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The Official Notice

Secretary Sabbath School Department,
Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sister Plummer :—

At a recent meeting of the General Conference Committee, it was decided to again appeal to the Sabbath School Department for special assistance in our foreign mission work, selecting as an object for the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering to be given the training schools in South Africa.

You will recall that the work in this field was originally opened about 1886. In 1902, after a steady growth, the South African Union Conference, with headquarters at Cape Town, was organized. In our mission stations in South Africa, there is this peculiarity, that practically every one of them is a training school, so that with the Claremont College we have seventeen training schools to support.

From the schools among the native Africans are drawn all our native helpers upon whom we must rely to carry this message to the farthest borders of South Africa. To finance this work for 1918 we have appropriated in the neighborhood of \$45,000. We are appealing to the Sabbath Schools to furnish us in this Thirteenth Sabbath Offering \$38,000 of this amount, with the understanding that all that is raised through this Offering in excess of \$38,000 will be used to increase the work of the missions above the amount appropriated.

While the Committee feel sure that the

Sabbath schools will liberally respond to this appeal, yet we trust that the Sabbath school secretaries will keep before the schools the urgent necessity of this appeal, as the schools in South Africa are all in urgent need of more liberal appropriations than the Mission Board has been able to furnish them.

W. T. KNOX, *Treasurer.*

The Need of Workers

ELDER W. B. WHITE

OUR work is extending in every direction, and we are as badly in need of workers as of money. Calls are coming from every direction that we are not able to fill, and I fear that some very promising fields may be closed to us before we can get the workers and means to occupy them. We are using every available colonial worker we can find, and from them we are getting some very good help indeed. Our greatest need is for teachers. We are learning here that the message among the native African does not advance much more rapidly than our school work is extended. When we plant a good school we can soon look for a good native church in that place, so there is the necessity for spiritual, unselfish teachers who love the souls of men, whether the skin is white or black. True consecration should be in the hearts of all who come to this dark land, to labor for these people. The novelty soon wears off, the life of an African missionary becomes a stern

reality, and only those who have really counted the cost and are wholly given up to God, should come to this field. To the hard working, consecrated soul, to the one who really loves the native African, a rich harvest is waiting in the Dark Continent, but only he can reap who loves. So our Mission Schools are to have another Thirteenth Sabbath Offering? Good, splendid! I will surely co-operate with you in every way to make it a success.

Kenilworth, Cape Province, S. Africa.

The Training School at Solusi Mission

R. P. ROBINSON

THE news that a Thirteenth Sabbath Offering was to be devoted to the mission training schools of South Africa was very good news to us here at the Solusi school. If that portion of the offering allotted to us is big enough, it will mean that we can enlarge our school house. We have been working in cramped quarters for four years. We have been working for efficiency, but we cannot reach the highest standard in our present cramped condition.

There are over a hundred boys and girls in the school at present, and the average attendance for a whole year is about one hundred. At one time last year we had as many as one hundred and thirty, and for a long time we had to turn boys and girls away because there was no room. Because of our small quarters, during the night school we have to send about

a third of the students to another building quite a distance from the school house. This is not a good plan because it takes them from the supervision of the white teachers.

The school is divided into two parts which we call "First school" and "Second school." The "First school" is for the beginners and opens at 8 o'clock then closes at 10:30. The "Second school" is the advanced half of the school. This part opens at 10:45, closing at 1:45. There are five teachers in the school. Mrs. Robinson and I are the white teachers, and there are three native teachers. In both schools all five teachers are having classes at the same time. In each corner of the school-house, which is about 22 ft. x 32 ft., a class recites. The fifth class goes outside except in rainy weather when they sit in the center with the other four classes all around them. At first it sounded like a Chinese school to me, but we have all gotten so accustomed to it now that our hearing does not go beyond our own class.

