

Missionary Studies for the Sunday School

—
SECOND SERIES
—

GREAT MISSIONARIES TO THE
RED MEN

GREAT MISSIONARIES IN
THE DARK CONTINENT

—
Fourth and Intermediate Grades

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MISSIONARY STUDIES

FOR THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL

Second Series

GREAT MISSIONARIES
TO THE RED MEN
GREAT MISSIONARIES IN THE
DARK CONTINENT

Junior and Intermediate Grades

EDITED BY

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New York City

Boards of Home and Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church
in the U. S. A.

156 Fifth Avenue, New York City

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By GEORGE HARVEY TRULL.

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Introductory Notes.

THE fourfold purpose of the Sunday School is Instruction, Salvation, Edification and Training for Service. In none of these respects can the Sunday School discharge its full duty, unless it gives to its members an intelligent, comprehensive knowledge of the missionary movements of the whole world: "No information—no inspiration." The greatest need to-day in Sunday School work is this very thing, and these Studies will help to solve the problem. To see the world through the eyes of Jesus Christ will put life into any Church or Sunday School or individual. Some way must be found in all of our Sunday Schools to lay the foundation for missionary Studies. We are rejoiced that there is more interest in this matter to-day than ever in the past, and upon its proper solution depends the success of the Church of God at home and abroad. These Studies are admirably adapted to the purpose for which they are intended, and should be welcomed heartily by all Pastors, Superintendents and Sunday School Workers everywhere.

MARION LAWRENCE,
General Secretary
International Sunday School Association.

NEXT to the conversion of scholars in our Sunday Schools lies their development in Christian service. In this line there is no instruction more important than that of the privilege and duty of sending the "Glad Tidings" around the world. Of course this means missionary work.

The following Studies have been carefully prepared with a view of imparting intelligence and enthusiasm to Sunday School scholars in the carrying on of aggressive missionary enterprise. They are to be highly commended to all those teachers who truly pray "Thy kingdom come." Prayer and

practice should coincide, and these Studies are intended to give practical outcome to the prayer which we all so often offer.

I can truly say that the work done by the Rev. G. H. Trull is of a very high order. The themes are interestingly put, and the questions admirably adapted to guide both teacher and scholar in the study of this most important topic. Nothing but good can result from the use of these Studies as supplementary work in our Sunday Schools.

A. F. SCHAUFFLER,

Secretary International Lesson Committee.

LAST year the first series of Home Mission Studies for the Sunday School were issued by the Home and Foreign Boards of Missions. The sale of the books was of such a kind that we rejoice that a second series has been prepared for the second year. We are greatly encouraged to believe that Sunday Schools are more and more to give a larger place to the study of world-wide missions. Good ammunition has been provided in these Studies, and classes will do well to follow the leadings as they are taken into the destitute and waste places of this country and throughout the world.

JOHN WILLIS BAER,

Secretary Board of Home Missions.

“SEE that stately tree on the beach, standing alone in all its grandeur?” said the Captain of the good ship “Sekondi” as she ploughed through the quiet waters of the South Atlantic, off the coast of Angola. “It was at that point,” he continued, “that David Livingstone stood after his long journey across the Dark Continent, and looked out westward on the broad expanse of waters.”

I know not by whom this tree was planted or how much truth there is in the story. One thing, however, is certain. The name of Livingstone is still potent everywhere in Africa. When the great French missionary, François Coillard, came to the confluence of the Chobe and Zambesi Rivers, he found that the principal ford was guarded by three Barotsi Chiefs. No one could cross the ferry without their permission. As soon, however, as he made known that he was a missionary

and a friend of Livingstone, all difficulty was removed. Coillard writes that "Livingstone has left the name of missionary in such high honor, that my character as such was a sufficient passport. . . . In Europe people admired the intrepid traveler, but one must come here where he has lived to admire the *man*. If some travelers have engraved their names on the rocks and tree trunks, he has engraved his in the very hearts of the heathen population of Central Africa."

But the influence of Livingstone extends far beyond the Continent of Africa. The young men and women of the past generation were fired with the story of Henry M. Stanley's long journey in search of the great missionary in the heart of Africa. A quarter of a century ago, it was an inspiration to many of us who have now reached mid-life to read the narrative of the intrepid Stanley, and note the wondrous power which this man of God exercised upon him as they two talked over the woes of Africa. Livingstone did not preach to Stanley. No church service was held, no direct appeal made, but the steady and silent influence of a life of such heroic mold left its indelible impress upon the mind and heart and soul of the adventurous newspaper correspondent.

In the rooms of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in London is a huge log, brought by one of their representatives from Chitambo, near Lake Bangweolo, Central Africa. This log is a part of the mvula tree under which the faithful servants of Livingstone buried his heart, while they carried his mortal body to the coast, whence it was sent to England and buried in Westminster Abbey. Only a portion of a tree, but how sacred to thousands of students of Missions, because underneath its shade lay the heart of Africa's great deliverer!

No higher ideal could be kept before the scholars of our Sunday Schools to-day than the lives of Livingstone and Moffat, Mackay and Crowther and the other illustrious names in Africa's Missionary Hall of Fame. The aim of this little text-book is to present in a simple way the story of these masterful lives consecrated to the service of Christ in Darkest Africa.

The limited time at the disposal of the Sunday School teacher easily furnishes an excuse to neglect mission study. It is the testimony, however, of all who have made use of such Studies, that the blessing which comes more than repays the extra effort put forth to implant in the heart of the scholar even a faint idea of the royal character of the men of God who devoted their lives to the evangelization of the Dark Continent.

The time is not far distant when a complete set of mission text-books for the Sunday School will be the necessary equipment of every well-ordered School. We trust that this little volume of Mr. Trull's is the forerunner of a long series which will open to the youth of the Church the storied treasures of missionary literature and life.

A. W. HALSEY,
Secretary Board of Foreign Missions.

Preface.

WITH a firm belief that the Sunday School is the place for systematic and thorough missionary instruction, the Missionary Committee of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, for the third successive year, has prepared a series of Mission Studies for use in its own School. As the first series, issued about a year ago, gained a wider circulation through its publication, the following Studies, for use during the current year, are put in this text-book form, with the hope that they may be of service to other Schools who desire to give Missions a place in the Sunday School curriculum. They are issued in two grades, this book for Juniors and Intermediates and another for Seniors, both covering the same general topics, so that the two books can be used jointly at the same time in the different grades of the School. Both Home and Foreign Missions are treated, as the one is incomplete without the other.

The Studies are meant to be used as *Supplemental Work*, and *should not take the place of the regular Bible lesson of the day*. Fifteen minutes should be devoted to them in the class, a copy of the book being *in the hands of each scholar* during the preceding week for home preparation. This is essential if good results are to be obtained, and the price of the book has been made so low that this is possible. By following some of the suggested reading noted at the close of the several Studies, the teachers will be enabled to make the missionary period bright, crisp and attractive.

The Studies can be used on consecutive Sundays or once a month, as is deemed best by each School. If monthly, it is suggested that the closing exercises of the School should be devoted to the missionary topic of the day, thus deepening still more the impressions made in the classes. Especial attention is called to the fact that these Studies are *not*

denominational in any sense, hence they are adapted for use in any School.

With the prayer that they may arouse and quicken an interest in the great cause of Missions, they are herewith sent forth.

Missionary Committee { MAY L. MOORHEAD,
RUTH G. WINANT,
MARIE H. WINKHAUS,
GEORGE H. TRULL, *Supt.*

NEW YORK, February 1, 1906.

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STUDY I.

GREAT MISSIONARIES TO THE RED MEN.

John Eliot,

1604-1690.

INDIANS AND THEIR TRAITS.

Long before our forefathers came to this country, there lived here men of quite a different race. They were not white, but of a dark bronze color, with high cheek-bones and straight hair as black as a raven. By Columbus, who discovered America, they were called Indians because when he landed here he thought that he had reached India.

Their traits of bravery, cunning and endurance are too well known to need comment, and in some cases they have proved themselves also treacherous and revengeful. One marked trait is their keenness of observation.

An Indian left his lodge for several days. On his return, some deer meat which he had left hanging on a tree was gone. Instead of asking questions of his neighbors at first, he just used his eyes and then, after a time, went to a wigwam and asked: "Did you see a little old white man with a short gun?" "Did he have a small dog with a short tail?" "Yes," was the reply, "he and his dog took the trail going south."

The Indian followed the trail, and in a few days returned with the deer meat and the dog. Some white men, having heard of the incident, went to the Indian and asked: "How did you know a white man took your meat?" "White man turns toes out; Indian put foot so, one behind the other, walk straight." "How did you know he was little and old?" "He put a pile of stones by deer-meat tree; cannot reach, he little. He take short steps; he old. He stick gun on ground against tree. Gun muzzle make mark a little way from ground. Short gun." "Well, how did you know he had a little dog with a short tail?" "Dog sit in the sand, watch man get meat. Dog leave mark where he sit down. Indian can see with two eyes."

ORIGIN.

We do not know just where the Red Men came from nor how they reached America. Many wise men have puzzled over the question. The most probable view is that they came from Northeast Asia, and crossed by way of the Aleutian Islands in the North Pacific Ocean to what is now Alaska. We are not so much concerned about how they got here, as how they lived and acted afterwards.

CUSTOMS AND BELIEFS.

They did not live in towns, such as white men are used to, but led a roving life in the forest, going from place to place. Their houses were not like ours, but built of bark, and called wigwams. They had no churches, no schools, not even a book of any kind, and not an Indian could read or write. They knew

nothing about Jesus, but believed in the Great Good Spirit who dwelt in the heavens towards the setting sun. There was an Evil Spirit also who could harm them and they needed to look out for him. They believed, too, that there were lesser spirits everywhere: in the wind, the lake, the river, the storm, the trees, etc. As they had no church, you would not expect them to have any minister, and surely he was not such a man as we believe a minister should be. The only minister they had was what they called a pow-wow. He was the priest, the doctor and the conjurer, all in one. The pow-wows had great influence over the other Indians, as the latter believed they were in league with the unseen spirits and could do wonderful things, and work them great harm if they wanted to. The Indians did not call their pow-wow a doctor, but medicine man. You would think him a strange kind of doctor, for when you are sick you are made to keep very quiet and everybody in the house tries not to make any noise, and the wise doctor tells your parents what to do for you. But if you had been a little Indian girl or boy a couple of hundred of years ago, and had gotten sick, the pow-wow or medicine man would have been called in to see you, and he would have said that an Evil Spirit made you sick. He would probably have ordered a very bad dose, and then making himself look as horrible as possible, he would have danced and jumped around you, beating on a drum to scare the Evil Spirit away.

