

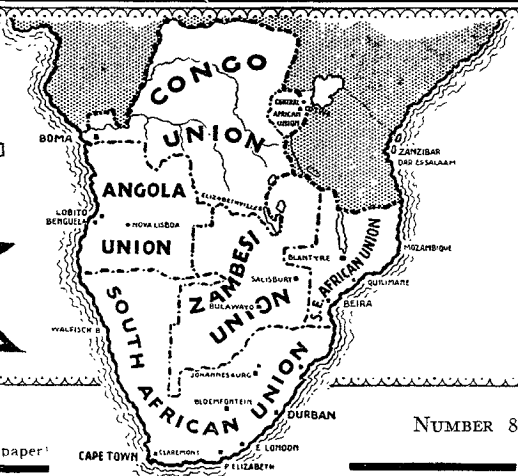
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When the Deacon Talked in Church

WILLIAM T. GUNN

IT was a warm Sunday in June, and our foreign missionary sermon was to be given. But we had slept, I may say, through both sermon and offering many a time before. The sermon didn't seem different from usual; but it just happened to come home to the deacon. The preacher took for his text the verse about, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature;" and he dwelt on the "go ye." He said it didn't say anything about taking up a collection, but it did say to go, and that the Lord would never be satisfied until we went.

Most of us hadn't ever given much, only just enough to look respectable when the plate was passed. But the preacher showed us that this command, "Go ye," meant just what it said, and that everybody was included. I always thought that there was some special kind of call that came to one here and another there; and that only those who felt the call had to be missionaries. But he said that wasn't in the Bible, and that everybody was commanded to "go"—unless they had a special call to stay at home. Even then they were bound to do their best to find a substitute to go for them, and to help everyone to go that could. He asked us how we would feel if we hadn't any Christ to go to for forgiveness of our sins, or for help in our trials, or strength against temptations, or comfort in sorrow, or guidance in perplexity; no Christ to tell us how to live here, or to tell us about the love of God, and where our loved ones went at death. This is what makes life so dark and hard to the heathen. In our gifts the preacher told us to think of the Lord's command to us and the heathen's need for us to go.

Then he prayed. The choir didn't sing that day, but the organ played while the collection was being taken. Old Deacon Bright got up to pass the plate in his aisle. He was as fine a man as you could meet in a day's journey—as good a neighbour

and as honest a man as ever lived. He owned a good two-hundred acre farm, and had a fine family—all members of the church. Jim ran the farm; Jack, the second boy, was just ready to go to college; and Mary had her diploma as teacher, and was studying to be a nurse. The mother, too, was as fine a woman as you could find anywhere.

The old deacon had been getting considerably deaf of late years, and always sat alone in the front pew. He seemed to be sort of dreaming over the sermon; for as he rose to get the collection plate he began to talk out loud to himself. As far as I can recollect, this is what he said:

"So that 'go ye' means me and every one of us; this is the Lord's plate, and what we put in is our substitute for going ourselves; it shows how much we love Him and how much we are worth to Him, if we don't go ourselves."

He went to the back seat, and passed the plate. The back seats are always full of young men, and as they put their money on the plate the old man went on: "One shilling from Sam Jones. My boy, you'd been worth more than that to the Lord. Fivepence from David Brown, threepence from Tom Stone, and nothing from Steve Jackson; one shilling and eightpence for four boys, and every one of them could go, too; and they's worth at least five pounds a week each to their fathers, and only one shilling and eightpence to the Lord."

In the next pew sat Mr. Allen and his family. Mr. Allen put on four shillings for the family, and the old deacon moved away saying, "The Lord died for the wife and little ones too, but they have nothing to give."

In front was Judge Purvis with his wife and two daughters. "Less than the price of one of your dinners down town; half the cost of that pair of gloves you wear; almost as much as you spent for ice cream last week; one box of candy;" were the

deacon's comments as the coins fell from the hands of the judge and family.

Then farmer John Robb put on a bill rolled up, and Mrs. Robb put on another; Johnnie Robb, a little envelope bulging with coppers; Maggie helped the baby to put on another gift; and the old deacon said, "God bless them."

We were all listening by this time, though we didn't dare to turn round, and lots of us were mighty glad the deacon wasn't taking up the collection in our aisle.

John McClay's pew came. "Worth four shillings a year to the Lord, and four hundred a year to himself," said the deacon. "Fifteen pounds for a bicycle and tenpence for the Lord don't match, Tommy McClay. Miss Eden, it looks queer for a hand with a twenty pound ring to drop threepence on the plate."

"Less than last year, James Stevens, but the Lord bless you, too. A new house for yourself and a shilling for your Lord, Alec Bovey."

"God bless you, Mrs. Dean. You take in washing and can give a pound to the Lord! What! and Minnie has some, too, and wee Bobbie."

Two shillings, three shillings, three shillings and sixpence, three shillings and ninepence; ah, your dinner will cost more than you have given, Mr. Steele. A bright, new tenshill note, and spread out, too, Mr. Perkins; nine shillings was for show. A cheque from Mr. Hay. It'll be a good one, too, because he gives a tenth to the Lord. Eight shillings from you, Harry Atkins, is a small gift to the Lord that healed your dear wife.

"Ah, Kitty Hughes, that two shillings never cost you a thought, and you Marian, only a shilling, and you could both 'go ye' and support yourselves. . . . Threepence from the father and a halfpenny each from the family; John Hull and family don't seem to love the heathen very hard. . . . Ah, Mrs. McRimmon, that means a good deal to you; the Lord keep you till you

join your good man that's gone. . . . Charlie Baker, and you too, Effie; I doubt if the Lord will take any substitute for you. Nothing from you, Mr. Cantile? not interested, I s'pose. Heathens at home; perhaps you're one of them.

"Fivepence, Mr. Donald. I don't think you'd want to put that in the Lord's hand; and you, Mr. Jenkins, no more."

The old man came to his own pew, and as his wife put in an envelope, he said: "Ah, Mary, I am afraid, my dear, we've been robbing the Lord all these years. We ought to put Jack and Mary, too, on the plate, wife. Jim, my boy, you'd be worth far more than that to the Lord." Jack and Mary sat in the choir.

So the old man went on from pew to pew until he came to the front again; and there he stood for a moment, the plate in his left hand, fumbling in his vest pocket. But he said, "No, that isn't enough, Lord; you ought to get more than that; you've been very good to me." He put the plate down, and, taking out an old leather wallet, counted out some notes on the plate, and said: "I am sorry, Lord, I didn't know you wanted me to go. Jim will keep mother and me on the farm, now we're getting old; but I won't keep Jack back any longer, and Mary's been wanting to go, too, only I wouldn't let her; take them both, Lord."

Then the old man sat down and buried his face in his hands. Deacon Wise jumped up, and said, "Pastor, we haven't done our duty, and we know it. Let's take up the collection again next Sunday." A chorus of amens came from all over the church.

The pastor got up, with tears in his eyes, and said: "My friends, I haven't done all I could, either. I want to give more next Sunday, and I'll give my boy, too."

Then we sang a hymn as we closed, but it sounded different than it ever had sounded before —

"Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

The organist said she believed it went through the roof, and I guess God thought so too.

The old deacon felt pretty bad when he found out how his day-dreaming had been done aloud; and one or two felt pretty hard at first, but they knew that what he said was true.

That was what started our missionary church, and we've kept on ever since. Fourteen members of our Christian Endeavour Society have gone out as missionaries in the last five years — six of our best young men and eight of our brightest girls.

