

# Our Mission Fields

No. 4



ENTRANCE TO ALAMEDA PARK, DURANGO, MEXICO. THE SCENE JUST IN FRONT OF OUR CHURCH PROPERTY.

In Yoruba Land, West Africa.  
Our Schools among the Heights.  
Mexico, Our Southern Neighbor.

FOLLOWING TOPICS OF STUDY GIVEN ON MISSION TOPIC CARD.



PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY UNION,  
AUXILIARY TO THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION,  
WILSON BUILDING, 301 N. CHARLES ST. BALTIMORE, MD.

## Our Mission Fields.

**T**HE Woman's Missionary Union desiring to place in the hands of each Society Leader a full and up-to-date program on the mission fields of the Southern Baptist Convention for each monthly meeting, has prepared the following programs. Similar programs following the study topics of the year as given on the Mission Topic Card will be published each quarter in groups of three.

The cost of this publication is large, but the Executive Committee of the Union believes it will be more than justified by the greater interest and consequent larger attendance and contributions.

We are, however, compelled to make and abide by the following rule, viz: Through its *State Central Committee* each Society will be supplied quarterly with *one and only one free copy of Our Mission Fields*. Other copies must be ordered through the Woman's Missionary Union Literature Department, at 5 cents each or 20 cents a year for the four issues. Leaders will find a second copy—"one to cut off and one to keep"—invaluable.

Further material for essays, narratives, etc., will be supplied in *Quarterly Literature*, 30 cents a year, sent out as formerly by the Literature Department and following the same study course as the Topic Card and *Our Mission Fields*.

The Literature Department is prepared to supply leaflets on all mission fields and topics as well as all leaflets and books mentioned in the following programs.

Address all letters and Money Orders to W. M. U. Literature Department, Wilson Building, 301 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

## Three Missionary Programs.

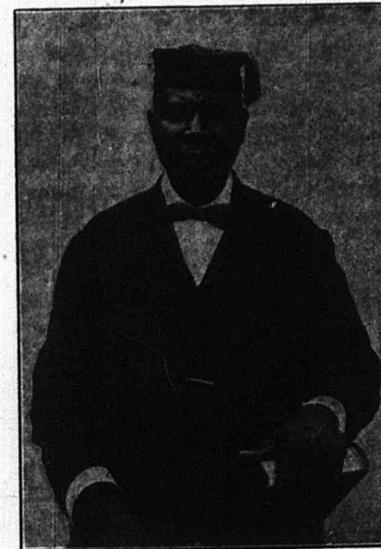
APRIL, MAY, JUNE.

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Africa.  
Mountain Schools.  
Mexico.

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PREPARED BY THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY UNION, AUXILIARY TO S. B. C.  
WILSON BUILDING, 301 NORTH CHARLES ST., BALTIMORE, MD.



MOSES STONE,  
PASTOR OF THE THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH AT LAGOS.

# Africa.

"If I had a thousand lives to live, Africa should have them all."  
—*Bishop Mackenzie.*

**Hymn.**—Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing.

**Prayer.**—For Africa.

**Scripture Lesson.**—The Missionary's Companion—Matt. 28: 16-20; Central thought—"Lo, I am with you always." Biblical fulfillment of this promise—By Peter and Paul in Prison. Paul in Shipwreck. John in Banishment, etc., etc.

"I know a land that is sunk in shame,  
Of hearts that faint and tire,  
I know a name, a name, a name,  
Can set that land on fire.  
Its sound is a brand, its letters flame,  
I know a name, a name, a name,  
Will set that land on fire.

1. The exploration of Africa has been the romance of the nineteenth century. Though many had dared its unknown dangers, no less an authority than the president of the Royal Geographical Society said in 1851: "All beyond the coast of Central and Southern Africa is still a blank on our maps." It was then and for years after that

"Geographers to fill up spaces,  
Put in elephants instead of places."

In 1851, however, the great missionary explorer, David Livingstone, made his first great discovery—The Zambesi river. From that day to this is a far cry. Discovery after discovery astonished this world, and now, after sixty years, Africa, largely through the exploration of missionaries, is known to us from center to circumference, and only in very minor details is yet to be explored. How gigantic the task accomplished can be best understood when we remember that Africa, then unknown and peopled with hostile savages, is as large as North America and Europe combined, and contains, it is estimated between one hundred and fifty and one hundred and seventy-five million inhabitants.

2. Great as are the changes in our knowledge of Africa, the changes in Africa itself are no less.  
**New Africa.** Africa for the African has been discovered, and about as rapidly as discovered passed out of existence. Now, of all this vast territory, Abyssinia at the extreme east and the little country of Liberia on the west, of whose unique history we will hear later, are the only territories not directly or indirectly under foreign influence. In a large sense Africa is under European control. Therefore, what the native is to become depends upon the white man. The white man holds the destiny of Africa in his hands for better or worse.

3. Nothing could more clearly illustrate the new conditions than a recent railroad map of Africa.  
**A Railroad Map.** In this the eastern side is penetrated by some dozen lines, either completed or projected, while a number hardly less, enter from the western coast. The crowning project is the Cape-to-Cairo Railway, which beginning at Cape Town on the south is to extend to Cairo on the north. 1,300 miles have been built reaching southward, while from the south already reach up 1,600 to meet it. Recently a Methodist Bishop in Africa exclaimed, "I expect to be Bishop in Africa long enough to take a Pullman to Cape Town and thread my way 60,000 miles northward to the Mediterranean." Projected by Englishmen, the actual work of accomplishing the almost impossible feats of engineering has been done by Americans, who have used American cars and engines.

4. If the progress in exploration and in the physical conquest of Africa as a whole, in the last sixty years, is a wonderful story, the progress of its spiritual conquest is no less so. Although the Moravians began mission work in 1792, and, as a direct outgrowth of the missionary revival in which William Carey was a prime factor, a few English and Scottish Societies had begun work in the last years of the eighteenth century, the work was in its infancy. When the last century opened there was between Liberia on the northwest and Cape Colony in the extreme south, not a single mission station. Fifty years later, when the Southern Baptists began work in Liberia, only seventeen Protestant organizations were attempting work in the continent, the work of most of those having been but barely begun. Today, after sixty years, we find almost every branch of the church, both in England and America, at work, reporting nearly 3,000 missionaries, more than 16,000 native workers and 281,000 communicants. We

must, therefore, recast our opinion of Africa as a mission field, and instead of the hardest, pronounce it the most fruitful. No great division of missionary labor, neither China nor even Japan, in proportion to the length of time occupied, can show results at all commensurate with these.

5. Fascinating as is the study of the larger and more successful of these missions on the Congo, in Egypt, and in the Uganda Country, for a knowledge of **Our Field of Conquest.** them we must refer you to the many books on African missions where their story is fully told.

Our concern today is with the country, people and the missions of Southern Baptists in the Yourba country, a country and a mission field of which little is known or written in America outside of Southern Baptist periodicals, it being, with the exception of the National Baptist Convention (colored), the only American society at work in this section of Africa. From England there are the Church Missionary Society and the Wesleyans, who in many instances have central mission stations in the same cities as ourselves, but whose force like our own is entirely inadequate to meet the need. Led by one providential leading after another this Yourba country has become the section of Africa "laid off" as one particular section in which our branch of the great army of the Lord is responsible for great conquests for Him. How we are meeting this responsibility we well see.

6. Let us first see how we came into this country and then take a look at the country and people themselves. This will lead us back to a successful but well-nigh forgotten work done by Southern Baptists in the Republic of Liberia, planted in 1816 by an American Colonization Society for American freedmen. Recognized some forty years later by the chief Christian States, it stands today, with the exception of Abyssinia, the only African State ruled by Africans. Although thus protected it has not fulfilled the hopes of its founders. American negroes were slow to return to Africa, and its 2,000,000 inhabitants are largely composed of native Africans from many adjoining tribes. Its government is modeled on our own, having president, senate, and house of representatives. 60,000 of its people speak English, and the Protestant religion prevails on the coast. The government is, however, far from progressive, as is seen from the fact that the largest unexplored territory in Africa lies within its bounds, and no railroad seems to have been built within its borders.

7. Hope for the new colony was high, however, when in 1821 Lott Carey and Colin League, two negroes, were sent out from Richmond as missionaries of the old Triennial Convention, which was organized in 1814, and included the entire Baptist membership of the United States until 1845. Landing first at Freetown in Sierra Leone, the English colony for freed slaves, they soon made their way to Monrovia, the capital of the new settlement of Liberia. League returned to Sierra Leone, but Lott Carey a man of great sense and executive ability, remained in Liberia, where he was soon Vice-Agent and later Vice-Governor. Although his term of service was comparatively short, his death resulting seven years after his going out from an explosion of powder, so profound was the impression he made on the mission and the workers at home, that he had become widely known in America and England.

