

A LUTHER LEAGUE IN INDIA

By ANNIE E. SANFORD, Tenali, South India



Picture of the Junior Luther League in Krupavaram Compound, Tenali, India, near the bungalow where Miss Sanford lives. Miss Sanford, you remember is one of our missionaries

TO keep from growing old a missionary likes to make friends with children. As I went upstairs today I noticed footprints of little bare feet. They belonged to those who come to play in our yard and attend the Junior Luther League. A little girl of nine, with her best friend, has just come in to show me a new picture book and tell me the stories in it. The book was given to her to comfort her because her mother was sent to the hospital today. It was hard for her to be left behind, but the pretty pictures helped to dry her tears.

Not only the children living in our yard (or "compound" as we call it) come to our Luther League but a number of non-Christian neighbors come also. They enjoy the swing and the garden, and often ask for a "junior", meaning a zinnia. It is all the same to these little ones who do not know English and merely catch the sound. One little fellow is not old enough to sit quietly but we love him and he has begun to say his prayers. He says "Jesus took away my whooping-cough."

This was a rainy day and we could not

go to our Sunday school. Between the showers, however, about twenty little ones came here. They were dirty, with unkempt hair and not many clothes, but did not want to miss their lesson. They had picked up green nuts and fruit that the storm had blown off the trees in our yard. These they enjoyed eating while they listened to the Victrola, but put them away to sing their songs and learn the lesson of Christ, the Healer. They went away happy, carrying with them small cards and their green fruit. Their homes are little leaf-covered, mud-wall and mud-floor huts, and most of them leak when it rains, but, then, there are no carpets and furniture to get spoiled. Many of the huts are even without doors, but what is there for anyone to steal? Two little boys from a caste that keep pigs were here, and the rain could not harm their clothes, for they were dressed just as they were when they were born!

God's kingdom is made up of many such little ones of the East. We know God loves them all and that Christ died to save them as well as the little ones of the West.

Lutheran Boys and Girls

BIG BEN AND

By SELMA

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THE IVORY TUSK

By MABEL A. DYSINGER

A gathering of native people on the front piazza of the Girls' School at Muhlenberg Mission is not an unusual happening, but one evening the missionaries were called to the familiar gathering place to meet an unusual group. "Farm Boy" had worked as a farm hand for some months and had then gone home to visit his people. He had been absent for several weeks and now had returned to take up his work again. Because he was the son of an important man in a large town of the far interior of Liberia, he had been escorted back to the school by a group of young men from his home. These, with a few nearby friends and two missionaries, formed the group.

Farm Boy rose and talked earnestly and quite at length. He told how his father had heard of the "white mammies" and their work; of their kindness to his son. His father wished that he might express his gratitude in person but, since that was impossible, he was sending word by these men and a gift for the "mammies" for whom

THE usual Saturday afternoon quiet hung over the school for the blind.

It was very still in the big library, where Jimmy De Hart's fingers flew silently over the little bumps on the broad pages of the Braille book he was reading. Week ends were always lonely at the school, because most of the pupils went home or visited aunts and uncles on Saturdays and Sundays. Jimmy never visited. He didn't know anybody. He didn't have anybody. Except Big Ben, that is.

Big Ben didn't have anybody, either. Except Jimmy, that is. Of course, all the blind school boys really liked the huge deaf and dumb black man who mopped and scrubbed the halls and ran the farm tractor and kept an eye on them generally. They teased him and joked about him, but he went on quietly with his janitor's work. Good-natured, always grinning, strong as an ox, Big Ben led a comparatively dull and aimless existence. There were only two things which had seemed to make any difference in his life. One was Jimmy, and the other was the advent of the flying field three miles beyond the woods near the school.

Jimmy had entered school late in the term several years ago—accident case.

"Always investigatin' things, he was," his broken old grandfather had said when he brought the boy, a bit sullen and frightened, to the principal. "It was the white-wash as we was a-paintin' the farm fences with that—that did it. Yes, sir, he's a orphan and he's eight years old." The old man stood a minute twisting his hat in his hands, then leaned over and spoke in a lower voice, "If you don't mind my drop-pin' a hint about takin' care o' him, I'll tell you he's no more like hisself than anything. He's scared of every little noise he hears now and he ain't for investigatin' a thing. 'Tain't but natural, no doubt, but if you'll just let him get used to things." The principal nodded.

Jimmy sat stiffly in his corner. He wanted to talk to no one but sit there and be left