

# MISSIONS QUARTERLY

Vol. 6      Issued Quarterly at Washington, D. C.      No. 1  
By S. D. A. Foreign Mission Board

5 cents a copy      First Quarter, 1917      20 cents a year

Entered as second-class matter, July 6, 1915, at the post-office at Washington, D. C.  
under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.



Native Woman Stamping Ingoti (grain)  
at the Chief's Kraal

TOPIC:  
SOUTH AFRICAN MISSIONS

## SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM

### *March 3*

"They Call Us."

"Preparing the Way for the Message."

"A Sermon on the Mission Station."

Distribute Thirteenth Sabbath envelopes.

### *March 10*

"The Broken Idol."

"Solusi's Thankfulness." (See *March Worker.*)

"Exposing the Witch Doctors."

### *March 17*

"A Grinding-stone that kept the Sabbath."

"Providences."

"Diamonds."

"Schools and Outschools."

### *March 24*

"Rejoicing to See the Truth Spreading."

"An Old Man's Words."

"Summer Institutes for Native Teachers."

### *March 31*

"John, the Mission Ox-driver, and Frontier Policeman."

Recitation. "Would you Trade Places?"

Offering.

Prayer for our Missions in Africa.

## “They Call Us”

THIS time the call comes to us from over the southern seas, where, as the missionary hymn puts it, —

“Afric’s sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand.”

Here is the appeal:—

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER,

Secretary Sabbath School Department.

Dear Sister:—

“In a recent meeting of the General Conference Committee the following action was taken:—

“*Voted*, That we express anew our appreciation and thankfulness for the great blessing the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering plan has been to our missionary cause, lifting, as it does, such heavy burdens as every Thirteenth Sabbath comes round; this expression of thankfulness is preliminary to the request that the Sabbath schools lift yet again, on Sabbath, March 31, 1917, this time in behalf of the South African missions.’

“The best reports that we have ever had from South Africa have recently been coming to the Mission Board office, showing that in every mission station there is call for enlargement, for the training of more native teachers, and for extending the line of stations deeper into Africa. But we must let the reports from the field tell their own story. We pass to the schools this request in full assurance that the response will bring joy to the hearts of our workers in South Africa, and that as the result of the gifts, by the blessing of the Lord, many souls will be brought from heathen darkness to light.”

“MISSION BOARD,”

## Preparing the Way for the Message

Too many agencies to count have been used by God's providence in opening Africa for missionary work. But when we think of the opening of the Dark Continent, we think first of all of Livingstone as a pathmaker for missions.

Livingstone knew the prophecy of the time of the end in Daniel 12:4; "But thou, O Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book, even to the time of the end: many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." He saw the prophecy fulfilling in these last days. He wrote: "Is God not preparing the world for missions which will embrace the whole of Adam's family? The gallant steamships circumnavigate the globe. Emigration is going on at a rate to which the most renowned crusades of antiquity bear no proportion. Many men go to and fro and knowledge is increased. No great emigration ever took place in our world without accomplishing one of God's great designs."

The burden of opening Africa's interior was pressed upon Livingstone's heart especially, just as the hour of God's judgment came, in 1844. He was then down on the edge of the European settlements, in his first mission. In 1845 he penned his famous question: "Who will penetrate through Africa?"

From that time, impelled, the history says, by a force that he could not understand, he set his face northward to be used of God in making a path for the gospel to reach the

tribes and tongues of the regions then unknown.

In his first journeyings his family was with him. Friends entreated and warned. Some said one man could do nothing. Livingstone wrote in reply to all:—

“But who will go if we don’t? Not one. I would venture everything for Christ. Pity I have so little to give. But he will accept us for he is a good Master. Never one like Him.”

So they started out. When it was seen that journeys were to be made that might take three or four years in the wilds, the wife and children were sent home to England, and the missionary plunged into the depths of Africa’s need. After four years he reached home and loved ones again, bringing to the world its first information regarding the tribes and possible routes in the great Zambesi region, from west coast to east coast. Britain welcomed a great missionary explorer, but the missionary’s family welcomed home husband and father. In honor of the homecoming Mrs. Livingstone wrote her first and last poem, so far as the record goes. You will like to hear two verses of it, just to know how glad she was:—

“A hundred thousand welcomes, and it’s time for you to  
come

From the far land of the foreigner, to your country and  
your home.

