

# MISSIONS QUARTERLY

## EXTRA

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EXTRA

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Water-soaked Manuscript

from Africa

Topic: Training Schools in Africa

## The Reason for the Extra

A PACKAGE of unusually interesting stories of the mission schools in Africa was delayed in reaching us. When it arrived, the envelopes were stained and discolored, most of the pictures were spoiled, and some of the articles could not be read on account of the inks having spread. Evidently the precious package had met with an accident in transportation, and must have been rescued from the water in the "nick of time," to be of any use to us.

We hope our schools everywhere will use this Extra in addition to the regular number of the Missions Quarterly, that our offering on December 28 may be an especially liberal one.

Shall we not give South Africa a big overflow, as a Christmas gift to the training schools in that field? All over \$40,000 goes into this "present."

SABBATH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

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## Native Life in the City "Locations"

LULU WHITE-BUTLER

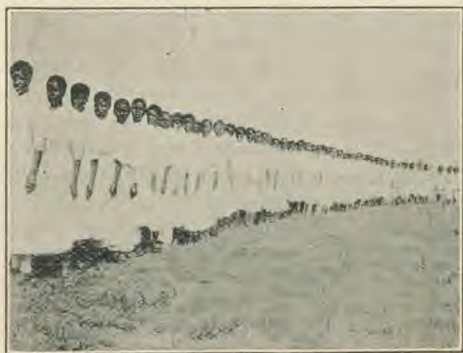
NOT all the natives of Africa bow down to idols of wood and stone, or engage in the more refined forms of spirit worship; not all anoint their bodies with red clay or loathsome oil; not all erect their mud huts in the native kraal.

Early in the history of Christian missions in this country it became apparent that the only road to success lay through the schools. The adults were hardened in sin and superstition, and but few of them could be won to the gospel; the hope of the future, therefore, lay with the children who might be trained into the Christian way. Practically every missionary society operating in South Africa has made education the basis of its policy, until mission schools of various denominations are thickly dotted over the country at large, and particularly over those areas where the native has been longest under European influence. Around these schools have grown up Christian communities many generations old, and from them have gone out young men and women professing the name of Christ, and with an education which calls for a plane of living different from that of the native of the kraal.

To these young people two courses of action are open: They may go to the chief, obtain land to hoe, and settle down with the tribe; or they may hire out to Europeans as industrial workers, or domestics. Many choose the latter course, and of these a great number are to be found in the cities. The glitter and glamor of life in town, the sure money in real English gold, the chance to live and dress in imitation of the white people, are strong attractions. Here they are quartered in "locations," or native towns, built outside the European section. Here they build a house, or, more often, rent one, though frequently it is only a room or a corner

to sleep in; here they marry and raise their families in what comfort they can.

Long before daybreak, an early observer may see the beginning of a strange procession, —the daily march of their class to the town. The younger women and girls, passing in



A Row of Kafir Young People.

couples or groups, are in service as housemaids or nurse girls. The men and boys are employed in stables, shops, and gardens. The married women, often with fat, big-eyed babies tied to their backs, are going for the day's toil over washtub or ironing board. And during the afternoon and evening, when the day's work is finished, one by one they slip back to the little homes in the "location." In some of these settlements we find, perhaps, the highest type of home life to which the

African native has attained. Here flourish, also, the vices common to all cities, and which prove the ruin of many a well-meaning youth.

It is a pleasant Sabbath afternoon. Our European church here in Bloemfontein has met in the morning, and now we will pay a visit to our dark-skinned brethren and sisters in their part of the town. We walk through wide, clean streets, bordered by hedges and shaded by stately trees, past imposing public buildings and cozy dwellings. Now the streets become narrower. The trees and gardens disappear, and small, low buildings indicate the Jewish quarter, the market place of the native. A little farther, and a group of mission churches marks the entrance to the native settlement.

In striking contrast to the pleasant city we have left is the scene before us. Low houses of sun-dried brick, the color of the ground, stretch row upon row, till the eye is wearied with the sameness. The sun beats fiercely upon the low roofs, and the heat of the narrow, shadeless street is stifling. Throngs of children, in all conditions as to dress, make way for the white visitors, while the women chatting in the doorways eye us curiously as we pass.

Many of the little homes show some evidences of thrift. Window curtains give an inviting touch in front, a vase of paper flowers adorns the table, a brave display of plates and cups fills the cupboard. Even the mud floor is often dampened and brushed into tasteful designs.



But we are looking for the little company "who keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus." Far from the pretentious churches at the entrance, in the very heart of the "location," we find the "Sabbath Church," as it is everywhere known. Just a tiny chapel of wood and iron, but truly the house of God; for the moment we enter we feel the same blessed influence that pervades our churches everywhere.

