

So mother takes off my load of wood and puts the great gourd of beer in my hands. It is so heavy that I stagger and almost fall. Father calls out: "If you spill that beer I will beat you." Oh, how I tremble as I drop on my knees before him, while he drinks and treats his friends.

He is better natured now; and when the gourd is handed back he tells me to drink the thick dregs left in the bottom. I go back to our hut, and mother hands me a large clay pot, and tells me to hurry and bring water from the brook to cook our food.

On the way down the hill I pass a lot of boys, who are having a nice time lying on the soft green grass. I wish I was a boy, like Jamba. He never has to carry wood or water. He sees me as I go by, and calls out to make haste and bring the evening meal.

I hurry on and fill my pot; but just as I am climbing up the steep rocks my foot slips, and my waterpot lies broken at my feet. O, dear! O, dear! I cover my face with my hands and wail till some one brings mother. She is very angry and says it will cost her much corn, as it was a borrowed pot and she must pay for it.

I flee to this deserted hut, creep into a dark corner and cry alone. I am so tired and hungry. My head aches, and now I am all burning up with fever.

I keep thinking about that broken pot. Perhaps my uncle will sell me for a slave to pay the fine. Oh, if I could only die! Then they would cover me with lots of cloth—more than I have ever had in my life. They would send for all the relatives who would wail for me and shoot off gunpowder; they would dance and beat drums and make beautiful noises all night. They would have a big feast, and then they would question my spirit as to who caused my death.

Then I would come back and torment with fear those who have made me so unhappy. It is a dreadful thing to be a heathen girl in Africa.

A LESSON IN ARITHMETIC.

Four may take part in this short exercise, each giving one recitation. Some appropriate song may be sung in conclusion.

ADD.

Add to your faith from day to day—
Knowledge and love, and you then will pray
As never before, for souls in need
Who look to you, as for help they plead.
Add to your love, the patience strong
That will still keep on, though the way be long.
Add to the pennies, nickels and dimes,
And make them ring the pleasantest chimes
As they send good news to the far-off climes,
And to sad waifs here far happier times.
Add, and keep adding, from day to day:
In the Mission Cause, 'tis the only way.

SUBTRACT.

Subtract from your heart each selfish aim,
Let your gift be brought in the Savior's name.
From the gold and silver subtract the dross,
Make the offering pure, for all else is loss.
Subtract all pride and all mere display;
In the work for Christ, 'tis the only way.
And thus will He bless you, day by day.

MULTIPLY.

The seed that is sown must be multiplied,
And scattered and scattered far and wide.
The workers here and in every land
Should be increased to a mighty band.
The Homes for the destitute and sad
Should be multiplied, and the world made glad.
By the help of all, is the work increased,
From the greatest, down to the very least.
The helpers should multiply each day
In the great world's work, 'tis the only way.