

MISSIONS QUARTERLY

Vol. 13 Issued Quarterly at Washington, D.C. No. 4
By S. D. A. Foreign Mission Board
Edited by the General Conference Sabbath
School Department

5 cents a copy Fourth Quarter, 1924 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

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of Postage provided for in Section 1103, of the Act of
October 3, 1917, authorized July 24, 1918. Printed in U. S. A.



Elder E. C. Boger Administering the
First Baptism in the Congo

Topic: AFRICAN MISSIONS

Sabbath, October 4

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Rom. 10:14, 15.

READINGS: The Official Notice.
Filling in the Gaps.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 547.

PRAYER: FOR OUR AFRICAN MISSIONS.

The Official Notice

TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT:

We are reminded at this time to write you regarding the needs of Africa. Perhaps in no place in the world have people sunken deeper down into the pit of sin and ignorance than in some parts of Africa, yet the Lord is saving them by hundreds and there is a growing spirit of inquiry in many places. We read of chiefs hearing the gospel and returning with joy to carry it to their people. Some are calling for the missionary to come and teach them the truth more fully. One of these chiefs has been waiting and calling for several years. Another waited until he died and now his son is calling. Another is willing to do anything if only he can have help. Surely the African field presents a great and needy field to our Sabbath schools the fourth quarter of this year.

The General Conference is asking our Sabbath schools on the next thirteenth Sabbath to raise \$90,000 for Africa; any overflow above that amount will go to that field for new work, in addition to the regular budget allowance.

The splendid liberality of our Sabbath schools is carrying the message to all parts

of the earth and bringing help and courage to our missionaries in every land.

Our brethren in Africa earnestly hope there will be a good overflow on the fourth quarter, that some of the urgent calls that cannot be provided for by the budget, may be answered.

Yours in His service,

J. L. SHAW,

Treasurer of the General Conference.

Filling in the Gaps

W. H. BRANSON

By the time this leaflet reaches our people we expect that the representatives of the African Division will actually have shaken hands with missionaries working in other sections of Africa under the auspices of the European Division. I do not mean that they will meet in Europe or America at some conference, but right on the field. We are beginning to fill in the gaps between fields.

Early this year our missionaries pushed up to Kongola, Belgian Congo, and established a new station almost in the very heart of this great country. This is only a few hundred miles west of some of the east African missions operated by the European Division. It is on the opposite side of the great lake, Tanganyika. Thus the space between the two divisions has been materially narrowed. But plans are on foot for two of our brethren to select another mission site before this year closes, near the top of the lake and just over the border from the East African stations. While selecting this site they will no doubt

cross over and have breakfast some morning with our brethren, in some of the border missions on the other side.

Thus the waste places are being occupied and the gaps are being closed up. Some thirty-five years ago, our first missionary pioneers to Africa from America landed at Cape Town in the extreme southern end of the continent, and began to press northward. Later our believers in Europe began to press in from the northwest, and so persistent and energetic has been their constant advance that now their lines touch in the heart of the great dark continent. "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes."

Besides strengthening our work in the Congo during 1923 and 1924, two new fields have been entered with the message: the South West African mandate and Angola, which may be better known as Portuguese West Africa. Elder Anderson, one of our pioneer missionaries, is now in charge of these new fields in West Africa, and several workers have joined him in an effort to place the work there on a firm footing as rapidly as possible.

In these new fields there are millions who have never heard of God, who are steeped in the grossest heathenism. But everywhere our missionaries go they are welcomed by the people, and the message of salvation is eagerly listened to. From some sections most stirring appeals are coming for missionaries and teachers. They say, "We are dying and our eyes are still dark. We long to be God's men but there is not one to teach us the way. Can-

not you send us teachers at once?" One old chief in Central Africa said to me, "We are anxious to know the future. My people are dying and we do not know where they go after death. Is there to be a future life, and if so, will it be full of trouble like this one? We have often heard of God's messengers visiting other tribes, but until now we have been without the light."

Many of these people are waiting, waiting, and dying without God. Oh, that we had a hundred recruits to send among them at once!

