

# MISSIONS QUARTERLY

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"Is Yo' Comin' to He'p Me?"

TOPIC:  
AFRICAN MISSIONS

## SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM

*August 21*

"African Missions."

"Four Centers of Light."

Use map exercise No. 1, page 31.

Distribute Thirteenth Sabbath Envelopes.\*

*August 28*

"The Tsungwesi Mission."

Locate on the map.

"School Work Among the Natives."

*September 4*

"Africa's Little Boys and Girls."

"Girl Life in Africa."

Use map exercise No. 2, page 31.

*September 11*

"Solusi Mission."

Refer to map. Use map exercise No. 3, page 31.

"Spottie."

*September 18*

"Experiences with Native Children."

"A Native Evangelist Arrested."

"In the Lion's Country."

*September 25*

"Experiences in Barotseland." (See September *Worker*.)

"The Story of Jim."

Use map exercise No. 4, page 31.

Offering.

Prayer for our missions in Africa.

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\*These envelopes are furnished without cost to the schools. A supply has been sent to each tract society.

## **African Missions**

THE recommendation of the General Conference Committee for the next Thirteenth Sabbath Offering is as follows:—

“That we invite the Sabbath School Department to take as the object of the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering for the third quarter of 1915, the mission fields of Rhodesia, which are being constituted by the South African Union as a new union mission field, occupying the vast territory of Rhodesia on both sides of the Zambesi River, and including the following mission stations: Barotseland, Glendale, Solusi, and Tsungwesi.”

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### **Four Centers of Light**

W. B. WHITE

BAROTSE MISSION

FAR away in Northern Rhodesia in South Central Africa, where white men are very few, and the natives are numbered by the hundreds of thousands, is our Barotse Mission, one of the recipients of this Thirteenth Sabbath Offering. The mission buildings are located on a farm of 5,000 acres, which was purchased some years ago for eighteen cents an acre. Here we have a school which numbers about fifty students. A number of promising young men in this school are now ready to open out-schools off toward the Kongo border. This mission is located in a very needy field, where thousands have no knowledge of God, and earnest, faithful work-

ers must come to assist us in spreading a knowledge of the truth.

#### SOLUSI MISSION

Another<sup>s</sup> center of light is our Solusi Mission, in Southern Rhodesia, forty-five miles



southwest of Bulawayo. This station was established in 1895 by Elders Byron Tripp, F. L. Mead, and W. H. Anderson, and is our first mission enterprise in Africa and the first among heathen people. It is located on an 8,000 acre farm and has a school of about a hundred students, with fourteen out-schools. This is one of our oldest stations and it is one of our most successful ones. It was first known as the Matabeleland Mission. It is

exerting a splendid influence in the surrounding country. We have not been able of late to accommodate all the scholars that have applied to us for admission. Here we employ two white and four native teachers. The school is in charge of Brother and Sister R. P. Robinson, recently of California, who are rendering very efficient service.

#### GLENDALE MISSION

Another center of light is northeast of Solusi and is a new station, Glendale by name. A few years ago our Sabbath schools donated one of their Thirteenth Sabbath offerings to the purchase of this mission farm [then called the Selukwe Reserve] of 2,000 acres. We have one good building for our workers, a new schoolhouse, and money in hand to build the second house. On the property there are also a number of native huts in which our native workers live. Our school now numbers thirty-five or forty pupils. We have four out-schools here and many more could be opened at once had we the teachers, and we are developing them as fast as we can.

#### TSUNGWESI MISSION

The last center of light which we will mention is among the Mashonas in Southeastern Rhodesia. Among this people we have the Tsungwesi Mission. Here we have a farm of 2,000 acres, well stocked and with a good equipment. We have two brick cottages for our white workers, a large number of native

huts for our students, a schoolhouse which is used for a church, a new girls' dormitory, and other outbuildings. This mission farm is of good quality and on it we hardly ever fail of raising food enough for our students. Here we have a large, flourishing school of over one hundred students, the most of whom are young men and women. The school is in charge of Brother and Sister B. F. Jewell, who have their work well in hand. We have not been able to open any out-schools in this section, but we are able at the farm to conduct a strong central school, the influence of which is being felt all through the country. These four stations named in this article will be the recipients of the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering September 25. We earnestly crave an interest in the prayers of our brethren and sisters for our mission stations that are faithfully endeavoring to bring the light of present truth to those that are in darkness.