As in all schools, the students are going and coming. However, very often there are those who stay two, three, and four years. In nearly every case those who stay as long as two years are converted and baptized, and have a very good understanding of the message. The best boys are used as out-school teachers. Some marry mission girls and settle down near the mission, while others leave and go to their own people or country.

In our school, and it is no exception, we have boys from all parts of the country. At

present we have a Kaffir boy from away south in Kaffirland ; another from a tribe in Portugese East Africa ; another just came a few days ago from Nyassaland. Then there are two or three from different tribes in Mashaualand ; and quite a number from Barotseland, and other tribes just north of the Zambezi. Most of the time Bechnanaland is represented. There are from twelve to eighteen foreign boys in our school all the time.

When they go to their homes, or wherever they go, they tell the gospel message, whether they live up to it or not. The following letter will illustrate this point. It is from a Barotse boy who was here at the mission over three years. He was converted and baptized, but left the mission several months ago to earn money to get his wife, who was a mission girl. He is working in Bulawayo, and while there several weeks ago I went to see him. I found him at the place where he works and noticed that there were several other boys there also.

The following is his letter which I received two weeks later written in English.

“Bulawayo,

“January 28, 1918.

“Dear Teacher :

“How are you ? For myself I am still well.

“That day after you left me, my companions were very much surprised. They asked me, ‘Who is that white man ?’ I said, ‘He is my teacher.’ They said, ‘Did he come to see you ?’ I said ‘Yes.’ They all said, ‘Oh we never saw a white man have such mercy

[love] for the natives.' Then I said, 'Well, my friends, I have told you about our church that is a true church.' They all said, 'Surely, Simufi, we do believe that your teachers are teaching the truth.'

"Then I began to tell them about your instructions and habits, and how you treat the boys. They were astonished, and began telling me about how their teachers are not kind to the boys.

"With best wishes to Mrs. Robinson, I am your obedient servant, and faithfully,

"J. S. Simufi."

This, I say, is a very good illustration of how the truth is being carried to many of the remotest corners of Africa. It is also an illustration of the good that is being accomplished by the Mission Training schools of South Africa, to which your offering is being donated this Thirteenth Sabbath. May it be a large one.

Bulawayo, Rhodesia, South Africa.

Rantso and Lucia

E. C. SILSBEE

PASSING along a road near one of the native territories in South Africa one warm spring day, two natives, a man and his wife, could be seen looking for work. Their home was far up in the mountains among the thousands of their tribal relatives. Because of the scarcity of food, Rantso and his wife were obliged to hire themselves out as servants to the Boer farmers across the border.

In their search they finally came to a place where the owner did not seem to be as harsh as they usually were with their servants, and Rantso and his wife were glad to find employment there. It proved to be the farm of one of our Dutch brethren.



Rantso and Lucia

Brother Cloete was a true missionary, and every Sabbath some one of his family would study the Bible with the servants, and the usual result was that some of them were converted. Rantso and his wife were baptized before they left the employment of this brother.

As is the case with all who are truly con-

verted, the minds of this young couple turned immediately to their friends and relatives who were unconverted. Although having practically nothing of this world's goods, Rantso and Lucia spent the most of their time for many months going about among their people, telling them the good news of salvation which they had heard. They were the only representatives we had giving the truths of the third angel's message in this whole district. True, we had had many calls from there, but we had neither men nor means with which to answer these calls. Some laughed at Brother Rantso and ridiculed him. Others received his testimony gladly, and with these he began holding meetings regularly.

He wrote to the mission superintendent asking for help, but the workers were already bearing double burdens and could not be spared. Brother Rantso's letters, like his work, were full of earnestness and zeal, but he had to wait. He was not idle, however, while he waited. After a time he sent us another appeal more urgent than the others. The chief had promised to give land and build a school house if we would only send a teacher. And the people were laughing at the little company of Sabbath-keepers and telling them that the white missionary cared nothing for them, as they had heard that he was asking for help. The husband of one of the sisters who had been converted gave her a beating each time she attended the meetings, but in the face of all these discouragements they were still going forward, but could they not

please just have one visit from a missionary.