There still remains in the territory of the African Division two vast areas as yet absolutely untouched. One of these areas includes French Equatorial Africa, the Kamerun, and the French Sudan. The other is Portuguese East Africa. We had hoped to make at least a small beginning in these countries this year, but the budget has been cut and we were not able to do so. They must still wait and other thousands must die before we can reach them. What a wonderful thing it will be if the overflow from this Thirteenth Sabbath Offering is sufficiently large to enable us to enter at least one of these fields in 1925.

Sabbath, October 11

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 583.

SEED THOUGHT: "The great work before us all, as Christians, is to extend Christ's kingdom as rapidly as possible, in accordance with the divine commission."
—*"Testimonies," Vol. IX, p. 219.*

READING: An Appeal from Zululand.

PRAYER: That the calls for teachers and schools may be answered.

An Appeal from Zululand

W. S. HYATT

AS WE look out over the vast territory of Africa we cannot but wonder how we are ever to carry this last message to the multitudes of Ethiopia's sons and daughters who with outstretched hands are pleading for the bread of life. The Natal-Transvaal Conference has three million inhabitants within its borders, and this is but a small number when compared with the sea of black faces that is ever appealing to us in this continent of darkness and superstition.

The Zulus were among the first people of South Africa to whom the gospel message was sent. They are one of the most advanced tribes of this land. For more than one hundred years, the light of the Word of God has been shining in their midst. Missionary societies from all over the world are to be found in Zululand and Natal, the home of this people. Good schools have been established and the native thirsting for knowledge has had many advantages to help him obtain it. These privileges have been improved to the extent that today there are many who have obtained their degree of bachelor of arts, and from among the educated class we are seeking and finding those who, with a little special training, are quickly prepared to bear the message to their people.

As soon as a company of Sabbath keepers has been raised up, they begin to call for a school. Possibly there may be a school in their vicinity, but if so, it is usually a government

aided church school, and in many cases they are unwilling to admit the children of Seventh-day Adventists.

Again these other societies usually have large training schools, and many primary schools for the children, but when the converts come to us, they find we have neither schools nor churches in this great Zulu field. There is one church and school in the Transvaal Zulu-speaking area, but not one in all Zululand or Natal.

The desire for these is shown by a cripple boy, Matthew. Infantile paralysis left his lower limbs in such a condition that his only means of getting about is on his hands and knees. Since they had no place in which to worship, this cripple gave his all, a few goats, to hire a man to cut poles and erect a little hut in which the believers could conduct their Sabbath worship.

Recently a sister of the paramount chief accepted the Sabbath, and is now calling for a worker to be sent to the royal village. We should respond to this call, but if a worker is sent, it will be but a little while till there will be calls for a church and school, and then we shall not know how to respond.

In our helplessness our eyes turn to the homeland whence we came, and we feel sure that you will not disappoint us. Our confidence is great that those who sent us into this field many years ago will again help us. As the thirteenth Sabbath draws near on which an offering is to be given for the work here, we

pray that God may give His people willing hearts.

Sabbath, October 18

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "The angels of glory find their joy in giving—giving love and tireless watchcare to souls that are fallen and unholy."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* p. 21.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 561.

READINGS: A Letter from An African Brother.
Some Results Seen from the Work of Native Teachers.

PRAYER: For our native workers and believers.

A Letter from an African Brother

ISAAC XIBA

AS YOU know, I am at present at the old Solusi Mission getting more schooling in order to be more fitted to work in the Master's service. Many of our people know something about this good old place, many of them have heard about it from their youth up in the Sabbath schools, and have been giving some offerings since then to help it, and are still asked to give something to support it and other old Rhodesian Missions.

I can imagine some of our good old fathers and mothers think "I am sure those Matabeleland Missions ought to support themselves now." Dear fathers and mothers, we are now in the light because of the dear missionaries you did send us, whom you have supported so many years. We do not know how we can thank you for all the good you have done us, but we know this, it is kept in the books of heaven, and one day the dear loving Jesus will thank every father, mother, and all the dear

children who live in America and elsewhere in the world who have done so much for us.