O, long as we were parted, ever since you went away,  
I never passed a dreamless night, or knew an easy day.

“Do you think I would reproach you for the sorrows that  
I bore?

Since the sorrow is all over, now I have you here once  
more,

And there’s nothing but the gladness, and the love  
within my heart,

And the hope so sweet and certain that again we’ll  
never part.”

The next trip Mrs. Livingstone was to go too. She was Mary Moffat, the daughter of Robert Moffat, African missionary, and she knew Africa. But on the way into the interior, she sickened with the fever, and died. They were parted till the resurrection. Our missionaries pass Mrs. Livingstone's grave as they go up the Shire River into Nyasaland. Then Livingstone, more than ever giving his life to Africa, pushed on with his work until at last he died, afar from any of his own people, in a region toward which our missions are reaching out slowly today. We all know how his death stirred Europe and America, and how Providence used his life of service and his death to open the African interior. Mission after mission pushed in, trade and commerce came, roads were built, and now the railway runs from South Africa into the Congo, across the Zambesi region where Livingstone traveled afoot and on ox-back. Now it takes only a few days to travel from Capetown away to the Congo border. The hurrying trains in the interior are crowded with natives, many of tribes unknown until Livingstone's day. Africa has changed, and today in that great continent men are running to and fro and knowledge is increasing.

---

“Scarcely a thousandth part of the work is being done that ought to be done in missionary fields”—*Testimonies for the Church, Vol. 6, page 29.*

## A Sermon on the Mission Station

ONE Sabbath afternoon, in the meeting at Somabula Mission, a call was made for those who had not given their hearts to God to do so without delay. Many had come forward, re-consecrating their lives, and now in the company of seekers after God, eleven stood up, giving their hearts to God for the first time.

“These are all new converts,” said Brother John de Beer, as he saw them standing. Then, as they were called close together for instruction and prayer, Brother de Beer spoke to them in their own tongue. You will be glad to hear it, as it was translated to me by one who sat by:—

“I have had a burden on my heart for some of you for a long time. I am glad to see you here today. The Lord has called you. I believe that he is pouring out his Spirit upon all flesh, as we have just been learning in our Bible study.

“We see that the Lord is turning the hearts of men. Some of the chiefs that were against us a little time ago are now very friendly. Once it was difficult to do anything in their villages; now one after another is saying, ‘Let the schools come. Let the schools come and teach my people.’

“We have come here among you to bring you the Word of God. Jesus died for you, and he wants to forgive all your sins, and make you his children. We did not come here after the cattle or land, but after souls. The Lord died for you, and we want to help you to find him.

“It is harvest time now. All about us in the fields they are gathering in the grain. Now it is the Lord’s harvest time in the world. He is working to gather in his harvest. The



NATIVE TEACHER OF SOMABULA ARRIVING WITH HIS PUPILS FOR SABBATH SERVICE

Lord wants to save you and gather you into his kingdom when Jesus comes.

“But the evil one is out in the land also. When wild beasts are about, you must keep inside the lines of the kraal. Then you are safe. Now, Satan is going about like a roaring lion, seeking to devour. You must get inside the lines of the church, and under the protection of the Lord. There you are safe.

“Those who have now found the knowledge of the Saviour should do like the woman who found Jesus by the well. She went and told the people of her village that she had found the Saviour. Now you should tell the people of your villages that you have found him.



“We must study the Word of God. The Scriptures are like a fountain. Last dry season the people came to the mission to get water from our spring. Did the spring go dry?—No, it was fresh all the time. The more water we took out of it, the faster the water flowed in, and it was cleaner. Just so we must study the Word of God. It is a life-giving fountain that will flow more and more, giving us the water of life for our hearts.

