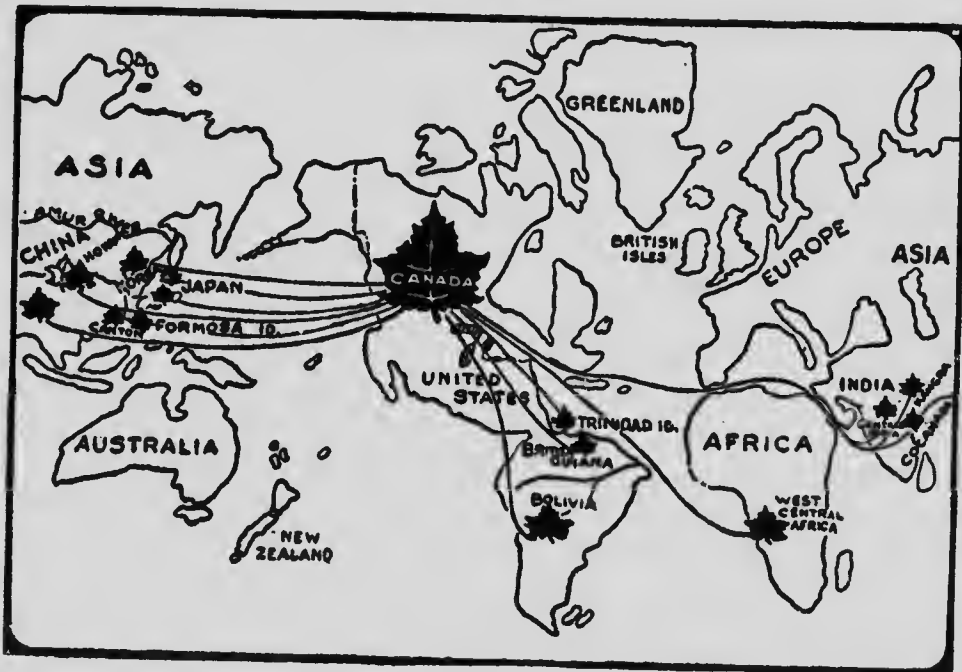


TALKS ON THE MAPLE LEAF IN MANY LANDS



MARY I. HOUSTON

TALKS
ON THE
MAPLE LEAF IN MANY LANDS

For Leaders of Mission Bands and other Junior Organizations

Following the lines of the
Senior Text-Book, "Canada's Share in World Tasks

BY

MARY I. HOUSTON

Issued by the

Canadian Baptist Foreign Mission Board, 223 Church Street, Toronto.

Canada Congregational Foreign Missionary Society,

137 Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

Young People's Forward Movement of the Missionary Society of the
Methodist Church, F. C. Stephenson, 299 Queen Street West, Toronto.

Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in Canada,

439 Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

Co-operating through the

Canadian Council of the Missionary Education Movement.

(Copyright, Canada, 1920, by the Canadian Council of the Missionary Education Movement)

B7 5
1167
L3

FOREWORD

THESE "Talks" are planned for Leaders of Junior boys and girls in Mission Bands, in mid-week meetings in connection with the Sunday School, or in other Junior groups. They are prepared with the purpose of creating and deepening the interest of the boys and girls of Canada in the boys and girls of those mission lands where our Canadian Foreign Boards are at present working. It is hoped that, through these "Talks," they will not only learn more about the countries dealt with, but also will come to realize that they, too, have a definite part in the work of leading the people of those lands to Christ.

The "Talks" are based upon the Senior Text Book, "Canada's Share in World Tasks"—which is along similar lines, and deals with the same countries in the same order. The Leaders of Junior classes should use the Senior Text Book in preparing the Talks.

It should be emphasized in each Talk that we owe a great deal to the people and countries about which we are studying, that there is much we can learn from them, and many things for which we are more or less dependent upon them, and that our greatest gift in return will be the knowledge of God and His word, given in the spirit of true comradeship. To cultivate this spirit of comradeship should be the aim of the Leader.

To bring each of the countries before the boys and girls, who need to have practical demonstration, we may teach them the games, have them hurry up for themselves the customs, and make them familiar with the map of the country and its relation to the rest of the world. Every boy is fond of a "collection," so the collecting of specimens dealing with these countries—curios, pictures, stamps, costumes, etc.—should be encouraged.

The different countries being dealt with separately presents an excellent opportunity for pageants. As all boys and girls love to dress up, the pageants should prove very popular and at the same time very instructive.

With the exception of Talk 1, which is mainly introductory, the Talks are so arranged that each may be divided, if desired, into programmes for two meetings, using the alternate hymns and Scripture readings for the second meeting, thus providing a series of thirteen programmes. Some may prefer to use the material of the Talk for one meeting and the pageant for the second meeting.

The flag of each country dealt with should be used when possible. A blackboard and chalk, or a large piece of manilla paper and dark crayon will be useful for announcements, or for displaying the number of new members, the amount of the collection, the population of the country being studied, etc. Pictures of the country being studied should be freely used. Interesting and effective posters may be made to advertise coming meetings.

With the accessories is an outline map of the world. A large Maple Leaf should be placed on Canada. As each country is studied a small Maple Leaf may be put on each of the Canadian Mission Fields in the country, with red cords connecting them with the Maple Leaf on Canada. These maple leaves should be colored. It will add to the effectiveness if a different color is used for each denomination. When the "Talks" are completed the map will show where in the "Many Lands" the "Maple Leaf" is at work making Christ known.

The Leader has a wonderful opportunity for giving to the boys and girls a wider knowledge of the Mission Fields, for linking them with the boys and girls of other lands in the world family, for giving to them a sense of partnership in the Mission work of our Canadian Boards, and for laying foundations of a deep and abiding missionary interest.

"CANADA'S SHARE IN WORLD TASKS" may be secured from any of the Mission Boards. Price, 75 cents in cloth; 50 cents in paper.

OUTLINE OF "TALKS ON THE MAPLE LEAF IN MANY LANDS"

GENERAL AIM—To teach the boys and girls of Canada how the boys and girls of other lands live and learn and work and play, so that, understanding and becoming interested in them, they may be led to do their part in carrying out Christ's command to "go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

TITLES	AIM	OUTLINE
I. YOUNG CANADIANS IN COUNCIL	To make all arrangements for the course of "Talks."	Organization Election of officers Choosing Class Text Explaining and preparing Course Choosing Class Hymn.
II. IN FLOWERY JAPAN	To arouse interest in the boys and girls of Japan and to teach what we can do to help them.	1. Where everybody loves flowers. 2. Some things the boys and girls are taught. 3. At work and at worship. 4. The maple leaf in Japan. 5. Beautiful Formosa—Korea, the Land of Sunday Schools.
III. BRINGING SMILES TO CHINESE CHILDREN	To teach the story of China and her need, and how by helping to meet that need, we may bring smiles to the boys and girls of China.	1. The story of China. 2. The way they do things in China. 3. Going to school in China. 4. Making sick people well. 5. What we got from China and what we can give to China.
IV. WITH THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF INDIA	To create a spirit of comradeship with the boys and girls of India and a desire to help them.	1. The country they live in. 2. Two of their strange words that tell a strange story. 3. The schools they go to. 4. The gods they worship. 5. What we are doing to help.
V. LIGHTING UP DARK AFRICA	To develop a feeling of kinship with and sympathy for the dark-skinned boys and girls of Africa and a desire to help light up that dark land.	1. Life in Africa. 2. Lighting up Africa. 3. Light-bearers in Africa.
VI. AMONG OUR NEIGHBORS IN SOUTH AMERICA	To teach how we can be true neighbors to the boys and girls of South America.	Our Neighbors: 1. Where they live. 2. Who they are. 3. What we are doing to help them.
VII. NEW WORK FOR YOUNG CANADIANS	To gather up the teaching of the entire course and show what we must do to carry out "Our Marching Orders."	1. The Friends we have met. 2. What we can do for them. 3. Our Marching Orders.

TALK I.—YOUNG CANADIANS IN COUNCIL—OPENING MEETING

AIM—To make all arrangements for the course of Talks

PROGRAMME

HYMN—"Jesus shall reign where'er the Sun."

PRAYER.

ENROLMENT—Signing the Roll

CHOOSING NAME OF CLASS OR BAND.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS and division of class into groups, if large enough.

HYMN—"Christ for the world we sing."

CHOOSING CLASS TEXT—"Our Marching Orders."

SCRIPTURE READING—Mark 10: 9-15.

EXPLANATION OF COURSE—Place large maple leaf on map on Canada.

CHOOSING CLASS HYMN—Explanation of hymn.

SINGING CLASS HYMN—

1 We've a story to tell to the nations,
That shall turn their hearts to the right;
A story of truth and sweetness,
A story of peace and light.

*For the darkness shall turn to dawning,
And the dawning to noontide bright,
And Christ's great kingdom shall come
on earth,
The kingdom of love and light.*

2 We've a song to be sung to the nations,
That shall lift their hearts to the Lord:
A song that shall conquer ill,
And shatter the spear and sword.

3 We've a message to give to the nations,
That the Lord Who reigneth above
Hath sent us His Son to save us,
And show us that God is love.

4 We've a Saviour to show to the nations,
Who the path of sorrow has trod,
That all of the world's great peoples
Might come to the truth of God.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF AND ASSIGNMENTS FOR TALK II, as suggested below.

HYMN—"Onward, Christian Soldiers."

CLASS TEXT (Repeat standing)—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

CLOSE WITH SINGING CHILDREN'S BENEDICTION.

PREPARATION FOR TALK I.

Assign the following:

All to learn the Class Text and the Class Hymn.

Each to bring, if possible, a picture of a beautiful scene in Japan, or of Japanese flowers.

Five members each to bring a sample of things that we use in Canada that come from Japan, such as rice, silk, tea, china.

One to make and bring Japanese flag and explain its emblem.

The making of a large colored copy of the Class Text for hanging in the class room at each session of the class.

One to prepare the small maple leaves for putting on map to show where Missions in Japan are and red cord to connect these with large maple leaf on Canada.

If your Church has missions in these countries, one to bring the names of, at least, two of the principal missionaries of your own Church working in Japan, Formosa or Korea, and to tell something about them.

One to point out on map at least four of the principal mission stations of your Church in the same lands.

Explain the Japanese game to be played at next meeting.

NOTES FOR LEADER

Material—If the maps are not available, a good-sized map of each country studied should be prepared with heavy crayon on thick brown or white paper. A box of colored crayons will be needed to color maple leaves, clippings or drawings brought by members of the class. The maple leaves are to be found on the sheets with accessories and may be cut out, colored and pasted on map as suggested in the Foreword. A pot of paste and a supply of red cord will be required for this purpose. A black-board or large-sized sheets of white or manilla paper and black crayon should be provided.

Officers—The following officers may be appointed: President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, Organist, Music and Entertainment Committee, Monitor (to look after the taking out and putting away of material), a Look-out Committee (to get new members, enquire why members do not attend and report to Leader), and a small committee, the number of which should be determined by the size of the Band, to see that all present are provided with hymn book and Bible. At each meeting, a Scripture Reader for the next meeting may be appointed. The more members worked in as helpers the more interest will be aroused.

Groups—Where the Juniors of the Sunday School attend, keep the groups if possible, and where convenient, have class teacher as Leader, otherwise if the band or class is large enough, divide into groups with a name for each group. If there are only two divisions, color names may be given, as the Reds and the Greens, or the Searlets and Golds (colors of our maple leaf), with maple leaf ribbon badges of the respective color for each group. Credit may be given the different groups, as groups, for new members brought, attendance, work done, etc., and thus a healthy rivalry developed.

Offering—As far as possible have the one taking up the collection wear a simple costume of the country studied that day, or use, for gathering the money, something associated with the country, as, on Africa day, a woven basket as a collection plate; on China day, a Chinese lantern fitted up as a collection box; on Japan day, a Japanese teacup or teapot.

Choosing the Class Text—Ask the class what it is we admire most in the soldier. Draw from the boys and girls that it is bravery and loyalty. It is that which wins for him his medals and other distinctions. The soldier shows his loyalty by obeying the orders of his commanding officer. Briefly describe the scene of our commanding officer, Jesus, just before He leaves the world, calling His disciples about Him on that hillside to give them His instructions as to what He wants them to do. We are going to choose for our class text the wonderful words He said to them. Let us all repeat it together (class repeats text). The Duke of Wellington, that great British general, was once asked by a young officer whether he believed in Missions. The Duke replied, "Young man, what are your marching orders?"

OPENING MEETING—NOTES

Our class text gives us "Our Marching Orders." Shall we pledge our loyalty as young soldiers of Jesus by saluting our Christian flag? The salute of the flag may then be given with the following pledge:

"I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Saviour for whose Kingdom it stands,
one brotherhood, uniting all mankind in service and love."

(A description of the flag will be found on sheet with Accessories.)

Explaining Course—Tell that we are going on a long journey and that we are to visit the boys and girls in those lands where the missionaries from our Canadian Churches are. Since they have gone from Canada, we will put a large maple leaf on the map, in our Dominion. On all the Canadian Mission fields we find in the countries we visit we will put smaller maple leaves. When we are through, we will only have to look at the map to see where, in these "Many Lands," our missionaries from the Land of the Maple are telling to boys and girls and to men and women the wonderful story of Jesus.

Choosing Class Hymn—The hymn we are going to choose for our class hymn, which we will memorize and sing at every meeting of our Band, tells of four things which we have that we are to pass on to the boys and girls of those other lands that we are to visit—a story, a song, a message and a Saviour—a story to tell, that will bring truth and sweetness and peace into their lives; a song to sing, that will win their hearts for Jesus and overcome evil and strife; a message to give, that tells of the loving Heavenly Father of whom many of them have never heard; a Saviour to show, who knows all about their troubles and who suffered that all people in the world might come to know God. While we are learning of the need in these different lands, the chorus of our Class Hymn will tell us that, just as the darkness of the night breaks with the dawning of the morning and the dawn gives way to the brightness of noonday, so Christ's great Kingdom is going to come, until it fills the whole earth. The class may occasionally be divided into four groups, one being asked to sing the "story verse," another the "song verse," the third the "message verse," and the fourth the "Saviour verse," all joining in the chorus.

THE CHILDREN'S BENEDICTION

"Ειρήνη"

Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to Me, and for -

bid them not; for of such is the king - dom of God. A - men.

—With gracious permission of Ann Hop Rivill.

TALK II. IN FLOWERY JAPAN

AIM—To arouse interest in the boys and girls of Japan and to teach what we can do to help them

PROGRAMME

HYMN—"We have heard a joyful sound," or "Christ for the world we sing."

SCRIPTURE READING—Psalm 65 or John 6: 5-14.

PRAYER.

ROLL CALL—Names of absent members to be given to Look-out Committee.

OFFERING—Taken up in Japanese bowl by girls in Japanese kimonos.

TALK—Where everybody loves flowers,
Some things the boys and girls are taught,
At work and at worship,
The Maple Leaf in Japan.

HYMN—Class Hymn, "We've a story to tell to the nations."

TALK CONTINUED—Two other countries under Japanese rule:—
Beautiful Formosa and Korea, the land of Sunday schools.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF AND ASSIGNMENT FOR TALK III, as below.

CLASS TEXT AND CHILDREN'S BENEDICTION.

JAPANESE GAME.

PREPARATION FOR TALK III.

Assign: One to bring three pictures of Chinese people and three to bring pictures of Chinese scenery or Chinese objects.

Arrange for preparing Chinese flag (see sheet of accessories) and explaining its meaning. The red stripe at the top represents the Chinese; the yellow, the Manchus; the blue, Tibet; the white, Mongolians; and the black, the Mohammedans. Arrange for Chinese game.

NOTES TO TALK II.

(See "Canada's Share in World Tasks," Chapter II.)

Show pictures of beautiful scenes in Japan, and of Japanese flowers. Display Japanese flag and explain the emblem of the rising sun. The name "Japan" came from China and means "the place the sun comes from." Hence Japan has been called "the Sunrise Kingdom."

Where Everybody Loves Flowers—What would you say if your teacher should come into the school-room some morning, and with a smile, tell you to pack your books together and take a whole day's holiday, because the cherry trees, or some other trees, were in bloom? Yet that is what happens quite frequently in Japan—the "Land of Holidays," as someone has called it. Not only the school children, but a great many people from the factories and shops and other places of business join in the holiday, and young and old make their way to the parks and orchards to see the cherry blossoms or the plum blossoms or the maples or the chrysanthemums. In every month of the year there is a new variety of flower to be greeted with a holiday or a festival of some kind. The Japanese are not satisfied with merely having beautiful flowers in the parks and gardens. One of the subjects taught with special care in the schools is the arranging of flowers. In no other country can be found flowers and leaves and branches so wonderfully arranged as in Japan. Even the placing of a single flower in a suitable vase is a subject of careful teaching.

Some things the boys and girls are taught—Japan is a land of schools. It is claimed that out of every hundred boys and girls of school age in that country, more than ninety are attending school. Starting with the kindergarten, which is very popular in Japan, they have a splendid system of schools all the way to the most highly equipped college. Many things about Japanese school children would interest

TALK II.—NOTES

you. There are the stockings—for shoes are left at the door when you enter a house or school in polite Japan—stockings of white or navy blue, with a separate place for the great toe. Then there is the writing material. Instead of pens and pencils as we have, the Japanese boy or girl has a small flat stone with a hollow in it to hold water. A stick of India ink is rubbed on the stone, and instead of pens or pencils, a small brush is used to write with, or rather to paint with. (Show some Japanese writing.)

Some things the Japanese boys and girls have to learn at school are not among the subjects taught in the schools of Canada. Can you guess what they are? In Japan, a girl is not considered well educated, or able to take charge of a home of her own, until she has learned how to greet her friends, how to serve them with tea, how to address an older or more important person, and how to do many little things about the house in a polite and proper way. Greetings in Japan are of great importance. There is even a correct way of bowing when a Japanese meets a friend on the street. What must the polite Japanese think of our curt nod or careless word of greeting? Tea drinking, too, is attended with a great deal of ceremony, and as tea is offered whenever one makes a call in Japan, the proper way of offering and accepting it must of course be taught. Such subjects as these are considered much more necessary for the Japanese girl's education than the mere knowledge of reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography. Every Japanese school had its teacher of etiquette. As the class came in all would make their graceful bows, touching their foreheads to the floor. Is it any wonder that the Japanese, as a race, are so polite and graceful? Three other subjects also must be learned at school by the boys and girls of Flowery Japan. These are, willingness to endure pain if it is in the line of duty, marked love for father and mother and a great respect for strangers and for the aged.

At work and at worship—Nowhere are there to be found workmen more clever or more artistic than those in Japan. Have you ever seen little animals or birds or figures carved out of bits of ivory? (If possible show a piece of Japanese work.) These were very likely the work of Japanese carvers, who in this way used up little pieces of ivory that would otherwise be worthless. Much of the spinning in Japan is done by children, and quite young boys are often as clever as the men in making and coloring dainty vases and in metal work or pottery. Of recent years, Japan has been building huge factories in many of her large cities, where thousands of workmen are employed. In Tokyo, one person in every ten is a factory employee. One of the saddest things in that land to-day is the way in which boys and girls, some of them very small, work in these factories for long hours. See "Canada's Share." (Show pictures of factory life.) Everywhere in Japan we find shrines and temples, some of them very beautiful and made very attractive to the little folk as to the older ones. And oh, the number of images of Buddha in these temples! (Show picture of Buddha.) But here is an old wooden image with eyes and nose and ears almost worn off. This is Bindzuru, the god of healing. It has been made thus worn and smooth by the rubbing of sick folk, who have been told that whatever part of the body is pained, if you rub that part of the god's body, help will come. Shall we not give to them the "Message" we sing in our class hymn?