Our native evangelist is opening the meeting. A black face becomes fairly radiant when it is lighted up with "that blessed hope." After the short sermon, in accordance with native custom, he calls upon the white visitors to speak.

It is cooler as we pass back through the little streets. The rays of the lowering sun touch the somber houses with almost a glory. A great peace, that which pervades the closing hours of the Sabbath, fills our hearts. We emerge from the narrow street, and enter a main artery of travel. It is full of laughing, chattering girls returning from their daily service; full of Kafir mothers with their babies on their backs; full of Kafir fathers and boys glad to be home again. And they are happy! Happy without a knowledge that Jesus is coming soon! Happy without a definite hope beyond the grave! An inexpressible sadness fills our hearts lest they shall sing and dance and be merry until it is too late.

Already the message has taken root in the principal native quarters in the cities of

South Africa. Here is a splendid field for the native colporteur, and it is astonishing to see the readiness with which our subscription books are sold, often in morocco bindings, to the few who can read English or Dutch. But we are greatly hampered for want of suitable native literature in the different tongues.

Here the evangelists and teachers from the mission schools find a fruitful field. Here the work is progressing, but it must have supervision. We beg of you to pray, and give, and come.

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## Pogo

MANY of the Sabbath school children have heard of Pogo, the blind water carrier at Somabula Mission. The two families on the station appreciate his work in keeping their tanks filled with pure soft water from springs some distance away, and his deep Christian experience and appreciation of the gospel light now shining in his soul are an inspiration to them.

Before the Matebele rebellion, Pogo was a servant of King Lobengula. Soon after the death of the king, he found his way to our mission, where the light of the gospel penetrated the heathen darkness of his soul, and put such joy in his heart that words of praise seem to bubble up from it as naturally as the water of the spring bubbles up from the earth.

Pogo's voice is never silent in social meeting, and he is fond of illustrating his privileges in Christ by the water he carries. We append



Pogo, the Blind Water-carrier

a few extracts from his testimonies, translated into English by one of the workers:

“Although I go to the spring many times and fill my buckets, there is always plenty when I go back. Jesus has the water of life for me in abundance every time I go to him. I never find the spring dry.”

“There is enough water in the spring to fill a small cup or a big bucket. I get just as much as I go after. Jesus can give me smal



blessings or large ones. I am learning to ask for large ones."

"The water from the spring cleanses our bodies and quenches our thirst. The Holy Spirit cleanses our hearts and makes us satisfied."

"The water in the spring is always flowing out for us. The Holy Spirit is always coming from Jesus to us."

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## Matthew

F. B. ARMITAGE

A COUPLE of years ago in far-away Zululand, a poor crippled boy heard the minister tell of the soon coming of Jesus. It was good news to him, and it cheered his heart when he heard that some day the lame would walk again and be made whole.

When a child, Matthew had a severe sickness, and since then has been able to walk only on his knees. He is now at our Zulu Mission, and takes a keen interest in his studies. He also assists about the mission, paring vegetables, churning, blacking shoes, and working at other jobs that he can do. He is a faithful boy and a good Christian, and is so glad to be at the mission. He wants to learn how to mend boots and shoes, so he can earn a few pennies.

A few mornings ago the writer saw him crawling along the wet road to the mission house to do his usual chores. He was singing in Zulu, "It is well with my soul." Poor fellow, he probably will never stand on his feet

till Jesus comes, but we hope the truth has found its way to his heart, and that it really is well with his soul.

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## God Is Cutting His Work Short

ADELINE V. SUTHERLAND

ALL who are bringing their gifts for the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering this time, may be interested to know that they are helping to educate and train a young man from Bechuanaland who came to us in a very remarkable way.

This young man, Solomon Coaile by name, traveled down to Kimberley, a few hundred miles south of his home, on business, and while there, met one of our native workers who handed him a *Sentinel*. He took his paper home with him and studied it. He was so interested in it that he sent his subscription to our head office in Cape Town, asking in his letter various questions about the truth. The editor of the paper, Pastor I. J. Hankins, answered his letter, and sent him a supply of reading matter in tract form.

On another visit to Kimberley, he told our native worker there that he believed the truth, and that he had told it to all the people in the vicinity of his home. His father had told him to find out where he could go to school and study, so that he could teach the message to his people. His father also promised him that

he would erect a little church where he could preach the truth when he returned from school. Our native worker recommended him to the Maranatha Mission School, and he at once returned home to make preparations to attend. He arrived here about a month ago with his two sisters, and is doing good work in his studies.

