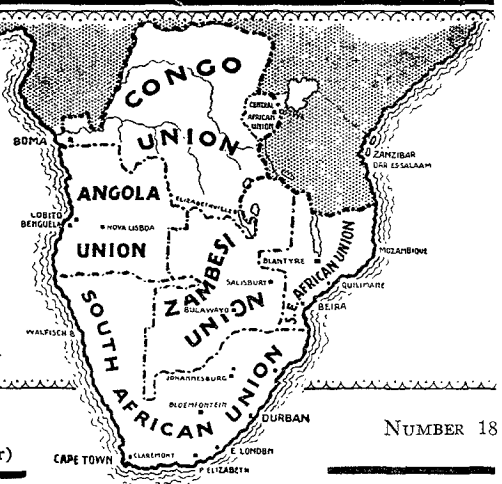


The SOUTHERN AFRICAN DIVISION OUTLOOK



VOLUME XXXV

KENILWORTH, CAPE, OCTOBER 1, 1937
(Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper)

NUMBER 18

Review and Herald Week

A Beacon Light

A. F. TARR

We live in days when men's hearts are disturbed by the extraordinary conditions prevailing. In vain are their efforts to account for the unprecedented selfishness, distrust and hatred, and in vain do they seek a way out of the impasse which these conditions have produced.

Seventh-day Adventists are wonderfully blessed in having a knowledge both of the significance of these conditions, and of the final outcome of what at present seems so alarming. They are able to discern in present-day events harbingers of a better day. They do this because the spectacle about them is flood-lit, so to speak, by the penetrating rays of Bible prophecies. In their interpretation of current events and in their determination to be faithful to the trust imposed upon them as witnesses of these things they have been aided beyond measure by the Spirit of prophecy and the *REVIEW AND HERALD*.

The *REVIEW AND HERALD* admonishes progressively to deeper Christian living and to more active Christian service as events unfold themselves which tell of the approaching end. Significant trends in all countries are indicated. These cover political, social, religious and scientific development. Side by side with the rapid fulfilment of prophecy in events without the church there are rehearsed the stupendous accomplishments of the Advent Message itself as it battles against the almost overwhelming tide of un-Christian forces, and as it presses its way into the remote recesses of heathen lands.

In this progressive recital of the "final movements" without and within the church the *REVIEW AND HERALD* serves indeed as a "Beacon Light." It illuminates the Christian's pathway through the gathering darkness and brings courage and hope to those whose faltering steps might otherwise surrender the race. Its weekly visits to the homes of isolated members or to lonely outposts of mission endeavour or to homes where members have grown gray in waiting or where early love needs nurturing and guiding in service—yes, its visits to any and every home, no matter what the circumstances, cannot be measured in money. Wherever it goes, new strength and courage, new devotion and zeal are aroused in all who heed the blessed message contained in its pages. We commend, therefore—without reserve—this splendid paper to every home in the Southern African Division, knowing that it will continue to be, as it has ever been, a powerful factor in building, holding and sanctifying the people who are preparing to meet their God.

A Tower of Strength

W. H. HURLOW

In the Standard of our South African Nation is found the motto „Eendrag Maak Mag” or “Unity is Strength.” This is not a new legend. In the compassionate prayer of our Saviour, recorded in John 17, He prays for His disciples of all ages. The burden of His prayer, repeated four times, was that there may be unity in His church. So much would depend on the church. The work of reconciliation, for which heaven sacrificed so intensely and the Prince of heaven died, was committed by Christ to His church. It was not to be an easy task. An adversary, powerful and cunning, would rise in fury and hatred to frustrate the work and destroy the church itself. Subtle agencies, working from within and from without, would seek to divide, discourage, and disperse the people of God. How can the frail church succeed against such odds?

It can and it will. The Saviour has caused John with prophetic vision to see a remnant of the church standing gloriously triumphant in the final day of victory. They have conquered both the beast and his image. They have finished the work they were given to do. It was a victory of united action, the unity of the faith. Isaiah saw them and remarked on the beauty of their united marching. He heard them singing in harmonious accord and recorded that they saw eye to eye. Their tower of strength has been their oneness with Christ and with one another.

In order that the church may experience this unity of the faith, the Saviour has given to us many unifying agencies. High in the order of these provisions stands the general church paper the *REVIEW AND HERALD*. Unity can only be maintained as we have an understanding knowledge of the progress of the work under the miracle-working providence of God. What new problems are being faced in the world field? What actions are being taken to meet them and provide for further advance? How do our brethren fare in the outposts of the Message? What new victories have been won? Is the trumpet which is sounding in all the world giving a triumphant blast? What gates of hell are falling before the Truth of God? What gracious message in the Spirit of prophecy has been found to meet our special need and strengthen our courage in the Lord. All these and many other questions are answered weekly in the *REVIEW AND HERALD*. It is the paramount agency in revealing and maintaining the glorious unity of the faith, and proclaiming the encouraging victories of the people of God. It is indeed the great tower of strength to the extended line of the Remnant Church as they battle against tremendous odds to the day of glorious victory.

Send in your subscription NOW

A Message to Parents

By A Heartbroken Mother

THERE is no grief in this world greater than that for which oneself is the cause. Friends may betray, death may take the dear ones until that day so soon to come, but the heartaches these bring find relief in the One who never fails His children. There is no "sorrow like unto my sorrow," for my daughter lies in a Christless grave through fault — shall I say, sin? — of mine.

I shall begin in the days when she was a little girl in Sabbath school. I was jealous of Marie's love for her teacher, whose understanding of childhood helped to implant lessons in Marie's mind, jealous that she could hold Marie for an hour in which I was not the central figure. I wanted no one in her life, and I excused myself with the thought that the reason was my great love for her.

We had a good church school, but how I wished there might be some way of keeping Marie at home. I wanted her with me constantly; but other minds prevailed, and so she attended school. I should have been deeply thankful that all through the seven years her instructors were unusually strong teachers, that theirs was a remarkable influence for good; but instead I was blindly unreasonable as I watched Marie develop into a lovely girl, with a rich Christian experience for one so young.

She was keenly interested in all Sabbath school activities, and when the Missionary Volunteer work reached out to the junior boys and girls, she did much in her eager way to make the local society a success. The sunshine-band work particularly appealed to her, and very often she went to read to an elderly, shut-in woman near us. Had it been left to me, she would never have taken part in all these things, but another overruled in such matters through her church school days. I would have kept her at my side, for I could not bear that others should have such a large place in her thoughts and heart. Looking back, I can see that I never would have been able to develop in her that Christlike character which was hers at fourteen. I was too jealous of her love; I wanted it only for myself.