*Cape Town, S. Africa.*

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## **The Tsungwesi Mission**

M. C. STURDEVANT

THE Tsungwesi Mission is located in the midst of a population of nearly a half million natives. Our own hands laid out that mission, now four years ago. Already we have had to leave it twice on account of failing health. I am not ashamed to say that my very life is bound up in mission work, and especially in the Tsungwesi Mission.

This mission has already met with two serious reverses. One was the death of Brother C. L. Bowen and the burning of our buildings



**Baptism in Basutoland. Elder Butler is performing the rite. Elder W. B. White on the bank. The well dressed native at the right is Murray Kalaka, our Basuto preacher, translator and teacher. This is a typical African group.**

because of the smallpox scourge. The other was the three years' drought, and the consequent crop failures. A third difficulty now presents itself. We have just had a letter from Brother A. P. Tarr, who is in charge of the mission while we are taking this rest and change, and he says: "If ever Tsungwesi Mission had a drawback it will be this year. Rain, rain and mud everywhere, the whole mission is a perfect bog, crops all washed away and some stock dying." This, you see, gives you a glimpse of mission life. •

When we opened this mission our aim was to make it positively self-supporting. We have labored hard to that end. We have been overanxious, and have labored beyond our strength. How cheered we are to hear that our brethren are coming to our help again with financial relief.

At the close of 1910, when the Tsungwesi Mission was opened, not one of all that native people of one half million knew anything of this blessed truth. Already we have baptized sixty-eight earnest souls, and others are awaiting baptism. Our school now numbers one hundred thirty-five. Eighty of these are boarding students whom we have in our immediate charge, and these can be developed much quicker for the work. Our mission buildings are full, and we have no more room for additional young people. They are now coming to us faster than we are able to care for them. At this station we must bring the natives to us, for we are not allowed to establish out-schools.

We do so appreciate every sacrifice and labor of love shown us by our brethren at home. By God's grace, we pledge you that we will be careful with the means you send to help us, appreciating your sacrifices and labors. Again we thank you, take courage, and press on.

*Tsungwesi Mission, Rhodesia.*



## Value of School Work Among the Natives of Africa

F. BURTON JEWELL

IT is not hard to estimate the value of education among this race of people, who have received so few advantages, and to comprehend the great need of establishing schools and missions for their benefit. They know nothing except the traditions and superstitions handed down for centuries from father to son. And it seems that the only way to bring them out of heathenism is to educate them.

As a rule the people are very anxious to learn, and, with very few exceptions, those attending the mission school regularly make rapid progress. We have at present several who have been here nearly a year. When they came, they did not even know their letters; now they are able to read the New Testament in their own language. When these go to their homes they will carry their Testaments with them and be able to read to their parents and friends. Thus the light of God's Word is beginning to penetrate the heathen darkness. We are studying hard to master the language and we hope it will not be long till we may furnish the people with some of our good tracts in their own language.

The drink habit has great influence over this people, and when once they are in its power, it is very hard for them to resist the temptation. Then, too, heathen practices are a part

of their very lives, and nothing but the power of God can help them to break loose from them.

The older people are anxious to learn, and many of them come with their children to the



**One of our Basuto converts, now a trained evangelist.**

school. Of course they do not live at the mission, and work in their gardens prevents their attending regularly. Their habits of life are such that most of them find school work very difficult. Our brightest students are the young men and little boys; if these can be induced to remain in the school long enough, they make a very good record indeed. But as a rule most of them think that they should

learn it all in one year or two years at most. However, we have already seen good results from our work, and we believe some have experienced true conversion.

We have great need of more schools and teachers. These should be located in different parts of this country. We are very glad indeed for the help promised through the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering. We believe that many honest souls will be brought out of this heathen darkness into the light of the third angel's message.

*Tsungwesi Mission, Rhodesia.*

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## **Africa's Little Boys and Girls**

MRS. ELSIE G. GIBSON.

