

MISSIONS QUARTERLY

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OUR LITTLE AFRICAN BROTHER

South African Mission Fields

Sabbath, April 1

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Isa. 6: 8.

READING: The Official Notice.

GENERAL INFORMATION ON AFRICA. See "Making Missions Real," pp. 11, 12.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 622.

PRAYER: A few sentence prayers in behalf of our workers in Africa.

The Official Notice

Dear Sister Plummer:—

At a recent meeting of the General Conference Committee, action was taken requesting the Sabbath School Department to place the South African Mission fields before the Sabbath schools of the denomination, as the object of their offerings for the second quarter of 1922. Having just passed upon the Budget requests from that field, their need is very visibly before us. They have requested an appropriation of \$287,581.00. While the Committee should have been very glad to vote the full amount asked for, yet, in view of other needs pressing upon us, we felt obliged to limit our appropriations for 1922 to \$200,000.

We appreciate greatly the very substantial assistance the Sabbath schools throughout the world have been in providing funds for our mission operations, and with the recollection in mind of what they have so liberally done for us in the past, we make bold to ask that you set before them for the second quarter of 1922, an amount of \$110,000 for this needy field.

With kindest regards, I remain,

W. T. KNOX,

Treas. General Conference

Sabbath, April 8

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Acts 16:9.

READING: A Response from Africa's Millions.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 370, first, third and fourth stanzas.

PRAYER: A short prayer in behalf of Africa's Millions.

A Response from Africa's Millions

W. H. BRANSON

IT was the privilege of the writer to visit the Somabula Mission station at Gwelo, Rhodesia, Central Africa. There we met Brother de Beer and Brother W. A. Smith, with their families, and had the privilege of going with them to visit some of their outschools.

This station has twenty-two outschools and outstations, with an attendance of about five hundred. The average Sabbath school attendance at the main station and outschools is over one thousand. By appointment, several large companies met us at different points along the way, and services were held with them in the open air under the beautiful trees by the roadside. At one place a company of several hundred waited all day long, and, as we approached the place in the evening, we could hear them singing hymns, the words of which we could not understand although the tunes were very familiar. We were told that they had been doing this practically all day while waiting for us. On this trip a large number were baptized and we saw many evidences of God's providences in connection with the work there.

On the Sabbath we met with the training school at the main station, and in the afternoon the students and workers were given an opportunity to bear testimony. Some of these testimonies were so touching that I took them down as they were given to me by our translator who was present. I am sure that our brethren and sisters, who are supporting the mission work in this field, will be very glad to know just how the truth appeals to an African native's heart, so shall give you a few samples of the testimonies these native young men bore in that Sabbath afternoon meeting.

One splendid young man, whose name is James, said, "I praise the Lord to see and hear His servants who have come from afar. I am so glad to hear the words that they speak; they are very sweet to me. But I do not want to hear only, for the Book says that the man who hears only builds his house on the sand; so I want God to give me grace to both hear and do. I want power to give this message to others that those near and far may hear the good news of the gospel and be saved."

Another said, "I thank the Lord for all His blessings. As they come some of them fall on me. I am so glad to hear of the advancement of the work. This church house in which we worship is built of big and little bricks. The little bricks do not fall out just because they are little, but they help to hold up the wall. So I want to be a little brick in God's work to help hold up the gospel."

Another: "I thank the Lord for sending His servants from beyond the great sea from

a country we do not know, to bring the truth to us in Africa. I give my heart anew to Him today. I was recently in Bulawayo and there saw a power station, and I want to be like a wire to carry the light far away to the heathen round about us. I want to help to bring the truth to them."

Still another: "Today I choose to serve Jesus. He may use me and send me wherever He wants me to go. I am willing to help save the lost sheep. I want to help to bring the truth to them. I want the Lord to put a live coal upon my lips that I may tell the truth with power."

Well, it was certainly good to be in that testimony meeting. The mission church was crowded to the doors. Scores of testimonies similar to those above were given by our native believers and workers who were present. These testimonies revealed to me the fact that the African natives are capable of grasping the truth and gaining an intelligent knowledge of it, and that the Spirit of God is able to move upon their hearts and to give them a desire to pass on the light to those who may not have heard.

As we were leaving the mission the next day and this was our last service together, all joined in singing "God be with you till we meet again," and I think the song never touched hearts more in any congregation than it did those who were present that day. As we left the church it was with a feeling in our hearts that African missions pay.

Sabbath, April 15

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

READING: The Call of South African Cities.

MISSIONARY TEXT: Ps. 126:6.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 532.

PRAYER: In behalf of the cities of South Africa.

The Call of South African Cities

B. E. BEDDOE

THERE are fifty towns in the South African Union, each with a population exceeding three thousand. The smallest of them has three thousand people. They vary as to number of inhabitants from three thousand to two hundred fifty thousand. About one half of these people are white. Then there are scores and scores of smaller towns.

We have small churches in ten of these fifty towns. These ten churches have a total membership of about three hundred sixty. That is, where there is one Seventh-day Adventist in these towns, there is a population of two thousand white people. There are only about one thousand believers in all the South African Union Conference.

We should quickly develop our work in these towns. Scores of churches and thousands of members can be brought to the truth. Why, here in Southern Africa there are over one million five hundred white people. A strong work done here will make South Africa an invaluable base for our missionary operations for the millions of native Africans.

Can such a work be done in South Africa? Certainly, and in a very short time if we can

have men and money. Three efforts have just been held in our towns that have demonstrated it can be done. In each of these three places approximately fifty people were baptized. Give us men and means and South Africa can treble its membership in a very short time.