But my dear fathers and mothers in the gospel that your good missionaries brought us, there is more work still to be done for Solusi Mission where our people began work for the heathen, and other Rhodesian Missions. Remember we Africans are deeper down in the pit than any other race. I think your missionaries have only half told you about from where they drag us. Many things we have been doing which they do not care to tell anybody else. Thousands of our people are still in that horrible pit of darkness and heathenism. The good work which our dear people have been doing has laid the foundation for the big one to be done—sending these faithful young boys and girls to answer these many calls for teachers which come to our missionaries from hundreds of kraals.

I am writing this from one of our old missions near Bulawayo, Rhodesia, where our brave missionaries have been sowing good seed for many years which is now springing from many important places. For this we are real thankful to our Heavenly Father to whom all the glory and thanks should be given, because He is the one who stirs the hearts of the good people beyond the seas to give their best sons and daughters and means to help Africa.

**"Our Watchword is to Be
Onward, Ever Onward"**

Some Results Seen from the Work of Native Teachers

G. A. ELLINGWORTH

IN 1921 Elder Branson asked our native teachers to set membership goals, and each year since we have followed this plan. I have before me the reports from seventy-one teachers giving the result for the year 1922-23. These seventy-one teachers set themselves the goal of influencing 775 people to yield themselves to Christ and to enter the Bible classes to prepare for baptism. The result was that 1,367 new members entered the classes.

Some there are who think that foreign missions do not pay, do not yield any tangible results. What can we say when we find an evangelist who in faith says he will, with God's help, bring a hundred people to a knowledge of the gospel, and at the end of the year reports that 229 of the people he definitely worked for have joined the Bible classes? This is not an isolated case. Another teacher set his goal at fifteen and gained one hundred. One poor dull old teacher set his goal at five and gained twelve, proving to us that the man with only half a talent has a work to do and can do it, in God's strength. We feel that the consecrated native evangelist looms large in God's plan for bringing a knowledge of the gospel to the millions of Africa.

Remember the Thirteenth Sabbath

Sabbath, October 25

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Luke 10:2.

READING: Some Heathen Customs in Bechuanaland.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 622.

PRAYER: That the light of the gospel may quickly penetrate the heathen darkness and superstition.

Some Heathen Customs in Bechuanaland

A. H. KRETCHMAR

JUST over the eastern border of the Bechuanaland Protectorate, in that province of the Union of South Africa known as the Transvaal, are several large native stads or towns. I have recently visited three of these. In each of these places are to be found populations of from six thousand to ten thousand natives.

These stads have the same form of tribal government—a paramount chief, who is the first born son in the "royal family," and a group of seventeen headmen, who also gain their positions by hereditary right. The chief and these headmen form the native council. Any matter of tribal importance is considered by this body, and their decision is usually final. However, there are some cases which may be appealed to the magistrate.

A case in point is the following: A prominent native of one of these tribes fell ill. He called for a consultation of the witch doctors. They threw the bones (these bones consist of the ends of the humerus and femur of the baboon and are regarded as a sort of oracle by the people when in the hands of the witch

doctors), and murmured their incantations over them. The resultant diagnosis was that the one lying sick had been bewitched and a certain native was pointed out as the one who had done the bewitching. The chief and his council then met and decreed that the guilty one should be banished from the country—the native reserve. This native, however, appealed to the magistrate who, after hearing the facts, informed the chief that the government would not permit him to be banished.

As we drove into one of the stads, we could hear singing and the sounds of the native dance. Soon we came upon the scene. There were some sixty girls gathered in a circle. Their bodies were smeared with a white clay paint and their dress was most peculiar. The scene of this dance was laid within a mile of the spot where David Livingstone was taken by the lion. How strong are the bands of darkness that hold these people! Since Livingstone's day these people have had missions, and still there is so much darkness. After sixty years and more of the influence of civilization, the majority of these natives follow the old heathen ways.

The brethren in the homeland must often wonder how the needs can be so great and the calls so many. If only we missionaries could lend our eyes and our ears, perhaps you could understand because the half of what we see and hear can never be put into writing.