AFRICA is full of little black boys and girls. Everywhere one goes he passes native villages, and at each one a crowd of little children rush out to look at him. Some are so tiny that the others carry them on their backs. Most of them have hardly any clothes on, and some none at all. While you sit and shiver in all your clothes, they run along behind the wagon laughing and talking. You just wonder how they can keep warm.

What do these little folks do all day with no school, no toys, and no one to help amuse them? They are just as fond of play as any little boy or girl. They know where all the rats have their little paths, can show you all the bird's nests, and where the rabbits live. They can give you the meaning of every bird

song. One says, "Where is Deridz-i-a?" (Deridzia is a boy's name.) Another bird says, "My father is dead, my mother is



Kaffir children in our schools playing "Ring around a rosy."

dead, my brother is dead, my sister is dead, I'm the only one left, tu tu, tutu, tu tu."

Did you ever play "Ring around a rosy"? The native children play it, but they say, "He wrestled with a 'gobo,' and threw it down." Then they all sit down. A gobo is an animal something like a weasel, but larger.

"Hide and seek" is a favorite game. The girls dig a hole in the ground and fill it with pebbles. All sit around the hole. One girl takes a ball, throws it up, quickly picks a stone out of the hole, placing it beside her, then catches the ball as it falls. As soon as she misses the ball she loses her turn. When all the stones are gone, the girl who has the most wins.

As soon as the boys are large enough, they herd their father's cattle and goats. Often

they have to drive them a long way to the water.

How would you like to be named Rat, Bird, Spear, Ant, Little Pig, Pumpkin? That is what some of the children are named here. When we start a school for the natives, the children are very anxious to go. Some learn quickly; others are very dull. But one thing they all soon learn and that is to sing at the top of their voices. We sometimes wish we could stuff something into our ears, to shut out the sound.

Let us pray that many of these children may learn to love and serve Jesus.

*Glendale Mission, Rhodesia.*

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## Girl Life in Africa

MRS. ELNORA V. JEWELL

NATIVE ideas and customs differ widely in various parts of Africa. The natives here seem very fond of their children, and little girls are especially welcome unless they should happen to be twins. Until recently it was considered very unfortunate if twins came into a family, and they were disposed of as soon as possible—often in a most inhuman manner. But since the coming of missions and civilization, this practice has been abandoned by many.

Another misfortune may happen to a little girl during the teething period. If the upper teeth should come in first, it is considered an ill omen, for it is believed that her husband

will die soon after their marriage. As a remedy for this, these teeth are extracted.

A baby is carried on its mother's back during infancy, and sleeps with its head closely covered whether its mother is out in the field working in the tropical sun or cooking over an open fire in the hut.

As the little girl grows older, she finds amusement in imitating her mother in her various duties. She plays at cooking in little dishes made by her mother out of clay, and later learns to make the dishes herself. She also plays with a doll made out of rags, which she carries on her back in the same fashion as her mother carries her baby. As other babies come into the family, she helps care for them, carrying them on her back instead of the doll.

When she is old enough, she spends considerable time in making bracelets, necklaces, and other ornaments out of beads and certain kinds of grasses. When quite young, she is trained to carry loads on her head. It is remarkable what heavy loads the grown girls are able to carry.

Marriage is the one thing looked forward to by the growing girls. The girls are bought by their husbands, who pay a certain number of cows for them—the number varying from six to ten according to the demands of the father. In some parts of Mashonaland girls are bought when very young and are taken to be cared for by the husband's parents until they are old enough to be married.

The girls who come to our mission seem quite willing to adopt habits of cleanliness and like the uniform dress that is furnished them. Those living in the near-by kraals try to imitate the dress of the mission girls. We have had thirty-eight girls at our mission the past year. They are not so eager to learn as are the boys, but there are some exceptions. They are susceptible to the influence of the Holy Spirit, and we have some excellent Christian girls here at our mission.

*Tsungwesi Mission, Rhodesia.*

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## **Solusi Mission**

W. C. WALSTON

WE were greatly pleased to hear that the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering, September 25, was to be given to this needy field. I can assure you we do need help. During 1911 and 1912 the Solusi Mission was self-supporting, and we hoped to continue the work on that basis, but we cannot control the seasons. During the last two years of severe drought our crops have been cut off to a large extent, and our expenses have grown larger as the number of students increase in the school. New ones keep coming every week, and it is a very difficult matter to turn any away from hearing the gospel. I have wished many times that our people in America could know just how we feel when we are not able for lack of means to fill the many calls that come to us from these poor souls who are in darkness and ignorance.