Then South Africa in turn will prove to be a mighty factor in helping to sound the message among Africa's millions.

Today our evangelists are painfully few in number, yet thousands of our books have been sold, and the field is ripe for a harvest.

*Kenilworth, Cape,
South Africa.*

Sabbath, April 22

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

READING: Evangelizing Central Africa.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 545, first and last stanzas.

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt 24:14.

PRAYER: In behalf of the evangelistic work in Africa.

Evangelizing Central Africa

W. E. STRAW

NEVER was there a time in the history of the work in this field when the doors seemed so wide open for the gospel, and the calls so urgent as now. Our few laborers are working faithfully to give the message, and the Lord is blessing their efforts. At no other time since we began our work here have such results been seen. The number of people brought into the truth in the last two years by one of our missions almost equals its en-

tire membership at the close of the first twenty years of its existence. We are sure much more could have been accomplished had we had means with which to answer all the calls that came to us.

Within our field there are great unentered areas teeming with people who must hear the message before the Lord comes. There is the great Portuguese East territory with its two and one-half million for whom nothing has yet been done. Last year we put into our appropriation a call for funds to open two stations there, but as no funds were available we could not do this. Again this year we made request, but again it could not be granted. How much longer must we delay in giving these people an opportunity to hear the truth? From what source will the men and money come for this work? "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power."

We are glad to report that within the last two years we have been able to open three new stations in our field. One is in Northeast Rhodesia near Lake Mweru on the Kalingwesi River. Another is about one hundred miles west of Livingstone up the Zambesi River. This will give us an opening into West Barotseland, North Bechuanaland, Angola, and German West Africa. The third is in the Belgian Congo, and is the first effort we have made in that great country which is more than one half the size of the United States and has a population of fifteen million. But what is one station with only two families among so many? For two consecutive years we have

asked for funds to open another station there, but because there was no means available it could not be granted. In fact, the opening of these new stations has been accomplished almost entirely by the reorganizing of our work and a readjustment of our funds. But this has brought hardship to our old established work because we have had to divide our funds and workers, thus compelling the older missions to run very shorthanded.

It is very disheartening, after we have stirred up an enthusiasm among our boys and sent them out to preach the gospel in new places and to secure openings for new schools, to be unable to answer the calls they bring back to us for workers. But this is often the case. Just recently a boy returned to the mission reporting that four villages had begun to keep the Sabbath, and asked for help to carry on the work there. We had to reply that there were no funds to take on more laborers. We have had to give a similar reply to a number of our boys within the last few months. How long must this condition continue? To finish the work will require sacrifice on the part of every Seventh-day Adventist, and a cutting off of some of our luxuries, and perhaps some of our so-called necessities. When God's people are willing, His power will be manifested and the earth lightened with His glory.

*Solusi Mission,
Bulawayo, Rhodesia,
South Africa.*

Sabbath, April 29

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Isa. 58:6.

READINGS:

Pioneering on the Congo Border.

Too Late! Why?

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song." No. 548, first, third and fourth stanzas.

PRAYER: A few sentence prayers for the work on the Congo Border.

Pioneering on the Congo Border

S. M. KONIGMACHER

EVEN away up here in the heart of the Dark Continent, some rays of light preceded us. We found a boy who had dreamed that he saw two men clothed in white, and the brightest one told him a teacher was coming to his district. That boy is now our head teacher.

The first Sabbath meeting was held under a big tree near our grass hut. After singing a very simple song, "Jesus is Calling," we taught the natives of the Saviour, using the picture rolls. On the arrival of a second delegation we had Sabbath school all over again. A month later we built a pole and grass church, but the classes had to go outside to recite. Now we have a well organized Sabbath school in a brick building and it would surprise you to hear those present recite their memory verses. There is no factor more helpful in developing native teachers at a mission than the Sabbath school.

After the usual experiences of hardship, sickness, and discouragement the work has

grown until now we have six outschools located among three different tribes. When Benjamin, a native teacher, opened his school, he went to all the chiefs near by and told them he was the teacher and he wanted them to send the children to school. He has one hundred pupils who are so interested they gather around the bonfire at night to study.

In our testimony meetings, the boys repeatedly thank God for deliverance from snake bites and wild animals, also for being healed from sickness. Lately we have had a regular scourge of wild beasts. A leopard pushed open a strong spring door in our dwelling, and took the dog, mauled him, and left him to die. Another took a skin from a stump at the back door. Some animal carried off two cats. A wild cat killed three fine hens. Two snakes came into the church, and you should have seen the scramble to the top of the seats. One snake was killed in our bedroom that we saw as we were lying in bed. Truly God is good to us in the midst of these dangers!

*Private Bag, Broken Hill,
Northern Rhodesia, S. Africa.*

Too Late! Why?

W. H. ANDERSON

IN Rhodesia, and over in the Congo, there are millions of natives who are unevangelized. In the Congo Free State alone there are more than fifteen and a half millions of

people, and no Adventist within the borders of that entire territory. The deputy governor has offered us the privilege of opening up missions among those people, but so far no one has been prepared to accept the call. How sad that a generation after the time of Livingstone, a generation after Africa has been opened for the gospel, there are millions who have never heard of the Saviour! An old native, Temba Temba, once told me that he remembered the visit of Dr. Livingstone to his father's kraal when he was only a little boy. He said that the doctor had a Book with him, which he told his father was a letter from God. When they entreated Dr. Livingstone to remain with them, and teach them to read the Book, the doctor said, No, he must press on to the north; but he promised them faithfully that when he returned to his own country, he would send some one who would remain with them, and tell them about the true God.

