down our burdens and the daily perplexing problems, and bask in the sunshine of God's eternal love, be hastened by your gifts.

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## SABBATH, MARCH 2

MISSIONARY TEXT: Daniel 12:3. Have school repeat text in concert.

READING: Are We Unworthy to Join You?

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song." No. 570.  
PRAYER.

### Are We Unworthy to Join You?

H. MONNIER

[Director, Rwankeri Mission Station, Ruanda]

OUR Missionary Volunteers are dispensing to their neighbors the word that brought unto them the knowledge of the Saviour. Many souls are responding to God's message and are uniting with the remnant church. In fact the number joining the baptismal classes as a result of this work is so large that it is most difficult to arrange for the careful instruction to be given that is needed. The people must be carefully instructed or they would never bear up under the opposition and the temptations that are so often their lot.

Because of this situation our union committee recently had the unusual duty of recommending to the mission directors not to enter new localities with the gospel and to turn a deaf ear to new calls, as it is unable to finance new work. Yet, the Almighty says, "Come out of her, My people!" Some of the very people whom the Lord is calling are there, waiting for the messengers of the

Prince of peace to lead them out. Is it believable that we have reached the place where we say STOP, when God says GO? Surely something must be wrong. Oh, people of God, the sons of Africa die in their sins! Give quick relief and do not allow the sin of neglect to lie at our doors.

Many are the appeals that have come to me. I shall relate but a few:

From a Kabere [kă-bĕ'rĕ] teacher I read: "Sir, can we respond to a call where fifty people ask with great insistence that we preach to them?"

From Rubare [rōō-bă're] in Bushiru [boo-she'roo] comes the appeal: "Sir, crowds of people walk a long distance right from Kabaya [kă-bă'ya] to attend our meetings. They plead for someone to go to their village to teach them the message from the great God."

From a Rubaka [rōō-bă'kă] church elder: "On the Uganda [ōō-găn'da] border the people keep calling for us to help them and tell them about the Saviour. They also want to be saved."

From Bugoye [bōō-gō'ye] the calls are many but one of them reads: "Do you consider us unworthy to join you? We have been promised help and have been visited, and now we are left all by ourselves. The ground for a school is ready and we will build ourselves. Tell us if you will not come over and help us."

No, we cannot help them, and many others. The great God they are calling for is asking us to coöperate with Him. He has sent His

good Spirit in Ruanda [rōō-än'da] and far beyond its borders, the doors have been flung wide open, but the lack of funds makes it impossible to enter. The tithes and offerings, though faithfully paid, are insufficient to care for all these calls.

We need help from our believers in other lands and we know that as our needs become known this quarter, the burden that we feel so acutely will be shared gladly by those who in every land are looking for the finishing of the work and the coming of our Lord.

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## SABBATH, MARCH 9

MISSIONARY TEXT: Isa. 49:12.

READINGS: Since the Missionaries Came.

A Leper's Letter to His People.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 533.

PRAYER.

[Both of the following readings are by Africans; one being a Zulu worker's appeal to the African people, and the other a leper's letter to the suffering lepers whom he knew before he came to the Malamulo Leper Colony. The gratitude which these letters speak would, we feel, bring courage and cheer to our Sabbath schools. Neither of these was solicited for the MISSIONS QUARTERLY.]

### Since the Missionaries Came

AKA J. XABBA [kä'ba]

[A Zulu Worker]

WHENEVER we read or hear stories about our country we think about the change that has taken place since the coming of the missionaries. At first our nation was wild and warlike, fighting and bloodshed were on every hand, but now things are different. What has brought about this great change?

Oh, dear fellow people, it is the change which has resulted from the coming of the missionaries, those missionaries who have brought the gospel message which has changed our lives. Think of these missionaries leaving their home country, their loved ones, and their fellow men, and coming to this country of unsafety. Think of the sacrifice they have made, some even sacrificing their lives. Oh, how we native people ought to show our appreciation to those men of God who have answered the call, "Here am I; send me."