Our prayer to the Lord of the harvest is that He will cause those to whom He has entrusted the talent of youth to dedicate their

lives to Him, and those to whom He has entrusted the talent of finance to dedicate their means, to help finish the work in this generation.

Sabbath, November 1

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "We are called upon to lift our eyes to the 'regions beyond.' Christ tears away the wall of partition, the dividing prejudice of nationality, and teaches a love for all the human family."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* p. 823.

READINGS: The Message Among the Fingoes.
A Chief's Plea.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 548.

PRAYER: That we may do all in our power to help to answer these pleas.

The Message Among the Fingoes

H. M. SPARROW

FOR some time we have been very anxious to see something done for the Fingoes in South Rhodesia. They are a very intelligent class of people and occupy a reserved piece of ground which has been given to them by the government. It has been very difficult for us to reach them on account of others being there first, but we felt that the message must go. We applied for permission to place a teacher there, but it was refused. However, we were granted permission to build a church. During this time the chief's wife accepted the truth. With these people if a woman can be won, half the battle is over, for they are the most influential persons in the church. It seems that the Lord opened the way by bringing this woman into the truth.

Two of our teachers and I built this little church. Although we had no means, we went forward in faith, Brother Stockil and I meeting the expenses as best we could. We felt that we must take advantage of the opportunity to build this church while the interest was good. We had the pleasure of completing it and it is a real nice, neat building. "It preaches while we are away," says the chief's wife.

While we were building this church, there were two other societies building churches near us. When one of them was two-thirds up, the walls were so out of plumb that they had to pull them down. This was repeated three times. They then stopped building the church and it remains incomplete. The second one was completed a few days before ours was, but there were no tie beams across to hold the main walls together. The man who had the contract to build it, had received his payment for it, and while the people were standing there, the building fell out on all four sides, being forced out by the weight of the roof. The natives now have expressed themselves that they believe that the true church has come and they must follow God's commandments. Since both the other church buildings met with difficulty, the natives believe that God's judgments are upon them.

The interest has grown to such an extent that many of the leading natives came to me before I left, begging me to send them a teacher, but I had to refuse them and say we have no means. Oh, how I wish we had

more means and men to answer these calls. The chief's wife is holding women's meetings. I consider that this place is an excellent place to hold an effort next season and the harvest will be great. There are many such calls and we long for the time to come when we shall be able to fill them and thus finish God's work so that He may come for His people.

A Chief's Plea

W. H. ANDERSON

OOLOG PETER is a native chief. He fought in the war against the Germans and was defeated, and had a price set on his head. He fled from the country over the Portuguese border. After the last war he returned to his home and his people, and then came down to Windhuk and asked for a missionary to teach his people about God. The government officials assured him that as soon as they had an English missionary they would send one to him to help his people. They also told him to go back home and do all he could to teach his people himself until the missionary arrived.

He went home satisfied and has been doing what he could for his people for the last five years. Now he says he is unable to do more for them and he is back asking for his missionary. He came to our native worker at Grootfontein, and as he had heard that our people do not use tobacco or drink beer, he asked several questions about us and our doctrines. After his questions had been answered by Brother Modisi, Peter said he and his people were willing to give up their tobacco

and drink and do anything that God required of them, but they must have some one to come and teach them the right way.

Peter is now on his way down here to Windhuk to ask us if he can have a missionary this year for his people. He has waited now for five years and how much longer must he wait? Chief Kanjimi waited for us until he died, and now his son has sent twice to ask when their missionary is coming. They are still waiting. Now here comes another prominent chief asking for this message and willing to do anything if he can have help, and we must ask him to wait. How long must men come to us asking for the bread of life and we give them not even a stone? We give them nothing. We ask them to be warmed and fed and still do nothing for them. Brethren, how long must we say, Wait for this message, wait for salvation, wait to be saved?

Sabbath, November 8

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "The very life of the church depends upon her faithfulness in fulfilling the Lord's commission. To neglect this work is surely to invite spiritual feebleness and decay."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 825.

READING: Entering Angola.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 588.

PRAYER: For our workers who are entering new territory with the third angel's message.