The Maple Leaf in Japan—Missionaries from the Methodist and Anglican Churches of Canada are in Japan telling the men and women and the boys and girls of Jesus and His love. (Put maple leaves on map showing where these Missions are.) Show picture of students at Kobe on page 30, and picture of the dictation lesson in the School for the Blind at Gifu, on page 36 of "Canada's Share in World Tasks"; also pictures of orphanage and kindergarten schools in one of these Missions, and explain the work these schools are doing. The hymn most sung by the boys and girls in these schools is "Jesus Loves Me." (Have a verse sung in Japanese. See Pageant.)

Two other countries under Japanese rule—Beautiful Formosa—There are two other countries now under Japanese rule where Canadian missionaries are at work—Formosa, a beautiful island, which has belonged to Japan since 1895, and Korea, called until recently "The Hermit Nation." Show on the map where Formosa is, and have maple leaf put on Mission field. Before 1895, Formosa belonged to China, so there are many more Chinese than Japanese in the island. The natives themselves were savages, who, until they were subdued, were wholly given over to head hunting. They lived in rude huts in the mountain, and followed the cruel custom of bringing home and placing on exhibition the skulls of the enemies they had killed. These tribes have been practically subdued by the Japanese, who

TALK II.—NOTES

have developed the country in a very wonderful way. (See "Canada's Share.") Formosa has large camphor forests and is the home of the morning glory. The first missionary from Canada to Formosa was George Leslie MacKay, who landed in the northern part of the island in 1872. The natives named him "the Black-bearded Barbarian," because of the thick, black beard he wore. How many have read the book with that title? The first church that MacKay built was pulled down, but the brave missionary built another on the same site. It is now planned to replace that by a much larger one to mark the fiftieth anniversary of MacKay's coming to Formosa. Tell briefly the present work and put maple leaf on map.

Korea—the Land of Sunday Schools—Korea, once known as "The Hermit Nation," is now called "The Land of Sunday Schools," for, although the Koreans are good church-goers, there are in Korea to-day more people who go to Sunday School than to church. Everyone in Korea dresses in white. You would never guess why. White was the sign of mourning. As it was the custom to wear mourning for three years after every death in the family, and also when the king died, it meant that the people had to wear mourning most of the time. Finally, when three kings died within ten years, the economical Koreans decided to wear white all the time. Think of the task of washing these white clothes! This they do by pounding them with sticks in the river, and then iron them by pounding them again as they dry.

Like the Chinese, the Koreans fear the spirits who are supposed to fly about everywhere. On many mountain passes, one may see devil trees or "high places." Each traveller, as he comes up the mountain, carries with him a stone to place at the foot of the devil tree or before the "high place." This is to please the spirits.

When the Korean boys and girls become Christian they are eager to tell others of Jesus. In some of the mission schools a Testament is offered to each boy whose mother will make him a pocket in his clothes in which to carry it. It has become quite common for a boy to have **two** such pockets, one of them to hold a Testament to give to someone else. The work of Canadian missionaries in Korea began when Rev. W. J. McKenzie went to that land in 1893. Other missionaries followed, until there are now in that land, under the Canadian Presbyterian Board, a total of forty-five workers. (Put maple leaf on map showing where Canadian missionaries are in Korea, and show picture of Korean congregation. (Canada's Share," page 41.)

What these Countries Need—More than anything else we can give them, these countries need the Bible and the Christ of whom the Bible tells. The splendid educational system of Japan will be of little help if the people are to use the learning in the wrong way. Their hospitals will do much in healing the bodies, but the hearts of the people must be made right. These countries need missionaries to make Jesus known; and behind the missionaries the money and the prayers of Canadian boys and girls who already have the Bible and the many blessings it brings.

A Japanese Game—Lame Chicken—This is a game that Japanese children play in the parks, day after day, and of which they never seem to tire. Each donates a shoe to the game and holds up the shoeless foot for the lame chicken.

On a fairly smooth piece of ground they make as many holes or spots in the dust as there are players, and in each hole place a shoe. The holes must be about ten inches apart. The players line up and in turn hop down the line and back, holding up the lame foot, which must never touch the ground while the journey is being made. If while skipping over the shoes, a player should disturb any but the last in line, he must take his place at the foot of the line of players and wait his second turn. If he touches his lame foot to the ground, he must likewise take his place at the foot. If he manages to reach the last shoe in the line without such an accident, he must pick up the shoe, turn about without touching the lame foot to the ground and return, hopping over the other shoes as before. If he gets back safely with his shoe, he may lay it aside and have another turn. Each player must hop to the end of the row of holes, and if one or more shoes are gone from the line, turn and come back to the last one left before he picks it up. He must never touch his hands to the ground nor touch the lame foot with either hand during the trip down and back. If he does he is sent to the foot to await another turn. When all shoes are gone from the line the game is done, and the player having most shoes in his possession wins. (The game may be played with hats instead of shoes.)

TALK II.—ADDITIONAL MATERIAL
MISSIONARY PAGEANT—"A VISIT TO A JAPANESE HOME"

Scene—Interior of a Japanese home. Everything very plain, straight, plain walls, something to represent sliding doors and windows, light-colored Japanese matting on floor. Only decoration, in a recess at one side of the room, a vase containing one flower or a branch, near which hangs a long, unframed scroll or panel on which is Japanese writing or picture.

Characters—Japanese mother and daughter, Japanese servant and lady missionary. (Japanese lady in kimono of sober hues, with fan, seated on one of the mats. Suddenly the door in one side of the wall slides open and a Japanese girl, in gaily-flowered kimono, comes in, drops on her knees, bows until her head touches the floor, and then comes over and seats herself on a mat near her mother.)

MOTHER—And what is it my daughter has learned to-day? Did the honorable teacher have something new to say?

DAUGHTER (bowing again)—Oh, yes, it was very wonderful, mother. The teacher gave us to-day a wonderful lesson in arranging flowers. She took a cherry branch so (making the motion of lifting a branch in one hand) and put it in a beautiful bowl just so (another motion). It was all very delightful. And she did it so gracefully, most honorable mother. She let me try, but I was very clumsy, I am afraid.

MOTHER—Have patience, daughter. Do not be in a hurry even to learn the things that you are so anxious to know. Did not the honorable teacher tell you that?

DAUGHTER—Oh, yes, that was in yesterday's lesson. One must not appear to be in haste. One cannot be graceful and hurried at one and the same time. But, most honorable mother, you have some news. I can see it in your face, even though you are trying to hide it, as I know a Japanese lady should.

MOTHER—Yes, I have news for you, my daughter, good news, I think you will say. Your Canadian friend, the Jesus lady, as you call her, will be here shortly. (Daughter shows excitement). Not so much excitement, child. Remember you are a Japanese lady, the daughter of a much-respected Japanese gentleman.

DAUGHTER—I know, most honorable and adorable mother, but it is *such* good news. Will she come soon? And, oh, do you think I may be allowed to stay and talk with her?

MOTHER—If you remember all you have learned at school, I shall be happy to have you stay. There—is that not a strange voice?

(Doors slide back and Japanese servant appears, bowing to the ground).

SERVANT—Most honorable lady, a stranger asks to come in. Shall I bid her enter?

MOTHER—The stranger is welcome (bows in dignified way).

(Door closes noiselessly on servant, opens a minute later to admit Canadian missionary, who enters in stocking feet. As she comes in she is speaking to servant outside, "Thank you, I shall leave my shoes here.")

MOTHER (bowing, and then, without touching her 's to floor, gracefully rising from her mat)—Many times welcome to our miserable home, most noble and gracious lady. Would it be asking too much of a lady of such nobility and grace to ask you to be seated upon our poor mat, and to make yourself as comfortable as possible in our humble dwelling?

(Missionary bows then seats herself. At a nod from the mistress, the servant, who stands near the door, withdraws, to return later with a tray on which are tiny cups of tea. Without a word, a cup is handed to the guest, who sets it down beside her, as if in no hurry to drink it.)

DAUGHTER (edging nearer to missionary)—Most honorable guest, may I ask but one miserable question?

MISSIONARY—As many as you like, child. (Turns, takes up her cup and slowly drinks the tea.)

DAUGHTER—It is a very great favor I want to ask, and I know that it is not seemly that you, who are so learned and so good, should grant it, but, oh, it would make me so happy if I could but sing the wonderful song I hear as I pass the Jesus house. The air of it I cannot forget, but the words I do not know.

TALK II.—ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

MISSIONARY (glancing at mother as if for approval)—If it would not offend—

MOTHER (bowing politely)—Our humble home is yours to do as you will.

MISSIONARY—Does the song you speak of go this way, child? (Hums a verse of "Jesus Loves Me.")

DAUGHTER (clapping her hands, then stopping suddenly at a glance from the mother)—Oh, that is it. That is it.

MISSIONARY—It is a song we all love. Will you sing it after me? You can do it much better, of course, once you know the words, for my clumsy Canadian tongue does not so readily pronounce your beautiful language. Shall we begin?

(Sing verse and chorus, girl's voice always a line behind, missionary pausing after each line.)

Shu wa-re wo a-i-su
Shu wa tsu-yo-ke-re-ha
Wa-re yo-wa-kee to-mo
O-so-re wa a-ra-ji.

Chorus—Wa-ga Shu I-e-su
Wa-ga Shu I-e-su
Wa-ga Shu I-e-su
Wa-re wo a-i-su.

DAUGHTER—Oh, it is beautiful. More beautiful, even, than I thought. And who is it who loves us so?

MISSIONARY (again glancing at mother)—If I may be permitted—

MOTHER (shyly)—I, too, would like to know One whose love is so great. He cannot be a mere person. Is he a god? We have many gods in our temples, some of them fierce and terrible, others of kinder disposition, but none of them would love mere human beings such as we are.

MISSIONARY—The great God of all loves us far more than we can understand.

DAUGHTER—Oh, mother, may I make an offering to this wonderful god? Has he a wonderful temple in your fair Canada, most honorable guest?

MISSIONARY—He has a temple, has many temples, my child, but they are not all in Canada. He would have you make a temple for Him if you would.

DAUGHTER—A girl like me? I have very little money, and—I am afraid—

MISSIONARY—The temple He asks for is not built with money. All He asks is a place in the heart of each one who loves Him. It is because He dwells now in the hearts of so many girls and boys and men and women in my fair Canada, and in many other lands, that I am here to-day to tell you about Him. He has put His love into the hearts of the boys and girls of Canada so that they want to show their love for the boys and girls in Japan by sending some one to tell this wonderful story. I am one of the messengers their money has sent.

DAUGHTER—And you will tell the story to me? How wonderful! Oh, that I might thank the boys and girls in your land at once for this!

MISSIONARY—The boys and girls of Canada are so far away that they could not hear you, but the good Jesus, of whom we sang, is very near.

DAUGHTER—Is he, too, in Japan? Mother, why have we never heard of Him?

MOTHER (sadly)—I have heard of Him, daughter; but until to-day I did not know how great was His love. Your father—he will be very angry. He does not believe in the Jesus teaching, but we—you and I—will learn more, if our honorable guest will but come and tell us.

DAUGHTER—And we will thank those boys and girls in Canada, too, will we not, honorable mother? We can ask the gods to bless them.

MOTHER—Perhaps, if our guest will tell us how, we can ask the great God, of whom she speaks, to bless them.

MISSIONARY—I will. And we shall learn much more about Him. (Rises to leave). My visit has been a very happy one. May I come again? (Mother bows very low as guest departs, and little girl stands looking wistfully after her).

TALK III.—BRINGING SMILES TO CHINESE CHILDREN

AIM—To teach the story of China and its need and how, in helping to meet that need, we may bring smiles to Chinese children

PROGRAMME

HYMN—"Joy to the World" or "In the Cross of Christ I Glory."

SCRIPTURE READING—Psalm 100 or Luke 7: 18-23.

OFFERING—Taken up by a boy in Chinese costume.

ROLL CALL—Each respond by repeating Class Text.

PRAYER—(With special mention of China's needs).

TALK ON CHINA—The story of China.

The way they do things in China.

Going to school in China.

Making sick people well.

What we got from China and what we can give to China.

HYMN—Class Hymn, "We've a story to tell to the nations."

RECREATION—Chinese game, recitation, or story.

ANNOUNCE TALK IV. (And make assignments.)

CHILDREN'S BENEDICTION.

PREPARATION FOR TALK IV.

Provide map of India. If one is not available, have large-sized outline map prepared. Provide British flag for draping map or smaller one to place over map.

Have members of Band bring pictures of Indian scenery, buildings or people.

Ask the Band to find out how many things we use in our homes that come from India.

If your Church has a mission in India, appoint one to bring picture of a mission hospital, another one of a mission school, and a third a picture of a missionary.

NOTES TO TALK III.

(See "Canada's Share," Chapter III.)

Have a boy march in carrying a Chinese flag. Explain its meaning. Show pictures of Chinese people, scenery and objects brought by members of the Band. If you have a copy of the poster with picture of smiling Chinese boy, used in the Forward Movement Campaign, it will do good service.

The Story of China—China is a very large country, much bigger than Canada, larger even than the whole continent of North America. In China there are fifty times as many people as there are in all our Dominion. How many would that be? Four hundred million! If all the people in the world were to start out for a walk, one after the other, one quarter of all in the procession would be from China.

The story of this great country goes back fully five thousand years. Think of a people whose records reach back before the time of Abraham! More than two hundred years before Christ was born the great wall of China was built to keep out their enemies. This wonderful wall, part of which still stands, was 1,500 miles long, and from twenty-five to thirty feet high and twenty-five feet wide. Is it any wonder they are proud of their long history and of what they have done? The Chinese used to think that their land was the centre of the world, and it is shown in this way on some of the old Chinese maps.

Very many of the people in China live in small villages. They go out each day to work on their tiny farms, coming back at night to their homes which are small one-storey houses, with thatched

TALK III.—NOTES

roofs and walls of wood or mud. Often a few chickens and a pig or two live in one of the two damp, dingy rooms with the family. If the pigs and the chickens do not mind, the family certainly do not seem to care. Very much of the tea we use is grown on large tea plantations in China.

The way they do things in China—What would you think if you were called Smith William, or Johnson Mary? Yet if you lived in China, that is the way you would be addressed, only the name would not be so long, for the Chinese names are of one syllable only. As for second names, they are seldom even thought of. "Why should one want more than one name" the Chinaman says, "and why have a long one that is difficult to pronounce?"

To the Chinese one of the first marks of beauty in a girl was a very small foot. The tiny shoes into which the fashionable Chinese girl had to squeeze her little foot, that had already been crushed and bound up until she could scarcely bear the pain, looked more like a shoe made for a large doll than one made for a human foot. (Show Chinese shoe or picture of one.) These little cloth shoes on high heels were made of colored cloth, beautifully embroidered, but the poor little wearers could only hobble around in them and could never run about and play as do our girls in Canada. And yet a well-brought-up Chinese girl would have been ashamed to wear a larger one, and when it came to choosing a wife, a man was very particular indeed as to the size of her feet. How glad the little girls must be that foot binding is now being done away with! How thankful they must be to the missionaries who have worked for so many years to help, in this way, to bring smiles to Chinese girls!

There are many other Chinese customs which are very different from ours. When they go into mourning for a friend they wear white, not black. We turn to the right, the Chinese turn to the left. The Chinaman shakes his own hand instead of yours when he meets you, and it is not considered at all rude to ask your age or how much money you have.

The Chinese are very careful not to offend any of the many spirits which are supposed to inhabit different parts of the house, to dwell in trees or stones, or to hide in the earth. Because they believed that their country was built on the back of a great dragon, who would be seriously offended should the ground be torn up for the putting down of rails, it was a long time before railroads were built in China. When at last they were built, the rails were being torn up constantly by men who felt sure that the dragon was angry at having his rest disturbed by the great snorting monsters running over his back. To catch and imprison some stray, evil spirit, common eel traps are sometimes hung before the doors of the houses, and often screens are put in the doorways to keep out these much-dreaded spirits.

At New Year's time, in the homes of the Chinese who have never heard of Jesus, the picture of their kitchen god, who is supposed to hear and see all that goes on, is pasted on the chimney shelf in the kitchen. At the end of the year, the picture is taken down and burned. The spirit is supposed to go then to some higher god and tell what he has seen and heard in the home. To make sure that he will tell only good things, the parents frequently rub something sweet over the mouth.

Going to school in China—Long before Canada was ever thought of, Chinese scholars were honored the world over. And a scholar was a scholar in China. He did not lower himself by mixing in anything so degrading as business. His whole time was spent with his books. But although he knew all there was to know about what took place centuries ago, he knew nothing of what went on in the streets of his own city.

The students in the schools of old China were always boys and men. It was an unheard-of thing for a girl even to think of going to school. But with the boys, education was a thing of great importance. When he was six years old, the Chinese boy started off for school. For the first four years he was expected to memorize and recite the Chinese sacred books. Of course he did not know the meaning of what he was reciting, but that did not matter. The learning of the old Chinese alphabet, what a task that was! How would you like to learn an alphabet made up of thousands of characters? But China has just been given a new and simple alphabet of only thirty-nine characters. Can't you see the smiles coming to Chinese children? Then, too, the old system of schools has been done away with, and all over China schools are being established where the boys and girls are taught very much as are the boys and girls in our own land.

TALK III.—NOTES

The first school opened to Chinese girls was started in Singapore in 1825, less than a hundred years ago. Until the missionaries came a girl in China had very little chance of being educated. When at last she was permitted to attend school, she did not have a very happy time. Like the boys, she studied aloud, the louder the better. When she had learned her lesson by heart, she would be called to the teacher's desk and told to "back the book." This is exactly what she did. Making a courtesy to the teacher, she placed her book on the table, and then, turning around, with her back to both the teacher and book, she recited what she had learned. The fashion of studying aloud the missionaries found to be very helpful when the children began to learn the "Jesus Book," as the Chinese called the Bible. Some of the girls and boys, by thus studying their Bible lessons at home so that all the family heard, became real little home missionaries. Many a mother, who had never gone a day to school herself, and who had not the courage to attend the mission chapel, learned of Christ and His love from thus hearing her little ones. Tell of the schools your Church has in China.

Making Sick People Well—How many of you have ever been real sick? What did your parents and the doctor do for you? How would you like to have had a red-hot needle, many inches long, thrust through your side or into your stomach when you were already suffering great pain? How would you like to have had to swallow a mixture of dried and powdered snake skins, or ground monkey bones? If you lived in some parts of China that is exactly what would have been done to you. The people believe that an evil spirit is causing all the trouble, and that the red-hot needle is one way of letting the spirit out. Picture what it must mean to the Chinese boy or girl to be skillfully treated by a Christian doctor or nurse, or better still, cared for in a Mission hospital, and the smiles that light up his face as he is told that Canadian boys and girls are helping in sending these, and that some of them expect some day to come themselves. Tell briefly of the doctors, nurses and hospitals of your Church in China. Show pictures of "Nursing Staff" and "Chengtu Hospital" in "Canada's Share."

What we got from China and what we can give to China—Did you ever think where all the silk we use in Canada comes from? Not all from China of course, but it was from this old country that silk first came. It was in China, too, that gunpowder was discovered. Two hundred years before Christ, fire-crackers were used there. Tea was first used by the Chinese, and chinaware, in which our tea is served, tells us, by its name, where it was first made. The mariner's compass is another Chinese invention. Still more remarkable, the very materials that make this little book possible are among their many inventions, for the art of papermaking was discovered by these wonderful people in the first century, and printing was used by them 800 years before it was known anywhere else. One of the finest things that Canadian boys and girls can do for the boys and girls of China is to send back to them, *printed on paper* they invented for us, the gospel of Jesus Christ, and thus help to bring smiles to the little faces that have been sad quite long enough.

Place maple leaves on map of China and tell very briefly what work is being done by our Canadian Churches, as given in "Canada's Share."