At last Brother Campbell went down and made the long tedious journey far up the mountains among these thousands of natives and found this dear young couple with their company of believers. Their joy at meeting him can hardly be described. How they feasted on the words of the missionary! How they praised God for his goodness in sending him!

A few months after this six of this little company were baptized. One of them, an old man, came to me and asked me if he might be baptized. I examined him carefully as I did the other candidates for baptism and his story was a remarkable one. He had two wives, mothers of grown children. After he was converted he had voluntarily sent one away that he might live with only one, but he supported them both as before. He had given up tobacco and the native beer. What a wonderful change was wrought in that man's life only those who are acquainted with his circumstances can realize. We were glad to receive him as a brother.

I shall never forget the expressions of thanksgiving and appreciation that came from this little company when I met with them. They are holding up the light of the gospel alone in that large district, and still calling for a teacher which has not yet been provided for.

Brother Rantso and his wife worked for many months without any pay, and even neglected their own garden, which meant their

living, that they might give the truth to their people. They are still faithful, and still working. Now Brother Rantso receives a little salary from the mission board to help him get food while he continues his work with unabated zeal.

Thus we can see a little of the need of this field, and how faithful and conscientious these people are when they take their stand for Christ.

Basutoland, South Africa.

Story of Isaac Maseko

WILLIAM H. HURLOW

PLEASE permit me to introduce to you Isaac Maseko. Isaac is a scholar in our Emmanuel Mission school in Basutoland. He is a full blooded Basuto and, as are all Basutos, he is very proud of the fact.

I am sure that Isaac would have me apologize to you for his being without his blanket, without which no Basuto is fully dressed, no matter how many or how varied may be his European clothes. But Isaac has just waded through the river and his blanket is on the other side of it. Nothing but a muddy river would have made him take it off. I have often seen the scorching sun doing its utmost while Isaac has been working in the fields, to make that blanket come off. All in vain, however, for in work, in school, in play, that blanket remains. I asked him one day why he worked in his blanket. He said that he feared that

if he should remove it I might not know him from a monkey, and might get the gun and shoot him.

Isaac came to us about four years ago, a raw native boy, straight from herding his



Isaac Maseko

father's cattle on the wild veldt. He was just a youngster, but he wanted to learn; and he had somehow learned to read the first book in the Sesuto language. He proved a diligent student, and soon

passed from the substandards to the standard he now occupies.

A few weeks ago I had a visit from Isaac's father, who is quite an important man in his own village. He made quite an imposing figure as he walked up the path to the school, dressed in a frock coat, and a railway porter's peaked cap with the peak the wrong way round. He had come to see how his son was

progressing in school. I gave him Isaac's copy book and he was well pleased with his son's work, but when I gave him the day's arithmetic to look at, and he had examined it upside down for some time, his delight at his son's progress knew no bounds.

However, I think Isaac's favorite subject is the study of the Bible. It certainly is the subject he prepares best, and in his examination paper for 1917, he passed from standard three to standard four.

We look forward to the time when Isaac will go out as a worker to his own people, to give to them the truths he has learned to love. He is a member of the Missionary Volunteer Society, and in company with others, he goes off early every Sunday morning to some distant village with the Sesuto tracts, to plant into the hearts of his people some seeds of truth.

Hungry for Jesus

The world is hungry for Jesus; from many a far-off shore
Come pleadings that stir the workers to efforts unreached
before.

They are calling for other workers, for the work half
finished falls;

We are near the close of the harvest, and the Master for
reapers calls.

The world is hungry for Jesus, and nations are in the dark:
They would fly to some place of safety, like the weary
dove to the ark;

They would hear of the "Friend of sinners," and hearing,
their hearts are stirred;

'Tis the "gospel of the kingdom" and to them we must
carry the word.

—L. D. Santee.