Entering Angola

T. M. FRENCH

ANOTHER of the great populous countries of Africa has been entered with God's final

message. The large province of Angola, also called Portuguese West Africa, has never had an Adventist missionary until last year, when Elders Anderson and Baker and the writer landed at Lobito Bay. We proceeded to the interior, where we chose our first mission site among six million natives. A few of our experiences and some of the providences of God may be of interest.

Upon landing at Lobito Bay, we immediately proceeded to Benguella, one of the oldest Portuguese trading posts on the coast. An excellent railway runs through the great sugarcane plantations along the coast to this old town. Benguella has a population of four thousand with a good percentage of Portuguese. The old ruins of the great compounds remind one of the days when thousands of slaves were herded into these walls awaiting shipment to the Americas.

We had our first taste of life in Angola at Benguella. The best hotel was selected for our week's stay, but the accommodations will long be remembered. During the day we went hungry, unable to eat the fish and much of the other food, seasoned with garlic, that was served. At night we tried to sleep, while through the thin partitions could be heard the drunken brawls, and the noise of the dog fights without. It was a relief when we could set up cots in the forest by log fires, and provide for our needs in the primitive, wild country of the interior.

After purchasing food supplies for the journey, we bought tickets to Ganda, which is on

the plateau. An effort was made to reserve seats; but we were given to understand that the first who come are first served. However, hardly was our party comfortably seated when we were compelled to give way to others. The Portuguese reserve beds instead of seats, so there was nothing to do but to stack our luggage on the rear end of the coach, and sit in the improvised observation coach through the long chilly hours of the night. As we watched the fiery trail of the wood-burning engine speeding into the heart of Angola, we were reminded of the march of civilization into the dark continent, preparing the way for the gospel to follow.

We spent a week at Ganda looking for a site, and then again took the train for Huambo, on the top of the great plateau. Here is a delightful climate. The altitude is nearly six thousand feet above the sea. With a great deal of open country, excellently drained, this section is quite free from malaria. Huambo is a prominent Portuguese town, and is the military center of the great interior.

While on the way to Huambo we were providentially brought into touch with a government official, who is the administrator of a large district. He introduced himself to us, and upon learning that we are American missionaries urged us to come to his district and open work. We were given a cordial invitation to his home. The invitation was accepted, and we spent a few days in the Lepi district. Several days were given to looking

over the country. It was found to be well watered, to have excellent soil, and to be very healthful. And what is of most importance, there are thousands of natives who are of the better class. So we chose an excellent site a few miles from the railway, and plans are being laid to open immediately a training center here to prepare workers for this populous field.

The government at Loando has already given us permission to begin work, and the great task of enlightening the six millions of Angola lies before us. Brother and Sister J. D. Baker are opening the work in this new field, but what are they among so many? They must be reinforced at once with workers from home, and a corps of native laborers must be quickly trained to open stations in many parts of this great field. We must crowd the hours of setting sun in gathering the sheaves that are ready to perish.

Readers, these great unworked fields of Africa, where the work is years behind, demand a supreme effort on the part of our people quickly to raise funds and send forth workers into these dark lands and finish the work. May God lay this burden upon the hearts of all until deliverance is brought to these millions of unsaved.

Plan definitely NOW to give a liberal offering for South Africa

Sabbath, November 15

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

READING: Providential Openings.

MISSIONARY TEXT: John 4:35, last part.

A BLACKBOARD SUGGESTION.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 479.

PRAYER: That our missionaries may be given special guidance in their problems of how to answer these calls.

Providential Openings

J. W. MACNEIL

AFRICA is a country of great distances. The deserts which stretch between some of the more populated sections, make it a rather difficult field to work. Because of these great distances the field requires many more workers than otherwise would be necessary. This condition brings many perplexities to us in endeavoring to respond to the Macedonian calls that are constantly coming.

There are many native sections in the South African Union that have never heard that there is a third angel's message. In Pondoland there are over one million natives, many of whom are educated. We have had to allow them to go on without hearing the truth because we do not have the men or the means to send it to them.