We have tried to cut our expenses as much as possible. We must keep our native workers paid up, as they are obliged to receive their wages. We have twenty-two native teachers and helpers, and the drought has been so severe that they did not raise sufficient grain to keep them and their families. The result is the mission has been obliged to furnish food for all these people for nearly a year. We must have help or curtail our work considerably. This we very much regret to do. We called for an appropriation from the General Conference and they kindly allowed what we asked for, but we now find it will not be sufficient for our needs. We are having a bad season this year. We have had heavy rains for over two months, so much so that the oldest natives say they never had such a season. The result is the crops are damaged, and there is but little prospect of a good harvest.

Our workers here are giving their lives for the salvation of these poor heathen. Some have been overtaken by sickness and were obliged to leave the field. We have but a very short time to complete this work. Where are the men and women to do the work? Where is the means with which to carry it on? May God impress hearts to do what they can now, for the night will soon come when no man can work.

*Solusi Mission, Rhodesia.*



## **"Spottie," a Pet Leopard**

MRS. LENA ROBINSON

WE had been at Solusi Mission only about six months, when some natives came to report that a leopard was killing their goats. The mission boys, with Elder Walston and Mr. Robinson, were soon off for the hunt. After a very exciting time, they succeeded in killing a large female leopard.

Two or three days later, Mr. Robinson went to the place to see if any leopard kittens could be found. On reaching the place and looking down between two large rocks, he saw two little spotted kittens, nosing over each other and crying for something to eat. Their eyes were not yet open, so of course they made no attempt to get away, and he picked them up and brought them home.

The first two or three days they cried quite a bit, but after that they seemed quite contented with their new home. We could not get them to lap the milk, but they would suck my little finger while I put milk into their mouths with a small spoon.

One of them died the first week, but the other one is still alive and growing very fast. We have now had her five months and she is nearly half grown. We have named her "Spottie." When she is not eating or sleeping she wants to roll, and tumble, and play all the time.

While we are at school we have to shut her up in the kitchen, and she always sleeps

there at night. When the kitchen boy comes to work in the morning, and lets her out, she runs around by our bedroom window and cries till I let her in. Often when she is sleepy I



"Spottie"

lay her down and let her suck my finger till she is asleep; then I take my finger away, and she remains asleep for a long time.

If she is playing in the yard and I call her, she comes running to me. When I bring out her dish of milk ready to feed her, she will run to her basket, and jump in, standing with her front paws on the edge, waiting to eat.

Spottie shows real affection for us. As large as she is now she still puts her big front paws around my neck, never once extending her sharp claws, and rubs her head against my face whenever I pick her up.

Although she is always biting in play, and often takes our fingers in her mouth, she has never bitten to hurt us. She is lying asleep in my lap as I write this, although she is so large she has really outgrown her place there.

When we go for a walk on Sabbath afternoon, we take her with us, and she follows

us like a domestic animal. Spottie is growing large, and as we have neither the time to care for her, nor a place to keep her, we shall soon have to send her to the "Zoo" in Bulawayo. It will be very hard to part with her, but we shall be able to see her once in a while.

*Solusi Mission, South Africa.*

## **Experiences With Native Children**

W. S. HYATT

SEVERAL years ago I was at our mission in Basutoland, and in company with Brother Klaka visited among the huts in the village. At one place the mother was sitting wrapped in her blanket sewing and her little boy of three years was also under the blanket to keep warm. It was a cold winter day. Since they have no wood in that country they have very little fire and must depend upon their blankets to keep warm.

The little boy crawled out of the blanket and stood looking at the strangers, so I took my cane and poked gently at the little fellow. This I did several times, and he grew bolder each time. Finally he took a few steps towards me, and, looking me straight in the eye, said, "You hit me with that stick, sir, and I will tell my father and he will tell you to buy me some sweets" (candy). Knowing the timidity of native children when strangers are about, I was greatly surprised, and was very willing to get the little fellow the sweets.