8. While detained by the cares of the struggling colony, it was Carey's fondest hope, as well as that of those who sent him out, that from Liberia, the glad news of the Gospel would spread inland. How this hope was fulfilled can be best shown in the following story told in one of his letters home. "Early this morning," he wrote, "the church was called together to hear the relation (experience) of a poor heathen named John, who came about eighty miles to be baptized. Three years ago he spent three months in Sierra Leone, where he heard the Gospel. Later he rescued a Christian negro, and for his great services to him asked only a Testament. This he learned to read alone. This is his story as he told it, without any questions, 'When me bin in La 'Lone—me see all man go to church house—me go, too—me be very bad man, too. Suppose man can cuss me—me can cuss 'im, too—suppose a man can figt me—me can figt 'im, too—well, me go to church house—the man speak, and one word catch my heart, (at the same time laying his hand on his breast)—I go to my home—my heart be very heavy, and trouble me, too—night time come, me fear me can't go to my bed for sleep, my heart trouble me so—something tell me go, pray to God; me fall down to pray; no, my heart be too bad. I can't pray—I think so—I go die now—suppose I die—I go to hell—me be very bad man—pass all, pass all tunor (other) man—God, be angry with me—soon I die—Suppose man cuss me this time—me can't cuss 'im no more—suppose man fight me—me can't fight 'm no more—all the time my heart trouble me—all day, all night—me can't sleep—by and by my heart grow too big and heavy—think tonight me die—my heart so big—me fall down this time—now me can pray—me say, Lord have massy—then light

came in my heart—make me glad—make me light—make me love the Son of God—make me love everybody.’

9.  
Exploring  
New  
Territory.

After Carey a number of missionaries were sent to Liberia, the Southern Baptist Convention determining on its organization (in 1845) to vigorously push the work in that country. Eleven years later the American Baptist Mission Society and the Northern Board determined to withdraw, leaving the work in this part of Africa entirely in our hands. Four years after the beginning of our convention, every settlement in the Colony had a church and in every village there was an interesting Sunday School. Opportunities for exerting an influence among the surrounding tribes were constantly increasing, natives were calling for the “God man” to bring his book and teach them, and fields were open for a hundred miles into the interior.”

It was at this junction that our Convention sent out T. J. Bowen, a missionary explorer, whose name should be written among those who have done much to make this Africa known to the world and to solve the long puzzle of the source of the Niger. He it was that made the Yourba country known to us, and to go now over our mission station is to retrace his steps, although how changed the country and the manner of travel we shall see. It is to be questioned if in so brief a period of service, for he was in Africa only seven years, any man ever rendered larger services not only in exploration, but in the kindred task of reduction of languages to writing and translation by which the missionary has put Africa and the whole world of knowledge and science in his debt. His explorations were summed up in a volume entitled *Bowen's Central Africa*, while his grammar of the Yourba language was published by the Smithsonian Institute. Besides this he translated portions of the Scripture which he returned to this country to have published.

10.  
A Look  
at  
Yourba.

It is not necessary to recount here how the work of Southern Baptist Missions from this time on began gradually to center in Yourba and how finally in 1875 the work in Liberia was closed, the entire work being transferred to the country which lies in the great bend of the Niger river which bounds it on the South and East. Today all the country is included under the English Protectorate extending from Lagos on the coast some two hundred miles North and South to an undefined border two or three hundred miles inland, where it borders on the largest unoccupied mission field in Africa—the Great Soudan—a fact which gives the Yourba country much importance. To enter it, we may take a large and commodious vessel

at Liverpool and in a few days we will steam into the large harbor of Lagos, often called from its extensive trade the Liverpool of Africa, and which has long been the scene of our missionary labors. Here a surprise awaits us. Can this indeed be Africa? The town of 40,000 is lighted by electricity, a sea-wall provides a spacious marina around the island, a steam tramway gives easy access to the railway terminals on Iddo island, and a massive iron bridge connects Lagos with the mainland. The palatial Government House, the Courts of Justice, the hospitals, the churches and schools of four denominations, the bank, post-office, and scores of prosperous business houses indicate the importance and prosperity of this colony. Our own Baptist church tower lifts itself into view to be seen by missionaries coming and going, bidding welcome to the one and farewell to the other. The church of which the tower is a part represents a living company of believers, a crowded congregation of hearers, and a powerful native ministry. There are, indeed, three Baptist churches in Lagos, entirely self-supporting and all doing good work for Christ.

11.  
Moses  
Stone.

You must know Moses Stone, pastor of the First Baptist Church. Come back with me then to 1868. It is one o'clock at night. A little black boy is lying on the floor studying by the aid of a small native lamp. He is Moses Stone, so named by one of our missionaries, Rev. R. H. Stone, who had taken him into his household with several other boys that he might better teach them. The missionary was soon compelled by ill health to return to this country, but his work through this boy went on. His great love for study led to rapid progress. The converts left alone, chose him for their leader, and when at last reinforcements arrived he was ready to give them a most joyful welcome. He became the interpreter of Mr. David, who when he saw his piety and ability, sent him to Ogbomoshaw, although doing so, he writes, was like losing his right arm. His earnestness in gathering the people was untiring. I go on Saturday," he said, "to prepare the people for Sunday, and go again on Monday to impress what they heard on Sunday." Not long after the people were at war with one another and Moses Stone in endeavoring to reach Ogbomoshaw after one of his missionary journeys was caught by the savages, severely beaten, cut with knives, imprisoned and nearly starved. His wife's mother, who was a slave, as a slave was redeemed with 28 bags of cowries (\$70.00) and was taken to live with them. But the work went on. About this time the people of Ogbomoshaw brought him six sets of Ifa gods besides eight other gods.

After years of work with the missionaries he was ordained, and today is pastor of the Baptist Church at Lagos, which numbers 300 members. In one year (1904) he baptized 100 converts. More than this, his church is not only self-supporting, having the best church building in the country, but is itself a center of missionary activity, having a number of out-stations entirely under its care. Thus like the famous Bishop Crowther, also a Yourban boy, Moses Stone is giving his life for the redemption of his own people.

12. From the days of Bowen to the present, Lagos has been the starting point for the interior of **In the Interior.** Yourba. Then, however, it was six days' hard journey to Abbeokuta—sixty miles away—now we make the journey over the new railroad in a few hours.

As we are borne inland, we realize that we have entered the paradise of West African countries, the sight of whose fruitful undulating plains so enchanted Bowen. Large herds of cattle roam the prairies, farm stock grows with astonishing rapidity, and the land smiles at the farmer's bidding, with good, sweet crops. It is peopled with between two and three million souls, who live in the towns and villages of the country. These people are under good government, gentle, hospitable, ever acknowledging God to be the author and giver of all good, but devoted to certain mediators between God and men, called orisas, instead of "the one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus."

Fifty years ago all roads were opened or closed at the whim of some surly chief, frequent wars devastated the land, their past fury being yet marked by the desolate ruins of what were once large towns.

13. But though government has been modified by civilization it is not to be forgotten that these **Heathen Still.** people are heathens still. Their idols are some three or four hundred, to whom gifts and offerings are made, they in the Furnance world but having no fear of being lost. They make offerings to Satan, pouring oil on his altars to pacify him. Superstition and witch-craft everywhere hold sway.

14. A man may dispose of his wife as he would of any other piece of property. If he dies, she is inherited by his heirs. All the hard work falls **The Women of West Africa.** to her, and she is literally one of the world's "hewers of wood and drawers of water," a farmer and woman-of-all-work. The marriage age is from thirteen to fourteen, and sometimes younger. The marriageable daughter is purchased from her father by the would-be bridegroom,

the price varying according to his worldly estate. Girls bought with a bullock are considered among the aristocracy, while those for whom only brass kettles, cloth or beads are paid, do not rank so high in the social scale.

15. It may be possible that American children, to whom the morning dress and bath are a daily dread, **The Children.** might find some pleasure in life in Africa. The child is not supposed to wear any clothing till three or four years of age, and then a half yard is quite sufficient. When the baby is two or three days old it is tied on the back of its mother or some child, the little legs spread apart so the feet will reach around the hips, and with a cloth drawn tight over its body, its little head is left to dangle. The face is rarely ever washed and the flies fill its mouth and eyes.

There is rejoicing when a girl is born because there is another one to hoe the ground.

As soon as a girl is old enough to be useful, her life-work begins, i. e. carrying a basket on her head and a baby on her back.

The girl must have her body tattooed in various designs—a most painful operation. The skin is pricked with needles and the juice of an herb injected, which leaves raised scars.

As we have seen, when she is fifteen or sixteen she is sold for what she will bring, and as a marriage gift presented with a hoe, which hereafter she must use for the benefit of her husband, who will buy just as many more wives to work for him as he can afford.

16. It was into this country Mr. Bowen made his way and reached the city of Abbeokuta, which with its **Abbeokuta.** more than 150,000 inhabitants, lies on two high hills that terminate in a bluff of smooth gray granite, giving the place its name—meaning "under the rock". Some time before, Christian natives from Sierra Leone and Liberia had returned to this their native land, and brought the first news of the Gospel. They set themselves against human sacrifice and other cruelties of the fetishism, and the atrocities of the slave trade, of which this city was a centre, preparing the way for missionaries. Here our missionaries, early began work, but not without violent opposition since their teachings were opposed to the slave trade and the other abuses. Finally in 1867 all white men were driven from the city, they being forced to flee for their lives.

17. Twenty years passed away. Sunday after Sunday the little hand full of Christians who had escaped the **The Return.** persecution gathered to worship God. Again and again groups of them had traveled twelve days to

Lagos and back again to inquire if "God's men had yet come." At last they came. The King and elders received Mr. David cordially. "The wicked men who drove the missionaries away are dead," they said—"White men can come and live among us in peace." The cry in all the towns, large and small, was for teachers.

But the cry was not heeded. True, some men and women were sent, but only a third of those sent out were able to survive the first years of fever. The rest either soon filled missionary graves which all over Africa are the mile posts of its progress towards the light, or returned home broken in health. Reinforcements were slow to come. To-day we have no more foreign missionaries in Africa than we had sixteen years ago.

