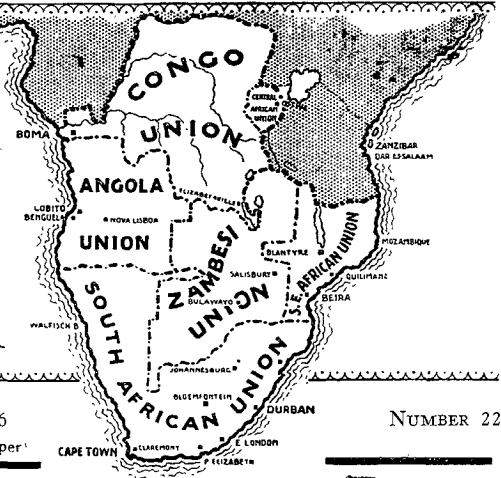


# The SOUTHERN AFRICAN DIVISION OUTLOOK



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## The 1936 Week of Prayer

J. F. WRIGHT

AGAIN we are to enjoy our annual Week-of-Prayer season. The date as arranged by the General Conference Committee is December 12-19, 1936. The Week of Prayer has always brought in its train a great spiritual uplift to the remnant church. Surely such should be true of it again this time!

As I pen these few lines concerning this special period of communion with God, the Week-of-Prayer number of the *Review and Herald* is before me. The articles prepared to be read in all our churches will come as soul-stirring messages to our laity. Thinking it might be of interest to a large number who do not receive the *Review and Herald* to know what these messages cover, we give hereunder the topics treated, together with the writers:

Sabbath, Dec. 12	W. H. Branson
	"Christ Our Saviour"
Sunday, Dec. 13	Meade MacGuire
	"An Abiding Christian Experience"
Monday, Dec. 14	Louis K. Dickson
	"Knowing the Truth"
Tuesday, Dec. 15	O. Montgomery
	"Our Homes Neighbourhood Lighthouses"
Wednesday, Dec. 16	H. A. Morrison
	"Our Youth, Our Schools, and Our Message"
Thursday, Dec. 17	I. H. Evans
	"The Power of God Unto Salvation"
Friday, Dec. 18	L. H. Christian
	"A New Advance in Missions Abroad"
Sabbath, Dec. 19	J. L. McElhany, President,
	"Yielding Our All" Gen. Conf.

Aside from these well-prepared messages, splendid lessons have been provided for the lambs of the flock. Thus, the adults, the youth and the children will all richly

benefit from the instruction which awaits us during the coming Week-of-Prayer season.

Now, my dear brethren and sisters, as we approach this annual period of refreshing, it behooves us to sense anew *our great need* and the *seriousness of the hour* in which we live. Truly this present year has brought us upon very evil times. The poor old world is groaning beneath its heavy load of peril, crime, trouble and disaster. Every nation is face to face with conditions which try to the utmost the hearts of men. Recently there appeared in the London *Daily Express*, under date of August 6, 1936, the following editorial:

"1848 - 1936

"Europe in 1936 is shaking under an earthquake of ideas and conflicts as it shook in the year of terror, 1848. Then France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Italy, Poland broke into revolt. But in those days it was the birth pangs of democracy that drenched the continent with blood. These days it is the 'DEATH PANGS.'"

This is but one of a score of statements that might be given as a sidelight on present-day conditions. There is no doubt but that we are rapidly nearing the midnight hour of world events. And if such is the case, there was never a time when we needed so much to seek God as now. We have been told through the servant of the Lord that when we come to the closing hours of probation, there will need to be a special work of purification among God's people. Surely we need such a work wrought in our hearts right NOW!

As "prisoners of hope," let us prepare our hearts to enter into the Week of Prayer this year, and make it the best and most helpful we have ever experienced here in the Southern African Division.

WEEK OF PRAYER IN SOUTH AFRICAN UNION, DECEMBER 5 - 12

# President's Opening Address to the Division Committee

## BELOVED BRETHREN:

Once more we are assembled in the annual council of our committee. Truly Jehovah has been good to give you travelling mercies as you have journeyed to this place. It is a pleasure to greet you this morning in the name of our Elder Brother, "for we are all brethren." On behalf of the Division officers I extend to each of you a very cordial welcome. It is good to meet you again after such a long absence from the field. Especially do we welcome Brother C. Conard who has kindly consented to remain over for our committee. His close contact with the General Conference and years of experience in the cause will afford us some very helpful counsel.

Oh, thanks be unto God for a fellowship which binds our hearts together with the tenderest ties of Christian love and kindred sympathy. Indeed the Father of us all has been extremely good to bring us from the ways of darkness to walk upon the highway of His marvellous light; to adopt us into the heavenly family, and to grant us a humble place of service in His cause. So, it is good to be here where we can mingle together and enjoy the bonds of such a divine relationship.

Never have we assembled for counsel and deliberation when the hour was fraught with such meaning to us and to the world as is the case today. This is not a new fact to you; it is, however, a sober truth. Such a condition is recognised by the men of the world who occupy positions of statesmanship and national responsibility. Why should it not be so viewed by us? Let us pause for just a moment. Let us think upon the solemnity of the present hour which faces the world and the church of God.

On the one hand it is the perplexing time of all perplexities. To the human heart it is the uncertain hour of all uncertainties. It is a time when men of world leadership stand at the crossroads and know not which way to turn. Everywhere men shake and quake with extreme fear. It is an hour of fog, of storm, and of intense darkness in all lands. Men seem to have drifted from their moorings. The light of vision has been blurred. This is not the dream of some fanciful mind. It is, as already stated, the sober truth.

Sir Edward Grey said at the beginning of the Great War of 1914, and it was again repeated only a few days ago in the *Daily Express* of England, "The lights are going out all over Europe and we shall never see them lighted again." What a solemn statement! And again, Mr. Winston Churchill recently uttered, in speaking of the coming war: "Already we can feel the heat of the flames upon our faces. Europe is approaching the climax. I believe it will be reached in the lifetime of the present Parliament."

Then, too, in a Methodist paper we find the editor saying: "There is no end to the menacing evils that are taking their place in Satan's army now, driving hard against the meagre defences of mankind. Every-

where it is as black as midnight, and only He who is the light of the world can save us."

Such is but a little glimpse of the present hour on the one hand. What can we say of it on the other? Let us see.