Jack Bright? He married the organist, and they are out on the border of Tibet, where his medical skill is winning a way for Christ. Mary Bright married the minister's son, and they went to Africa. The old deacon has gone to his rest now. I wish we had more like him.

I have two of my own boys in the work,

(Continued on page 8)

Who's Who at the Council

F. G. CLIFFORD

WE wish all of our readers could be present at this Division Council. What a privilege to meet such a large number of the men who are doing things for God in Africa! Since you cannot all be here, let me introduce you to a few of them. They will be glad to meet you. Here they are: veterans and recruits, doctors and teachers, pastors and evangelists, mission directors and school inspectors, nurses and Bible workers. Yes, they all look happy. Many of them have not met for years. How pleasant it is to meet old friends and fellow-workers — all in the service of the Master — and, as they meet, and listen to accounts of progress, they are convinced that He is coming soon.

I would like you first to meet our visiting brethren. Here comes Pastor W. H. Anderson, our veteran pioneer. He carries his years well and is still young at heart. Now meet Elder C. W. Curtis, he comes from Angola and is superintendent of the field. It is a tough missionary field, but Brother Curtis has not lost courage. Well, this is Elder Sparrow and his wife from Nyasaland. Brother Sparrow is the superintendent of the South East African Union, and you can see from his face that things are prospering in that field. As we step across the road we see Elder W. L. Hyatt, of Cape Town, Elder J. Raubenheimer, of Pretoria, and Elder A. W. Staples, of Johannesburg, three of our strong evangelists. It gives us courage to shake hands, and listen in for a few moments while they exchange experiences relating to a large ingathering of souls among the Europeans in the Union. Now meet another group before they separate. They are all doctors this time, and are probably discussing ways and means of treating innumerable patients on limited budgets; but they are not depressed. I might offend medical ethics if I gave you their names, but they are an earnest, God-fearing, and yet cheerful group of men.

Let us catch Elder Le Butt before he gets off on some errand. He is the departmental secretary for the Cape Conference, and his smile is quite a tonic. Now meet Elder Rogers, a retired missionary living in Durban. Our ranks of retired men are thinning, but the others we miss are safe in God's care. Who is that hurrying down the street? Oh yes, it is Elder Ingle, president of the Natal-Transvaal Conference, with Brother Cowper, the departmental secretary, both are busy men — one can see that from their step.

Here is an unexpected pleasure. Meet Elder and Sister W. H. Branson, and their son, Jack. Elder Branson is a vice-president of the General Conference. It seems like old times to have him in our midst. We trust Sister Branson and Jack will enjoy their stay in Africa.

Now, meet another group. This time the educational men. Strange how like attracts like. Perhaps they are plotting some new intelligence test, so we do not mind disturbing them. No, they will not be annoyed. These men have large hearts as well as large minds. The brethren are: Brother Hanson, principal of Spion Kop Missionary Institution; Brother Cadwallader, education secretary of the Zambesi Union Mission; Brother Fairchild, principal of the Solusi Training School; Brother Nash, of the Malamulo Training School; Brother Davy, mission director in northern Nyasaland; Brother Vail, from the Gitwe Training School, and Brother Mantell, of the Good Hope Training School.

Let us leave them and join Elders Robison and Bozarth, secretary and treasurer, respectively, of the Division — both busy men with heavy responsibilities, but not too busy to give a few words of counsel or courage. Now, Brother Wright is joining us; his burden is heavy and he needs our prayers, but he is confident that the Lord is guiding. Now here is Sister Wright. She is deeply interested in the building of better homes among the native believers. Before they get away let us have a word with Elder and Sister Moffitt. Yes, you already know him through the *Signs and Tokens*, but he does more than that. He carries the Missionary Volunteer and Sabbath School Departments for the Division, and is intensely interested in both. Now Elder Hurlow, who is president of the Cape Conference; he seems to be looking for some additional workers for his needy field. No, he is just looking for Sister Hurlow, who is here as the Sabbath School Secretary for the Cape Conference. Fancy, almost passing Brother Potter, our busy and industrious Division Home Missionary and Publishing secretary. He loves his work and believes in it. Brother Slate, the cheery manager of our publishing house, and Brother J. Cooks, Publishing and Home Missionary secretary of the Zambesi Union Mission, are together, and we will stay but a moment, for we want you to meet Elder and Sister Boger. They are leaving our shores on a well-earned rest after years of service as superintendent and Sabbath School secretary, respectively, of the Zambesi Union Mission. That little man with the face that radiates courage and cheer is Elder Detwiler. He will be glad to shake your hand. He is president of the Columbia Union Conference in North America. Then meet Elder Theunissen, the first convert from among the coloured people to the third angel's message in Africa.

We must hurry for the meeting will soon begin, some are already inside the church. Just in time to greet Elder Billes, superin-

tendent of the North Bantu Mission Field, and Elder G. S. Stevenson, superintendent of the South Bantu Mission Field. Here are some more men from the north. Elder R. M. Mote, superintendent of the Northern Rhodesia Mission Field, and Elder J. R. Campbell, the new superintendent of the Zambesi Union. Elder Campbell has large responsibilities and wide experience. From still farther north, comes Brother Monnier and Brother du Plouy with their delightful accent and hearty handshakes. How this message breaks down national barriers! Here you will meet Afrikaners, Americans, English, Belgians, Cape Coloured, and Bantus—and they are all brethren. It is the spirit of penticost that does it.

Brother N. C. Stewart and wife, of the North East Rhodesia Mission Field, are here too. I am sure you need no introduction to Elder A. F. Tarr, our South African Union Conference president. He faces many problems, and is kept very busy, but never too busy, for he is anxious to become better acquainted with you. And Elder J. E. Symons, our South African Union secretary-treasurer, who is always ready to help others with their burdens.

Just a word with Brother Harrison, the new secretary-treasurer of the Zambesi Union. Brother Peter Stevenson is carrying a like responsibility in the Angola Union. Here is Miss Curtis, who is engaged in girl's work in Nyasaland, and Brother Kohen, who is labouring as an evangelist in the Cape Field.

I am sorry I shall not be able to pronounce the names of our native brethren, but you can see from their faces that they love the truth and are with us in the advent message. I am sure you have received an inspiration from meeting this earnest band of workers. They greatly appreciate your prayers and gifts.



Faithful Under Trial

E. M. MELEEN
Bangalore, India

SOUTH Travancore is probably South India's stronghold of Brahmanism and other forms of Hinduism. Nowhere else is the Government to so great a degree in the control of Hinduism. In spite of this there are more Christians in Travancore than in any other state in India. Every possible obstacle is erected against the progress of Christianity, and is employed by Hindu organisations as well as by Government officials. Never before has Hinduism shown any interest in the welfare of the poor and the outcast. According to Hindu philosophy these and all they possess belong to the Brahman and exist only to make life pleasant and easy for him by their hardship and suffering. Christian missionary methods, however, have been potent to break down all barriers, and in this state about one-third of the population, including one half million Mar Thomites and Jacobites, are Christians.