Today as we look over the country we see churches everywhere like shining stars. There are church schools with teachers of our own people, and there are our own ministers. All of these are the fruits of the labors of the missionaries. We ought to think about what we owe to God and His servants. We ought to pray God to make us realize that we are really indebted to these people and ask Him to help us assist in this good work of uplifting and proclaiming the gospel to our people, which will deliver them from the darkness of sin and heathen worship. Let us help His servants who are bearing the good news of salvation to those still in darkness, by giving of our means. May God help you all to do your part.

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### **A Leper's Letter to His People**

LISTEN, my brothers and sisters, who are suffering in your villages with leprosy, I came at the leper colony on January 2, 1930. All

my body, hands and feet, could not feel if I touched or took hold of anything. But, since I began to receive treatment, the pain of the disease in my body went off. Now, all the brown colors which were swollen up are off; I can hold a needle and can feel that I have something in my hands.

My brothers, why are you dying with this dreadful disease? Just think about it. In the past, all the people who were suffering from leprosy had to be kept in the bush far away from the villages. If they died there, they were hanged on the trees, for it was feared that if they were buried the other people would have the same disease. Isn't that right? Ah! my friends, here at the leper colony those who are suffering from leprosy are being greatly helped. I have no words to express how greatly the doctor is taking care of us. One who already stayed at the leper colony will be able to tell you well.

One thing above all that I can tell you is this: that our doctor comes every Sabbath to teach us the word of God. We are also glad because our doctor sends ministers to us to tell us of the One we should fear the most, as it is found in the book of Revelation 14:7. My friends, we were not fit to come near these people, but through the great love of Jesus Christ, although our bodies are full of wounds they have given themselves to come to us. See John 15:12.

Our doctor is treating us both physically and spiritually. Our hearts are being cured

every Sabbath as the ministers preach to us. Our doctor brings to us European preachers and also brings some strange Europeans to see us.

I greatly like the way our doctor cares for us, the good place we have, where we are living very happily. The doctor encourages us by saying that we shall have perfect bodies when our Saviour comes again.

My friends, don't you want this medicine which will cure you both physically and spiritually?

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## SABBATH, MARCH 16

SEED THOUGHT: "We are nearing the close of this earth's history; soon we shall stand before the great white throne. Soon your time for work will be forever past."—*"Testimonies," Vol. VII, p. 15.*

READING: Chief of Angoniland Urges Us to Enter.

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

### Chief of Angoniland Urges Us to Enter

H. M. SPARROW

[Superintendent, Southeast African Union]

ABOUT thirty-three years ago our message found its way into Nyasaland [ni-as'a-land]. Our leaders then bought the property on which is now located our Malamulo [mä-la-mōō'lō] Training School. Gradually the work has spread in the southern part of the territory until we have established six large missions with many schools and church centers attached to each one. Finally the time came when the

attention of the brethren was drawn to the northern territory, and a mission was established at Mwami [mwä'mi] in Northern Rhodesia, 330 miles north of Malamulo, and also at Luwazi [lōō-wä'zi] about 300 miles northeast of that. Between Mwami and Luwazi missions Mombera [mom-bēr'a] Mission was later established, thus bridging the gap between those two centers, but between Malamulo and Mwami nothing has been done.

However, for many years now, we have traveled the country between Malamulo and Mwami missions through the territory known as Angoniland [an-gō'ni-land]. In this large stretch of land hardly anything has ever been done to establish our message among those thousands of people. Over them there presides a paramount chief, known as the king of the Angonis [an-gō'nis]. For many years he has watched us pass by his door on the way to the north, until at last he has felt impressed to invite us to visit him. Pastor Yolam, our head teacher at Malamulo, comes from this section, and through him we have become acquainted with this influential man. He is a man of commanding ability and rules nearly 90,000 people. Brethren Nash and Davy spent some time in his home holding Bible studies and visiting the people. He told Brother Davy, "My little boys, who have been to Malamulo, know more than I do about the Bible. This ought not to be. I am the big chief, and it is my place to be able to teach all the others. I want you to be near

me, so that while you may teach the children in the regular school, you may also have a private school in which my leading men and myself may also be taught. I do not want to go to school with the children; it would shame me." After further visits by others of our workers, this chief has felt impressed to send to our committee the following message: "You have passed through my country long enough, do not pass us by any longer; our doors are open to your work, we must have your schools."