The Barotse Mission

J. V. WILSON

As we look out over our vast unwarned territory, Northern Rhodesia, we often wonder how we shall ever be able to warn the many thousands of widely scattered natives still in heathen darkness. At present the best way seems to be to have a good strong central training school where native teachers can be trained and then sent out to open village schools under European missionary supervision. The natives want to learn, as they can see the many benefits to be derived from an education ; and while we are educating them, we give them the truth.

At one time I made a trip many miles from the railway and visited some of the head men, who begged me to send them teachers so the young people could learn. As I only had a few teachers, I started them in what seemed the best places and where they could accomplish the most. On my return journey I visited them to see how they were getting along. I had only taken enough books so each teacher could have about twenty, and as I was leaving the village the men, some well past middle age, ran after me and asked for books so they, too, could attend the school. They all seemed very desirous of going to school and learning to read and write.

Calls keep coming down to us from the north, asking that teachers be sent and schools opened, and the calls come from the big headmen. We wish we could fill the many calls,

and are now hoping another worker can be secured for this station so the work can be developed further north.

May the Lord help his people to give a liberal offering that the training schools in



Girls Desiring Entrance to the School

South Africa may receive the necessary financial help.

At present we have a nice company of young men in training here, and we are trying to prepare them as soon as possible to go out and give the message to their people who are in the blackest of heathenism.

The Solusi Mission

ELDER W. C. WATSON

I AM very glad to learn that there is to be given a Thirteenth Sabbath Offering to this field, to be applied to our native training schools, and it will give us as much pleasure to receive a present to help us, as you will have in giving. Our appropriation for 1918 was cut to some extent, so your offering will come in just right.

Our mission schools are always in the "want column" and there is no end of our needs. First, we need a larger school house, and must enlarge so as to accommodate our students. At present we hold two sessions of school a day. The beginners attend from eight o'clock in the morning and are excused at eleven o'clock. The advanced students' session then begins, and continues until two o'clock. We get along very well during the day, but we hold a session in the evening, and as our school house will not hold our one hundred and fifteen students, we are obliged to divide the school, and use our dining-room. This is very inconvenient, and we are not able to do as good work as we could if all the students could be in one room.

We also need a new dormitory for our girls. At present the dormitory is built on to one end of the dining-room, and it is very difficult to keep the boys and girls as separate as we should. It has been recommended by our Union Conference to build such a dormitory, but we do not have means to do so at present.

I might mention other needs, but I must not enlarge too much, or you will be discouraged and think your Thirteenth Sabbath Offering will not go very far toward meeting our needs. We shall be able to meet a part of these expenses with the funds coming in from our income. Our missions are always handicapped for lack of means, and all we can get is expended to advantage.

We have a very good school. The teachers and students are doing good work. The government school inspector tells us that we have one of the best native schools in Rhodesia.

Nearly all the students who come into the school now wish to join our baptism class and, when the time comes, be baptized and join our church. We have taken in over thirty during the last year, and now have another class of fifteen. Our out-school teachers report fifteen more in their schools ready for baptism.

Our school work is certainly encouraging. We are having new students come every week. The natives hear how we are teaching the Bible, and come in from all quarters to be taught. Many of our students are from points hundreds of miles away. They come into this district to work in the mines, and hear of our mission, and when their time is up, they come to us to hear the Scriptures taught.

We find the best way to get the message to the native people is to educate the native youth and send them out to teach their people. It would rejoice your heart to attend one of our prayer and social meetings and hear the

natives relate how thankful they are that God ever sent them to Solusi. They tell how they once worshiped stones and bricks, but now they know there is a living God who loves and cares for them.

Our Sabbath school is very interesting. Large numbers of native children who do not attend our week day school come from the surrounding kraals. They are very quiet and orderly, and enjoy repeating their Scripture verses. Last year some church school students in the United States, sent us a large box of pictures and articles which they had made in their school exercises, and the day we distributed these presents was very interesting and amusing. Only a few had ever seen a doll, and the wonder and pleasure on these native children's faces was pleasing to witness.