Yet in spite of all of this we find now in Abbeokuta three little churches and several out stations. Perhaps in no town of Western Africa has such change been wrought in the last decade as in this town. When the missionaries were driven out in 1877 slavery was rampant, human sacrifice was common, and heathen cruelties everywhere practiced. To-day the Alake (native king) lives in a palace built upon European plans, and receives a salary of \$5,000 from the customs revenue. There is a large secretariat, with an educated Negro at the head of affairs, a fine court of justice and there are printing offices, a post-office and good roads throughout the town. In fact the whole town is being rapidly rebuilt and is becoming the center of a civilized, independent African kingdom. But heathen evil is far from dead, polygamy having a hold upon the people which seems to increase rather than decrease. A large Polygaman's church, so-called, has recently been formed within a stone's throw from one of our churches.

Alas, we must record the death of another of our leaders in Africa, W. T. Lumbley, long in charge of this work. Who will go to take his place?

18. Passing by Awyaw, the important city where Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Pennock are situated, and **Farther Inland.** Saki more recently opened by Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Duval, we reach Ogbomoshaw, a city of 60,000 high up among the hills, one hundred and forty miles from Lagos, and an important station on the great inland road to Loudan.

Here, before 1830, the King gave Mr. Bowen a beautiful building site on which he built a comfortable cottage. Here work was fitfully maintained until the missionaries were driven from the country (1867). But the work did not die. As in Abbeokuta, though persecuted, they met and read the Bible regularly until

Mr. David's arrival, nearly twenty years later. They met him crying out "God be praised! He has heard our prayers which have continued these many years." Gladly they gathered to hear him under the trees planted by the former missionaries, until they could build a new chapel in which they used the doors, windows and benches of the old mission house. Besides these, many other articles left by the former missionaries had been lovingly and sacredly preserved.

To-day our Mission in Ogbomoshaw is manned by four missionaries: Mr. and Mrs. 19. **After Thirty Years.** C. E. Smith, and Mr. and Mrs. Compere.

It no longer sounds odd to hear of a city in the interior of Africa with a First and Second Baptist Church as we find it in Ogbomoshaw. The First Church is in great honor because twelve of the native workers have gone from it, and the three ordained natives have been closely connected with it. A year and a half ago the membership was exactly one hundred. Later there came an awakening to both churches, encouraging greatly both the missionaries and native helpers. The Training School here gives great promise for the future, and no cry is more repeated by the Missionaries than the need of trained Africans for African work. Nor do they fail to praise not only the faithfulness of Moses Stone, but that also of other noble native workers. The great importance of this station lies in the fact that it is the last town in this country upon the great highway that leads to the Hausa States. Ogbomoshaw should be made the base of supply for a Hausa Mission. Our policy must be extension—forward to the untrodden States of the great Soudan, Ilorin, Bida, Kano, and Sokoto, with hundreds of other towns stretching away to Lake Chad, which are no longer closed.

20. **A Woman's Work.** And what of Woman's work in Africa while their husbands are preaching, training and going out on missionary journeys all through the surrounding country? We will look in upon Mrs. Compere at Ogbomoshaw and let her tell us. "With three small girls of my own," she says, "to teach, and three classes, every day, from our Training School, and with *thirty* people to sew for, you will not wonder that I am busy.

It sounds a little preposterous to say that I do *all* the sewing for thirty people, but at present it is *exactly true*. Mrs. Smith did a great deal of the sewing when she was here, but she isn't here now. And my little black girls, from the school, have not yet learned to run the sewing machine; though they have learned to

sew fairly well with their hands, and have lately made themselves a dress each, which are done very well indeed. By and by I hope to have them do most of the machine sewing, but teaching them is by no means a rapid process. In the meantime all our boys and girls are wearing out clothes at the ordinary rate, and I have to make new clothes as they are required. I have lately finished up and given to the boys, *thirty new shirts!* Just think of making thirty shirts at a time!"

20. And what is the conclusion of it all? Have we done wisely in choosing this small section of Africa, and on it spending time, money and more than all—life? What is its significance to the great continent?

*As we have seen, it is the entrance door to the vast country occupied by the millions in the Hausa States, and indeed, to the whole of the Central Soudan. Our main stations: Abbeokuta, Awyaw and Ogbomoshaw, form a white highway towards the vast unoccupied Soudan, the very heart of Africa, as yet untouched by missions except on its outer verge. Shall we linger at this door—great and effectual—or in the name of the mightiest of conquerers enter and claim it in His name?*

They are coming from the dark Soudan  
That lies by the Niger's shore,  
And the glory of the Son of man  
O'er its hills and plains shall pour.  
Land of deepest, darkest heathen night,  
Thou shall yet be called the Land of Light,  
And in that Millennial morn so bright,  
Africa's sons at last shall weep no more.

—Selected.

### Suggestions for Young Ladies.

Essays.

The Romance of African Exploration.  
An Imaginary Trip up the Niger.  
A White Woman in Africa.  
The Story of Bishop Crowther.

Suggestions.

A Palavar (African name for a big talk) on Present Day Africa, each member expected to contribute at least one theme.

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Slave Trade of Today.—Harper's, Aug. 1906.  
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Moral Darkness in the Dark Continent.—Mis. Review, Aug. 1906.  
African Races.—Nation, May 3, 1906.  
An African's Work for Africa.—Mis. Review, Oct. 1906.  
Glimpses of African Souls.—Missionary Review, Jan., 1906.  
Khartum—The Strategic Center of Africa—Mis. Review, Sept., 1906.
- Africa, and our Missions There.—Free.  
Muthania, A Search for the Word Saviour.—One Cent.  
Coals of Fire.—One Cent.  
Child Life in West Central Africa.—Two Cents.

### Leaflets.

### Band Program—Subject: "Africa."

Opening Hymn.—Promises to Ethiopia (1) Isaiah 45: 14-16; (2) Ezekiel 30: 9; (3) Psalms 68: 31; (4) Zephaniah 3: 10.

Prayer.

Hymn.

Regular Business.

First Messengers.

(Paragraph 1 and 2, related. Paragraph 6, related.)

Solo.

Readings—Second Messengers.

(An Old Letter, Paragraph 8. Going to Yourba, Paragraph 9 beginning "To enter it". Moses Stone, Paragraph 10. Heathen Still, Paragraph 12.)

Hymn.

**Readings—Third Messengers.**

Woman of West Africa, Paragraph 13. The Children, Paragraph 14. A Woman's Work, Paragraph 19.

**Shoes that Talk**—A school boy in Africa asked the missionary to bring him a "pair of shoes that talk," and he would pay for them. Shoes are valued for their *squeak* in Africa,—no use wearing shoes if no one knows it!

**Attempts at English**—If a boy breaks a plate he says: "Master, the plate no agree for to live." If he loves you he says: "I love you stronger bad." With a sore foot, "My foot humbug too much."—*Exchange.*

**Washing Baby in Africa.**

One morning I heard the baby crying as if his little heart would break, and I went to see what could be the matter with him, and found his mother washing him in front of her house. And do you think she had a nice little bath tub and scented soap and warm water? Oh, no! But she held the little baby up on his little feet, and was pouring cold water over him by the handfuls. The poor baby was screaming at the top of his lungs, and fighting against the cold water as hard as he could; but his mother paid no attention to that, and went on with the washing. Did she have nice, warm flannel clothes to dry him with, and others in which to wrap him? No; but when the washing was over, she lifted the baby up and with her mouth blew vigorously into his eyes and ears to drive out the water, and that is all the drying he got. Then she proceeded to dress him. The dress consisted of a string of beads around his waist, and one around his neck, and one around each of his wrists, and ankles. The air and the sun did the rest of the drying. This baby's name was Ntambu Ngangabuka.—*Selected.*

The heathen African mother loves her children. She is over-indulgent, letting the children do very much as they please. She gives to them the best in her life, but fails to teach them love and respect that they should have for mother and father.

They love to play and many of their games remind me very much of our own children's games. They play "hide and seek", "round and round," or "run and I will catch you". Many of them, too, are quite clever at playing "jack stones". They are so quick that after tossing up the marble, a small nut, they can put the "pigs in the pen", take them out, and one by one "take them to water" before the marble touches the ground.

The very little ones love to play "frogs going to market". They all-squat, part at the head of a given line and part at the foot. Then they begin to hop towards each other, saying in concert:

"Frogs, frogs, where are you going?  
We are going to the market of the Baluba;  
If they catch you, what will they do?  
They will turn us all into lizards."

The fun is trying to pass one another without touching.

The children soon emerge from the "wee tot" running around the village, to the more mature boy or girl. He with his miniature bow and arrow, follows his father to the forest, or goes to the brook for fish, helps at the blacksmith shed, works in iron and copper, learns to make spear and arrow heads, knives, hoes, axes, needles and large pins. He soon learns that he must look forward to becoming a man, so he works away building his home and clearing land for a corn field. He also learns to weave cloth, and make hats and mats from the palm fiber.

The little girl, in turn, helps mother, busying herself around with the cooking and other odds and ends in their humble home. One of the first arts that she learns is to skillfully catch the "dainty" grasshopper and bring him home for the morning or noonday meal. She also learns how to prepare the caterpillar for immediate and future use, follows her mother to the plantation to plant corn, potatoes and goobers. She early learns to look forward to becoming a wife, and soon begins to have her little ears open to all the gossip and folklore. Certainly she feels that she must know concerning the witches, the witch doctor and his medicine, just when to tie a knot in a string to mark a certain epoch, just what signs are good and which are bad.

