

GAVA AND JAMBA.

Two African Children.

These stories are true to life, and Mrs. Stover, of Bailundu, Africa, who wrote them for the "Mission Dayspring" has known many such boys and girls.

Thoughts of an African Boy.

Jamba is my name; Gava is my sister. I am the Elephant and Gava is the Hippopotamus. Those are the names always given to twins. It is fun to be twins, when you are the boy and Gava is the girl; then you don't have to go to the fields with mother and carry the baby on your back; Gava does that. She brings the wood and water too, and cooks the beans. I don't like to work. Work was meant for girls to do. I like to lie on the grass and watch the ants and lizards. I like to hunt and fish too, and swim. Then when I am hungry Gava cooks mush for me. That's what girls are for.

Sometimes I have my turn herding the cattle. That's no fun. I wish Gava could do that too. Some day I will grow big; then I can marry lots of wives and own slaves to do my work. *Then I'll be a man.*

Some folks are queer. White folks are. They say it is a shame for a strong boy like me not to work. They say I ought to help Gava and I ought to go to school. If I go to school I will have to wear a shirt and that is too much trouble.

I don't know, though. It would be nice to look like those Jesus boys. They do have good times, even if they are clean and have to work. My poor toes are so sore, and some of them are eaten off with jiggers. Those boys keep the jiggers out, and *they* comb their hair.

They say Jesus loves black boys, and that He died to save us. I don't know how that can be, but they have a book full of beautiful pictures about this Jesus. If I wash my face and go to school I can see the pictures and sing. It is fine to hear the Jesus boys sing. It makes them look

happy. And they are not afraid of the dark and don't get drunk. They say Jesus makes boys good, so they will not lie and steal. Wish I knew Jesus. Guess I'll go.

Thoughts of Poor Little Gava.

How dark and cold it is out here alone! My teeth chatter with fear as I hear the dreadful hyena crying outside my hut. How hungry he is! Oh, if he should break through the thatch and carry me off! I wish my brother Jamba was here; boys are not so afraid as girls.

I am only a little black girl, and I live in a heathen village in Central Africa. My mother tells me I must begin early to learn to work; so she ties the baby on my back, puts a basket on my head, and I trudge after her to the field three miles away.

I have had no breakfast, for my brother ate all the mush that was left from supper, and when I tell mother I am hungry, she ties a piece of bark tight around my stomach. She says that will make me feel better; but it don't, it hurts.

I must not cry, though, or she will slap me, and tell me the lions will come and eat me up. When we get to the field mother digs up a sweet potato and I eat that; it tastes good, too.

Baby cries and wants mother, but she must hoe the corn; so I stand up and shake and shake my body till he falls asleep. Then mother puts him in a safe place and tells me to pull up weeds. I want to go to sleep too. My back aches and so do my legs; but mother says I must grow strong by working hard, then I can marry and have a field of my own.

By and by when the sun is getting low we leave the corn, and go into the woods and gather sticks to take home to cook our supper. I wish I was baby and could ride on mother's back; but I must carry this heavy basket of wood.

When we reach the village we find father sitting in the visiting house, smoking with a lot of men. He calls to me as we pass by, "Bring me a gourd of beer."