Many of the Indians were very warlike and cruel, and a man's worth was judged by his fighting ability. The larger the number of his enemies' scalps that he had, the greater warrior was he thought to be. The

men did no work in the fields, this being left for the women; but they hunted and fished in the great forests.

It was such a people as this that the first English settlers found when they landed on the shores of North America. Their need of the Gospel, and all the blessings that came with it, was very great. The English settlers soon saw this, and some of them tried to help the Red Men of the forest. But not very much was done until a young man from England by the name of John Eliot arrived in Boston. He was a minister, and just twenty-seven years old when he reached America in 1631. He was born in a little town not far from London in 1604. At that time, and for a number of years afterwards, all persons who did not worship God in just the way that the Government directed were very harshly treated. Great numbers of people who were called Puritans, because of their purity of life and the plainness of their form of worship, went to America. Eliot was one of these.

ELIOT ARRIVES IN BOSTON.

After he had been a year in Boston, he went to live in a small place near by called Roxbury. He became the pastor of the church there, and served his people for nearly sixty years as their minister. Eliot soon saw that not only the white people in Roxbury needed him, but the Red Men in the forest as well. There were hundreds of them near by, and he used to visit them in their wigwams. At first he could not speak their language at all, but he brought one of the Indians into his own home to live, and by

noting carefully every word he said he gradually learned to talk with him.

FIRST SERMON TO THE INDIANS.

It was then arranged that he should visit one of the Indian settlements and preach there. He preached to the natives a sermon which was the first that any North American Indians had ever heard in their own tongue from a Protestant minister. The sermon lasted for an hour and a quarter, but the Indians did not get tired, for after it they spent nearly two hours longer asking questions. This was the beginning of a work among the Indians that continued until Eliot's death. As time went on, he became more and more interested in them. He tried to help them not only by telling them about God, but by teaching them how to live in a civilized way.

INDIAN SETTLEMENTS.

Settlements of "Praying Indians," those who became Christians, were formed. Streets were laid out, houses were built, and produce was raised. Laws were made based on the teachings of the Bible. Schools were established, and much was done to improve the condition of the Red Men. All went well until war broke out between hostile Indians, those who had never become Christians, and the white settlers. The "Praying Indians" were persecuted by the other Indians, for they were said because of their Christianity to favor the white men; and they were treated with suspicion by the English who feared that any moment they might join the hostile Indians. Between the two they suffered much, but, with few

exceptions, they took no part in the struggle. Their settlements were however broken up, and they never fully recovered from their losses then sustained.

TRANSLATIONS.

One of the first things that Eliot did after he had learned the Indian language was to translate into it the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and some Scripture verses. He had to note down in English letters the sounds of the different words, and thus give to the Indians what they did not have before, a written language. Besides translating a number of books he prepared an Indian grammar, and in it wrote what he himself had found to be true, that "Prayer and pains through faith in Jesus Christ will do anything."

His greatest work for the Red Man was the translation of the Bible. Eliot felt this to be absolutely necessary if the converts were to become strong Christians. It was a tremendous task that he had before him, and one in which he had but little help from others. It took years to do it, too, with all his other duties; but this hero missionary kept steadily on until he had finished the New Testament in 1661, and the Old Testament in 1663. It was printed at Cambridge, not far from Harvard College, and was the *very first Bible that was ever printed in America*.

Eliot labored so faithfully among the Indians, always proving himself their friend, that many of them were converted. One noted Chief, who at first refused to become a Christian, at last was won, and spoke to Mr. Eliot as follows:

"I acknowledge that I have been used all my life

to pass up and down in an old canoe; and now you wish me to make a change, to leave my old canoe and embark in a new one, to which I have been unwilling; but now I give up myself to your advice, enter into a new canoe, and do engage to pray to God hereafter."

ELIOT'S CHARACTER.

While Eliot is best known because of his work among the Indians, we must not forget that all the time he was helping the men of the forest he was pastor of the church at Roxbury. He was faithful to all his duties there, too, and was loved and respected by all his people. He had no ambition but to please God and help his fellow-men. He did not spare his time or strength if he might be of service to others. He was especially noted for his generous nature. Though his salary was small, he would often give a large part of it to the poor. The Treasurer of the church, knowing this, gave him his month's salary one day tied up with many knots in a handkerchief, to keep him from getting it out and giving the most of it away before he got home. But on the way Eliot stopped in to see a poor family. As he listened to their story of need, he commenced to fumble at his handkerchief to undo the knots. But they were tied so well that he could not loosen them. So handing handkerchief and all to the mother, he told her to take it, as the Lord must surely have meant for her to have it all, since he could not untie the knots.

Eliot lived to be eighty-six years of age, and then God called him home to the higher service of Heaven. He had been faithful until death, and through him

hundreds who would otherwise have never known of God and of Jesus Christ were led out of the darkness of superstition and heathenism into the glorious light of the Gospel.

QUESTIONS.

1. By whom were the Red Men called Indians, and why?
2. Describe some Indian traits.
3. If you had been an Indian 300 years ago, what would probably have been your manner of life?
4. Why did John Eliot come to America, and when?
5. What do you think was the greatest thing he ever did for the Indians?
6. What incident proves his generosity?

INTERESTING BOOKS FOR SCHOLARS.

“Wigwam Stories,” by Miss M. C. Judd.

“Indian Boyhood,” by Chas. Eastman, a Native Indian.

“Indian Story and Song,” by Miss Alice Fletcher.

“The Legends of the Iroquois,” by W. W. Canfield.

BOOKS FOR TEACHERS BEFORE TEACHING THIS STUDY.

“Pioneer Missionaries of the Church,” Chapter 3, Creegan.

“Protestant Missions,” Chapter 4, A. C. Thompson.

STUDY II.

GREAT MISSIONARIES TO THE RED MEN.

David Brainerd,

1718-1747.

BIRTH AND CONVERSION.

We have just studied about a great missionary who labored for more than fifty years. We now turn to one whose service was less than five. John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians, died at eighty-six; David Brainerd, no less an Apostle to the same people, died at twenty-nine.

Brainerd was born in the little town of Haddam, Connecticut, on April 20th, 1718. He was not a very strong boy, and could not do what many another would, full of health and good spirits. He was strong in character though and grew up with a desire to be a true and noble man. His grandfather and great-grandfather had been ministers, and David sometimes thought that when he became a man he would like to be a minister too. He did not seem to understand very clearly what it meant to be a Christian, and many a battle did he fight with himself, at one time hoping that by the good life he was trying to lead he might be a Christian, and at other times being in great trouble because he felt he was not what God wanted

him to be. It was really not until he was twenty-one that the full light of the good news of salvation seemed to dawn on him, and he saw now what had not been plain before—that God saved him not because of any good works of his, but because of love and mercy and because Jesus Christ had died for him. When Brainerd fully understood this, he was just as happy as he could be. This happiness he wanted to share with others who did not know of his friend and Saviour, Jesus Christ. He now made up his mind to enter the ministry, and went to Yale College where he studied very hard. He was very much afraid that he would find it difficult to be a Christian there with so many temptations, and so much studying to do that he might not get all the time that he would like for prayer and the study of his Bible. But he found that God helped him and used him as a Christian while he was in college. As time went on, he felt very deeply the needs of the heathen who had never heard of Christ, and longed that he might go some day to tell them. He did not know then just what God had in store for him, but he was ready to do anything or to go anywhere when the time should come.

APPOINTMENT AS A MISSIONARY.

In those early days in New England, and in the other Colonies, there were many Indians. Some of the ministers living in New York, New Jersey, Delaware and Pennsylvania, seeing how great was the need of these poor heathen people, sent word to a missionary society in Scotland for some missionaries. The plea was so strong that the Society decided to send two, and one of them that they appointed was

David Brainerd. He was twenty-four years old when he received word of the work that the Society wanted him to do, and he was very glad to become a missionary to the Red Men.

LABORS AMONG THE INDIANS.

He began his work in a place called Kaunaumeeek, not far from Albany. It was fifteen miles away from the nearest English settlers, and all that distance Brainerd had either to go or to send for all the bread he ate. He would have to get so much at a time that sometimes it would get sour and mouldy before he could eat it all. At other times he would not have a bit. His home was just a rude hut which he built right out in the forest. He worked with these Indians for a year, and then, as they moved to another place where they could have Christian teaching, he made up his mind to go to other Indians that needed him more. These he found in Pennsylvania on the Delaware river, and others in New Jersey.

At first it was very hard to do much for them. A few seemed interested in what he had to say, but a good many made light of it or would not listen. This made Brainerd very sad, and sometimes he would go out into the thick forest and spend a whole night in prayer to God for these Indians who seemed so degraded and so hard to reach. He braved many dangers, for traveling in those days was not easy. One time he had a very narrow escape from death by his horse stumbling and breaking his leg in a dangerous place. He also met many Indians who threatened to kill him, because they did not like his teachings, but Brainerd seemed to know no fear. He suffered

all kinds of hardships, living right among the degraded savages, but he did not complain. The only thing that worried him was the sin of the Indians and their refusal to accept the Gospel. One tribe that he met on the Susquehanna river seemed to be the lowest and most degraded that he had ever seen. Half a dozen of their conjurers one Sunday morning went through all kinds of queer antics for several hours, at times singing or howling, stroking their faces, then spurring water from their mouths as fine as mist, sometimes wagging their heads from side to side. By all these strange actions they hoped to drive away a certain sickness that was in their midst.

CLOSING DAYS.