Then came the question of where she should take her academic work. Her father wished her to attend the academy about thirty miles from our home. I urged her attendance at our local high school, using all the arguments that mother love in its most unwise blindness could suggest. It was a very good school, better equipped than the academy; the teachers were well trained; I could have Marie at home with me, instead of seeing her only once a month; I was sure that my influence would nullify the influences of the high school. For a time my arguments were unheeded,

and Marie was very happy in the thought of attending the academy.

"I want to be a foreign missionary someday, and I can't if I go to high school," she told me one day as we sat sewing.

Suddenly, only two weeks before time for her to leave, her father died, and others in the household went away. I was left alone with Marie. Her heart was still set on going to the academy. There was no reason why she should not attend. It would have been lonely for me, but I should have heeded the counsel given by the Lord, remembering His promise to

For Parents Only

The article entitled "A Message to Parents," appearing in this issue of the OUTLOOK, is in itself worth more than a year's subscription to the *Review and Herald*. Send in your subscription through your Book Depository NOW so as not to miss other valuable material appearing in our good church paper from week to week.

orphans and widows. I resented the new interests that would come into her life; I did not realize that the surest way to kill her respect and love for me would be to smother her with my unreasoning love.

So Marie attended our local high school. Through that first year I could not see but that she was the same sweet girl, far too often cheerfully giving up Missionary Volunteer activities and Sabbath school activities to stay at home with me. And I had no reason beyond wanting her close.

It was during her second year that changes came. She would linger after school hours, many times not getting home until past supper time. I tried to tell her how it grieved my love, but instead of her usual compliance, there was a wild outburst.

"You don't love me! If you did, you'd have let me go to the academy, where it would have been easier to be good."

This should have been warning enough, especially as Marie was silent now about everything concerning her school life; but I did not heed what the Lord was trying to tell me through her cry. In a short time there was another scene, this time over the young friends who came in the evenings. Among them were boys who were attracted by Marie's still sweet face and long curls.

"Can't my little girl be happy in mother's love?"

"You don't love me, or you would let me have friends!"

We visited relatives in another State during the holidays, and Marie seemed more like the happy girl she had always been, though often there was a restlessness I would not try to understand. As school-time drew near, she asked that she might attend the academy.

"And leave mother alone?" I asked. "I need to go," was her only reply.

She did not ask again. As the days passed, she spent less and less time at home. A good student always, and popular with teachers and schoolmates, she became a leader.

"Our class is putting on a play, and I must get certain articles at the stores. After that I am going over to Jane's to get a costume ready for our class dance tonight," she announced one Sabbath morning.

"Marie! Surely you are not doing these things on Sabbath! Surely you are going to Sabbath school with me!"

She gave no reply, but picked up her purse and left the house. I did not see her until the next morning, though I heard her come in very late and go to her room. As I stepped into the hall, she turned the key in her door.

No one but a mother as unwise as I had been in my love can understand the mental anguish of those night hours. Too late, I saw where my selfish, blind love and unreasoning jealousy of other interests in her life had led. In humiliation and bitterness of soul I repented.

The next morning, when Marie came in to breakfast, I said nothing of what she had done on Sabbath or of where she had spent the evening.

"The first semester has just closed, and I have been thinking it would be fine for you to attend the academy this last half year," I remarked.

She laughed a bit. "Trying to save the lost sheep, mother?" After a pause she added, "You are too late. I do not care to go."

The last half of her junior year, followed by her senior year, passed quickly enough for her, but they were slow torture for me. To plead mother love only angered her, and I did not dare to plead such unworthy love as I now knew mine to be. She went here and there, a leader of a gay young group. Home became only a place to eat and sleep. Always a brilliant student, she managed to graduate, and then I saw her less than ever.

"Life's too tame here. I'm going to Hollywood. A bunch of us are driving," she told me one evening.

I tried to say something, but she would not listen.

Review and Herald

Division Offices,
Claremont,
October 1, 1937.

Dear Believer,

This little leaflet will serve to remind you that October 9 to 15 has been set aside as *Review and Herald* week. Year after year in similar campaigns there has been set forward in detail the great value of the Seventh-day Adventist family paper. If your membership in this denomination has been of any duration at all you will be quite familiar with the make-up of the good old *Review*. If, however, you have newly joined our ranks we may state for your benefit that the *Review and Herald* is considered to be a bulwark of strength, inspiration, and comfort to Seventh-day Adventist families. It keeps members posted about the progress of the Advent movement around the world field. It strengthens them in the faith by its exposition of the doctrinal points of our faith. It inspires them by its well-written spiritual articles. It educates all members of the family on Christian principles of living and character building. It comforts by its helpful suggestions on how to wage Christian warfare against temptation and trial. In brief — it is a paper we *all need* and cannot afford to be without.

Overleaf you will find both a renewal and a new subscription form. Fill in the former if you are already a subscriber, or the latter if you are subscribing for the first time.

Hand the completed form to your Church Missionary Secretary, together with 13/- in cash and the *Review and Herald* will start visiting your home about two months later, bringing you a wealth of blessing and strength.

FILL IN THE FORM NOW

1.— RENEWAL FORM

TO THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SECRETARY,

..... Church Date

Please arrange with the Conference Book Depository to have my REVIEW AND HERALD subscription renewed on due date. I enclose herewith 13/- in payment of one year's subscription, post free.

NAME (Block Letters)

ADDRESS

2.— NEW SUBSCRIPTION FORM

TO THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SECRETARY,

..... Church Date

Please instruct the Conference Book Depository to arrange for the REVIEW AND HERALD to be sent, post free, to my home for one year. I enclose 13/- in payment of one year's subscription.

N.B.—If you are an isolated believer fill in the desired form and post it to your Conference office with remittance.

NAME (Block Letters)

ADDRESS

SENTINEL, KENILWORTH

10% Discount on subscriptions paid during "Review" Week.

"You live but once, mother, and I'm getting all that's coming my way while the getting is good."

Occasionally I heard from her, letters that revealed only a little of the gay times she was having, of the whirl of parties and dances, with their accompaniment of drink and worse, of the young man whom she was to marry.

"He isn't strait-laced enough for you, so we are not coming home for a while, at least."

It seemed that my punishment was more than I could endure, but there was more. A message came that my daughter was in a hospital with only a few hours to live. Friends hurried to aid me, and in a short hour I was flying to her. But swift as the angel was, the angel of death was swifter. When I reached the hospital, she had been dead two hours, killed by the young man whom she had promised to marry, because she had suddenly married another.