"I have watched the path for that teacher ever since I was a little boy," said Temba Temba. "I have grown old, and my children, and grandchildren, and great-grandchildren have grown up around me; and at last, when I am blind, and cannot see the Book, you come to me with it. Why have you waited so long? Dr. Livingstone promised us the Book when I was a boy. It never came until I was too old and blind too see it. Now you can teach it to my grandchildren, but it has come too late for Temba Temba. Why?"

Mafeking, South Africa.

Sabbath, May 6

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: John 4:35.

READINGS: Evangelistic Efforts Among the "Xosa" People.

A Dialogue—Health in Africa, See "Making Missions Real," pp. 13-16.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 565, first, second and fourth stanzas.

PRAYER: A few sentence prayers for for the work among the "Xosa" people.

Evangelistic Efforts Among the "Xosa" People

E. M. HOWARD

DURING the month of June, 1921, the writer went to Grahamstown to hold an evangelistic effort in that part of the Kafirland Mission field. There are about five thousand natives in the locality of Grahamstown, and as we have only one native evangelist working there, we feel that there is much for him to do.

One Sabbath morning a number of believers gathered in the African Methodist church. In the congregation was the minister of the Ntsikana Memorial church, so it seemed quite in order that the people be urged to follow the advice of Ntsikana in returning to and accepting the teachings of the Word of God.

In the afternoon Pastor B. E. Beddoe, who was visiting Grahamstown at the time in the interests of the European work, spoke to the same company telling them the story of Jesus who died to save all mankind. The spirit of God touched many hearts.

Announcement was made of an open-air meeting to be held the following afternoon. When we arrived at the place of meeting a few minutes before the time appointed, it was inspiring to see a large number of natives seated on the grass waiting for the service to begin. Looking up the road we saw a company of natives marching in a procession led by their minister. They were singing a hymn which was composed by the prophet Ntsikana. This minister had called his congregation together at the church one hour before our service began. He told them of what he had heard the previous day, and that God had sent his ministers from across the water to teach them the truth of God. He then asked them to follow him to the service.

At the opening of the meeting, over two hundred were present. We presented the Sabbath question and showed them they were not following their prophet in keeping Sunday. God in his love and mercy had now sent them the true light.

At the close of the meeting the procession formed and returned to the church, where the minister held a service with his people. He told them that if they were true to the teachings of Ntsikana, they would have to accept the new light which God had sent them by these missionaries who had come across the sea to teach them the right way.

Now, as you read this brief account of the meeting you naturally would say, "What a splendid opportunity for a harvest of souls!"

Yes, it was, but there was no one available at the time to reap the harvest. "The harvest is ripe, but the laborers are few." It was impossible for me to stay, as I had urgent calls to other parts of the field. But Oh, how happy we are to know that loving liberal hearts across the sea are looking forward to the thirteenth Sabbath when they will be able to give of their God-given means so that the unwarned thousands of old Kafirland may also "hear." Much of this field is virgin territory and wherever we hold meetings during our travels, hundreds are ready to listen. If we had a number of strong men to send to these places, it would not take long to warn the Xosa-speaking people. We know these men are coming in the near future, for we have faith to believe that the large offerings made this thirteenth Sabbath will open the way for their coming.

When our brethren and sisters, who sacrifice here for the spread of this message, get to the other shore on the sea of glass, they will have the joyous reward of seeing a large company from Kafirland who will "help to swell the chorus" of Moses and the Lamb.

 "Coming, coming, yes, they are,
 Coming, coming, from afar,
From the wild and scorching desert,
 Afric's sons of color deep;
Jesus' love has drawn and won them,
 At the cross they bow and weep.

 "Coming, coming, yes, they are,
 Coming, coming, from afar;
All to meet in plains of glory,
 All to sing his praises sweet:
What a chorus, what a meeting,
 With the family complete!"

Sabbath, May 13

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature.]

MISSIONARY TEXT: John 3:16.

READING: The Story of Ntsikana.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 589.

PRAYER: A short prayer in behalf of the native believers in South Africa.

The Story of Ntsikana

MRS. A. P. TARR

[THIS story was told to the writer by three descendants of Ntsikana, Brethren Kobe, Neku, and Moko, in the presence of Elders J. W. Macneil and E. M. Howard. Brother Kobe is Ntsikana's great-grandson, and he learned the story from his great-grandmother. It belongs to the time before the battle of Amalinda, 1818, and before the time of the first missionary to the Kafirs.]

NTSIKANA was a counselor of a Kafir chief. One morning he arose early, as usual, and went to his kraal, an enclosure for cattle. Suddenly a beam of light, apparently from nowhere, struck his garment. He went to his hut that his wife might see the wonder. Returning to the kraal, he noticed that the light rested also on a certain ox. Other witnesses were frightened.

Later Ntsikana went to a native feast. While he was dancing, a whirlwind encircled him. When he stopped dancing, the wind ceased. This happened three times. He regarded this strange happening as an indication to return home where he had seen "the light." Passing a stream on the way, he washed all the red clay from his clothing. His friends feared insanity. For several days he was singularly quiet, then he called his

neighbors and said, "You think I am mad; I am not mad. There is a God in heaven, and He spoke to me and said we must pray to Him. You think I am mad but God is calling me."

From the corner of his garment he read the wonderful hymn which he afterward taught his followers. This hymn has been translated by the Reverend Mr. Appleyard, a missionary who translated the Bible into Kafir. It is sung in all native churches in the vernacular, and is in the native Wesleyan hymn book. I once heard Ntsikana's majestic hymn sung in its original tune by Reverend Mr. Scott's native choir. Mr. Scott is a European minister of the Church of England.