Seeing the potency of Christian Missionary methods the Hindus are now seeking to imitate them. They have organised Young Men's Hindu Associations, they provide financial aid for the purchase of land and homes, and give assistance in cases of litigation, etc., in certain communities, for such as will remain loyal to Hinduism and especially for suffering Christians who may be induced to renounce Christianity and embrace Hinduism, hoping thereby to improve their economic condition. When this occurs or is supposed to have occurred, there is much ado over it, boasting and advertising. But in surprisingly few cases does it actually occur, in spite of the well-nigh unbelievable hardships and deprivations that many of the poor endure. Lack of food and clothing, lack of shelter to call home, lack of every comfort and amenity that most of us call absolute essentials, are factors that make the offers of temporal assistance powerful temptations which might well overcome those better situated; and in addition to this there is occasionally persecution well calculated to stamp out Christianity in certain communities. A method frequently employed is that of making false charges involving crimes or civil misdeeds thus bringing about the arrest and imprisonment of these helpless victims. The police are only too pleased to assist in proving the false charges true, and often deprive the accused of the houses they call home and prohibit them to occupy any plot of ground, even though they may have occupied it for generations, because it is all proved to be the property of the Brahmans or other Hindus. When these persecuted Christians become Hindus a place can readily be found for them. By continuing to harass and persecute them in this manner, it is hoped that they will in time become discouraged and weary of holding to Christianity and that they will renounce Christianity and adopt Hinduism from sheer desire for rest.

In Travancore, Christians may not have church buildings without getting permission from the Government. Meeting houses may be constructed, but communion service, marriage, or any other church ceremony, may not be held, or cemeteries be made without special permission. There are conditions on which licences for these may be granted, but officials raise so many objections that sometimes it seems well-nigh impossible to obtain such licences.

At Poojapura, suburb of the city of Travandrum, we have a church of about fifty baptised members and a neat little meeting house. In violation of the state laws our people have at times conducted the communion service in this place. However, we have had to caution them to discontinue this because the police have been spying on Sabbath days to apprehend our members in the act. There is no law against conducting the communion service in a private dwelling, provided it is not a service for the public. Thus a pastor of the church may invite whomsoever he wishes to meet

at his house for this service and so avoid infringing the law.

This church is situated in a Brahman community and persecution is unusually severe here. A number of our people have at various times been seized by the police and carried away to jail for imaginary offences. Some of these dwell on land where they and their ancestors have lived for generations as far as they understand. Formerly they could not have been removed because of the nature of Travancore laws. These laws recently have been changed, however, and litigation has been introduced to empower Hindus to eject Christian tenants. Among our Poojapura members are about a dozen families involved in this trouble. Thinking that they owned the land they are now driven off, their houses destroyed and some of them have been jailed, for failing to depart at once when word to do so came from the police. Practically all the land is possessed by the Hindus, and none will permit these exile Christians to occupy even a foot of their land.

One Sabbath day while service was in progress in the Poojapura church a number of police officials entered and arrested Brother A. E. Thomas, our Malayalam worker, and took him away to jail, leaving the terrified and grief-stricken members behind. Some of these quickly ran five or six miles into the city to inform Brother E. R. Osmunson, the mission superintendent, of what had taken place. As quickly as possible he made his way to the jail where he found our brother being ill-treated by police constables who seemed to gloat over their prize, threatening to handcuff him, to beat him and to torture him otherwise. In explanation to Brother Osmunson's enquiries they stated that he had refused to give information regarding Christian families who should have been removed from Hindu lands. The matter being reported to higher authorities, who could but recognise such proceedings as illegal, our Brother was released.

However, our poor people here are so often harassed by the police, and are so often the victims of false charges and so much troubled in many ways, that we have been forced to purchase a portion of ground of which we can lease to them small plots sufficient to build their little huts to live in. In spite of these troubles only two or three have given up their determination to be faithful to all of God's commandments, the rest suffering faithfully for conscience's sake. A liberal Thirteenth Sabbath offering on June 26 will help us to care for God's poor here and elsewhere.



"THERE are few who realise the influence of the little things of life upon the development of character. Nothing with which we have to do is really small. The varied circumstances that we meet day by day are designed to test our faithfulness, and to qualify us for greater trusts."

Summer Quarter of the S. D. A. Theological Seminary

THE 1937 summer quarter of the Seventh-day Adventist Theological Seminary (Advanced Bible School), will be held at the Washington Missionary College, Takoma Park, Md., June 1 to August 16. The quarter is divided into two equal parts, the second term beginning July 9. Every one who can possibly do so should attend during the entire eleven weeks, though it is possible to enter for the second term, inasmuch as several new subjects begin at that time. The seminary closes just before the opening of the General Conference Educational Convention at Blue Ridge (near Asheville), North Carolina.

Aside from the regular courses there will

be given six series of general lectures for the entire school. The first of the series will be given by Dr. S. M. Zwemer, editor of the *Moslem World*, on "The World of Islam Yesterday and Today."

The seminary is open to college graduates who are prepared to do the work, and to others as special students whose training and experience has qualified them to do graduate work. We are very pleased to have missionaries on furlough with us.

Those interested in taking work at the seminary this summer or later, should send for further information. Address, M. E. Kern, President, Takoma Park, Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

Toe die Diaken in die Kerk Gepraat het

WILLIAM T. GUNN

DIT was 'n warm Sondag in Junie, en ons buitelandse sendingpreek moes gelewer word. Maar ons het, so-te-sê, al menigmaal vantevore deur die preek en offerande geslaap. Die preek het nie anders as gewoonlik geklink nie; maar die hart van die diaken was getref. Die prediker het as teks die woorde, „Gaan die hele wêreld in en verkondig die ewangelie aan die ganse mensdom geneem;” en hy het nadruk gelê op die „gaan.” Hy het gesê daar was niks van kollektas in daardie teks nie, maar wel die bevel om te „gaan,” en die Here sou nooit tevrede wees voordat ons gegaan het nie.

Die meeste van ons het nooit veel gegee nie, net genoeg om aansienlik te lyk op die bordjie. Maar die prediker het ons bewys dat die bevel „gaan” beteken het dat ons almal ingesluit was en almal moes gaan. Ek het altyd gedink dat daar 'n spesiale soort roeping vir elkeen gewees het, en dat alleen diegene wat hulle geroepe gevoel het daartoe, sendelinge moes word. Maar hy het gesê daar was nie soiets in die Bybel nie, en almal was verplig om te „gaan”—tensy hulle 'n spesiale beroep gekry het om tuis te bly. Selfs in hierdie geval was hulle verplig om hulle uiterste te probeer om 'n plaasvervanger te stuur, en om iedereen te help om te gaan wat kon. Hy wou weet hoe ons sou gevoel het, as ons nie 'n Christus gehad het om ons sondes te vergewe nie, of ons in ons beproewinge by te staan nie, of ons krag teen versoeking te gee, of troos in verdriet, of leiding in duisternis; geen Christus om ons te vertel hoe om hier te lewe nie, of ons van die liefde van God te vertel nie, en waar ons dierbares heengaan as hulle sterf nie. Dit is waarom die lewe van die heiden so donker en swaar

is. Daar ons soveel gawes ontvang had moes ons die bevel van die Heer gehoorsaam en na die heiden gaan wat ons so nodig had.

Toe het hy gebid. Die koor het nie daardie dag gesing nie, maar die orrel het gespeel vir die kollekte. Ou Diaken Bright het opgestaan om die bordjie rond te neem aan sy kant. Hy was die gaafste man wat 'n mens in een dag kon ontmoet, en die beste buurman en eerlikste man wat ooit geleef het. Hy het 'n groot plaas gehad, en 'n mooi gesin—almal lede van die kerk. Jim het die plaas bestuur, Jack, die tweede seun, was net klaar om universiteit-toe te gaan. Mary het haar onderwysersdiploma gehad en was besig om opgelei te word as verpleegster. Die moeder, ook, was so gaaf as 'n mens maar kon verlang.