Words cannot express the anguish of my heart, for there is no "sorrow like unto my sorrow." Her early girlhood was so rich in promise of a life of noble, loving service for the Master. Oh, if only I had not been so selfish in my love for my daughter! Oh, if only I had given her that shield from a thousand evils that the academy would have been!

But I cannot undo the past. I can only pray that these words may speak to some mothers and fathers who also are blindly unwise in their love for their children.—*Review and Herald, April 29, 1937.*

Cape Field
J. N. de Beer, Superintendent

**Missionary Volunteer Week
in the Cape Field**

WE feel that the setting of a Missionary Volunteer Week was a move in the right direction. The plans laid to hold joint services in the Forester's Hall, Woodstock, for our churches each evening during the week, and on the two Sabbaths marking the beginning and end of this week of special services, worked admirably.

There was a splendid response on the part of our young people to avail themselves of the help offered by these services, and their attendance at the meetings from start to finish, was encouraging to those who were appointed to lead out. Definite victories have been gained over wrong habits, and many renewed their promise to serve the Lord, while some accepted Jesus as their Saviour for the first time.

The following extract from a letter the writer has just received from a Missionary Volunteer, gives expression, we believe, to the feelings of all the young people who

attended the meetings. "I wish to thank you for this wonderful week of blessings we have just enjoyed. I know there are many young people, including myself, who have been drawn closer to our blessed Saviour, as a result of the meetings."

We desire to express our deep appreciation of the splendid help given by Elder Clifford, Missionary Volunteer Secretary of the S. A. Union Conference, in our work for the young people during this special week.
J. N. DE BEER.

Helderberg College

**Special Meetings at
Helderberg**

THE days September 8-11 will go down in the calendar of Helderberg College as red letter ones. During that short period we had a spiritual feast of good things. Elder Clifford led out in a series of both morning and evening meetings of a most helpful nature.

The spirit of prayer and intercession seemed to reach every heart, and an earnest seeking after God resulted in many spiritual victories. There was little emotionalism but a deep, earnest and willing spirit seemed to pervade the school. Again we were impressed by the truth of the Spirit of prophecy in emphasising upon our people that our schools are havens of refuge for our tried and tempted youth.

Appeals of a very definite nature were made, calling for individual yielding of the heart, either for the first time or in rededication of life following an unsatisfactory experience. A large number of responses were made and almost fifty signed pledge cards to walk in newness of life. Practically the entire school, both young and old, joined in this consecration. Surely the angels in heaven rejoiced at this scene. Special classes apart from the regular baptismal class will be formed to instruct and foster the spiritual life of these new ones. We solicit the prayers of others that this higher ground may be maintained, and that this school year may continue to its close with a high spiritual tone.

G. E. SHANKEL.

A Message En Route, No. 3

(Continued from previous issue)

We must not let you bid our dear church folk here at Honolulu good-bye, without letting you see the enthusiastic band of canvassers being developed in the Young People's Missionary Volunteer Society by its leader, Brother Bowen, who is himself at the head of the Bookmen's work. They are having some wonderful experiences and

gaining scholarships as well. "The isles shall wait for His law."

Just now the Harvest Ingathering is in the every-day plans of the churches there. For the residential districts they find the singing-band method very good, and have used it for years. They take the school lorry, place a portable organ in it, and fill the lorry with as many (old and young) as can sit comfortably, and with one man as director and four or six or eight solicitors (they go to the homes two and two) they start down the street. The director carries a flash-light torch and gives little light signals to the lorry driver as to when he is to stop, etc., and he also directs the solicitors. It is wonderful how sweet songs help to untie purse-strings, and by the time the route is covered there is a good purse of money collected and hearts have been cheered. I was glad to have a seat in the lorry one evening myself before our boat sailed.

Well, July 23 arrived, and ere the noon hour arrived we were at the wharf gaily decked with garlands of flowers. It is a beautiful custom in these Islands to place "lais" about the necks of friends coming and going; the sale of those fragrant flower-strings is a regular business engaged in by many. Some are made of tissue paper and they too are beautiful and can be kept. We were decorated with eighteen "lais," some real and some artificial, the latter are hanging on the wall of our ship cabin and look gay and bright.

We are glad to have had the privilege of scattering seeds of truth in the form of tracts and papers which we placed on the reading-tables, etc. Some day we hope with you to hear the story from angel lips of where the seeds for Jesus took root.

Our journey to the homeland is almost at an end, but as we meet and greet old friends and loved ones we shall ever hold close to our hearts Africa, and our dear friends there as well as the friends so kind along our route.

With Christian love,
MRS. E. C. BOGER.

Wanted

YOUNG lady, as attendant in doctor's office. Book-keeping, shorthand, etc., a recommendation. State age, experience, and enclose photo. Apply: E. W. Ingle, 180 Church Street, Maritzburg, Natal.

"WHILE engaged in our daily work, we should lift the soul to heaven in prayer. These silent petitions rise like incense before the throne of grace; and the enemy is baffled. The Christian whose heart is thus stayed upon God cannot be overcome. No evil arts can destroy his peace."—*"Messages to Young People," page 249.*

The Youth's Page

For Help and Guidance

Conducted by the South African Union Conference Missionary Volunteer Department

The Turkey That Came to Life

EDWARD was only eight years of age, but father and mother were poor, and there were many children to be fed and clothed. A neighbouring farmer needed a boy to assist the shepherd during the lambing season, and Edward was engaged at a wage of two shillings a week.

In those far-off days attendance at school was not compulsory, and the money a boy could earn was considered of more value than learning how to spell and write.

The farmyard was shared by grunting pigs, clucking fowls, and a flock of gobbling turkeys.

Edward had to pass through this yard very early every morning, on his way to the sheep pens, and the loud gobbling of the turkeys notified the farmer's family that he had arrived.

Once or twice Edward had been late, and the farmer had come out of the house and scolded him. Edward felt that those turkeys were giving him away. If only they would not make such a terrible noise, the farmer would not know whether he had arrived late or early.

The next morning Edward tried to slip through the yard unnoticed, but in vain. Those turkeys were more alert than watch-dogs, and the usual babble greeted him. They crowded around him and filled the air with their cries. Without stopping to think, Edward furiously picked up an old cabbage stump left by the pigs and threw it as hard as he could into the midst of the gobbling group.

The stump caught the largest cock turkey fairly on the head, and he dropped like a stone. Edward expected to see the bird jump to its feet but it lay as still as death.

The boy was terrified. What could he do? If the farmer should discover what he had done, he would be thrashed, and his father would have to pay for the turkey. That would mean another thrashing.