I had a rather remarkable experience with a little girl when I was assisting with the mission wagon in Kaffirland. We were visiting the Amatole Basin. We called upon the headman and found that he and his wife spoke very good English.

This man had a little three-year-old daughter who was quite ill. We gave her some treatment, and told her parents not to allow any smoking in the house, and to be sure she had plenty of fresh air. We also had prayer for the little one and pointed the parents to the Great Physician who alone could heal their child.

As we were leaving, the father took my hand in both of his and said, "You have saved the life of my child and I have seen the love of God as I never saw it before. You, a white man and a stranger, came to me, a native, and did that with your own hands which I never saw done before, neither would one of our native ministers do it."

Fifteen months later we again visited this valley and called at the home of the headman. After the usual salutations we inquired about the little girl. The mother sent for her, and as she came in not a word was spoken. She drew near and looked me in the face and turned to her mother, saying, "Mamma, this is the man who prayed for me and gave me medicine."

It seemed remarkable to me that so young a child should remember me after so many months had passed. Seeing the gratitude of

both parents and child we felt that we were paid many, many times for the little effort we had made for them.

*Pietermaritzburg, Natal, South Africa.*

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## **A Native Evangelist Arrested**

T. J. GIBSON

WILLIAM SIBUDA, one of our native evangelists, left Glendale Station the first of December on a tour among the native villages to the east of the mission, and has just returned after an absence of twelve weeks.

He visited a community of Basutos who emigrated from Cape Colony. Himself a Basuto, he was cordially received by these people, and his services with them were well attended.

About thirty-five miles east of Victoria this evangelist entered a large native reserve known as Ndanga. Here the people refused to give him a hearing until he had received permission from their chief to preach to them. He accordingly continued his journey another fifteen miles to the chief's kraal. On his arrival the men were absent, and he was invited to stay until the men returned. They came home in the evening and provided him with food and a sleeping place. There was a beer drink that night, and in the morning William asked the privilege of preaching to the people. As the import of his request became known, an uproar ensued. They shouted, "This is the man who has come to take our

women to the government." They called a native police and placed William in his charge. In the three days' roundabout journey to the magistrate's camp, in company with the policeman, William contrived to preach each day at the villages while his captor sought for beer. The people who listened to the preaching remarked to the police that the words of the accused were not in accordance with the charge against him.

At the magistrate's office William was charged with an attempt to preach at a kraal where he was not wanted. After examining William's registration certificate and pass, the magistrate upbraided the constable for having interfered with William in such a work. William was then dismissed with permission to return to the chief's kraal or to proceed with his work in any other part of the district he chose. He labored in the reserve for seven weeks, preaching from village to village. One of the petty chiefs had refused him permission to speak in his village, but after William's departure sent a messenger to call him back.

In this Ndanga Reserve of about nine hundred square miles there is not a single teacher or evangelist, either European or native, and the young people are calling loudly for a teacher.

Sixty miles to the northeast of Victoria, about half way between Glendale and Tsungwesi, is another large native reserve, over two thousand square miles in area, and another

about forty miles southeast from Glendale with an area of over five thousand square miles. No missionary work is being done in either of these territories so far as we are aware. Now is the time to reach out and enter these fields. The smaller reserves can be occupied by native teachers, and native evangelists can enter any of them, but to get a permanent hold on the larger reserves we should have men to place in them at least six months during the dry season of the year. It is not considered safe or advantageous for a white man to remain throughout the year in these low lying districts. We now have three native evangelists employed in village-to-village work, and a fourth nearly ready to start out. Two are at present following up an interest between Glendale and the three Selukwe schools at a distance of about seventy miles. Pray for us as we labor for these benighted souls.

*Glendale Mission, Rhodesia.*

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### **Self-Denial**

THE superintendent of a small Sabbath school writes:—

“In our Sabbath school we had ten envelopes containing one dollar each. Five of these came from a family who accepted the truth very recently. Some earned the dollar, and some<sup>d</sup> denied themselves the use of butter and sugar for one month. The children were faithful in earning their pennies.”