The year 1936 will go down in the records of the advent movement as one of the most outstanding and successful in the history of the church. With tremendous speed and power the message which we so dearly love presses onward to victory. There can be no doubt now but that the cause which we have espoused will come to a triumphant close in the not far distant future. We have a thousand-fold evidence that this is true and that we, as a people, will not come to disappointment, for we have not followed cunningly devised fables, but our faith has been placed in the Word which can never fail.

How small and insignificant we as a people loomed up on the horizon seventy-three years ago. Then we had but only 3,500 believers in all the world and were preaching the message in but one tongue. How vastly different it is today! At the recent General Conference session we learned that the message is literally flying around the earth and is now being proclaimed in 353 countries, using 573 languages. What a change has come since the early days of our pioneers! All of this indicates that we live in the hour when God has set His hand the second time in a very definite way to finish the work and cut it short in righteousness. So, while on the one hand, the last few decades have been filled to overflowing with turmoil, unrest and perplexity for mankind in general, it has, on the other hand, been a time of great advance for the heralds of the advent message.

Coming a little closer home now let us recount for a brief moment the doings of the Lord in Africa. In 1917 we had 1,955 baptised members and 2,119 adherents, thus giving us a total of 4,074 Sabbath keepers after twenty-six years of labour. During the ten years following—1917 to 1927—there was an increase in adherents from 2,119 to 15,452, and a growth from 1,955 baptised members to 8,534 baptised members, giving a total increase of Sabbath keepers of 23,986 for the decade. Now, for the next eight years, coming to the close of 1935, we find 26,167 baptised members, together with 28,162 preparing for baptism. This gives a total of 54,329 Sabbath keepers. Looking at it from still another angle, we have in eighteen years grown from 4,074 Sabbath keepers to 54,329 Sabbath keepers at the close of 1935. When we stop to consider what it costs an individual to accept this message, this is a marvellous growth. We might also note that during the last ten-year period—1925 to 1935—our Sabbath keepers have increased by the number 45,930. When we look at such figures, can anyone doubt the blessing of God upon the work in the Southern African Division? We think not!

While it is not my purpose to weary you

with many figures, yet another one will not be out of place. I wish to report to you this morning that the year 1936 has been a remarkable one for baptisms and camp-meeting attendance. The total baptisms to date for the year stands at 3,751, whereas the camp-meeting attendance totals 118,620 as compared with just over 102,000 last year. The South East African Union this year leads with an attendance of 56,520. We learn that our first camp-meeting in Africa among the natives was held in Nyasaland eighteen years ago with an attendance of 600. Thus you can see how the work has grown in that one field alone. Such facts as these figures present are very cheering indeed and should encourage our hearts. The question may very properly be raised what will 1937 reveal? We wonder!

Our tithes and offerings for the present year show quite a good increase in nearly all the union fields as compared with one year ago. It is impossible, however, at this time to give the yearly total. This will have to be given to you a little later on through the *OUTLOOK*. We are hoping that we shall again be able to reach the 15% increase in mission offerings as suggested by the General Conference for this Division.

We must not overlook the fact that the year 1936 has been a banner year for the Harvest Ingathering. It seems quite evident now that when all reports are in the Division will pass the £8,000 mark. This is a wonderful achievement. We very deeply appreciate what all of the union fields have accomplished under the blessing of the Lord during the campaign. Both workers and lay-members have laboured untiringly. We are especially pleased and grateful for the splendid effort put forth by the South African Union Conference. We know the Lord will fully repay this union for its efforts in helping to make the Harvest Ingathering such a glowing success. Already we hear a few rumblings suggesting that even greater things can be accomplished during 1937 if all will take hold with greater earnestness and do a full part. Yes, some have gone so far as to suggest a goal of £12,000. While this may require a larger stretch of faith than most of us may possess just now, yet, no doubt, 1937 can be made a great success in advancing our work as never before. We hope that stronger plans may be laid during this meeting which will help to achieve such an end.

## Facing the Present

And now we are here in this meeting to face the problems which confront us. If we look at our problems from a human viewpoint, they are staggering. Never have there been greater opportunities for advance than at the present time. Never have the calls been more insistent. Our problems cannot be solved in our own strength. We shall need to seek the Lord earnestly to know how to solve them aright. This morning I want you to know that the Division officers feel most sym-

pathetic to all your needs, even though we find it impossible to answer or meet all the requests which you have sent on to us. Somehow I wish we might find a gold mine somewhere that would supply all the needs presented. However, this might not be for our best good. If we had all the money which we need, there might be a tendency to rely upon that and not so much on the Lord. However, we trust that this committee meeting will bring strength to the fields which you represent as well as bring courage to your hearts. So, this morning before we take up our work, may I refresh your minds with a few words I had gleaned from the pen of inspiration.

"God does not ask us to do in our own strength the work before us. He has provided divine assistance for all the emergencies to which our human resources are unequal. He gives the Holy Spirit to help in every strait, to strengthen our hope and assurance, to illuminate our minds and purify our hearts."—*Vol. VIII, page 19.*

And again:

"Those who consecrate body, soul, and spirit to God, will constantly receive new endowment of physical, mental, and spiritual power. The inexhaustible supplies of heaven are at their command. Christ gives them the breath of His own Spirit, the life of His own life. The Holy Spirit puts forth His highest energies to work in heart and mind. The grace of God enlarges and multiplies their faculties, and every perfection of the divine nature comes to their assistance in the work of saving souls. Through co-operation with Christ, they are complete in Him, and in their human weakness they are enabled to do the deeds of Omnipotence."—*"Gospel Workers," page 112.*

Then in addition, we have this counsel: "*And when we are brought into strait places, we are to depend on God. We are to exercise wisdom and judgment in every action of life, that we may not, by reckless movements, place ourselves in trial. We are not to plunge into difficulties, neglecting the means that God has provided, and misusing the faculties He has given us. Christ's workers are to obey His instructions implicitly. The work is God's and if we would bless others, His plans must be followed. Self cannot be made a centre; self can receive no honour. If we plan according to our own ideas, the Lord will leave us to our own mistakes. But when, after following His directions, we are brought into strait places, He will deliver us. We are not to give up in discouragement, but in every emergency we are to seek help from Him who has infinite resources at His command. Often we shall be surrounded with trying circumstances, and then, in the fullest confidence, we must depend upon God. He will keep every soul that is brought into perplexity through trying to keep the way of the Lord.*"—*"Desire of Ages," pages 368, 369.*

"The means in our possession may not seem to be sufficient for the work; but if we will move forward in faith, believing in the all-sufficient power of God, *abundant resources will open before us.* If the work be of God, He Himself will provide the means for its accomplishment. He will reward honest, simple reliance upon Him. The little that is wisely and economically used in the service of the Lord of heaven will increase in the very act of imparting.