“We are glad to see you here today, and that you have given your hearts to God. We will study together until you understand his ways fully, and then sometime we shall come to your village, and you will be baptized before your own people, to show them that you have turned from the old life, and that you are following Jesus, who died and rose again, to bring us life.”

It was good to hear these words, in the Sentibili tongue, spoken to the hearts of these people breaking away from heathenism. It is to bring the water of life to such as these that we make our gift to Africa.

W. A. SPICER.

## The Broken Idol

WE read in the sixth of Judges of the young man who broke down the altar of Baal one night. When the worshipers of Baal demanded his death, Joash, the father, said:—

“Will ye plead for Baal? . . . . If he be a god, let him plead for himself, because one hath cast down his altar.”

Evidently the people saw that if an idol

that was worshiped could not prevent injury to itself, it certainly could not be much protection to its worshipers. Such a lesson as this was taught to the heathen near one of our out-schools in Africa. A visitor to that region gives us the story as follows:—

“When I visited Brother Victor Wilson, beyond the Zambesi, he said to me, ‘When you go to Solusi, ask Jim to tell you about the time when he broke down the idol stone and had his life threatened for doing so.’ So when I met Jim, one of our oldest teachers in Matabeleland, I asked him to tell me the story.

“‘The idol stone,’ he said, ‘was a stone pillar in a place beyond the river. The people worshiped it. They thought that long ago a man from the East was turned into a god and disappeared into the ground at that place and the stone sprang up. So the people worshiped it and brought gifts and offerings to it.

“‘When I went to teach an out-school near by, I heard about it. The people said that it was their prayers to this stone that caused the god who went into the earth there to send them rain. I told the people that it was the God of heaven who sent rain, that the stone could never do it.

“‘They said, ‘That stone is not really stone; it is a god.’”

“‘No, it is only a stone,’ I said.

“‘But if you strike it or injure it, blood will come from it,’ they said.

“‘Well’, I told them, ‘I know better than that.’”

“‘They said, , ‘No, that is the truth.’”

“So when I got better acquainted there I called some of my boys from the school who believed the stories told about the stone, and we went down to the place. Some of the people came down to see what I would do. I touched it, and struck it, and said, “You see it is only a stone, just like other stones that the God of heaven has made.” I took an ax, and told them I would show them that there was nothing to it at all.

“Some of the boys cried out, “Don't you strike it! You will die! You will die!”

“But I said, “O you will see that this is nothing but a stone, and that it is no god at all.” So I struck it with the ax and it broke in pieces. Some of the Makalanga tribe who were the principal worshipers, said, “The teacher has broken the stone; we will set fire to his kraal and drive him away.” Others said, however, “No, you let it alone. If the stone is a god, the teacher will die, if not now, some time later.” So nothing was done, and the people saw that they had been deceived. Now they pay no attention at all to the place where the stone stood.’ ”

Our missionaries are by no means going about breaking idols, but in this case an African boy helped the people beyond the river to see that an idol was nothing in the world. The best of it is that in many hearts in Africa the blessed truth of the gospel is turning people away from idols to serve the living and the true God.

## Exposing the Witch Doctors

THE Psalmist says that when the children of Israel turned away from God, many joined in the worship of the heathen round about, and "ate the sacrifices of the dead." Ps. 106: 28. From the most ancient times the heathen made sacrifices to what they supposed to be spirits of the dead. They had lost the light of truth, and believed that old falsehood of the serpent in Eden, "Ye shall not surely die."

African heathenism has filled the minds of the people with fear of evil spirits. Most of the worship of the heathen tribes seems to be an effort to appease the spirits of the dead, which, they think, are ever round about, ready to do harm. Foolish as it seems to us who know the truth of the Gospel, it is all very real to the superstitious heathen. One South African writer interprets the native view in these lines:—

"Lo, we are born in the fear of wild and unspeakable things;  
Born in the bushland here, where the souls of the dead  
have wings,  
Hovering high in the air when the shades of even' fall,  
Shrieking in dim despair at the gate of each lonely  
kraal—  
Scoff not, White Man!—beware, when the ghosts of the  
dead men call."

