

are Protestants, composing mainly British and Dutch colonists in South Africa; and the rest are Abyssinians, and Copts in Egypt. Then nearly one-third of the inhabitants are believed to be Mohammedans. These have been steadily increasing and spreading themselves for nearly twelve centuries, entering from the north-east as traders and slave-stealers; they have pushed across the Sahara and up the Nile, across the Red Sea and down the eastern coast, until Islam is known and honored as far as the Kongo and the great lakes, in Zanzibar, Mozambique, and even in the Cape Colony. Probably 40,000,000 and perhaps 60,000,000 of the dwellers in the Dark Continent are at least nominal followers of the Prophet of Arabia, and have adopted to a greater or less extent the ideas and practices of the Koran. The Arab portion of the Moslems represent the last remnant of the former host of slave-dealers, and their work takes rank among the foremost specimens of existing inhumanity. These pitiless man-stealers made systematic war on region after region with wholesale burning, slaughter and capture. The surviving victims are chained together in gangs and started for the coast across the Great Desert or towards Arabia. Infants, the sick and feeble are killed without ceremony, and, it is alleged, that not more than three or four per cent is left alive at the dreadful journey's end. Finally, not far from two-thirds of Africa's millions live and die in the depths of abject paganism. What religion they have is a degrading superstition. No God higher than a fetish is worshipped; they offer sacrifices to spirits, and wear charms to ward off evil, and to secure the attainments of their desires.

From the above quotations you have a fair idea of some of our difficulties in trying to reach a part of this Bantu race. Our tribe is Zulus and they have no religion save worship of spirits. They wear charms to ward off evil and are so full of superstition that it is pitiable.

God has power and after the dark mind grasps the light and they give up sin they get good deep experiences and learn to know God. But it takes time and much patience before the deadening influence of generations of heathenism is lifted from hearts and minds.

We praise God he has power and souls for whom we have prayed for years and years show signs of turning to God. Others are saved now, this year, after more than twenty years among them.

Beloved, let us not grow weary in well doing but work on, pray on.

Yours in Jesus,

MRS. H. C. SANDERS.

CAUSE FOR REPENTANCE.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
That never to himself hath said:
'I will my own church paper take,
Both for myself and family's sake?'"

If such there be, let him repent,
And have the paper to him sent;
And if he'd spend a happy winter,
He in advance should pay the printer."

—Sel.

THE HUMAN FACTOR.

Never since the world began has the human factor assumed so large a place as the present moment. "After all has been said and done, manpower will decide the issue" is a sentence that, with slight variation in phraseology, I have found in practically every address given and every article written on current history.

Man power has always counted, but man himself has not fully realized it. In the midst of a far-away period man, single-handed, alone, with only body, mind, and spirit between himself and fatal disaster, learned to make things to help him overcome obstacles. A stone hammer, a bit of flint, a hollowed tree trunk for a boat, a cave for a home, hieroglyphics as a means of communication with his fellows—all these man evolved. As his machinery grew more complex and enabled him increasingly to conquer obstacles, man developed a deep confidence, a real faith, in the instruments he had made; and in expending unlimited time and money upon the perfecting of every detail of the machine he neglected himself and his kind. Only the other day a man explained to me, his face glowing with enthusiasm as he did so, the mechanical device that is guaranteed to stop any train that runs past a signal. "You see," he said, "the two terrible wrecks on two very good roads resulting in a loss of more than one hundred lives were caused by engineers' running past the signals. With this device it will be impossible."

"Is anything being done to train engineers in such a way or to keep them so fit that they won't run past signals?" I asked.

He looked surprised, then dismissed it by saying, "You can't reckon on the human factor," and went on with the explanation of the device.

Three or four days later, in conversation with me, he said: "You know I have been thinking of your question about the engineer. Of course, much is being done to develop good men, but we do expend more time and money on the development of every other part of our machinery than we do on the human part, don't we?"

I told him that I felt that railroad men as a whole were the most careful, conscientious, dependable, and upright of all laboring men and that they deserved development to the highest point of efficiency, both for their own sake and for that of the public; and we discussed what is being done and might be done for and with the human factor.

Some months since I sat in a great out-of-doors. A pool in the center reflected the palm-trees, the roses, and the luxurious vines that formed its boundary. Through the open spaces the mountains rising close to the bluest of seas completed a picture that furnished the best possible atmosphere for the violinist who stood upon the raised platform. We were told that the violin was a rare, expensive instrument that the violinist had had every possible advantage that training and study could give; that the program contained selections as nearly perfect as man has been able to create and I waited eagerly to enjoy it all. But I could

not forget for one moment the player, conscious of her perfect training, of her valuable violin, of the high type of music she had chosen. The rendition of the selections was beyond criticism, I was told by critics; but in that audience there was no thrill; I saw no face whose expression indicated that the hearers had given themselves to the moods of the great composers. The entire machinery of that programme was perfect; the human factor failed. The art, the technique, the instrument, had been highly developed. The perfect position of head and hand, of elbow and wrist, of delicate fingers, had been won by definite, conscientious training. Each was doing perfectly what it had been trained to do, but the real human factor was deficient.

Weeks later, at a patriotic meeting, I heard another violinist. His name was well-known, but we had not been prepared for his coming. His brief program was of the highest order, but in the "atmosphere" nothing was right. There was no beauty—a dingy, crowded, glaringly lighted, not overclean hall. No word was said about the instrument he was to use nor of his training. He was giving his services. He was to play ten minutes or more before the curtain rose for the pageant. The hall was noisy. He had not played three measures before it was still. Men and women forgot themselves. They were possessed by the great master who had created, as the expression of his own soul, those chords and harmonies which came from the violin. They forgot the violinist. I did not even notice the position of the elbow or wrist; and, when told later that his technique was perfect, it made little impression. There was silence or deep sighs when he finished the first selection; there was patriotic fervor and tumultuous applause when he finished the last. He had hushed and quieted our fretted souls, made us thoughtful and earnest, then called us to daring, heroic, willing sacrifice. The human factor had been triumphant. With a rare and costly violin, with palms and roses, sea and mountains, to help him, one could measure what his power might have been; but without them he had accomplished his task.

I am saying all this to teachers of religion for their encouragement and challenge. More than any other person on earth the teacher deals with the human factor. In most cases the teacher is the only one directly concerned with its development. After the boy or girl passes out from under the influence of the public school and the church school, in the majority of cases his development ceases.

Machinery is good. No machinery can be too good for the tasks men have to perform, but the human factor is greater than any machinery. Technique is desirable. Nothing less than perfection in method should satisfy those who live in such a day as ours. But the human factor is more important than technique. "Atmosphere" is a real and definite need. It is not a whim, a vagary, a mystery; it is a real and rich contribution: it adds power to effort. But the human factor is greater than atmosphere. The human factor has the highest potentiality in the

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