In the northern Transvaal we find a most promising field. Thousands of these people come down to the mines of Johannesburg each year, and many return with our books and papers, the result being that they are constantly calling for help. Last year Elders Hyatt and Armitage spent a few weeks in one of the villages. This work was later

followed up for a time by Elder Campbell. This field has been passed by more than any other section. The people have scarcely heard of a Seventh-day Adventist, and I am sure that if efforts were put forth here, a great harvest of souls would be gathered out. I think that for the area, we have a greater population than Bechuanaland or any part of Rhodesia.

If we are to work the field, we ought to do it soon but how shall we do it with such a small force of workers? We do not have even an outschool, with the exception of Ermelo on the Zulu border. It is not that we cannot get the workers, or that schools are not in demand, but that the means for expansion have never been provided. We see some encouraging omens, however, and we believe that the work will go with a little help.

Last week one of our native canvassers reported that he had thirty-five Sabbath keepers at a place where he was working. We sent out one of our native ministers to look them up, and prepare them for baptism, and twenty are now ready.

A man from the northeast section came down to the mines, accepted the truth, and was baptized. He returned to his kraal some time ago, and reported sixteen keeping the Sabbath. Thus far we have been unable to investigate, or send a minister up there to establish this work.

Chief Kekana at Makapanstad, who lives about three miles from where we held our meeting, is fully in accord with our truth. In

fact, he preached it so effectively to one of his men, who was a leader of a local church, that he converted him to the truth. The chief is urging that we start a school at Tweefontein, and says it will establish our church and make something permanent for his people. He has promised to have twenty thousand burnt bricks made, and to furnish the grass for roofing, if we will supply the doors and windows. Other ministers have heard of this, and are trying to get in. If we delay, another opportunity will have gone.

In one of the mine compounds, the daughter of the leading Zulu chief accepted the Sabbath, and has now returned to Zululand, and is calling for help. What are we to do when the Lord goes before us in this way? Can we wait until these new believers are discouraged and the doors closed?

A little while ago, while visiting in Bechuanaland, Elder Anderson told me of a recent experience with a native minister. Some years ago he broke away from the established church, and began to preach. He had a dream in which he saw that some day a new church would come with a peculiar kind of building, which would be white in appearance. When that church should come, his work would be finished.

A few months ago, this native minister came into a village where Elder Anderson had his tent pitched. On seeing the tent and finding that it was erected for church purposes, he said that it was what he had seen in his dream, and he believed this was the church

that he had been told must come. He went to the brethren urging that the tent be pitched in his village so that his people might hear the truth, but up to the present time we have been unable to comply with the old man's request.

We are indeed grateful that the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering is coming to Africa this quarter. We trust that God's people will be most liberal, and that we may be able to procure means to send evangelists into these needy fields, that souls may be gathered in, and that God's work may be speedily finished in this great country.

A Blackboard Suggestion

Here are the names of some who will give very liberally on the next thirteenth Sabbath that the needs of Africa may be supplied:

I. Can	Faithful Steward
B. Victorious	A. Pleasure
Will B. Finished	D. O. Duty
N. O. Debts	I. Sacrifice
Spot Cash	Count All Joy
I. Give	A. Privilege
M. Y. Note	B. Thankful
A. Wiseman	W. E. Rejoice
D. O. Likewise	Cheerful Giver
B. A. Nehemiah	Sing Jubilee

Here are the names of those upon whom we are not counting:

D. O. Nothing	I. Hesitate
W. E. Doubt	Me & Mine
T. O. O. Covetous	M. Y. Auto
I. Cannot	N. O. Faith

M. Y. Newhouse
C. U. Do-it

U. R. Lukewarm
Will Tomorrow

Sabbath, November 22

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Eccl. 11:6.

READING: Our Native Missionaries.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 566.

PRAYER: That our native brethren and sisters may be blessed in their efforts to carry the gospel to their own people.

Our Native Missionaries

W. H. BRANSON

OUR African people are real missionaries. Often we learn that some convert has gone out on his own responsibility and opened a mission school or begun to preach in the villages, and has raised up believers. These he tries to bring with him to the next camp-meeting, and with great joy he presents them as a trophy of his love to God. I think some of these people already appreciate something of what it means to enter into the joy of their Lord. Their highest pleasure comes from winning some one from darkness to light.