Working on this superstitious fear, the witch doctors near our main mission in Nyasaland, had a way of frightening the people by making strange forms of animals and giant men, using strips of wood covered with cloth, and carrying them through the villages by night, pretending that they were spirit-gods.

These things had such power over the ignorant heathen that our missionaries determined to expose the fraud. Brother W. H. Hurlow tells us how it was done. He also sends two



ONE OF THE "SPIRITS"

pictures, the first showing the childish contrivances used by the witch doctors to frighten the people, the second showing the burning of the thing before the eyes of the people to show them it was all a fraud to deceive them. Brother Hurlow says:—

“At the main station, having among the church members one who had been at one time initiated into the secrets of the native witchcraft, we were able in a most convincing manner to expose one of their most well established sorceries.

“At certain seasons, usually at the first phase of the moon, the village people are all gathered together to witness the passing of the spirits.

“Huddled together in the shelter of their huts, trembling with apprehensive fear, the women and children, together with the young and uninitiated men, await the appearance of the supposed spirits.

“From outside the village comes the howling of fictitious beasts, and immediately the drums, beaten by the few initiated, begin their monotonous dirge, while to their accompaniment the witch doctor in all his hideousness performs his wild ceremonies.

“Slowly from the shadows emerges silently one after another of the spirits. During their passing, silence has reigned, cold chills have passed through all, none have dared move, and scarcely any to breathe. As the spirit disappears into the bush, the drums beat up a hilarious tattoo, for the spirit has been pleased to pass and leave the village unmolested.

“So spirit after spirit, accompanied by noises peculiar to their types, follow in quick succession. The Mpalapala, with its hump and protruding horns, the prancing horse, with its mystic rider, the Ng’omba, a gigantic bird with jaunting stride, and last of all, but by no means least, that awe-inspiring wonder of the white man, the steam-engine, with shrill whistle, steadily moves past in the shadows.

“In exposing these ceremonies, much trouble was experienced in getting even our Christian natives to take a part, fearing lest the medicine man and his associates, infuriated at the



BURNING THE "SPIRIT"

exposure of their trickery, would secretly wreak their vengeance on those who had dared take part.

“However, a prize and the promise of our protection, prevailed, and in the sight of hundreds of natives from the surrounding villages, the “spirits” made by the one who had been initiated were caused to appear in all their vaunted glory, and then exposed in the eyes of all present to be composed of blankets, sticks, and leaves, and to be borne by natives well known to all around.

“The following day the accompanying photographs were taken, and then before a large and appreciative audience the spirits were burned.”

---

## Diamonds

ELEANOR: Did you ever see a diamond?

RUTH: I surely have. A strange lady took our Sabbath-school class one day when our teacher was absent; and she wore a diamond ring. I do not believe I heard a word of that lesson; for I was too busy watching that diamond. It certainly was a beauty. Why, that stone looked as though it were alive! It seemed to dance, and wink, and shoot out fire, and turn into all the colors of the rainbow. I decided right then and there that I was going to have one, some day, if I lived long enough. But they are quite expensive, aren't they?

ELEANOR: I should say they are! They are the most highly valued of all precious stones, and the hardest, too. It takes a long time to cut and polish them. Before they had steam machinery, it used to take at least seven or eight months of constant work to cut down a stone of twenty-four or thirty carats to a regular form.

RUTH: How much do they cost, do you know?

ELEANOR: Well, it is all owing to their size, and color, and purity, shape, and *freedom from flaws and stains*. The largest one that



I know of is the Orloff diamond, in the scepter of the emperor of Russia. Count Orloff paid 45,000 silver rubles, \$440,000 for it. Then there is the Pitt diamond that was sold for two and one-half million francs or \$640,000, but it is said to be worth twice that sum. Before it was cut and polished, it weighed 410 carats, and the fragments, split and sawn from it—after they were cut and polished—were worth almost five thousand dollars!

RUTH: Phew! you discourage me about ever having one of my own.

ELEANOR: You wait a minute; I know a way in which we both can have, not only one, but many diamonds—diamonds of the first water, heaps better than any of these we have mentioned.

RUTH: You do! (clapping her hands in great glee.) Tell me about it quick!