Accordingly, the committee decided that the writer, in company with Brethren Davy, Ansley, and Yolam should visit this chief and choose a suitable place for the opening of our first mission among the Angonis. On an appointed day, the chief gathered his councillors and an excellent site was chosen. He took us on to a hill adjoining the spot and asked us to take a view of the "promised land." Robert Moffatt's description, "The smoke from a thousand villages," aptly describes the scene that lay before us. As we looked on the hundreds of villages 3,000 feet below, and populated by over 50,000 people, our hearts burned within us for we realized that in that vast throng was no representative of this message. "There you are," said the chief. "You will never lack a congregation there; the country is open to you."

Dear Sabbath school member, we have chosen the site, we have seen the thousands waiting, and now what can we do? Our pres-



ent budget simply will not allow us to expand and occupy the land. Shall we continue to pass through Angoniland and let this appeal from those thousands of souls go by unheeded? We MUST go up and occupy the land! What is going to be your reply this coming thirteenth Sabbath?

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## SABBATH, MARCH 23

SEED THOUGHT: "Every true disciple is born into the kingdom of God as a missionary. He who drinks of the living water becomes a fountain of life. The receiver becomes a giver."—*"The Desire of Ages," p. 195.*

READING: A Message from Africa's Sabbath Schools.

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

PRAYER.

### A Message from Africa's Sabbath Schools

A. FLOYD TARR

[Sabbath School Secretary, Southern African Division]

FORTY-TWO thousand Sabbath school members in the Southern African Division greet you. They are rejoicing in the truth largely as a result of your past Sabbath school gifts. In the readings to which you have been listening this quarter we have endeavored to present, along with our needs, the appreciation of these many new converts. We wish we could adequately depict the gratitude and love they feel toward you whose sacrifice has made possible their adoption into the great Advent family. Time and again in Africa's

darkest recesses is there to be heard the voice of praise to God for the wonderful light that has penetrated the darkness. And along with the praise is the earnest prayer that those who sent that light may be richly rewarded. Who knows but that some of the blessings you enjoy are in response to some prayer offered in your behalf by some of these grateful ones of whom you have never heard nor ever will hear except in the kingdom? Moreover, these converts from heathenism are taking their places side by side with you in bearing to others the same glad tidings which you have borne to them.

Their ability to give is small; but this does not deter them from giving. Could you be present in some of our schools on Sabbath morning you would witness a varied collection of gifts, including, among other things, bananas, peanuts, eggs, beans, cassava root, mealie meal, chickens, goats, and even locusts (prepared for eating). The counting and disposition of such an offering naturally presents some problems which would be disconcerting to the average Sabbath school. But what these people lack in financial ability they make up in personal witnessing. Their greatest joy is found in bearing witness of the Saviour who has done so much for them.

In the southern portion of our field is a comparatively small white constituency that is doing what it can to supply men and means for the prosecution of the work in its own territory and in the fields to the north. Their

per capita at times has been as high as that in any other part of the world. But still, with the best that they can do, we must largely look to you of other lands for help.

The message is onward in every part of our division. During the past five years the church and Sabbath school membership of the division has doubled. Today we have 21,140 baptized believers, and 41,942 Sabbath school members scattered over this large territory. But figures cannot measure the triumphs of the Advent message. There is represented by every one of these thousands of converts, a victory over the forces of evil, a victory that in some cases has been secured only after a fierce struggle.

Numerous calls in every field remain unanswered. Only one who has listened to the pleadings of the deputations that constantly come to us, and has marked their insistency, can appreciate the anguish of our workers who must so frequently turn a deaf ear or make only a vague, conditional promise.