Quickly he lifted the limp body of the bird, and carrying it in his arms, he placed it in a hole beneath the wheat straw stack.

All day long Edward was in terrible fear. What if he were found out? He felt he did not want to return home, but if he did not, his mother would worry, and he

was getting very hungry. He decided to slip around to the straw stack and see if the turkey had been discovered.

Yes! It was gone. With downcast eyes and trembling heart he started to make his way through the yard. What a gobble greeted him! There they were, those turkeys again, and right in the midst, gobbling louder than ever, was the big cock turkey that had died!

The blow had only stunned it, and soon after it had been placed in the hole, it had jumped up and rejoined the flock. Edward was overjoyed. The world seemed right again. But Edward promised himself that he would not be so hasty in throwing dangerous missiles around next time.

F. G. C.



News From the Field

The M. V. Week

THAT the Missionary Volunteer Week has proved a blessing to numbers of our Youth is evident from reports that are filtering in from many parts of the field.

Victories gained, reconsecration of life, and first time surrenders have been wit-

nessed in many of our churches. Some societies have been re-established, and we sincerely trust that all of our societies have gained new life that will result in larger endeavour.

HELDERBERG COLLEGE has just enjoyed the largest Investiture service in its history.

SPION KOP TRAINING SCHOOL is to celebrate a year of successful endeavour with a record number planning to obtain their Missionary Volunteer pins some time early this month. A large group are also planning to be baptised about the same time.

It is Colporteur Institute time at Helderberg and Brother Potter is leading out in the programme of studies and plans for the summer's campaign.

WE are hearing rumours from the Sentinel Publishing Company about the *Silver Leaf* annual for 1937, on which they are so busily engaged at present. From all accounts this issue is going to be something very much out of the ordinary; something that will surprise us because of its excellence and beauty.

Not Marking Time

REPORTS are pleasurable things when they indicate healthy growth and progress. Study the comparative report below and then do your best to make the last quarter's

report the best that has ever been rendered. A 100% working and reporting membership is the goal for every society.

Report of the M. V. Department of the S. A. U. Conference

	Quarter end. March, 1937	Quarter end. June, 1937
Number of Bible readings or gospel meetings	679	940
Number of missionary visits	1590	2134
Number of people taken to Sabbath school or other services	496	805
Number of persons given needed help	4200	7131
Number of treatments given	463	1038
Number of hours of Christian help work		
Number of articles of clothing given to the needy	1115	1114
Number of bouquets and fruit baskets given		
Number of missionary letters written	994	801
Number of books, periodicals, tracts, Scripture cards, announcements distributed	16641	22166
Total amount of offerings for the past month		
Number added to the Conference since last report of missionary work of lay-members	9	7
Number reporting this month	359	475

Bladsy vir Jongmense

Vir Hulp en Leiding

Gereel deur die Suid-Afrikaanse Unie Konferensie Strewers Departement

Die Kalkoen wat Lewendig Geword het

JAN was maar agt jaar oud, maar vader en moeder was arm en daar was baie kinders om versorg te word. 'n Boer op 'n naburige plaas het iemand nodig gehad gedurende die lamtyd en het Jan dus gehuur teen twee sjielings per week.

In daardie ou dae was skoolbesoek nie verpligtend nie en die geld wat 'n seun kon maak was van groter waarde as die kuns om te kan lees en skryf.

Die plaas was oortrek van varke, hoenders en 'n trop kalkoene.

Jan moes elke môre vroeg deur hulle loop om by die skaapkraal te kom, sodat die geraas van die kalkoene altyd sy koms aangekondig het.

Hy het al 'n paar keer laatgekom met die gevolg dat die boer uitgekom het om hom te skrobeer. Jan het gevoel dat daardie kalkoene hom verklik. As hulle maar net wou ophou met hulle geraas, sou die boer nooit weet of hy vroeg of laat kom nie.

Die volgende môre het Jan probeer om ongemerk oor die werf te kom. Maar daardie kalkoene was wakkerder as waghonde en die gewoontlike geraas het hom begroet. Hulle het hom omsingel en vreeslike kele opgesit. Sonder om te besin, het Jan woedend 'n ou koolstronk opgetel wat die varke laat oorbly het en tussen die kalkoene ingegooi.

Die stronk het die grootste kalkoene mannetjie net mooi teen die kop geraak met die gevolg dat hy soos 'n klip neergeval het. Jan het verwag dat die kalkoen weer sou opspring, maar hy het doodstil bly lê.

Die seun was radeloos. Wat kon hy maak? As die boer sou uitvind wat hy gedoen het, sou hy 'n goeie pak slae kry en sou sy pa die kalkoen moes betaal wat nog 'n loesing sou beteken.

Gou-gou het hy die slap liggaam van die kalkoen opgetel en onder 'n hooimied ingedruk.

Die heeldag was Jan verskriklik bang. Wat as hy uitgevind word? Hy het gevoel asof hy nie wou huistoe gaan nie. Maar, aan die ander kant sou sy moeder weer onrustig word as hy nie kom nie en hy het al begin honger voel. Hy het besluit om eers te gaan kyk of die kalkoen al ontdek was.

Ja! Hy was weg. Met oë op die grond gevestig en 'n bewerige hart het hy oor die werf begin loop. Wat 'n geraas het hom nie begroet nie! Daar was die kalkoene weer, en in die middel, met 'n groter lawaai as die ander, was die kalkoene mannetjie wat dood gewees het!

Die slag het hom net bewusteloos gemaak en kort nadat hy onder die mied gedruk was, het hy opgestaan om weer na die ander te gaan. Jan was vreeslik bly. Dit het gelyk of die hele wêreld weer reg was. Nogtans het hy hom voorgeneem om nooit weer so haastig te wees om gevaarlike goed rond te gooi nie.

F. G. C.



Nuus uit die Veld

Die Strewersweek

DAT die Strewersweek tot seën vir baie van ons jongmense was, blyk uit die verslae wat uit baie dele van die veld inkom.

In baie van ons kerke is daar oorwinnings behaal, lewes weereens toegewy of vir die eerste keer oorgegee. Party verenigings is opnuut opgerig, en ons vertrou van harte dat al ons verenigings nuwe lewe gekry het wat hulle instaat sal stel om op groter skaal te werk.

HELDERBERG het so pas die grootste Instituut in sy geskiedenis geniet.