ELEANOR: Not so fast, do you know where diamonds come from?

RUTH: Out of mines, don't they?

ELEANOR: To be sure, but where are the mines?

RUTH: O, South America, somewhere.

ELEANOR: Yes, beauties have come from Brazil; but that is only one place. "More than ninety-five per cent of all the diamonds now produced" come from Kimberly, South Africa. Within a period of forty years more than fifteen tons of diamonds were taken out of this part of South Africa—"as many diamonds as thirty horses all pulling at once could haul!"

RUTH: Well, who could have thought it?

ELEANOR: The strange part is, that the people around there never realized that they were treading diamonds under their feet. To look at the country, one wouldn't think it worth anything. It is right in the middle of a great sandy plain with no trees, except in the city itself, and no water nearer than the Vaal River, seventeen miles away. You can guess how barren and dusty it must be, when there is no rain. They have dust-storms there which leave every thing filled with dust. It works in between your teeth, fills your hair, your books, and sometimes the watch in your pocket! Can you wonder that the people did not know that they were living in "one of the richest towns upon earth?" Think of it! their children were playing with rough diamonds and did not know it! One day a Dutch farmer passed that way and found the children playing with a bright stone. He secured it and had it examined, and it was found to be a diamond. It was finally sold in Paris for \$2,500. Since then they have found diamonds there one and a fourth inches in diameter!

RUTH: Well, I guess they will know diamonds now when they see them.

ELEANOR: That is the queerest part of all. They do not! Our missionaries have discovered another kind of rough diamonds there—diamonds which have been right around among the people of South Africa all the time; and they never knew it! They are far more precious than any of the diamonds which we have mentioned; for the King of

heaven gave all that he possessed for them. The missionaries say that these diamonds can be beautifully polished, only, like the other diamonds, it takes time and patience; but they are worth it, for then they are able to reflect the light of God's own Son on earth. They have seen them do it.

RUTH: What are they called?

ELEANOR: Kaffir Diamonds, Bushmen Diamonds, and Hottentot Diamonds.

RUTH: O, you mean the native men and women and boys and girls of South Africa!

ELEANOR: That is just what I mean. They can become "living stones" precious gems, in the temple and crown of our King.

RUTH: But how can we invest in that kind of diamonds?

ELEANOR: By putting all the money we can into the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering.

RUTH: Oh—I see—(thoughtfully and softly)—I believe I'd rather have that kind of diamonds, up there, than to have a diamond ring, down here.

ELEANOR: (Throwing her arm affectionately around the other girl and marching off the platform with her) I'm so glad! I felt sure you would, when you understood about it.

MRS. JESSIE F. MOSER.

---

"Our watchword is to be, Onward, ever onward. The angels of God will go before us to prepare the way. Our burden for the regions beyond can never be laid down until the whole truth shall be lightened with the glory of the Lord."—*Testimonies for the Church, Vol. 6, page 29.*

## A Grinding-Stone that Kept Sabbath

THE grinding-stone on which the women daily grind out the meal for the porridge is one of the essentials of every South African hut. In course of time the stone is hollowed out and worn smooth, and becomes the woman's treasure, doubtless, very much as the old worn paring knife is a treasure to the housewife in our home lands.

This is a story of how one grinding-stone kept Sabbath. A woman named Mantea, in Basutoland, had had a hard time to win her freedom to keep the Sabbath. Once she had been compelled to flee from home after severest beatings and threats to take her life. But after months of persecution, it was settled that Mantea should have freedom to follow the Lord.

One day a woman of her kraal came to her, to borrow her grinding-stone. It was Sabbath. "No," said Mantea, "this is my grinding-stone, and I can not lend it to you, for you to use it on the Sabbath."

The woman went to Mantea's husband and made complaint. He came on the scene and demanded that the woman should have the stone. "Well," said Mantea, "you know we have talked this matter over. We settled it that I should be free to be a Christian and to keep the Sabbath. This is my stone. I found it myself on the veldt (out on the land). I do not think it would be right for me to lend it on the Sabbath, to be used in work that I would not do myself on God's day."