Die ou diaken was al taamlik doof, en het altyd alleen in die voorste bank gesit. Dit het nou geskyn of hy droom oor die preek; want toe hy opstaan om die kollektebordjie te neem, praat hy hard met homself. Sover as ek kan onthou is dit wat hy gesê het:

„Dus sluit daardie „gaan” my en elkeen in. Dit is die Here se bordjie, en wat ons daarin sit is die plaasvervanger wat ons stuur as ons nie self gaan nie. Dit wys hoeveel ons Hom liefhet, en hoeveel ons vir Hom beteken, as ons nie self gaan nie.”

Hy het na die agterste bank gegaan, en die bordjie aangegee. Die agterste bank is altyd vol jong manne, en terwyl hulle hul geld op die bordjie sit, gaan die ou man voort: „Een sjieling van Sam Jones. My seun, jy is tog meer as dit wêrd vir die Here. Vyf pennies van David Brown, 'n trippens van Tom Stone, en niks van Steve Jackson nie; een sieling en agt pennies vir

vier seuns, en elkeen van hulle kon self gegaan het. Hulle is tenminste elkeen vyf pond per week wêrd vir hulle vaders, en maar net een sieling en agt pennies vir die Here.”

In die volgende bank het Mnr. Allen en sy familie gesit. Mnr. Allen het vier sjielings ingesit vir die gesin, en toe die ou diaken wegdraai sê hy: „Die Here het vir die vrou en die kindertjies ook gesterf, en hulle het niks om vir Hom te gee nie.

In die voorste bank was Regter Purvis met sy vrou en twee dogters. „Minder as die prys van een van jou dinees in die dorp; die helfte van die prys van daardie paar handskoene wat jy aanhet; byna net soveel as jy verlede week aan roomys spandeer het; een doos lekkergoed,” was die diaken se aanmerking terwyl die regter en sy gesin die muntstukke in die bordjie sit.

Daarna het John Robb, 'n boer, 'n opgerolde noot ingesit, en Mev. Robb ook een; Johnnie Robb, 'n kovertjie vol pennies; Maggie het die ou kleintjie gehelp om nog 'n gawe op te sit; en die ou diaken het gesê: „Die Here seën hulle.”

By hierdie tyd het ons almal geluister, hoewel ons nie dit gewaag het om om te draai nie, en baie van ons was vreeslik bly dat die ou diaken nie by ons kant gekollekteer het nie.

Hy het by John Mellay se bank gekom. „Net vier sielings per jaar wêrd vir die Here, en vier honderd pond per jaar vir homself,” sê die diaken. Vyftien pond vir 'n fiets, en tien pennies vir die Here pas nie bymekaar nie, Tommy Mellay. Mej. Eden, dit lyk snaaks as 'n hand met 'n twintig pond se ring drie pennies in die bordjie sit.

„Minder as verlede jaar, James Stevens, maar ek hoop die Here sal jou ook seën. 'n Nuwe huis vir jouself en 'n sieling vir jou Here, Alec Bovey.

„Mag die Here jou seën, Mev. Dean. Jy was vir ander mense en kan darem 'n pond vir jou Here gee! Wat! het Minnie ook iets en klein Bobbie ook.

„Twee sielings, drie sielings, drie en 'n sikspens, drie sielings en nege pennies. Ag, u dinee sal meer kos as wat u gegee het, Mnr. Steele. 'n Pragtige, nuwe tiensieling-noot, nogal oop neergesit, Mnr. Perkins; nege sielings was om te spog. 'n Tjek van Mnr. Hay. Dit sal 'n grote wees, want hy betaal sy tiendes aan die Here. Agt sielings van jou, Harry Atkins, is 'n geringe gawe aan die Here wie jou dierbare vrou gesondgemaak het.

„A, Kitty Huges, daardie twee sielings het jou niks gekos nie, en jy, Marian, slegs 'n sieling, en julle kan altwee „gaan” en julleself onderhou. 'n Trippens van die vader en 'n halfpennie van iedere familielid. John Hull en familie het nie die heiden baie lief nie. . . . Wel, Mev. McRimmon, dit beteken veel vir u, mag die Here jou bewaar totdat jy jou goeie man wat vooruitgegaan het vergesel. . . . Charlie Baker, en jy ook Effie,, ek twyfel of die Here enige plaasvervangers vir julle sal aanneem. Niks van u nie, Mnr. Cantile?

Dit skyn of jy nie belangstel nie. Heidens by die huis; miskien is u een van hulle.

„Vyf pennies, Mnr. Donald. Ek glo nie jy sal dit graag in die Here se hand wil sit nie; en u, Mnr. Jenkins, niks meer nie?”

Die oukêrel het weer by sy eie bank gekom, en terwyl sy vrou 'n kovert insit, sê hy. „A, Mary, ek is bevrees ons het die Here nog al die jare beroof. Ons behoort Jack en Mary ook in die bordjie te sit. Jim, my seun, jy sal baie meer as dit vir die Here wêrd wees.” Jack en Mary het in die koorbanke gesit.

So het die ou man van die een bank na die ander gegaan totdat hy weer by die voorste bank gekom het; daar het hy vir 'n oomblik gestaan met die bordjie in sy linkerhand terwyl hy met sy regterhand in sy sak gevoel het. Maar hy het gesê, „Nee, dit is nie genoeg nie Here; U behoort meer as dit te kry. U was baie goed vir my.” Hy het die bord neergesit, 'n ou leerbeursie uitgehaal, en note uitgetel op die bordjie, terwyl hy sê: „Ek is jammer, Here ek het nie geweet U wou hê ek moet gaan nie. Jim kan my en moeder oppas daar ons nou oud word, maar ek sal Jack nie langer terughou nie. En Mary wou ook gaan, maar ek wou haar nie laat gaan nie; neem hulle altwee, Here.”

Daarop het die ou man gaan sit en sy gesig in sy hande weggesteek.

Diaken Wise het opgespring en gesê, „Leraar, ons het nie ons plig gedoen nie, en u weet dit. Laat ons aanstaande Sondag weer die kollekte opneem.” 'n Koor van amens het van die hele kerk opgestyg.

Die leraar het opgestaan met trane in sy oë, en gesê: „My vriende, ek het ook nie alles gedoen wat ek kon nie. Ek sal meer gee aanstaande Sondag, en ek sal my seun ook gee.”

Daarna het ons 'n lied gesing, maar hy het anders geklink as ooit tevore.

Die orrelis het gesê sy het gedink dit het deur die dak gegaan, en ek is seker God het ook so gedink.

Die ou diaken het baie sleg gevoel toe hy uitgevind het dat hy hardop gedink het; en 'n paar was eers baie kwaad, maar hulle het geweet dat hy die waarheid gesê het.

Dit is hoe ons sendingkerk begin het, en ons hou nog steeds vol. Veertien lede van ons Christelike Stewersvereniging het gedurende die laaste vyf jaar as sendelinge uitgegaan — ses van ons beste jong manne, en agt van ons skranderste jong meisies.

Jack Bright het met die orrelis getrou, en hulle is op die grens van Tibet, waar sy mediese bekwaamheid 'n pad vir Christus oopmaak. Mary Bright is met die predikant se seun getrou, en hulle is na Afrika. Die ou diaken is al ter ruste gelê. Ek wens ons had meer soos hy.