In his ignorance the African native cries out for help. He does not always realize what form that help must take, but this very condition only serves to make his cry the more appealing. Listen to the longing of his despairing heart as expressed in one of his songs:

"We are left outside,  
We are left for sorrow,  
We are left to despair,  
Which increases our misery.  
O, that there were a refuge in heaven!  
That there were a pot there and a fire!  
That there were found a place for me!  
O, that I had wings to fly thither!"

The song is continued by a widow:

"O, foolish woman that I am,  
When evening comes I open my window.  
I listen in silence, I watch,  
I fancy that my husband returns!"

Then in unison the women chant:

"Alas! Are they really gone?  
Have they left us here?  
But where are they gone,  
That they can return no more  
To see us again?  
Are they really gone,  
Is hell insatiable?  
Will it never be full?"

*(Hymn of the Afflicted, translated by  
Arbousset.)*

Such is the earnest, pathetic appeal of a people who are stretching out their hands for the light of truth. Will you not, by a liberal offering next Sabbath, help to answer the yearning of their hearts?

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## SABBATH, MARCH 30

RECITATION: Pray, Give, Go.

DIALOGUE: The Needs of Africa.

SPECIAL MUSIC.

RECITATION: How You Share.

RECITATION: Little Workers.

RECITATION: Freely We'll Give.

A TALK: "Lemunade."

EXERCISE FOR SIX CHILDREN: Africa.

RECITATION: Your Mission.

RECITATION: Beyond Jordan.

RECITATION: A Study in Black and White.

RECITATION: The Missionary's Appeal.

EXERCISE: "Giving."

SPECIAL MUSIC.

OFFERING.

PRAYER: That the Lord will richly bless our gifts.

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## Pray, Give, Go

THREE things the Master hath to do;  
And we who serve Him here below  
And long to see His kingdom come,  
May pray, or give, or go.

He needs them all, the open hand,  
The willing feet, the asking heart,—  
To work together, and to weave  
The threefold cord that shall not part.

Nor shall the giver count his gift  
As greater than the worker's deed;  
Nor he in turn his service boast  
Above the prayers that voice the need.

Not all can go; not all can give  
To arm the others for the fray;  
But young or old, or rich or poor,  
Or strong or weak, we all can pray.

Pray that the full hands open wide  
To spread the message on its way;  
That those who hear the call may go;  
And pray that other hearts may pray.

—Annie Johnson Flint.

## Dialogue—The Needs of Africa

MRS. E. C. BOGER

*Characters:* Sabbath school superintendent and four children.

*Setting:* The Sabbath school superintendent, or someone represented as such, is seated on the platform reading her Bible. A knock at the door; one of the four children, a boy, is invited to enter after being greeted with a hearty "Good morning," by the superintendent.

ALFRED: Good morning, Mrs. Kelly, hope you are not too busy?

MRS. KELLY: Never too busy to do something for you, Alfred.

ALFRED: Well, it's the four of us who are bidding for your time just now; we all felt we needed to have you hear us at least once more on our thirteenth Sabbath program pieces. The rest of us are at our house; we thought you might be busy or have company, so I thought I would see if you could have us come.

MRS. KELLY: I presume another rehearsal would be in order, though I thought you all did very well with your parts the last time. Let me see [looks at watch]. It is now 10:15. I have a Bible reader coming in at 11 o'clock, so if you call them over right away we shall have time I am sure.

ALFRED: All right, I'll hurry. [Goes out and the superintendent takes up her Bible and continues to study.]

MRS. KELLY: [Another knock; she welcomes the four children.] I am glad to see you are

all anxious to do your parts well this time. [Invites them to be seated. They are seated according to their turn on the program. Mrs. Kelly takes a chair slightly to the side and in front to call off the names of children and titles of pieces. Mrs. Kelly rises and says]: Alfred Wilson will give us the welcome, and then tell us of a blind missionary.