“Well,” said the husband, who had learned by experience that he could not compel his wife to do what she believed to be wrong, “this is my house, at any rate. You take the stone outside; you cannot have it in the house.” So the grinding-stone kept Sabbath along with its owner.

## Providences

DOWN among the heathen in their superstition, our workers often rejoice over the daily providences that often we let pass among ourselves with too little thought of our Father in heaven who sends us every blessing that we have.

### When the Rain Came at Monze

Our Barotseland Mission farm is near the grave of Monze, a famous chief of the days of Livingstone. That missionary traveler talked with Monze, and probably tramped over the very farm where now the Pemba Mission boys are cultivating the fields before and after school hours.

Some time ago there was a dry season. The rains had failed. A heathen came along who was considered by the people as a prophet. He held strange ceremonies by Monze's grave, in the effort to bring rain. Finally he gave out the word that the mission was to blame for the lack of rain. “The spirit of Jesus,” he said, “and the spirit of Monze are at war. Monze says that he will not send rain because you send your children to the mission school. If you take your children out of the school, then Monze will send you rain.”

We can well believe that our Christian school boys as well as the missionaries prayed the Lord to turn the heathen challenge to his own glory. Sure enough! Next day came a blessed rain, mostly confined to the mission farm. Very little fell beyond the farm borders. That season this occurred again and again, the clouds seeming to pour out their moisture especially over the region of the farm.

Evidently this was talked about in the heathen villages, for along came the head man of the district, Chilembwa, a hardened heathen, whose village was just beyond the farm. He made a request of the mission. "Will you let me come and dig ground on the mission farm?" he asked. "I would like to plant on your land, because the rain comes on it."

---

## Schools and Out-Schools

IN African mission work the leading school is at the station where the foreign missionary is in charge. This main school trains teachers, who in turn go out into the villages and start out-schools. These out-schools must be visited and kept carefully under the oversight of the missionary.

From Nyasaland comes a description of the school program, and the out-school visitation, together with a picture of the missionary and one of his boys round the evening camp-fire preparing the supper. Brother W. H. Hurlow writes:—

"The trip to the out-schools is accomplished partly on bicycle, and where the bicycle is im-

possible, then on donkey, of which the mission possesses some of the finest in the country. Six to eight boys accompany the missionary to carry the equipment. Carrying a load of



SUPPER BY THE CAMP FIRE

fifty pounds they can easily accomplish thirty miles a day, if necessary.

“At the main station at Malamulo the boys are lodged and boarded in brick buildings, which for hygienic purposes are divided into rooms, each of which will accommodate six to eight boys.

“Each native teacher is given a plot of ground to cultivate and on which to build his house. His house is usually built of wattle and daubed over with mud, an improvement with regard to size and ventilation is however

made, in comparison to the usual native hut of mud. Close to his house he builds his granary, composed of large wickerwork structures built on piles and thatched with grass.

“From sunrise until 10 A. M. the boys work on the estate, some in the fields, others in the dairy, with the cattle, or in the carpenter’s shop. At ten the boys all go to the river to bathe and get ready for breakfast and school.

“At eleven the bell announces school and from the mission and the villages around the pupils troop, old and young, men, women, and children, to the three hours of morning school. The first hour is spent in Bible study, conducted by the white teacher. The school then divides into classes for the studies in reading, writing, and arithmetic.

“Following school, the few hours of the afternoon are spent by the boys in healthful recreation or in the cultivation of their own gardens.

“The women go back to their pounding or to their grinding stones. Here the main native food, maize, is made into flour by first soaking it in water and then pounding it in the hollow trunk of a tree, afterward winnowing it in their closely woven grass baskets.”

---

“Our General, who never makes a mistake, says to us, ‘Advance, Enter new territory. Lift up the standard in every land.’” — *Testimonies for the Church, Vol. 6, page 28.*



## Rejoicing To See the Truth Spreading

THE first thought of the converted heart is to get others to share in the joy of Christ's salvation. This is true of the believers who are being won out of African heathenism.