Ntsikana first told his revelation of the true God to his chief, who rejected it. He next told it to the well known chief, Gaika, who accepted but afterward rejected it. It is not known how much sacrifice it cost to accept Ntsikana's message, but it is known that he gave up the use of beer. He had never heard the sound of any kind of bell, yet with his voice he made bell-like sounds and in this way called his people to prayer.

He prophesied that a nation would come from the west whose people would have long, straight hair like the hair of a horse's mane. These strange people would bring a NCWADI, a book, so called because the leaves of the book Ntsikana saw in vision reminded him of the leaves of the root called Ncwadi. This root belongs to the onion family. Today the Kafir word for book is Ncwadi. Ntsi-

kana warned his people to take only the strangers' book and not their customs. He prophesied that they would come with a button without holes (money). These holeless buttons would destroy their children and would not allow them to bury one another. (Many thousands of natives are today employed in the gold and diamond mines. Life in the mines ruins them morally and physically. They are peculiarly susceptible to miners' phthisis. Many of them leave their homes, never to return.) "Be careful of that button," was the warning. He warned them also of a smooth IMVABA, or glass bottle, which the long-haired strangers would bring. "Oh, that smooth imvaba will destroy the people," is a prophecy easily interpreted, for the white man's drink has a terrible influence on natives.

Not less remarkable was the prophecy that the true people whom God would send with His Holy Book would teach His law. He bade them be faithful to God's law even though people put a rope around their neck or an assegai (a slender light spear) through their body. Many missionaries would come and teach many things, but they must wait for the people who would teach God's law, for God's law would be their mark to distinguish them from others. Taking some water and pouring it on the ground, he said, "If you do not accept that message of God's law, you will be lost like this."

He taught also that there would be many, many wars and at last there would be a great

war in the midst of which the "Great Heart" would come. But, he taught, God would remember His people before he comes, for He would establish a church at Debe Nek. He prophesied too, that a "wagon without horses" would pass under the mountain at Debe Nek, and the people recognize the railway as the fulfillment of the prophecy. Our native believers confidently expect that sometime we shall have a strong church at that place, because all Ntsikana's other prophecies have been fulfilled. At the present time we have there only a Sabbath school of fifteen members, but recently an educated native, a headman of a village of one thousand inhabitants, has accepted the truth.

Some years after the Lord revealed Himself to Ntsikana, Mr. Vanderkemp, the first missionary to the Kafirs, sent to Ntsikanas' village and asked for his story. Mr. Vanderkemp wished to teach Ntsikana but the old man would not receive this missionary. Later another missionary offered to teach Ntsikana to write, but the only result was that the slate broke in his hands.

Some time before his death, Ntsikana prepared his grave and coffin. On the day he died, he went for the last time to his kraal. The old ox on which the light had shined in earlier years came to meet him. For a few moments a cloud enveloped both of them, then this extraordinary man returned to his hut and died. And so the Lord, who always meets people where they are, drew the atten-

tion of a people who love "signs and wonders" to His servant, whose name is honored everywhere in Kafirland.

Does this story make Romans 9:28 less difficult to comprehend? "He will finish the work, and cut it short in righteousness: because a short work will the Lord make upon the earth."

Ntsikana's Hymn

Taken from the Kafir Wesleyan hymn book.

Thou art the great God—He who is in heaven
It is Thou, Thou Shield of Truth.
It is Thou, Thou Tower of Truth.
It is Thou, Thou Bush of Truth.
It is Thou, Thou who sittest in the highest.
Thou art the Creator of life, Thou madest the regions
above.
The Creator who madest the heavens also.
The Maker of the blind, of Thine own will dost Thou make
them.
The Trumpet speaks—for us it calls.
Thou art the Hunter who hunts for souls.
He who gathereth together flocks opposed to each other.
Thou art the Leader who goes before us.
Thou art the great Mantle which covers us.
Thou art He whose hands are with wounds,
Thou art He whose feet are with wounds.
Thou art He whose blood is a trickling stream, and why?
Thou art He whose blood was spilled for us.
For this great price we call.
For Thine own place we call.

Sabbath, May 20

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

READING: Message from a Native Minister.

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 28:19, 20.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 641, first and second stanzas.

PRAYER: for the work and workers in South Africa.

Message from a Native Minister

M. D. KALAKA

THROUGH the grace of Christ, I was brought to a knowledge of the present truth by Elder Freeman and my father in 1903, and was baptized the same year in July at the Kolo mission station. At that time, there were but few church members, a little more than ten in number.

I was called from Masike to take up the teachers' work at Kolo. I taught for about three or four years. At that time, the superintendent at Kolo was Elder J. M. Freeman. He was assisted by my father in the work. We went around preaching in the villages, and a few more were added to the little flock of Christ until we had a membership of about twenty.

My father died in 1904. The work at Kolo was slow, as the people there were so prejudiced. Many of the church members died, and a few went away from Kolo; two of them joined the French Protestant church close by.

In April 1909, I was called to work with Brother Olmstead at Leribe, and found him living at Levi's Neck in Chief Johnathan's big building. As soon as I arrived, we com-

menced holding meetings in that place on Sabbath days, and preached in villages in the vicinity. The good Lord blessed our efforts and a few accepted the truth. Brother J. R. Campbell was sent to help us push the work forward. We held lantern meetings in the villages, and in this way much interest was aroused among the people.

I also taught the school of about sixty or more children, and am glad that some of those who began to learn to read and write at that time, are now young men who are laboring in the Lord's vineyard and are winning souls for the Master.