Our sincere desire is to see this work prospering and enlarging until the light of the truth extends all over this land of darkness and sin, and we can meet in the kingdom souls saved through our efforts.

Girls' Work at Solusi Mission

MRS. W. C. WATSON

IT may be interesting to our readers to learn something about our girls here at Solusi Mission. We have twenty-four girls in the boarding home. Each one is expected to do some part of the domestic work. During the week I make out a list of the work, and the

evening after the Sabbath I call the girls together and tell them what they are to do through the coming week.

Two girls are appointed to cook the breakfast, and two to prepare the dinner. One cooks for the boys who herd the cattle, and they eat their dinner in the evening. One cleans the girls' dormitory every morning. Two sweep and dust the school room every morning. Two sweep the dining room after breakfast, and two do the same work after dinner. Two wash all the tables after breakfast, and two do the same work after dinner. Two do the kitchen work.

On Friday two clean the church, and the windows. Their work is changed each week so they each have a turn, at all the kinds of work, and they are contented. When they have finished their domestic work they go into the fields and help with any kind of work that needs doing, such as hoeing, gathering monkey nuts and beans, also harvesting the corn.

We hold a sewing class each week, and they are taught to make their dresses. All the work is done by hand, so it takes them a long time to finish a dress. They enjoy making their own dresses, and are very pleased when they have completed one.

It takes a lot of money to clothe so many girls, and we are glad that a Thirteenth Sabbath Offering is to be devoted to our native training schools in South Africa. I am sure we shall appreciate the help it will bring to us.

An Interesting Picture

The Barotseland mission is located among them. This company consists of men and women as you see them every day, what we call raw material. The boys who carried Livingstone's body to England came from this tribe. The Barotseland mission is established on the



Natives of the Batonga Tribe

trail of David Livingstone. He is known to all the old natives as a Naka (doctor). Many remember him; they say he told them that some day white teachers would come and bring them the Book; and they say we are those people.

Dollar Day Dialogue

F. J. GREENWOOD

Christine: Good bye, papa, I'm going to Sabbath school now.

Papa: Good bye, Christine. Look out for automobiles, and hurry home as soon as Sabbath school is out.

Christine: Good bye, papa.

Papa: Good bye. Well, why don't you go? O, of course, you want your nickel for the offering. There you are: Good bye.

Christine: Thank you papa, good bye.

Papa: Well, well, you'll surely be late, why don't you start?

Christine: Papa, this is the thirteenth Sabbath of the quarter, and it's Dollar Day at Sabbath school.

Papa: Dollar Day! What does that mean?

Christine: Why, on the last Sabbath of every quarter there is a special offering for some particular mission field. This time it is for the work in the Inca Union in South America.

Papa: Um hum! And you mean to say that you want *me* to give you a dollar for foreign missions?

Christine: Yes, you see, I have one already that I have been saving up for a long time, and I thought you might like to put another one with it.

Papa: O, indeed! Well, I don't mind a nickel once in awhile for the heathen, but a dollar,—or two dollars all at once: I tell you, I don't believe *that much* in foreign missions.

Christine: Why not, papa?

Papa: Because there is so much need right here in this country that we owe all the charity we can afford to the needy ones at home.

Christine: How much do you give to the poor and needy here at home, papa? I am sure it must be a lot.

Papa: What? Why, well now your,—that's a—won't you be late to Sabbath school, dear?

Christine: There's going to be a program today, and I am going to speak a piece. Would you not like to hear it?

Papa: Why sure, little girl, proceed.

Christine: It's called, "From Penny Box to Dollar Day."