TOGO THE HALF BLIND WATER CARRIER AT  
SOMABULA MISSION

They rejoice to see the truth winning its way in the hearts of the heathen round about them.

Not long ago a meeting was held at the Somabula Mission, in Matabeleland, to grant letters to twenty-six members to join a second church that was to be organized at the Glendale Mission. The hearts of the Matabele believers at Somabula rejoiced to know that another church was being formed. They tell

us that old Pogo, the nearly blind water-carrier of the mission, who has found the Lord in his old age, expressed his overflowing joy in these words: "Now I see the fulfillment of the Saviour's command and promise, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.' 'And, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.'"

Brother H. C. Olmstead, who pioneered the way in North Basutoland, tells the story of Matsiti, the first Sabbath keeper in that region. She is a pleasant faced Basuto woman, "always smiling," the missionaries say. She endured severe persecution when she first began to be a Christian and to keep the Sabbath.

When two others joined the Bible class with her, and began to keep the Sabbath, Matsiti said: "Why, here are three of us now keeping the Sabbath! O how this truth is going!"

---

### **An Old Man's Words**

It seems hardest for the old people around the African stations to lay hold of the blessed hope of the gospel.

Near Barotseland Mission station are two chiefs, Chilembwa and Checongo. The first is really the head chief in that region. He comes to church, particularly when any stranger visits the station, being always accompanied by his old-time slave, who remains faithful, even though slavery is abolished. Wherever the chief goes, his slave follows

like his shadow. Old Chilembwa has never given any sign of having his heart touched; but Checongo has been thinking more seriously.

Some time ago, when Brother W. H. Anderson was leaving the station, possibly not to return, for a long time at least, old Checongo came across to say good-by. He has a son, a fine young man and an earnest Christian, a helper in the mission.

“Well, teacher,” Checongo said to Brother Anderson, “I have not been very faithful in attending the meetings. But, teacher, I have heard what you have been teaching us. I have thought about it all. I have thought very much about what you have said of the coming of the Lord.

“I have worked hard all my life,” he continued. “You know no one works harder than I do. I have fields and cattle [the old man had a herd probably of a thousand cattle]. I often wonder what will become of it all after me. Who will take an interest in it, as I have done? None of my sons will do it. The only son I have who cares about anything is Chongo, and he is your boy now. I have given him to the mission.”

“You see,” and as he spoke he reached up and took hold of a few strands of his short hair, “this is getting white. Checongo has not much more to live, I know that. I am thinking of what you have taught us, teacher.”

“And the old man turned away with tears in his eyes,” said Brother Anderson, “the first time I had really seen him give any evi-

dence of being stirred and touched by the gospel.”

---

## Summer Institutes For Native Teachers

OUR brethren in South Africa report that they are very pleased with the first round of summer institutes for the native teachers in the main schools and out-schools. These native teachers, you understand, are sent out into the village school work before they have gone very far in their own studies. When the young men give evidence of conversion, and have done well in the first few grads, they are enlisted for the out-schools.

In order to strengthen their teaching gift, and to develop the evangelistic side of their work, which is the soul-winning side, it is planned to hold teachers' institutes for them during each summer vacation. This will help them to go further in their own training and encourage them to keep studying.

The out-schools are bringing converts, and this out-school work can be extended and developed to an unlimited extent, if only the money can be secured to maintain the training schools, and young people continue to give themselves to the mission work.

Elder W. B. White writes of the teachers' institute held at the Solusi Mission. We pass to you a few paragraphs from his letter, which gives a clear view of what these summer schools are to mean in the African mission work:—

“At Solusi we had a class of thirty-four native teachers, evangelists, and leading native men. Our school was a success from start to finish. It was a great encouragement to our native workers, and also to our white workers. All our lessons were put on the blackboard in the Sentibili, which is the language of the Matabeles. These lesson outlines were copied by the teachers into their note books. Now when the boys go out to their fields of labor they have a Bible reading book in their own language, covering the principal features of our faith; and as they can all read the Zulu Bible, they are fairly well equipped to teach the truth among the people. Many of these boys are very keen and know their Bibles well. We had devotional meetings each morning for the natives, and two Bible lessons each day, and a meeting for the white workers who had gathered in every evening. O we have had such a good meeting; a real refreshing which has done us all good. The time and the means have been well spent. We organized a native young people’s society, with fifty-one members, at Solusi. Brother R. P. Robinson is leader, and Clarence, one of the teachers, is assistant leader. One hundred and twenty are taking the Standard of Attainment texts. Many will make this all right. It is not likely they can take the Denominational History examinations, but when it comes to the Bible, the native can learn that as quickly as the white man. All is well at Solusi. Harmony and love seem to reign on every hand, and God is blessing their work.”