Die Spioenkop-opleidingskool staan op die rand van die viering van 'n jaarfees na 'n jaar van suksesvolle werksaamheid met 'n rekord-getal wat vroeg in hierdie maand hulle Strewersspelde sal ontvang. 'n Groot aantal word ook voorberei om terselfdertyd gedoop te word.



Die Oproep na die Juniorkamp

A. C. LE BUTT

WEEREENS wens ons om die aandag van ons Juniors en hulle ouers in die Kaapse Konferensie op 'n ander Juniorkamp te vestig. Hierdie keer sal dit egter vir die dogters sowel as die seuns wees en sal êrens in die heerlike Kaapse Skiereiland gehou word vanaf 4 Januarie tot aan die begin van die Kampvergadering van die Kaapse Konferensie wat in Kaapstad sal gehou word van 14 tot 22 Januarie.

Hierdie reëling maak dit moontlik vir ouers om hulle kinders na die Juniorkamp te stuur en hulle dan later by die kampvergadering te ontmoet om hierdie geseënde tyd saam deur te bring.

Hoewel ons nog nie volle besonderhede kan gee nie, is dit nogtans nie te vroegtydig vir ons seuns en dogters om geld te spaar om tien dae by die see deur te bring in die sonnige Suide nie. Die Skiereiland is die regte plek vir 'n aangename samekoms.

Die genieting van uitkampery is welbekend onder die Juniors seuns wat die laaste kamp bygewoon het.

Die geselskap van ander van dieselfde ouderdom wat dieselfde gevoelens en dieselfde uitkyk op die lewe het, is aanloklik. Op sulke geleenthede word daar ware en getroue vriendskappe gesmee, sodat ons die aangename herinneringe aan maats in ander konferensies kan meeneem na ons eie kerke en verenigings.

Ons maak voorbereidings om 'n groot staf volwasse helpers daar te hê om planne te beraam om elke departement van die kamp 'n volslae sukses te maak. Die goedopgeleide verpleegster wat daar sal wees, die buitlug-lewe, die geregleerde program van welgekose plesiere, en die godsdiensoefeninge sal almal bydra tot die liggaamlike en geestelike opheffing van die uitkamper.

Kyk op die landkaart (bl. 8). Sal dit nie gaaf wees om na die Skiereiland te gaan om die heerlike buitlug-lewe te geniet nie? Dink aan die spelletjies, die wandelings, die vreugdevure in die aand, die oefeninge en swemery elke môre, die onderrig, die liedere, die stories rondom die kampvuur, en ook die godsdiensoefeninge waar Jesus in God se groot opelug-tempel met die lug as sy dom, sal aanbid word. Juniors, kom ons begin nou dadelik ons geld spaar vir 'n reis seetoe!

Vra julle Ouderling of Strewersleier om 'n inskrywingsvorm asook om Sirkufer No. 1 wat verdere besonderhede bevat. Indien jy 'n afgeleë lid is wat nie by 'n kerk kan kom nie, skryf dan 'n brief aan A. C. Le Butt, Posbus 508, Port Elizabeth, om verdere inligting.

Ouers, gee u seuns en dogters 'n kans om die Juniorkamp by te woon en getraakteer te word op 'n manier wat hulle nooit sal vergeet nie, en wat hulle geestelik, liggaamlik, en verstandelik sal ontwikkel.

'n Boodskap aan Ouers

Deur 'n Moeder met 'n Gebroke Hart

HAAR is geen verdriet so groot as die van 'n mens self die oorsaak is nie. 'n vriende ontrou is of as dierbares deur dood weggenem word tot daardie dag so spoedig sal kom, vind 'n mens verstanting in die Een wat Sy kinders nooit die steek laat nie. Daar is geen verdriet as myne nie, want dit is my eie skuld — sal ek sê, sonde? — dat my dogter in Christuslose graf lê.

Ek sal begin by die dae toe sy 'n klein tertjie in die Sabbatskool was. Ek was ters op Marie se liefde vir haar onderes, wie se kennis van kinders haar help het om waardevolle lesse op Marie verstand af te druk — jaloers om te dink sy Marie 'n uur lank kon besig hou sondat ek die vernaamste figuur was. Ek is niemand anders in haar lewe hê nie, my ekskuus was my ontsaglike liefde haar.

Hoewel ons 'n goeie kerkskool gehad het, ek begeer om Marie tuis te hou. Ek is haar gedurig by my hê; maar ander wense het die oorhand gekry met die olog dat sy skool-toe gegaan het. Ek is uiters dankbaar gewees het dat sy verurende die hele tydperk van sewe jaar ter onderwysers van buitengewoon sterk akters gewees het wat 'n merkwaardige loed ten goede op haar uitgeoefen het. Maar in stede daarvan was ek moedswillig edelik toe ek Marie sien ontwikkel het in pragtige dogter met 'n ryke Christelike ervinding vir haar ouderdom.

Sy was diep geïnteresseerd in alle Sabbatskoolwerkzaamhede, en toe die Strewers-ek die junior seuns en dogters ook inget het, het sy alles in haar vermoë gedoen die plaaslike vereniging 'n sukses te maak. Sy het veral van die ligstraal-werk hou, en dikwels het sy vir 'n ou sieklike ou in ons buurt gaan lees. As dit aan oorgelaat was, sou ek haar nooit toe laat het om aan al hierdie dinge deel te neem nie; maar iemand anders het my bete in verband met sulke sake verwerp verurende haar kerkskooldae. Ek sou haar durig by my gehou het daar ek dit nie tot verdra om te sien dat andere so 'n pot plek in haar gedagtes en in haar harte ingeneem het nie. As ek nou terug-ek, kan ek sien dat ek nooit daardie Christelike karakter wat sy op veertien-ge leeftyd gehad het, in haar sou ontwikkel het nie. Ek was te jaloers op haar de; ek wou dit vir myself alleen hê.

Toe moes ons besluit waar sy haar ver-ge opleiding sou geniet. Haar vader wou dat sy na die opleidingskool omtrent 'n myl van ons af, moes gaan. Ek het rop aangedring dat sy die plaaslike kerkskool moes bywoon, en teneinde my sin kry, het ek al die argumente geopper moederliefde in sy onverstandige blind-

heid kon gebruik. Dit was 'n baie goeie skool en beter toegerus as die opleidingskool; daar was bekwame onderwysers; ek sou Marie by my kon hê in stede van om haar slegs eenmaal per maand te sien; ek was oortuig dat my invloed die invloed van die hoerskool sou tot niet maak. Vir 'n tyd is my argumente nie in aanmerking geneem nie en was Marie gelukkig weens die gedagte dat sy na die opleidingskool sou gaan.