Way down in Penny Box alley
A number of years ago
A Sabbath school was started,
And at once began to grow,
Though fed on nothing but pennies,
It made a wonderful gain,
Till it needed larger quarters.
So it moved to Nickel Lane.
Now as it grew in numbers,
It grew in ambition, too,
And the missionary motive,
Was taught in class and review,
Till Nickel Lane seemed too narrow,
For the folks with the world-wide view,
So it moved to a new location
On Ten-Cent Avenue.
When Sabbath schools get to growing
There's nothing can make them stop :
And in raising money for missions
There is always room at the top ;
So next came the move to Quarter Street,
And then to Four Bit Square,
Till now on Dollar Day Boulevard
Stands the Sabbath school structure fair.

Papa: Very good, very good. Here's your dollar ;—or wait a minute. I'll get my hat and go with you, and hear the rest of this wonderful program, then I can hand in my dollar myself.

Christine: O goody, goody, goody!

Oakland, Cal.

An Offering in Africa

J. R. CAMPBELL

GOD'S true people are a giving people, it matters not what tongue or language they speak. At one of our mission out-posts teachers and students were gathered for the Sabbath services. Although representing many different tribes antagonistic to each

other, they were now followers of the Prince of Peace, and love for one another had taken the place of distrust and hatred.

At the close of the meeting a call was made for offerings to help carry the gospel to China's millions which sat in darkness. To make the call more realistic a number of squares were drawn on the blackboard with the picture of an idol in each square. Then the question was asked: "Who wishes to make an offering to free the people of China from the power of the idols?" The oldest teacher arose and said, "I have nothing now to give, my last month's wages are all spent, but the missionary may take all my next month's wages to send to China. Cross out one of the idols for me." Another teacher arose and said, "I can do no less, cross out an idol for me." So the work went on until every teacher had given a month's wage. Others of the believers gave every cent they possessed, only a few cents in many instances; and those who had nothing to give, requested they might work for the mission for a month, that they too might send an offering to China, and have a part in sending a knowledge of the Saviour, which they loved, to those who knew him not.

All the idols were crossed out, and others had to be drawn, until every one of the fifty-four members had done all he could. Although the most any teacher received was five dollars a month, and the others only one dollar and twenty-five cents, one hundred and thirty dollars were given to China that day.

Barotse Mission, Northern Rhodesia

F. R. STOCKIL

WE are indeed grateful that one of the Thirteenth Sabbath Offerings is to be given for the benefit of Mission Training Schools in South Africa. Although the Lord has greatly blessed us in this far away and dark part of his vineyard, this is still a very needy field. Just now, particularly, the King's business demands haste, and are we thankful for the promised extra help.

A suitable new school building is sadly needed, the present one being too small to accommodate the large increase in the number of students. The several classes are being cramped in one room which, with an iron roof, is usually hot, stuffy, and noisy, and not conducive to good health.

The Rhodesia Government has lately granted favorable facilities for our work in connection with outside schools, so if we wish to take advantage of the present conditions and to meet the ever increasing inflow of students, we must erect a larger and better school house, build a church, and provide adequate dormitory accommodation for both young men and women students.

We feel that the Lord expects the mission here to be so equipped that native workers may be efficiently trained and fitted for active service in giving the message to the teeming thousands in this great dark Africa.

Recently while visiting some native villages, I was impressed with the need of strong out-

school work in the villages as being "the surest, quickest, and most economical way of warning the natives of Africa among which, notwithstanding the superstition and evils of heathenism, are many precious jewels waiting to be gathered out and fitted for the kingdom.

May the Sabbath school offerings given especially for the purpose of training workers for this task, prove a blessing to the givers as well as the recipients.

A Girl in Kaffirland

G. H. CLARK

SEVERAL years ago a girl in Kaffirland by the name of Rachel Magalela entered our school at Maranatha Mission. She was a bright student, and after having finished her school work was retained as a sub-teacher.