In his first testimony given at one of our meetings, Solomon told us how the Lord had preserved his life so that he could receive this truth and be eternally saved. He said that for many years he had been on the verge of the grave, and for nine years he had to stay away from school on account of ill health. During the Bechuana wars many bullets were shot at him, and today he understands why they only tore holes in his coat and fell to the ground. Truly God has led this young man to us for a training so that he can take the light to his people who are yet in darkness, as there is not one worker in the whole of Bechuana-land.

Solomon has been baptized, and is a member of our church, and we hope soon to send him out to open a school in his own country.

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## **The Story of a Faithful Kafir Girl**

ADELINE V. SUTHERLAND

MINA, a young orphan girl, seventeen years of age, found her way to the Maranatha Mission School in 1914. The teacher observed that she was studious and industrious, and de-

cided to train her for out-school work. Before she had quite finished her training, an urgent call came for an assistant teacher at one of the out-stations. It was decided that Mina should go. She did not like the idea of going at first, as she felt that she was too young to go so far away from the main station.

Mina had taught for one year and was doing splendid work, when she received word from her uncle at home saying that he was going to force her to marry an unbeliever. She was very brave and sent them word that she would rather suffer persecution than join herself to an unbeliever. As time went on, she heard that the young man had already paid two head of cattle for her, and her people were on the way to drag her to her home.

Terrified at what she would have to pass through, she at once made her way up to the mission. After counseling together, we decided that she act as assistant teacher in the mission school until the young man would come forward to say that he did not want her. She felt very happy to think that she would be under our protection until the storm was over. She always did her work willingly and thoroughly, and became an invaluable teacher of the kindergarten department of the mission school.

One day she came to me with a very bright countenance, and told me that she was free; she had had a letter from the young man saying that he had decided to take back the cattle he had given for her. We then felt that it

was quite safe for her to go back to the out-school.

She had taught there for a year and a half, when one of our Zulu workers, Brother James Moya, came down to Kafirland to look for a wife who would be capable to help him in his out-station work. He chose Mina, married her, and took her to Zululand. They are now in charge of our only out-station in Zululand, about one hundred miles from the Spion Kop Mission. We are confident that they will shine as bright lights in that dark country, and be the means of bringing many to share in the privileges of the gospel.

Those of our dear brethren and sisters across the ocean who so willingly send their gifts to Africa, some of which helped to educate and train Mina and James for the work of God, will say "it was worth while" when they see them in the kingdom, bringing their sheaves to the feet of Jesus.

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## Mission Experiences Among the Red Kafirs

I. B. BURTON

WE have just had one of those blessed experiences which at times come to the workers who are laboring for those who are bound by the chains of darkest heathenism.

We have to hire some native women to hoe the mealie lands, and most of them are what are called "Red Kafirs." That is a term ap-



plied to natives who still follow the customs of wearing red blankets and rubbing red clay on their faces and bodies, and discard the dress of civilization.

Among these was a young woman who had such a bright face that we said, "What a pleasant face that woman has!" While working here, seeds of truth were sown in her heart; she heard of a Saviour's love, and of the law of God, and became troubled. Now she has made a full surrender to God, and wishes to be identified with his people. It means much for a native woman to take such a stand; it requires a large amount of faith and courage to accept Christianity. However, she has counted the cost, and wants to make our God her God, and this people her people.

She saved all her wages to buy clothes, so that she could discard the outward appearance of heathenism. Yesterday she decided to wait no longer, so she took what money she had and went into the town, and bought clothing. She wishes to take the clothing home to witness to the fact that she has accepted Christianity. Her people will want her money when she returns, and will not listen, nor believe her experience, unless she produces evidence. And what then? — Well, we do pray that God will give her grace to pass through the ordeal, for it means much persecution, and perhaps they will half kill her by beating.

Before she went home, we spoke to her about what she might expect. Her answer was, "When I know that I am right, I will

not fear what they do to me, even should they kill me."

How many of us would show such a willingness to suffer for the right? She told us before she left that the words of God were like pins pricking her, and like thorns entering her body. She therefore gives her heart to God, and asks that she may have the strength to be faithful until the end.

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## The Selling of Girlie

W. B. WHITE

EVERYBODY calls her Girlie, probably because she is a general favorite. She is a Kafir girl about eighteen years of age, a faithful and earnest Christian. Through hard study, Girlie had secured a fair education, and for a year or so had been teaching one of our out-schools in Kafirland. She had never married, so according to native Kafir law, was in the hands of her parents for sale to the one who would pay the most in cattle. Her father was far away from home at work, and Girlie was staying with her mother and grandfather.