But there were other Indians with whom Brainerd had great success. In answer to his earnest prayers and faithful work at Crosswicks, N. J., there was a great revival. Men, women and children were led to see what great sinners they were and how much they needed God's forgiveness. Brainerd says that he had never seen so wonderful a sight. It brought to him great joy. He labored with all his strength and might, often getting but little and very poor food. He was often cold and hungry, and so gradually his health began to fail. He planned to visit New England, and in the spring of 1747 he arrived in Boston. Here he was taken very ill, and his friends thought he could not live. But he grew better and was able to go to Northampton, to the home of Rev. Jonathan Edwards. The change for the better did not last long, however, for soon he became much worse, and he knew, as well as his friends, that he could not get

well. In those last days of his life he was very happy because of what God had done through him to help the Indians, and because, even though sick, he could tell all who came to see him of God's loving care and bid them give their lives to His service. On the 9th of October, 1747, Brainerd heard his Master's voice to come up higher, and he passed from earth to Heaven. Short indeed had been his life, but one full of sacrifice and zeal to help others—a life of prayer, purity and power.

QUESTIONS.

1. Tell of Brainerd's early life and conversion.
2. When was he appointed a missionary to the Indians, and how long did he labor among them?
3. If you had lived with Brainerd, what hardships would you have had to endure?
4. Why did he so uncomplainingly bear them?
5. Was he successful in his missionary work?

BOOK FOR SCHOLARS.

"Life of Brainerd," by Jesse Page.

BOOKS FOR TEACHERS BEFORE TEACHING THIS STUDY.

"Pioneer Missionaries of the Church," by Creegan, Chapter 4.

"Protestant Missions," by Thompson, Chapter 6.

"Brainerd's Memoirs," by Sherwood.

STUDY III.

GREAT MISSIONARIES TO THE RED MEN.

Marcus Whitman,

1802-1847.

BIRTH AND BOYHOOD.

About one hundred years ago, in 1802, a little boy was born in the State of New York whose name was Marcus Whitman. His mother and father were very poor, and when he was only eight years old his father died. Marcus therefore did all he could to help his mother. Often he would stay at home and work around the house or in the fields when he wanted to go out and run through the woods, for he was always fond of adventure. But in the evening, when the work was over and it was too dark to go out and play, he loved to read, and one of his favorite books was the Bible. When he grew up he became a doctor, and for several years he worked among the sick. But one day a minister, whose name was Dr. Parker, asked Whitman whether he did not want to go to the West with him to help the poor Indians there who did not know anything about Jesus, and were anxious to learn about Him and about "The Book of Heaven," as they called our Bible. These Indians lived in Oregon, which at that time was a very large region, much larger than the State which bears that name

now. At that time, too, it had not yet been decided whether it belonged to England or America.

THE TRIP TO OREGON.

Do you know where Oregon is? If you look at a map you will see it is far off in the Northwest, beyond the Rocky Mountains and on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Nowadays it is very easy to cross these great mountains, for we just get into a train and are taken where we want to go. But at that time no one had ever gotten even a wagon across them, for there were no roads at all, and it was hard to get through even on horseback. So you see Dr. Parker was asking Dr. Whitman to do not a very easy thing. It meant a journey of about three thousand miles, and would take about four months. But Whitman was ready to do even this for his God and for his country. So he set out with Dr. Parker, and after a long, hard journey they found a good place for a mission station right among the Indians, way out in the Northwest. Because of the need, Whitman came right back again to look for another missionary, and soon found Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding, who were willing to go West with him and spend their lives teaching the Indians. They had just been married, and Whitman too just at this time was also married, so they all went back to Oregon together.

For seven years Whitman worked among the Indians, teaching them about Jesus, showing them how to live as Jesus wants us to live, and teaching them to read the Bible. But he also taught them how to build nice homes, how to plant and to raise their own wheat and vegetables. He also helped

them when they were sick, and many learned to love God from what Whitman said and did.

Whitman now began to notice that the English traders were anxious to get possession of Oregon, and that unless Americans should prevent it, this great Northwestern country on the borders of Canada would be lost to the United States. One trouble was that the people of the United States did not know what a wonderfully rich and beautiful region it was. For a while Whitman did not say anything, but just kept thinking what could be done to make Oregon a part of the United States.

WHITMAN'S RIDE.

When he heard that it was soon to become a part of England's territory, he made up his mind that he must talk to the President, just as soon as possible, and tell him all about Oregon, for he was sure that if the President knew what a fine country it was, he would want to make it American if he could. When we say that he wanted to talk to the President, it sounds as if it would be quite easy, for now people who are thousands of miles away can be reached by train, telegraph or even telephone; but Whitman had to *ride all the way from Oregon to Washington on horseback*. His friends did not want him to go because it was the beginning of winter and very cold, but Whitman would not stay home. So off he went, riding at times through snow-storms that blinded him so that he lost his way, meeting Indians and wild beasts now and then, but always ready to go ahead as long as it was for God and for his country. At last he got to Washington, but his work was not nearly

over yet, for now no one would believe that Oregon was worth while taking any trouble about. After listening to him for a long while, the President finally said that if Whitman could get any wagons across the Rocky Mountains, this would show that Oregon could be reached by settlers from the East, and that then he would do his best to keep it for America.

OREGON SAVED FOR THE UNITED STATES.

So Whitman made up his mind that he must prove to the President that people could cross the Rocky Mountains, and decided that he himself would be their guide. A good many people had heard of this Western country, and many of them would have gone there before this, to make new homes for themselves and their families; but they knew that it was a long, hard journey, and were afraid to go for fear of not getting there in safety. Whitman promised to guide them there, and only two months after he saw the President he had gathered a large party of nearly one thousand persons and at their head set out for the West. After many weeks of weary traveling the long journey was ended, and the settlers reached the beautiful country where they were now to have their homes. A form of government had been set up and they elected a Governor. When the English saw how few they were in number, compared to the Americans, they gave up the attempt to seize Oregon, and it was thus saved to the United States through the wonderful bravery of Marcus Whitman.

OPPOSITION AND DEATH.

They were very angry, however, with the Americans' success, and did all that they could to poison the

minds of the Indians against the missionaries. Though the Red Men had received nothing but kindness from Whitman and his friends, through the influence of the English they began to distrust and to hate him. He saw that they were making plans to do him harm, but he could not prevent them; he just kept on helping them when they were sick, and trying in every way to show his love for them. But they even thought that he was attempting to poison them with his medicines, and so in 1847 they rose up and killed or took prisoners all the missionaries that they could—killed all those noble men and women who had given up everything in life for them. Dr. Whitman was the first to die, but the work that he began way out in that Northwest country is still growing, and every true American who knows about him will feel proud of him for making Oregon an American and, above all, a Christian possession.

QUESTIONS.

1. Where is Oregon?
2. Who wanted to know about the "Book of Heaven"?
3. What did Dr. Whitman teach the Indians?
4. Why did he take his long winter ride to Washington?
5. Who opposed him after his return and why?
6. Does not our whole country owe Whitman a debt of gratitude for saving Oregon?
7. How can we best show this gratitude?

BOOKS.

- "The Story of Marcus Whitman," by Craighead.
"How Marcus Whitman Saved Oregon," by Nixon.

“Marcus Whitman and the Early Days of Oregon,”
by Wm. Mowry.

“The Oregon Trail,” by Parkman.

“Whitman’s Ride,” by Nixon.

“Great Missionaries of the Church,” by Creegon,
Chap. 21.

STUDY IV.

GREAT MISSIONARIES TO THE RED MEN.

Egerton R. Young,

1840-

So far we have studied about the Indians of long ago, the Red Men who were on the eastern shores of this great country when the Pilgrims and Puritans landed, and also those who were in the Oregon country in the days of Whitman. But to-day we are to study about a missionary who has more recently labored among these men of the forest in the great Northwest. He has lived with them for years, he has gone with them on their hunting and fishing trips, he has traveled long distances with them in canoes in summer, and dog trains in winter, he has seen their war dances and their heathen worship. He still lives and has written some splendid books about Indian life. Rev. Egerton R. Young was born in 1840, in the province of Ontario, which is in Canada, just north of the great Lake Ontario. His grandfather had been a missionary to the Indians, and Mr. Young's own mother was a teacher among them for a time. When only sixteen, Mr. Young began to earn his own bread by teaching school, but he himself kept on studying all the time he was teaching others, and finally he became a minister.

THE CALL TO THE MISSION FIELD.

One day, much to his surprise, he received a letter asking him to go out as a missionary to the Indians. He had not thought of doing so before, but after prayerfully thinking it over, he decided that God was calling him to do *His* work, and so he had better go. His field of work was near Lake Winnipeg, which is directly north of Minnesota, quite a journey from his home at Hamilton on Lake Ontario. A great part of the trip was made in large canoes, rowed by eight Indians. At times traveling was very enjoyable. But sometimes there were some unexpected discomforts, as, for instance, when an ox was taken on board and was made to stand right in front of Mr. and Mrs. Young, with his head on one side of the canoe and his tail over the other.

BEGINS HIS WORK.

When finally the end of the journey was reached, Mr. Young found that the Indians he was to work among were partly heathen and partly Christians. Other missionaries had been there before and had done their work well. Mr. Young was gladly welcomed by the Christians, while he was greeted with at least some friendly curiosity by the unconverted. He found that many came to the Sunday services and were very quiet and reverent while in the church. Sometimes one of the unconverted men would come in in the middle of a service, prancing and yelling. The first time this happened Mr. Young would have stopped the service to put him out, but as his congregation did not move nor object, he thought that he would wait and

see what happened. By and by, the man sat down, smoked and listened. At the end of the service, the people explained to Mr. Young why they did not mind: "Such were we once, as ignorant as he is now. Let us have patience and perhaps he, too, will soon decide to give his heart to God. Let him come and he will get quiet when he gets the light." In the evening, when all at home was quiet, one could often hear hymns being sung in the Christian homes, while from the tents of the "Medicine Men" came the shouts and yells of their heathen festivities. These men were the hardest to win for Christ, for they bitterly hated the new religion. They knew that if the people loved and trusted Jesus, they would not believe in their charms and tricks any more, and so the power of the medicine man would be gone. Yet even many of these were won over by Mr. Young's wonderful preaching and influence.

TRAVELING BY CANOE AND DOG TRAIN.