„Ek wil eendag 'n buitelandse sendelinge wees en as ek na die hoerskool gaan, sal ek nie een kan word nie,” het sy eendag gesê toe ons besig was om naaldwerk te doen.

Skielik, slegs twee weke voordat sy moes vertrek, het haar vader gesterf en het ander mense van die gesin weggegaan. Ek was nou alleen met Marie. Sy het nog 'n innige begeerte gehad om na die opleidingskool te gaan. Daar was geen rede waarom sy nie kon gaan nie. Dit sou my weliswaar baie eensaam laat voel het, maar ek moes die raad van die Here aangeneem het en sy belofte aan wese en weduwees onthou het. Intendeel het ek met afkeur aan die nuwe belange wat in haar lewe sou kom, gedink en nie besef dat om haar met my onredelike liefde te versmoor, die beste manier was om haar liefde en respek vir my dood te maak nie.

So het dit gekom dat Marie ons plaaslike hoerskool besoek het. Gedurende daardie eerste jaar het ek geen verandering opgemerk nie en was ek hoogs tevrede omdat sy ewe bereidwillig haar strewers- en Sabbatskoolwerkzaamhede opgeoffer het om tuis te bly by my. Dit was al wat ek verlang het.

Gedurende haar tweede jaar het daar egter verwikkelinge ingetree. Sy het begin wegby na skoolure en dikwels eers na die aandete huis-toe gekom. Ek het probeer om haar te vertel hoedat dit my liefde seergemaak het. Maar in stede van toegeeflik te wees soos gewoonlik, het sy uitgebars:

„Ma het my nie lief nie! As dit die geval was, sou ma my na die opleidingskool gestuur het waar dit baie makliker is om goed te wees.”

Dit moes genoegsame waarskuwing gewees het, veral omdat Marie nou stilgebly het in verband met alles aangaande haar skoollewe. Maar ek het nie aggeslaan op die boodskap wat die Here my deur middel van haar uitbarsting wou stuur nie. Binnekort was daar 'n ander storm — hierdie keer in verband met die jong vriende wat saans soontoe gekom het. Onder hulle was seuns wat aangetrok was deur Marie se lieflike gesig en lang krulle.

„Kan my dogtertjie dan nie gelukkig wees in haar moeder se liefde nie?”

„Ma het my nie lief nie, anders sou ma my toegelaat het om vriende te hê!”

Toe ons gedurende die vakansie familie-betrekkinge gaan besoek het, was Marie meer soos die opgeruimde dogtertjie van vroeër, hoewel daar dikwels 'n rusteloosheid te bespeur was, wat ek nie eens probeer het om te verstaan nie. Toe die tyd nadergekom het vir die skool om te heropen, het sy nogmaals versoek om na die opleidingskool te gaan.

„En jou moeder alleen laat agterbly?” het ek gevra.

„Ek het dit nodig,” was al wat sy gesê het.

Sy het nie weer gevra nie. Met verloop van tyd het sy minder en steeds minder tyd tuis deurgebring. Daar sy altyd 'n skrandere student was en populêr by onderwysers sowel as klasmaats, het sy 'n leier geword.

„Ons klas voer 'n toneelstuk op, en ek moet sekere artikels gaan koop. Na dit gaan ek oor na Jane om 'n aandrok reg te maak vir ons klasdans vanaand,” het sy een Sabbatmôre aangekondig.

„Marie! Jy sal tog seker nie hierdie dinge op die Sabbat doen nie! Gaan jy dan nie saam met my Sabbatskool-toe nie?”

Sy het niks geantwoord nie, maar haar handsak gevat en uitgestap. Ek het haar nie weer voor die volgende oggend gesien nie, hoewel ek haar laat die nag hoor inkom en in haar kamer ingaan het. Toe ek in die gang uitgegaan het, het sy haar deur gesluit.

Niemand behalwe 'n moeder wat so onverstandig soos ek in haar liefde gewees het, kan 'n begrip vorm van die vreeslike verstandelike lyding van daardie nagtelike ure nie. Te laat het ek besef waarheen my selfsugtige, blinde liefde en onredelike jaloerie op ander belange in haar lewe, gelei het. In verootmoediging en sielesmart het ek tot berou gekom.

Die volgende môre toe Marie ingekom het vir ontbyt, het ek niks gesê van die manier waarop sy die Sabbat deurgebring het nie. Ook het ek nie gevra waar sy die nag geslaap het nie. „Die eerste halfjaar is nou verby, en ek dink dit sal gaaf wees as jy vir hierdie laaste halfjaar opleidingskool-toe gaan.”

Sy het effens gelag. „Is dit 'n poging om die verlore skaap te red, moeder?” Na 'n pose het sy gesê: „Dit is te laat. Ek het nie meer 'n begeerte om te gaan nie.”

Die laaste helfte van haar junior- asook haar seniorjaar het vinnig genoeg verbygevlug vir haar hoewel dit wrede marteling was vir my. As ek my moederliefde opgehaal het, het dit haar net kwaad gemaak en ek het ook nie kans gesien om haar so 'n onwaardige liefde soos myne voor te hou nie. Sy het orals heengegaan as voorbok van 'n plesierige klomp. Haar huis was

slegs 'n plek waar sy moes kom eet en slaap. Daar sy altyd 'n briljante student was, het sy gegradueer. Daarna het ek haar nog minder gesien.

„Die lewe is te stil hier. Ek gaan Hollywood-toe. 'n Klomp van ons motor soon-toe.”

Ek het probeer om iets te sê, maar sy wou nie luister nie.

(Word vervolg)



Dae van die Latere Reën te Thekerani

(Vervolg van vorige uitgawe)

Mohammedanisme, aan die ander kant, maak meer steelsgewyse vooruitgang, daar 'n mens byna nooit iets daarvan sien of hoor behalwe 'n oproep tot aanbidding teen sonder as 'n mens toevallig naby 'n plek van aanbidding is nie. Nogtans openbaar die statistieke dat van die meer as een-en-'n-half-miljoen naturelle in die Protektoraat elke elfde een 'n Mohammedaan is. Dit is verbasend, maar is nogtans 'n feit, dat in Limbe, 'n dorp omtrent so groot soos Blantyre, en die hoofkwartiere van die Niassalandse Spoorweë, al die vleis wat op die mark verkoop word, deur 'n Mohammedaan geslag word, daar vleis wat deur 'n Heiden of deur 'n Christen geslag is, nie op die marktafels toegelaat word nie. Die mistisisme en bygelooft van die Mohammedaanse geloof is aangrypend vir die hart van die inboorling, en as hy eenmaal 'n volgeling is, bly hy sy hele lewe lang een — met min uitsonderings.