After that, there came Brother F. MacDonal who is now the superintendent of the Emmanuel Mission, and also the medical missionary. A good work is being done both spiritually and physically. Mr. and Mrs. Tarr took charge of the school, which is progressing nicely.

My work is mostly going out in the villages to hold Bible readings, visiting, sometimes preaching on the Sabbath, interpreting, and translating books or tracts. Our membership is not very far from one hundred.

When I was at Mafeking helping Pastor W. H. Anderson in April, fifteen were baptized at Emmanuel Mission and three of these were Chief Ledingoana's wives.

Truly the work is great in Basutoland, but the workers are few. Pray for us that the Lord will raise workers for His vineyard, for the harvest is ripe, ready to be harvested.

Sabbath, May 27

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

READING: A Kaffir Camp-Meeting Sabbath School.

MISSIONARY TEXT: Prov. 11:30, last part.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 537.

PRAYER: A few sentence prayers for the work in Kafir-land.

A Kafir Camp-Meeting Sabbath School

MRS. A. P. TARR

AS we traveled on the borders of native territory one Friday, we saw Kafirs everywhere. Some were clad in blankets colored with red ochre, and their faces were hideously painted with clay; others were hardly clothed at all. It was so easy for one well acquainted with natives to draw mental pictures of the home life of these primitive people, who, because of lack of ambition for a higher plane of living, are content with their monotonous round of toil and care, idleness and sordid pleasure.

How changed was the scene right in Kafir-land on Sabbath morning! Here a well organized Sabbath school was being conducted in a room adorned with a commandment chart, goal devices, picture rolls, Scripture texts, missionary and other maps. All present were respectable looking people, clean and tidy.

Most of the members were seated at the time for opening. All was quiet. Some one began to sing. Soon every voice had joined the quiet song of praise. Immediately at its close, the opening hymn was announced and so heartily sung that Europeans present, un-

able to sing Kafir, gladly sang the English words. The melody was the same, so was the sentiment, although differently expressed.

How interesting was the missionary exercise for that day! The text had been written on the board the previous Sabbath so that all might memorize it during the week. Many were now eager to recite it in the vernacular. It was recited in concert both in English and Kafir. The article from the MISSIONS QUARTERLY was also given in both languages. The superintendent, an educated native and an ardent Sabbath school worker, expressed his joy at the progress of the message in Rumania, for it meant a fulfilling of Matthew 24:14. The missionary prayer was also the opening prayer.

The secretary's report was a clear mental picture of the proceedings of the previous Sabbath. It was written and read by her in both languages.

The review was omitted that day because it took so much time to give all the exercises in two languages for the benefit of the European visitors. We were glad to see such excellent results from our effort and money spent in Kafirland. We rejoice that the gospel is the power of God to everyone that believeth, if first to the civilized, then surely because of their greater ability to give the glad tidings, to the uncivilized. Though the eighty-four members present were representatives from many schools (the students of the Bethel Mission were away during this holiday

season) the order was commendable. While singing the missionary hymn, the various divisions passed to the places assigned them for lesson study.

Thirteen little children sat on the grass out in the sunshine. Two of them were white-faced, one Sister Wheeler's three-year old little girl, happily unconscious that her mother lay a few yards away, sleeping, waiting "till her change come." A splendid memory verse drill was given, and with the help of a much admired picture roll, a good lesson was taught in both languages. The teacher is a member of the training course of the regular Sabbath school of the Bethel Mission.

There was a class for young women, another for young men, and a third for adults where the men and women sat separate. All had open Bibles, some of which were English, others Kafir. Some of the teachers were able to compare the two expressions of thought. They seemed to think the gesticulation helped them to hold the attention of their pupils. The lesson taught was that prepared by the General Conference Sabbath School Department for the intermediate division, and issued in quarterly form. The exercise after the assembling of the classes was unique. In turn the superintendent called upon the primaries, young women, young men, adults, and lastly native ordained ministers to repeat the memory verse in concert. One chubby little fellow of about four was given the privilege of reciting it alone. With undisturbed confidence

he quoted the verse in Kafir and gave the reference in English.

The school was informed that the superintendent would write the next week's missionary hymn on the board, and a short time each evening of the coming week would be devoted to learning it. This is the plan when the Bethel mission school is in session.

The offerings were \$6.23. The weekly goal for the regular school is \$3.90. The hands of the goal-clock were moved to indicate that the week's goal had been passed by about thirty-eight minutes. One minute represents three pence, or six cents. The school was closed by prayer, having lasted one and one-half hours.

Does it pay to invest workers and money in African missions? In the day of final account, when every offering will be given its true value, those who give generously to the evangelization of the Dark Continent, shall find in their crown stars of brightest luster.

Sabbath, June 3

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

READING: A Zulu Wedding.

MISSIONARY TEXT: Isa. 60:1.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 616, first, second, and fourth stanzas.

PRAYER: In behalf of our work in Zululand.

A Zulu Wedding

HOMER C. OLMSTEAD

WHILE Elders W. H. Branson and I. B. Burton and I were touring Zululand for a

suitable site for the Zulu Mission station we witnessed the opening ceremonies of a heathen Zulu wedding. These rites require about two days and nights, but we watched them for only about three hours.

Several crowds of men and women came marching over the hills from various directions to the home kraal of the bride, singing and dancing as they came. The men wore tiny loin cloths of calf-skin and an assortment of decorations made from brass, feathers, beads, or the skins of animals. Each man carried an oval cow-hide shield and one or more heavy sticks.

Separating from the women, these bands of stalwart Zulu men danced, stamping the earth furiously, or jumping into the air, and keeping time to their song. Sometimes they held their shields as high as possible and beat time on them with their sticks. A large band, preceded by several women, entered a stone cattle-kraal and marched around it a few times. Of course the singing, or shouting continued all the time.