So life goes on. These are humble homes, varying from a comfortable one to an almost wretched hovel. With the Bakuba, a well-made house of bamboo, one large room and a smaller room for the kitchen are seen. The Baluba and Lulua is made of grass or bark, where all goats, dogs, chickens and ducks find a welcome. No pretty bright pictures are seen, no words of prayer are uttered here, no return of thanks for blessings received; simply an existence is sought from day to day.

**Closing Exercises.****Adjournment.**

**Suggestions to Band Leaders.**—Let the members act as messengers bringing in sealed dispatches. They may enter in groups and as places are mentioned they should be pointed out on map.

## Our Schools Among the Heights.



A GROUP OF MOUNTAIN SCHOOL PUPILS.

"A hundred dollars spent for the higher education of the boy in his teens, is worth far more to him than a thousand dollars given to him as an inheritance after he reaches his majority."

### Song Service.

**Bible Lesson.**—The Training of Young People.—Moses, Samuel, Paul, Timothy, &c.

**Prayer.**—For Our Home Mission Work among the Mountains.

### So Send I You.

The night lies dark upon the earth, and we have light;  
 So many have to grope their way, and we have sight:  
 One path is theirs and ours—of pain and care,  
 But we are borne along, and they their burdens bear.  
 Foot-sore, heart-weary, faint they on their way,  
 Mute in their sorrow, while we kneel and pray;  
 Glad are they of a place in which to rest,  
 While we lie pillowed on the Father's breast.

Father, why is it that these children roam,  
 And I with thee, so glad, at rest, at home?  
 Is it enough to keep the door ajar,  
 In hope that some may see the gleam afar  
 And guess that that is home, and urge their way  
 To reach it, haply, somehow and some day?  
 May I not go and lend them of my light?  
 May not mine eyes be unto them for sight?  
 May not the brother-love thy love portray?  
 And news of home make home less far away?

Yea, Christ hath said that as from Thee He came  
 To seek and bless, so Hath He, in His name,  
 Sent us to these; and Father, we would go,  
 Glad in Thy love that thou hast willed it so  
 That we should be partakers in the joy  
 Which even on earth knows naught of earth's alloy—  
 The joy which grows as others' griefs grow less,  
 And could not live but for its power to bless.

—R. Wright Hay—

1. There is something inspiring about the very word School. It lays hold of the future. Its walls are a **Pledge to** prophecy. Its windows look to the four corners of the **Future.** the earth. Hope sits on the door step, while **Aspiration** holds out her hand to all that pass that way.

For a century the Baptists of the Southern mountain fastnesses had been cut off from the world. Hardy as the mountaineers of Switzerland—true, sturdy, full-blooded Americans, the railroads and telegraph wires that threaded the valleys had left them undisturbed. The very beauty of this situation shut them out from the world.

At last the railroads climbed their steepes, the late world of the nineteenth century began to pour in upon them, and they awaked to find that in the years of their seclusion they had been left behind. Then it was that the impulse to erect the larger school, to push out with the new world with all their latent strength awoke and shook the mountains. This was the beginning of the mountain school work of our Southern Baptist Convention through its Home Board.

2. In this department we are committed to the task of reaching and developing the 2,000,000 **Who and Where** Sturdy Anglo-Saxons who inhabit the great **Are These** Mountain Region of the South. Baptists vastly outnumber the combined forces of all other **People?** denominations—a fact significant alike of the opportunity and responsibility which Southern Baptists are confronted.

The region involves one hundred and forty-nine counties, and a territory which, constituted into a State, would be in the South what Switzerland is to Europe, a State twice as large as Georgia, twice as large as the Island of Cuba and as large as any three States in the Convention, Texas excepted.

The agricultural and horticultural interests of this Mountain Region alone make it second to none in the entire country. Corn, wheat, rye, oats, peas, tobacco, and fruits of the finest varieties abound. The country is heavily timbered with the finest varieties of woods.

It is also exceedingly rich in minerals. Not only are the common minerals found in large quantities, but there are many rare specimens unknown elsewhere. Gold, silver, nickel, iron, asbestos, mica, manganese, corundum, marble and coal are now being produced in such quantities there is little doubt that, in the near future, capital will be induced to make still larger investments and the mining industry be greatly increased.

Those who hold these possessions are destined to be a great factor in the future of the South.

**3. When the Home Board Entered the Field.** The Home Mission Board began with the Hot Springs Convention in 1900 to grapple with this Baptist opportunity. There were skeptics then, honest skeptics about the necessity and the possibility of doing anything much educationally in the mountain region. There are no skeptics now who are both honest and intelligent in criticism of the work. Then only five Baptist schools in the whole mountain region of the South were receiving assistance from State Boards or from the Home Mission Board, and with four of these that was the first year that such help had been extended.

In 1904, Rev. A. E. Brown, who had served his apprenticeship in this work as Assistant Secretary of the North Carolina Convention where a good movement towards the building Associated Schools in Mountain Counties had manifested itself, was appointed by the Home Board as Superintendent of Mountain School Work, a position which he has filled with great ability.

**4. The Schools To-day.** Figures tell but little of the story, but we will let them tell their part. They are remarkable enough. In all there are twenty-four schools aided by the Board, having, last year, a total enrollment of 3,919 pupils. These twenty-four schools are Boarding Schools doing high-grade preparatory work, sending out scholars who take high stand in the advanced colleges. This past Fall a party of some thirty-four set out from one Central Railroad town

for high institutions. The schools are scattered all through the mountain region of the South: 8 in North Carolina, 6 in Kentucky, 4 in Louisiana, 2 in Georgia, and 1 each in Alabama and South Carolina.

To see how much these figures mean in self denial, opportunity and possibilities, let us look at some of the schools and their pupils.

**5. How a School Was Built.** "The proposition from the Home Board had been before them for months. The people of Magoffin had been asked to raise two thousand dollars. A committee of earnest men had solicited funds from everybody in the county, but when the time came to close the matter they were several hundred dollars short of the amount. The people could not understand why "outsiders" should wish to build a school in their midst. It was published that the representatives of the Home Board would be present on a certain day, and everybody was urged to attend an Educational Mass Meeting in the Courthouse at 2 o'clock. A goodly number came, the situation was discussed and it was decided that we stay there until the required sum was obtained. Short earnest talks were made, personal appeals were also made, the amount grew slowly, the time slipped by, some man, fired by the occasion, would deliver a passionate appeal, this would be followed by more personal work among those present. The amount of subscriptions continued to grow. In spite of the fact that some left the hall, we continued to work; at last, between four and five o'clock, the committee announced that the amount was in sight. This deepened the interest and enthusiasm, those who had given increased their gifts, the goal was reached. The courthouse bell was rung, the citizens with their wives and daughters gathered,—the suspense had been great, and when the committee announced that the amount had been secured, that the school would be built—the crowd led, by a good Methodist brother, broke forth singing: 'Praise God from whom all Blessings Flow.'

It was a great day for Magoffin.

The school is now in its second year under Prof. A. C. Harlowe, a cultured christian gentlemen, who, with his wife and assistant teachers are wielding a beautiful influence, not only over the boys and girls, but in the houses of the people.

**6. An Old School.** All these twenty-four schools, however, are not new. Perhaps the oldest is Mars Hill, in Madison, N. C., which will soon round out its fiftieth year. An enthusiastic visitor thus describes its situation among the heights:

"From the college campus, from the streets and highways round about you see them—these imperial beauties in blue and green, the great peaks of blue in the distance, and the intervening

landscape undulating with green-crested ridges and patched with green-carpeted fields. Climb up into the college belfry and behold, or take a twenty-minute walk to the crest of Little Mountain and see! Look away to the east and there are Ogle Meadow, Yates' Kolb, the Craggies, Bullhead and others courting the stars at 6,000 feet above the sea. Sweep your eye southward over charming knolls and basins and rest it over Asheville; our mountain metropolis, 18 miles away. Thence extend your vision to sunlit Pisgah, corner-stone of four counties and now the pendant of a millionaire. 'Mars Hill is indeed a beautiful gem set in the emerald ring of the hills.'

7. **Men From the Mountains.** But men are more than mountains. The products of this old school will be a fair test of what stuff these mountain boys and girls are made of, and what we may expect from other schools in the near future. In reply to a request for the names of some of the former pupils filling positions of note, came two full pages of men and women who today are reflecting honor on their Alma Mater. Among them are seven lawyers, eleven teachers, ten doctors and twelve ministers, pastors of churches in nine different states. For years the Mars Hill men at Wake Forest, the State Denominational College, have taken a fine stand and carried off many a well deserved honor.

8. **A Benefactor.** Mars Hill is fortunate beyond other schools in having a large benefactor in Mr. Milo Clinton Treat, of Washington, Penn. Some years ago Mr. Treat became interested in the ministerial education of mountain boys and established a ministerial loan fund of \$4,000 for that purpose. Later he gave \$2,000 for the annex to the Spilman Home for Girls (the gift of B. W. Spilman of the Sunday School Board and his wife), and recently has given \$2,000 for a Boys' Dormitory. Not content with this he offered \$3,000 for another much needed building, provided \$5,000 could be secured by the 1st of April, 1907—and yet, every year there are those who must wait—wait until, perhaps, *their* opportunity is perhaps passed forever. Were but the means given, doubtless in a few years the present enrollment of three hundred and forty-five would grow to six hundred.

9. **The Mountain Neighbors.** It must not be inferred, however, that the gifts to these schools come wholly, or even in the great majority, from those beyond the mountains. As another has shown—a dollar spent in the mountains, calls out another. No subject in the Associational Meetings is more enthusiastically received or more

quickly ended. Perhaps the greatest religious force in Yancy County, N. C., is a lawyer, a mountain man, educated in a mountain school. He has contributed more to the mountain school work than any other man—with a single exception.

