

TALK V.—ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

as he does, but to make cunning things out of wood with fine tools, as he tells them he has done, and to hear more of the wonderful God he serves.

MISSIONARY—Has this boy told them of Him, then?

ADJAI—Oh, yes, he is only a lad, but he has lost no time since his return. It is he who speaks in the church, and they all come to listen. He is not large for his years and appears timid, but when he speaks to them of the Christ, he seems to lose his fear.

MISSIONARY—A boy, you say.

ADJAI—Yes, a mere lad. I was talking with him and while I was, one of the sad things I tell you of happened. I heard the cries of children, and as I looked up I saw a shadowy figure hurrying toward the forest. I knew what it meant. Twin babies had been born only last night, and they were being hurried away lest the spirits be angry and harm should come to the parents. Even yet I can hear the crying.

MISSIONARY—And did you not follow, Adjai?

ADJAI—I did. We both hurried after, but it was too late to save one of the little ones, who was already dead. The other, the brave lad took from the spot where it had been left to die and carried it to his home. He has a mother who has also heard of the Christ.

MISSIONARY—But will there not be trouble?

ADJAI—As yet no one knows about it. He is about the size of the boy yonder. (Rises.) It is late for a boy to be coming this way. He is coming here. (African boy approaches missionary with a glad smile.)

Boy—Oh, it is true. The news they told me is true. You have come to tell them more of Jesus and to help them. You will build a school where they can learn the things I learned. Oh, it is true at last.

MISSIONARY—Yes, I have come, but not to stay. I am much needed somewhere else.

Boy—But not as we need you here. See, we have good land and fertile fields, but we do not know how to till it well. We need the many things my missionary teacher told me of. Our hoe, with its two awkward handles, is hard to manage. We have no ploughs, no reapers, nothing that we really need to work with. We have much iron ore and many valuable metals hidden in the earth beneath our feet, but no one to show us how to turn these metals into useful articles that we may use in our homes. We have clay in abundance, but no one to show us how to turn it into bricks and tiles with which to build better houses. We have many, many rivers and many wonderful waterfalls, but no one to show us how we may use them to drive mills and to make our land more fertile (pausing), and we have eyes and ears and tongues, but no one to teach us how to use them to read and to speak of Jesus. And more than all, we have so much sin and no one to tell us of a Saviour. Oh, sir, is there anyone who needs you more than we do?

MISSIONARY—Your need is indeed great, lad, but I cannot stay. Perhaps we may send someone soon, but at present there is no one.

Boy—No one! No one at all in your big Canada, the land I heard so much about in school where I learned to read! No one in all that land where the Bible is free to all and every boy and girl may learn to read! Surely you are mistaken!

MISSIONARY—It is the truth. There is no one at present. Perhaps when the boys and girls who are there now grow up—

Boy—Yes, yes, they will surely come, but now, is there no one to come now? Why, this very night a man—a good man I know well—is to be tried for witchcraft. A friend of his, who ate at his home two days ago, fell ill during the night, and the witch doctor has declared that this good man is a wizard and that he is seeking the life of his friend. He will be given the poison test to night. The witch doctor will give him the poison to drink, and if he lives he is innocent, if he dies he must be guilty. The poison dose is very strong and the man will die, and he was just beginning to hear about Jesus. Already he has promised me to put away the letich he wears as a safeguard against trouble and trust in God, and now he is in trouble and no one can save him.

MISSIONARY—I know, I know. It is the same everywhere. Oh, if there was only someone who would come!

Boy—Surely there must be someone. Is there no one who will help me tell the people about Jesus and teach them how to live? See, I have here a little money I earned while at the Mission School. Please send it to the people in Canada and beg them to send someone. It is all I have. (Lays it down and goes out.)

MISSIONARY—Eleven dollars and six cents! Well, we will send it, Adjai. Perhaps if it goes with its story the boys and girls back home may add something to it and this boy will not be disappointed. I hate to disappoint anyone, Adjai, but especially a boy.

ADJAI—And to disappoint the good Jesus, too, Master. That would be worse, wouldn't it?