The company representing the people of the bride's community, with many of the young women and the bride, then took their stand some sixty yards from the party representing the bridegroom's community. These bands continued to go through various dances, which seldom stopped even for a moment. Frequently a husky warrior would rush from the bride's party towards the opposite group, brandishing his stick, jumping high into the air, striking his challenge to the

bridegroom's men. These demonstrations became so violent that their chief, fearing an actual conflict, ran between the companies and mercilessly used his heavy whip.

Some of the older women often ran between them, squealing in high-pitched voices and scattering maize on the ground. They seemed to pay no heed to the European spectators or the cameras, excepting a few who were especially anxious to be photographed in their fantastic attire. Some were drinking native beer from large earthenware pots, and, as we left the scene, we wondered what might develop there during the next two days.

Contrast this with the scene witnessed a few weeks later at our Bethel Mission. A company of about a hundred well-clothed Seventh-day Adventist natives formed into a quadruple column. Then, singing a hymn of praise, they marched to a stream where seventeen young people were baptized. They had turned their backs on all the fascinations of heathenism, and had set their faces toward the Better Land. In this day of opportunity may we be loyal to duty and push the triumphs of the cross in this dark land.

Sabbath, June 10

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

READINGS : Report of Jim Mayinza's Work.

Story for Children (See *Our Little Friend*, dated June 9).

MISSIONARY TEXT : John 3:16.

MISSIONARY SONG : "Christ in Song," No. 617.

PRAYER : In behalf of the work and workers in South Africa.

Report of Jim Mayinza's Work

H. M. SPARROW

ABOUT a year ago we opened our first school in the Malungwane country. Previously we had no school at the chief's kraal, but we had held several series of meetings there and a number took their stand for the truth.

When Elders Branson and Straw accompanied me there last year, we decided that it would be best for Jim to have his headquarters there instead of Bulawayo. It was not long before Jim had a school of more than sixty students. He conducted the Bible classes, while his assistant teacher and his daughter Ruth did the ordinary school work. He has now seventy-five on the school roll and has started two other schools in the same country with an average attendance of more than fifty in each.

When Elders Branson and Straw accompanied me we baptized ten people from that vicinity, among whom was Chief Majinkila's first wife. This time when Brother Stockil, our field superintendent, and Brother Symons accompanied me, we were privileged to baptize thirty-eight more from that country. There are still thirty-nine studying the truth, who expect to be baptized later.

It is interesting to note that among the thirty-eight baptized, only fourteen families were represented. Most of them were old people. The chief's mother was baptized. This brought joy to his heart. When we

were going down to the river, I told the chief I should like to have the privilege of baptizing him in the same place with his mother. He replied, "Mfundisi (teacher) the day I know that you will accept me in your church with all my family I will put away this little satan that is keeping me back." Just then he pulled out a little tin full of snuff. He said, "I will give it to you for a keepsake to show you that I have forsaken all my evil habits." This chief has already forsaken beer and so have all in his kraal. By Friday evening everything is swept and clean for the Sabbath.

This chief is one of the most powerful in the country, ruling over about five thousand people.

Among those who were baptized, was a man who had overcome the evil habit of smoking. When he joined the baptismal class he gave all his pipes to Jim, saying that he had no further use for them. This man not only gave up the smoking habit, but also gave up the trade of making pipes. As he was a pipe maker by trade, this brought quite a sum of money to his home each year. In the sack with the pipes already mentioned will be seen a couple of new pipes that he made, as well as those he used himself.

While we were there at the chief's home, another big chief came over on his horse to beg us for a teacher. He said he must have some one to tell his people about this great message. He had heard from others that we were doing a good work and he wanted help for his people. Truly the harvest is

great but the laborers are few. We told him we would do what we could, but as our finances are very low I do not think we shall be able to send any one this year.

At one place where Jim went to visit, they threatened to beat him and "spill his blood" as they termed it. Jim said, "I wish you would spill some of my blood, then you would see people accept this wonderful message. The reason these people are so hard and bitter is that you have not done anything to me to arouse their curiosity." As a result of this conversation, the private secretary of a certain Fingo chief has accepted the message. There is one man with whom Jim is holding special Bible studies. He is very interested and he says that if he accepts our message he will bring his whole church with him. He is an independent man and has a good following. Jim says he does not want to bring them into the church in ones and twos but in companies.

In a few days' time we shall be holding our camp-meeting, and at least half of the congregation will be Jim's converts. Chief Majinkila will be present, too. The Lord is blessing Jim's work, and also the work in the rest of the field. We expect to baptize many at our meeting. This will be a record year for old Solusi. Our courage is good. We want to be faithful to the end, and hear the "Well done" said to each one of us.

Sabbath, June 17

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

READING: A Message from the Congo.

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 24:14.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 477.

PRAYER: A few sentence prayers for our workers in the Belgian Congo.

A Message from the Congo

C. ROBINSON

THE workers in the Belgian Congo send greetings to the Sabbath schools throughout the world. We are glad to be here, even though we are away beyond the outskirts of civilization. We find that the Lord keeps us day by day just as safely as He keeps you who are in the homeland. We have not had to endure one tenth of the hardships which some of our poor half-starved brethren in Europe have had to undergo.

We are just beginning the work here, and when we think of the great task ahead of us, that of giving the third angel's message to fifteen million natives of the Congo, we are glad to have the assurance that the work is not ours, but the Lord's, and that we are only humble instruments in His hands.