In hierdie twee dryfkragte sien ons, as 't ware, die Ooste en die Weste mekaar ontmoet. Tussenin is die getroue klompie van God se laaste kerk wat die boodskap met verbasende sukses verkondig. Die kampvergaderings gee die werk altyd nuwe krag. Ons rapporteer maar net wat op elkeen gebeur, maar hierdie byeenkomste word maandelank deur die regeringsbeampstes bespreek, asook deur die ander genootskappe en mense. Kort na die kampvergaderings word daar elke jaar publieke pogings gehou, en wanneer ons met hierdie pogings besig is, kan ons dikwels die invloed van die kampvergaderings bespeur. (Die kampvergaderings in die sendingvelde speel 'n vername rol in die verspreiding van die boodskap.)

Tydens die skrywe van hierdie artikel, is daar elf pogings aan die gang in ons terrein. Van almal kom daar bemoedigende rapporte. Gister, by die buiteskool (Salima) het al die mense die Sabbat-skool bygewoon, en in die daaropvolgende diens het veertien van hulle Christus as hulle enigste Verlosser aangeneem. Thekerani en die omliggende sentrums het agtien pogings as hulle doel vir 1937 gestel. Ons verwag om 1,000 bekeerlinge by ons doopklaste te voeg, waar hulle so ywerig versorg word soos wat 'n nasie sy „Boy Scouts” en „Girl Guides” oplei. God sal die bekeerlinge werf, en ons plig is om ywerig en getrou te wees in ons arbeid.

In al die vertakkinge van Gods werk, word dit gevoel hoedat Hy die werk tot 'n spoedige en triomfantlike voleinding bring. Ons skole, Sabbat-skole, en Strewersvereniginge dra almal daartoe by om die boodskap te versprei. Ons tiendes en offerandes vermeerder. Die lede word al hoe meer entoesiasies in kerklike werksaamhede. Ons kry versoeke om nuwe skole te open. Hierdie versoeke kom van Noord, Suid, Oos en Wes, en nie alleen van inboorlinge nie. Ek het hier 'n brief van 'n Distriks-kommissaris wat ons versoek om 'n skool in sy distrik te open. Die werk gaan vooruit op 'n manier wat diegene wat die beproewinge en teleurstellings wat die baanbrekerswerk in hierdie land deurgemaak het, inderdaad sou verbaas. Ons sê saam met die Psalmis:

„Dit het van die Here gekom;

Dit is wonderlik in ons oë.

Dit is die dag wat die Here gemaak het; Laat ons daarvoor juig en bly wees.

Ag, Here, gee tog heil;

Ag Here, gee tog voorspoed!”

(Ps. 118: 23-25.)

Helderberg Kollege

Spesiale Dienste te Helderberg

Die dae van 8-11 September sal altyd as gedenkwaardige dae op die kalender van Helderberg aangewys staan. Gedurende daardie korte tydjie het ons 'n geestelike fees van goeie dinge geniet. Leraar Clifford het môre- sowel as aanddienste van 'n hulpvaardige aard gehou.

Die gees van gebed en intreding het hom klaarblyklik van elke hart meester gemaak, en ernstige smeekbedes wat na God opgestuur is, het baie geestelike oorwinnings as gevolg gehad. Hoewel daar min aandoenlikheid was, het daar 'n diepe, ernstige en gewillige gees geheers in die skool. Weereens het die waarheid van die Gees van profesie 'n indruk op ons gemaak om die feit op ons mense se harte te druk dat ons skole beskermingsoorde vir ons jeug is teen beproewinge en versoekinge.

Daar is pleidooie gelewer vir die persoonlike oorgawe van harte òf vir die eerste keer òf as 'n her-oorgawe na 'n onbevredigende ondervinding. Baie het aan hierdie versoeke voldoen en ongeveer vyftig het geloftekaartjies geteken om 'n nuwe lewenspad te bewandel. So-te-sê die hele skool — beide oud en jonk — het aan die toewydingsdiens deelgeneem. Die engele in die hemel het ongetwyfeld gejuig toe hulle hierdie toneel gadeslaan het. Spesiale klasse buiten die gereëide doopklas sal gehou word om die geestelike lewe van hierdie nuwelinge op te bou. Ons vra om voorbidding dat hierdie hoër peil mag standhou en dat daar tot aan die einde

van hierdie skooljaar 'n hoë geestelike tempo mag aangegee word.

G. E. SHANKER

Doodsberig

KITNEY.—Na 'n ernstige siekte van kverlamming oor 'n tydperk van ses maande is Maria Cornelia Petronella Kitney Potchefstroom op Woensdag, 25 Augustus 1937, oorlede.

„Hier kom die geduld van die Heil te pas.” „Salig is van nou af die d wat in die Here sterwe, sodat hulle rus van hul arbeid en hulle werke volg hulle.”

Temidde van al haar bittere smartlyding was sy altyd geduldig en ook getrou om 'n woord van troos en aanmoediging aan andere toetespreek. Na aan die einde kon sy nie meer praat, eet of drink. Van die laaste woorde wat sr. Kitney skryf het, was, „Ek is honger,” en „Elders.” Aan haar kom die salige belofte toe: „Dit is hulle wat uit die groot verdrukking kom, . . . Hulle sal nie honger nie en nie meer dors hê nie . . . en God sal alle tranes van hulle oë afvee.”

Ons treur saam met die vader, vier broeders en bloedverwante maar ons treur sonder hoop nie. Sy was getrou tot dood en ons sien uit na die heerlike standings-môre om haar weer te ontmoet.

J. RAUBENHELMER

Obituaries

STEPHEN.—Caroline Christina Elizabeth Stephen was born in the Cape Province in 1860 and passed away in the Krugersdorp hospital on September 6, 1937.

Our late Sister Stephen embraced the message in 1925, in Johannesburg, under the preaching of Elder W. L. Hyatt. She lived in the Eastern Transvaal and was known to all in Krugersdorp. She was known as a sincere Christian and devout Seventh-day Adventist.

After a long and lingering illness she passed away, to rest from her labours in the return of the Saviour.

We laid her to rest at the Krugersdorp Cemetery in the sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection to eternal life.

A. W. STAPLETON

TINGTINGER.—Mr. Jacobus J. Tingtinger of Kroonstad was born on January 18, 1897, and was tragically killed in a railway accident at Dover, O. F. S., on September 9, 1937.