ALFRED: We are very happy to see so many here this Sabbath morning, to share in this important program. We have had twelve Sabbaths to hear of the needs of *our* Africa, for all the world is His and ours, isn't it? I am glad to be here with you that I may tell you how one of Africa's humble sons has for many years worked for the Saviour whom he learned to love.

We are not told how Pogo first learned of the Saviour, nor at what age he lost his eyesight, but if you were to meet some of the early missionaries working on the Samabula [sä-ma-böö'la] Mission (now called Lower Gwelo) in Southern Rhodesia, they would tell you they knew him, and were glad for his faithful services, for Pogo was their water carrier. Down to the spring several hundred yards from the mission home he would go with his big tin and his staff several times each day, climbing the little ladder to pour the water into a small tank which would give water to the kitchen. Everyone wanted to know Pogo. Sometimes the workers gave him garments. Once a white helmet hat was taken away from a mission farm donkey. It had been whitened and put to dry, when the donkey thought it looked good enough to eat, so tried to do so; the result was that it became Pogo's hat.

One day he asked the missionary's wife for a Bible book of his own. "All right," she said, "here is a bag of peanuts; if you will shell them I will get a book for you." So Pogo sat and shelled and shelled until at last the work was finished and he was given the book "Best Stories." He was very happy and would go about with his book asking that it be read to him. Sometimes he would feel his way to the store and preach to the natives who came to buy goods. This store is owned by one of our European brethren and he allows Pogo to make this his preaching "market-place" and many a sermon has been given to the people there. One day he planned to go to the Shangani [shangä'ni] Mission about eighty miles away. He was not totally blind. He could see a very little, and knowing the paths well, he started. As night drew on, somehow he lost his way. What was this poor old man to do out on the great

veldt? He remembered the Friend who never slumbers nor sleeps, and stepping aside he knelt down and told his heavenly Friend he was lost. Arising from his knees he felt a hand grasp his arm and lead him back to the path; when in the path he turned and thanked the kind man but no one replied. Then came the thought, it was an angel. May we each learn the lesson of service and trust from old blind Pogo, of the Lower Gwelo Mission.

MRS. KELLY [rising]: Leonard Jones will tell us of another blind worker. This one is from Nyasaland in East Africa.

LEONARD: I feel sure you will also welcome my story, for if we hear how even the blind may work for God, it will spur us on to greater faithfulness. The name of the man in my story is Israel. He did not always have that name; it is his Christian name. Fourteen or more years ago, when he was a heathen, his blindness helped him in making money for his father's family, for at the wild beer dances he played the part of a clown.

One day after a beer dance near one of our mission out-schools, he heard the pupils singing and was attracted. There came into his heart a longing to learn those songs. The teacher was glad to teach him some of them. Then he wished to come to school and learn more, but the teacher, knowing how difficult it would be to give much time to a blind boy, told him he could not take him in, but he said, "I will teach you outside of school hours."

He learned eagerly, then after a while determined to go to our large training school at Malamulo [mä-la-mōō'lō] Mission. Here he remained two years learning all he could. Finally he was ready for baptism, and was then given the name Israel. "Now I must return to my people and teach them what I know of Jesus," he said. So back to his people he went; but they had moved away. They did not want to own him, so looking up to the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother," he was comforted. Determining to work for Jesus he began traveling from village to village singing and preaching. Year by year Israel faithfully labors on, and at each camp meeting he brings up a little group of six, seven, eight, or nine souls whom he has won that year to the service of his heavenly Friend. What may we do?

MRS. KELLY [rising]: Sometimes God sees our hearts need affliction to develop perfect trust, and to tear us loose from whatever might hold us away from the loving arms of the Saviour. Marion Brown will recite "Life's Weaving."

## Life's Weaving

My life is but a weaving  
Between my Lord and me;  
I may not choose the colors  
He knows what they should be;  
For He can view the pattern  
Upon the upper side  
While I can see it only  
On this the under side.

Sometimes He weaveth sorrow  
Which seemeth strange to me;  
But I will trust His judgment  
And work on faithfully.  
'Tis He who fills the shuttle  
He knows just what is best,  
So I shall weave in earnest  
And leave to Him the rest.