## John, The Mission Ox-driver, and the Frontier Policeman

Basutoland, which lies between Natal, Cape Colony and the Orange Free State, is a native state under its own local chiefs. Hence, when a Basuto crosses the border into one of the adjoining states he must have a pass.

One day John, the ox-driver at the Emmanuel Mission, was sent to the railway station to meet some expected visitors. He was furnished with his pass, which he would be required to present over the line in the Free State if he met any of the frontier police guard.

As he drove over the border, sure enough there was a guard who called for his pass. Every pocket or fold of his clothing was searched, only to find that somewhere on the journey he had lost the necessary piece of paper signed by the missionary. He was well over into the Free State, and the policeman told him that he would have to go with him to the police bungalow under arrest.

"But I have to meet some people at the train," John pleaded.

"It can't be helped," said the European officer. "Ycu will have to come with me."

So on toward the the police bungalow they went, John having sent his lead-boy back to the mission for another pass. Meanwhile here was his chance to say a word in season.

"Christ's second coming is near," he told the policeman. "Have you a pass to meet him when he comes?"

The policeman hardly knew how to answer.

"You see" continued the Basuto believer, "if we do not keep the laws of this land, we cannot come into the Free State. That is why I am held up here, when I ought to be meeting that train. Just so, if we do not keep the law of God, we can not go into his country when Jesus comes."

If John talked as earnestly to the policeman as he spoke in relating the experience afterward, the officer must have felt that he had an unusual sort of native in hand.

"But I must meet those people," said John. "What shall I do?"

"Go, and come on Saturday with your pass," said the officer.

"But I cannot come on Saturday," said our driver. "That is the day God commands us to keep holy."

"Well, you go this time," said the officer. "I will forgive you."

So the driver arrived in good time at the station, and he had a good experience to tell at the Friday evening prayer meeting.

Thus, in their simple but effective way, these souls newly out of heathen darkness are bearing witness to others. Let us help our missionaries to find many such in African wilds and to train them to be heralds of the truth to their tribes. This message is to go to every tongue and tribe. We must keep the chain of mission stations and out-stations running deeper and faster into the Dark Continent.

## Would You Trade Places

JOE:

I wish I were a Kaffir lad,  
I wouldn't have to dress!  
I hate these shirts and collars, stiff,  
More than I can express!

And if I were a Kaffir boy,  
I'd have no bed to make;  
I'd have no room to tidy up,  
The first thing when I wake.

I'd toss my sleeping blanket round  
My shoulders, and I'd run!  
I'd only stop to roll my mat—  
Aw! wouldn't it be fun?

TOM:

But how about the wooden pillow?  
The little hut, all full of smoke?  
Without the leastest little window?  
Think how 'twould make you cough and choke

And what about the mealie porridge,  
Stirred with a dirty stick, my boy—  
All burned to cinder, on the bottom—  
Is that the breakfast you'd enjoy?

How would you like to herd the cattle,  
And keep the birds from off the grain,  
When it is cold and rainy weather?  
I think I hear a boy complain.

How would you like to think that spirits  
Dropped lizards in you, when you're sick.  
That crocodiles are always waiting  
To snap you up, when in the creek?

What if you never heard of Jesus?  
Knew nothing of his peace and joy?  
Were never taught the way to heaven?  
Come, *would* you be a Kaffir boy?

JOE:

I take it back! I *know* I wouldn't,  
I would not like his place at all.  
I thank the Lord I'm here, this minute,  
And not within a Kaffir's kraal!

J. F. M.