Twee van my eie seuns is in die werk, een in Indië en die ander in Sjina, en 'n ander maak klaar om te gaan. My naam? John Donald. Lag u miskien? Ja, ek was die een wat daardie dag slegs vyf pennies gegee het; wat die oukêrel gesê het, naamlik dat ek dit nie in die Here se hand

sou sit nie, het posgevat by my. Maar ek hoop om die Here 'n seun of dogter vir elkeen van daardie vyf pennies te gee. Die twee jongstes maak al planne om te gaan. Sien u, die Here het gesê „gaan,” dus „gaan” ons.

✱ ✱

Wie is Wie by die Raadsitting

F. G. CLIFFORD

Ons wens al ons lesers kon teenwoordig wees met hierdie Divisierraadsitting. Wat 'n voorreg is dit nie om 'n groot aantal mense wat vir die Here werk in Afrika te ontmoet nie! Aangesien u nie self daar kan wees nie, sal ek u voorstel by 'n paar van hulle. Hulle sal bly wees om u te ontmoet. Hier is hulle: veterane en rekrute, dokters en onderwysers, leraars en evangeliste, sendingdirekteure en skoolinspekteurs, verpleegsters en bybelwerkers. Ja, hulle is skynbaar almal gelukkig, en baie van hulle het mekaar jarelang nie gesien nie. Hoe aangenaam is dit nie om ou vriende en mede-werkers te ontmoet nie—almal in die diens van die Meester—en as hulle vergader om die verslae van vooruitgang te hoor, is hulle oortuig dat Hy gou sal kom.

Ek wil u eers voorstel by die broeders wat op besoek is. Hier kom Leraar W. H. Anderson, ons beproefde leier. Hy dra sy jare goed, en sy hart is nog jonk. Nou kom Leraar C. W. Curtis. Hy kom van Angola en is die superintendent van die veld. Dis 'n swaar sendingveld, maar Broeder Curtis het nie moed verloor nie. Wel, hier is Leraar Sparrow en sy vrou van Nyasaland. Broeder Sparrow is die superintendent van die Suidoos Afrikaanse Unie, en u kan op sy gesig lees dat sake vooruitgang maak in daardie veld. As ons net oor die pad loop, ontmoet ons Leraar W. L. Hyatt van Kaapstad, Leraar John Raubenheimer van Pretoria, en Leraar A. W. Staples van Johannesburg, drie van ons beste evangeliste. Ons kry moed as ons hulle 'n handdruk gee, en vir 'n oomblik luister na hulle ondervindings in verband met die insameling van siele onder die blanke bevolking van die Unie. Nou kom ons by 'n ander groep voor hulle uitmekaar gaan. Hierdie keer is almal dokters wat waarskynlik hard besig is om die behandeling van tallose passiente met beperkte begroting te bespreek. Maar hulle is nie neerslagtig nie. Miskien oortree ek die mediese reëls as ek hulle name noem; maar hulle is 'n ernstige, godvresende, en tog opgeruimde klompie mense.

Kom ons sorg dat ons by Leraar Le Butt kom voordat hy weg is. Hy is die Departementele Sekretaris van die Kaapse Konferensie, en sy glimlag beur 'n mens waarlik op. Leraar Rogers is 'n oud-sending woonagtig in Durban. Ons afgetrede manne verminder, maar die wat nie hier is nie is veilig in die sorg van God. Wie loop daar so haastig straataf? O, ja, dit is Leraar Ingle, president van die Natal-Transvaal Konferensie, en Broeder Cowper

die Departementele Sekretaris. 'n Mens kan aan hulle loop sien dat hulle altwee besige mense is.

Hier is 'n onverwagte genot. Hier is Leraar en Suster Branson en hulle seun Jack. Leraar Branson is 'n vise-president van die Wêreldkonferensie. Dit lyk soos die goeie ou tyd om hom weer in ons midde te hê. Ons vertrou dat Suster Branson en Jack hulle verblyf in Suid-Afrika sal geniet.

Nou ontmoet ons 'n ander groep. Hierdie keer is dit die opvoedingsmanne. Dis tog snaaks dat soort altyd soort soek. Miskien is hulle besig om 'n komplot te smee in verband met 'n nuwe intelligensietoets. Dus gee ons nie om om hulle te verstoer nie. Nee, hulle sal nie kwaad wees nie. Hierdie mense het groot harte sowel as groot verstande. Die broeders is: Broeder Hanson, prinsipaal van die Spioenkop Sendinginstituut; Broeder Cadwallader, Opvoedingssekretaris van die Sambesi Unie Sendingveld; Broeder Fairchild, prinsipaal van die Solusi Opleidingskool; Broeder Nash, van die Malamulo Opleidingskool; Broeder Davy, sendingdirekteur in Noorde-lyke Nyasaland; Broeder Vail, van die Gitwe Opleidingskool, en Broeder Mantell, van die Good Hope Opleidingskool. Kom ons gaan nou van hulle na Leraars Robison en Bozarth, sekretaris en tesourier, respektiewelik, van die Divisie, altwee besige manne met groot verantwoordelikhede, dog nie te besig om 'n paar woordjies van raad of bemoediging te spreek nie. Nou voeg Leraar Wright hom hier by ons. Sy las is swaar en hy het ons gebede nodig, maar hy is seker dat die Here lei. Hier is Suster Wright. Sy is die geïnteresseerde in die verbetering van die huise van inboorlingegelowiges. Nou moet ons eers 'n paar woordjies wissel met Leraar en Suster Moffitt. U ken hom al deur die *Signs* en *Tekens*, maar hy doen meer as dit. Hy dra die Stewers- en Sabbatskool departemente van die Divisie, en is diep geïnteresseerd in albei. Nou kom Leraar Hurlow. Hy is die president van die Kaapse Konferensie, en dit lyk of hy nog 'n paar werkers soek vir sy behoeftige veld. Nee, hy soek maar net na Suster Hurlow. Sy is hier as Sabbatskoolsekretaris van die Kaapse Konferensie. Maar reken, ons het amper Broeder Potter oorgeslaan, ons besige en hardwerkende Divisie Buurtsending sekretaris. Hy het sy werk lief en glo daarin. Broeder Slate, die opgeruimde bestuurder van ons drukkerij, en Broeder J. Cooks, Buurtsendingsekretaris van die Sambesi Unie Sending is by mekaar, en ons kan maar 'n oomblik vertoef want ek wil hê u moet Leraar en Suster Boger ontmoet. Hulle verlaat ons land op 'n welverdiende rustyd na jare van diens as superintendent en Sabbatskoolsekretaris, respektiewelik, van die Sambesi Unie Sending. Daardie klein kêreltjie met 'n gesig wat straal van moed en opgeruimtheid is Leraar Detwiler. Hy sal bly wees om u 'n handdruk te kan gee. Hy is die president van die Columbia Unie Konferensie in Noord

Amerika. Ontmoet nou Leraar Theunissen, die eerste bekeerling van die derde engel se boodskap in die Kaapse Veld.

Nou moet ons gou maak, want die diens sal spoedig begin. Party mense is al in die kerk. Ons het nog die kans om met Leraar Billes te praat, die superintendent van die Noord Bantu Sendingveld, asook Leraar G. S. Stevenson, superintendent van die Suid Bantu Sendingveld. Hier is nog 'n paar andere uit die noorde, Leraar R. M. Mote, superintendent van die Noord-Rhodesiese Sendingveld, en Leraar J. R. Campbell, die nuwe superintendent van die Sambesi Unie. Leraar Campbell het groot verantwoordelikheid en rype ondervinding. Nog verder uit die noorde kom Broeders Monnier en du Pluoy met hulle pragtige aksent en hartlike handdrukke. Hoe verbreek hierdie boodskap nie alle nasionale skeidsure nie! Hier kan 'n mens Afrikaners, Amerikaners, Engelse, Belge, Bruinmense, en Bantus ontmoet, en almal is broeders. Dit is die Pinkstergees wat dit teweegbring.