The Lord blessed in securing this site for the Congo Mission, in the midst of the great tribe of Chiluba-speaking people. We are well into the Congo, being about five hundred fifty miles from the border where the railway crosses over from Rhodesia, and one hundred miles north of the railhead, or terminal, at Bukama. There is a plan to extend the rail-

way from Bukama to the mouth of the Congo, and if that is carried out it will run about a mile or so from this station.

We are now making bricks and sawing timber for the mission buildings, planting fruit and ornamental trees, and we trust that the station will soon have a nice appearance and be a credit to our work. We have morning worship with our native laborers, and they already know quite a number of hymns which they sing in their own way. Most of them also attend the afternoon school.

The school work is not so encouraging, as we find the natives very indifferent, as a rule, and they have only a very hazy idea of why the white people leave their own country and come to settle among the black races. However, the prejudice against the school is slowly breaking down, and we now have an enrolment of over sixty pupils in the day school, with an average attendance of about forty.

We have recently opened an outschool in a nearby village, and this is only the first of many which we plan to operate in the principal villages within reach of this station. But for that work we need native teachers, and at present we have only three and they are untrained.

Our chief need for this station is a French-speaking worker. The official language of the Congo is French, and all correspondence received from the government officials and others is written in that language. Neither Brother R. P. Robinson nor I speak French,

so you can understand just how difficult our position is in that respect.

In order to give the message to the fifteen million natives of the Congo we shall need to operate three or four more stations, and must have the necessary workers to man them. The natives are raw heathen and it can be truly said of them that they are living in "gross darkness." Yet they must hear the third angel's message before our Lord can return, and we are only two families here at present. May the Lord of the harvest speak to the hearts of some of our young French-speaking people in the homeland, and to those who can study the language, giving them a burden for these millions of heathen and a willingness to answer the call with "Here am I; send me."

Sabbath, June 24

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT : Rom. 10: 14.

A DIALOGUE.

RECITATION : "The Penny Ye meant to Gi'e."

SONG : " Christ in Song," No. 545.

DIALOGUE : "The Missionary's Answer to the Native Chief." See "Making Missions Real," pp. 23, 24.

RECITATION : " A Little Child's Gift,"

DIALOGUE : "For Mother and Little Girl."

MALE QUARTET : "Christ in Song," No. 703.

OFFERING :

PRAYER : Pray that the blessing of God may go with our gifts to the Dark Continent.

[Persons: Dorothy, a girl about twelve years of age, whose parents are missionaries in Africa.

Aunt Ella, Dorothy's aunt.

Four children from next door: Mary, aged twelve; Jack, aged ten; Evelyn, aged eight; and Frank, aged six.

Aunt Ella is seated on the platform, reading, when the four children come in.]

AUNT ELLA: Good morning, Big Four! You have come over to see me bright and early this morning.

MARY: Mother said she was afraid we ought not to come so soon, but we wanted so much to talk to the girl from Africa, and we couldn't wait any longer.

JACK: Besides, we want her to go to Sabbath school with us, if you will let her.

AUNT ELLA: Of course she may go with you! [Dorothy enters, but stands still when she sees the other children.] Dorothy, these are our next door neighbors. I call them them the Big Four, but their real names are Mary, Jack, Evelyn, and Frank. (Indicating each child as the names are mentioned.) They want to take you to Sabbath school with them. I'm going too, and while I'm getting ready, you may all talk as much as you want to. (Leaves the platform. Children sit down, and Jack, Evelyn, and Frank all talk at once.)

JACK: Did you ever see lions and hyenas and leopards and everything over in Africa?

EVELYN: Do the children play all day long, and *never* have to go to school?

FRANK (Loudly): What do they have to *eat* over there?

MARY: Please don't all talk at once, or Dorothy will not be able to hear what you say. (Turns to Dorothy.) Where is your father and mother, Dorothy?

DOROTHY: They have gone back to the Solusi Mission. I'm to stay with Aunt Ella and go to school. I used to think our house at the mission was beautiful when we lived there. You see, it was so much better than the houses the natives live in. Their huts are round, and have mud walls just about four feet high. The huts do not have any windows, and only one door no more than three feet high. Our house had four rooms, cement floors, and brick walls. You know we cannot have wooden houses because of the white ants.

FRANK: What are white ants?

DOROTHY: They are insects that destroy wood of any kind, books, leather, and cloth. One of the missionaries left his Bible on a box one night, and by the time he woke up in the morning, the white ants had eaten all the gilt off the edges, and had cut the back cover off. Another time he left his shoes on a dirt floor, and the white ants cut the uppers from the soles.

EVELYN: I shouldn't like those things! (Pause.) But *do* the boys and girls play all day, and never have to go to school?

DOROTHY: Some of the children go to the mission schools. I'm sure you could never guess how some of them carry their pencils to school! You know each tribe has some mark to distinguish it from other tribes. The Zulu mark is a large slit in the lobes of the ears. And when the Zulu children go to school, sometimes they carry their pencils in the lobes of their ears!

FRANK: Oh yes! I knew about that before. I saw a woman on the street car one day who must have been a Zulu. She was carrying two rings in her ears that way. But *she* wasn't black! Tell us some more.

DOROTHY: That's only one of the tribal marks. There's another one worse than that. Mary, if you and I were African children belonging to the Batonga tribe, they would have knocked out our front teeth by now. They always do that to the boys and girls when they are about twelve years old. They put an iron spike against the tooth, then hit the spike with a stone, and knock out the four front teeth, one at a time. It must hurt dreadfully. I've heard the boys and girls screaming when they were having their teeth knocked out.

EVELYN: I pulled a tooth out once, but it didn't hurt like that. It was loose anyway, and I pulled it out myself.