In the hand of Christ the small supply of food remained undiminished until the famished multitude were satisfied. If we go to the Source of all strength, with our hands of faith outstretched to receive, we shall be sustained in our work, even under the most forbidding circumstances, and shall be enabled to give to others the bread of life."—*Id., pages 370, 371.*

In the light of this counsel, let us take up our work and may the Lord Jesus richly grace our assembly with His presence, wisdom, love and power during these few days of deliberation together, is my fervent prayer.

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## Ruth's Home-Coming

(Continued)

ON their arrival home, Mrs. Peterson met them at the gate, where a tender greeting took place between mother and daughter. At that moment the mother could discern no marked change in Ruth, except that she no longer possessed her beautiful head of long hair. But in a short time she was to discover to her sorrow what a change had been wrought in the girl's life through worldly associates and surroundings, for very few of our young people in the tender years of their teens can attend a non-Christian school without suffering the consequences sooner or later.

A few days later Mrs. Peterson, walking through the garden, found Ruth curled up under the rose arbour with her mind buried deep in a book.

"What are you reading dear?" she asked.

The girl raised a startled face when she saw her mother standing there, and made an attempt to hide the book, but it was too late.

"Let me see it Ruth," Mrs. Peterson demanded in a low, calm voice. Reluctantly the book was handed to her. As she turned it over in her hand, these large words met her eyes: "The Beautiful Cheat."

During the past few days Mrs. Peterson had noted with deep anxiety how far into the world her girl had really gone. Only twice had she reproved her. Once Ruth insisted that she wanted meat served to her, and at another time Mrs. Peterson had discovered her in the kitchen making coffee, which Ruth had purchased without telling her mother. Although Mr. Peterson was not a Christian, he approved of health reform, and for years it had been practised in the home.

Laying the book aside, Mrs. Peterson seated herself at her daughter's side, and placing her arm around her asked, "Ruth, do you think Jesus would put His stamp of approval on a book like that?"

"Really—" The girl quickly drew away from her mother's arms, jumped to her feet, and before thinking what she was saying, blurted out, "Mother, if you do not stop interfering with my innocent little pleasures, I shall run away from home. I received a real vision of life at the uni-

versity, which neither you nor anyone else shall destroy." With an independent toss of her head, she quickly hurried away, leaving her mother in deep despair.

Underneath her bravado Ruth had a tender heart, and she dearly loved her mother and admired her for her beautiful Christian character, but would not have admitted it for the world. She herself was greatly surprised at her sudden outburst, and ashamed, but she endeavoured to comfort herself by saying in her mind, "Well, Jane told me I would have a hard time curing mother of her old-fashioned ideas about youth."

Jane, a very worldly girl who had never known Christ or His love, had been Ruth's room-mate and closest friend at school. She had gradually instilled many harmful ideas about the modern girl into Ruth's mind, which only the Spirit of Christ in her heart could ever remove.

She did not see her mother again till supper time. Her father was attending a business meeting, and was taking lunch down town that evening. Her heart smote her as she saw the tear-swollen eyes of her mother, and the white, drawn face. Not a word passed between them concerning the occurrence of the afternoon. Mrs. Peterson was very kind and gentle to her daughter, as if nothing had occurred.

Ruth had promised Robert Nelson, a friend whom her parents disapproved, that she would attend a dance party that evening at the home of a girl friend, with whom also her mother had forbidden her to associate. She knew her mother would never consent to her attending a dance, and she would rather die than face the patient, sweet face of her mother. She had just about decided to cancel her engagement, when she heard Robert Nelson's whistle outside, and not being very strong, she was unable to resist the temptation.

## Ruth Disappears

She hurriedly wrote a short note to her mother and placed it on her dresser. Then dressing quickly, she slipped out of the back door and was soon on her way to join the party. Several times at the university, through the influence of Jane, she had slipped out at night to attend a party, without telling the preceptress, and her conscience had become almost seared, but somehow tonight she felt very uneasy of mind.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Peterson had missed Ruth. Thinking that she might possibly be in her own room, she opened the door and almost immediately discovered the note standing upright on her dresser, addressed to "Mother."

She stood helplessly beside the bed for a moment, and then dropped on her knees and took her burden to the One who always understands the deepest pains of our hearts. "O God," she pleaded, "impress my child in some way tonight to realise the folly of her course, and to turn to Thee before it is too late." Thus she con-

tinued pleading for her child and her companion.

### Father Joins in the Prayer

So deep was her communion with God that she never noticed that someone for several moments with bowed head had stood by the open door, nor did she hear footsteps a few minutes later as someone entered the room and came over to her side. Feeling a gentle touch on her shoulder, she looked up and saw the tear-stained face of her own companion. With tears streaming down his cheeks, he knelt by her side and brokenly told her he had heard her prayer for himself and child, and that God had been striving with his spirit for some time, beseeching him to surrender to him.

Looking his wife full in the eyes, he said, "You are sorrow-stricken because Ruth has gone out somewhere tonight, aren't you?" I saw her go myself, but she was too far away for me to call her back, and somehow I felt strongly impressed to come in here to you at once. Helen, it is all my own fault that Ruth has gone the way she has. I insisted on her attending that university when she should have gone to a Christian school. I have constantly stood in your way in bringing her up in God's way. O Helen, is it too late for me to make amends for my wasted life? Can God forgive such a reprobate as I?"

A glad light shone in her eyes and her voice was full of tears of thankfulness for God's answer to her prayer as she replied, "Yes, dear, you are very precious in His sight. He died the cruel death on the cross that you might have eternal life. He is the dearest Friend you have. Come, let us seek communion with Him now."

Raising his eyes heavenward, Mr. Peterson poured out his anguished soul to God, seeking forgiveness for his many sins of the past.

### Ruth Returns

Meanwhile Ruth, after joining the merry-makers at the party, continued to be uneasy in her mind. Each step she took on the dance floor seemed as if she were trampling on her mother's poor, wounded heart. Unable to bear it longer, she excused herself from her partner, and sought seclusion from the bang of the jazzy music, the loud laughter, and silly jokes, by slipping unobserved to the front verandah. The noise and merry-making had suddenly become very distasteful to her.