'I know', writes a teacher who has been connected with two of these schools, 'one man, yes, I might say at least one more, in another county, who has more than once placed his all in jeopardy that one of our schools might be a success. He sacrifices all the time. They give all the time toward necessary expenses, and more than one young man will go forth into the world better equipped because of the material assistance as well as inspiration given by these men. May I relate a little incident of last year? In discussing the building of a Boys' Home, one of my good girls made this remark: 'I hope they won't build this summer.' In answer to my look of surprise, she said: 'Oh! I want our house finished and 'twill not be done if they build the Home.'

To my certain knowledge, twice one of these men has had lumber ready to build a new house. Once the lumber went into a schoolhouse, and again into a Church building. He is never called on in vain. Not many have gone this far, but many have made actual sacrifices of home comforts.

10. **Uncle Fair.** There is real pathos in much of this giving. The gifts of the mountain people have been in small amounts, but there have been a great many of them.

In hundreds of instances poor parents have given their last dollar that their children might have advantages they were deprived of themselves. Yet, in many cases, though the expense of attending these schools is pitiably small, yet many of these same poor contributors are unable to send their own children.

The communities where the schools are located show their interest by sending fruit, fresh meats, and Thanksgiving and Xmas dainties to the Homes, and by personal attention to the girls and boys.

Uncle Fair Wallace and his good wife, who keep the Boys' Boarding Hall at our school in Andersonville, Tenn., illustrate this self-sacrificing, timely and constant giving. Uncle Fair, as he is called, says that nearly every boy who comes there to school pays his own way with money he has worked out during vacation, or by teaching a small free school. Few of them have enough to pay their bills for the entire term and so go away owing him, but he says only two or three have failed to pay him, so soon as they could earn the money. Brother Wallace and his wife have not received the advantages of education which they sacrificed that others may have, but we doubt if many could be found who are doing more for the education of mountain boys or girls than this brother and sister.

11. **A Mountain Torrent.** It is almost dangerous to arouse the ambition of a mountain boy. Once roused he is like one of his own mountain torrents which nothing turns from its course. There seems to be no obstacle that he can not overcome. He is resourceful, his daily life has made him so. Many young men gladly work on the construction of a railroad, near our school, as day laborers, in order to have ready money for school term.

"I have known," writes a teacher, "young men to haul and break rock on city streets to be able to enter at the beginning of fall term. But this determination is by no means confined to the boys alone; many young women, as the young men, teach during fall term, then do double work in order to get in full years work after Xmas.

One young woman, by cooking, saved enough money for her first term. After that she led the cooking in the Home. She is now in training for nurse in one of our best Southern hospitals.

I have known girls to take a hand in the field during the summer in order to gain a few months in one of our schools."

"It is a difficult matter," says Rev. A. E. Brown, who knows this work as no other, "to single out instances of personal sacrifice on the part of boys and girls to attend school, when more than nine-tenths of the pupils in our twenty-four mountain schools are there under difficulties which would deter less hungry and less hardy boys and girls. Few, when they enter, can see their way more than two or three months ahead and some of them not that far. As in the instance of a motherless girl who came to the Superintendent a few weeks ago without a dollar to pay for books or board, but with a hunger for a higher and broader life which could not be denied."

12. **Through Difficulties.** Yet, though it is difficult to single out one instance from many, two others will serve to illustrate many more. A young man with a wife and child came to our school at Sylva, N. C., and said: "I am called to preach and want an education." He could scarcely read. He had nothing, but was willing to work. He chopped wood and did any other work he could find evenings and Saturdays. He takes what is given him thankfully and does not talk or complain of his hard lot, and for two years he has kept this up. The change in him is wonderful. He now goes out on Saturdays and Sundays and preaches as best he can. He does not think of giving up school until he completes the course, which will require several years set. I never heard him complain or murmur.

A poor man, back in the mountains of Kentucky, heard of our school at Williamsburg. He brought his family and belongings in

a one-horse wagon. He worked at odd jobs while his children attended school. When he could pay anything, he did so; but when his oldest children, who were girls, had completed the course, he was considerably indebted to the school. These girls had made such a favorable impression upon the trustees, that they knowing their circumstances, decided to give the girls the debt. But the girls said, no, we will pay every cent of it and interest. And they did.

13. **A Continual Feast.** They ask for no pity—a contented spirit is a continual feast, and among all these hardships there is no lack. From every quarter comes testimony to the joy with which deprivations are met so long as they lead to the desired end. Most of our buildings

are unfinished and often not comfortable. "We have," says a teacher, "in years ago, eaten breakfast with water freezing on the table, and not one word of complaint. Girls have cheerfully gathered in wood and chips from off the snow, built their own fires with this wet wood and have never even suggested that things should be made better. And as for study, they study with the same determination with which they make the means to come."

14. **Noble Teachers.** It must not be supposed that the sacrifices are all on the part of the pupils, far from it. Many of the noble teachers have chosen work in these mountain schools because here they can, as they believe, touch and inspire as nowhere else. The Principal of Chilloe Institute, Tennessee, is an example. He is a graduate of Brown University, Rhode Island, and did not realize over \$250.00 for his last year's work. This noble young man is giving himself to this work for what he can put into it and not for what he can get out of it. His father is pastor of a small church, in Hartford, Connecticut.

The Superintendent of the Mountain Schools, Mr. Brown, finds himself in the most embarrassing situation of his life. After all that we have done for our seven years to provide means for caring for those mountain boys and girls who want an education, the cry comes from nearly every school: "We are having to turn away boys and girls because we have no room for them." Not content with giving their lives, in some instances, the principals of the schools have incurred personal obligations for furniture and other necessary equipment which will consume a good portion of their small salaries. This ought not to be. These men are already working for about one-third less than they could get in schools outside the mountains, and we should not by our lack thus burden them.

15. **The Bible in the Schools.** If no other good were accomplished in our schools, the study of the Bible by so many young people would be sufficient return. In one school, I know, every student above the primary department gives a full school division to Bible lessons every day, and the quarterly examinations count as in any regular study. Last year 164 professions of conversion were reported from the schools. In addition to work in the schools themselves, they became centers of Bible study for the surrounding country. The work of W. H. Woodall, of Clyde, shows this.

Each session of a Bible School held in a community brings an increase in attendance. Once, in one county, the first school of ten days had an enrollment of eleven; the next school held at their invitation, three months' later, had about forty; and the third, seventy-five. The contributions were in like ratio. One brother writes: "I would not take twenty-five dollars for my notes."

16. **At Home.** No one can estimate the influence of such schools, and the influence which is carried out by the young men and women. Some time ago we heard much of the mountain problem. It was wisely said in this discussion: "At the bottom the whole problem in the mountains is educational. Relief at that point will overcome other difficulties, or place the people where they will be able to solve their problems for themselves without assistance from the outside."

Writes a teacher far up in the mountain fastnesses: "A pleasant feature in the development of the young people is the cheerfulness with which they return to home life and duties, carrying brightness and freshness with them. In some instances it amounts to almost heroism. And almost invariably they can have any position in their home communities they may seek."

Their christian activity is felt in the communities and churches in which our pupils live.

Most of the young men take active part in organization of B. Y. P. U's and S. S. work.

One young man this summer in his country home church, organized a branch class of 25 young men which did good work and is still doing good work in spite of their leader returning to school.

More than one of our girls has gone home to be the organizer of a Missionary Society, and has been the money power in sustaining the work. They are active in S. S. lines also. Better still, they try to live each day.

One girl so lived for two summers in the home, that father, mother, sister and brother were brought to Christ. Their influence gets into the air.

17. **Teachers From the Associations.** At the Carolina Association, in N. C., last fall, during the discussion of education, a brother told of what Fruitland Institute had done for his church. He said: "A young man from our neighborhood went over there to school, and when he came back he organized our young people into a Young Peoples' Union and you never saw such a change in our young folks. I tell you Fruitland Institute is a good thing." This provoked a brother from another church to tell how a young lady from their church went to Fruitland and came back and organized a Missionary Society and Young Peoples' Band and how, because of these things, the church had taken on new life and that somehow it was more like doing things over his way now."

18. **The Need.** The story of our Mountain School Work, told largely by those who are engaged in it, is its own best appeal. What do they need? Everything. School buildings, Boys' and Girls' Dormitories, school furnishings, libraries, dining room equipment, furniture for the dormitories, laundries, equipment of an industrial character where the nine-tenths who must work their way aid themselves, students aid funds, and last, but far from least, endowment. Last year the Woman's Missionary Societies, especially of Kentucky, lent valuable aid by sending boxes of furnishings. Much more aid in this way is needed and needed now, and the societies are urged to consider this work at once. But as in all home mission work the gifts of money must stand first. Boxes, however good, can not take the place of the monied gift. But where can money intrusted to our care for wise investment be better placed? That the "Baptist Dollar" spent in mountain schools brings magnificent returns, none dare doubt.

### Suggestions For Young Ladies.

- |               |   |
|---------------|---|
| Essays.       | The Switzerland of the South.<br>The Mission of the Mountain Schools.<br>Mountain Schools I have Visited.   |
| Bibliography. | Books by George Craddock.<br>Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.—Fox.<br>Home Mission Monthly—Pres. Woman's Board<br>of Home Missions, December, 1906. |
| Leaflets.     | Cindy's Chance (Narrative), Two Cents.<br>First and Last (Narrative), One Cent.<br>How the Teacher come for Tachnee, One Cent.                      |

## Programme for Mission Bands.

### Hymn.

### Bible Reading.

*Leader.*—"If ye love me, keep my commandments."