According to the native custom her father sold her to a young man to be his wife. He went to Cape Town and earned the "labola"—the price of the girl—and paid it over to her father, who was expected to deliver the girl to him in due season. But before this, Rachel became convinced that this step would not please her Saviour, and that the young man would be the means of hindering instead of assisting her in the way to everlasting life. She made this known to her father who was very angry at her, and told her not to return to him again unless she gave up the Sabbath, and would marry the young man. But she

could do neither, and follow Jesus, which she felt that she must do.

In order not to unite with this unconsecrated man, Rachel gathered together what few things she had and walked about twenty-five miles to the railway station, and went to our mission at Spionkop several hundred miles away. For a native girl to do this here in Africa is almost a mark of high treason against parental authority. But such is the love of God in the hearts of these dear souls when they accept of the truth as it is in Jesus.

She is now very happy in her labors for the students in her school, though separated from her relatives and friends. Her great burden is for her father who has not yet surrendered to the Lord. "The gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation" even in this dark land.

The Native

W. E. STRAW

QUESTIONS often arise concerning the natural inclinations and aspirations of the African native, his temptations, and what appeals to him. We must remember that the African has been left in the darkness of his own superstition and degradation for centuries. So naturally he has but few good inclinations or aspirations, but plenty of temptations, hence he needs a great deal of care and supervision. After the natives have been educated often they are tempted, as are Europeans, to spend

their energies in making money rather than in spreading the message. But the same old, old story of the cross appeals to them as it does to us, and it surely does transform lives. The photographs on pages 16 and 9 illustrate this. One is of girls as they came to the mission station to ask admission, the other is of a couple on the same mission, who have been under the influence of Christianity for some time.

The spirit of money-making got hold of some of the boys at one of our stations, and some had left the work to make money. When I visited this station I called these boys together, with others of their associates, and gave them a talk on the gospel story and the needs of the teeming millions of Africa, and they all responded by dedicating their lives to the finishing of the work.

One encouraging feature is that the native as a rule is anxious to learn. Especially is this so in Northern Rhodesia. Not only do the boys study at the regularly assigned hour, but they also carry their books with them in the field or on the trek, and study whenever opportunity affords. When I was in Northern Rhodesia, as soon as we got to the siding where I was to take the train, I noticed the boys with their books, studying and reciting to one another. Soon a native from a nearby hut came out to visit the boys. But instead of visiting, one of them had out his primer and was teaching this visitor to read. Several of our boys come from kraals seven and one-half miles away. They dig in their fields in the

forenoons and walk to school and return in the afternoons. Surely people who work in the forenoon and walk fifteen miles to attend school in the afternoon demonstrate that they have a desire to learn.

Bulawayo, Rhodesia.

James and Ruth Decide to Help

[Elinor—A large girl. James and Ruth—small children—seven or eight years old. Elinor seated, absorbed in a book. James and Ruth enter, carrying toys, and a sack of candy.]

JAMES: (entering a little in advance of Ruth) Here she is, Ruth! Come on out and teach us that new game you told us about, sister. (They take her by the hand, as if to pull her with them.)

ELINOR: I don't want to just now. I have a new book and it is so interesting I can't stop now. I've nearly finished it though, and I'll come soon.

RUTH: What is it about? Is it a story book?

ELINOR: Yes, it is a wonderful story book called, "Africa, the Dark Continent."

JAMES: Tell us about your book. Teacher was telling us something about Africa in Sabbath school the other day. Why is it called "The Dark Continent"? (They sit down near her.)

ELINOR: Why, because it is such a big country that few people know anything about it, and the people there know so little about the true God.

RUTH: What kind of God do they pray to?

ELINOR: They pray to idols, and worship snakes and different kinds of animals.

JAMES: O my, I'm glad we know better than that, Ruth? Do they live like we do?

ELINOR: No, they are black skinned. The climate is hot, and the natives wear very few clothes. The strong men of the country make slaves of boys and girls and treat them cruelly. If they run away these masters will hunt them with guns and bring them back. They will stop doing this when they learn of Jesus.

RUTH: Don't the little boys and girls ever play?