Chinese Game—One of the games, greatly enjoyed by the boys and girls of China, is called "Select Fruit," a game in which any number of players may take part. Captains are appointed to choose sides. The players squat down in two rows about twenty feet apart. Each player is given the name of some kind of fruit. After one captain blindfolds one of the players of his side, a player from the other side steals over and touches him, returning quietly to his place. The blindage is removed and the player touched goes over to the opposite side and tries to discover, from change of position, guilty smile or some other evidence, the one who came over and touched him. If he guesses correctly and discovers the right player, he takes him back with him to his own side, otherwise he himself must stay with the opposing side. This is repeated until one row is entirely taken over. It will add to the interest if one side represents Chinese and the other Canadians.

TALK III.—ADDITIONAL MATERIAL
MISSIONARY PAGEANT—"WAKING THE DRAGON"

Characters and Costumes:

THE DRAGON—A tall person in grey costume to represent a dragon, or in a plain, long, grey wrap, that will well cover him. Beneath the wrap a Chinese costume of blue, loose trousers, loose smock fastened at one side, and pigtail hanging below small round cap.

SUPERSTITION—Dressed as Chinese priest. Loose dark robe and cap.

IGNORANCE—Chinese woman or girl with bound feet. Skirt or trousers long enough to hide feet from the audience. Mimes across platform as if unable to walk properly.

INDIFFERENCE—A Chinese scholar of old school, in loose cloak and small cap of blue or some dark color. Carries a book which he reads continually.

COMMERCE—Boy dressed as early Portuguese trader. Knee breeches, loose coat belted in, short cloak thrown over shoulder and felt hat turned up at side with ornament or short plume.

DUTCH TRADER—Fair boy with loose, baggy trousers and straight coat, dark blue sailor's cap with peak in front.

BRITISH TRADER—Boy dressed in dark blue sailor costume.

WESTERN EDUCATION—Girl in college cap and gown.

CHRISTIANITY—Fair girl, dressed in white. Bible in her hand.

YOUNG CHINA—Young boy in Chinese costume with pigtail cut and carried in hand.

WAR—Chinese soldier in uniform with short sword in hand.

NEW WOMAN OF CHINA—Girl dressed in blue Chinese costume with book in one hand and purse in other. Unbound feet.

ADVENTURE—Chinese soldier in British khaki uniform.

CANADIAN BOY AND GIRL—In ordinary dress.

Scene opens with Dragon lying toward front of platform, bound, so that he can move neither arms nor legs, with strands of grey or blue wool. Superstition and Indifference stand at the back, whispering together. As the curtain goes up, Ignorance rises from a low seat at one side and advances toward them with mincing steps.

SUPERSTITION—There, we've finished.

IGNORANCE (miming across stage)—Is he really asleep? My hands are not very strong, and I am not sure that I fastened all my knots securely.

SUPERSTITION—Yes, really asleep. We've made a good job of it, haven't we? Bound hand and foot, and so sound asleep that nothing could possibly waken him.

INDIFFERENCE (Looking up from the book he has been reading)—Ah, sound asleep, did you say? How interesting. Now we can go our several ways in peace. I have so many books that are fairly crying out to be read, and one must not be disturbed when one reads.

SUPERSTITION—That is true, Indifference. We all want peace and quiet in order that we may go on living in our old way. Why, only yesterday, a wor-hipper hesitated for almost a minute on the threshold of the temple. I was afraid he was going to turn back.

IGNORANCE—And my case is worse than that, Superstition. I have a friend who, in some strange way, has learned to read a little. She has been peeping into her brother's books and tells me that there are countries where girls—high born girls like myself—allow their feet to spread and wear quite wide shoes. Just think how disgraced one would be with feet like that. I hope she will not tell anyone about it. Her feet are not as pretty, or as small as mine (simplering), but she is a lady and surely would not think of wearing such shoes.

TALK III.—ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

SUPERSTITION—You speak wisely, Ignorance. There is too much peeping into strange books just now. I beg your pardon, sir (bowing to Indifference). I speak only of women and the lower classes. To one as wise as yourself, books are, of course, a necessity.

INDIFFERENCE—You are wise, yourself, Superstition, to have said such a thing. Ignorance, you are right, your young friend should be reprimanded. It is not seemly that a woman should be versed in books. There is a place for women, of course, but it is not in the scholar's chair.

SUPERSTITION—You speak well, sir. We have too many. It is sad to think of families where the daughters outnumber the sons. Some foolish mothers are actually beginning to show an interest even in the girl babies and trying to save them when we would have them destroyed.

(Dragon stirs slightly in his sleep.)

IGNORANCE—Oh, is he waking?

SUPERSTITION—Have no fear. He may stir, but he will not waken. We may now go and leave him to sleep in peace. (Turns to Indifference.) Shall we go now, honored sir? Lead the way.

(Indifference, Superstition and Ignorance file out. Ignorance looks back once and sees Dragon stir again.)

IGNORANCE—He moves again. Is it true, I wonder, that there are lands where one can walk about on feet that do not ache and still appear well born?

Enter Portuguese Trader.

PORTUGUESE TRADER (in a loud voice)—Well, I have all the goods I want now and must look about a bit. A curious place this, but nothing could be finer than the silks I have just packed away in the hold of my ship. Nothing so fine has been brought to a Portuguese port, I'll warrant. Hello! What's here? The poor old Dragon asleep, I declare. (Laughs.) Well, let him sleep. If he should waken now I'm afraid my next load of silk would cost a great deal more. It's a shame to have him miss so much, though. Perhaps I'd better waken him. (Pushes Dragon with his foot.) Wake up, there. The world is moving on and you'll be left behind (Dragon stirs). Well, don't blame me. I must be off. Time is precious. (Pushes him again with his foot. Dragon rolls over and changes his position as Trader goes off.)

Enter Superstition.

SUPERSTITION (entering)—Ah, the Dragon has changed his position. Some one must have disturbed him. Perhaps it was the boom of the guns of that strange ship in the harbor. I do not like strange ships. (Turns to go out, and meets Dutch Trader coming in.)

Enter Dutch Trader.

SUPERSTITION—Can I serve you, sir?

DUTCH TRADER—Perhaps you can tell me who sleeps yonder.

SUPERSTITION—You mean the Dragon. He has been asleep for a long time. Do not disturb him. It is almost a hundred years now since a stranger, a Portuguese Trader, disturbed his rest. You are a trader, too?

DUTCH TRADER—Yes, a Dutch trader. I have heard of the wonderfully beautiful things made in your land, so I have come to see and buy. But the people seem so poor and ignorant. They need teachers. We must send them.

SUPERSTITION—They have all the teaching they need. I myself see to their religious training and we have many learned men. Pray do not stand so near as to disturb the Dragon.

DUTCH TRADER—Why should he not be disturbed? If he sleeps much longer he may die. Here (shaking the Dragon's shoulder), time to get up.

SUPERSTITION—You must not do that. He will be very angry, and it is not for you, a stranger, to say how long he may sleep. Had you not better be on your way?

DUTCH TRADER—That is true, but so much sleep is not good for anyone. (Shakes Dragon again till he

TALK III.—ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

raises his head a little, then strides off, followed by Superstition. They pass a sailor coming in. Superstition stops and watches him, then returns.)

Enter Sailor.

SAILOR—What, ho! Who have we here?

SUPERSTITION—Are you, too, a Dutch Trader?

SAILOR—Dutch Trader nothing. I'm an Englishman. But I, too, have come to trade. I have brought with me a ship load of things and am now looking for some one with whom to bargain. Woollen goods, iron goods, clocks and watches and many other things I have. For these I would take back silk and tea. (As he speaks he walks over and prods Dragon with his stick.) Who sleeps here?

SUPERSTITION—Pray do not waken and annoy Dragon.

SAILOR (prodding again)—But he seems to be waking already. See, he moves. He has already broken the strange cord that binds his arms. (Dragon yawns and stretches arms.) If he would only open his eyes now.

SUPERSTITION—But that must not be. Pray come with me. It will not be well if he wakens and finds you here.

SAILOR—Just as you say, but he seems to have slept enough.

Enter Education.

EDUCATION (enters as they disappear)—This must be the place. The Dutch Trader said I was needed, but they do not seem to want me. The Scholar I met paid no heed to me. Superstition, who met me at the door, will have none of me, and poor little Ignorance, who smiled so wanly from the window of her sedan chair, dare not speak to me. Oh, here is some one who can direct me. (Goes over, stoops down and touches the Dragon, who opens his eyes and rises on his elbow.) Sir, I am Education, and was told that I was needed here. Where are the schools in which I may teach? (Dragon closes eyes again.) Please do not go to sleep until you have told me. See, I bring books with me and am looking for the girls and boys to teach. If you don't mind, I shall take the girls first. (Dragon rises on elbow again and stays there.)

Enter Ignorance.

IGNORANCE (mincing in)—See, you have disturbed the Dragon, and we had such a time putting him to sleep. Let us go elsewhere. I should like to see what is inside your books. (Go to corner and talk together, backs to audience.)

Enter Christianity.

CHRISTIANITY (entering slowly)—I have come a long way, but I am here at last. May I tell you who I am?

EDUCATION—I think I know. You are Christianity.

CHRISTIANITY—Yes, and you are Education. You have not been here long.

EDUCATION—No, and I have had little chance to do anything, especially for the girls. Superstition, who is very powerful here, forbids it, and Indifference opposes me.

CHRISTIANITY—Perhaps I may speak to them. Here is someone I will ask. (Goes over and speaks loudly to the Dragon.) Would you tell me where I can find Indifference? Perhaps you yourself will be interested in the message I bring.

(Dragon tries to rise, sits, rubbing his eyes.)

CHRISTIANITY—I have come a long way, but my message is well worth bearing and well worth hearing. He who has sent me knows how much His word is needed here. My doctors, who are waiting outside, have already begun their healing. There sits now at the door one who has been blind from birth and who through their help now sees.

(Loud knock at door.)

Enter War.

CHINESE SOLDIER (bustling in)—Perhaps this is the last time I shall look upon our good old Dragon, for who knows what may happen to a man who goes to war. The Japanese have skillful soldiers, they tell me, but our Dragon must be protected. (Goes over and touches Dragon gently with his sword.) Oh, I did not mean to disturb him, but he seems to be waking. (Dragon starts binding legs.) I just wanted him to bless my sword. I will hurry away before he wakens further. (Exit, after saluting Dragon.)

TALK III.—ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

Enter New Woman.

NEW WOMAN OF CHINA—May I come in? I have searched for you long, Christianity, and you, too (looking toward Education). They told me you had both come. My sisters and I have been waiting so long. See, here is a book I have been reading by stealth. Now perhaps I may read it openly. In other lands, I am told, women are not dependent on others for their living. I, too, would learn to earn my own living.

(Dragon wide awake and staring, still sitting.)

YOUNG CHINA (entering with pigtail in hand)—Well, I have done it. Education, you have helped me. Before you came I was content to wear this sign of my slavery, but now it is off. Poor Ignorance, are you not brave enough to do as the women in other lands and unbind those poor feet? Why should this oldest nation in the world be so far behind others? We must not be. Out of my way, sir (to Dragon, who sits in his way as he goes to the door). You must not block our way like this. (Pushes him aside and goes out. Dragon shakes his head.)

IGNORANCE (speaking to Christianity, who goes over and puts arm about her)—Oh, if I only dared. They do hurt so.

CHRISTIANITY—We will all help you.

IGNORANCE—Oh, if only might. Yes, I will. I will unbind them, and I will go to your school, Education.

CHRISTIANITY—Splendid! We are all friends now. What fine work we can do together. New Woman, I have a task for you. Will you not help us in the hospitals we are going to build? We need many nurses.

Enter Adventure.

ADVENTURE (entering)—Who speaks of doctors and nurses? I know what they are. Can I ever tell all the kindness of the doctors and nurses to me and to my companions while we worked side by side with the British soldiers in France? I knew a little about you before I left, Christianity, but I know a great deal more now. (Goes over and lifts Dragon to his feet; throws away cords.) You must not sleep when all should be awake and alert. There is much, very much, to do.

Enter Canadian Boy and Girl.

CANADIAN GIRL (with Bible in her hand, and boy carrying purse of money)—We have come such a long way. We thought we would never find the place. A man sitting at the gate directed us. He told us that the doctors had given him his sight though he had never been able to see before, and that now he is so happy he is singing all the time.

CANADIAN BOY—Who is the queer old person we saw slip out as we came in? The man who was singing chased him away.

IGNORANCE—That must be Superstition. He will be sad to find the Dragon awake.

EDUCATION—He is awake! Adventure was the one who roused him.

ADVENTURE—No, I only brought him to his feet. You all had a part, but Christianity has done more than any other.

CANADIAN GIRL—To whom shall I give this Bible? I have others, but this one—

IGNORANCE (holding out hand)—May I have it?

CANADIAN BOY—Of course you may. (Approaching Christianity.) And to you, Christianity, I give this money that the boys and girls of Canada have sent to build hospitals and schools and to make Jesus known, particularly to the boys and girls of China. (Dragon goes out.) Why, the Dragon has gone. Will he go to sleep again?

EDUCATION—No, he is awake for good. Poor old Dragon! How changed he will find everything after his hundreds of years of sleep. But now for work. There are calls on every hand. Let us up and at it.

(All exit as curtain drops.)

TALK IV. - WITH THE BOYS AND GIRLS IN INDIA

AIM—To create a spirit of comradeship with the boys and girls of India and a desire to help them

PROGRAMME

HYMN—"From Greenland's icy mountains" or "Rescue the perishing"

SCRIPTURE READING—Matt. 9: 35-38 or Rom. 10: 6-13

PRAYER.

ROLL CALL.

OFFERING. Taken up by a member of the Band in Hindi costume.

TALK ON INDIA'S BOYS AND GIRLS—The country they live in.
Two of their strange words that tell a strange story
The schools they go to.
The gods they worship.
What we are doing to help.

HYMN The "Message verse" and the "Saviour verse" of the Class Hymn

ANNOUNCEMENT OF TALK V.

CLASS TEXT AND CHILDREN'S BENEDICTION.

PREPARATION FOR TALK V.

Have map prepared as called for in Notes on Talk V, also wire brackets and candles.

Make model of African hut from cardboard.

Have each member bring the name of, at least, one African missionary, and tell one thing that missionary did.

NOTES ON TALK IV.

(See "Canada's Share," Chapter II.)

Ask what flag waves over India. Drape map of India with Union Jack or place smaller flag above map.

Emphasize the fact that, in the great war that has just ended, the fathers of many of India's boys and girls fought side by side with our own brave Canadians in defence of our flag.

The Country They Live In—Over sixty years ago, when India came into the British Empire and our own Queen Victoria became Empress of that land, the boys and girls of that interesting country became British subjects like ourselves and began to learn to love and respect the good old Union Jack.

Though their skin is brown, their eyes are dark, and their language would sound very strange to a young Canadian who heard it for the first time, many of the boys and girls of India do not look at all unlike the boys and girls of Canada. The reason of it is that many, many hundreds of years ago their forefathers and ours lived together as one great people. About the time of Abraham they divided, one section going East and the other coming West. So you see they are really our cousins, and it is no wonder they look more like us than do the people of any of the other countries we are studying in these Talks.

How many people do you think call India their home? Three hundred and thirty millions! If you gathered in one big crowd all the people of Canada, of the United States, of South America, and of Africa, you would not then have as many as there are living in India. If all the boys and girls of India were to stand in a line, shoulder to shoulder, the line, which would be 25,000 miles long, would reach around the world, and only one child in each mile would ever have been inside a Sunday School.

TALK IV.—NOTES

Some of the most beautiful buildings in the world are to be found in this old land. The magnificent Taj Mahal, just outside the city of Agra, erected three hundred years ago by one of the Emperors in memory of his favorite wife, is, to-day, one of the wonders of the world. (Show picture if procurable). This was built entirely by native labor from native designs, for Indian workmen are very skilful.

There are many large cities and towns in India, but by far the most of India's people live in villages, of which there are so many that if you undertook to visit them at the rate of one every day, it would take you two thousand years to visit all.

The houses in these villages, where so many of India's boys and girls live, are, most of them, very poor affairs, built of mud and thatched with leaves or some coarse grass. Outside the village in a section by itself, you will find the homes or huts of the outcastes, who are regarded as the very lowest in Indian society.

Nowhere in the world, perhaps, are there to be found such display of riches as in India. Gold and precious jewels are used lavishly by the native princes and much pomp and ceremony and gorgeousness marks all the great festivals. Side by side though with all this grandeur is to be found the most appalling misery and poverty. Just think of thousands and thousands who never have more than one meal a day! There are, too, the blind, a great multitude, and the lepers with their loathsome sores all calling for help on every hand. We cannot, like Jesus in the days of old, with a touch bring sight and healing to these poor suffering people, but we can do much. We can help to build homes and hospitals where they will be cared for and where they will be told of the Great Physician.

Two of Their Strange Words that Tell a Strange Story—The first is "Zenana." (Write on the blackboard.) What a peculiar country it must be which says that the women of the higher classes must live such secluded lives that no men but those related to them may ever see their faces. The part of the house where these women live is called the "zenana." They visit their women friends in other zenanas and have women guests come to see them, but when they go out it is in a closed carriage or sedan chair. Even the doctors were not allowed to visit them when they were sick. "Much better to die of a disease that might be cured than to let a strange man look upon one's face," these women and the men of their family said; and before the coming of the women doctors many of them did die rather than be seen. Can you imagine how much the coming of doctors and nurses has meant to these women of India?

The girls are married when very young, the usual age being from eight to ten years. They do not go to live with their husbands, however, till they are twelve or thirteen. Should the husband die, even before the little girl wife goes to live with him, she becomes an Indian widow and may never again marry. All her jewels are taken from her; her head is shaved and she may wear nothing but a coarse cloth. Indeed, she is blamed for the death of her husband, and is told that the gods are angry with her, and so have punished her in this way. Just think of a country with more than three millions of these widows under fifteen years of age. For many years now, the missionaries have been gathering as many as possible of these unhappy widows into homes where they are taught, and where, above all, they are shown what it means to be really loved.

The other strange word is "Caste." This queer word tells of a strange custom by which all the Hindu people are divided into very many classes or castes, none of which may intermarry, and the lowest of which are regarded as so low that even their shadow if it falls on a high caste man will make him so unclean that it will be necessary for him to bathe and go through other ceremonies to become clean again. Because of caste, the boys of India have very little choice in the matter of planning for what they will do when they grow up. The choice is really made for them long before they or their parents are born. They must do exactly what their fathers and grandfathers have done. If a boy's father is a farmer, he must be a farmer; if his father is a carpenter, he will be a carpenter; if his father belongs to a high caste, so does he; and should he be so unlucky as to be born into the family of a member of the robber caste, he, too, must, of course, be a robber.

The Schools of India—What do you say to visiting a village school in India. We shall hear it long before we see it. The class most in evidence will be the A. B. C. class seated on the ground, just at the

TALK IV.—NOTES

door. On the earth in front of them is sprinkled sand, in which with the finger they trace the letter and then, with their fullest lung power, call it out. If we had visited the schools a few years ago, we would have found no girls present, for only boys were given an education, but a change has taken place. No outcaste boys and girls are in this school. They are not allowed to attend, but must have a school of their own. Many of the scholars are bright and quick and are looking forward to passing into the High School and later into the University.

More like homes than schools are the orphanages and widow's homes into which so many of the homeless boys and girls of India have been gathered by our missionaries. Here they are taught not only the various subjects taught in our own schools, but also how to do many useful things that will help them later to earn their own living.

Of recent years much attention has been given to education in India. To-day a million girls are studying in the schools of India, while over five hundred bright young women are attending the teachers' colleges, and many others are being trained in hospitals and colleges for lives of useful service. High Schools and Universities are crowded with boys and young men, many of them once pupils at the little village schools. Industrial schools are turning out trained workers, while agricultural colleges are teaching the boys, whose parents perhaps still plow with crooked sticks, how to use all sorts of wonderful farm machinery, and theological colleges are preparing a host of young men to become ministers and missionaries to their own people.

The gods they worship—Though they know nothing of a loving, Heavenly Father, as do we, the boys and girls of India are taught to worship and to worship very many gods. Should they fail in this, some terrible punishment will fall upon them.