But Mr. Young did not always stay at home with these Indians. There were many others near and far who had heard of him, and wanted to see him and have him tell them about Jesus and the Bible, and to these also Mr. Young wanted to bring the beautiful story of how Jesus saved the world and died for them as well as for the white men. So, gradually, his field grew and grew, until finally to reach all of his stations he traveled over a country greater than all England, visiting each station only twice a year. When he took a journey, he did not buy a ticket and then get into a train which would whirl him away wherever he wanted

to go. In summer, with his Indian guides, he traveled by rivers and lakes in a canoe, carrying the light craft along the shore where rapids were too strong, or even from one lake to another. Although these trips were very tiring, they were as nothing compared to the winter trips when cold and frost added all sorts of danger to the usual hardships. On these trips, dog-sleds were used to carry the provisions, each sled being drawn by four or five dogs, while the men ran along on snow-shoes. Imagine a climate so cold that at one meal the meat had to be thawed out three successive times! A climate in which it was impossible to sleep at night with even so much as the nose uncovered without having it frozen! There was also the danger of "snow-blindness," for the continual driving of the snow into the eyes, the fearful cold and the dazzling whiteness, sometimes causes the eyes to get so sore as to make a man totally blind if he is not careful. Traveling through the woods this way, the underbrush is often so thick that it is hard to find a trail broad enough for the dog-trains.

Yet all this danger and hardship did Mr. Young gladly risk in order to go from one place to another where anxious people waited to be told about their Lord Jesus, of whom they knew so little. They wanted to be told how to live, what would please and what would displease the Great Spirit who was so good to them. For several years Mr. Young went about teaching them; then his wife's poor health and the need of education for his children forced him to leave the mission fields. After serving as pastor of several different churches for some years, he was asked by so

many people to tell the story of his life to the world, that he began traveling about giving lectures and preaching about the mission work in which he is so deeply interested. In this work he is still engaged, and it is to be earnestly hoped that every one of us will some day have an opportunity to hear him tell of his wonderful work and thrilling experiences among the Indians.

QUESTIONS.

1. Why did Mr. Young go to tell the Indians of Jesus Christ?
2. How did he travel in summer and in winter?
3. How did some of the unconverted Indians behave in church?
4. What did the converted Indians advise?
5. Why should we help send the Gospel to the Indians?

INTERESTING BOOKS, BY DR. E. R. YOUNG.

“By Canoe and Dog Train.”

“With My Dogs in the North Land.”

“On the Indian Trail.”

“Three Boys in the Wild North Land.”

“Stories from Indian Wigwams and Northern Camp Fires.”

STUDY V.

GREAT MISSIONARIES IN THE DARK CONTINENT.

The Land of Africa.

AFRICA AND ITS PEOPLE.

Far away across the seas lies Africa, the continent shaped like a pear turned upside down. Sometimes it is called the "Dark Continent" because of so much sin and ignorance that are there, and because it is in such need of gospel light. It is a very old country and in the Old Testament we read stories about it. Abraham was there once, Joseph was taken there and sold, Moses was born and grew up there, and Jesus when He was a little child was taken there for safety from wicked King Herod. We are to study therefore about a land of which we have heard something before.

Africa is more than three times as large as the United States and has nearly twice as many people living in it as in our own land. It is very, very hot in the north and north-central parts, and is never cold. The people of the north are very black, with the flat nose and thick lips of the Negro, but on the coast and in the south the natives are of a light chocolate color, having somewhat pointed noses and thinner lips.

On the west coast there is a little village called

Lolodorf. Here the houses are only about three feet high. They are made of grasses, and the people who live in these tiny homes are very, very strange looking. They are dwarfs. The men are only four and a half feet tall. The women are a few inches shorter, and they all live in these odd little houses, into which they must crawl on their hands and knees.

AFRICAN HOMES.

All African houses are strange looking. In the north they are made of stone and are two stories high. They have, however, only one room on a floor, so you must not imagine anything very large. This style is copied from the Arabs. In the south and on the coasts one-story houses are the fashion, while in Central Africa the houses are made of a reed grass called esparto. These houses have but one room, and in it live, not only a whole family, but whatever animals they own. A missionary once visited one of these homes in which were living eleven people and seventeen goats. This hut was fifteen feet square. The roofs are covered with mud baked hard by the sun. There is no chimney, and no stove. There are no windows. There is no plaster on the walls, no tables; not a chair is to be seen, and the bed, instead of a mattress, springs and frame, is but grass which grows up right through the hard soil.

The people are very poor. Their food is chiefly dates and plantains. The latter look like sweet potatoes and have seeds in the center like squash. Sometimes fish are caught and are thought a great treat. Meat is a rare delicacy, but let me tell you how they get it, cook it, and eat it.

AN ELEPHANT HUNT.

It is morning. The boys are off fishing and the girls are running about, hatless in spite of the burning sun. The women are pounding meal to make a tough, hard cracker. Suddenly a wild yell is heard, and there is a frantic rush. In comes one of the men, breathless and waving his knife over his head. "An elephant, an elephant!" he exclaims when he has gotten his breath—"An elephant down in the jungle!" In great excitement the women quickly get ready a drug made from poisonous herbs. It is to put the elephant to sleep. The man who first discovered him takes it and hurries off to the jungle, where he scatters it on the leaves that the elephant is likely to eat. Then all the men circle around the jungle where the elephant is calmly eating the poisonous leaves. Presently he grows drowsy. The drug is working, and as the moon comes out above the trees, the natives steal quietly nearer and nearer to see if he is still asleep. Finding him so, the chiefs of the village draw closer yet. The bush cracks under their feet, and they listen lest the elephant has been aroused, for he is a dangerous enemy. But no, he is still asleep; his deep breathing grows louder as they draw nearer, and no other sound is heard save the excited beating of their hearts. All is quiet for a moment, then when the signal is given the arrows fly. Roused by the stinging pain and furious at the attack, the great monster rushes at his foes. Waving his great trunk in the air and bellowing loudly, the giant of the forest pursues them, breaking down the branches and uprooting vines in his path, until, exhausted by the loss of blood and weakened by the further attacks of the

natives, he falls dead. The hunters, shouting wildly, gather around him and promptly cut him to pieces. The largest piece goes to the man who first discovered him, the remainder being given to the men who took an active part in the hunt.

The women's part is now most important, as they are the cooks. A hole is dug in the ground. This is filled with wood, which is set on fire and covered over. After a day it is uncovered and a leg or shoulder of elephant is thrust in on the ashes. The sides of the hole are baking hot, and after leaving the meat in for a day it is cooked and ready for the feast.

AFRICAN SALAD.

During this day of cooking the boys and girls are busy gathering caterpillars and ants, which they will frizzle in palm oil and serve with the elephant, much as we serve salad with cold meat. Palm oil is thick and very much like axle grease in odor. So should you want very much to taste a real African dish you need only follow this recipe: Gather a few caterpillars and some ants together, then scrape off some axle grease from a wagon wheel, fry all together and serve on leaves, and eat, as the Africans do, with your fingers.

Elephants are not the only animals found in Africa. The forests are full of wild beasts. Lions, leopards, wild cats, the gorilla and rhinoceros abound and the beautiful forests are full of many sorts of snakes, many of which are poisonous and all of which are dangerous.

NATIVE DRESS.

The natives wear very little clothing, but as soon as

they see our clothes they want them and think little or nothing of robbing missionaries or traders to get them. A native chief has been seen by a traveler, dressed in a high silk hat and war paint, parading around as "proud as a peacock."

THE NEED FOR CHRIST.

Many of the Africans do not know about Jesus. They believe in spirits and worship them. Things that are dangerous, such as lightning and hurricanes, whirlpools and rapids, they think are caused by evil spirits. They throw all they own into the rapids, for instance, to keep, as they think, the evil spirit of the waters from visiting them. They are very much afraid of death and wear bits of wood and stone around their necks to keep it away. They believe that every one who dies has been killed by a witch. They try to discover who the witch is, and will kill any man, woman or child whom they think has bewitched the person who died.

Long years ago Jesus sought refuge in Africa, and now He wants Africa to seek refuge in Him. Many missionaries in His name have gone to tell the poor heathen black men of salvation, and we shall see in our following studies what they were able to do.

QUESTIONS.

1. Mention the names of three Bible characters who lived in Africa.
2. If you were a little African boy living in Central Africa, could you take your goat or dog to bed with you at night?

3. If you were a great hunter, what kind of wild animals would you find in Africa?
4. Describe an elephant hunt.
5. Why do the people in Africa need the Gospel?

INTERESTING BOOKS FOR SCHOLARS.

- “Our Little African Cousin,” by Wade.
- “Peril and Adventure in Central Africa,” by Bishop Hannington.
- Article entitled “African Curiosity” in “Fifty Missionary Stories,” by Belle M. Brain.

BOOKS FOR TEACHERS BEFORE TEACHING THIS STUDY.

- “Tropical Africa,” by Henry W. Drummond, D.D.
- “Fetichism in West Africa,” by Robert Nassau, D.D.
- “Travel in West Africa,” by Mary H. Kingsley.
- “In Darkest Africa,” by Henry M. Stanley.

STUDY VI.

GREAT MISSIONARIES IN THE DARK CONTINENT.

Robert Moffat,

1795-1883.

Among the Bechuanas of South Africa.

“Oh that I had a thousand lives and a thousand bodies, all of them should be devoted to no other employment but to preach Christ to these degraded, despised, yet beloved mortals!”—MOFFAT.

A TRIP TO AFRICA.

How would you like to go on a long trip to that country we studied about in the last chapter? Away off to Africa, to that queer land of which so little is known that sometimes it is called the “Great Puzzle.” See if you remember how big a place Africa is, and how many and what kind of people live there. Do you think that you would like to be a little black girl or boy and live there instead of in America?

AFRIKANER THE ROBBER CHIEF.

To-day we are going to a special place, to Kuruman, in the southern part of Africa, where Robert Moffat worked from 1817 to 1870. Some of the wildest tribes lived there, and of their many Chiefs

Afrikaner was the most dreaded. Originally he had been employed by a Dutch farmer, but was treated so cruelly that Afrikaner at last killed him and became an outlaw. He then began a life of robbery and pillage and killed more people than any other native. The very mention of his name struck terror into the hearts of the Dutch farmers or Boers. He and the men of his tribe would steal everything they could find, carrying off cattle and even the ripened crops. Then if the Boer showed any unwillingness to part with his goods, they would kill him. Do you wonder that Afrikaner was feared? Near him another Chief, Mosilikatse, lived, and between these and other Chiefs war was continually carried on. The natives lived in little huts, built in a circle around an inner circle, where the cattle were driven for safety in case of danger, for in that land the cattle were first looked after, and then the women and children.