Directly across the street stood the large brick structure of a church. The interior was ablaze with bright lights, as a revival service was being held there that night. A bright light behind the largest stained-glass window threw a beautiful picture into bold relief. There the figure of Jesus stood with His arms outstretched in tender longing to those who knew Him not. The nail prints in His hands and feet were plainly visible.

### A Troubled Conscience

When Ruth first entered the porch, she sat down in a chair with her face pressed in her hands. She had not noticed the lighted church across the street. In fact, for the time being she was perfectly unconscious of her surroundings. Her mind drifted back to her childhood days, when Jesus had been real to her, and she had tried to be a blessing in her home by doing those things which brought happiness to her mother's heart. It seemed now that she could see the dear form kneeling in prayer for her. The veil dropped from her life, and she saw herself for the first time as she really was, an impulsive, independent creature who had strewn sorrow in her mother's pathway, instead of the roses she might have scattered if she had had Jesus in her life.

In a lull in the loud music which had been coming from within the house, Ruth distinctly heard a sweet contralto voice singing a song her mother loved so well:

"I gave My life for thee,  
My precious blood I shed,  
That thou might'st ransom me,  
And quickened from the dead;  
I gave, I gave my life for thee,  
What hast thou given for Me?"

Ruth raised her tear-stained face, and for the first time saw the beautiful picture of Jesus holding His bruised hands entreatingly to her. The sweet voice continued:

"I suffered much for thee,  
More than thy tongue can tell,  
Of bitterest agony,  
To rescue thee from hell.  
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,  
What hast thou borne for Me?"

The words sank deep into her heart, and as she continued to gaze at the picture, it seemed that the lips moved, and the face, so full of compassion and forgiveness, touched her softened heart. She saw the wounds in His hands and feet, and realised for the first time that they had been pierced for her. Bending her head once

more on her hands, she wept tears of repentance.

From within the church the beautiful voice sang:

"Take my heart, O Father take it!  
Make and keep it all Thine own;  
Let Thy Spirit melt and break it,  
This proud heart of sin and stone.

"Father, make it pure and lowly,  
Fond of peace and far from strife  
Turning from the paths unholy,  
Of this vain and sinful life.

"May the blood of Jesus heal it,  
And its sins be all forgiven,  
Holy Spirit take and seal it,  
Guide it in the path to heaven."

"Yes, Jesus," Ruth whispered at the close of the song, "That is my prayer too."

All at once the loud jazzy music again burst upon the night air, and it seemed to Ruth that she could stand it no longer and that she must go home to her mother.

"Ruth where are you?" She recognised Bob's voice. "Aren't you going to have this dance with me?"

As he reached her side, he was greatly surprised to hear a resolute little voice say, "No, Bob, I have danced my last dance tonight and forever. Please take me home. I cannot stand it here any longer."

"Nonsense," he stormed, "what has gotten into you anyway?"

"Look, Bob, look long and steadily at that pleading face of Jesus, and you will understand."

He gave the sweet face of his Maker one look, and without another word led Ruth to the waiting car. And soon Ruth was bidding Robert Nelson, a strangely silent young man, good-night.

She wanted to rush upstairs and tell her mother the great change that had been wrought in her life that night, but upon second thoughts decided it might be better to be more quiet, as her mother might be resting. Tiptoeing softly up the stairs, she found the door of her room slightly ajar, and she could hear the low tones of her father's voice. It sounded so different from what it had before. She could hardly believe that she was seeing aright when she looked in and saw her father kneeling beside her mother, and her own name on his lips in prayer. Raising her heart to God, she thanked Him for leading her daddy home too that night.

Waiting until the prayer was finished, she hurried into the room, and before they could arise to their feet, she knelt between them with an arm around each, and whispered, "God is so good and merciful. The lost lamb has returned to the fold."

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### Situation Vacant

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## One More Life in the Jungle Saved

R. B. PARSONS, M. D.

(Bongo Mission Hospital, Angola)

COKOVENDA had what seemed to be a cold. But colds are common and she had had colds before, and besides that, folks always caught colds at this time of the year, so Cokovenda wasn't given any special attention, nor was even her little chest covered. But when Cokovenda began to wheeze and choke for breath her father thought the white doctor might be able to keep her from choking to death. So they came just as we were finishing the work in the morning clinic—the mother with her baby tied on her back, and the father carrying Cokovenda in his arms.

The child's bare chest was rubbed with a dispensary manufactured Vicks and covered with a chest pack. Then she was put to bed and given an inhalation. The poor little thing was gasping for breath, but seemed relieved after breathing the warm medicated steam.

When the clinic was over, everyone went home to eat. When the nurse had finished her dinner, she went to see how little Cokovenda was getting along. She found her in her father's arms, pulseless and breathless. Immediately artificial respiration was given. Just as she began drawing a few jerky breaths, the doctor wondering how the little patient was getting on, came into the ward. Things began moving quickly and soon Cokovenda was lying on the operating room table with a sand bag under the back of her neck. A cut was made in the windpipe and Cokovenda began breathing through a tube that was put through the slit in the windpipe.

(Continued on page 7)

## Cape Conference

W. H. Hurlow ..... President

Miss P. E. Willmore Secy.-Treas.

Box 508, Port Elizabeth, C. P.

## Effort at George

A. C. LE BUTT

It was the writer's privilege to conduct an effort in the George Town Hall during the months of September and October. The usual obstacles were thrown across our pathway right from the beginning, and no stone was left unturned that would be a hindrance to our progress and prevent the public from attending.

We found a very strong feeling against us, and while we knew it was in existence, yet we were unable to meet it, so carefully were the plans laid for this bitter attack.

Just before we started our effort two gentlemen made it their business to approach every home in George with carefully chosen words of warning. Others declared a very solemn *verboden*. Nevertheless we

felt that this free advertising was going to be a great help to us, as it has been in other places, but not so this time; somehow the public took notice of these earnest but misled heralds.

Unfortunately the weather was very bad and we had, one can safely say, four wet nights to every fine one, and the worst of it was, the fine night never fell on a Sunday, which is usually the evangelist's "special." However, we carried on cheerfully and tried our best not to let the above-mentioned conditions dampen our spirits. The photograph will show you that God has blessed our humble efforts, and that a number will be added to the church in that town.