Thus to keep cholera away, they must worship the cholera goddess; to keep smallpox away, the smallpox goddess; that they may be able to learn at school, the goddess of learning. Would you like to know how they worship? Then follow that father and mother and those boys and girls. They are going to worship the snake goddess. This is an annual ceremony and so a holiday. They have selected the hole of a cobra—India's most deadly snake. See, they are carrying some cooked rice, a vessel of milk and some fruit. After walking very reverently around the snake hole, they prostrate themselves on the ground. Then the father advances and places the rice and other offerings around the mouth of the hole. The whole family then retire a distance and watch. Should the snake appear, they are happy, for that means to them their worship has been accepted and they will be safe from snake bite for the year. Should it not appear, they go home sad and fearful that some of their family, during the coming year, may be among the many who die from snake bite every year in old India.

What we are doing to help them—Tell briefly the story of the work being done by Canadian churches in India as given in "Canada's Share," and place maple leaves on map on mission fields—the Anglican in the North, the Baptist on the East Coast and the Presbyterian in Central India.

Instead of the leader telling the story of the work, a better plan would be to have one of the Class impersonate one of the Presbyterian missionaries and on the map point out the various stations of that Mission, giving the names of the missionaries at each. Have another do this for the Anglican Mission and another for the Baptist Mission.

TALK IV.—ADDITIONAL MATERIAL
MISSIONARY PAGEANT—" AT A HOSPITAL IN INDIA "

Scene—Outer room of a hospital dispensary in India. Uncle John, a missionary doctor, and Tom and Margaret, who are visiting their uncle, talking together.

MARGARET—And may we stay here, Uncle John? We will be as quiet as anything and we won't say a word to the patients if you say not.

UNCLE JOHN—Of course you may stay here, Margaret, and you may talk, too, if you like, so long as you do not make noise enough to bother some of the patients I have who are very ill. It may make some of the little girl patients who come happier and less afraid if they find another little girl to talk with.

MARGARET—Do you have *little girl* patients?

UNCLE JOHN—Yes, quite often.

TOM—And any boys, Uncle?

UNCLE JOHN—Boys too, sometimes. Only last week I had a boy about your own age who had to have his right leg cut off. It was the only thing that could be done to save his life, though if they had brought him sooner instead of taking him to the native doctors it would not have been necessary. We hope to have him up and about again in a short time now.

MARGARET—How dreadful! But I'm glad you are going to make him better, Uncle John. You can make everyone better, can't you?

UNCLE JOHN—Not quite everyone, little admirer; but I am glad to be able to help them. They come to us sick and some very unhappy, but many go away not only cured but with a new joy, for it is here that not a few first hear of Jesus.

MARGARET—Don't they hear of Him in their Sunday Schools?

UNCLE JOHN—They have no Sunday Schools, dear. For many this is the only place where they hear about Him.

MARGARET—Oh, I'd love to tell them about Jesus if I could.

UNCLE JOHN—I would be pleased, my child, if you would. Though you have been in India only a short time, both you and Tom have picked up enough of the native language to tell something of the wonderful story, and I am sure some of my sick people will be delighted to have you speak with them. But I must hurry inside, or my first patients will be here before I am ready.

(Uncle goes inside, boy and girl sit looking at books they have picked up from the table.)

TOM—I hear someone already. Oh, I do hope it is a boy coming.

MARGARET—I hope so, too—or a little girl.

Hindu assistant leads in an old man who feels his way with a stick.

TOM—It isn't either a boy or a girl. Isn't he old? (Old man is helped into a chair and assistant goes off.)

MARGARET—I'm going to speak to him. He looks so lonely, and so sad. Perhaps he's never heard of Jesus.

OLD NADABO—Did someone speak?

MARGARET—Yes, I did. I was talking to my brother. But I should like to talk to you, too. I would like to talk about Jesus. Do you know Him?

OLD NADABO—The great Jesus who put it into the heart of the kind doctor to come many miles across the sea to cure my poor eyes? Yes, he told me of Him.

TOM—It must be terrible to be blind.

OLD NADABO—Terrible enough in your country, where there are so many kind doctors and good hospitals, but here in India it is very much worse. Can you wonder that the kindness of the good doctor has helped us know something of the love of God?

Enter Sita, a child widow.

SITA (Hesitatingly)—Is this the place? Is this where they make lame people to walk again?

MARGARET—Oh, I hope so, my uncle, the doctor, can do all sorts of wonderful things. Are you lame?

SITA—No, I can walk, but my sister, Tara, she is outside. She cannot walk far, her leg pains her so. Not long ago, she could walk and run as well as you or I, but last year her husband, who was many years older than her, died, and since then her mother-in-law has been cruel to her. She made her do all the hard, rough work. Last month, while working about the house, she slipped and fell. Her leg pained her so at the time, but they did nothing. Now she can scarcely walk, and since she is no use as a worker, they have turned her out. Oh, do you think the good doctor can make her leg well again?

TALK IV.—ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

MARGARET—I know he will do all he can for her. Let me help you to bring her in. (Go out together and bring in Tara, seating her on the floor.) She is very little to be married, isn't she?

SITA—She is twelve, but you would not think so. She has had to work so hard that she has not grown much. Her husband was not a bad man, really, but he was nearly forty and he had forgotten that little girls, whether they are married or not, want to run about and play. But she *will* run about and play when the doctor makes her leg better.

MARGARET—Of course she will. And now, while you are waiting would you like to hear about Someone who is very much greater and kinder than my uncle, the doctor.

SITA—Oh, there could not be anyone kinder than he is. We have heard how good he is to all who come, even though they are very poor. No one could do more than he.

MARGARET—But someone did do more. Did you never hear of Jesus? (Sita shakes her head.) Uncle John left his home away off in Canada and came here to help people get strong and well again, but Jesus left a wonderful home in heaven and came to this earth to be a Friend and a Saviour to us all.

TARA—Oh, I am so glad that the good doctor is going to make me well.

MARGARET—Your turn will come very soon, and he will help you, I am sure. But here is someone else. We must get some more chairs. (Goes out and bring in a chair. Tom does same.)

TOM—It's a boy this time, and he must be very sick. See how he holds his hand to his head. It must pain him a great deal. He must be quite rich, too, for he came in a fine carriage. (Goes toward door.)

• *Enter Sukair holding his hand to his head as though in great pain.*

SUKAIR—Can you tell me where I will find the doctor? My head pains me so. When we found that our doctors could not help me, I begged my father to let me come here. He did not want to, but the pain was so great he gave in at last.

TOM—Come and sit here until your turn comes. Uncle will be ready for you soon.

SUKAIR—Not there. I am a Brahmin, you know. The doctor will see me first, of course.

MARGARET—As soon as he has attended to these patients who were here before you.

SUKAIR—But surely he will not make me wait until those of lower caste have been attended to. When you tell him who I am he will let me in at once. I would not have come had I known that I might have to sit in the room with outcastes. Oh, this pain (pressing his head with his hands). Yes, I will wait.

TOM—And while you wait I will tell you a story. Perhaps you know it already, the story of Jesus, who came to help and to heal people, and who loved them so He died for them. (Looks out.) Oh, look, here comes a man with a heavy bundle. I wonder what he is carrying so carefully.

SUKAIR—I hope he does not bring it in here. It may be something unclean.

TOM—It is a little girl! Such a tiny little girl, and she is moaning so. She must be very sick indeed.

Enter Chaitanya, carrying small girl wrapped in shawl.

CHAITANYA—My name is Chaitanya. I have come to see the doctor. Twice before I have come to him, once when a crocodile caught me and tore the flesh from my limbs and they feared I should die, and again when fever took hold of me. Now I bring to him my little daughter. She had an accident. While playing she fell into the fire. The pain has made her call out and say strange things all night. She is quiet now, but the neighbors tell me she will die. The doctor I know will help her if anyone can.

TOM—You have been here before, then?

CHAITANYA—I have. My limbs were made whole by the good doctor. He took away the fever that was burning me up, but better than all, he told me of the God whom he serves, and since then I, too, have been trying to serve Him. If anyone can save my child he can. The good God, who sent him to us, gave him a steady hand and a clear brain, yes, and a good heart, too.

TOM—Well, I knew Uncle John was a fine man, but I did not know how *fine*. I wonder if, when I grow up, he will let me come to India and live and work with him?

MARGARET—Perhaps we won't need to wait until we are grown up to be able to help.

SITA—Oh, you've been a great help to us to-day. When we are healed, may we come again and hear more of the loving Jesus? It seems wonderful to think that He cares even for little widows.

OLD NABARO (slowly)—And for old outcastes, too. My eyes are still blind, but I can see some of the good things that the coming of the Jesus doctor is going to bring to India.

TALK V.—LIGHTING UP DARK AFRICA

AIM—To develop a feeling of kinship with and sympathy for the dark-skinned boys and girls of Africa and a desire to help light up that dark land.

PROGRAMME

HYMN—"O God of Bethel" (Livingstone's favorite hymn) or "The morning light is breaking."

SCRIPTURE—Matthew 2: 13-15 or Luke 4: 16-22.

PRAYER.

ROLL CALL AND OFFERING—Respond with the name of a missionary or place in Africa. Use woven basket for taking offering.

HYMN—"Brightly gleams our banner" (A favorite with Stanley) or Class Hymn.

OUTLINE OF TALK—Life in Africa.
Lighting up Africa.
Light-bearers in Africa.

HYMN—"Jesus bids us shine."

ANNOUNCEMENT OF AND ASSIGNMENTS FOR TALK VI.

CLASS TEXT AND CHILDREN'S BENEDICTION.

PREPARATION FOR TALK VI.

Arrange for the making of product map as suggested in Talk VI and for the bringing of specimens. Assign to one member of Band telling of what Canadians are doing in Trinidad, to another what they are doing in British Guiana, and to another what they are doing in Bolivia. See "Canada's Share."

NOTES ON TALK V.

(See "Canada's Share," Chapter I.)

Begin with a Map Talk. Have large outline map prepared, indicating, in green, the northern section, with its more ancient civilization and Mohammedan population; in red, the South, where is our own Sister Dominion of South Africa; and in black, the great central section of Pagan Africa, with over eighty million negroes, among whom no less than 523 different languages are spoken, in only about 100 of which has the Bible been translated. Explain that we are going to talk about that part of Africa which is marked black. Tell how our Bible links us with Africa. Joseph was sold into Egypt, and it was into Egypt that Mary and Joseph brought the infant Jesus when they fled from Herod. Write outline on the blackboard as given in programme.

Why do we call Africa, "Dark Africa?" Get answers from Class. We do not mean that the sun does not shine there, for the sunshine in most parts of Africa is dazzlingly bright, nor are we thinking of the dark skins of the people. Nor is it because there is nothing in the country that is valuable, for nowhere in the world can there be found diamonds to equal those taken from the famous South African diamond mines, from which \$20,000,000 worth of diamonds are taken every year. No, indeed! The land is called the "Dark Continent" for totally different reasons. One is that, until quite recent years, very little was known about the vast interior of that great continent. But the main reason is that superstitious and fears fill so completely the hearts and darken and degrade the lives of the people.

TALK V.—NOTES

Life in Africa—If you were sent to the store for ten cents' worth of some article, how surprised the grocer would be if, instead of money, you handed him ten little balls of rubber, stuck together in a strip about six inches long, two inches wide and an inch thick. And yet, in Angola, a part of Africa where missionaries of one of our Canadian Churches are at work to-day, such strips of rubber, called "a ten of rubber," takes the place of our silver and copper coins, and are worth exactly ten cents of our money. Other queer things are used for the same purpose, some of them, to be sure, bulky to carry about in an ordinary pocket, but since the African native isn't troubled with many pockets, that is no great difficulty. Salt and cloth are both used as money, the cloth being valued at about ten cents a yard and the salt about ten cents a cupful. In some parts of the country a teaspoonful of salt will buy a hen's egg. In other parts of Africa they use shells, small stones, bits of metal and other articles.

What kind of a house does the African boy live in? (Show picture or model). A native African hut is a round building made of poles driven into the ground, the spaces between being filled in with grass or mud. The wall is then plastered, both inside and out, with mud. The pointed roof is heavily thatched with coarse grass on a framework of poles. There is a door, but no window or chimney. The fire is built in the middle of the mud floor and the smoke must find its way out as best it can. The furniture consists of sleeping mats, stools, different kinds of baskets for grain and food, and pots for water and cooking. You would be much interested in watching the mother give the baby its bath. First of all, outside the hut, she oils him all over with palm oil or some other form of fat, then pours water over him and rubs him with her hands, leaving him in the sun to dry.

The boys and girls of Africa love singing and listening to stories. They are as fond of playing games as boys and girls in Canada, and are very clever at them indeed. Cat's Cradle, played as we do it, with string looped over the fingers, is a great favorite with them. When they are small they play together, but, as the boys grow a little older, they have their own games and would not dream of playing with the girls, whom they regard as not being strong and brave like themselves.

One of the games enjoyed by African boys (which young Canadians might like to play, too) they call "Nsikwa." For this game they choose sides, but even two boys can play the game, though, of course, it is not quite so much fun. When there are four or more on a side, the boys sit in lines facing one another and about ten feet apart. In front of each player is a piece of corn-cob, or something equally light, about two or three inches high (a cork would do nicely). In his right hand, each player holds a spinning top. When all are ready, the players send their tops spinning across the clear space with great force and try to knock down the corn-cob belonging to the player opposite. As the top whirrs back and forward, there is great excitement and confusion, and lots of fun.

Lighting up Africa—The Africans live in great fear of the spirits of those who have died. They believe that these spirits are near their old homes and that many of them are always waiting to injure some one. To appease these spirits is really the religion of the native of Central Africa. To protect themselves and to ward off disease, almost every native wears a charm of some sort. These charms are made by the witch doctor and of all manner of different things, such as dried leaves, an old bone, a shell, or even an insect, and are worn on different parts of the body or are hung up in every conceivable place.

Many of the charms are to cure sickness. For a bad cold, children are given a string of peanuts to wear around the neck. When the string breaks of itself the disease is supposed to be cured. For throat diseases chicken bones are often worn around the neck. To prevent fever short pieces of grass are tied together and worn on one side of the head. To prevent children from crying, ashes of a certain kind of tree are rubbed into the hair. In cases of severe illness a witch doctor is called in. He brings out a fetich, before which he dances and shouts and chants, concluding with announcing that a certain person has bewitched the one who is sick. The accused is then seized and tortured for the purpose of making him confess. Sometimes a test is made by giving him poison. If he dies, it, of course, proves his guilt. It has been estimated that about 4,000,000 people—which is about half the population of Canada—die in this way every year of witchcraft. It is to scatter this and other forms of darkness in that land, and by telling of Jesus the Light of the World, to give the boys and girls of Africa a chance to grow up into good men and women, that we are sending missionaries to them.

TALK V.—NOTES

Can you imagine something of the difficulty the teacher has in getting these boys and girls together, and when they are together, having them sit still long enough to learn anything? But once the schools are established the boys and girls, yes, and men and women, too, are eager to attend. (See "Canada's Share," page 127). In these Mission Schools they are taught many things. They learn how to weave cloth, how to make clothes, how to build houses, make furniture and implements with which to work the land, and many other useful arts. There are classes where the sisters and mothers learn to cook and keep house in a way that will mean very much to the whole family. The object of these industrial schools is to train the boys and girls for useful self-supporting lives, not only that they may help themselves, but also that they may help their people.

The schools are so few that they are very far apart, and boys have, sometimes, to walk many miles to attend the one nearest them. But this does not interfere with their coming. Word came lately of two boys who *travelled a thousand miles* across the continent to go to school. "How did you hear of our school?" the principal of the big school asked. He was told that a missionary, who had made a visit to their part of the country some years before—a Canadian missionary, too—had told some one of the school where boys could learn carpentering, and they wanted to be carpenters, to learn to build houses. So when they were old enough they set out. How many Canadian boys would tramp a thousand miles to school?

Light-bearers in Africa—Have your map of Africa over a board surface. Put little wire brackets on which you can place candles over the scene of the work of the light-bearers whose story you tell. Many very noble missionaries have gone carrying the light to Africa. Get the class to tell the names of some—Moffat, Livingstone, Mackay of Uganda, Mary Slessor. We are going to think specially of three of these noble light-bearers. Tell story of Moffat—one of the very greatest of missionary pioneers. Show on the map his journey from Cape Town to Kuruman, his station, a distance of 600 miles, which he had to make in an ox wagon. The rivers he had to cross by means of rafts. The natives then were exceedingly savage. There were wild beasts, especially lions, crocodiles and snakes. The learning of the language was very hard as it was not written, and the interpreters took pleasure in telling them the wrong words. Nine years passed before there was any sign of success. Then there was a great awakening. After twenty-three years of such experiences, he returned for a visit to his home land, where he received the greatest honors. Going back to Africa he spent thirty years more as a light-bearer there. Just think of fifty-three years of such service! (Light and place large candle to represent Moffat.) Show picture of Livingstone. On the map, trace his journeys across Africa. It was after hearing Moffat tell of Africa's great need that Livingstone decided to give his life to that land. (Light a large candle from the Moffat candle and place it over map.) Livingstone's life in turn so appealed to a young man in Toronto—Walter T. Currie—that he, too, chose Africa as the field of his life work and was sent out by the Congregational Missionary Society. (Light large candle from the Livingstone candle and place it over West Central Africa.) But these missionaries lit other lights in that dark land. Tell of Kajundu, Lumbo and Kumba, won by Dr. Currie, as told in "Canada's Share," pages 126, 127. (Light a small candle for each from the Currie candle and place on map.) Close by showing how we may help in lighting up that dark land.

Have Livingstone mottoes made by members of the Class and put up around the room. The following might be used: "I shall open up Africa or perish." "Anywhere provided it be forward." "I will place no value on anything I have or may possess except in its relation to the Kingdom of God."

TALK V.—ADDITIONAL MATERIAL
PAGEANT—"A MISSIONARY'S DILEMMA"

(Missionary, in his study in African home, head on hand as he sits at table reading.)

Scene One.

MISSIONARY (as sound of clapping is heard outside)—Who is there?

VOICE OUTSIDE—We salute you in your home. (Missionary looks up as two Africans enter.)

FIRST AFRICAN—Is it peace? (Both fall on all fours and touch foreheads to the ground again and again.)

MISSIONARY—Yes, it is peace (bowing solemnly). (Africans rise and stand just inside door.)

MISSIONARY—Who are you, and where do you come from?

FIRST A.—We are the household slaves of the Chief of Ilawe.

MISSIONARY—You have come a long way.

SECOND A.—We have. We started early in the morning, before the dew was gone, and have come through the narrow path in the forest. We bear an important message from our master. (Takes a small bundle done up in a handkerchief, off his head and lays it on table in front of Missionary.)

MISSIONARY (unties bundle and takes out a number of coins strung together, some silver and others nickle)—What does this parcel of money mean?

FIRST A. (taking a step forward)—Some years ago a white man passed through our town and preached your religion. Since then other men—black men, our brothers, who have been with the missionaries—have visited us from time to time and have told us more about it. What our Oba (chief) now wants you to do is to send us a teacher, who will live in our town and explain to us the religion that you preach. He has sent this money to help you to do so.

MISSIONARY (slowly putting the money back in cloth and beginning to tie it up)—It makes my heart sad to tell you, but I cannot take your master's money for I fear I cannot send you a teacher. Most gladly would I do so if I could, but the teachers we have are all too few and there are twelve villages now waiting for us to send missionaries to them. But tell your Oba that I myself will come over as soon as I possibly can and see him. (Hands back bundle to one of the men, who solemnly takes it, and, after both Africans have prostrated themselves again, puts it on his head and together they go out.)