These groups of homes, if we can call such a hut a home, formed little villages or kraals, and often in these wars whole villages would be burned, and the women and children carried off prisoners.

NATIVE CUSTOMS.

Of the native dress I can tell you little, for there was very little to speak of when a skirt was a bride's trousseau. As soon as she was married, all her hair was shaved off except a queer little tuft on the top of her head. Necklaces, bracelets and even anklets were very popular, and they were made of shells, stones, bits of brass or of anything that could be strung or tied on. Among these tribes the women did all the work, not only cooking and taking care of the house,

but out in the fields they built the fences and tended the crops. When they were old and worn out by such hard work, both men and women were put in lonely places to starve to death, and it was to tell these people about Jesus and His love that Robert Moffat left Scotland in 1817.

MOFFAT'S EARLY LIFE.

He was a Scotch lad, born just four days before Christmas, December 21st, 1795. His parents were poor but earnest Christians. On the long winter evenings, as the children were gathered around the fireplace watching the big logs burn, their mother would tell them stories of far-away mission lands. Little did she know then that one of her own boys would become a pioneer missionary to dark Africa. Robert was fond of adventure. He had often watched the big ships as they came up the Forth on which he lived, so he took it into his head to run off to sea. The captain was kind to him, and his parents having learned where he was, allowed him to continue on the vessel for several trips. After a number of hair-breadth escapes from death, he returned home and was apprenticed to a gardener when only fourteen. He had to work very hard, and often in the cold winter he was up and in the garden at four o'clock in the morning. He had had very little schooling, giving it up by the time he was twelve years old. However, he studied some at night after the work of the day was done. Later he secured a good position at a place called High Leigh, and it was while here that he was converted at a Methodist revival at the age of eighteen. He had never been a wayward boy, for he

had been carefully trained at home, brought up on the Shorter Catechism, and many prayers had been offered for him.

After his conversion, Moffat took a great interest in Christian work, for his was an energetic and enthusiastic nature, and whatever he did he did with all his heart.

THE NOTICE ON A COUNTRY ROAD.

The way in which he was led to become a missionary by the reading of a placard on a country road is very remarkable, and shows how very little things sometimes shape the whole course of a life. One evening, on his way to a village six miles from High Leigh, he noticed a sign as he crossed a bridge, and stopped to read it. It told of a missionary meeting that was to be held. He had never heard of such a meeting before, and at once he remembered the missionary stories that his mother used to tell on the winter evenings as they sat around the fire. The thought flashed through his mind: "Why should not I be a missionary?" He resolved that he would be, and in due time, through God's help, we find him in South Africa.

Strange that Afrikaner, the robber chief, should have liked Moffat; but he did, and welcomed him to his kraal or village, and immediately presented him with a house. Imagine living in a house that took some women only half an hour to build! Can you guess of what it was made? Just of big leaves and grass mats, sewed together and placed on poles like a tent. Here Moffat lived and worked until a more suitable house was built at Kuruman. Little can we

realize what it meant to be the only white man among those thousands of Negroes; but Jesus was with him and strengthened him, keeping him safe amidst great dangers. Once a lion nearly killed him. We do not know what it is to go thirsty for days at a time, but he did, and in a heat equal to our hottest summer weather. The natives stole his food and clothing: indeed, they took anything and everything that they could lay their hands on. Bread was taken out of the oven, and one day Mrs. Moffat asked one of the native women to be kind enough to move out of the kitchen, so that she could close it before going to the chapel. But the woman seized a stick of wood, and would have hit her over the head with it, so that she had to allow the native to stay and take from the kitchen anything she liked.

Yet Moffat remained, preaching and teaching, for nine years—a longer time perhaps than you are old—before he saw any change among them.

THE CHANGE.

The natives were very superstitious. Because it did not rain for a long time, they thought the missionary was to blame. A bag of salt that Moffat had in his wagon, they said, frightened the rain away. Another time it was the sound of the chapel bells. It took great patience to work with such people, but slowly and surely a change came, and the natives flocked to hear about Jesus, to confess their sins and to try to do what He would have them do. Mrs. Moffat was kept busy teaching the women, and even the men, to sew and to make clothes from skins. Better houses soon surrounded the church, and the

children attended the mission school. Such wonderful changes could not take place without all the other tribes hearing about it, and from seven hundred miles north Mosilikatse, King of the Matabele people, sent two warriors to find out if it were true, and to ask "Moshete," as they called Moffat, to come and tell them this wonderful story that wrought such changes. He went, but not in a train, for fifty years ago no one had seen a train or even a wagon. The natives thought Moffat's ox-cart a huge monster that would eat them up if they came close enough. There was not even a road to follow, only these native warriors to guide them over dreary deserts where for days they had nothing to drink, and where they were almost parched under the scorching sun. But Moffat endured all for Christ's sake, in order to bring the Gospel to this inland tribe.

TRANSLATES THE BIBLE.

In all this country no one could read, for there were no books. While busy preaching and teaching, Moffat was preparing the best book that he could give them. He was putting the Bible into their language, translating it. Perhaps this is the greatest thing that he did, for in South Africa to-day thousands of natives are using his translation.

RETURNS TO ENGLAND.

After spending a lifetime, fifty-three years, in missionary service, Moffat and his wife returned to England, only because their health would no longer permit them to remain in Africa. Reluctantly they said farewell to the natives whom they had grown to

love, and among whom they had labored so long. Mrs. Moffat died soon after reaching England, but her husband spent the last years of his life in traveling through England and Scotland, telling the story of Africa and arousing interest in Missions there. He died, at the age of eighty-eight, May 10th, 1883.

Have you ever dropped a pebble in the water, and watched the rippling circles that it makes, each one wider than the last? Thus was it with Moffat's influence. You could never count the wonderful changes that resulted because this man resolved when only a boy to serve Jesus. South Africa is a different place to-day because his life was spent there. Can't we catch his spirit and begin now at home, at school, wherever we are, to make things different because we love Jesus and are trying to serve Him?

QUESTIONS.

1. Who was Afrikaner, and why did he become such an outlaw?
2. What traits in Moffat do you like best?
3. What led him to become a missionary?
4. What sort of people did he work among in Africa?
5. What proved his great patience?

INTERESTING BOOK FOR SCHOLARS.

"Great Missionaries of the Church," by Creegan, Chapter 19.

BOOKS FOR TEACHERS BEFORE TEACHING THIS STUDY.

"Life of Robert Moffat," by D. J. Deane.

"Lives of Mary and Robert Moffat," by their Son.

STUDY VII.

GREAT MISSIONARIES IN THE DARK CONTINENT.

Samuel Adjai Crowther,

1809-1892.

Native Bishop of West Africa.

A Little Slave Boy who Became a Missionary.

THE SLAVE DEALERS.

On the west coast of Africa about one hundred years ago, there lived a band of very wicked people who were Mohammedans. They belonged to a tribe named Foulah. Their business was a strange and brutal one, for they dealt in human lives. The chiefs of the tribe would lay their plans to attack some peaceful village, usually at the dead of night, with a large band of their fighting men. Their purpose was to drive the people from their homes and sell them as slaves. If the people tried to defend themselves or their property, the village was promptly set on fire, and they would fall into the hands of their cruel captors. Then began the slave-march. These marches were sometimes as long as one hundred miles, over dry and scorching plains, over great hills, and sometimes through streams filled with crocodiles. The

weak and the children fell by the way, and were left to be trampled on by the stronger, who formed a long human express, freight express, to the coast, where the natives were sold for about \$1.00 apiece to traders from many lands. They were then taken far across the seas to work for their new employers. Sometimes as many as 100,000 were taken from their homes in a single year. The Negroes whom we see on our city streets to-day are descendants of slaves brought into this country from Africa by the British before the Revolution. So you see we have a very special reason for being interested in our dark-skinned brothers and sisters who live in the "Dark Continent."

CAPTURE OF ADJAI.

In West Africa lies the Yoruba country, parts of which are very beautiful. Here the Foulah tribe were destroying property and seeking slaves, and here lived a little boy named Adjai. He was born in 1809, or nearly a century ago, in a village called Oshogun. It was a very large place, and boasted of 3,000 fighting men. It is no wonder that this being such an important centre, the Mohammedan men-stealers should choose to visit it.

Early one morning the Foulahs formed their deadly circle around it. The women were preparing breakfast when down upon them swooped their enemies. Mothers with little ones in their arms rushed to the nearest bush seeking to hide their children; older boys and girls, left to protect themselves, tried to get away. In the confusion little Adjai was separated from his family. He was only a lad of twelve, but he tried to

protect his poor hut. His efforts were, of course, fruitless, and soon his childhood's home went up in smoke. His mother sought shelter with the younger children, and Adjai was chained with other slaves to a Foulah slave-driver and taken far, far from everyone and everything he had ever known and loved.

Twenty long, weary miles the poor boy marched. He was then sold to a chief in exchange for a horse. His little sister was bought by the same man, so Adjai was for a little time with one of his own kin again. Adjai's mother, with her ten months old baby, was sold to another man without so much as a chance to say "good-bye" to her other children. After varying experiences Adjai was sold to a Portuguese trader, and placed for a time in a slave pen, crowded as no man would crowd cattle in our own land. His master was very cruel and poor Adjai was very badly treated and often was beaten. Before long he was placed on board a slave ship with 186 other slaves, to be taken many miles from Africa and sold in a foreign land.

ADJAI RESCUED.

For very many years Great Britain had bought slaves in Africa to use in her colonies, and did not seem to realize the great wrong she was doing. The slaves were, however, cruelly treated, and when this became known in England good people tried to undo the wrong they had done, not only by not buying any more slaves, but by keeping other nations from doing so. The year before Adjai was born, Wilberforce made a motion in Parliament for the stopping of the slave trade, and after that year no slave could be lawfully brought

into any part of the British dominions. English steamers watched carefully the African coasts, and when the two slave-ships bearing Adjai and the other slaves sailed out into the ocean, they were chased by these English boats, who took all the slaves on board, intending to free them later on. One ship was caught in a storm and lost with all on board. The other, on which was Adjai, the "little slave boy who became a missionary," came safe into port at Bathurst, on the west coast of Africa.