*Response.*—"All thy commandments are truth."

*Leader.*—"A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."

*Response.*—"He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me."

*Leader.*—"And he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him."

*Response.*—"And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength; this is the first commandment."

*All.*—"And the second is like, namely this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

### Prayer.

### Hymn.

### Exercise for Four Children.—The Secret of Spring.

*Readings.*—(5) How a School was built.  
(10) Uncle Fair

### Exercises for Two Little Ones.

### Solo.

*Readings.*—(10) A Mountain Torrent.  
(11) Through Difficulties.

### Recitation.

*Readings.*—(12) A Continued Feast.  
(15 and 16.) At Home.  
(17) The Need.

### Hymn.

### Collection.

### Solo.

### Hymn.

### Adjournment.

## The Secret of Spring.

(EXERCISE FOR FOUR CHILDREN.)

### First Child.

I've learned such a wonderful secret,  
This beautiful Sunday in May!  
A secret of joy and of gladness,  
That rings in our hearts here to-day.

### Second Child.

I think 'twas the glimmer of sunshine,  
And the robin's note, clear from the sky,  
Which opened your eyes to the wonder  
Of the glorious springtime nigh.

### Third Child.

No, no; 'twas the soft grass springing,  
And the glimpse of the sky so blue,  
Which told you that death had been conquered,  
That the earth shall again be made new.

### Fourth Child.

I think that you read the old story  
Of how Jesus rose from the tomb,  
Till you saw through its darkness and shadow,  
And light pierced forever its gloom.

### First Child.

You are each of you right in your answer,  
The universe joined in the psalm;  
Let us sing it with glad heart and voices  
In the hush of God's infinite calm.

### All Singing.

(Air: "The Morning Light Is Breaking.")

O Christ, our sky is lighted  
With beams that fall from thee;  
Rise thou on souls benighted;  
Thy light let all men see!  
Stay not for unbelief!  
Stay not for unbelief!  
Come in thy love and kindness  
And bring the world relief.

### For Two Little Ones.

1. Does Jesus love the children still?
2. We know He does, and always will.
1. What is His word to you to-day?
2. Come Unto Me, My words obey.
1. What is His promise, true and kind?
2. They that seek shall surely find.
1. In serving Him, what is our part?
2. We'll give Him, first of all, our heart.
1. What is the next step,—do you know?
2. Why, then, we'll make His kingdom grow.

### Recitation.

#### WOULDN'T YOU?

If you were a mite box, and owned by a maid,  
Just how would you like to be treated?  
And how would you like to be cast in the shade  
And never quite civilly greeted?

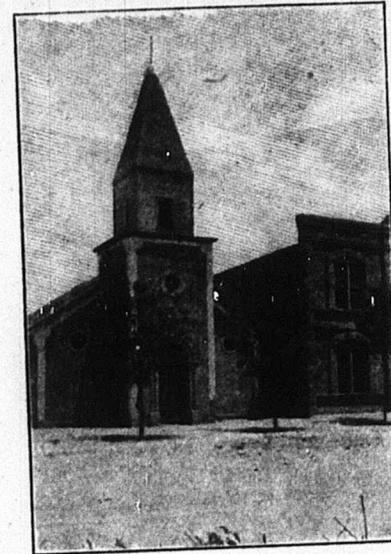
Or how would you like to be left half a year  
With pennies—just two, three or four?  
Neglected, forgotten, forsaken; I fear  
You'd be longing and pleading for more.

And how would you like to be torn, too, and broken,  
Till scarce you could know you were you,  
And must look at the words on your garb for a token?  
Now I shouldn't like it, would you?

And wouldn't you rather be carefully tended,  
And given a penny each day,  
With every small blemish most tenderly mended?  
I would, wouldn't you, now just say?

**Suggestions to Band Leaders.**—Let the May meeting be an open meeting, to which the parents and general public shall be invited. Hold it in the usual place and at the usual time, and avoid the idea that it is an entertainment. The only change from the regular meeting is in the recitation and in having a little more music. Only a little drilling will be needed to carry out the programme as suggested, and the parts should be given to as many children as possible.

## Mexico.



BAPTIST CHURCH AND PASTORIUM AT TORREON.

"LONG LIVE MEXICO, LONG LIVE INDEPENDENCE"  
MEXICO'S RALLYING CRY.

**Roll Call Answered by Verses of Scripture.**  
**Prayer.**

**Bible Reading.**—Thoughts on the second commandment which is omitted from the ten by Roman Catholics.

#### Only Forty Cents a Year.

(The Protestant Church members of America average forty cents a year for all missionary enterprises. Southern Baptists average only about twenty-five cents to Home and Foreign Missions, as contributed through our Home and Foreign Mission Bands.)

In the stead of what the martyrs bore, through many a conflict  
drear;  
In the stead of homeless wanderings, bitter fightings, cruel fear;  
Oh, the shame! we modern Christians give just forty cents a year.

Forty cents a year to open the eyes of all the blind!  
Forty cents a year to gather all the lost whom Christ would find!  
Forty cents a year to carry hope and joy to all mankind!

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Forty cents a year to open the eyes of all the blind!  
Forty cents a year to gather all the lost whom Christ would find!  
Forty cents a year to carry hope and joy to all mankind!

Worthy followers of the prophets, we who hold our gold so dear,  
True descendants of the martyrs, Christ held far and coin held near!  
Bold co-workers with the Almighty—with only forty cents a year!

See amid the darkened nations what the signs of promise are,  
Fires of love and truth enkindled, burning feebly, sundered far;  
Here a gleam and there a glimmer of that holy Easter star.

See the few, our saints, our heroes, battling bravely, hand to hand,  
Where the myriad horrors of the pit possess the land!  
Striving one against a million to obey our Lord's command!

Mighty is the host infernal, richly stored its raging tents;  
Strong its age-encrusted armor and its fortresses immense,  
And to meet that regnant evil we are sending forty cents!

Christian, have you heard the story, how the basest man of men  
Flung his foul, accursed silver in abhorrence back again?  
"Thirty pieces" was the purchase of the world's Redeemer again.

Now—its forty cents in copper, for the Saviour has grown cheap.  
Now—to sell our Lord and Master we need only stay asleep.  
Now—the cursed Judas money is the money that we keep.

1. "There is no part of Europe," said one traveller, "so  
unique, so foreign as Mexico." Said a writer to whom  
Across the we are much indebted. "Mexico, the Old World of the  
Street. New World, although just across the street from the  
southwestern door yard of the United States, is less  
known to the American people than are most of the countries in  
Europe. Many of the tourists who visit Mexico in increasing  
numbers betray an amusing and, at times, a lamentable ignorance  
of the geography, climate, history, and customs."

But this state of things is not long to continue. Much is being  
written of the Americanization of Mexico, in our usual large  
phraseology claiming for the United States the name American.  
Americans in this sense are rapidly moving to Mexico, and we will  
find their presence and need of religious services an additional  
problem in our mission work.

2. In these brief paragraphs it is impossible to give,  
even if it were desirable, the briefest sketch of Mexico's  
The thrilling history. Prescott, in his *Conquest of Mexico*,  
Unknown has thrown a halo 'round the first inhabitants which  
Land. nothing can dispel. In this, the second and ill-fated  
Montezuma, the chief of the Aztecs, is the hero; and  
Cortez, the Spanish conqueror, the villain. The years of the  
Spanish invasion, 1519-21, run with blood. After a most heroic  
resistance, the city of Mexico was almost completely demolished  
and the ruins flung into the numerous canals; hundreds of thou-  
sands of lives were lost, and what had been once the beautiful  
city of Tenochtitlan became a smoking heap of ruins soaked with

blood and covered with corpses. After the taking of the city Cortes  
promptly set to work rebuilding it. The dead bodies were burned  
and the city roughly cleansed, the canals filled up, streets, market  
places, and the sites for a church, fort, official residence, and other  
necessary buildings located.

Baptism or death were the alternatives offered to the  
3. natives. Knowing nothing of what they embraced,  
Death or they submitted to the form at the hands of Catholic  
Baptism. priests, and Mexico was pronounced christianized. Fast  
on the heels of this so-called conversion came the estab-  
lishment of the black and bloody Inquisition, which was intro-  
duced into Mexico in 1571, and the terrific *autos-do-fe* claimed their  
victims down to the year 1821, when the hellish tribunal was for-  
ever done away with.

As we have seen the Baptists in Brazil occupying one of the  
former homes of the Inquisition, so in Mexico the first property of  
the Methodist Mission in Puebla, the ecclesiastical center of Catholi-  
cism in Mexico, was formerly a part of the Inquisition buildings  
of the Dominican Friars. In the immense walls were found the  
skeletons of victims who had been *walled up alive there by the*  
*inquisitors.*

4. For three hundred years Mexico lay fast crushed  
The in the hands of Spanish tyranny, both civil and relig-  
Washington rang out Mexico's liberty bell sounding the first note  
of Mexico. of the most heroic struggle for freedom which this  
continent has witnessed, a struggle to the death for  
fifty years. The Washington of Mexico was Hidalgo, in 1810,  
parish priest at Dolores. Upon suddenly learning that some of his  
fellow conspirators had been arrested, he rang his church bell and  
called upon his people to follow him and free Mexico from foreign  
tyranny. His *Grito de Dolores*, the cry of "Long live religion, long  
live America, and death to bad government!" marked the begin-  
ning of the struggle for Mexican independence. Hidalgo was at  
that time in his fifty-eighth year, with a strong and soldier-like  
body and venerable white locks. He is the one instance in modern  
history of a comparatively old man inaugurating a great national  
movement for the gaining of political freedom. His eloquence had  
a powerful effect on the people, and to heighten the enthusiasm he  
carried aloft the banner of our Lady of Guadalupe, patron Saint of  
Mexico, and gave to his uprising the character of a crusade.  
After many successes, his army was scattered. Hidalgo fled and  
set out for the United States to procure assistance, but was cap-  
tured, degraded from his priestly office, shot and decapitated, and

his head exposed in an iron cage hung from the wall of the great government edifice in Guanajuato that he had stormed and taken the year before.