MISSIONARY (head in hands, leaning on table)—Is it always to be so? This is the third time in a month that I have had to refuse in the same way. And yet what can I do? I cannot leave here now, and there is no one to send. Perhaps if I rise a little earlier each day and stay up a little later each night I may be able to manage soon to go over myself for a few hours a week. (Claps his hands and African servant appears.) Adjai, I will have my midday meal here. It will take less time. And bring more candles, Adjai, I shall be working late to-night.

ADJAI (bowing)—I will bring them.

MISSIONARY—And, Adjai, get ready for a journey soon. The chief of Ilawe wants to know more of our teaching, and I must go to him. (Adjai walks off, still bowing.)

Scene Two.

(Missionary and Adjai sitting resting outside hut in village of the chief of Ilawe.)

MISSIONARY—It is late, Adjai. We will have to wait till morning before we can see the chief. Have you been into the village, Adjai?

ADJAI—I have. I wandered about and saw many things. Some things made one want to weep, other things made one very happy.

MISSIONARY—The happy things, Adjai, tell me the happy things to-night.

ADJAI—At one end of the town is a small mud and thatch building that has been lately built as a church.

MISSIONARY—By missionaries? I thought none were at work here.

ADJAI—By the people themselves. Some of their young men have been in other villages and have seen Christian churches. They have had dealings also with men who have learned of Christ and who worship in those churches. They have come back and told their own people, and now they have this church in their own village. The young men, and boys too, are beginning to say that the sacrifices to the gods do them little good. One of the boys, also, who lives in the next village has returned lately from a mission school a long way off, where he has been taught to do many things. Now they all want to learn, not only to read in the strange books

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 fetich 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?

TALK VI. AMONG OUR NEIGHBORS IN SOUTH AMERICA

AIM—To teach how we can be true neighbors to the boys and girls of South America

PROGRAMME

HYMN—"Rescue the perishing" or "All hail the power of Jesus' name."

SCRIPTURE READING—Luke 10: 25-37 or Psalm 62, traced by the heroic South American Missionary, Allan Gardner, on the entrance to the cavern where his body was found.

PRAYER.

ROLL CALL AND OFFERING.

HYMN—"We've a story to tell to the nations."

OUTLINE OF TALK—Our Neighbors: Where they live Who they are. What they need

HYMN—"The world children for Jesus" or "Jesus bids us shine."

ANNOUNCEMENT OF AND ASSIGNMENTS FOR TALK VII.

CLASS TEXT AND CHILDREN'S BENEDICTION.

PREPARATION FOR TALK VII.

Appoint one girl to prepare a paper telling which of the countries studied she has been most interested in and why.

Appoint a boy to prepare a paper telling the kind of a missionary he would rather be, medical, educational, industrial or evangelistic, and why.

Arrange for visit to the different countries as suggested in Notes for Talk VII.

NOTES FOR TALK VI.

(See "Canada's Share," Chapter VI.)

Refer to the Scripture Reading. What a splendid answer this beautiful story was to the lawyer's question! If someone were to ask you the same question, what answer would you give? Most of us would tell the name of the people living next door to us, and that answer would be right. But the good Samaritan did not even belong to the same nation as the poor man who was robbed and wounded, and yet Jesus said he was a true neighbor, for he helped one who was in need. Show that for both of these reasons we may call the people in South America our neighbors. Point out on map the nearness of the two Americas. Surely if people living next door are neighbors, the people on the next continent must be considered as such. We will see, too, that they need our help just as much as the man by the roadside needed that of the good Samaritan, and that the priest and the Levite have passed them by on the other side without doing anything for them.

Where Our Neighbors Live—The country our neighbors live in is a very wonderful country with a very interesting history. We have spoken of it as one country, but if we look at the map, we shall see that there are really thirteen countries in South America. Many of these have very rich mines from which gold and silver and copper and diamonds and emeralds are taken in large quantities. Years before Columbus discovered America, the Indians in Peru, who worshipped the sun and moon, had marvellous temples overlaid with gold and silver and precious stones. All the dishes and vessels of their great emperor were of solid gold or silver. These people were called "Incas." I wonder if some of you have not read of them in the little book called "The Land of the Golden Man." From a silver mine near Oruro, in Bolivia, silver has been taken for at least two thousand years, and yet the supply

TALK VI.—NOTES

does not appear to have been lessened. From one mountain alone in that same country, it is estimated enough silver has been taken that, if it were all made into teaspoons, there would be enough to give two solid silver spoons to every man, woman and child in the whole world.

South America sends to us a very great many things that we use every day. A product map will effectively teach this. Have large outline map, with countries marked, put over board surface in which tacks may be driven. As you tell what is sent in by the various people, hang a sample on the map over the respective countries. The first rubber we ever used came from Brazil, and that same country sends us much of our coffee and chocolate. (Hang over Brazil a piece of rubber, a string of coffee beans and a stick of chocolate.) The people in the Argentine send us large quantities of hides from which our shoes are made. (Hang piece of leather.) The asphalt pavement in our streets has likely come from a lake in Trinidad. (Hang piece of asphalt.) Bolivia sends us tin and silver. (Hang piece of each.) It was the Indians of South America who discovered the use of quinine to stop fever, and it was these same Indians who first cultivated the white potato and through the Spaniards, gave it to the world. These are only a few of the many things our neighbors send us and have done for us. To be sure, we pay them for all these goods. But should we not in return share with them some of the richer blessings that have meant so much to us?

Our neighbors have some very big things, too, in their country. How many have seen Niagara Falls? In British Guiana they have a waterfall over four times as high as Niagara. They have the largest river in the world. Who can tell its name? The largest coffee crop in the world is in Brazil, and the largest dairy, where seven thousand cows are milked daily, is near Buenos Aires.

Who Our Neighbors Are—We have seen what a wonderful country our neighbors have. But who are they? Write on board in perpendicular column: (1) Higher classes; (2) Cholos; (3) Indians; (4) Negroes; (5) Hindus. Briefly tell of the coming of the Spanish over four hundred years ago, the conquest and oppression by them of the Indians on the West Coast, and the occupancy of Brazil by the Portuguese. That is the reason why our neighbors to-day speak Spanish in the west and the Portuguese language in the east. In all the larger cities we find the higher classes with their wealth and refinement and culture. Then there are the middle classes of mixed race, called in some parts, Cholos. Perhaps the most unhappy of our neighbors are the poor Indians, of whom there are not less than twelve millions, and these differ very much, varying all the way from the descendants of the proud Incas to the cannibal tribes of the interior of Brazil. While many of them are Roman Catholic in name, millions of them are pagan, knowing absolutely nothing of Jesus. Then there are the Negroes, whose ancestors were brought over from Africa as slaves. In Trinidad and British Guiana, where Canadian Presbyterians have important mission work, we find the Hindu, who originally came from India. In addition to all these there are a great many Italians, Germans, Chinese and Japanese. So you see our neighbors are a very mixed people.

What we can do for them—The Spaniards and the Portuguese brought with them their religion, so that most of our neighbors to-day are Roman Catholics. It is, however, not the Roman Catholic religion as we know it in Canada to-day. Every little village has its parish church and the cities their big cathedrals. But in these churches the people are not told of the love of God. They have a great many feast days, but they are not taught that it is wrong to lie and cheat and steal. If the children do not get an education few, until very recently, have seemed to care. The Bible has not been given to the people. The result of all this is that there is sin and misery everywhere. We can help by sending missionaries who will establish schools, teach the boys and girls and lead them to know the true Jesus as their Saviour and Friend.

I wonder if any of you can tell the names of any missionaries who have given their lives to help these neighbors of ours. Have a boy tell the story of Allan Gardner. If your Church has work in South America, see that the class are familiar with the names of your missionaries. Show their pictures if procurable.

Only two of our Canadian Mission Boards are helping directly our neighbors—the Baptists have missionaries in Bolivia, and the Presbyterians mission work among the East Indians in British Guiana and Trinidad. The Anglicans are supporting a lady missionary among the Indians in Chile. (Place maple leaves on map and tell about the work being done as related in "Canada's Share.")

TALK VI—ADDITIONAL MATERIAL
PAGEANT—"THE BEST GIFT TO THE LAND OF THE INCAS"

Characters and Costumes:

SOUTH AMERICAN INDIAN—Short khaki trousers, slit at the knee, bare feet or rough leather sandals, open hair, a striped cloth cut square and worn just a slit to fit the head through, round felt hat over a wadded cap with ear flaps.

SOUTH AMERICAN INDIAN GIRL—As many brightly colored skirts as can be put on, striped wadded straw pinned over her bare front and hanging down behind, fastened with large gold or silver pins, same sort of hair and cap as boy.

INCA—Skin stained or powdered brown, short trousers under long striped blanket hanging over shoulder and draped about body, band of gilt or silver ribbon or paper around head.

SPANISH ADVENTURER—Dark knee breeches, low shoes with silver buckles, colored stockings, tight, short shirt with collar turned back and brightly showing, short dark jacket and sash about the waist, large hat turned up at one side.

PRIEST—Long dark robe; cord or girdle about the waist, loose hood fastened to back of cloak, white band at neck.

PETRO AMARI—Dressed like Inca, with jewels about neck, bracelets on arms and rings on fingers.

MISSIONARY—Ordinary clothes.

Scene—Indian boy and girl standing talking together.

Boy (stretching out arms)—Ours is a wonderful country, sister.

ROSIYA—It is a beautiful country, Petra, but somehow I often wish it were not so big and so barren and so lonely away off here.

PETRA—Big, and perhaps barren at times, but not so lonely, Rosiya. There are so many things to do in so many places to go.

ROSIYA—For a boy, yes, but not for us. When you and the other boys are away with the men, I often think of the many people who may have lived here long long before we were born. Wouldn't you like to know just who they were?

PETRA—I hear many tales when I sit around the fire at night with the men while we are on our hunting trips. Wonderful people once lived in this big country of ours, Rosiya. And many people came from other countries, too. They did not stay, all of them, but they came. But it is growing late now. See, it is very shadowy on the hills. One could almost imagine there were people, strange people, coming toward us, but of course that cannot be.

ROSIYA—But they are people, brother. See, one man is already quite close. He is a stranger, but there is something familiar about him.

Enter Inca

PETRA—Were you seeking someone, sir?

INCA—I have but come to rest, and to think of the past, the glorious past of this great country.

ROSIYA (timidly)—Oh, sir, perhaps you would think aloud then. We, too, would like to hear about the wonderful past.

INCA—Many years before you were born, child—many centuries ago—I was a great war chief in a part of our great country called Peru. Word of the great wealth of our country had gone abroad and adventurers came from many foreign lands in search of it. They took from us our gold and our silver. They made us their slaves and treated us cruelly. They took from us everything we had, and gave us nothing in return. But the spirit of my brave brothers still lives, and this we would pass on to you.

PETRO—Perhaps that is why, in spite of poverty and many other things that make life hard for us, we have still not given up. But who is this?

Enter Spanish Adventurer

SPANISH ADVENTURER—I am the Spanish Adventurer of whom your friend has just spoken. The Conquistadors they called us when we came. The Conquerors, they meant, and we were indeed conquerors, for we made them our slaves. We found the gold they had been hoarding and enjoying, and we carried much of it away with us. Many long miles we travelled, by sea and by land, to reach this golden land, but it was worth the journey. We were brave men, my comrades and I, and we soon made the people, the Incas and their followers, know that we were masters. The very language you speak yourself to-day, the Spanish

TALK VI.—ADDITIONAL MATERIAL.

language, was given you by us. That, and the memory of the splendid, cruel way in which we showed we were masters, was our gift to your land.

ROSITA—I do not admire your gift, sir. But here comes another guest.

Enter Priest.

PRIEST—I have travelled a long way, friends, and I am weary. May I sit down?

ROSITA—Certainly, Father. Shall I find a seat? Tell us what you gave to our country.

PRIEST—That would make a long tale, child. We have given you much. Your friend there, the Inca chief, will tell you that before we came they were worshippers of the Sun and the Moon. We told them of the great God who had made both and was greater than either. True, some of my brothers did not teach as they should have done. Some of them built great churches for the people, but they did not give them the true word of God from the pulpits. Some of them were wicked, many of them were selfish, and those who are here now have, many of them, forgotten the good things we came to teach. They care more for the ease and comfort the money will bring to themselves than for the good they can do for the people who bring it. But I gave you churches. Fine churches, many of them, too.

ROSITA—Beautiful to look at outside, father, but one does not learn much that is good in them. Perhaps it would have been better to have left us to our own worshipping.

PRIEST (shrugging)—Who knows?

PETRO (looks off with hand shading eyes)—Is this another priest coming?

ROSITA—No; he looks more like our Inca guest, but is younger.

Enter Tupac Amaru.

TUPAC AMARU—I am kin to the Inca who has spoken with you. Tupac Amaru is my name, and I am a descendant of the great Incas of Peru. You cannot remember as far back as 1780, but it was then that I began to wonder how I could help my people, who were many of them actually starving, thanks to the cruel Spaniards who had taken their homes and their money and their freedom from them. I did not want to rule. I only wanted to have good laws made so that my people would not suffer so. I wrote a letter to the Spanish king, telling him just how things were being done in his name, but my letter never reached him. His representative in Peru got the letter and he sent a cruel reply that made things even worse. Had my people been more warlike they might have overcome the Spaniards, since they numbered so many more, but they were not, so were made to serve. They died by thousands in the mines and the factories where they were put to work, and soon most of them had perished. I managed to get a number of the Indians to follow me, and we fought against the Spanish armies, but were at last defeated.

PETRO—I know! I know! You are the noble Indian of whom I have heard. You gave your life to help your people—our people.

TUPAC AMARU (bowing)—That was my gift.

ROSITA—See, there is still another coming. Who can it be?

Enter Protestant Missionary.

MISSIONARY—I represent the noble band of Protestant missionaries who have come to your land. We, too, have brought a gift, the greatest of all gifts, the story of the love of Jesus. Our numbers have never been as large as they should have been to make known the story to your people, but many have been among the very noblest and bravest of men. Perhaps none has ever shown greater love for the natives of your land than Allan Gardner, who sought to reach the brave Indians of Chile, the savage unkempt natives of Patagonia and the Indians in the interior of Bolivia. It is true most of the work he endeavored to do did not succeed, and that he and his companions died of starvation on the desolate shores of Terra del Fuego, but his life and tragic death marked the beginnings of a wonderful work for the very people he sought to reach in Chile and Patagonia, and will ever tell your people of our love for them, and, at the same time, inspire my people to send the message he sought to give to your land.

PETRO—We have heard of this Jesus of whom you speak. The priests used to tell us about Him, but He is dead. In all our big churches we have images which tell us that.

MISSIONARY—No, no. He died, but He lives, and the Jesus we bring you is the living Jesus who can save and help you. We have come to tell you of Him, and to open schools in which boys and girls may learn to read about Him.

PETRO AND ROSITA (together)—Schools and a living Jesus! O Sir, your gift is the greatest of all!

TALK VII. NEW WORK FOR YOUNG CANADIANS

AIM—To gather up the teaching of the entire course and show what we must do to carry out
"Our Marching Orders"

PROGRAMME

HYMN—"Stand up, stand up for Jesus."

SCRIPTURE READING—John 1: 1-12.

PRAYER—Closing with the Lord's Prayer in concert.

ROLL CALL AND OFFERING.

TALK—The Friends we have met.

HYMN—Class hymn

TALK CONTINUED—What we can do for our Friends

CLASS TEXT—Repeat "Our Marching Orders."

HYMN—"Onward, Christian Soldiers."

CLASS BENEDICTION.

NOTES FOR TALK VII.

(See "Canada's Share," Chapter VII.)

In this talk the leader should endeavor to have the boys and girls recall as vividly as possible the preceding lessons, to develop the spirit of comradeship, not only with the boys and girls of one country, but with the great World Family, and to lead the members of the Class to a very real consecration of their young lives to the Master's service. There should be the rivetting of the impressions of the entire course. This will call for very careful and prayerful preparation.

Have the Class recall in order the countries we have studied and call attention to one or two of the principal features of each that will bring forward more prominently the boys and girls of the various lands. Follow this with the paper assigned at the previous meeting to a girl telling which of the countries she has been most interested in and why. In some Bands a Word Game may be played by printing the names of the countries on cardboard and cutting apart the letters.

The Friends We Have Met—If the Band is not too large, a very effective plan will be to visit the five countries studied. To do this, where possible, five rooms should be arranged, each to represent one of these lands. If different rooms are not available, different parts of a larger room might be used. In each room should be the flag of the country, maps, pictures, products, curios and all other material used during the course. It would add much to have a boy and girl, or more than two, in the costume of the country to receive the Class. One of these could explain the material in the room and the other tell of the Canadian missionaries in the country and their work. Pictures of the work should be displayed.

What we can do for our Friends—Now that we have made friends with the boys and girls of these lands we want to know what we can do for them—for the little girl in China, whose feet are never free

TALK VII.—NOTES

from pain; for the little brown boy we met in India, who wants to learn but has no teacher; for the boy friend of ours in Africa, who is so afraid of evil spirits; for our Japanese friends, whose country is so beautiful, but who yet have many unlovely things in their lives; for the boys and girls of South America, who need so much, schools and bibles. What can we do? There are four things. (Put down on blackboard the first four figures under one another). What are these? First, of course, we can do nothing until we know about these friends. That is what we have been doing—finding out about their country and their life. We have found that they are boys and girls who do not differ greatly from ourselves. They play games similar to ours, are thoughtful and friendly, disobedient and mischievous, just as we are. Their language differs from ours, it is true, their color may be different and their mode of life quite unlike our own, but they are members of God's great World Family. So let us put down "LEARN." Of course we are not going to stop with this meeting to-day, and we will want to learn more about these friends now that we have been introduced to them. But there is something more we can do, we can *pray* for them. We can pray that the same loving Father who cares for us will care for them. (Write "PRAY.") Have boy recite the following:

BOBBY'S PRAYER.

Dear Father, there's the other boy to-night,
Who's praying to a god that's made of wood.
He asks it to take care of him till light
And love him—but it won't do any good.

He is so far I cannot make him hear;
I'd call to him and tell him, if I could,
That you'll take care of him, that you are near,
And love him—for his god is made of wood.

I know he'd ask you, if he only knew;
I know he'd love to know you, if he could.
Dear God, take care of him, and love him, too
The other boy, whose god is made of wood.
—Margaretta Hayward

But we must show our friendship in still other ways. We may know about the needs, and may pray that missionaries and doctors may be sent to these far-away friends of ours, but unless there is money to send them and money for the work when they get there, they cannot do much. So we must write opposite 3—"GIVE." Let us remember, too, that in this giving we are giving twice, for everything we give to these friends is a gift to Jesus. But what is the fourth thing? Some must go. (Write "GO.") Who will it be? Are there not some of our Band who are saying in their hearts, "If Jesus wants me to go and tell these friends, of whom we have been learning, about Him, when I grow up I will go." Let us all stand and repeat together "Our Marching Orders."

Recitation (for boy and girl):

GOD WANTS THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

God wants the boys, the merry, merry boys,
The noisy boys, the funny boys,
The thoughtless boys.
God wants the boys with all their joys,
That He as gold may make them pure,
And teach them trials to endure.
His heroes brave
He'd have them be,
Fighting for truth
And purity.
God wants the boys.

God wants the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls,
The worst of girls.
He wants to make the girls His pearls,
And so reflect His holy face,
And bring to mind His wondrous grace,
That beautiful
The world may be,
And filled with love
And purity.
God wants the girls.

—Selected.

TALK VII. ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

MISSIONARY EXERCISE—"BRINGING THEM TO JESUS"

Characters—Five Canadian children—John, Alice, Jim, Marion and Tom; a Chinese girl, an African boy, a Hindu girl, a Japanese boy, and a South American boy

Scene—John, Alice, Marion, Jim and Tom, seated at a table with school books open and talking

JOHN—What's the use. It's one year and a half before we are big enough to go as missionaries.

ALICE—But there are other things we can do besides going.

JIM—Not many. We haven't much more.—

MARION—But we are young and strong and can earn some.