Mrs. Stevenson, Miss Ivy Stevenson, and Mr. W. Hyatt, Jr., were connected with the effort, and worked enthusiastically to make the campaign a success.

## Sympathy

THE Cape Conference wishes to express to Brother and Sister C. H. Leibbrandt and family, of Port Elizabeth, its sincere sympathy in the loss, by sudden death, of their son Ross.

The funeral was conducted at Port Elizabeth by Elder W. H. Hurlow.

## Die 1936 Week van Gebed

J. F. WRIGHT

WEER sal ons die voorreg hê van 'n Week van Gebed. Die datums wat deur die Wêreldkonferensie daarvoor bepaal is, is van 12 tot 19 Desember 1936. Die Week van Gebed was nog altyd tot groot seën vir die kerk, en dit behoort hierdie keer ook weer die geval te wees.

Die lesings wat voorberei is, bevat tref-fende boodskappe. Daar dit van belang kan wees vir diegene wat nie die *Review* and *Herald* ontvang nie, gee ek die titels van die onderwerpe, asmede die name van die skrywers:

- 12 Des. .... W. H. Branson  
„Christus, Ons Verlosser”
- 13 Des. .... Meade MacGuire  
„'n Bestendige Christelike Lewe”
- 14 Des. .... Louis K. Dickson  
„'n Kennis van die Waarheid”
- 15 Des. .... O. Montgomery  
„Ons Huise”
- 16 Des. .... H. A. Morrison  
„Ons Jeug, Skole, en Boodskap”
- 17 Des. .... I. H. Evans  
„Die Krag van God tot Saligheid”
- 18 Des. .... C. H. Christen  
„Nuwe Vooruitgang”
- 19 Des. .... J. L. McElhany  
„Die Oorgawe van Alles”

En nou, geagte broeders en susters, waar ons hierdie tyd van verkwikking nader, behoort ons ons groot behoefte, en die *erns* van die tyd waarin ons lewe te besef. Die jaar wat eerlank sal eindig was 'n veel-

bewoë jaar. Ons arme ou wêreld gaan gebuk onder 'n las van gevaar, misdaad, benoudheid, en ellende. Die volke staan voor moeilike vraagstukke. Onlangs het die volgende artikel in die Londen *Daily Express* verskyn:

„1848-1936”

„Europa word in 1936 geskud deur 'n aardbewing van idees en botsings net soos dit in 1848—die jaar van verskrikking—geskud was. Destyds het Frankryk, Duitsland, Oostenryk, Hongarye, Italië en Pole in opstand gekom; die bloedvergieting van toe was veroorsaak deur die barensnood van demokrasie, maar tans beleef ons die doodstryd daarvan.”

Dit is maar een uit baie verklarings aangaande huidige wêreldtoestande. Daar bestaan geen twyfel nie dat ons spoedig die middernagtelike uur van die geskiedenis van die wêreld nader. En as dit waar is, dan was daar nog nooit 'n tyd waarin daar groter behoefte bestaan het om die aangesig van God te soek as nou nie. Die diensmaag van die Here het gesê dat as ons die sluitingsure sien, behoort daar 'n groot reinigingswerk plaas te vind onder die volk van God. Daar is gewis nou so 'n reinigingswerk in ons harte nodig!

Laat ons as hoopvolle gevangenes ons harte voorberei vir die Week van Gebed hierdie jaar, en laat ons dit die beste en geseëndste ondervinding maak wat ons nog ooit in die Suidelike Afrikaanse Divisie gehad het.



INTERESTED PERSONS AND WORKERS AT GEORGE.

## Rina se Tuiskoms

MABEL ADAMS-NICHOLS

(Etlke jare gelede het hierdie verhaal óf in die *Review* and *Herald* óf die *Youth's Instructor* verskyn — ek is nie meer seker nie. Dit het 'n groot indruk op my gemaak, en aangesien dit so 'n treffende beskrywing is van wat baie van ons jongmense van tyd tot tyd deurmaak, het ek 'n afskrif daarvan gemaak. Ek het dit sedertdien dikwels herles, en elke keer het dit my opnuut getref. Ek weet van ander jongmense wat dieselfde paadjie geloop het as Rina, en vandag is daar ook baie jongmense wat afdwaal terwyl hulle wêreldse skole bywoon. Daar hierdie verhaal die een of ander jong persoon of ouer miskien kan help, plaas ons dit in die *OUTLOOK* — veral nou dat ons aandag gevestig word op die waarde van Christelike Opvoeding. — J. F. WRIGHT.)

Mnr. PIETERSE het gelukkig geglimlag toe hy van die poskantoor af terugkom en sy vrou by die voordeur ontmoet. Hy het sy een hand agter sy rug gehou, en de ander een om haar skouers geslaan.

„Raai wat het ek vroutjie,” het hy gesê.

„O Hennie, dis seker 'n brief van Rina wat sê dat sy eerlank sal tuis wees,” het sy vol verwagting gesê.

„A nee a! vroutjie, dis nie regverdig om sommer die eerste skoot reg te raai nie. Ja, sy kom huis-toe, en hier is die brief.”

Die twee van hulle het die brief gretig gelees, wat as volg gelui het:

27 November 1927

„Liewe Moeder en Vader:

„Die skool sluit aanstaande Woensdag. Sal Saterdag arriveer wat die Unie Snel-trein wat om 10 uur voormiddag aankom.

„Verskoon maar hierdie kort briefie; ek is baie haastig, want ek moet nog gaan aantrek vir d'e geselligheid vanaand. Ek sien met verlange uit om weer tuis te wees.

„Met liefde

„Rina.”

Mnr. Pieterse het sy blydschap getoon, maar die gelukkige trek het van sy vrou se gesig verdwyn. Sy het haar stil begewe na die kamer langs. Natuurlik was sy baie bly dat haar kind binnekort sou tuis wees, na 'n afwesigheid van nege maande, maar sy het iets in die brief opgemerk wat haar man, 'n ongelowige in die waarheid, nie opgemerk het nie. Die brief was Vrydag geskrywe, en Rina het gesê dat sy daardie aand na 'n geselligheid sou gaan. En dan ook was sy van plan om op die Sabbat te re's. Vir geruime tyd reeds het Rina nie meer van Saterdag as die Sabbat gepraat in haar briewe nie. Hoewel sy nie gedoop was nie, het sy altyd, terwyl sy nog tuis was, haar moeder se Sabbat — die sewende dag — gerespekteer.