Not till the loom is silent  
And the shuttles cease to fly;  
Will God unroll the pattern  
And explain the reason why  
The dark threads were as needful  
In the weaver's skillful hand,  
As the threads of gold and silver  
For the pattern which He planned.

At last when life is ended  
With Him shall I abide;  
Then I shall view the pattern  
Upon the upper side.  
Then I shall know the reason  
Why pain and joy entwined  
Were woven in the fabric  
Of life, that God designed.

MRS. KELLY [rising]: We have one more field to hear from. Edward will tell us.

EDWARD: Elder Charles Bozarth is the superintendent of the Congo Union. He tells us that he has there from fifteen to twenty million souls for whom he is responsible. Besides the ordinary Bantu natives, there are two very interesting types of people, namely, the Watussi [wä-töös'si] and the Batwa. The former are very big, some of them being seven feet tall; they are very intelligent and are the rulers of the country. The Batwa are little pygmies who never build houses except leafy shelters.

Elder Bozarth tells of how the message is spreading much faster than they can get men and money to answer the insistent calls. Their Missionary Volunteers go out into the remote districts preaching, and ere long he hears of a company of forty or fifty who have accepted



the gospel, have built a schoolhouse and a home for a teacher, and then they call for a teacher. Sometimes, yes, many times, there is no one to send, and, oh, the sad part to tell is that being left alone some of them accept Catholicism, and it is almost impossible to re-win them. Roman Catholicism is growing stronger and stronger here as elsewhere in Africa and our converts must be well instructed in the message in order to stand firm. This year the people came in larger numbers to our meetings until at one meeting 6,000 were gathered and at another 7,157. Some of our members are beaten, put in prison and spurned, but still they are faithful. Not more than five per cent of the converts fall away. Our native workers are all very earnest. Some of our teachers are working for half the wages that they would receive as day laborers on the road.

Every member in that great field is an active missionary. When Home Missionary reports are taken one hundred per cent of the members have some line of work to report. The responsibility pressing down upon all our workers there is very heavy indeed and we should remember them day by day in our prayers.

MRS. KELLY [rising]: Well, children, may these parts you have learned help you to become earnest missionaries too. I will see you all bright and early Sabbath morning. Good-by till then. [Children say good-by and leave platform.]

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## How You Share

"You stay at home; but is it anywhere  
Written or said, 'You do not share'?"

"You stay at home; but right in your own home  
You reenforce us, though you never come.

"You stay at home; but if you only knew  
How we across the sea rely on you!"

"You do come over, if your hearts are there.  
And thus, more than you know, you do share."

—*Missionary Review of the World.*

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## Little Workers

We are little workers for our loving King,  
All we have we offer, all to Him we bring.  
Busy little fingers, ten in all have we,  
In the Master's service, busy as can be.  
Eyes to look to Jesus, ears to hear His call,  
Lips to sing His praises, He will bless them all.

—G. W. Payn, in "Songs for Little Singers."

## Freely We'll Give

THE whole world is all one family.  
With a Father in heaven above,  
We've brothers and sisters all over the world,  
Who need a share in our love.

The gifts that our Father gives to us,  
He means for us all to share,  
To show all these brothers and sisters of ours,  
For them we really do care.

So freely we'll give to send the light  
To others far over the sea,  
To lead them to Him who gave up all  
So freely for you and me.

—E. D. Hobbs, in *"Songs for Little Singers."*

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## "LEMUNADE"

5 sence 1 kup—3 kups 10 sence

"NOTICE! FUR 13 SABUTH MUNEY"

The morning session of the convention I was attending had just declared a fifteen-minute intermission, and the five youngsters who had evidently undertaken this enterprise, independently and without realizing its possibilities on a day when the mercury registered 105° in the shade, were literally swamped with clamoring customers. Dismayed but resourceful, they sent "Skinny," whose home was evidently nearest, flying for more lemons and reënforcements. By afternoon they were better prepared, and did a rushing business.