TOM—Some of us can, perhaps. But I don't see what I'm going to do. I'm dead sleepy now trying to study my lesson, and I don't get much time for work that will bring money. (Yawns)

JIM—Nor do I. I feel as if I'd been sitting here for hours.

ALICE—Studying is rather sleepy work (yawns), isn't it?

JOHN—I (yawn) should say (yawn) so.

(All turn to their books again. Then, one by one, they drop asleep with head in hands on table.)

Enter Chinese Girl

CHINESE GIRL:—

I've travelled many miles, but then,
I'm really here at last.
I'm sure these are the girls I seek,
But, see, they're sleeping fast.

Of course I shall not waken them,
But, oh, I'd have them know
How much my sisters suffer
And ask why help is slow.

The sick cry out for doctors,
And schools we're needing, too
We want to know of Jesus,
Whatever can we do?

(Moves to side as African boy hurries in on the top.)

AFRICAN BOY—Perhaps it is my color that is making him hold back,

But some one said I'd find a friend in a boy they knew, named Jack,
They told me he was waiting till he was grown up quite,
And that he meant to carry to dark Africa, the light.

But does he know, I wonder, how we're needing it just now?

Oh, I'm sure that he would help us if we only told him how

He might help, by saving pennies, and by sending them along

To help his poor black brothers know what is right and what is wrong.

Is there no one who will help us? Oh, I'm sure if he but knew

He would send to us a teacher and would send the Bible, too.

(Moves aside to make room for Hindu girl who enters.)

HINDU GIRL—Is this the place, I wonder,

Where the girls can run and play,

Where there are no little widows,

Who to fearful idols pray?

Is it here that girls are happy

And have lots to eat and wear?

Pray, is this the land that's spoken of

As Canada, the fair?

If it is, I come now seeking,

One who will hear my cry,

Who will help to save my sisters

Who by thousands daily die,

One who will help and love us,

And who, at Christ's command,

Will bring His blessed Gospel

To the children of my land.

(Holds hands out toward sleeping children as Japanese boy enters and comes forward.)

JAPANESE BOY—In my land, the cherry blossoms

Are now scenting all the air,

How I wish that I could view them

With my friends far over there!

But I heard that in your Canada

There are boys and girls who know

Of a Friend they have in Heaven

One they love and who loves, too.

So I thought, perhaps, they'd share Him
With their brothers in Japan.

If I came myself to ask them,
I'm sure they'll do it if they can.

TALK VII.—ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

(Enter South American boy almost before Japanese finishes.)

SOUTH AMERICAN BOY—I do not bow to idols that are made of wood and stone,
I hear the church bells ring on every hand,
But my life is sad and hopeless, and in this I'm not alone,
There are many who thus suffer in my land,
Will not some one come to help us? Will not some one send us aid?
We long to know the Christ, who sets men free,
For our lives are far from happy, if you tarry, I'm afraid
'Twill be soon too late to help poor boys like me.

CHINESE GIRL—I have been told that the boys and girls of Canada often think of us.

HINDU GIRL—In my land I once heard the Christian children singing a song I shall never forget. "Jesus loves me," it said. Shall I sing it to you? (Sings verse and chorus.)

Ye-su nun-nu pre-min-chi
Da-su nun-nu pil-che-nu
E sut-yam-bu Bi-bi-lu
Ba su rumb bi del pe nu.

CHORUS: Ye-su pra-mint-su-nu
Da-su-la nun-dar-in
A sa mi ve-da-me
E sut-ya mieh-nu.

JAPANESE BOY—In my country they sing it like this. (Sings in Japanese.)

Shu wa-re wo a-i-su
Shu wa tsu-yo-ke-re-ba
Wa-re yo-wa-kee to-mo
O-so-re wa a-ra-ji.

CHORUS: Wa-ga Shu I-e-su
Wa-ga Shu I-e-su
Wa-ga Shu I-e-su
Wa-re wo a-i-su.

AFRICAN BOY—In Africa it is also sung. Will you hear me? (Sings)

Yesu o sole, ocili,
Yeveleli ondaka yahe,
Omanu vosi va tava,
Hati, O va popela.

CHORUS: Yesu o sole,
Yesu o sole,
Yesu o sole,
O sole icili

SOUTH AMERICAN—We have heard it, too, but we say (sings):

De su trono mi Jesus
A morir equi bajo
Y clavado en la cruz
Mis pecados El expio.

CHORUS: Por my dio Christo
Vid preciosa
Mis culpas expio
Muriendo en la cruz.

HINDU GIRL (Speaking to Chinese girl)—Do they not sing it in your land?

CHINESE GIRL—Some do, but not poor little girls such as I am. We have not been taught. But I stood outside the door of a mission school once, and learned a little. I will try to sing it.

Yesu ai wo, wan bu tso,
Yin yu sheng shu gao-su wo,
Siao ren peng-yo ya ken dang.
Wo swir rwan-ro, ta Chiang djwang.

CHORUS: Yesu giu-dju ai wo
Yesu glu-dju ai wo
Yesu giu-dju ai wo
Yu sheng shu gao-su wo.

JAPANESE BOY—Let us all sing together. Then let us go and find someone who will tell us about this Jesus who loves us all so. Surely there must be someone. (All go off singing.)

ALICE (opening her eyes and raising her head)—Did I hear someone singing?

JOHN—That's funny. I, too, thought I heard voices.

MARION—I'm almost sure someone has been here. I know I couldn't have dreamed it all. Why, I was just counting up how many little girls in China my five dollars would feed, and I know there must have been some reason for my doing that. It's the first money I ever earned, and I had meant to use it for something else.

JIM—I'm quite sure I hadn't thought of giving my ten dollar gold piece, the one Uncle James gave me at Christmas, to help the boys in Africa, but somehow I believe I will.

TOM—Africa? Huh! Mine's going to South America. That's where they need lots of help.

ALICE—I'm just sure I heard someone singing. Who could it have been? You were all sound asleep, I know, yet someone was singing.

TOM—Well, to satisfy you, let's sing now. What shall it be?

ALICE—Well, the song I thought I heard was "Jesus loves me." Let's sing that.

(All stand in row and come toward front. As the music starts up the five foreigners slip in behind them. All together sing, and at chorus a foreign child steps in beside a Canadian and curtain falls on all singing.)

TALK II.—ADDITIONAL MATERIAL
MISSIONARY PAGEANT—"A VISIT TO A JAPANESE HOME"

Scene—Interior of a Japanese home. Everything very plain, straight, plain walls, something to represent sliding doors and windows, light-colored Japanese matting or floor. Only decoration, in a recess at one side of the room, a vase containing one flower or a branch, near which hangs a long, unframed scroll or panel on which is Japanese writing or picture.

Characters—Japanese mother and daughter, Japanese servant and lady missionary. (Japanese lady in kimono of sober hues, with fan, seated on one of the mats. Suddenly the door in one side of the wall slides open and a Japanese girl, in gaily-flowered kimono, comes in, drops on her knees, bows until her head touches the floor, and then comes over and seats herself on a mat near her mother.)

MOTHER—And what is it my daughter has learned to-day? Did the honorable teacher have something new to say?

DAUGHTER (bowing again)—Oh, yes, it was very wonderful, mother. The teacher gave us to-day a wonderful lesson in arranging flowers. She took a cherry branch so (making the motion of lifting a branch in one hand) and put it in a beautiful bowl just so (another motion). It was all very delightful. And she did it so gracefully, most honorable mother. She let me try, but I was very clumsy, I am afraid.

MOTHER—Have patience, daughter. Do not be in a hurry even to learn the things that you are so anxious to know. Did not the honorable teacher tell you that?

DAUGHTER—Oh, yes, that was in yesterday's lesson. One must not appear to be in haste. One cannot be graceful and hurried at one and the same time. But, most honorable mother, you have some news. I can see it in your face, even though you are trying to hide it, as I know a Japanese lady should.

MOTHER—Yes, I have news for you, my daughter, good news, I think you will say. Your Canadian friend, the Jesus lady, as you call her, will be here shortly. (Daughter shows excitement). Not so much excitement, child. Remember you are a Japanese lady, the daughter of a much-respected Japanese gentleman.

DAUGHTER—I know, most honorable and adorable mother, but it is such good news. Will she come soon? And, oh, do you think I may be allowed to stay and talk with her?

MOTHER—If you remember all you have learned at school, I shall be happy to have you stay. There—is that not a strange voice?

(Doors slide back and Japanese servant appears, bowing to the ground).

SERVANT—Most honorable lady, a stranger asks to come in. Shall I bid her enter?

MOTHER—The stranger is welcome (bows in dignified way).

(Door closes noiselessly on servant, opens a minute later to admit Canadian missionary, who enters in stocking feet. As she comes in she is speaking to servant outside, "Thank you, I shall leave my shoes here.")

MOTHER (bowing, and then, without touching hands to floor, gracefully rising from her mat)—Many times welcome to our miserable home, most noble and gracious lady. Would it be asking too much of a lady of such nobility and grace to ask you to be seated upon our poor mat, and to make yourself as comfortable as possible in our humble dwelling?

(Missionary bows then seats herself. At a nod from the mistress, the servant, who stands near the door, withdraws, to return later with a tray on which are tiny cups of tea. Without a word, a cup is handed to the guest, who sets it down beside her, as if in no hurry to drink it.)

DAUGHTER (edging nearer to missionary)—Most honorable guest, may I ask but one miserable question?

MISSIONARY—As many as you like, child. (Turns, takes up her cup and slowly drinks the tea.)

DAUGHTER—It is a very great favor I want to ask, and I know that it is not seemly that you, who are so learned and so good, should grant it, but, oh, it would make me so happy if I could but sing the wonderful song I hear as I pass the Jesus house. The air of it I cannot forget, but the words I do not know.

TALK II.—ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

MISSIONARY (glancing at mother as if for approval)—If it would not offend—

MOTHER (bowing politely)—Our humble home is yours to do as you will.

MISSIONARY—Does the song you speak of go this way, child? (Hums a verse of "Jesus Loves Me.")

DAUGHTER (clapping her hands, then stopping suddenly at a glance from the mother)—Oh, that is it. That is it.

MISSIONARY—It is a song we all love. Will you sing it after me? You can do it much better, of course, once you know the words, for my clumsy Canadian tongue does not so readily pronounce your beautiful language. Shall we begin?

(Sing verse and chorus, girl's voice always a line behind, missionary pausing after each line.)

Shu wa-re wo a-i-su
Shu wa tsu-yo-ke-re-ba
Wa-re yo-wa-kee to-mo
O-so-re wa a-ra-ji.

Chorus—Wa-ga Shu I-e-su
Wa-ga Shu I-e-su
Wa-ga Shu I-e-su
Wa-re wo a-i-su.

DAUGHTER—Oh, it is beautiful. More beautiful, even, than I thought. And who is it who loves us so?

MISSIONARY (again glancing at mother)—If I may be permitted—

MOTHER (shyly)—I, too, would like to know One whose love is so great. He cannot be a mere person. Is he a god? We have many gods in our temples, some of them fierce and terrible, others of kinder disposition, but none of them would love mere human beings such as we are.

MISSIONARY—The great God of all loves us far more than we can understand.

DAUGHTER—Oh, mother, may I make an offering to this wonderful god? Has he a wonderful temple in your fair Canada, most honorable guest?

MISSIONARY—He has a temple, has many temples, my child, but they are not all in Canada. He would have you make a temple for Him if you would.

DAUGHTER—A girl like me? I have very little money, and—I am afraid—

MISSIONARY—The temple He asks for is not built with money. All He asks is a place in the heart of each one who loves Him. It is because He dwells now in the hearts of so many girls and boys and men and women in my fair Canada, and in many other lands, that I am here to-day to tell you about Him. He has put His love into the hearts of the boys and girls of Canada so that they want to show their love for the boys and girls in Japan by sending some one to tell this wonderful story. I am one of the messengers their money has sent.

DAUGHTER—And you will tell the story to me? How wonderful! Oh, that I might thank the boys and girls in your land at once for this!

MISSIONARY—The boys and girls of Canada are so far away that they could not hear you, but the good Jesus, of whom we sang, is very near.

DAUGHTER—Is he, too, in Japan? Mother, why have we never heard of Him?

MOTHER (sadly)—I have heard of Him, daughter; but until to-day I did not know how great was His love. Your father—he will be very angry. He does not believe in the Jesus teaching, but we—you and I—we will learn more, if our honorable guest will but come and tell us.

DAUGHTER—And we will thank those boys and girls in Canada, too, will we not, honorable mother? We can ask the gods to bless them.

MOTHER—Perhaps, if our guest will tell us how, we can ask the great God, of whom she speaks, to bless them.

MISSIONARY—I will. And we shall learn much more about Him. (Rises to leave). My visit has been a very happy one. May I come again? (Mother bows very low as guest departs, and little girl stands looking wistfully after her.)

TALK III.—ADDITIONAL MATERIAL
MISSIONARY PAGEANT—"WAKING THE DRAGON"

Characters and Costumes:

THE DRAGON—A tall person in grey costume to represent a dragon, or in a plain, long, grey wrap, that will well cover him. Beneath the wrap a Chinese costume of blue, loose trousers, loose smock fastened at one side, and pigtail hanging below small round cap.

SUPERSTITION—Dressed as Chinese priest. Loose dark robe and cap.

IGNORANCE—Chinese woman or girl with bound feet. Skirt or trousers long enough to hide feet from the audience. Mimes across platform as if unable to walk properly.

INDIFFERENCE—A Chinese scholar of old school, in loose cloak and small cap of blue or some dark color. Carries a book which he reads continually.

COMMERCE—Boy dressed as early Portuguese trader. Knee breeches, loose coat belted in, short cloak thrown over shoulder and felt hat turned up at side with ornament or short plume.

DUTCH TRADER—Fair boy with loose, baggy trousers and straight coat, dark blue sailor's cap with peak in front.

BRITISH TRADER—Boy dressed in dark blue sailor costume.

WESTERN EDUCATION—Girl in college cap and gown.

CHRISTIANITY—Fair girl, dressed in white. Bible in her hand.

YOUNG CHINA—Young boy in Chinese costume with pigtail cut and carried in hand.

WAR—Chinese soldier in uniform with short sword in hand.

NEW WOMAN OF CHINA—Girl dressed in blue Chinese costume with book in one hand and purse in other. Unbound feet.

ADVENTURE—Chinese soldier in British khaki uniform.

CANADIAN BOY AND GIRL—In ordinary dress.

Scene opens with Dragon lying toward front of platform, bound, so that he can move neither arms nor legs, with strands of grey or blue wool. Superstition and Indifference stand at the back, whispering together. As the curtain goes up, Ignorance rises from a low seat at one side and advances toward them with mincing steps.

SUPERSTITION—There, we've finished.

IGNORANCE (mincing across stage)—Is he really asleep? My hands are not very strong, and I am not sure that I fastened all my knots securely.

SUPERSTITION—Yes, really asleep. We've made a good job of it, haven't we? Bound hand and foot, and so sound asleep that nothing could possibly waken him.

INDIFFERENCE (looking up from the book he has been reading)—Ah, sound asleep, did you say? How interesting. Now we can go our several ways in peace. I have so many books that are fairly crying out to be read, and one must not be disturbed when one reads.

SUPERSTITION—That is true, Indifference. We all want peace and quiet in order that we may go on living in our old way. Why, only yesterday, a worshipper hesitated for almost a minute on the threshold of the temple. I was afraid he was going to turn back.

IGNORANCE—And my case is worse than that, Superstition. I have a friend who, in some strange way, has learned to read a little. She has been peeping into her brother's books and tells me that there are countries where girls—high born girls like myself—allow their feet to spread and wear quite wide shoes. Just think how disgraced one would be with feet like that. I hope she will not tell anyone about it. Her feet are not as pretty or as small as mine (simpering), but she is a lady and surely would not think of wearing such shoes.

TALK III.—ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

SUPERSTITION—You speak wisely, Ignorance. There is too much peeping into strange books just now. I beg your pardon, sir (bowing to Indifference). I speak only of women and the lower classes. To one as wise as yourself, books are, of course, a necessity.

INDIFFERENCE—You are wise, yourself, Superstition, to have said such a thing. Ignorance, you are right, your young friend should be reprimanded. It is not seemly that a woman should be versed in books. There is a place for women, of course, but it is not in the scholar's chair.

SUPERSTITION—You speak well, sir. We have too many. It is sad to think of families where the daughters outnumber the sons. Some foolish mothers are actually beginning to show an interest even in the girl babies and trying to save them when we would have them destroyed.

(Dragon stirs slightly in his sleep.)

IGNORANCE—Oh, is he waking?

SUPERSTITION—Have no fear. He may stir, but he will not waken. We may now go and leave him to sleep in peace. (Turns to Indifference.) Shall we go now, honored sir? Lead the way.

(Indifference, Superstition and Ignorance file out. Ignorance looks back once and sees Dragon stir again.)

IGNORANCE—He moves again. Is it true, I wonder, that there are lands where one can walk about on feet that do not ache and still appear well born?

Enter Portuguese Trader.

PORTUGUESE TRADER (in a loud voice)—Well, I have all the goods I want now and must look about a bit. A curious place this, but nothing could be finer than the silks I have just packed away in the hold of my ship. Nothing so fine has been brought to a Portuguese port, I'll warrant. Hello! What's here? The poor old Dragon asleep, I declare. (Laughs.) Well, let him sleep. If he should waken now I'm afraid my next load of silk would cost a great deal more. It's a shame to have him miss so much, though. Perhaps I'd better waken him. (Pushes Dragon with his foot.) Wake up, there. The world is moving on and you'll be left behind. (Dragon stirs.) Well, don't blame me. I must be off. Time is precious. (Pushes him again with his foot. Dragon rolls over and changes his position as Trader goes off.)

Enter Superstition.

SUPERSTITION (entering)—Ah, the Dragon has changed his position. Some one must have disturbed him. Perhaps it was the boom of the guns of that strange ship in the harbor. I do not like strange ships. (Turns to go out, and meets Dutch Trader coming in.)

Enter Dutch Trader.

SUPERSTITION—Can I serve you, sir?

DUTCH TRADER—Perhaps you can tell me who sleeps yonder.

SUPERSTITION—You mean the Dragon. He has been asleep for a long time. Do not disturb him. It is almost a hundred years now since a stranger, a Portuguese Trader, disturbed his rest. You are a trader, too?

DUTCH TRADER—Yes, a Dutch trader. I have heard of the wonderfully beautiful things made in your land, so I have come to see and buy. But the people seem so poor and ignorant. They need teachers. We must send them.

SUPERSTITION—They have all the teaching they need. I myself see to their religious training and we have many learned men. Pray do not stand so near as to disturb the Dragon.

DUTCH TRADER—Why should he not be disturbed? If he sleeps much longer he may die. Here (shaking the Dragon's shoulder), time to get up.

SUPERSTITION—You must not do that. He will be very angry, and it is not for you, a stranger, to say how long he may sleep. Had you not better be on your way?

DUTCH TRADER—That is true, but so much sleep is not good for anyone. (Shakes Dragon again till he

TALK III.—ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

raises his head a little, then strides off, followed by Superstition. They pass a sailor coming in. Superstition stops and watches him, then returns.)

Enter Sailor.

SAILOR—What, ho! Who have we here?

SUPERSTITION—Are you, too, a Dutch Trader?

SAILOR—Dutch Trader nothing I'm an Englishman. But I, too, have come to trade. I have brought with me a ship load of things and am now looking for some one with whom to bargain. Woollen goods, iron goods, clocks and watches and many other things I have. For these I would take back silk and tea (As he speaks he walks over and prods Dragon with his stick). Who sleeps here?

SUPERSTITION—Pray do not waken and annoy the Dragon.

SAILOR (prodding again)—But he seems to be waking already. See, he moves. He has already broken the strange cord that binds his arms. (Dragon yawns and stretches arms.) If he would only open his eyes now.