One day the awful news came to her that she had been sold by her mother and grandparents, not to a Christian, but to a Red Kafir, a rank heathen. She was told that she had nothing to do with the transaction, that her intended husband had already paid part of the cattle, and now she must go to her husband, and be an obedient wife. But to this Girlie objected,

for she had learned what the Bible said about marrying unbelievers, and she told her grandparents and her mother that she could not do



Girlie

otherwise than what the Bible said, and that she was not willing to marry a man who was not a Christian.

One night some men, sent by the man who had given the cattle for her, came to her grandfather's, seized Girlie, and carried her to the home of the man who had purchased her. They did not keep her long, for the girl soon escaped, and fled from them. While she was passing through these terrible experiences, she wrote the following letter to Brother E. W. H. Jeffrey, the superintendent of our work in that district:

“2ND JANUARY, 1918.

“MY BELOVED ELDER:

“I am unhappy, I am in great trouble. Oh, Elder, Elder, I am broken-hearted. My heart is very sore that I don't know what I ought to do. I left home on Friday last week. Mother forced me to go to that man which I told you about, and they carried me off about two o'clock on Friday night; after that I ran away from them. The only thing I can say to you is this; Please me, dear Elder as God's faithful servant, do for me the best plan you can. My eyes are full of tears. My Saviour has kept me till this day, but after I have been praying and crying, it seems to me that I must write and tell you all about this. May God show you the best way to help me.

“Trusting that my Creator will show you the right way for me,

“Your poor servant in service,

“SOPHIA GIRLIE MZINYATI.”

In answer to Girlie's prayers, the Lord has opened the way, and she is now an assistant teacher at our Maranatha Mission school.

Shortly after this transaction, her father came home. The Spirit of the Lord must have been working upon his heart, for he immediately took the part of his daughter, and stopped further transaction regarding her sale. Girlie now is free, and very happy in her work, and she feels that the Lord has abundantly answered her prayers and delivered her from the power of the enemy.

Many of our native girls are having this same experience here in South Africa.

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## Senzeni

INA MARCHUS ROBISON

ONE bright warm day in sunny Africa, two little herd boys ran merrily out of their round grass hut, through the long grass and over the hills, to find the goats which were already cropping the green grass on the hillside. They were too young to work in the field, so it was their duty to look after the flocks and bring them safe home to the kraal in the evening.

They whiled away the long hours by chasing the butterflies and grasshoppers, picking the wild blueberries that grow on the mountain-side, and when it grew too hot they cooled their feet in the clear cold waters of the mountain stream. They did not need to worry about getting their clothes wet or wearing out their shoes.

They were laughing and shouting merrily, when suddenly a piercing scream from little Senzeni brought his brother to his side in time



to see a large snake, called the puff adder, crawling away through the grass. Its cruel poison fangs had been fastened into Senzeni's leg just under the knee, and the little fellow was almost paralyzed with fear. His brother seized his hand and ran with him to their hut where an older child was immediately sent to a neighboring white man for help. This Christian man gave them some medicine which saved the boy's life, but he will always be a cripple. He is about ten years old now, and comes to the mission school and Sabbath school, and is learning about Jesus.

We often hear stories about the big snakes that live in Africa and India, and it is true that there are a great many of them in some parts of this country. But there is another enemy here that is far worse than the snake. The Bible speaks of it, and calls it "that old serpent called the Devil, and Satan." It is sad to see the ruin and death he is causing everywhere. The poor heathen people of this land are under his power, and he makes life very hard for them. They know nothing about the loving Jesus who watches over and cares for his children. They do not know that "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them," so they are afraid of almost everything. They are very much afraid of toads and other harmless little creatures. If they get sick they think it is the evil spirit that is making them ill, so their friends and relatives bring tin cans and horns and make a deafening noise to drive the evil spirit away. If a man meets

with an accident or is in trouble, it is because some enemy of his has bewitched him by purchasing some medicine from the witch doctor to use against him. Their lives are full of darkness and sin, and they have not a beautiful home to look forward to, such as we have.

We can tell them about Jesus, and when they hear of him, many of them learn to love and obey him, and O, what a difference it makes in their lives!

All of us cannot go to Africa as missionaries; but every prayer that we offer, and every penny that we give helps to spread the Gospel, and it helps to put stars in our crowns, too. If we all do our best, the work will soon be finished, and we shall go home. I pray that in that glad day we may have the joy of seeing many from the dark land of Africa who are there because of our love and sacrifice.

