

erected for the helpers, each of them having a large open room for a day and Sunday school, and for prayers and preaching services. Three other grand centres have been chosen for work among the outcasts.

The Colporteurs have distributed 3,667 books, tracts and papers at a cost of about \$46.00 (This is on one field.)

Mr. Corey has six helpers on his field of 300,000. Four of these are preachers, one a teacher, and one a Bible woman.

(Is it any wonder our missionaries break down?) Mr. Corey wants to locate 25 men among the outcasts on the Parla-Kimedi field at the average cost of \$45.00 a man.

Mr. Higgins has, in one town of 7,000 people one missionary, one Colporteur, three Evangelists, and four Bible women. The remaining 270,000 live in 800 villages scattered over a wide area.

The only chapel in this place is the grass-roofed mud building, hastily put up as a temporary dwelling for the missionary while engaged in building the bungalows. The native church retatched it and extended it fifteen feet. "There is no mortgage on it."

When asked by Mr. Higgins at one of the Conference meetings how much money would be spent on tobacco a month the answer was five cents. Then how much did you give to the Lord? One-sixth of a cent a pie was the answer. "One pie for Christ, and 30 pies for tobacco." As a result of that meeting three members of the church pledged themselves to forsake the use of tobacco, and said they were ashamed.

Mr. Sanford was obliged to spend nearly two and a half months in Mission building. Time which might have been given to touring, had the church at home sent out sufficient men.

Verily we need a "forward movement" in our foreign work.

Wants People's Department.

A DAY AT THE UMZUMBE HOME. SOUTH AFRICA.

BY MISS LAURA C. SMITH, RECENTLY OF THE ZULU MISSION.

"O mother! O Miss Smith! a new girl has just come and she says that she ran away from her home to come here because her father won't let her be a Christian. Oh, do come out and see her!" cries little Frances Malcolm, all in one breath, as she bursts into the dining-room where her mother and I are still chatting over our coffee cups.

"Dear me! where can we put another girl?" sighs our good principal. "We have over eighty now and the tables are really too crowded for respectability, the dormitories are so full that one can scarcely step into them at night without stumbling over some girl, and in the schoolroom there are not desks for half our number."

"Dear me!" I echo, "another girl to start out alone on that first chart," for I have charge of the primary department. "I have just succeeded in getting those two last girls who came, through the mysteries of 'a-e-i' and now they are fairly launched on 'ta-te-ti.' Why can't the new girls come at the same time, instead of stringing along one after another all through the term?"

"It is provoking, isn't it? Well, we must go and see

her. We must give her a chance anyway. Who knows but that some day she may develop into a grand woman. She is one of the 'little ones' for whom Christ died, and we must not refuse the 'cup of cold water.'"

So we step across the sunny gravel court, for in Africa we do not allow the grass to grow about our houses lest the snakes become too neighborly. There we enter "The Home"—an old mission house to which a second storey has been added, a wing to the left, a wing to the back, a partition taken down here and one put up there, and so made to do for the growing needs of our ever-increasing family.

Mrs. Harris, who with ourselves make up "the faculty" of our school, is already on the veranda. Flax-haired James, her youngest, is hanging to her skirt, teasing for theetwie (candy.) Someway missionaries' children seem to bear such a close resemblance to youngsters in America! The girls are swarming round about, for the breakfast dishes are being brought out from the dining-room, washed, wiped, and put away; the dining-room is being swept, the tablecloths shaken. (Oh! just look at that one dragged along the ground, "You mustn't be so careless, Hannah!") Two of the girls are grinding corn in the hand mill; two are washing the sweet potatoes for their dinner; one is sweeping down the drain, and a dozen others are busy standing in the way and talking. ("Run away, girls. You are too noisy. Nomoba, if you are not quick you will be late to school.")

Here too stands our new girl of whom we are in quest. She is dressed in a small, dirty cotton blanket, tied under her arms. About her neck hangs a bit of bead work, and her arms and legs are adorned with a profusion of bracelets which she has skillfully made of grass. Her skin is of a rich brown shade, her eyes bright, and her teeth beautifully white and perfect. She may perhaps be fourteen years old, though she herself has not the least idea of her age.

"Sakubona" (we saw you), we say, giving her the Zulu greeting. "Where do you come from?"

"From homo." We might have known she would give that useless answer. Of course she came from her home.

"But where is your home?"

"Far away up the Umzumbe river."

"What is your name?"

"Selina" (now it rains).

"Have you ever been to school?"

"No; there is no school at my home."

"Are any of your family Christians?"

"No; my mother and I wish 'to believe,' but father is angry and whips us if we listen to preaching. He says that if we become Christians, we will be lazy and refuse to make his beer."

"And so you have run away and come to school?"

"Yes, I want to learn about Jesus."

We wonder if she is telling the truth. Probably she is, though her conception of Christianity may be very vague and mistaken. But our Father has allowed her to come to us and we must receive her as sent by Him and strive to train her for His glory.

"You may remain. In a day or two we will give you clothes. Nona, take this girl down to the river. See that she bathes herself thoroughly and then come up to the school with her."

In a few minutes, the school bell rings; calisthenic drill first; the daily Bible lesson; then reading in English, arithmetic, elementary grammar and geography for