From Bathurst Adjai was taken to the home of some missionaries in Sierra Leone, who first told him the story of Jesus. He was very happy here, and was especially glad to see the sunshine again, for the slave-ship had been so very dark. He was also delighted with a candle which was always placed on the table at meals. Soon he was sent to a mission school at Freetown, the largest city in Sierra Leone, his expenses being paid by an English clergyman named Samuel Crowther.

It was while at school here that he accepted Jesus as his Saviour. He was baptized on December 11, 1825, when he was sixteen years old, taking the name of the Englishman who paid for his tuition. He was afterwards no longer known as Adjai, but as Samuel Adjai Crowther.

GOES TO ENGLAND.

Crowther, besides his studies, was taught the trade of a carpenter. This was very useful to him in later life. Shortly after his conversion kind friends offered to take him with them to England, where he stayed for a year, studying in English schools, and learning

English customs and manners. When he returned to Africa he entered the Church Missionary Society Industrial Boarding School at Fourah Bay. This school has since become the Fourah Bay College, one of the best colleges in Africa. It was while here at school that Crowther decided to become a missionary to his own people, also here that he met and married a native Christian, who, like himself, had been rescued from a slave-ship. When he and his wife were graduated they were sent to teach school at several different places, and later returned to the College, where Crowther became one of the best instructors.

EXPLORING TRIP.

England was at this time most anxious to explore the Niger River; first, to put a stop to slavery in the interior of Africa, and also to start trade with the natives. The Church Missionary Society, one of the strongest of English societies, offered to send two missionaries with the expedition, and Samuel Crowther and the Rev. James Fredk. Schön were chosen.

It was a long and dangerous journey, and an account of the strange peoples they passed and their strange homes, the curious trees and fruits and flowers they saw, and the strange looking animals they met would fill many books. As they visited heathen countries, Crowther tried to tell the kings and their people about Jesus, for he never forgot that this was his first duty. He also told them how wrong slavery is. Sometimes these kings were glad to see the white men and their ships, but in other places the natives would row out to meet them armed with bows and arrows.

A few months passed, and the deadly climate killed many of the crew, so that it was decided to return to the coast.

ORDAINED TO THE MINISTRY.

Up to this time Crowther had been known as a native teacher. His splendid work on the exploring trip showed plainly that he was far above the average Negro worker, and Mr. Schön wrote to England telling how he had preached the Gospel, how he had cared for the dead and dying, and recommended that he be prepared for ordination to the ministry. Because of this Crowther was recalled to England, where he studied for a year and was then ordained in 1843. He returned to Africa, and began at once preaching the glad tidings of salvation.

A HAPPY REUNION.

“One day when Crowther was visiting one of the mission stations, near Freetown, where he had been taken shortly after he was rescued from the slave-ship, he noticed an old Negro woman whom he did not know. She sat upon a back seat in the corner, and seemed to be fairly drinking in the words of hope he was speaking. Her face was so sorrowful that it filled Crowther’s heart with pity, and after he had finished talking he went down and sat by her, and asked her to tell him all about her troubles.”

The poor old woman had never been used to sympathy, and the first touch of it brought a flood of tears, and through her sobs she told him of her hard life. “But,” she said, “the greatest trouble I ever had was when I lost my little boy.”

Crowther asked how long ago this had happened.

“Oh,” she said, “it was many years ago when he was about eleven years old.”

Then a thought came into his mind, and he looked at her quickly and closely. Was his hope to be at last realized? Alas, in that wrinkled face he could not trace a remembered feature. Still he looked, and with a trembling voice asked: “What was your child’s name?”

The reply came back in a sob: “Adjai; I called him Adjai.”

His life-long prayer had been answered. “Mother,” he cried, with great joy. The long separated mother and son were together once more. God had been good, and given her back to the embrace of the son who had never ceased to long for her.

Many years of faithful service followed. There came a day when the Bishop of West Africa passed away. Who should take his place? Earnest Christians in England gathered together to choose one to be bishop over the African Church, and after much careful and prayerful thought, it was decided to appoint Samuel Crowther to this position. Crowther was accordingly called again to England, and at the age of fifty-five years he was consecrated Bishop of West Africa by the United Churches of England and Ireland.

It is 1892, and Crowther has just died. West Africa mourns, but the one over whose home-going their eyes are wet was once just a little African boy such as you may help to-day, and helping, give Africa another such missionary.

QUESTIONS.

1. Tell the story of Adjai's capture and sale into slavery?
2. By whom was he rescued?
3. How did he get the name of Crowther?
4. Why was it fitting that he should become a missionary?
5. Why did England send an expedition up the Niger River?
6. Tell the story of Crowther's meeting his mother.
7. When was he made Bishop?

INTERESTING BOOKS FOR SCHOLARS.

"Samuel Crowther," by Jesse Page.

"A Miracle of African Missions," by John Bell.

BOOKS FOR TEACHERS BEFORE TEACHING THIS STUDY.

"Workers of the Church Missionary Society."

"Great Missionaries of the Church," by Creegan.

"Samuel Crowther," by Jesse Page.

STUDY VIII.

GREAT MISSIONARIES IN THE DARK CONTINENT

David Livingstone,

1813-1873,

Missionary Explorer in Central Africa.

"Anywhere, provided it be forward."—LIVINGSTONE.

BOUND FOR AFRICA.

More than half a century ago, when travel by sea was not as easy or as comfortable as to-day, a vessel set sail from England for South Africa on a five months' trip. On board was a young man, twenty-seven years old, bound for the heart of the Dark Continent. He was strong, hearty and well able to endure hardship if necessary. He had a happy disposition and a cheery face, the kind of a man who makes friends readily and whose friendship makes one better. His name was David Livingstone, and his home had been in Scotland, where he was born March 19, 1813, at Blantyre, near Glasgow. His father and mother were poor but godly people, and had done much to influence his life. When he was but ten years old he commenced work in a cotton mill, and with some of his first money bought a Latin grammar, which

showed that he had a desire to learn even if he could not go to school. His ambition was to advance, and not to spend all his days in a cotton factory.

HE MAKES A DECISION.

When about twenty years old he made a great decision. Having read one day of the great need of the people in China, he resolved to study medicine, and go to them as a missionary. It took several years to prepare himself for this great work, and when at last he was ready to go, England and China were at war, so that God opened the way for him to go elsewhere. Robert Moffat, of whom we have heard, was in England, pleading for workers in the Dark Continent of Africa. Livingstone heard him speak, and after a long talk with him, decided to go to the land where Moffat had spent so many years.

IN AFRICA.

After a long voyage, the young missionary reached Cape Town. From here the journey to Kuruman, seven hundred miles north, had to be made with ox-carts, and traveling was slow and tiresome. Livingstone did not remain there very long, for he wished to push on farther into the country where missionaries had not been before. One day he had an encounter with a lion that nearly cut short his missionary career. He had shot the animal, when it sprang upon him and shook him as a dog would a rat, crunching the bones of his arm in its teeth. If it had not been for one of the natives, Livingstone would probably have been killed then and there. In fact, he thought that the lion was going to make a meal off of him, and the

idea uppermost in his mind at the time was, what part of him the animal would eat first.

Shortly after this, Livingstone was married to Mary Moffat, whom he had met at Kuruman some months before. They built a comfortable little home at Mabotsa, and every day were very busy with their missionary work, Livingstone serving the natives as their preacher, teacher and doctor. Patients came to him from far and near, and the Africans soon learned that he was their friend.

From Mabotsa, Livingstone went to two other places, Chonuane and Kolobeng, farther in the interior, his motto always being: "Anywhere, provided it be forward." He became very friendly with some of the native Chiefs of the Bakwain tribe, and they and many of their people became Christians. Both at Chonuane and Kolobeng, Livingstone and the natives suffered greatly from a lack of water, so that he determined to go further north across the great Kalahari Desert to the country beyond, which he had heard was fertile and thickly populated.

BEGINS WORK OF EXPLORATION.

After making three trips across this desert, twice with his family, and having discovered Lake Ngami and the Zambesi river, he became convinced that the greatest missionary work he could do would be to open up this central part of Africa to Christianity, civilization and trade. He realized that if Africa was to be won for Christ, it must be by establishing a chain of mission stations from the coast to the far interior, which would become centres of Christian influence for all the surrounding regions, where the

natives could be trained and sent out as teachers of their fellows. He knew too that the slave trade must be put down, for this awful traffic brought destruction and death wherever it was carried on.

Therefore, instead of remaining in one place, as he had done at first, teaching and helping the comparatively few he could thus reach, God was now calling him to the larger service of missionary exploration. It required greater sacrifices than he had yet been called upon to make. It meant separation from his wife and children, for it was impossible to take them with him; it meant enduring great hardships because of the difficulties of travel; it meant facing great dangers from unfriendly tribes and from wild beasts. But Livingstone did not hesitate; he would sacrifice all and give his life for Africa in an effort to open it up for the gospel. Someone must blaze a way from the interior to the coast, and find out by what route Christianity could be introduced and trade carried on. To solve this problem Livingstone now devoted his life.

The decision having been made, he journeyed to Cape Town with his family, a distance of fifteen hundred miles. Here they parted, not to meet again for nearly five years. Retracing his steps, Livingstone traveled back north to Linyanti, a town of the Makololo tribe, some two hundred miles north of the Kalahari Desert. From this point he decided to strike out for the west coast. With twenty-seven followers he began the trip, and after meeting every sort of difficulty, and having had more than thirty attacks of fever, he reached the shores of the Atlantic on May 31, 1854, almost exhausted. While on his

way, three hundred miles from the coast, he passed through a Portuguese settlement where he secured food and rest. So weak was he from sickness and lack of nourishment that he ate like one almost starved. When the meal was over, he could hardly keep himself from taking more food from the table to eat in the privacy of his own room.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

Although he had been thirteen years in Africa, and was utterly worn out by the great journey just finished, Livingstone refused to return to England because of a promise made to his Makololo followers that, if they would go with him to the coast, he would return with them to their home. After a brief rest, he resolutely set his face once more toward the interior, and after an absence of nearly two years, Livingstone and his twenty-seven men arrived in Linyanti. Great was the joy upon their return, for they had been given up for dead.

It was not long before Livingstone was again on his way, this time to the east coast, which he reached in May, 1856. On the way he discovered Victoria Falls, which he so named in honor of Queen Victoria. He also passed through a section of country which was very healthful and free from fever, and which he hoped would prove a good location for a mission station.