## In the Lions' Country

MRS. W. H. ANDERSON

ONE morning we left the home station to visit one of our out-schools. We can travel only about two miles an hour with the ox wagon, and this has to be done in the early morning and late in the evening to avoid the intense heat in the middle of the day.

In the evening we traveled until about ten o'clock, when we made our camp for the night. Material for a big fire was prepared in front of the cattle and another big pile placed at the side of the wagon, ready to be lighted if needed. We all retired early, only to be awakened in a short time by the cry of a wild animal. It was a strange cry to us, and none of the native boys knew what it was. They were terribly frightened, and soon had all the fires blazing. As we knew they were too frightened to sleep, we retired again, resting well. We started by the light of the moon in the early morning.

The evening of the third day of travel we arrived at the school. All the boys had made good progress in their work since our last visit. We do not like to sleep in a native hut on account of the rats, snakes, and vermin, so the wagon was our home. The next morning the natives told us that three lions had visited a near-by village and killed four sheep. We went down to the village and found only a little wool and the hoofs remaining. The next night the lions visited a village to the north of us and killed a sheep and a dog. We



placed poison in the remains of the dog and waited for results.

That night we were awakened by cries of terror from another village near the school. The lions had entered the cattle kraal and killed some of the cattle. Some of the cattle broke out of the kraal and were pursued and killed by the lions. The natives went after them in the night and drove them off with firebrands and drums. Early the next morning we went out to see the results of the poison, and found one lion dead. He was still quite warm, and it made me feel strange indeed as I put my hand on him.

The following evening the lions paid us a visit at the school. We were sleeping in the wagon and we could hear these kings of the forest as they walked through the grass about twenty-five yards from the wagon on their way to the cattle kraal. Presently we heard them pulling at the stockade back of the kraal. Mr. Anderson fired a shot to frighten them away from the cattle. All was quiet for a while and then the cattle jumped up and rushed to the center of the kraal. Mr. Anderson shot again and the lions left us. In a short time we knew where they had gone. The baboons on a hill near by began to cry "Wahoo," as one of their number had been killed. At daybreak the next morning all the baboons in the country came, and it seemed that there were about a thousand of them, and they drove the lions clear out of the country. When a baboon is

killed in this way all the baboons in the country assemble and line up and beat up the bush and grass like a party of hunters, and as soon as they start the lion, leopard, or whatever has disturbed them, they drive him away from the district.

We stayed a few days longer but we heard no more of the lions on that trip. I can't say that I enjoy seeing the lions in their natural state as well as in a cage. At least one feels a bit safer when they are behind the bars.

*Pemba, Northwest Rhodesia, South Africa.*

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To show the dangers which surround our missionaries in interior Africa Elder W. B. White quotes the following from a letter from one who is working in the wilds of North Rhodesia:—

“One evening I was riding my bicycle through the wilderness on a new road. All the carriers were far ahead, and we all expected to reach camp that night. While riding along I suddenly came upon a lion in a jungle close by the path. I had no weapon and not even a pocketknife with me, so I was prepared to sell my life very cheaply. What I did have, however, was a box of matches wrapped in a small piece of newspaper. Lighting this, I held it before him, and he went across the road and into the forest on the other side. Lions are very much afraid of fire.

“I soon reached a native village. Here I learned that we had taken the wrong path,

and were yet ten miles from our camp. At this village we stayed overnight. But did the lion leave us?—No, not he. He followed us to the village and circling it, came as near as he dared. For two or three hours he loudly muttered his disappointment, after which he left us."

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## The Story of Jim

MRS. W. H. ANDERSON

RHODESIA is about the size of all the territory in the United States west of the Mississippi River. It is inhabited by twelve tribes of natives, of which two are about equal, and these count themselves paramount to all the rest. The others are looked upon as slaves and fit only to be raided and plundered.

Years ago, before the English government took over the country, these superior tribes were constantly at war with the smaller ones.