SUPERSTITION—But that must not be. Pray come with me. It will not be well if he wakens and finds you here.

SAILOR—Just as you say, but he seems to have slept enough.

Enter Education.

EDUCATION (enters as they disappear)—This must be the place. The Dutch Trader said I was needed, but they do not seem to want me. The Scholar I met paid no heed to me. Superstition, who met me at the door, will have none of me, and poor little Ignorance, who smiled so wauily from the window of her sedan chair, dare not speak to me. Oh, here is some one who can direct me. (Goes over, stoops down and touches the Dragon, who opens his eyes and rises on his elbow.) Sir, I am Education, and was told that I was needed here. Where are the schools in which I may teach? (Dragon closes eyes again.) Please do not go to sleep until you have told me. See, I bring books with me and am looking for the girls and boys to teach. If you don't mind, I shall take the girls first. (Dragon rises on elbow again and stays there.)

Enter Ignorance.

IGNORANCE (miming in)—See, you have disturbed the Dragon, and we had such a time putting him to sleep. Let us go elsewhere. I should like to see what is inside your books. (Go to corner and talk together, backs to audience.)

Enter Christianity.

CHRISTIANITY (entering slowly)—I have come a long way, but I am here at last. May I tell you who I am?

EDUCATION—I think I know. You are Christianity.

CHRISTIANITY—Yes, and you are Education. You have not been here long.

EDUCATION—No, and I have had little chance to do anything, especially for the girls. Superstition, who is very powerful here, forbids it, and Indifference opposes me.

CHRISTIANITY—Perhaps I may speak to them. Here is someone I will ask. (Goes over and speaks loudly to the Dragon.) Would you tell me where I can find Indifference? Perhaps you yourself will be interested in the message I bring.

(Dragon tries to rise, sits, rubbing his eyes.)

CHRISTIANITY—I have come a long way, but my message is well worth bearing and well worth hearing. He who has sent me knows how much His word is needed here. My doctors, who are waiting outside, have already begun their healing. There sits now at the door one who has been blind from birth and who through their help now sees.

(Loud knock at door.)

Enter War.

CHINESE SOLDIER (bustling in)—Perhaps this is the last time I shall look upon our good old Dragon, for who knows what may happen to a man who goes to war. The Japanese have skilful soldiers, they tell me, but our Dragon must be protected. (Goes over and touches Dragon gently with his sword.) Oh, I did not mean to disturb him, but he seems to be waking. (Dragon breaks cords binding legs.) I just wanted him to bless my sword. I will hurry away before he wakens further. (Goes off, after saluting Dragon.)

TALK III.—ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

Enter New Woman.

NEW WOMAN OF CHINA—May I come in? I have searched for you long, Christianity, and you, too (looking toward Education). They told me you had both come. My sisters and I have been waiting so long. See, here is a book I have been reading by stealth. Now perhaps I may read it openly. In other lands, I am told, women are not dependent on others for their living. I, too, would learn to earn my own living.

(Dragon wide awake and staring, still sitting.)

YOUNG CHINA (entering with pigtail in hand)—Well, I have done it. Education, you have helped me. Before you came I was content to wear this sign of my slavery, but now it is off. Poor Ignorance, are you not brave enough to do as the women in other lands and unbind those poor feet? Why should this oldest nation in the world be so far behind others? We must not be. Out of my way, sir (to Dragon, who sits in his way as he goes to the door). You must not block our way like this. (Pushes him aside and goes out. Dragon shakes his head.)

IGNORANCE (speaking to Christianity, who goes over and pats arm about her)—Oh, if I only dared. They do hurt so.

CHRISTIANITY—We will all help you.

IGNORANCE—Oh, if I only might. Yes, I will. I will unbind them, and I will go to your school, Education.

CHRISTIANITY—Splendid! We are all friends now. What fine work we can do together. New Woman, I have a task for you. Will you not help us in the hospitals we are going to build? We need many nurses.

Enter Adventure.

ADVENTURE (entering)—Who speaks of doctors and nurses? I know what they are. Can I ever tell all the kindness of the doctors and nurses to me and to my companions while we worked side by side with the British soldiers in France? I knew a little about you before I left, Christianity, but I know a great deal more now. (Goes over and lifts Dragon to his feet; throws away cords.) You must not sleep when all should be awake and alert. There is much, very much, to do.

Enter Canadian Boy and Girl.

CANADIAN GIRL (with Bible in her hand, and boy carrying purse of money)—We have come such a long way. We thought we would never find the place. A man sitting at the gate directed us. He told us that the doctors had given him his sight though he had never been able to see before, and that now he is so happy he is singing all the time.

CANADIAN BOY—Who is the queer old person we saw slip out as we came in? The man who was singing chased him away.

IGNORANCE—That must be Superstition. He will be sad to find the Dragon awake.

EDUCATION—He is awake! Adventure was the one who roused him.

ADVENTURE—No, I only brought him to his feet. You all had a part, but Christianity has done more than any other.

CANADIAN GIRL—To whom shall I give this Bible? I have others, but this one—

IGNORANCE (holding out hand)—May I have it?

CANADIAN BOY—Of course you may. (Approaching Christianity.) And to you, Christianity, I give this money that the boys and girls of Canada have sent to build hospitals and schools and to make Jesus known, particularly to the boys and girls of China. (Dragon goes out.) Why the Dragon has gone. Will he go to sleep again?

EDUCATION—No, he is awake for good. Poor old Dragon! How changed he will find everything after his hundreds of years of sleep. But now for work. There are calls on every hand. Let us up and at it.

(All exit as curtain drops.)

TALK IV.—ADDITIONAL MATERIAL
MISSIONARY PAGEANT—"AT A HOSPITAL IN INDIA"

Scene—Outer room of a hospital dispensary in India. Uncle John, a missionary doctor, and Tom and Margaret, who are visiting their uncle, talking together.

MARGARET—And may we stay here, Uncle John? We will be as quiet as anything and we won't say a word to the patients if you say not.

UNCLE JOHN—Of course you may stay here, Margaret, and you may talk, too, if you like, so long as you do not make noise enough to bother some of the patients I have who are very ill. It may make some of the little girl patients who come happier and less afraid if they find another little girl to talk with.

MARGARET—Do you have *little girl* patients?

UNCLE JOHN—Yes, quite often.

Tom—And any boys, Uncle?

UNCLE JOHN—Boys too, sometimes. Only last week I had a boy about your own age who had to have his right leg cut off. It was the only thing that could be done to save his life, though if they had brought him sooner instead of taking him to the native doctors it would not have been necessary. We hope to have him up and about again in a short time now.

MARGARET—How dreadful! But I'm glad you are going to make him better, Uncle John. You can make everyone better, can't you?

UNCLE JOHN—Quite everyone, little admirer; but I am glad to be able to help them. They come to us sick and some very unhappy, but many go away not only cured but with a new joy, for it is here that not a few first hear of Jesus.

MARGARET—Don't they hear of Him in their Sunday Schools?

UNCLE JOHN—They have no Sunday Schools, dear. For many this is the only place where they hear about Him.

MARGARET—Oh, I'd love to tell them about Jesus if I could.

UNCLE JOHN—I would be pleased, my child, if you would. Though you have been in India only a short time, both you and Tom have picked up enough of the native language to tell something of the wonderful story, and I am sure some of my sick people will be delighted to have you speak with them. But I must hurry inside, or my first patients will be here before I am ready.

(Uncle goes inside, boy and girl sit looking at books they have picked up from the table.)

Tom—I hear someone already. Oh, I do hope it is a boy coming.

MARGARET—I hope so, too—or a little girl.

Hindu assistant leads in an old man who feels his way with a stick.

Tom—It isn't either a boy or a girl. Isn't he old? (Old man is helped into a chair and assistant goes off.)

MARGARET—I'm going to speak to him. He looks so lonely, and so sad. Perhaps he's never heard of Jesus.

OLD NADABO—Did someone speak?

MARGARET—Yes, I did. I was talking to my brother. But I should like to talk to you, too. I would like to talk about Jesus. Do you know Him?

OLD NADABO—The great Jesus who put it into the heart of the kind doctor to come many miles across the sea to cure my poor eyes? Yes, he told me of Him.

Tom—It must be terrible to be blind.

OLD NADABO—Terrible enough in your country, where there are so many kind doctors and good hospitals, but here in India it is very much worse. Can you wonder that the kindness of the good doctor has helped us know something of the love of God?

Enter Sita, a child widow

SITA (Hesitatingly)—Is this the place? Is this where they make lame people to walk again?

MARGARET—Oh, I hope so, my uncle, the doctor, can do all sorts of wonderful things. Are you lame?

SITA—No, I can walk, but my sister, Tara, she is outside. She cannot walk far, her leg pains her so. Not long ago, she could walk and run as well as you or I, but last year her husband, who was many years older than her, died, and since then her mother-in-law has been cruel to her. She made her do all the hard, rough work. Last month, while working about the house, she slipped and fell. Her leg pained her so at the time, but they did nothing. Now she can scarcely walk, and since she is no use as a worker, they have turned her out. Oh, do you think the good doctor can make her leg well again?

TALK IV.—ADDITIONAL MATERIAL.

MARGARET—I know he will do all he can for her. Let me help you to bring her in. (Goes out together and bring in Tara, seating her on the floor.) She is very little to be married, isn't she?

SITA—She is twelve, but you would not think so. She has had to work so hard that she has not grown much. Her husband was not a bad man, really, but he was nearly forty and he had forgotten that little girls, whether they are married or not, want to run about and play. But she *will* run about and play when the doctor makes her leg better.

MARGARET—Of course she will. And now, while you are waiting would you like to hear about Someone who is very much greater and kinder than my uncle, the doctor.

SITA—Oh, there could not be anyone kinder than he is. We have heard how good he is to all who come, even though they are very poor. No one could do more than he.

MARGARET—But someone did do more. Did you never hear of Jesus? (Sita shakes her head.) Uncle John left his home away off in Canada and came here to help people get strong and well again, but Jesus left a wonderful home in heaven and came to this earth to be a Friend and a Saviour to us all.

TARA—Oh, I am so glad that the good doctor is going to make me well.

MARGARET—Your turn will come very soon, and he will help you, I am sure. But here is someone else. We must get some more chairs. (Goes out and bring in a chair. Tom does same.)

TOM—It's a boy this time, and he must be very sick. See how he holds his hand to his head. It must pain him a great deal. He must be quite rich, too, for he came in a fine carriage. (Goes toward door.)

Enter Sukair holding his hand to his head as though in great pain.

SUKAIR—Can you tell me where I will find the doctor? My head pains me so. When we found that our doctors could not help me, I begged my father to let me come here. He did not want to, but the pain was so great he gave in at last.

TOM—Come and sit here until your turn comes. Uncle will be ready for you soon.

SUKAIR—Not there. I am a Brahmin, you know. The doctor will see me first, of course.

MARGARET—As soon as he has attended to these patients who were here before you.

SUKAIR—But surely he will not make me wait until those of lower caste have been attended to. When you tell him who I am he will let me in at once. I would not have come had I known that I might have to sit in the room with outcastes. Oh, this pain (pressing his head with his hands). Yes, I will wait.

TOM—And while you wait I will tell you a story. Perhaps you know it already, the story of Jesus, who came to help and to heal people, and who loved them so He died for them. (Looks out.) Oh, look, here comes a man with a heavy bundle. I wonder what he is carrying so carefully.

SUKAIR—I hope he does not bring it in here. It may be something unclean.

TOM—It is a little girl! Such a tiny little girl, and she is moaning so. She must be very sick indeed.

Enter Chaitanya, carrying small girl wrapped in shawl.

CHAITANYA—My name is Chaitanya. I have come to see the doctor. Twice before I have come to him, once when a crocodile caught me and tore the flesh from my limbs and they feared I should die, and again when fever took hold of me. Now I bring to him my little daughter. She had an accident. While playing she fell into the fire. The pain has made her call out and say strange things all night. She is quiet now, but the neighbors tell me she will die. The doctor I know will help her if anyone can.

TOM—You have been here before, then?

CHAITANYA—I have. My limbs were made whole by the good doctor. He took away the fever that was burning me up, but better than all, he told me of the God whom he serves, and since then I, too, have been trying to serve Him. If anyone can save my child he can. The good God, who sent him to us, gave him a steady hand and a clear brain, yes, and a good heart, too.

TOM—Well, I knew Uncle John was a fine man, but I did not know how *fine*. I wonder if, when I grow up, he will let me come to India and live and work with him?

MARGARET—Perhaps we won't need to wait until we are grown up to be able to help.

SITA—Oh, you've been a great help to us to-day. When we are healed, may we come again and hear more of the loving Jesus? It seems wonderful to think that He cares even for little widows.

OLD NADARO (slowly)—And for old outcastes, too. My eyes are still blind, but I can see some of the good things that the coming of the Jesus doctor is going to bring to India.

TALK V.—ADDITIONAL MATERIAL
PAGEANT—"A MISSIONARY'S D'EMMA"

(Missionary, in his study in African home, head on hand as he sits at table reading.)

Scene One.

MISSIONARY (as sound of clapping is heard outside)—Who is there?

VOICE OUTSIDE—We salute you in your home. (Missionary looks up as two Africans enter.)

FIRST AFRICAN—Is it peace? (Both fall on all fours and touch foreheads to the ground again and again.)

MISSIONARY—Yes, it is peace (bowing solemnly). (Africans rise and stand just inside door.)

MISSIONARY—Who are you, and where do you come from?

FIRST A—We are the household slaves of the Chief of Ilawe.

MISSIONARY—You have come a long way.

SECOND A—We have. We started early in the morning, before the dew was gone, and have come through the narrow path in the forest. We bear an important message from our master. (Takes a small bundle done up in a handkerchief, off his head and lays it on table in front of Missionary.)

MISSIONARY (unties bundle and takes out a number of coins strung together, some silver and others nickel)—What does this parcel of money mean?

FIRST A (taking a step forward)—Some years ago a white man passed through our town and preached your religion. Since then other men—black men, our brothers, who have been with the missionaries—have visited us from time to time and have told us more about it. What our Oba (chief) now wants you to do is to send us a teacher, who will live in our town and explain to us the religion that you preach. He has sent this money to help you to do so.

MISSIONARY (slowly putting the money back in cloth and beginning to tie it up)—It makes my heart sad to tell you, but I cannot take your master's money for I fear I cannot send you a teacher. Most gladly would I do so if I could, but the teachers we have are all too few and there are twelve villages now waiting for us to send missionaries to them. But tell your Oba that I myself will come over as soon as I possibly can and see him. (Hands back bundle to one of the men, who solemnly takes it, and, after both Africans have prostrated themselves again, puts it on his head and together they go out.)

MISSIONARY (head in hands, leaning on table)—Is it always to be so? This is the third time in a month that I have had to refuse in the same way. And yet what can I do? I cannot leave here now, and there is no one to send. Perhaps if I rise a little earlier each day and stay up a little later each night I may be able to manage soon to go over myself for a few hours a week. (Claps his hands and African servant appears.) Adjai, I will have my midday meal here. It will take less time. And bring more candles, Adjai, I shall be working late to-night.

ADJAI (bowing)—I will bring them.

MISSIONARY—And, Adjai, get ready for a journey soon. The chief of Ilawe wants to know more of our teaching, and I must go to him. (Adjai walks off, still bowing.)

Scene Two.

(Missionary and Adjai sitting resting outside hut in village of the chief of Ilawe.)

MISSIONARY—It is late, Adjai. We will have to wait till morning before we can see the chief. Have you been into the village, Adjai?

ADJAI—I have. I wandered about and saw many things. Some things made one want to weep, other things made one very happy.

MISSIONARY—The happy things, Adjai, tell me the happy things to-night.

ADJAI—At one end of the town is a small mud and thatch building that has been lately built as a church.

MISSIONARY—By missionaries? I thought none were at work here.

ADJAI—By the people themselves. Some of their young men have been in other villages and have seen Christian churches. They have had dealings also with men who have learned of Christ and who worship in those churches. They have come back and told their own people, and now they have this church in their own village. The young men, and boys too, are beginning to say that the sacrifices to the gods do them little good. One of the boys, also, who lives in the next village has returned lately from a mission school a long way off, where he has been taught to do many things. Now th v all want to learn, not only to read in the strange books

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?

TALK VI.—ADDITIONAL MATERIAL
PAGEANT—"THE BEST GIFT TO THE LAND OF THE INCAS"

Characters and Costumes:

SOUTH AMERICAN INDIAN—Short khaki trousers, slit at the knee; bare feet or rough leather sandals; the poncho, a striped cloth cut square and with just a slit to let the head through; round felt hat over a woollen cap with ear flaps.

SOUTH AMERICAN INDIAN GIRL—As many bright-colored skirts as can be put on; striped woollen shawl, pinned over breast in front and hanging down behind, fastened with large gold or silver pin; same sort of hat and cap as boy.

INCA—Skin stained or powdered brown; short trousers under long striped blanket hanging over shoulder and draped about body; band of gilt or silver ribbon or paper around head.

SPANISH ADVENTURER—Dark knee breeches; low shoes with silver buckles; colored stockings; light, soft shirt with collar turned back and bright tie showing; short dark jacket and sash about the waist; large hat turned up at one side.

PRIEST—Long dark robe; cord or girdle about the waist; loose hood fastened to back of cloak; white band at neck.

TUPAC AMARU—Dressed like Inca, with jewels about neck, bracelets on arms and rings in ears.

MISSIONARY—Ordinary clothes.

Scene—Indian boy and girl standing talking together.

BOY (stretching out arms)—Ours is a wonderful country, sister.

ROSITA—It is a beautiful country, Petra, but somehow I often wish it were not so big and so barren and so lonely away off here.

PETRA—Big, and perhaps barren at times, but not so lonely, Rosita. There are so many things to do, so many places to go.

ROSITA—For a boy, yes, but not for us. When you and the other boys are away with the men, I often think of the many people who may have lived here, long, long before we were born. Wouldn't you like to know just who they were?

PETRA—I hear many tales when I sit around the fire at night with the men while we are on our hunting trips. Wonderful people once lived in this big country of ours, Rosita. And many people came from other countries, too. They did not stay, all of them, but they came. But it is growing late now. See, it is very shadowy on the hills. One could almost imagine there were people, strange people, coming toward us; but of course that cannot be.

ROSITA—But they are people, brother. See, one man is already quite close. He is a stranger, but there is something familiar about him.

Enter Inca.

PETRA—Were you seeking someone, sir?

INCA—I have but come to rest, and to think of the past, the glorious past of this great country.

ROSITA (timidly)—Oh, sir, perhaps you would think aloud then. We, too, would like to hear about the wonderful past.

INCA—Many years before you were born, child—many centuries ago—I was a great war chief in a part of our great country called Peru. Word of the great wealth of our country had gone abroad and adventurers came from many foreign lands in search of it. They took from us our gold and our silver. They made us their slaves and treated us cruelly. They took from us everything we had, and gave us nothing in return. But the spirit of my brave brothers still lives, and this we would pass on to you.

PETRO—Perhaps that is why, in spite of poverty and many other things that make life hard for us, we have still not given up. But who is this?

Enter Spanish Adventurer.

SPANISH ADVENTURER—I am the Spanish Adventurer of whom your friend has just spoken. The Conquistadors they called us when we came. The Conquerors, they meant, and we were indeed conquerors, for we made them our slaves. We found the gold they had been hoarding and enjoying, and we carried much of it away with us. Many long miles we travelled, by sea and by land, to reach this golden land, but it was worth the journey. We were brave men, my comrades and I, and we soon made the people, the Incas and their followers, know that we were masters. The very language you speak yourself to-day, the Spanish

TALK VI.—ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

language, was given you by us. That, and the memory of the splendid, cruel way in which we showed we were masters, was our gift to your land.

ROSITA—I do not admire your gift, sir. But here comes another guest.

Enter Priest.

PRIEST—I have travelled a long way, friends, and I am weary. May I sit down?