JACK: Did you ever see any lions or leopards or hyenas in the jungles? That's what *I'd* like to hear about most of all.

DOROTHY: Oh, yes. When we were traveling by wagon, fires were always built round the camp at night, to keep the wild animals away. My father says he has never known a lion to come inside the ring of fires. But we often heard them roaring close to us. One morning

when we got up, we saw the tracks of three lions that had gone to the river to drink. One had stopped just fifteen feet away from where we were sleeping on the ground. My father says the angels were sent to close the mouths of the lions that night. He has had narrow escapes with lions, leopards, baboons, and crocodiles. He could tell you all kinds of stories, Jack. A leopard came one night and tried to get our puppy out of its kennel. There were marks of the leopard's claws on the kennel, but the puppy was not hurt.

FRANK: But, Dorothy, you have not told us yet what the people have to eat.

DOROTHY: Oh, they don't mind very much *what* they eat, so long as there is plenty of it. They eat mush made from corn meal. There is always grit in the porridge, because they get clay in the meal when they grind it on the stones. If they eat eggs at all, they like them best the day before they are hatched, because then they are full of meat. They eat meat whenever they can get it. They do not mind it at all if it is old and spoiled. When a mule or ox or any other animal dies from any disease, they will eat the meat. They even eat locusts. They cook them about twenty minutes, then remove the head, wings, and legs, and spread the bodies out to dry in the sun. They pound the dried locusts into meal and make gravy from it. Sometimes they fry the locusts.

MARY: It's a wonder they don't all get sick and die! Aren't they afraid to eat such spoiled meat? Does anybody tell them not to do those things?

DOROTHY: About the best way the missionaries have of teaching them, is to open schools for them. But I've heard father say many times that we do not have nearly enough schools. Not long before I left, five young men walked six hundred miles to our mission to attend school. But the school was full, and there was no room for them, so they had to go all that way back to their village where there was so much idol worship and so many heathen customs. My father says they have had to turn away two hundred natives. It seems too bad.

MARY: But why don't they open more schools?

DOROTHY: My father says that it is because they cannot get the money. When he wrote to the Mission Board a while ago about opening a new school, the treasurer

wrote back and said that there was no money for it, and that the Mission Board could only send out what the people sent in.

JACK: Do you think we could help at all?

MARY: You know at Sabbath school each Sabbath we hear a little about South Africa, because our thirteenth Sabbath offering is going there this quarter. Don't you think, Dorothy, you can tell the other children what you have told us? I'm sure they would all do their best to make the Thirteenth Sabbath Double Dollar Day, if they knew some of these things.

DOROTHY: I'll tell them all I know, if that will help.

JACK: Let's go and ask Aunt Ella to hurry so that we can go early and begin to tell the children this morning.

ALL: (Rising and leaving platform) All right. Let's go.
O. D. O.

The Penny Ye Meant to Gi'e.

THERE'S a funny tale of a stingy man,
Who was none too good, but might have been worse;
Who went to his church on a Sabbath eve,
And carried along his well-filled purse.

When the sexton came with his begging plate,
The church was but dim with the candle's light;
The stingy man fumbled all through his purse,
And chose a coin by touch, and not sight.

It's an odd thing now that guineas should be
So like unto pennies, in shape and size,
"I'll give a penny," the stingy man said;
"The poor must not gifts of pennies despise."

The penny fell down with a clatter and a ring;
And back in his seat leaned the stingy man.
"The world is so full of the poor," he thought,
"I can't help them all—I do what I can."

Ha, ha! how the sexton smiled to be sure,
To see the gold guinea fall in his plate;
Ha, ha! how the stingy man's heart was wrung,
Perceiving his blunder, but just too late!

"No matter," he said; "in the Lord's account,
That guinea of gold is set down for me.
They lend to Him who give to the poor;
It will not so bad an investment be."

"Na, na, mon," the chuckling sexton cried out;
"The Lord is na cheated—He kens thee well;
He knew it was only by accident
That out o' thy fingers the guinea fell."

"He keeps an account, na doubt, for the puir;
But in that account He'll set down to thee
Na mair o' that golden guinea, my mon,
Than the one bare penny ye meant to gi'e!"

There's comfort, too, in this little tale—
A serious side as well as a joke;
A comfort for all the generous poor,
In the comical words the sexton spoke.

A comfort to think that the good Lord knows
How generous we really desire to be,
And will give us credit in His account,
For all the pennies we long to "gi'e."

H. H. in St. Nicholas.

A Little Child's Gift

"DEAR little African boy, I'm sending you
All of my pennies and a few bright nickels
That my papa gave to me;
For I am sure that far across the sea
You need them more than I, for you don't know
About the Christ-child who was born so long ago.
So if my pennies and my nickels few,
Will help to teach you, and your sister too,
About the child who came to earth you know
To teach all boys the way to grow
Like Him; when he comes back some day
Then I am sure that you and I shall play
Together, and our mothers being near
Will smile, for in their hearts shall be no fear;
For we will all be in the new Jerusalem
When you and I shall play together, little African boy."

Dialogue for Mother and Little Girl

CHILD:

Mamma, do you think that Jesus
Cares about my little penny,
When He looks down on the offerings,
And it's there among the many?

MOTHER:

Yes, indeed, He cares, my darling,
Don't you know the widow's mite
How He said, it was more precious
Than all others in His sight?
She gave hers because she loved Him;
They gave theirs, just to be seen;
That is why hers looked so precious,
And why theirs all looked so mean.

SAVE AND MAKE
JUNE 24
DOUBLE DOLLAR DAY
FOR
SOUTH AFRICA