Mev. Pieterse was sterk daarteen dat haar dogter 'n wêreldse skool moes bywoon, maar haar man was vasbeslote dat Rina na 'n universiteit moes gaan instede van 'n Christelike skool soos haar moeder verlang het. Hy het gewin ondanks sy vrou se gesoebat in trane.

Die laaste dag wat moeder en dogter saam was, het sy Rina in haar arms geneem soos sy dikwels met haar gemaak het toe sy nog klein was, en sy het haar gevra om Jesus nooit te vergeet, of iets te doen wat sou maak dat Hy Sy gesig in droefheid van haar sal wegdraai nie, maar dat sy

moes trag om Hom in haar skoollewe te dien.

In die begin het Rina se briewe dikwels van Jesus en haar liefde vir Hom melding gemaak; maar met verloop van tyd het sy net geskrywe van die heerlike tyd wat sy het, en sy het nie meer Jesus se naam genoem nie. In elke brief wat gekom het, kon die moeder al meer en meer merk hoe-dat, as gevolg van die wêreldlike invloed van Rina se maats en die omgewing daar, Jesus nie meer vir haar 'n werklikheid was nie. Mev. Pieterse was diep bedroef, en sy het ure op haar knieë in gebed deurgebring en God gesmeek om haar kind te beskerm en haar tot Hom te trek.

Daardie week het Mev. Pieterse, nadat Rina se brief gekom het, baie hard gewerk om voor te berei vir haar dogter se koms. Teen sonder Vrydag was die huis mooi aan die kant, en daar was heelwat van die lekkernye waarvan Rina gehou het in die spens.

Vroeg die volgende more was moeder en vader reeds wakker met die blye vooruitsug om hul kind te sien. Weens die moeë uitdrukking op sy vrou se gesig, het Mnr. Pieterse daarop aangedring dat sy moes tuisbly en rus, terwyl hy elf myl ver na die stasie is om Rina te gaan afhaal.

Kort na sy aankoms op die stasie het die trein ingestoom. Dadelik het hy sy kind uitgeken onder die menigte op die platform. Miskien het hy hom dit verbeel, maar op 'n afstand het dit geskyn of sy verander het. Miskien was dit omdat sy haar lang hare afgesny het terwyl sy weg was — so het die Vader gedink.

Die slanke meisie van sewentien jaar het in haar vader se arms gehardloop. „O pappie,” dis heerlik om jou weer te sien,” het sy opgewonde uitgeroep.

### 'n Onrusbarende Verandering

Haar jeugdige gesig wat na hom gekeer was, was bekend, maar tog so vreemd. Haar welgevormde lippe was 'n bietjie te rooi om natuurlik te wees. Haar rooi hoed het haar rooi wange nog meer laat afsteek. Twee helder blou oë, met swart-gesmeerde wimpers, het in syne gekyk. Sy het baie mooi gelaatstrekke gehad, maar haar opgemaakte gesig het haar vrouelike skoonheid, 'n gawe van God, geskend.

„Vader, hoe gaan dit met moeder?”

Mnr. Pieterse het dadelik die verandering in sy dogter opgemerk, en hy het in sy binneste ongemaklik gevoel. Miskien moes hy tog maar na sy vrou geluister het, en Rina na 'n Christelike, in plaas van 'n nie-Christelike skool, gestuur het.

Onderwyl die motor vinnig oor die mooi pad huisvaarts gespoed het, het die vader maar min gepraat. Plotseling het 'n stem langs hom gesê: „Vader u is nie so bly om my te sien as ek gedink het nie. Is u nie bly dat ek weer tuis is nie?”

„Natuurlik is ek. Jou moeder en ek het jou baie gemis, en ons is bly om jou weer tuis te hê, maar —” Dit het gevoel asof daar 'n groot knop in sy keel is wat dit vir hom onmoontlik maak om te sê wat hy verplig sou wees om te sê voor hulle

by die huis aankom.

Eindelik kon hy praat, en hy het gesê: „Rina, jy weet dat ek jou baie lief het, en sou jou vir niks in die wêreld wil leed aandoen nie; maar wat ek wil sê is nie alleen vir jou eie beswil nie, maar vir jou moeder se onthalwe. Terwyl jy hierdie jaar op skool was, het sy haarself byna dood bekommer oor jou, en dit sal haar hart breek om te sien dat jy nie meer dieselfde kind is wat byna 'n jaar gelede van die huis af weg is nie. Sal jy nie vir haar ontwil die kleursel van jou wange afvryf voordat ons tuis kom nie? Dê, jy kan my sakdoek gebruik.”

Sy het die sakdoek wat aan haar gerek was, weggestoot, en haar gesig en nek het bloedrooi geword. Haar blou oë het boosaardig geflikker. As Christus nie in die hart is nie, dan is dit maar moeilik om jou te bedwing. Sy het nie die toesprake vergeet wat sy gehoor het as lid van 'n geheime vereniging — „Die Moderne Vrou” — nie. Hier het sy geleer dat 'n meisie moet veg vir haar regte, ten spyte van ouerlike invloede. Die skoolpersoneel het nie geweet van hierdie vereniging nie, of anders sou hulle dit dadelik verbied het.

„Byna alle ordentlike dames aan die universiteit gebruik rouge. Die fakulteitsvoorsitter het gesê, dat dit ons plig is as jong vroue om onself so aantreklik moontlik te maak,” het sy aan haar vader gesê.

„Maar my liewe kind, moenie jouself bedrieg deur te dink dat kunsmatige op-tuissels mens moeier maak nie. Jy het die bedoeling van daardie dame heeltemal verkeerd opgevat. Elke ware vrou of man admireer 'n natuurlike meisie. Ek het al dikwels gehoor hoedat jongmans spottende en veragte aanmerkings maak op meisies wat soos waspoppe opgetooi is. As hulle maar kon hoor wat die jongmans van hulle sê, sou hulle in die aarde ingesak het. Die mense wat iets beteken in die wêreld hou van natuurlike skoonheid, en dit is tog 'n gawe wat jy besit. Laat dit maar op 'n natuurlike wyse uitkom, Rina.”