In 1888, the bloodthirsty Matabele made a raid into Northern Rhodesia. On this raid, Jim, the subject of my story, was taken captive and taken as a slave to the Matabele country. The Matabeles had marched much of the night and attacked the village at day-break, their favorite time. All the men were killed, and the women and children who could not escape were captured. One poor woman got away, but when she found her son was among the captives, she returned and gave herself up to be a slave rather than leave her child. Some of the children were too heavy

to be carried and too small to make the long journey, so they were left to perish by the wayside. To travel five hundred miles on foot



**Jim, now a teacher and preacher at Solusi Mission.**

is a long tramp for little feet, and many who were too tired to go on were slain by a blow from a Matabele battle-ax.

But Jim and his mother reached the journey's end alive and well. The mother was sold to a black master and served him for some months. Then she with her boy tried

to make her escape. When they were about eighty miles away they were met by another raiding party and taken back and severely beaten for the attempt to run away. Another man then took the boy, and that was the last time Jim saw his mother for many years. She had often told him about his own people and taught him his father's name, and told him if the chance ever came he was to return to his own country and to his own kindred.

Years passed, and Jim went to work for a white man, a prospector. This man drank very heavily, but when he was sober he urged the boy to go to school.

He came to the Solusi Mission soon after the death of Elder Byron Tripp, and remained for several months, and then went to Bulawayo to work. He was found there by Elder F. L. Mead, and persuaded to return to the mission, which he did, and has been at work for the Lord ever since.

He made good progress in school and especially in a knowledge of the Bible. In 1901 he was married, and a few years later he was asked to come to Northern Rhodesia to work among his own people. Nearly every prayer and testimony that he uttered for years was that he might be allowed to go and work for his own people.

When the mission was started at Pemba, in 1905, we commenced to inquire about his father, as Jim still remembered his name. One morning a native came to the mission from

the Kafui River, and as soon as we saw him we knew who he was, for the son was a perfect likeness of the father. He said he had heard that the missionary had come from Southern Rhodesia, and he desired to know if he had ever seen his son. He said he had often sat by the path when the captives had returned but he had never seen his boy. When he was told that we knew his boy, and that he was safe with the missionary, you should have seen that father. He danced! He wailed! He sang! He leaped for joy! In a few days he brought a nice ox to the mission as a thank offering to the Lord.

Then word was sent to his mother. She came within two hundred yards and commenced to run back and forth, dancing and singing. This she continued for some time, each time coming a little nearer, until at last she ran straight for Jim, embraced him, kissed him, fondled him, and then shouted and leaped and danced again for joy.

Three years ago his mother died, and last year Sigabasa, his father, died. Jim nursed him through his last illness, and before the end the old man expressed a desire to know Jim's God.

When Jim was captured by the Matabeles, they slit his ear, this being a mark of this tribe. Last winter when Doctor Dunscombe visited the Solusi Mission, where Jim at present is laboring, he desired that this hole in his ear might be closed up, and when it was done Jim said, "I am a Matabele no longer," and he felt he was now one of his own people.

Recently he has been among the native tribes about the old Solusi Mission selling native literature, and the Lord has given him much success, in fact he sells about all he can get hold of, and his influence is good among the people. When our ministers go to Solusi they generally look about for Jim to act as interpreter. He is quite apt in this line of work, and seems to throw into his interpreting the spirit of the speaker.

Jim is a consistent Christian, and is doing what he can to advance the third angel's message among his people, and the Lord is giving him success.

*Barotseland Mission, Rhodesia.*

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### Map Exercises

1. DISPLAY map of Africa, and locate the four mission stations to which this offering is given.

2. Locate the Tanganyika Mission, which received five thousand dollars from the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering given December 27, 1913, but is not to be benefited by this offering.

3. The second Thirteenth Sabbath Offering ever taken (June 29, 1912) was for the opening up of the Selukwe Reserve Mission Station. The offering amounted to \$12,680. In developing this station, an advantageous change of location was made possible, and it is now known by the name Glendale Mission.

4. A very interesting exercise may be conducted by drawing a map of Africa showing

the area compared to other countries of the world. This map could hang directly under the other one, and not be shown until needed.



This Leaflet will be of special interest to the children. Let them have front seats when the Leaflet is read. Some of the boys and girls might be chosen to read such portions as "Africa's Little Boys and Girls," "Spottie," "In the Lion's Country," and "The Story of Jim." See that the little readers have been properly drilled, that they may not be embarrassed, and the reading enjoyed by all.