From the east coast he set sail for England, and was greeted as a great discoverer. Sixteen years before, when he left home, he was hardly known. Now his name was on the lips of everyone. But Livingstone cared little for the honors that were shown him.

SECOND EXPEDITION.

He remained in England two years, and then returned to Africa, at the head of a Government expedition, to make further explorations in the region of the Zambesi river. On this expedition he discovered Lakes Shiwra and Nyassa.

THIRD EXPEDITION.

After another visit to England, he was again in Africa in 1866, seeking this time to discover the sources of the river Nile. Years passed by, and the outside world had heard nothing from him, as many of his letters had been lost or destroyed by unfriendly traders. Many thought that he was dead, but there was one man who believed that, somewhere in the Dark Continent, David Livingstone was still alive, and he resolved to make an effort to find him. This man was Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the *New York Herald*. Calling Henry M. Stanley, one of the correspondents of the *Herald* to see him in Paris, he told him to make his own plans, spare no expense, but to find Livingstone. Was it not a difficult task to try to find one man in the vast continent of Africa? However, Stanley in due time set out, and having secured a number of natives, started from the east coast for the interior. After many weeks' travel, one day he met some natives who could speak English. Very anxiously he asked for Livingstone, and was overjoyed to learn that the great missionary was near at hand. They soon met, and Stanley approached him and said: "I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you."

Livingstone replied: "I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you."

Stanley tried to persuade Livingstone to return to England with him, but the heroic missionary would not consent to do so while his work of discovering the sources of the Nile was yet undone. For four months these two men were together, and Stanley tells what a deep impression Livingstone made upon him. The time for parting came, Stanley to return to England to tell the world that he had found the great explorer; Livingstone to go back to the depths of the African forest, never to return or to see again the face of a white man.

Just after Stanley left him, on his birthday, a year before he died, Livingstone wrote in his diary: "My Jesus, my King, my Life, my All! I again dedicate my whole self to Thee. Accept me, and grant, O Gracious Father, that ere this year is gone I may finish my task. In Jesus' name I ask it. Amen."

On May 4, 1873, in a rude hut on the shores of Lake Bangweolo, his servants found him dead. *He was on his knees.* His followers were heart-broken. They longed to show their devotion to him who had devoted his life to them. They decided, therefore, to carry his body to the coast. It was a tedious and dangerous journey, but was at last accomplished. The remains were then taken to England, and on April 18, 1874, were buried with highest honors in Westminster Abbey.

QUESTIONS.

1. When and where was David Livingstone born?
2. Why did he go to Africa?

3. Tell about his encounter with a lion.
4. Why did Livingstone become a missionary explorer?
5. What did he aim to do for Africa?
6. Mention his chief discoveries.
7. Why would Livingstone not return to England with Stanley?

BOOKS FOR SCHOLARS.

“The Life of David Livingstone,” by Mrs. J. H. Worcester, Jr.

“David Livingstone,” by T. Banks MacLachlan.

“David Livingstone,” by Thomas Hughes.

“Great Missionaries of the Church,” by Creggan, Chapter 23.

“Picket Line of Missions,” Chapter 1.

BOOKS FOR TEACHERS BEFORE TEACHING THIS STUDY.

Those mentioned above.

“The Personal Life of David Livingstone,” W. G. Blaikie.

STUDY IX.

GREAT MISSIONARIES IN THE DARK CONTINENT.

Alexander M. Mackay,

1849-1890.

Industrial Missionary in Central East Africa.

In our studies about Africa we have met so far three great missionaries: Robert Moffat, who translated the Bible for the tribes of the South, and who was the means of leading the great robber chief, Afrikaner, to know Jesus Christ; Samuel Adjai Crowther, the little native boy who was rescued from the slave-ship, and who afterwards became the Bishop of West Africa, and David Livingstone, the missionary physician and great explorer, who opened up the Dark Continent as had never been done before to the civilized world. To-day, we are to study about another great missionary who was not a minister, but a civil engineer, Alexander M. Mackay. Stanley, the famous traveler and explorer, said of him that next to Livingstone he was the greatest missionary he had ever met.

EARLY LIFE AND INFLUENCES.

Like Livingstone and Moffat, he was born in Scotland, from which highland country has come many

a good missionary. It was on the 13th of October, 1849, that the father of Alexander Mackay, who was the village minister at Rhynie, was studying a map of Africa. There was a knock at the door, and quietly the old family servant, Annie, slipped into the room. Without noticing her particularly, he said: "Annie, do you see this pear-shaped Continent? The gospel banner will yet be planted in the very heart of this Continent, although not likely in your day or mine." "But it may be in your son's, sir, and who will say he may not have a hand in it?" Little did she know then that the baby she held in her arms would indeed become a missionary to Africa.

EARLY DAYS.

As time passed by, the baby grew and early showed that he was very bright. When he was but four years old a new church was being built next to the manse, and the little lad was a great favorite with the workmen, as he wanted to help. "Well, laddie, are you going to give us a sermon to-day?" they would ask him, and his reply would always be: "Please give me trowel; can preach and build same time." When he was four he could read the tenth chapter of Nehemiah and pronounce correctly all of the hard names in it. He and his father were great chums, and many a time they would go off together on a long tramp in the country, and little Alexander was always eager to learn all that he could. Sometimes an afternoon would be spent in the quarry, and Mr. Mackay would teach his son about the rocks, and at night would tell him about the stars. His mother, too, he

dearly loved, and it was his great delight to look forward to Sunday evenings when, after repeating his Bible lesson and Shorter Catechism, she would tell him as a reward a missionary story. When she was but a little girl she had heard a missionary sermon which had touched her heart very deeply, and she longed to do something for the cause. In after years her own little boy hung upon her words as she told him of Henry Martyn, and of many another missionary. "Would you like me to become a missionary and go to Africa?" he asked her. "If God prepares you for it, my boy, but not unless."

HOW HE BECAME A MISSIONARY.

Both his mother and his father hoped that he would become a minister, but Alexander's tastes were for engineering. He studied in Edinburgh, and then in Berlin, where he secured an excellent position. It was while here that his sister in Edinburgh wrote to him about an address which had been made by a missionary from Madagascar. Mackay was so much interested in it that he offered to go as a missionary, but the way did not seem to open just then to go to this island off the African coast. God was preparing him to go to the Dark Continent itself. Would you like to know how it came about that he went?

Some months had passed by since he had learned that there was no chance to go to Madagascar. One evening he was reading Stanley's book, "How I Found Livingstone." It told how Mtesa, King of Uganda, wanted white men to be sent as missionaries to his people. It was a challenge to the Church. After

reading it, Mackay noticed a newspaper lying upon the table, and the name of the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society printed at the close of an article. He was interested to see what it was about, so he picked up the paper, and read an appeal for missionaries to go to Uganda to a new mission station which the Church Missionary Society wished to found there. Although it was past midnight, he at once wrote a letter offering his services. He was accepted, and in a few weeks later was on his way to the field. This was in 1876, when he was twenty-seven years old.

UGANDA AND ITS PEOPLE.

Let us see where he was going. Uganda is a country of about 70,000 square miles, lying just south of the Equator in Central East Africa, and its shores border the great lake, Victoria Nyanza. The people who live there are Negroes, and Mackay speaks of them as brighter and more advanced than any other natives he had seen in Africa. They were very superstitious, though, believing in ghosts, of which they were very much afraid. After landing upon the east coast of the Dark Continent, Mackay at first tried to find out if he could reach Uganda by sailing up some of the rivers that came down from the interior, but he soon found that this could not be done. The only way was overland. This was a journey of several hundred miles through jungle and swamp and forest. He met great difficulties by the way, and several times was very near to death from the dreaded African fever. He caused much wonder among the tribes through which he passed. Their curiosity was at times very

amusing, for some of them thought, until they saw his boot taken off, that it was a part of his foot, so strange and marvelous was the white man. All of the wonderful things that Mackay did they thought were done by witchcraft.

REACHES UGANDA.

Finally, after two years, Mackay reached Uganda in November, 1878, and was cordially welcomed by Mtesa, the king. We have said that he was not a minister, but an engineer. He had great skill as an ironworker, and his blacksmith shop, which he soon set up, was a continual source of wonder to the natives. They would come in crowds to watch him at work, and his bellows and grindstone excited great interest. He made a magic lantern out of an old box and some biscuit tins, and delighted Mtesa and his subjects with the pictures that he showed them. His chief purpose, however, in going all the way from Scotland to far away Africa and enduring so many hardships, was to tell the story of Jesus to the people of Uganda.

MTESA.

At first the king showed a good deal of interest, and Mackay held many services at court teaching the people about God and Christ. It was not long, however, before some French Roman Catholic priests appeared, and they began to hinder Mackay's work. Arab slave dealers also opposed him, because they knew that he would do all that he could to put down the awful slave trade. Difficulties and troubles then began to in-

crease. Mtesa fell sick, and though he had been told by Mackay the wickedness of it, a sorcerer was called in who was supposed to be able to drive away the disease. But he was quite unable to do anything. Orders were then given for a "Kiwendo," which meant the killing of scores of innocent people, who were attacked on the roads and slain in cold blood, or captured and kept for a few days when all would be killed together.

MWANGA.

Finally Mtesa died, and his son, Mwanga, a young man of seventeen, came to the throne. He was a weak nature, and soon showed his opposition to Christianity. Two young boys who had become Christians were caught and burned to death, and thus began a most bitter persecution. But the persecution only increased the number of those who wished to be baptized and to confess Christ. Mackay's faithful teaching and his translation of parts of the Bible were bearing fruit. As time went on, Mwanga became more and more cruel, and hundreds of Christians perished. Mackay was in great danger. Time and again it was planned to kill him, but God mercifully kept him. Finally he made up his mind that his being at Mwanga's capital simply continued to stir up opposition, and as the Arabs seemed to be especially bitter against him personally, it would be better, for a time at least, to leave. He went to the south shore of Lake Nyanza, where he established another mission station at a place called Usambiro. Here he spent much time in the translation and printing of portions of the Scriptures.