Daar het vir 'n rukkie 'n doodse stilte geheers. In haar hart het Rina geweet dat haar vader reg is. Sy het weens sy teregwysing veroordeel gevoel, want sy het geweet dat sy gedurende die afgelope jaar verander het. Daar het trane in haar oë gekom toe sy aan haar vader se woorde gedink het: „Jou moeder is nie baie sterk nie, Rina, en sy het haarself afgeswoeg om lekkernye vir jou tuiskoms te berei.”

Elke keer as haar vader wegkyk het sy met haar sakdoek aan haar gesig gegee. Eindelik het sy daarin geslaag om al die rouge af te vee; sy het na haar vader gekyk en met bewende stemmetjie gevra: „Vader, lyk ek nou 'n bietjie meer soos jou Rina?”

Daar was 'n uitdrukking van blye verrassing op sy gesig, en hy het uitgeroep: „Rina, jy lyk 'n honderdmaal beter.”

(Word vervolg in volgende uitgawe)



## Nog 'n Lewe in die Bos Gered

R. B. PARSONS, M. D.

*Bongo Sending, Angola*

Dit het gelyk of Kokovenda maar net 'n verkoue gehad het. Maar 'n verkoue is 'n algemene aandoening. Sy het al voorheen verkoues gehad, en wat meer is, dit was die verkouetyd van die jaar en dus het Kokovenda nie eintlik spesiale aandag geniet nie, en haar borsie was nie eers bedek nie. Dog toe Kokovenda begin wurg en hyg na asem, het haar vader gedink dat die wit dokter miskien kon help dat sy nie dood wurg nie. Hulle het daar aangekom net toe ons met ons werk in die apteek vir die more klaar was—die moeder het 'n baba geabba, terwyl die vader Kokovenda gedra het.

Ons het die kind se kaal borsie gesmeer met Vicks wat ons self gemaak het, en toe het ons 'n droë inwikkeling opgesit. Ons het haar daarna in die bed gesit en gestoom. Dit het geskyn of die warm wasem haar 'n bietjie verligting gegee het.

Na ons in die apteek klaar was het ons almal gaan eet. Na die verpleegster met haar middagmaal klaar was, het sy gaan kyk hoe dit met Kokovenda gaan. Sy het die kind in haar vader se arms gevind, die hart het nie meer geklop nie en daar was geen asemhaling nie. Dadelik het sy kunsmatige asemhaling gegee. Net toe sy weer begin asemhaal, het die dokter, wat gewonder het hoe dit met haar gaan, die hospitaal binnegestap. Daar was dadelik tewerkgegaan, en eerlank het Kokovenda op die operasietafel gelê. Die dokter het 'n sny in die gorrel gemaak, en Kokovenda het begin asemhaal deur 'n pypie wat in die gorrel gesit was. Die kunsmatige gorrelpyp was vir 'n volwassene bedoel, net die binneste deel kon gebruik word, en selfs dit was so groot dat dit nie mooi in die gorrel wou ingaan nie. Met strokies kleefpleister en verbande het ons dit meer of min in posisie gehou; en hoewel ons dit dikwels moes uithaal en skoonmaak, was Kokovenda baie verdraagsaam en geduldig. Dit alles het op Maandag gebeur; teen Vrydag was die pypie uitgehaal en later is sy huistoe, met haar asemhaling weer normaal.

Weer het ons 'n lewe in die bos gered, en nog een het 'n kans om die evangelie aan te neem.

## Kaapse Konferensie

W. H. Hurlow ..... President  
Mej. P. E. Willmore, Sek.-Tes.  
Bus 508, Port Elizabeth, K. P.

## Die Poging op George

A. C. LE BUTT

Dit was my voorreg om gedurende September en Oktober 'n poging in die stad-

saal op George te hou. Reeds aan die begin al was die gewone struikelblokke in ons weg gelê, en geen steen was onaangevoerd gelaat om ons te verhinder en die publiek weg te hou van die dienste nie.

Daar was 'n sterk gevoel teen ons, en hoewel ons daarvan geweet het, kon ons niks daaraan doen nie.

Net voor ons die poging begin het, het twee persone elke huis in George besoek en die mense gewaarsku om weg te bly. Ons het egter gevoel dat die publisiteit wat ons op hierdie manier ontvang het ons ook soos op ander plekke, goed te pas sou kom, dog hierdie keer was dit nie die geval nie. Om die een of ander rede het die publiek gehoor gegee aan hierdie ernstige, dog misleide, bodes.

Ongelukkig was die weer ook baie ongunstig; ons kan sê dat dit gewoonlik vier aande uit die vyf gereent het, en die slegste van alles was dat die mooiweer aand nooit op Sondagand—die evangeliese „spesiale” aand—geval het nie. Hoe dit ook al toegegaan het, het ons maar opgeruimd volgehou en ons bes gedoen om nie onder die omstandighede moedeloos te word nie. Die bygaande foto wys egter dat die Here ons nederige pogings gesien het, en dat daar 'n aantal nuwe lede by die kerk sal aansluit.

Mev. Stevenson, Mej. Ivy Stevenson, en Mnr. W. Hyatt, Junior, het op geesdriftige wyse met die poging gehelp.

## Doodsberig

HITEN.—Johanna Elizabeth Hiten (gebore Van der Westhuizen) is op 2 November 1936, in haar sewen-en-vyftigste jaar op Aliwal Noord oorlede.

Voor haar huwelik met Leraar S. G. Hiten was Suster Hiten 'n ywerige werkster in die Heilsleër. Na hul huwelik het albei vir 'n aantal jare as offisiere in die Heilsleër gedien waar hulle hoog aangeskryf gestaan het.

In 1913, onderwyl Leraar D. F. Tarr hulle bearbei het, het hulle die Adventboodskap aangeneem. Suster Hiten het eerste uitgestaan, en was 'n week later deur haar eggenoot gevolg. Vir drie-en-twintig jaar het Suster Hiten haar man in sy werk bygestaan. Sy was 'n voorbeeldige eggenote en moeder, en haar man en vier seuns sal haar baie mis.

Die lyksrede was in die Good Templars' Saal, Aliwal Noord, gehou. Die groot opkoms, en baie kranse het getuig dat die oorledene baie bemin was.

By die graf was 'n aantal bemoedigende tekste geles en trooswoorde gespreek. Onderwyl ons die stoflike oorskot ter ruste gelê het, dig aan die oewers van ou Groot Rivier, kon ons nie help om te dink aan die blye hereniging wat ons daar in die toekoms wag, wanneer ons ontslapte suster die salige voorreg sal hê, om saam met haar dierbares langs die oewers van die Rivier van die Lewe te wandel.