"We hadn't only *ten cents*, all of us together," Clarabelle confided when I lingered a bit. "An' we bought *four* lemons with it," volunteered Betty, "an' made lemonade." "I helped squeeze, an' my mother gave me the sugar," added Jack, "an' Skinny here, he

brought the ice cubes t' make it good an' cold." "Yes, an' we *prayed* that you'd all see us an' come over an' buy it—don't forget that!" Jim entered the conversation, and he spoke with emphasis. "We sure was worried about our Thirteenth Sabbath Offering, 'cause you know there isn't very *much* money out here this year—we're just *about* burned up!" "An' you *did*"—Clarabelle was counting the cash receipts—"an' *now* we have a whole dollar an'—thirty-five—forty—fifty cents!" "Oh, I'm *so* glad!" exclaimed Betty. "I just *love* to give to Sabbath school, an' specially to thirteenth Sabbath! Don't you?"

—Lora E. Clement.

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## Africa

[An exercise for six children, each one holding up a display card of one of the letters in the word "Africa."]

- A* stands for Africa,  
A far-off needy field,  
If we send our pennies,  
A crop of souls will yield.
- F* stands for fields,  
So full of hungry souls,  
Just longing for the message  
They'll have with all our goals.
- R* stands for riches,  
Of heaven's blessings won,  
If only we'll send pennies  
To help the heathen son.
- I* stands for idols,  
Some little heathens love.  
Let's send the pennies to them,  
So they'll know our God's love.
- C* stands for children,  
Whom Jesus loves each day,  
So save up every penny  
And send them on their way.

A stands for after  
This message has been given  
To every little heathen,  
Then we will meet in heaven.

—*Amy Talbot.*

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## Your Mission

If you cannot on the ocean  
Sail among the swiftest fleet,  
Rocking on the highest billows,  
Laughing at the storms you meet;  
You can stand among the sailors  
Anchored yet within the bay;  
You can lend a hand to help them  
As they launch their boat away.

If you are too weak to journey  
Up the mountain steep and high,  
You can stand within the valley  
While the multitudes go by;  
You can chant in happy measure  
As they slowly pass along;  
Though they may forget the singer  
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver  
Ever ready to command;  
If you cannot toward the needy,  
Reach an ever-open hand;  
You can visit the afflicted,  
O'er the erring you can weep;  
You can be a true disciple  
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot in the harvest  
Garner up the richest sheaves,  
Many a grain both ripe and golden  
Will the careless reapers leave;  
Go and glean among the briers  
Growing rank against the wall,  
For it may be that their shadow  
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

If you cannot in the conflict  
Prove yourself a soldier true,  
If where fire and smoke are thickest  
There's no work for you to do;  
When the battlefield is silent  
You can go with careful tread;  
You can bear away the wounded,  
You can cover up the dead.

If you cannot be the watchman,  
Standing high on Zion's wall,  
Pointing out the path to heaven,  
Offering life and peace to all;

With your prayers and with your bounties  
You can do what Heaven demands.  
You can be like faithful Aaron,  
Holding up the prophet's hands.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting  
For some greater work to do;  
Fortune is a lazy goddess—  
She will never come to you.  
Go and toil in any vineyard,  
Do not fear to do or dare;  
If you want a field of labor  
You can find it anywhere.

—*G. M. Grannis.*

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## Beyond Jordan

AND they came to Him, mothers of Judah,  
Dark-eyed and in splendor of hair,  
Bearing down over shoulders of beauty,  
And bosoms half hidden, half bare;

And they brought Him their babes and besought  
Him  
Half kneeling, with suppliant air,  
To bless the brown cherubs they brought Him,  
With holy hands laid in their hair.

Then reaching His hands He said, lowly,  
"Of such is My Kingdom"; and then  
Took the brown little babes in the holy  
White hands of the Saviour of men;

Held them close to His heart and caress'd them,  
Put His face down to theirs as in prayer,  
Put their hands to His neck, and so bless'd  
them  
With baby hands hid in His hair.