*Zulu Mission, S. Africa.*

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## Spion Kop Mission

JESSIE E. ROGERS

Here in the broad sweep of 8 o'clock sunshine lies our wide valley, basin-shaped, the most prominent side of the brim being Spion Kop Mountain, of Boer War fame. Many marble monuments, bearing the names of the soldiers who died there, stand gleaming in the sun on the flat top of the mountain.

In the center of the valley stands a group of houses, large and small, of best burnt brick,

or humble walls of veldt sod,—enough of these houses in number to look like quite a village when viewed from the highway over the hilltop. Broad fields of waving corn border the banks of the Tugela, which makes one boundary of the mission, and this setting makes the exterior of Spion Kop Mission Station.

On the skyline of a rise stands the little sod church, which also serves for a schoolhouse. A few rods down the hill are the sod buildings used for the boys' dormitories. At this eight o'clock hour the boys are coming rapidly up the hill to the schoolhouse, each bearing a sturdy burden of books. The cows have been milked and the milk separated; numberless other lines of work have been going forward since sunrise until a half hour before the time of school opening. A thorough bath, and a change to clean clothes has preceded a hasty breakfast, and from now to 12:30 they are free for school.

From the opposite direction come the girls from their dormitory close to Mrs. Armitage's home. The morning session of the school is for the young men and women who work on the station during the early morning and the afternoon, in return for their school privileges. The little children of the native families living on the mission estate come to school in the afternoon.

School opens with hymns from "Christ in Song." I wish you could hear this school sing "Seeking the Lost," "Pardon, Peace and Power," "No Night There," "We Have

an Anchor," "Draw me Closer to Thee," or any one of a hundred others from the same collection.

Then comes the Bible lesson. Last year this division of the school studied the book of Daniel the first term, and the Life of Christ the second term, recording in notebooks, to be used in future study and work, texts, notes, and outline maps showing the geography of the Holy Land, as indicated by the text. On Friday mornings we have a review of the week's work in Bible, and of the narrative of the story up to date, with no salient point omitted; blackboard maps, drawn from memory by the pupils, help to fasten the precious truths in mind. All missionaries hope some day to enter heaven, but most of us are so happy in the work of the missions that we feel heaven is not so very far away, even now.

The higher standard pupils take turns in translating all Bible instruction into Zulu, to prevent any possible misunderstanding on the part of those who do not understand English so well. It is a thousand pities that so much of the work must be done through translators because of so many and frequent changes of workers. Perhaps African missionaries appreciate more than others the need there was in the beginning of the Christian era for the gift of tongues.

After prayer the day's school work begins, with lessons carefully prepared and recited. No stereotyped "Thus saith" rule for Spion Kop school,—unless followed by the *reason*



*why it so saith.* It is not enough for this lively school to know that sixteen ounces make one pound, or five and one-half yards one rod, or that the product of the extremes is equal to the product of the means. They want to go at once and weigh it, or measure it, or prove it, and so find out "for sure." Can any teacher imagine a more delightful school?

The night after Sabbath is our "good time" night, round the long study table in the boys' dining-room. Torn garments are then skilfully mended by their owners who always sing lustily during the process. Others write letters home, or work on unfinished exercises in Grammar or Arithmetic, or put in delicate touches to maps in the making. Then, too, there is always a group who are learning how to cut out and make, by hand, their own shirts, and some of the boys have even made trousers. They always make beautiful buttonholes in all these garments. Having learned how to make these garments they save very considerably on the price of the "ready-mades," and they will also be able to teach the other boys how to make these garments when they return to their own villages.

For five hours a day the boys hoe, or plow, or plant, or reap, according to the season. Harvest is a time of utmost activity for the school boys. First comes two weeks of hard but merry work, gathering the corn, then other weeks of husking, and after that for days and days the corn sheller, engine driven,



pours out its flood of golden grain,<sup>2</sup> which must be bagged, stacked, weighed, and marketed.

Someone is sure to think, "Well, what about the girls, and their work?" The truth is, there are very few girls in the mission, as a girl is a native family's source of service, and must therefore be used while she is with them, before some man comes along, pays the purchase price and carries her off to serve him. The few girls we have are in the kind keeping of Mrs. Armitage. Besides doing the usual housework they are all learning to cut out and make their own clothing.

The time will come, and God helping, it shall come soon, when these carefully, prayerfully trained young people of our Spion Kop Mission will go out, as our dear young people of Malamulo Mission have done for years, to successfully bring to Christ their unwarned kindred.

How I wish you could just come over some morning and spend the day with us, and examine our work in Bible, Grammar, Arithmetic and Spelling, and hear our lively recitations and map drills! It would make you so willing to bestow on us the kindly help you are planning to give us.

*36 Clark Road, Durban, Natal.*