Dan is daar nog Broeder N. C. Stuart en sy gade van die Noord-Oostelike Rhodesiese Sendingveld, en ek weet u ken Leraar A. F. Tarr, ons Suid-Afrikaanse Unie-Konferensie president. Hy het met baie probleme te kampe, en word baie besig gehou, maar nooit te besig nie, want hy is getrig om u beter te leer ken. En Leraar J. E. Symons, ons Suid-Afrikaanse Unie sekretaris-tesourier is altyd gereed om ander mense te help met hulle probleme.

Laat ons net 'n paar woordjies praat met Broeder Harrison, die nuwe sekretaris-tesourier van die Sambesi Unie. Broeder Peter Stevenson beklee dieselfde betrekking in die Angola Unie. Hier is Mej. Curtis, wat vroue-opheffingswerk in Nyasaland doen, en Broeder Kohen, ons evangelis in die Kaapse Veld.

Dit spyt my dat ek nie in staat is om die name van ons inboorlingbroeders uit te spreek nie, maar hulle gesigte toon aan dat hulle die waarheid liefhet en saam met ons in die boodskap is. Ek is oortuig dat u dit inspirerend gevind het om hierdie aantal ywerige broeders te ontmoet. Hulle waardeur u gebede en gawes ten hoogste.



Getrou Onder Beproeving

E. M. MELEEN

Bangalore, Indië

SUID Travancore is waarskynlik Suidelike Indië se sterkste vesting van Brahmanisme en ander vorme van Hinduïsme. Op geen ander plek is die regering tot so 'n groot mate onder die beheer van Hinduïsme nie. Tenspyte hiervan is daar meer Christene in Travancore as in enige ander staat van Indië. Daar word iedere moontlike hindernis geplaas in die weg van die uitbreiding van die Christelike geloof, en word deur Hinduse organisasies sowel as staats-amptenare gebruik. Nog nooit vantevore

het Hinduïsme enige belang gestel in die armes en verdruktes nie. Hulle filosofie beweer dat sulkes alles wat hulle besit aan die Brahmaan behoort, en dat hulle slegs bestaan om die lewe aangenaam en gemaklik te maak vir hom deur hulle ontbering en lyding. Die Christelike sendingmetodes was egter kragtig genoeg om alle skeidsure tot niet te maak, en nou is daar in hierdie staat baie Christene—omtrent 'n derde deel van die bevolking, insluitende 'n halfmiljoen „Mar Thomites” en „Jacobites,” is Christene. Vandat hulle die kragdadigheid van die Christelike metodes gesien het, probeer die Hindus om hulle na te aap. Hulle het Hindu Jongeliede Verenigings opgerig, hulle verleen finansiële hulp vir die aankoop van grond en huise, en help in prosedeersake, ens. in sekere omgewings vir die wat getrou wil bly aan Hinduïsme, en veral om lydende Christene te help met die doel om hulle te beweeg om die Christelike geloof prys te gee en weer die Hinduïsme aan te hang, deur hulle geldelike ondersteuning te gee. As dit gebeur, of hulle veronderstel dat dit gebeur, is daar 'n vreeslike gedoente om dit te adverteer en daarmee te spog. Maar dit gebeur egter in verbasend min gevalle, tenspyte van die ontberinge en moeilikhede wat baie van die arm mense moet verduur. Gebrek aan kos en klere, gebrek aan huise, gebrek aan iedere gerief of voorreg wat ons as absoluut noodsaaklik beskou, is faktore wat die aanbiedinge van tydelike hulp as groot versoekings laat dien, sulke beproewinge as wat diegene wat in beter omstandighede verkeer, swaar vind om te weerstaan; dan is daar nog af-en-toe vervolginge met die oogmerk om die Christelike geloof totaal uit te roei. 'n Metode wat gewoonlik gevolg word is om valse beskuldigings van misdaad of siviele mistrappe uit te dink teneinde die gevangenneming van hierdie hulpelose slagoffers te bewerkstellig. Die polisie is maar te bly om te help om hierdie valse beskuldigings waar te maak, en kry dit dikwels reg om die aangeklaagdes van hulle tuistes te beroof en hulle te verbied om enige grond te besit, al was dit ook geslag na geslag in hulle besit, want dan word alles bewys om die eiendom van die Brahmane of ander Hindus te wees. As hierdie vervolgde Christene Hindus word, word daar maklik 'n plek vir hulle gevind. Deur hulle gedurig so te vervolg, word dit gehoop dat hulle later sal moed verloor en moeg word daarvan om vas te klem aan die Christelike geloof, en dat hulle hul geloof sal prysgee en Hinduïsme aanhang slegs met die doel om weer met rus gelaat te word.

In Travancore mag Christene geen kerkgebou hê sonder die goedkeuring van die regering nie. Byeenkomshuise kan opgerig word, maar die Avondmaal, huweliksplegtighede, of ander kerklike seremonies mag nie daar plaasvind, of begraaftale gemaak word, sonder spesiale permisie nie. Daar is voorwaardes waarop liksense hiervoor kan verkry word, maar aangesien die amptenare soveel besware het daarteen, is dit

gewoonlik bykans onmoontlik om hierdie liksense te verkry.

Te Poojapura, 'n voorstad van die stad Trivandrum, het ons 'n kerk van omtrent vyftig gedoopte lidmate, en 'n netjiese byeenkomssaal. In oortreding van die staatswette het ons mense al partymaal hier avondmaal gevier. Ons moes hulle egter hierteen waarsku daar die polisie op Sabbatdae gaan spioen het om te probeer om hulle op heterdaad te betrap. Daar is geen wet daarteen om die avondmaal in 'n private huis te vier nie, tensy dit 'n publieke diens is nie. Dus kan 'n leraar van die kerk 'n uitdodiging stuur aan wie hy wil om na sy huis te kom vir hierdie plegtigheid sonder om die wet te oortree.

Daar hierdie kerk in 'n Brahmaanse omgewing geleë is, is die vervolging hier baie erg. Baie van ons mense is al op verskillende geleenthede gevang en tronk-toe gesleep slegs op denkbeeldige oortredinge. Sommige van hulle woon op grond wat vir geslagte aan hulle voorouers behoort het sover hulle weet. Vroeër het die wette van Travancore dit onmoontlik gemaak om hulle daarvan weg te neem. Maar hierdie wette is onlangs verander, en vervolging is ingebring om Hindus in staat te stel om Christene uit te werp. Van ons Poojapura lidmate is daar omtrent 'n dosyn gesinne wat in hierdie moeilikheid betrokke is. Hoewel hulle gedink het dat hulle grond-eienaars was, word hulle nou verdryf, hulle huise vernietig, en sommige van hulle tronk-toe geneem, wat nie dadelik op bevel van die polisie hulle huise verlaat het nie. So-te-sê die hele land is in die besit van Hindus, en geen een van hulle wil hierdie bannelinge toelaat om op hulle grond te wees nie.