He was of a kindly disposition, and a model husband and father. The funeral was held at the Kroonstad church, who attended the impressive burial service conducted by Elder Herholdt, testified to the esteem in which he was held by his friends.

A widow, three daughters, Anne, Charlene, and Kate, who are pupils of our Kroonstad church school, and numerous relatives and friends are left to mourn. Our hearty sympathy is extended to the bereaved.

L. G. STAPLETON

The Southern

African Division Outlook

Published semi-monthly by the
General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists
(Southern African Division)

Subscription price, 2/6 per annum

D. A. WEBSTER _____ Editor.

Grove Avenue, Claremont, Cape

SOUTHERN AFRICAN DIVISION OFFICERS

J. F. Wright _____ President.
C. W. Bozarth _____ Treas. and Auditor.
M. P. Robison _____ Secy. and Ed. Secy.
L. L. Moffitt _____ M. V. Secy. and S. S. Secy.
A. N. Tonge _____ Medical Secy.
F. E. Potter _____ H. M. and Field Miss. Secy.
L. L. Moffitt _____ Religious Liberty Secy.

Call to the Junior Camp

A. C. LE BUTT

ONCE again we are attracting the attention of our Juniors and their parents in the Cape Conference to another Junior camp. This time, however, it will be for the girls as well as the boys and will be held somewhere in the glorious Cape Peninsula, commencing January 4 and continuing right up to the Camp-meeting of the Cape Conference, which will be held in Cape Town, January 14 to 22.

This arrangement makes it possible for parents to send their children to the Junior camp and then to meet them at the camp-meeting later and so enjoy this blessed season together.

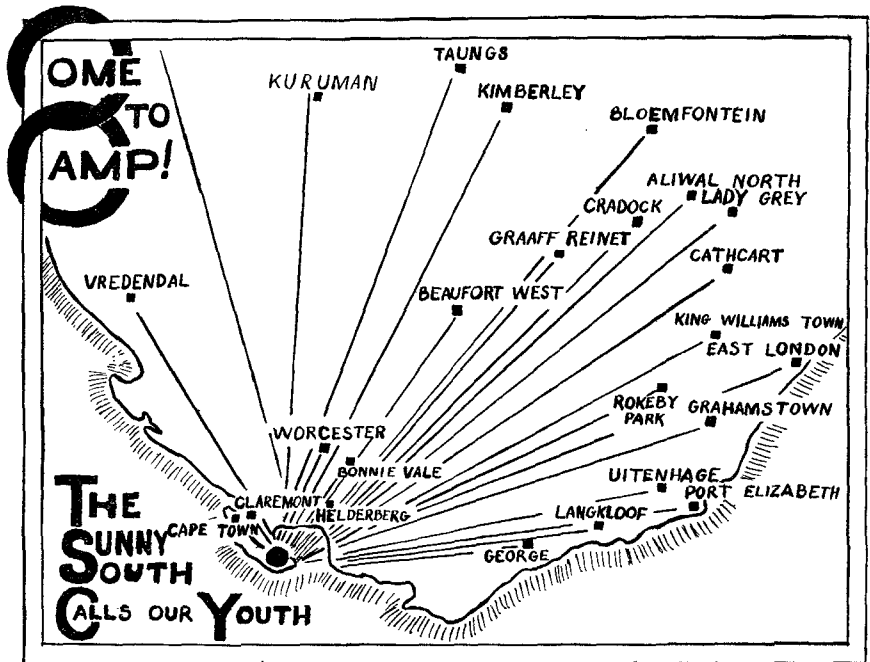
Though it is too soon for us to give full details, yet it is not too early for our boys and girls to save up their money and arrange to spend ten days by the sea in the sunny South. The Peninsula is the place for a happy time together.

The joys of camping are well-known among the Junior boys who attended the last camp. The fact that every lad put on weight speaks for itself.

The companionship of others of the same age, who share the same feelings and have the same outlook in life, is a wonderful attraction. It is at gatherings of this kind where friendships staunch and true are formed, and when we go back to our home churches and societies, we shall carry with us pleasant memories of comrades in other parts of our conference.

We are planning to have a very strong staff of adult helpers who will devise plans to make every department of the camp a great success. The fully trained nurse who will be in attendance during the time of the camp, the open-air life, the regular programme of well-selected pleasures, and the devotional exercises, will all contribute to the physical and spiritual uplift of the campers.

Take a look at the map. Won't it be fine making our way toward the Peninsula with the wonderful joy of life in the open? Think of the games, the hikes, the bonfires in the evening, the drilling and the swim-



ming every morning, the instructional classes, the sing-songs, the stories told around the camp-fire, and last but by no means the least, the devotional periods, worshipping Jesus in God's great open-air temple with the sky as its dome. Juniors, let us plan right now and start saving our money for a trip to the sea!

Ask your Church Elder or Missionary Volunteer leader for an enrolment form and for Circular Number One, giving further particulars. If you are isolated, and are not able to attend a church send a letter to A. C. Le Butt, P.O. Box 508, Port Elizabeth, and you will get further instruction.

Parents, give your boys and girls an opportunity of attending the Junior Camp and give them a treat which they will never forget, and one that will develop them spiritually, intellectually, and physically!

General News Notes

ELDER BOZARTH has left for Bloemfontein where he will join Elder A. F. Tarr and other members of the committee appointed to deal with the details of the transfer of the South African Union Training School from Spion Kop.

WE are glad to welcome Elder J. van de Merwe and family back to South Africa. They arrived in the S. S. "Dullio," September 25. Brother van de Merwe graduated from Pacific Union College in May and then went to Washington where he took summer-school work in the Advanced Bible School. Just before leaving the States they attended the General Conference Education Council held in Ashville, N. C.

The SABBATH and the SABBATH DAY

The author, Elder Arthur W. Spalding, says:

"This book is frankly written for Seventh-day Adventists, and especially for Seventh-day Adventist young people. But it is equally good for people who are not Seventh-day Adventists, because the Sabbath belongs to all. . . . There is all too little of Sabbathkeeping; and much that is called Sabbathkeeping is not Sabbathkeeping."

The many helpful suggestions on Sabbathkeeping will aid you to make the Sabbath day "glorious in opportunity and in power, a rest, an inspiration, and a delight."

Order it NOW.

Bound in attractive paper covers for only 1/9 post paid.

Order through your Book Depository.

Appreciation

MR. ANSLEY and family wish to thank all members of the Kimberley church and friends for their kindness and sympathy expressed in the many letters, telegrams, and beautiful floral tributes sent during their recent sad bereavement.

"WHILE we are looking after the interests of Christ in this world, He is looking after ours in heaven."