5. As the years go by his honor grows among the Mexican people, and he means even more to them than Washington does to the people of the United States. Each year on the night of September 15, at 11 o'clock, the President of the republic steps to the balcony of the government palace in Mexico City, rings the old liberty bell that is hanging there now, and repeats the famous cry of Hidalgo, "Long live Mexico! Long live independence!" The waiting crowd of 50,000 below takes up the cry, the bands and church bells all peal out at once, and together it forms a scene to stir the blood and awaken the patriotism of the most sluggish.

6. After this hero there were not wanting others to continue the struggle. The world looked on and laughed at the frequency of Mexican revolutions. But through **Modern Mexico** them ran the dauntless spirit which would not acknowledge defeat. Unyielding, they rose and rose yet again until another fifteenth day—July 15th, 1867. Benito Juarez, a full-blooded Indian, the second great Mexican hero, re-entered the city of Mexico and began the reorganization of the oft defeated republic. Since 1877, with the exception of four years Porferio Diaz has been President of Mexico, a ruler so enlightened and so well known that no words of him are necessary. What modern Mexico is today it owes to Diaz.

7. No thought should give us greater pause than that we, the Christians living today are responsible for our contemporaries. If we do not convert our own generation who will? We have thirteen millions and a-half contemporaries in Mexico. Nineteen per cent. of these are pure whites of Spanish descent, forty-three per cent. are mixed blood and thirty-eight Indians. As a whole the order given indicates the social scale—White, Mixed and Indian perhaps in no country is the contrast between the rich and poor greater—the rich Spanish blooded Mexican with his vast hacienda, and the poor Indian who tills his fields. These large landholders are unwilling to divide their estates, which are still governed and tilled by an almost feudal system. On every great hacienda is the castle of the proprietor, and huddling about the lofty and massive walls, pierced with loopholes, are the huts of the peons, or retainers, actually almost serfs, who are born and die on the estate, and are nearly as much a part of it as were the slaves of old.

8. The homes of the better classes are seldom more than two stories high. They are built about a *patio* —an interior open square surrounded by verandas. **A Glimpse of Life.** The entrance from the street is into this court, from which the upper stories are reached. The style of architecture is Moorish, and each block presents a solid front, with windows and one door opening into each separate dwelling.

All the substantial buildings in Mexico are bright with color. Those which are not white stucco are tinted in gray, buff, or pale green, enlivened with various shades of red.

Almost any open doorway in the city will give a glimpse of the *patio*, or courtyard, with its cool verandas and bright flowers and shrubbery around a splashing fountain. But by far the greater part of the people live in much humbler dwellings.

Most of the poor in both city and country live in adobe huts with thatched roofs, without chimneys or windows. The house has no need of a chimney, for the smoke from the charcoal fire goes out at the door. One is expected to sit on the floor, and at night mats are spread to sleep on.

The inmates of the house wear the same garments day and night for weeks and months together, except an occasional washing. Domestic utensils are few and simple. Hundreds of thousands, if not several millions, rarely use either knife or fork in eating. A folded piece of a tortilla, the thin corn pancake, answers the purposes of a spoon. Cooking utensils are of a primitive kind. In the rural Indian villages, women work with men in the fields, though the heaviest tasks are done by men. When they are too poor to own a "burro"—that diminutive beast of burden, the woman, literally becomes the "pack-horse."

9. Making bread or *tortillas* is the chief drudgery of Mexican women. In order to provide the household with **Making Bread.** these tortillas, which, with *frijoles*, or beans, are staple articles of food, the housewife must spend hours every day over the *metate* stone with a stone rolling-pin, reducing the corn, already softened in lye or lime-water, to the required consistency, then taking parcels of the mass and spitting it between the hands until it reaches the proper thinness, and then placing it on the heated piece of sheet iron adjacent, where, after several turnings, it is baked and ready for use. When night comes she is too weary to do more than wrap herself in her shawl and lie down on the hard mud floor to sleep.

10. Such are the people among whom our Southern **Missions.** Baptist missionaries began work in 1880. Until 1867, the date of the final triumph of Juarez, religious liberty in Mexico was unknown. Following fast upon its

proclamation, the Baptist Home Mission Society of the North entered Mexico in 1870. Other denominations followed, the Southern Baptists opening work ten years later. As we sum up the entire mission force today, in this our nearest country, our hearts sink at its inadequacy. In all Mexico there are but 236 missionaries, men and women. It is a matter of wonder that so small a force has after thirty-seven years, so large a number as 22,000 Christians to report.

Results can only be estimated by difficulties overcome.

11. **What They Found.** Before glancing at the work of our Missions let us see what they found after three hundred years of Catholic rule. A writer from whom we have already quoted, sums up the products of these three centuries as follows:

"Protestants found a church that had taken no pains at all to educate the people over whom she had ruled for three centuries and a half. They found a church that had signally failed to make even tolerable Christians out of the majority of Mexico's millions. The Indians and common people were and still are Christians only in name. The missionary found here a church that during three and a half centuries had been unable to raise a large percentage of the people above the wigwam state socially and morally. They found a church, rich, powerful and haughty, which had given the people but a hideous travesty of the religion of Christ, a mixture of saint and virgin worship and rank superstitions of paganism, and lastly, they found a church calling itself the true Christian Church and yet the bitter and relentless foe of the Bible."

12. **A Raffle of Souls.** Of the almost innumerable instances of superstition as taught by the Catholic Church in Mexico let this one suffice. "Raffles of Souls" (!) by means of which souls are raffled out of purgatory, are held in most of the churches each November. A ticket costs from six cents to twenty-five cents, and those purchasing tickets are entitled to enter the names of their departed loved ones in the raffle. If they should happen to get the capital prize they are sure that their friend or dear one will be released from the flames of purgatory.

13. **A Visit to a Shrine.** Let us visit a shrine, of which there are many throughout the Republic. The town of Ameca Meca, which lies at the base of grand Popocatepetl, and is the point of departure for the ascent to the snowy height, has grown out of the sanctity attached to a smaller elevation, Monte Sacro, or the Sacred Mont. The old archway is inscribed with various pious expressions. The way is broad and beautiful. On entering this sacred road, which is paved

clear to the top of the mountain with small cobblestones, many of the pilgrims from every part of Mexico, who come here for relief from their physical and spiritual maladies, are expected to kneel, and on their knees climb to the top of the mountain.

The first shrine is dedicated to Saint Helena, the mother of Constantine. Then, at regular intervals, are the "stations," on tablets, fourteen in all. Upon the shrubbery on either side of the road are tied strips of garments, little images, and tufts of hair, all left there as votive offerings by those who thought themselves especially blessed by their pilgrimage. The place has been a shrine for hundreds of years.

14. **Our Missions.** Turning now to our missions in this land of shrines and superstition, we are struck with the wisdom of their location, each being in a strategic centre, generally the capitol of the State, from each missionary seeks a wide radius of ever widening influence. In all we have at present 26 missionaries, divided nearly equally between Northern and Southern Mexico, who reported last year 1,544 numbers in Baptist Churches. Come with me to Guadalajara, seated 5,000 feet high among the mountains. Here is a city of more than a hundred thousand, the center of State of Jalisco. The Americans have found out the beauty and commercial value of this point, and the American colony ranges from 500 to a thousand, and is steadily growing. Here Mr. J. G. and Mrs. Chastain and Mr. and Mrs. K. W. Hooker form our mission force. Not only is the usual mission work done here, but the Sunday School papers for all Spanish speaking Baptists in Mexico are printed. They are *El Expositor Biblico* and *Nuestros Ninos* (Our Children). These papers have a growing circulation, not only in Mexico but in Cuba, Porto Rico and the western part of the United States as well.

15. **A Gold Mine.** City work, however, is but part of the missionaries' field. The report of each one's work tells of many long, weary trips of evangelization. It was on one of these journeys that at their request Mr. Chastain visited what he calls a veritable gold mine. I was met, he writes, by two Indians, each with a pistol suspended from a belt beaded with cartridges. After a horse-back ride of eight hours over some of the most rich and most picturesque country I ever saw, we reach the town and waiting congregation, which they said had not been visited by a preacher in fifteen years. On the first night every seat was taken, forty-two persons indoors, and perhaps as many more crowding around the two doors on the outside. I continued with them three days, preaching to congregations twice a day and to individuals and groups of persons from morning till

night, and in all my life I don't think I ever related the old, old story to a more attentive, eager, hungry people. Though they have been all these years without ministerial guidance, they have abandoned Romanism in disgust. Bibles and newspapers fell into their hands, and with these they have been feeling their way along." Thus the seed is scattered and finding root in good soil.

