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THE MISSIONARY SURVEY

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APRIL, 1915



HOME
MISSIONS

CHRISTIAN
EDUCATION
AND
MINISTERIAL
RELIEF



ider and wider yet
The gates of the nation swing;
Clearer and clearer still
The wonderful prophecies ring;
Go forth, ye hosts of the living God,
And conquer the earth for your King!

— MEN AND MISSIONS.



FOREIGN
MISSIONS

PUBLICATION
AND
SABBATH
SCHOOL
WORK

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U.S.
AT HOME AND ABROAD

PUBLISHED BY
PRESBYTERIAN COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

WORKING FOR JESUS.

MARY STARCK.

Some work to do for Jesus—
Because He loves me so,
And I would give my service.
My gratitude to show;

To help the weak and weary,
To cheer the sick and sad,
Bring comfort to the dreary,
And make some dark life glad.

Some work to do for Jesus—
For those in sin so low;
Some work to do for Jesus—
Because He loves them so;



"Tom," the pet of the Cary Mission, and his Teddy Bear.

Down from His throne in glory,
He came to set them free,
And we can tell the story
That brings them liberty.

Some work to do for Jesus—
Because I love Him so,
For His great love in my own heart
Has lit an answering glow;

Since he has loved me dearly,
To me is always true,
I would love him sincerely
And His will always do.

HOW A MOUNTAIN BOY KEPT HIS WORD.

BY MISS ANNIE E. WILSON.

Sam was a lonesome boy; he had never had a companion of his own age in his life. His mother was a silent woman, and, in the daily drudgery for food and clothes, had become dull and spiritless. It was the same with the husband.

It was hard work during the short summer to keep things going. When winter came they resorted to hunting, trapping and the like, to supplement what they could save from garden and fields. Sam was tired of it all, and sometimes he was sick at heart and restless.

"There must be more in the world than this," he thought. "Every day like every other day, spending one's whole time 'jes to keep agoin'."

His mind frequently wandered beyond the narrow range of their own little mountain farm. He wondered what other boys did—the boys he had never seen? And whether they felt as lonesome and tired of everything as he did.

One winter day his father sent him out with his gun to see what he could find in the way of game.

He had been stalking up and down the mountain side for some hours without getting even a hare. When, he unexpectedly struck a well defined road. He guessed at once it must lead to Asheville, the goal of all his aspirations since a certain occasion when his "dad had struck it rich" on a load of wood which proved more valuable than he knew, and came home in a really jovial mood.

"Ole 'owman," he had exclaimed, "I ain't

been so jolly bef' sense I en you went to town on our weddin' trip."

Sam stood awhile, and looked down at the yellow earth, rutted by heavy driving. Then he struck into it and walked with rapid, eager strides.

It was not very far. The houses soon came closer and closer together, and he began to wonder if he were actually in Asheville. He went on, determined to see whatever there was to be seen.

No doubt he was staring like an idiot, but no one took any special notice of him. He had gotten into one of the busiest streets when he suddenly remembered his loaded gun. "Somethin' mought happen long of it," he murmured, for he was frequently jostled by passers by. He pointed the gun



"All Aboard" for Sunday School.



upward and fired, in blissful ignorance that any one in Asheville had the right or inclination to forbid it. A lady beside him gave a little hysterical scream. Sam laughed at that as a good joke. But, the next instant, he was pinioned from behind by a stalwart policeman, his gun taken from him, and he was marched off, unresisting, to prison. Had ever a boy of sixteen a more crushing downfall from the heights of bliss?

From the little peep-hole of a window he could see the tops of the mountains. How bitterly now he repented hankering after better things! This was the better things! This was Asheville! Where a boy could not even fire his gun off to keep from hurting somebody, without being dumped into prison for it. He had seen enough of the world already. Then he thought of his mother, with no one to split and carry in her wood, for he was all the boy she had. And what would she think had become of him, Great sobs shook his frame, almost man that he was in size.

The Mayor of Asheville at that time was as good a man as could be found anywhere. Someone told him of the arrest of the mountain boy, and he went immediately to have a talk with him. The lad was almost overcome at the sight of a friendly face. When the Mayor sat down beside him and questioned him, he told his story straight, and his visitor saw clearly through it all the thoughtful harmless lad. After explaining the law about fire arms in the city, the Mayor laid his hand kindly on the brown, not over clean head of the lad, and looking him keenly in the eye, said:

"Your hearing is set for Thursday, two weeks. If I should go your security, and obtain permission for you to go home this afternoon and stay until then, would you give me your word of honor to return promptly on the appointed day, and give yourself up for trial?"

"You jes' trust me and see!" said the boy, with artless eagerness.

"I will trust you," the visitor said. He went out and, offering his bond for the return of the prisoner, sent him off joyfully.

"You will never hear of that fellow again!" some said. But the Mayor smiled confidently:

"Wait and see!" He was always more ready to believe in the good than the bad side of a fellow-being.

As for Sam, he had his own story to tell when he reached home somewhat late that afternoon.

"Well, yer dun ben ter Asheville. Yer better steer clear of it hereafter. I can't afford to lose yer!" his father commented vaguely.

"If they clare me I will," Sam replied stoutly.

"You are right, sonny!" his mother said, though tears were in her eyes, which he had never seen moisten before.

The day of the trial found Sam trudging bravely down the road toward Asheville. When he felt his courage failing, he would say to himself, "He trusted me, so I must trust him. I'll bet he'll be my friend all through."

And there stood the Mayor, looking a wee bit anxiously up the road whence the lad had vanished.

When he clasped his hand at last, he turned to the officer ready to start in search of him and said briefly, "Here is the mountain lad, sir."

The Mayor's kindness did not stop there. He had Sam come down and go to school for a while each winter, lent him books which he could read aloud to his father and mother at night, and set him to work to hunt up scholars for a mountain Sabbath school.

Onward.

AN AFRICAN DANIEL

BY REV. W. H. SHEPPARD, F. R. G. S.

Long before the "Good News" was taken beyond the seas to the land of Dark Africa, the people spent their lives in dread and fear of some terrible thing happening to them. They never believed that any one died a natural death; some one had always

bewitched them, and the person suspected of causing the death was compelled to drink a cup of poison to prove his innocence. If he died, he was guilty; if he lived, he was innocent. If crops and houses were destroyed by thunderstorms, some one had