—*Joaquin Miller.*

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## A Study in Black and White

CAROLINE EELLS-KEELER

I've heard of little black boys  
Living far across the sea;  
But mother says that not all black boys are  
black,  
Sounds awf'ly queer to me.

And she says, too, that some white boys  
Are very black indeed.  
Now did you ever hear before  
Such a peculiar creed?

But since I've thought it over  
I've concluded she is right;  
Some white boys are surely black  
And some black boys are white.  
For in the precious Saviour's sight  
So very black is sin,  
But when a black boy loves the Lord,  
Then he's all white within.

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## The Missionary's Appeal

IT ISN'T the work that tries us, but the sights  
we have to see;  
The children bowing to idols, the slaves who  
cannot be free,  
With those who of evil spirits spend all their  
lives in fear,  
And women toiling in bondage, no hope of  
heaven to cheer.

It isn't the work that wears us; at least, not  
what we do,  
But that which is left undone when our busy  
day is through;  
It's turning away the scholars who want our  
schools to share,  
And saying "No" to the people who beg for a  
teacher's care.

It isn't the work that kills us; but the strange,  
indifferent life  
Of those who too are Christians, but stand aloof  
from strife;  
It's keeping up the struggle that we abroad  
must live  
Without the friendly backing which you at  
home could give.

—Anna Stevens Reed.

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## "Giving"

[Following are some quotations from the Spirit of prophecy on giving. This might be made a little exercise. Two children carrying placards with quotation marks on them may take their places on the platform, one quotation mark at one end, and one quotation mark at the other end of the platform. Then those giving the quotations may appear in between the quotation marks and recite the particular quotation they have.]

"THE ANGELS of glory find their joy in giving,—giving love and tireless watchcare to

souls that are fallen and unholy. Heavenly beings woo the hearts of men; they bring to this dark world light from the courts above; by gentle and patient ministry they move upon the human spirit, to bring the lost into a fellowship with Christ which is even closer than they themselves can know."—*The Desire of Ages.* p. 21.

"If there was ever a time when sacrifices should be made, it is now. Those who have money should understand that now is the time to use it for God. . . . Practice economy in your homes. . . . Put away your idols. Give up your selfish pleasures. Do not, I entreat you, absorb means in embellishing your houses; for it is God's money, and it will be required of you again."—*Testimonies,* Vol. VI, pp. 450, 451.

"There is nothing too precious for us to give to Jesus. If we return to Him the talents of means which He has intrusted to our keeping, He will give more into our hands. Every effort we make for Christ will be rewarded by Him; and every duty we perform in His name will minister to our own happiness."—*Id., Vol IV, p. 19.*

"In determining the proportion to be given to the cause of God, be sure to exceed, rather than fall short, of the requirements of duty. Consider for whom the offering is to be made. This recollection will put covetousness to flight. Only consider the great love wherewith

Christ has loved us, and our richest offerings will seem unworthy of His acceptance. When Christ is the object of our affections, those who have received His pardoning love will not stop to calculate the value of the alabaster box of precious ointment.”—*Id.*, p. 485.

“The free-will offerings of our brethren and sisters, made in faith and love to the crucified Redeemer, will bring back blessings to them; for God marks and remembers every act of liberality on the part of His saints.” —*Id.*, p. 76.

“The humble gift from the poorer class is not, in the sight of God, inferior to the larger offerings of the more wealthy. The Lord will add His blessing to the gift, making its errand of love fruitful in accordance with the whole-hearted cheerfulness with which it is bestowed. The mites from every source should be carefully cherished.”—*Id.*, Vol. VII, p. 295.

“Continual giving starves covetousness to death.”—*Id.*, Vol. III, p. 548.

“The recording angel makes a faithful record of every offering dedicated to God, and put into the treasury, and also of the final result of the means thus bestowed. The eye of God takes cognizance of every farthing devoted to His cause, and of the willingness or reluctance of the giver.”—*Id.*, Vol. II, p. 518, 519.