16. Saltillo is another State capitol in which we have long been interested. Here our own interest largely settles around Madero, named after Gov. Madero, of the State of Coahaila, who becoming interested in our work offered us several pieces of property in different cities for the establishment of schools. Miden Institute was opened in 1884, and with the exception of five years during a period of readjustment in the Mission has done a great and continuous work. The course of instruction is very thorough. It is on a par with the United States schools, embracing the same number of years. In fact nearly all of our text books are Spanish editions of United States text books. Our girls are all poor. A large number can pay nothing, but as a whole they are not surpassed for piety and studiousness in any land.

Eternity alone can measure the great good of this institution in moulding the life and character of the future homes of Mexican Baptists. It is blessed to spend a few days in the school and breathe the atmosphere of unselfish devotion of our girls to Christ and the Bible. It makes one love the Lord better to see how lovely He can make even young girls devoted to His service. Last year we had quite a large number of boarding girls, and at the close all of the older girls without an exception returned to their homes fervent Christians. How many of our schools for girls at home can say as much.

17. Nor is this lovely life confined only to the school. Many of these girls are light-bearers. Light-Bearers. The Bible occupies a prominent place as a textbook in all departments. In addition to the regular Bible work, the most advanced girls are organized into a training class for Christian work. They make a study of the most important doctrines, an outline of church history, with much instruction in the practical use of the Bible. Also they are taken from house to house with tracts to distribute and to learn how to reach people in a personal way. It is beautiful to see their work among the unsaved as from day to day Miss Barton, the principal of the training school, takes them out for work in the city.

18. While Torreon is not so large a city, it gains importance from the fact that here the great railroads of Mexico cross. At this central point is located our Mexican Seminary. Mexican Theological Institute. These training schools, for native ministers, are now a most important part of our work from Africa to Mexico, and in all, have in training some hundred ministerial students. The Institute in Torreon had seventeen students last year taking under President J. S. Cheavens and his co-worker, Mr A. C. Watkins, a five years' course of study. The students are not neglectful of the needy people at their doors, and maintain nine regular preaching places in and around the city, and average fifty sermons a month. In these young men is embodied large hope for work for Mexico by her own people. Through all the reports from Mexico now run grateful acknowledgment of the good work done by the native helpers, and this school stands for their manifold multiplication.

19. Time fails to mention work in the other centers. Settling In. In all, evangelization is given first place, while with it, school work goes hand and hand as its ready and most useful hand maiden. In the last two years the mission has been greatly strengthened by the purchase or erection of churches and other mission property. We have gone to Mexico to stay, and are "settling in." Not until this is done can the work be put on a footing which, at once commends the respect and confidence of the people.

20. Shall we conquer in Mexico? The answer depends on our faith in God. It is not missions, but the God of An missions, we doubt, when we ask the question, "Is a Answer. new conquest of Mexico—a christian conquest of Mexico, needed?" Let me leave with you this picture of a Catholic Holy day to be the answer.

"Under the very shadow of the Church of Guadalupe, the Mecca of Mexico, and on the holiest days of the Church calendar you will see more gambling, drunkenness, quarreling, and fighting than anywhere else in Mexico. There the pickpockets ply their trade and any decent pagan would either laugh or else hold up his hands in horror to be told that these were festivities in connection with the honoring of the nation's patron saint, the Virgin of Guadalupe. All the holy days of the Church are times for extra policemen to be called for, when there is more drunkenness of the most beastly sort on the part of both men and women, and when there are more cutting and stabbing affrays. Religion in Mexico among the common people has absolutely no connection with morality or cleanliness of body, mind, or lips."

Then answer : Does Mexico need a pure gospel ?

## Suggestions For Young Ladies.

- Essays.** { Mexican Heroes.  
Social.  
Local Customs in Mexico.  
Mexican Superstitions.  
A Tour of Our Mexican Missions.
- A Suggestion.**—The Mexican Budget, arranged in form of newspaper with latest items of news political and religious.
- Bibliography.** { Light Breaking into Mexico.—Missionary Review, Nov. 1906.  
Church and State in Mexico.—Nation, July 6, 1905.  
Americanization of Mexico.—Review of Reviews, Dec. 1905.  
Mexico in Transition.—William Butler.  
Conquest of Mexico.—Prescott.  
Face to Face with the Mexicans.—Ford.
- Leaflets.** { The Senora's Story.—Two Cents.  
The Cost of Being a Roman Catholic in Mexico.—Two Cents.  
Ignacia's Pilgrimage to Sacro Monte.—One Cent.

## Programme for Mission Bands.

**Opening Exercises**—Arranged by Leader.

**Bible Reading—Hinderers and Helpers.** Numbers 32: 6-18. The tribes of Reuben and Gad had chosen land on the east side of the Jordan, where they had no fierce enemies to overcome, but they agreed to help the other tribes in their battles before they settled in their own land. In Japan the men are all so eager to fight for their country that it is hard to restrain them when they are needed at home. Those who are at home exercise much self-denial to give to the war fund. Can you imagine a Japanese who would say, "I will not go and I will not give"? When the words of the great Captain of our Salvation ring out like a bugle call, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," what shall we answer?

**Prayer—Hymn—Regular Business.**

**A Personally Conducted Tour to Mexico**—Let "guide" give a sketch of how Mexico could be most easily reached by the Band, naming largest cities passed on trip.  
(2 and 3) Told by leader.  
(4 and 5) The Washington of Mexico.

**Hymn.**

**Reading.**—(8) A glimpse of Life.  
(9) Making Bread.

**Recitation.**—(12) A Raffle of Souls.  
(13) A Visit to a Shrine.

**Story—A Missionary Hen.**

**A Gold Mine.**—(16 and 17) Saltillo School Girls.  
(20) An Answer.

**Story—Does it Pay?**

**Hymn.**

**Adjournment.**

### A Missionary Hen.

I want to tell you of a missionary hen. She unconsciously helped to save a man from sin. Some years ago a man by the name of Pedro lived in Mexico. He was a next-door neighbor to a missionary. Pedro was a Roman Catholic, but was living a life of sin. He would not attend the Protestant church to hear the preaching of the gospel. Now Pedro had a hen which wandered away. As he went in search of her he chanced to pass through the yard of the missionary where he found a pasteboard box which contained a Testament and some religious tracts. Out of curiosity he took them home with him, and day after day, as he had opportunity, he would read his little Bible which he had found. God's word is powerful. Pedro had strange feelings when he would read this book. He was convinced that he was a great sinner. Now and then he would enter the church and hear the preacher, because he had become interested in knowing more of the Word of Life. God's Spirit would not let him go. Still he would not make the surrender and give his heart to Christ. Sorrow came to Pedro's home; his wife died; but still with all this he would not break with sin and come out fully on God's side. By and by he married again. His wife was a member of a Sunday school class, though not a member of the church.

Years passed away, the good missionary died and other faithful workers took his place. After long waiting and much study of the little Bible, Pedro and his wife gave their hearts to Christ and joined the church. Thus we see that nothing is so trivial, and no creature so commonplace, but that God can use it for his glory in his great plan. We have seen that even a poor hen had a little part, at least, in leading a man to take a step that leadeth on unto the life eternal.

### Does it Pay?

Nita was a little Mexican girl, brown, dirty, and bare-legged. Nita's mother was, if possible, browner, and dirtier than she. Nita could remember when her mother wore gay earrings and a red ribbon in her black braids, and she herself sometimes had a pair of shoes for feast days and other great occasions. Now there was not much in life but rags and dirt, and cuffs and harsh words when the mother had drunk more *pulque* than usual.

Then one day "Miswite" came, and the world was changed. "Oh, mother! There is a lady like the face of the Holy Mother Mary that hangs over our bed," Nita cried, bursting into the filthy little court where the mother knelt on the bare ground mixing tortillas—the thin cornmeal cakes that served for most of their meals. "Such eyes, mother! And hair like the sun! And she asked me to come and hear the music; there is a school and they sing—little children like me. And it matters not, I have no shoes—she said so. She said to come and ask for 'Miswite.' Say I may, mother, let me go," Nita pleaded, while her great black eyes glowed with excitement.

It could do no harm, the mother reckoned. These rich *Americanos* often spent money on the children they happened to fancy. And so Miss White, whose name had jumbled itself so sadly in Nita's little head, won her most faithful pupil.

I wish you could have seen the ecstasy on the little Mexican girl's face when she first heard the songs the children sang, grouped around the little organ "Miswite" played with such spirit. And no one could have learned faster than she did to strike the right note in her clear, bird-like soprano. Other things she learned, too—that it was worth the trouble of carrying heavy pails of water a long way to look clean and fresh and worthy of the white dress her teacher promised her; also, that the good Lord would rather that a poor milk-peddler's widow spent her few silver pieces to keep herself and her child clothed and fed instead of paying them to the priest to have masses said for her dead husband's soul. Nita learned, too, that a little girl might earn silver bits of her own by weaving pretty baskets when she was not learning—wonder of wonders—to read real words out of the books "Miswite" gave her.

As for the mother, her heart was quite won by the white dress that made her little Nita look, she declared, like an angel. When work was found for her in the laundry that was connected with the mission school, her gratitude was genuine and deep. Now, if you could look in any Sunday morning, you would see the two, mother and little daughter, neatly clothed and with faces shining, listening together to God's word and joining in the songs that tell of the love of Jesus. If you asked, "Does it pay to build schools and churches in Mexico?" they would say, "Yes," most heartily. So would "Miswite."—*Selected.*

### Suggestions to Leaders.

Have this meeting a "personally conducted" trip to Mexico. Let one member act as guide, pointing out places of interest on tour and calling on various helpers to describe the things and people seen. A large map, roughly drawn, will be needed in carrying out this plan. If long slips like railroad tickets could be given the members with the station written on them in regular order, they would add to the interest of the meeting.