ROSITA—Certainly, Father. Shall I find a seat? Tell us what you gave to our country.

PRIEST—That would make a long tale, child. We have given you much. Your friend there, the Inca chief, will tell you that before we came they were worshippers of the Sun and the Moon. We told them of the great God who had made both and was greater than either. True, some of my brothers did not teach as they should have done. Some of them built great churches for the people, but they did not give them the true word of God from the pulpits. Some of them were wicked, many of them were selfish, and those who are here now have, many of them, forgotten the good things we came to teach. They care more for the ease and comfort the money will bring to themselves than for the good they can do for the people who bring it. But I gave you churches. Fine churches, many of them, too.

ROSITA—Beautiful to look at outside, father, but one does not learn much that is good in them. Perhaps it would have been better to have left us to our own worshipping.

PRIEST (shrugging)—Who knows?

PETRO (looks off with hand shading eyes)—Is this another priest coming?

ROSITA—No: he looks more like our Inca guest, but is younger.

Enter Tupac Amaru.

TUPAC AMARU—I am kin to the Inca who has spoken with you. Tupac Amaru is my name, and I am a descendant of the great Incas of Peru. You cannot remember as far back as 1780, but it was then that I began to wonder how I could help my people, who were many of them actually starving, thanks to the cruel Spaniards who had taken their homes and their money and their freedom from them. I did not want to rule. I only wanted to have good laws made so that my people would not suffer so. I wrote a letter to the Spanish king, telling him just how things were being done in his name, but my letter never reached him. His representative in Peru got the letter and he sent a cruel reply that made things even worse. Had my people been more warlike they might have overcome the Spaniards, since they numbered so many more, but they were not, so were made to serve. They died by thousands in the mines and the factories where they were put to work, and soon most of them had perished. I managed to get a number of the Indians to follow me and we fought against the Spanish armies, but were at last defeated.

PETRO—I know! I know! You are the noble Indian of whom I have heard. You gave your life to help your people—our people.

TUPAC AMARU (bowing)—That was my gift.

ROSITA—See, there is still another coming. Who can it be?

Enter Protestant Missionary.

MISSIONARY—I represent the noble band of Protestant missionaries who have come to your land. We, too, have brought a gift, the greatest of all gifts, the story of the love of Jesus. Our numbers have never been as large as they should have been to make known the story to your people, but many have been among the very noblest and bravest of men. Perhaps none has ever shown greater love for the natives of your land than Allan Gardner, who sought to reach the brave Indians of Chile, the savage unkempt natives of Patagonia and the Indians in the interior of Bolivia. It is true most of the work he endeavored to do did not succeed, and that he and his companions died of starvation on the desolate shores of Terra del Fuego, but his life and tragic death marked the beginnings of a wonderful work for the very people he sought to reach in Chile and Patagonia, and will ever tell your people of our love for them, and, at the same time, inspire my people to send the message he sought to give to your land.

PETRO—We have heard of this Jesus of whom you speak. The priests used to tell us about Him, but He is dead. In all our big churches we have images which tell us that.

MISSIONARY—No, no. He died, but He lives, and the Jesus we bring you is the living Jesus who can save and help you. We have come to tell you of Him, and to open schools in which boys and girls may learn to read about Him.

PETRO AND ROSITA (together)—Schools and a living Jesus! O Sir, your gift is the greatest of all.

TALK VII.—ADDITIONAL MATERIAL
MISSIONARY EXERCISE—"BRINGING THEM TO JESUS"

Characters—Five Canadian children—John, Alice, Jim, Marion and Tom; a Chinese girl, an African boy, a Hindu girl, a Japanese boy, and a South American boy.

Scene—John, Alice, Marion, Jim and Tom, seated at a table with school books open and talking.

JOHN—What's the use. It will be years and years before we are big enough to go as missionaries.

ALICE—But there are other things we can do besides going.

JIM—Not many. We haven't much money—

MARION—But we are young and strong, and can earn some.

TOM—Some of us can, perhaps. But I don't see what I'm going to do. I'm dead sleepy now trying to study my lesson, and I don't get much time for work that will bring money. (Yawns).

JIM—Nor do I. I feel as if I'd been sitting here for hours.

ALICE—Studying is rather sleepy work (yawns), isn't it?

JOHN—I (yawn) should say (yawn) so.

(All turn to their books again. Then, one by one, they drop asleep with head in hands on table.)

Enter Chinese Girl

CHINESE GIRL:—

I've travelled many miles, but then,
 I'm really here at last.
 I'm sure these are the girls I seek,
 But, see, they're sleeping fast.

Of course I shall not waken them,
 But, oh, I'd have them know
 How much my sisters suffer
 And ask why help is slow.

The sick cry out for doctors,
 And schools we're needing, too,
 We want to know of Jesus,
 Whatever can we do?

(Moves to side as African boy hurries in on tip toe.)

AFRICAN BOY—Perhaps it is my color that is making him hold back,
 But some one said I'd find a friend in a boy they knew, named Jack.

They told me he was waiting till he was grown up quite,
 And that he meant to carry to dark Africa, the light.

But does he know, I wonder, how we're needing it just now?

Oh, I'm sure that he would help us if we only told him how.

He might help, by saving pennies, and by sending them along

To help his poor black brothers know what is right and what is wrong.

Is there no one who will help us? Oh, I'm sure if he but knew

He would send to us a teacher and would send the Bible, too.

(Moves aside to make room for Hindu girl who enters.)

HINDU GIRL—Is this the place, I wonder,
 Where the girls can run and play,

Where there are no little widows,
 Who to fearful idols pray?

Is it here that girls are happy
 And have lots to eat and wear?

Pray, is this the land that's spoken of
 As Canada, the fair?

If it is, I come now seeking.

One who will hear my cry,
 Who will help to save my sisters

Who by thousands daily die,

One who will help and love us,
 And who, at Christ's command,

Will bring His blessed Gospel
 To the children of my land.

(Holds hands out toward sleeping children as Japanese boy enters and comes forward.)

JAPANESE BOY—In my land, the cherry blossoms
 Are now scenting all the air,

How I wish that I could view them
 With my friends far over there!

But I heard that in your Canada
 There are boys and girls who know

Of a Friend they have in Heaven
 One they love and who loves, too.

So I thought, perhaps, they'd share Him
 With their brothers in Japan,

If I came myself to ask them,
 I'm sure they'll do it if they can.

TALK VII.—ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

(Enter South American boy almost before Japanese finishes.)

SOUTH AMERICAN BOY—I do not bow to idols that are made of wood and stone,
I hear the church bells ring on every hand.
But my life is sad and hopeless, and in this I'm not alone.
There are many who thus suffer in my land.
Will not some one come to help us? Will not some one send us aid?
We long to know the Christ, who sets men free,
For our lives are far from happy, if you tarry, I'm afraid
'Twill be soon too late to help poor boys like me.

CHINESE GIRL—I have been told that the boys and girls of Canada often think of us.

HINDU GIRL—In my land I once heard the Christian children singing a song I shall never forget. "Jesus loves me," it said. Shall I sing it to you? (Sings verse and chorus.)

Ye-su nun-nu pre-min-chi
Da-su nun-nu pil-che-nu
E sut-yam-bu Bi-bi-lu
Ba su rumb bi del pe nu.

CHORUS: Ye-su pra-mint-su-nu
Da-su-la nun-dar-in
A sa mi ve-da-me
E sut-ya miche-nu.

JAPANESE BOY—In my country they sing it like this. (Sings in Japanese.)

Shu wa-re wo a-i-su
Shu wa tsu-yo-ke-re-ba
Wa-re yo-wa-kee to-mo
O-so-re wa a-ra-ji.

CHORUS: Wa-ga Shu I-e-su
Wa-ga Shu I-e-su
Wa-ga Shu I-e-su
Wa-re wo a-i-su.

AFRICAN BOY—In Africa it is also sung. Will you hear me? (Sings)

Yesu o sole, oal,
Yeveleli ondaka yahe,
Omanu vosi va tava,
Ifati, O va popela.

CHORUS: Yesu o sole,
Yesu o sole,
Yesu o sole,
O sole icili.

SOUTH AMERICAN—We have heard it, too, but we say (sings):

De su trono mi Jesus
A morir equi bajo
Y clavado en la cruz
Mis pecados El expio.

CHORUS: Por my dio Christo
Vida preciosa
Mis culpas expio
Muriendo en la cruz.

HINDU GIRL (Speaking to Chinese girl)—Do they not sing it in your land?

CHINESE GIRL—Some do, but not poor little girls such as I am. We have not been taught. But I stood outside the door of a mission school once, and learned a little. I will try to sing it.

Yesu ai wo, wan bu tso,
Yin yu sheng shu gao-su wo,
Sjao ren peng-yo ya ken dang.
Wo swir rwan-ro, ta Chiang djwang.

CHORUS: Yesu giu-dju ai wo
Yesu glu-dju ai wo
Yesu giu-dju ai wo
Yu sheng shu gao-su wo.

JAPANESE BOY—Let us all sing together. Then let us go and find someone who will tell us about this Jesus who loves us all so. Surely there must be someone. (All go off singing.)

ALICE (opening her eyes and raising her head)—Did I hear someone singing?

JOHN—That's funny. I, too, thought I heard voices.

MARION—I'm almost sure someone has been here. I know I couldn't have dreamed it all. Why, I was just counting up how many little girls in China my five dollars would feed, and I know there must have been some reason for my doing that. It's the first money I ever earned, and I had meant to use it for something else.

JIM—I'm quite sure I hadn't thought of giving my ten dollar gold piece, the one Uncle James gave me at Christmas, to help the boys in Africa, but somehow I believe I will.

TOM—Africa? Huh! Mine's going to South America. That's where they need lots of help.

ALICE—I'm just sure I heard someone singing. Who could it have been? You were all sound asleep, I know, yet someone was singing.

TOM—Well, to satisfy you, let's sing now. What shall it be?

ALICE—Well, the song I thought I heard was "Jesus loves me." Let's sing that.

(All stand in row and come toward front. As the music starts up the five foreigners slip in behind them. All together sing, and at chorus a foreign child steps in beside a Canadian and curtain falls on all singing.)

GOD WANTS THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

God wants the boys, the merry, merry boys,
The noisy boys, the funny boys,
The thoughtless boys.

God wants the boys with all their joys,
That He as gold may make them pure,
And teach them trials to endure.

His heroes brave
He'd have them be,
Fighting for truth
And purity.

God wants the boys.

God wants the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls,
The worst of girls.

He wants to make the girls His pearls,
And so reflect His holy face,

And bring to mind His wondrous grace,

That beautiful
The world may be,
And filled with love
And purity.

God wants the girls.

—Selected.

BOBBY'S PRAYER.

Dear Father, there's the other boy to-night,
Who's praying to a god that's made of wood.
He asks it to take care of him till light
And love him—but it won't do any good.

He is so far I cannot make him hear;
I'd call to him and tell him, if I could,
That you'll take care of him, that you are near
And love him—for his god is made of wood.

I know he'd ask you, if he only knew;
I know he'd love to know you, if he could.
Dear God, take care of him, and love him too—
The other boy, whose god is made of wood.

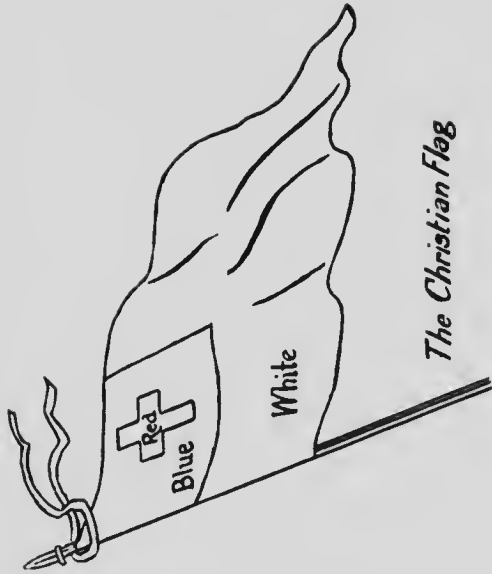
—Margarita Haywood

THE CHILDREN'S BENEDICTION

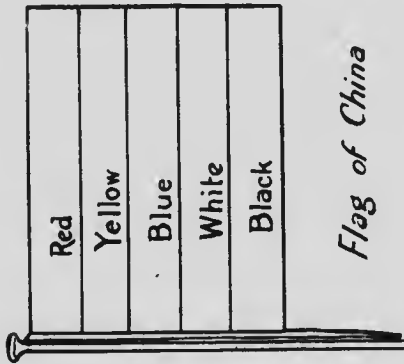
"ΕΙΡΗΝΗ"

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains the melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides harmonic accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "Suf-fer lit-tle chil-dren to come un-to Me, and for-bid them not; for of such is the king-dom of God. A-men."

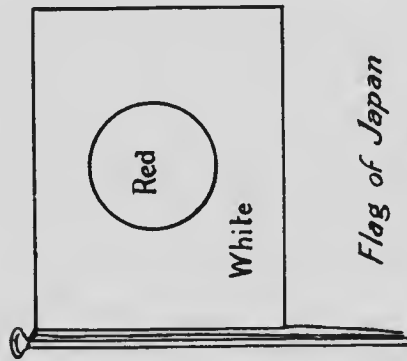
—With gracious permission of Amy Hope Boville.



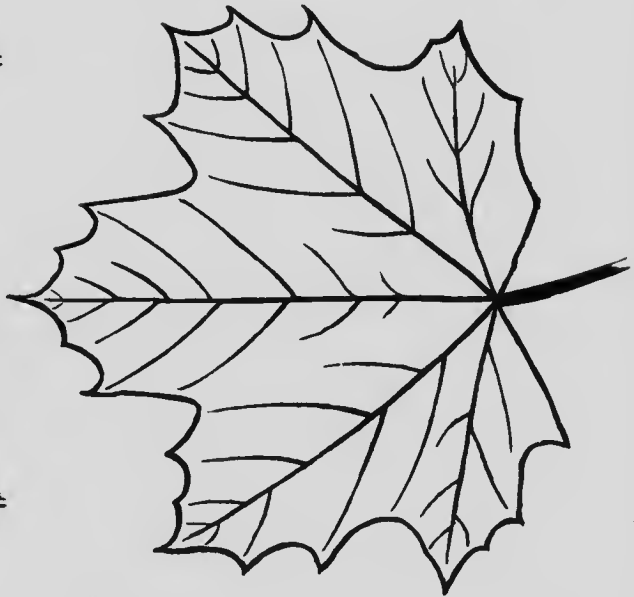
The Christian Flag

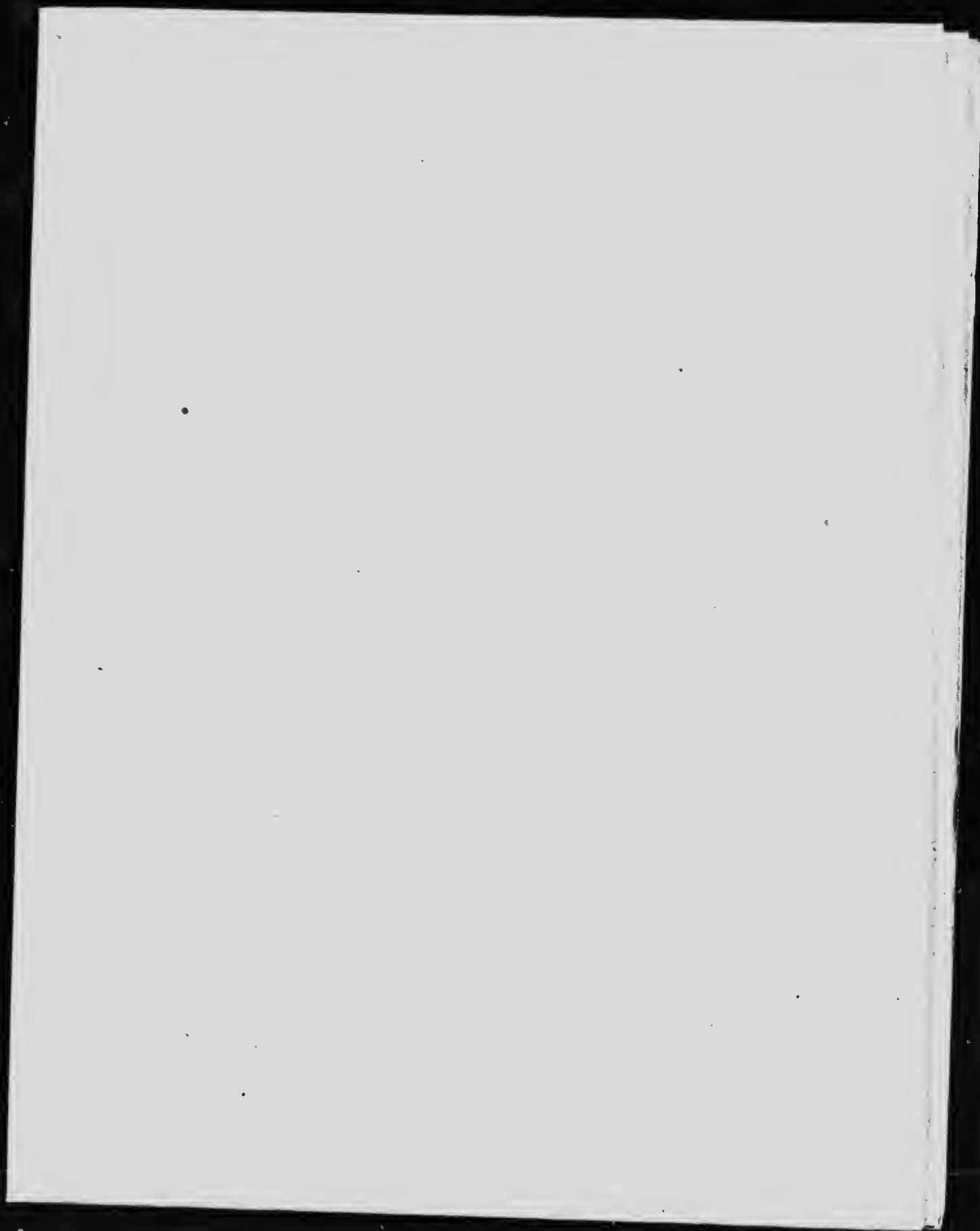


Flag of China



Flag of Japan







SIBERIA

ASIA

AMUR RIVER

YELLOW R.

CHINA

PEKIN

JAPAN

KOREA

TOKIO

KOBE

HONAN
HANKAU

NANKING

SHANGHAI

FORMOSA ID.

CHENG TU

YANGTZE R.

CHUNG-KING

CANTON

HAWAII IS. ©



ALASKA

GREENLAND

CANADA

UNITED STATES

TROPIC OF CANADA

An outline map of North America and surrounding regions. The map shows the continental United States, Alaska, and Greenland. To the west, the Hawaiian Islands are partially visible. To the south, the Tropic of Cancer is marked with a dashed line. To the east, the British Isles and the northern part of South America are shown. The map is rendered in black outlines on a white background.

GREENLAND

ALASKA

**BRITISH
ISLES**

**HAWAIIAN
ISLANDS**

TROPIC OF CANCER



EUROPE ASIA

INDUS R. KANGRA GANGES
INDIA
CENTRAL CALCUTTA



MAP OF THE WORLD

SHOWING FIELDS OF

CANADIAN MISSION BOARDS

INDICATED BY SHADED AREAS THUS: 

is. 0

TROPIC OF CAP

TRINIDAD Id.

BRITISH
GUYANA

EQUATOR

AMAZON RIVER

BRAZIL

N IS.

BOLIVIA

TROPIC OF CAPRICORN

PARANA R.

ARGENTINA



FALKLAND IS





TROPIC OF CANCER

TRINIDAD ID.

BRITISH
GUIANA

AMAZON RIVER

BRAZIL

BOLIVIA

PARANA R.

ARGENTINA



FALKLAND IS.

A F

R

OF CAPRICORN

