

MISSIONARY NEED IN AFRICA.

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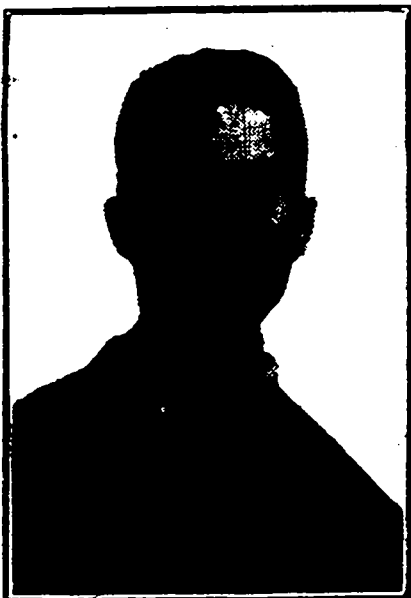
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In looking over and studying the various mission fields of the world, our hearts are made to feel sad over the deplorable condition of parts of the human race. The sad tales of India, China and other races, draw forth our deeper sympathy, but when we come to the dark continent of Africa, it is here we take our stand, it is here we hang our harps upon the willow tree and weep because of the woeful condition and great need of our black brother. The Indian mother throws her baby into the angry river to appease the wrath of her god, the Chinaman bows down to his image of wood, Mohammedism claims other worshippers, but when we see the poor black man bound in ignorance, cannibalism and superstition, we feel the great responsibility that rests on us as a part of the human race. Yet all Africa is not dark and benighted; some parts are civilized and the natives are Christianized, but that is not the part that needs our help worst. "We would find the souls in darkness lying, where no light has broken through." And we need only to look in Darker Africa to find these souls: men and women, boys and girls who have never heard of the Saviour, whose condition is pitiful to behold. They are ignorant, without raiment and living in superstition, uncivilized; some are cannibals living in rush villages or roaming the forest; all human beings that fall prey to them are cooked and eaten. They believe in devils, witchery, evil omens; if a snake crawls into one's hut, he (the snake) is a harbinger of evil. If a native dies his spirit goes into a wild hog or some wild animal. And yet with all their savagery they are a people that are willing and eager to learn of "His love so deep and dear, of the precious price that bought them, of the nail, the thorn, the spear." Their need is great and we cannot deny them the light of life; civilization must spread over this dark land. Their first great need is the Gospel, let them have the light of salvation, learn of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. Noble men and women have answered the call of the wild; they have gone forth to plant the blood stained banner of Christ to drive out superstition, to banish death and darkness. But it is not easy sailing. There are dangers and hardships to be encountered, life is counted not precious. How many today sleep under African sod? Their work was not in vain; they struck a blow to African heathenism that made it fatter. Now it is beginning to fall, soon it will crumble. They have sown the seed of religion, others will reap the harvest; they have gone to reap their reward. As we have done it unto these the least of them brethren, ye have done it unto me. But have we conscientiously helped to supply the needs of this people? Thousands of dollars, Bibles, books, clothes, men and women, are given to the cause. How great the supply, yet the demand is greater; we still hear the cry, "come over and help us." First give them the Gospel, then houses of worship, and then schools where they can be taught thrift, industry and skill. Instead of the rush hut, build houses, instead of roaming as savages, till the soil. To do all this there must be means. The missionary on the field sees the great need and appeals to civilized America to help. Let us look back over the past three hundred years. We see twenty trembling bound Negroes carried to New York dock and sold as slaves. As the years advance, they increase to hundreds—thousands—to millions and broad cast over the land. It seems hard that they should have suffered the bitterness and gall of slavery. Yet it was God's hand in it all. Suffered it to be so that we as a mass, might be civilized and Christianized to better help our fellow man across the ocean. Why was Moses reared in the house of Pharaoh? Why was he taught the fine arts and given such high training? It was God's plan, that he might better lead and help the people. Then we are Zion, the chosen of God, Chosen to do a great work, chosen to save from peril of perdition the souls for whom Christ died, the instruments of God's hand. We are all missionaries of the Christian religion, pledged to help our fellow men. There are

many ways in which we can help spread the gospel. Give of our means, give our young men and women, give our prayers and tears, give ourselves. Then while we are kneeling, worshipping God, under our own vine and fig tree, let us not forget the poor African boys and girls that Rev. East spoke of in his letter, without clothes, without a place of worship, and although we cannot give thousands, let us give in proportion as God has given to us to help him in his great work.

You that have not been roused to the sense of your duty, do so before it is too late, and

"Haste spread the tidings
Wide to earth's remotest strand,
Let no brothers bitter chidings,
Rise against you when you stand
In the Judgment.
From some far forgotten land."



REV. J. P. SAUNDERS, Pastor Bethlehem Baptist Church, McKeesport.

The subject of this sketch was born at Washington, D. C., August 20, 1872, where he spent his early years. He was converted to the Christian faith when fourteen years old and was baptized by the Rev. Dr. R. V. Peyton in the Potomac river. Rev. Saunders attended the public school at his native home and received a fair education. Realizing his call to the gospel ministry, he made it known to his pastor, the Rev. R. V. Peyton, who gave him an opportunity to preach a trial sermon. After hearing him the church voted to give him a preacher's license. After preaching for some time a council was called to consider the advisability of ordaining him. Failing to meet the requirements of the council he was requested to study a little more and then try again in two months' time. Purposing to be able to satisfy the next council this young man worked hard at his trade as brickmaking and studied at night. Some time was spent with a private teacher. Things became slow at Washington, D. C., in his line of work and knowing that he had a wife and three little ones to take care of, he moved to Philadelphia, Pa., where he and his wife worked and saved a few dollars. Leaving Philadelphia he came back to Washington, D. C. After spending what little they had accumulated he set sail for Pittsburgh. Here he was called to the Centre Baptist church to succeed the Rev. Dr. F. G. Bookins, feeling that he was able to meet the requirements a council was called July 11, 1905, to consider his ordination. Rev. A. W. Puller catechiser, Rev. Dr. R. R. Jones, moderator and Rev. Dr. W. Brown secretary. Rev. Saunders received an impartial examination and was ordained. Rev. Dr. Puller preached his ordination sermon. This young man has pastored several small churches in Pittsburgh, Pa., and vicinity, but feeling that God had something better in store for him he never despaired the day of small things. He succeeded the Rev. J. C. Faulton at the First Baptist church, Finleyville, Pa. Rev. Saunders owes much of his success to his energetic wife who labored hard to help him, working out at day and hearing his lessons at night, being further advanced in some branches of common school. She sat up late with him. Rev. Saunders is now pastor of the Bethlehem Baptist church, vice president of the Baptist Ministers Conference of Pittsburgh and vicinity and secretary of the same, having been three times elected as secretary.