ELINOR: Yes, they love to play, and you would be surprised to find them playing marbles, and other games. They live in houses made of poles and straw. These huts look like huge old-fashioned bee-hives. The chief in each town has a group of huts for his wives surrounded by a fence.

RUTH: Wives! How many does he have? My daddie just has one wife.

ELINOR: Yes, your daddie knows about Jesus. The African men are not good and kind, for they know nothing of Jesus. They have as many wives as they can get and these wives make a living for their husband.

RUTH: Well, I am glad that I am not a little African girl. I'd hate to grow up to be a woman, and have to make a living for some unkind, cruel chief. I suppose the reason everything is different here is because we have learned about Jesus and we try to be like him.

ELINOR: Yes, that is the reason. Don't you think we should not be selfish with the love of Jesus and teach those poor Africans what it has meant to us, so they can be happy too? If you will quit buying candy and toys (pointing to those things) and give your nickels and dimes to the Sabbath school you can help, for the money you give helps to send missionaries to these poor heathen.

JAMES: Well, I shall not buy any more candy if that nickel will help any.

RUTH: I won't either, but let's eat this since we have already paid for it (looking longingly at candy).

JAMES: Have any missionaries ever been to Africa?

ELINOR: Yes, David Livingstone was the first one. He was born one hundred years ago in Scotland. When he was a boy he heard Dr. Moffat, who had been in Africa say, "I can see the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary has ever been." He decided that he would prepare himself to go to Africa. He went and did a great work among the natives. Many thousands of them gave up their idols and loved Jesus. Livingstone loved these people so much that after his wife died he stayed with them. The natives called him "The white man who would go on." Finally, he became sick, and two faithful African servants took care of him. One of them always slept at the door of his hut. One morning about dawn he looked

in and saw Livingstone kneeling by his bed. They kept waiting for him to finish praying, and finally they went to him and found him dead. He had died praying for the people he loved. The servants took out his heart and buried it in Africa, where his heart really was, and sent his body to England. Now we have about one hundred missionaries and about that many native workers in Africa. We have a number of schools there too, and we surely want to help the schools so they can teach the children of Africa.

JAMES: Well, sister, we are glad to hear this. Ruth we must give some money to help run those schools and send teachers to tell those little black boys about Jesus. Mother said she would give me a penny every time I filled the wood-box, or mowed the lawn, or went to the store. I heard Aunt Emma tell you this evening that she would give you a nickel if you would pull the weeds out of her flower garden. Come on, Ruth, let's get busy, and have lots of money to put in the Sabbath school.

A Children's Exercise

[Cut out letters of the name LIVINGSTONE and place one on a child. Let a teacher ask the questions and the children give the text in reply.]

L—Whom does God want to save? Isa. 45:22.

I—What will God do for those who look to him? Ps. 32:8.

V—Can the heathen African enter the kingdom of God? John 3:5.

I—Can the heathen be saved without Christ? John 14:6.

N—How can the heathen be saved unless some one carries the Gospel to them? Rom. 10:13-15.

G—What did Christ tell us to do? Matt. 28:19.

S—What two things must we carry with us when we go to the heathen? Eph. 6:14.

T—What shall we teach them? Matt. 28:20.

O—How many true gods are there? Eph. 4:5.

N—Can the gods of the heathen save them? Acts 4:12

E—How can we help these people? II Cor. 9:7.

—Adapted.

The Little Brown Girl and I

Away in another part of the world
Lives a little brown girl, I know;
Away off there in a distant land
Where they often have frost or snow;
I have a home that is bright and glad,
She wanders where shadows lie;
Yet the same dear Father has made us both—
The little brown girl and I.

The little brown girl has never heard
Of a love that is over all,
Of a Father who cares with an equal care
For all who will heed his call;
And perhaps she is waiting for me to send
The news of a God on high,
That together we two may lift our prayers—
The little brown girl and I.

—*Jessie Brown Pounds.*