Een Sabbatdag terwyl die diens aan die gang was in die Poojapura kerk, het 'n aantal polisieoffisiere binnegekom en Broeder A. E. Thomas, ons Maleise leier, gearrester en tronk-toe geneem, terwyl die verskrikte en bedroefde mense agtergebly het. Sommige van hulle het gou vyf of ses myl ver in die dorp in gehardloop om Broeder E. R. Osmunson, die sendingsuperintendent, in kennis te stel van die gebeurtenis. So gou soos moontlik het hy na die tronk gegaan, waar die konstabels besig was om ons broeder te mishandel met skynbaar groot plesier daarin om hom te dreig dat hulle hom sou boei, sou slaan, en op ander maniere martel. As verduideliking van Broeder Osmunson se navrae, het hulle gesê dat hy geweier het om hulle inligting te verskaf in verband met Christelike gesinne, wat van Hindu eiendom sou verwyder geword het. Nadat die saak aan hoër gesag oorgegee is, wat nie anders kon as om te sê dat sulke handelwyse onwettig was nie, is ons broeder weer vrygelaat.

Nietemin word ons mense hier so dikwels vervolg deur die polisie, wat so dikwels valse beskuldigings teen hulle inbring, en hulle op so baie maniere moeite aandoen, dat ons gedwonge gewees het om 'n stuk grond aan te koop, sodat ons klein erfies aan hulle kan verhuur, waarop hulle

kan hutte bou om in te woon. Tenspyte van hierdie moeilikhede het nog net twee of drie hulle besluit om getrou aan Gods geboorte te wees prygegee, daar die ander getrou gely het om 'n rein gewete te bewaar. 'n Milde Dertiende-Sabbat offerande sal ons help om die werk van God hier en elders uit te brei.



Dag na Dag by die Raadsitting

F. G. CLIFFORD

Die Openingsdag

DAAR WAS NIE 'n leë sitplek in die Sentrale kerk, Johannesburg nie, tydens die eerste vergadering van die Divisieraad gehou op Vrydagaand, 16 April. Hulle was daar byeen uit al die uithoeke van ons afdeling—'n ywerige, verwagte bende van werkers, asook 'n mooi aantal plaaslike lede gretig om die seën met hulle te deel.

Leraar Wright, die Divisiepresident, het in sy toespraak die aandag van die vergadering gevestig op die feit dat die Adventboodskap vyftig jaar gelede vir die eerste keer na Suid-Afrika gekom het. Dit was 'n genoeë om Leraar Anderson, wie al vir meer as drie-en-veertig jaar in ons land die voortou geneem het as getuie vir God, op die platform te sien. Daar is hulde gebring aan Leraar Branson, wie die Divisie in 1921 georganiseer het. Daarna is ons aandag gevestig op wat God gedoen het. 'n Landkaart van ons afdeling, oortrek met kolletjies om ons kerke, hospitale, skole, en sendingstasies aan te dui, het getuie gelever dat die werk vorentoe gaan. Leraar Wright se toespraak onder die titel van „Die Sendeling—die Man van God, in die Plek van God, om die Werk van God, op die Manier van God, tot Eer van God te Doen” was 'n oproep en 'n uitdaging wat die harte van almal geraak het. Dit het 'n inniger toewyding en 'n groter oorgawe aan die onvoltooide taak aan die hand gegee. Dit was 'n aangename vergadering. Die regte snaar was aangeraak by die opening om 'n suksesvolle byeenkoms te waarborg.

Sabbat, 17 April

Dit was heerlik verrassend om verteenwoordigers van al ons kerke op die Rand te sien saamkom met die afgevaardigdes vir die eerste Sabbatskool van die raadsitting. Die „Norwegian Hall” was gou stampvol. Die stoele was ongerieflik vas teen mekaar gesit om sitplek vir so 'n groot byeenkoms te verskaf, maar die genot om soveel bekende gesigte sowel as 'n groot aantal nuwes te sien, het 'n mens sulke minderbelangrikhede laat vergeet. Baie se hoede het verloor, tone is getrap, maar almal was skynbaar oelukkig. Hoe inspirerend was dit nie om hulle te hoor sing nie. Dit het soos gebede van dorstige siele geklink. Die kerk was vol jongmense. 'n Besoek aan die Stewersverenigingsaal langsaan het aangetoon dat iedere stoel of

bank ingeneem was deur die jonger kinders, sodat selfs die rand van die platform versier was met diegene wat nie ander plek kon kry nie.

Ons besoek aan die verskillende afdelings, wat almal so goed en doeltreffend werk, het dankbaarheid jeëns God in ons harte laat opstyg vir die instelling van die Sabbatskool wat in die behoeftes van almal voorsien op so 'n aanneemlike manier. Die offerande vir sendingwerk het die som van £24 bedra.

Gedurende die elfuur-diens het Leraar Branson 'n gehoor toegesprek, wat uit die jeug van ons kerk bestaan het. Aan die end van die preek het hy 'n oproep gedoen dat hulle sou besluit om hulle lewens aan die Here toe te wy, wat hulle ook gedoen het. Die „Norwegian Hall” was nogeens stampvol—baie het gestaan en baie het op die rand van die platform gesit—toe Leraar Detwiler die Verlossingsplan uiteengesit het op 'n treffende wyse.

In die agtermiddag was beide die kerk en die saal weer propvol. Hierdie keer was dit 'n sendingsamespreking. Verteenwoordigers van verskillende dele van die veld het verhare van vinnige vooruitgang of van oorwinnings oor teenstand, wonderwerke van gesondmaking, triomfe van waarheid oor dwaling, en van die bewys van die sorg van God vir Sy werk en werkers. Van Angola, die Belgiese Kongo, Ruanda-Urundi, die Rhodesië, en die Unie van Suid Afrika, het boodskappe en persoonlike getuïenisse gekom om te bewys dat God Sy volk tot oorwinning lei. Dit was 'n byeenkoms wat die hart van elke Sewendedag Adventis blygemaak het. Die lied *Praise God from whom all blessings flow* was 'n geskikte sluiting van so 'n diens.

Die aanddiens is gewy aan die lees van die rapporte van die president, die sekretaris, en die tesourier van die Divisie. (Hierdie rapporte sal ongetwyfeld in 'n later uitgawe van die OUTLOOK verskyn.) Ons het gevoel dat God waarlik goed gewees het vir Sy mense, en dat die tyd van seëviering naby is. Op hierdie wyse het 'n onvergeetlike Sabbat verbygegaan.

Obituaries

PALMER.—Sister Nellie Palmer, a member of the Johannesburg church, fell asleep on Friday morning, April 9, at the age of thirty-one years and ten months. Sister Palmer worshipped with us on the Sabbath before her death. How suddenly one can be taken away by the cruel monster, death!

Sister Palmer practically grew up in the message. In September of last year, at the time of the organisation of the church, she expressed a desire to be rebaptised and she with seven others were rebaptised together. Our sister was one of the officers of our church, serving as church missionary secretary and assistant Sabbath School secretary. Sister Palmer was a faithful *Signs of the Times* worker and a distributor of Christian literature and was also faithful in other

duties. She leaves to mourn their loss, a husband, five children, a father, a mother, five brothers, and a host of relatives and friends. Our sister sleeps with the hope of having a part in the first resurrection when the Life-giver shall call.

We express our deepest sympathy to the bereaved family in this hour of sorrow. Ere long our Saviour will come to bring life and immortality to His sleeping saints. Hasten on glad day!

Words of comfort were spoken by the writer assisted by Pastor D. C. Theunissen.