It was while here that he met Stanley, who urged him to return to England, but with the spirit of a hero's devotion to duty, he refused to do so until some one should be sent to take his place. He had been fourteen years in Africa without a furlough, and he greatly needed the rest and change. But his life was almost run, and on one February morning, 1890, he died after four days' illness from African fever.

UGANDA TO-DAY.

Should you go to Uganda to-day you would not have to endure all the trials Mackay met or brave such dangers. You could go in a railway train from the East Coast. You would not find the heathenism as widespread as in Mackay's day, but you would find scores of Christian churches supported by the natives themselves, and in any one of them you would be as welcome as in a church here in America. The reason of it is because Mackay and other devoted missionaries have given their lives to Africa, to tell those sitting in darkness of the light that has shined for them as well as for us.

QUESTIONS.

1. Do all missionaries have to be ministers?
2. Did Mackay show any particular interest in Missions as a boy? If so, what?
3. What led him to decide to become a missionary?
4. What sort of people did he work among in Uganda?
5. Do you think Mtesa was a Christian?
6. Did persecution stamp out the Church?
7. What showed that Mackay was a true hero?

BOOKS FOR SCHOLARS.

“The Story of Mackay of Uganda,” by His Sister.

BOOKS FOR TEACHERS BEFORE TEACHING THIS STUDY.

“Mackay of Uganda.”

“The Story of Mackay of Uganda.”

“Two Kings of Uganda.”

“The Price of Africa” (Chap. IV).

STUDY X.

GREAT MISSIONARIES IN THE DARK CONTINENT.

Africa, To-day.

A GLANCE AT AFRICA.

You have probably all seen a kaleidoscope, and know how with every turn of a little handle or crank at the side a new picture appears. You have thought it great fun, perhaps, to see rivers, meadows, mountains and forests pass quickly before your eyes. Let us pretend to put Africa into a kaleidoscope, and turning from one picture to another, see the changes that have been made there in the last century.

First, let us see the difference with regard to travel.

When Moffat entered Cape Town the outline of the Dark Continent was known, and some of the coast towns had been visited by travelers and traders. From the Cape men had been known to travel as far as six hundred miles north. But this was all. Africa was still a locked secret to the world.

Turn to picture two. Fifty-six years have passed. Moffat is an old man, and David Livingstone, far from any white man, has just died, having traveled 29,000 miles and having added 1,000,000 square miles, one-twelfth of the area of Africa, to the known regions of

the globe. The great lakes, too, of Central Africa, considerably larger than what we know as the Great Lakes of the United States, have also been discovered.

Upon the death of Livingstone all England was stirred. His appeal for the Dark Continent was read everywhere. Stanley added to the interest of the people by writing a book, entitled "How I Found Livingstone." Not only was the Church interested, but merchants wanted to visit this newly opened continent, and plans were made to construct railroads. They would make travel safer, and in addition to this would put money in the pocket of the companies building them. To-day there are thousands of miles of railroad in Africa, the longest stretch being from Mombasa on the east coast to Lake Victoria Nyanza, a distance of five hundred and eighty-two miles. But a much longer one is now being built between Cape Town and Cairo, which will reach from one end of the continent to the other. If you should go to Africa to-day, you could see from the railroad bridge over the Zambesi River the Victoria Falls, which are grander than Niagara.

One more turn, and the picture is a scene of only ten years ago. The country is Central Africa. A solitary missionary is walking to his station accompanied by natives. He has a 90 days' journey of 350 miles before him through jungle and forest. This man is Willis R. Hotchkiss, one of the bravest and best missionaries ever in the Dark Continent. To-day this same journey can be made by train in twenty-four hours.

Once, the only way to travel, unless you should

go on foot, was in a hammock swung between two poles, and this was somewhat dangerous, for if your carriers saw a wild animal they would drop you in the road and run for their lives. Not only this, but in passing through marshes, you were always in more or less danger of being dumped out if your carriers slipped on the slimy grasses. To-day, there are trolleys on the coast, and trains run through what, in the days of Stanley, was unknown territory.

From the place let us turn to the people. One hundred years ago a naked savage, or at best a half-clothed African, fleeing from the white man in terror lest he be captured for a slave. This is picture four.

Five shows us the native to-day. He is clothed, and instead of running from the white man, he rushes to him, finding in him, especially in the missionary, his best friend.

Twenty-five years ago Great Britain and the European powers did not place much value on Africa. The natives were poor, and the country was supposed to be like them, also poor. But this, it was learned, was not true. Tales began to be whispered here and there of rich mines in South Africa. Especially was there a persistent rumor of the wealth of certain mines in the Orange Colony, which is in the south. When Europe and England heard this, and, after looking into the matter, thought it to be true, they wanted a share in this suspected wealth. Then began what is now known as the "Scramble for Africa." Through this "Scramble" ten million square miles were divided among the Powers, leaving only one and a half million miles free from foreign rule. This was in 1884. Since

then one million more square miles have been snatched away from the natives, who rule to-day only five hundred thousand of their eleven and a half million square miles of territory.

The stories told of the wealth of certain parts of Africa were true, and in picture six you may see white men coming from the four corners of the earth, seekers after gold. At their side, as they guard their special section of the mines, black men are working to make the white men rich with the very gold that should by rights belong to the natives.

The Kimberley diamond mines have yielded in less than twenty years \$350,000,000 worth of diamonds, and Johannesburg, which lies about two hundred miles north of Kimberley, has yielded for many years annually gold to the value of \$50,000,000. Johannesburg is the most modern of Africa's cities. It boasts of buildings fourteen stories high. These were, of course, built by white men. A change as to accessible territory, a change in the way of traveling, a change in the feeling of the natives towards the white man, and a change in the mind of the world with regard to the value of Africa are four prominent things that go to make "Africa To-day" different from the Africa of a hundred, of twenty-five, yes, even of fifteen years ago. You have yet to hear of the greatest change, and because it is the best change, I have kept it until the last. This change not only affects Africa, but every nation having dealings in the Dark Continent is better for it.

The change has come because of the Christian missionary, because of the little native churches scattered

in many parts of the Dark Continent, because of the Christian schools where hundreds of boys and girls gather morning by morning to learn to read. Before the days of Moffat there was not a single school for pagan Africans. The Mohammedan children were taught to read—that is, the boys were, but the girls must never learn. This was long ago. To-day the children are eager, and the parents are generally glad to have them learn to “make the letters talk.” School in Africa is very strange in many ways, the queerest thing being the varying ages of the pupils. The youngest scholars are about six years old, and the oldest? Oh, anywhere up to eighty! Can you imagine yourself studying in the same class with your grandmother? It would be strange, indeed, here, but it is so common in the Dark Continent that the children think nothing of it, and vie with their elders for the neatest copy books, and the greatest number of verses memorized. One of the chief text-books in most of these Mission Schools is the Bible, or a primer having simple Bible verses. No one can study for long in the Mission Schools and not gain a very fair idea of what Christianity is, and what a Christian should be.

Do not think that there are schools all through Africa. There are not, by any means. In the Soudan and in the Sahara there is only one missionary, and there are nearly fifty million people living there. Once in a great while a scholar comes, generally on foot all the way from these unevangelized parts, and asks to be admitted to the Mission Schools. The missionaries always try to make room for such scholars, for when they return home during vacation they will tell what

they have learned, and the people often become so interested through the story that they ask to have a teacher sent them. Alas! the missionary has generally to say "No," for there are not nearly enough missionaries to do the work. But the one who is there can visit their towns when on his preaching tours, and hold services. Just think of it! In an area larger than the New England States, there are only four missionaries at work.

One way children are brought into the school and Sunday School is by means of the Mission Boat. These boats, of which there are half a dozen, travel up and down the rivers. The children of the villages come out to see them, and are usually very glad if they can go back on them to school. Travelling in some of the far away parts of Africa, you may meet some of the girls and boys who have been on board the mission boats, and who have been to school.

AFRICA'S NEED OF CHRIST.

Have you ever been afraid when you are alone at night, and the light was put out? If you were, you will surely feel sorry for the African boys and girls when you hear that they are afraid most of the time. Afraid of the wind moving in the trees. They call the noise of the rustling leaves, bad spirits which they think will harm them. Perhaps you think that this is foolish, but it really is not to them, for they are taught to believe it, and the grown people are as afraid as the children. Don't you want to help these boys and girls? Surely your answer is, "Yes." If you do help them, you may feel that you are helping

Jesus, not only little Africans, for He said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Nothing can make you happier in this world than bringing joy into the lives of some other girls or boys for whom Christ died. Let us pray for the children of Africa, and help answer our prayers by giving what we can to send the Gospel message to them. Then perhaps some day some of us may ourselves go and tell them what Jesus is to us, and what He will be to them.

QUESTIONS.

1. How does travel to-day in Africa differ from that of a century ago?
2. Is Africa a good place to make a fortune? When?
3. If you should go to school in Africa, what differences from your own would you notice?
4. What shows that the Africans still need the Gospel?

INTERESTING BOOKS FOR SCHOLARS.

"A Trip on the Dorothy," leaflet by Dr. Halsey.

"Africa for Juniors," by Katherine C. Crowell (Chap. 6).

BOOKS FOR TEACHERS BEFORE TEACHING THIS STUDY.

"Dawn in the Dark Continent," by James Stewart, D. D.

"Partition of Africa," by Keltie.

SIGNIFICANT RESOLUTIONS
PASSED BY
THE EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION
IN CONNECTION WITH
THE TORONTO CONVENTION, 1905
OF THE
International Sunday School
Association

(1) That the Sunday School papers of the country bring before the attention of the Christian public the great field of Sunday School work as the natural and logical place for instruction in Home and Foreign Missions.

(2) That the question of Missions in the Sunday School be given a place on the programs of all missionary institutes, conventions and summer schools wherever possible throughout the country.

(3) That the aid of the Sunday School Boards and the societies of the various denominations be enlisted in a systematic effort to bring before every Sunday School superintendent in the country the possibility, practicability and necessity of the study of Missions in the Sunday Schools.

(4) That courses of instruction be prepared in both Home and Foreign Missions, aimed to instruct and interest the scholars, and to lead them to some definite missionary activity.

(5) That this missionary instruction be made a part of the regular supplemental work in every School, unless otherwise adequately provided for.

(6) That suitable and inexpensive books be prepared in different grades, which shall be put in the hands of every pupil, so that thorough home preparation be made possible.