Aan Leraar Hiten, en sy vier seuns,

George, Stephen, Stanley en Fletcher, betuig ons ons innige medelyde.

Die dienste was waargeneem deur,  
J. E. SYMONS.

## Obituary

BASTIAANS.—Pieter Faddegon Bastiaans was born in Stellenbosch, Cape Province, February 20, 1879, and died in Bloemfontein, O. F. S., November 7, 1936. It was in the year 1929 that Brother Bastiaans fully decided to accept the truth as preached by Seventh-day Adventists. He attended the evangelistic effort conducted by Elder W. H. Hurlow at Bloemfontein and was baptised with his youngest son, Wesley. For the past seven years Brother Bastiaans has been a faithful member of the Bloemfontein church, serving the church as elder for two years and prior to that he held the office of deacon. He had also taken an active part in the Sabbath school and in the young people's work of the church and was a lay leader in every sense of the word. He was always on duty; the interests of the church were his first concern. Brother Bastiaans set a worthy example to the laity. With the burdens resting increasingly heavily upon our regular ministers and evangelistic forces, we need men who, like our late brother, will shoulder burdens, carrying responsibility cheerfully and faithfully. The Bloemfontein church has lost a faithful member and a loyal worker.

Funeral services were conducted by the writer, assisted by Mr. C. A. Jennings (brother-in-law of the deceased). We laid our brother to rest in the sure and certain hope of a part in the first resurrection.

There are left to mourn, his widow and six children, two of whom Sister Vera Williams and Wesley, are members of the church. Wesley is completing the training course at Helderberg College. To the mourners we extend heartfelt sympathy and commend them to the care of their loving heavenly Father, "Who doeth all things well."  
J. E. SYMONS.

## Life in the Jungle Saved

(Concluded from page 5)

The trachæl tube was adult size, so only the inner section could be used, and that was so large that it would not even entirely enter the windpipe, but had to protrude about an inch. With adhesive and bandage the tube stayed in position and even though it had to be taken out and cleaned often, little five-year-old Cokovenda was very patient and never whimpered, but co-operated in every way. This all happened on Monday; and on Friday the tube was taken out and later she went home, breathing normally again.

One more life in the jungle saved—one more that has an opportunity to accept the gospel of salvation.

## The Southern African Division Outlook

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## PUBLISHING Department

F. E. Potter, Secretary



## Who's Who in the Literature Ministry

No. 4.—W. Retief

BROTHER RETIEF enlisted in the literature ministry twelve years ago in the Transvaal. During the major portion of his ministry he has laboured in rural areas shedding the light of truth among the farming community with much success.

In 1926 Brother Retief was invited to connect with an evangelistic effort being held in Krugersdorp, after which he entered secular employment as an artist. In 1930, however, he renewed his vows to the Lord and once more entered the literature ministry. Since that date he has laboured earnestly in many parts of the Transvaal and Orange Free State with large and small subscription books and has placed a total of 3,378 books in the homes of country and town dwellers—and that within eight years. His success in effecting delivery of the books ordered from him has been remarkable, and in almost every case his delivery has been close to the 100 per cent mark.

Referring to his work in the literature

ministry, Brother Retief states, "I am more than grateful for the work I have been able to accomplish in God's strength. The one thing that has always strengthened me in my labours is the promise that I am not left to work alone, but that the Master is ever by my side to inspire, encourage, and comfort."

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## Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses for 1937

WE take great pleasure in presenting the Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses for 1937. These books, we believe, will be found among the most interesting and helpful that have been included in any of our courses. Though there are five books in the senior course for next year, the price for the entire course is only slightly higher than it has been other years for a course with only four books. Let us endeavour to give the Reading Courses a wider circulation than ever before!

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## Division Activities

F. E. POTTER

THE Division headquarters office at Grove Avenue, Claremont, was a hive of activity during the first three weeks in November. The annual Division committee was in session for a period of that time, followed by the South African Union committee.

On the Division committee the Zambesi Union was represented by Elder E. C. Boger who, we regret to state, is not enjoying very good health. Elder Boger brought a cheering report of progress on the new Maun Hospital in Ngamiland.

Elder H. M. Sparrow represented the South East African Union and told us of the establishment at last of a mission station in Portuguese East Africa.

From the great Congo field came Elder Giddings, its new superintendent, with a

stirring tale of mission progress in that far-away portion of the Division.

Angola sent Elder C. W. Curtis as its spokesman with a tale of courage and faith in spite of many difficulties, financial and otherwise.

Elder A. Floyd Tarr represented our largest European field—the South African Union—whence came many items of progress to encourage and inspire.

We are glad to have our veteran missionary leader, Elder Anderson, again in our midst. He was just in from an extended tour in the northern fields.

Dr. A. N. Tonge, our Division medical leader, was also in attendance, and we were glad to have an encouraging report about the Nokuphila Hospital, our latest medical project.

Brother Webster came down from the Zambesi Union to give temporary assistance in the treasury department during the Division Committee session. He connects with the Division office permanently next February as bookkeeper.

Elder S. G. Hiten, our Afrikaans constituency representative, sat with the committee, and all were happy to see him in good health once more.

We enjoyed Brother Conard's company at the Division office for a few weeks. He came over to this field from the General Conference on an annual audit. His occasional counsel on committee problems was much appreciated.

The Peninsula churches, both European and Coloured, much appreciated the services rendered on the past three Sabbaths by brethren from the north, and enjoyed their tales of mission advance.

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## Situations Vacant

THE Natal-Transvaal Conference is anxious to get in touch with energetic young men and women desirous of engaging in the magazine work. Write to the office, P.O. Box 7768, Johannesburg, for details of the plan whereby you can earn not less than £8 to £10 per month at this work.

WANTED Seventh-day Adventist young man, eighteen to twenty-two years of age, to take charge of electrical shop and sales. Must be of good address. Salary and commission. Write: J. J. Coss, Electrical Installation and Repair Engineer, 239a Church Street, Maritzburg, Natal.

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## Wanted

To buy a good second-hand magic lantern and slides. No fancy prices. Write, giving details of slides and machine, to: XYZ., C/o OUTLOOK, P.O. Box 6, Claremont, C. P.