B. W. ABNEY.

MOLOKOMME.—We regret to report the death of Pastor L. S. Molokomme's wife, Susan Mary Molokomme. Sister Molokomme had not been well for some time, but her death was quite unexpected. She was present at the opening of the Nokuphila Hospital on October 15 and less than two weeks later Sister Molokomme was taken to the hospital as a patient and passed away suddenly on October 28. Pastor Molokomme had returned from a visit to some of his out-schools two days before his dear wife was laid to rest.

Sister Molokomme was born on January 28, 1890, at Graaff Reinet and was married to Pastor Molokomme in 1907 at Cape Town. She accepted the truth in 1909 and was baptised at the Roeland Street church, Cape Town, by Elder I. J. Hankins. In 1911 Pastor Molokomme and his wife were called to the Lord's work. Since then they have laboured together at Kolo Mission, Basutoland, Bloemfontein, Klerksdorp, and Linokana. A few weeks before her death, Pastor Molokomme brought his family to Johannesburg, where he now has charge of the Rand Mission District.

Sister Molokomme has been a faithful mother in Israel, bringing up a large family in the truth and has been a great help to her husband. She leaves her husband and seven children to mourn their loss.

The Sophiatown church was filled with members and friends from all parts of the Rand, when Pastor A. W. Staples, of the Johannesburg European church, conducted a solemn funeral service, assisted by Pastors Abney and H. R. S. Tsukudu, and Brother S. Seheri, of Linokana. After the service the people sorrowfully took a last look at their sister, with the blessed hope strong in their hearts of seeing her again in the kingdom, where death will have no more power. A large number of people followed the funeral to the graveside, where our dear sister was laid to rest, after a short committal service by Pastor Staples. Brother A. A. Pitt spoke a few words on the life and work of Sister Molokomme and brought a message of sympathy from the Bantu people of the mission fields of South Africa. A family friend, the Bantu minister of the Church of Scotland, offered the closing prayer. We mourn, but not as those without hope.

A. A. PITT.

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L. L. Moffitt Religious Liberty Secy.

When the Deacon Talked in Church

(Continued from page 2)

one in India and another in China, and another is getting ready to go. My name? John Donald. You're laughing? Yes, I was the one that gave only fivepence that day; what the old man said about putting it into the Lord's hand stuck to me. But I hope to give the Lord a boy or girl for every one of those five pennies. My two youngest are talking about going already. You see, the Lord said, "Go ye;" so we're going.

* *

Appreciation

I WOULD like to take this opportunity of thanking those who so kindly and willingly assisted in the special and instrumental music during the South African Union Camp-meeting held in Bloemfontein.

May I say, for the encouragement of those who played in the orchestra and those who rendered special singing, that, judging from the words of appreciation that have come quite voluntarily, your efforts have caused a good deal of pleasure and enjoyment to all lovers of good music, and have been greatly appreciated. Once again may I thank you all for your spendid service which helped to make the camp-meeting so pleasant.

A. C. LE BUTT.

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Wanted

A GOOD strong Adventist girl. Must be willing to do anything in the home. Family comprises two old people. A native boy kept. Apply: "Help," C/o "Despatch," East London, C. P.

* *

By young man desirous of keeping the Sabbath. Excellent commercial qualifications. Eleven years experience in commercial office and treasury department of municipal office. Communicate, The Editor, OUTLOOK, Grove Avenue, Claremont, Cape.

Day by Day at the Council

F. G. CLIFFORD

The Opening Day

EVERY seat was occupied in the Johannesburg Central church, on Friday evening, April 16, when the first meeting of the Division Council was held. From the length and breadth of our territory they had come—an eager, expectant band of workers, with a goodly number of our local members, intent on sharing the blessing.

Elder Wright, the Division president, in addressing the gathering, called our attention to the fact that fifty years ago the advent message first came to Africa. It was good to see Elder Anderson on the platform, who has witnessed and pioneered for God for forty-three years in our land. Tribute was paid to the work of Elder Branson, who was instrumental in organising the Division in 1921. Our attention was then directed to what God hath wrought. The map of our territory, thickly covered with dots, indicating our churches, hospitals, schools, and mission stations, provided evidence that the work is onward. Elder Wright's address, "The Missionary—God's Man, in God's Place, Doing God's Work, in God's Way, for God's Glory," was an appeal and challenge that touched hearts. It suggested a deeper consecration and a larger dedication to the unfinished task. It was a good meeting. The right note was struck for the opening of a successful council.

Sabbath, April 17

It was thrilling to see our dear people representing churches from one end of the Reef to the other join with the delegates in the first Sabbath school of the Council. The Norwegian Hall was soon filled. The chairs were uncomfortably close together to provide for such a gathering, but the pleasure of seeing so many familiar faces, and a host of new ones, made one forget minor things. Hats were lost, toes suffered, but everyone seemed happy. What an inspiration to hear them sing, "Safely through another week God has brought us on our way;" and "Here afford us, Lord, a taste of our everlasting feast." It seemed like a prayer from thirsty souls. And, yet again, with more fervour, "Thus may all our Sabbaths be till we rise to reign with Thee."

The church was filled with our senior and junior young people. A visit to the Missionary Volunteer Hall next door to the church revealed every chair and bench occupied by the younger children, even the platform edge being decorated with those unable to find other seats.

Our visit to the various departments, all working smoothly and efficiently, prompted feelings of thankfulness to God for the institution of the Sabbath school that serves the needs of all in such an acceptable way. The offering given to missions amounted to £24.

During the eleven o'clock hour Elder Branson preached in the church to a congregation composed of our youth. At the close a call for decision and consecration was made, which brought a good response. The Norwegian Hall was again packed—many standing and some sitting on the edge of the platform—while Elder Detwiler took up the theme of the plan of salvation in a way that touched hearts.

The afternoon saw both church and hall again filled. This time for a missionary symposium. Representatives from various parts of the field told stories of rapid advancement, of victory over opposition, miracles of healing, triumphs of truth over error, and of the manifestation of God's care for His work and workers. From Angola, the Belgian Congo, Ruanda-Urundi, the Rhodesias, and the Union of South Africa, came messages and personal testimonies showing that God is leading His people on to victory. It was a meeting to cheer the heart of any Seventh-day Adventist. The singing of "Praise God from whom all blessings flow" was a fitting conclusion to such a service.

The evening meeting was devoted to the reading of reports by the president, secretary, and treasurer of the Division. (These reports will doubtless appear in a later issue of the OUTLOOK.) We were made to feel that truly God has been good to His people, and that the time of triumph is near. Thus closed a memorable Sabbath.

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General News Notes

WE are happy to welcome back into our midst, Brother F. E. Potter who has just returned to the Cape after spending several weeks in Bloemfontein and Johannesburg, attending meetings. He reports having had good meetings throughout.

As we go to press, word comes to us of the death of our dear Brother A. Burton of Bulawayo, after a very short illness. Our heart-felt sympathy is extended to Sister Burton and children in their bereavement. May the Lord be their comfort and stay at this time. The regular obituary notice, giving further details, will appear later.

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THE Lord God is bound by an eternal pledge to supply power and grace to every one who is sanctified through obedience to the truth. . . . The church on earth united with the church in heaven can accomplish all things.—"Testimonies," Vol. VII, pages 30, 31.

"THE true Christian works for God, not from impulse, but from principle; not for a day or a month, but during the entire life."

"PRAYING for a man will take all envy out of the heart."