And how they give for missions! At the South Rhodesia camp-meetings in 1923 the native believers gave \$465 in cash; 25 head of cattle; 3 head of sheep; 9 head of goats; 37 chickens; and 78 bags of grain. The total value of these offerings is \$900 or \$1,000. When it is considered that the usual wage in that country for labor is from ten to twenty cents a day, it will be seen that this is a mag-

nificent offering. Where in the homeland has it ever been equalled when we take into consideration the earning power of the givers?

The secret of their intense interest in mission work is the fact that they are daily face to face with heathenism in its worst forms, and they know its degrading influence. They have been brought up in it, but have experienced a most marvellous deliverance through the gospel. Their lives are completely transformed and they desire to see others likewise delivered from the awful darkness that covers this land.

I wish that before the offerings are placed in the thirteenth Sabbath envelopes this quarter, all our people could spend a few days among our missions, viewing the condition of the people for whom our missionaries labor and the marvellous transformation that takes place in the lives of those who accept the message. I wish they might see the meagre facilities with which some of our missionaries labor. I wish they might see the converts give their offerings, hear them sing the gospel hymns, hear them preaching in the villages, see them conducting outschools for the children and youth, and listen to their testimonies of what the gospel has meant to them. If this were possible, I am sure that this would be the largest Thirteenth Sabbath Offering ever given. We would not stop with one dollar, but would give several dollars in order that this work might continue, that better facilities might be provided, and that our African missionaries might advance into new fields.

Sabbath, November 29

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 477.

SEED THOUGHT: "Self-sacrifice is the key note of the teachings of Christ."

READING: Our Work in the Congo.

PRAYER: For our work and workers in the Congo.

Our Work in the Congo

E. C. BOGER

IF you will look at the map you will find the Congo right in the very heart of Africa, on both sides of the equator. It is a wonderful country, as large as the United States west of the Mississippi River, with an estimated population of twenty million. There are no large cities or towns. The natives are scattered in small villages, only a few hundred living in a village.

When we arrived here in January, 1923, we had only one mission in the country, situated at Songa among the Baluba people. We located in Elizabethville, the largest town in the southern part of the Congo. There are about two thousand whites living here. This is a great mining center so a large number of natives come here to work in the mines.

There were just three of us, Mrs. Boger and I and our servant boy. We were the only Seventh-day Adventists within 550 miles. We began with a class of boys in the kitchen. This class grew until the kitchen was too small, so the class met in the yard. In June some land was secured about four miles from the town on a main road. We erected temporary buildings and began school. Soon the

attendance at our school increased to twenty-four boys and eight girls. At the same time a baptismal class was conducted and six went forward in baptism. This was a big event in this place. These were the first Seventh-day Adventist native believers in the Congo. Here is a letter from a boy who for the first time witnessed a real baptism.

"Sir: I have the honor to inform you, I have many questions to talk with you. I have been in the Catholic church about five years without receiving the baptism. Therefore I ask you if you will agree to let me receive the holy Seventh-day Adventist baptism with my son. I do not want the Catholic Mission. Now it is three months since I am stopping to meet with them. I am always gathering with your teacher."

One of the boys who were baptized had attended another mission school. His name is Jabez. When he first heard the truth he was employed in a large hardware store, but after he learned of the Sabbath he went to his employer, a Jew, and asked for the Sabbath off. This was refused. Then the young man asked to be released from his work. His employer refused to sign his book and release him. So Jabez went to the Administrator and told him about the matter. This gentleman signed his book and told him that he was free to quit in two weeks. Even after this Jabez' employer gave him a great deal of trouble. Jabez is developing a strong Christian character and will soon make a good teacher.

In August Mrs. Boger and I visited our

Songa Mission. Brother and Sister R. P. Robinson have charge. Mrs. Boger stayed with Mrs. Robinson, while Brother Robinson and I visited several native villages in the interests of the outschool work. Up to that time they had only one outschool. In the first village we visited, the chief was very friendly. He had already arranged to have a school in his village. He took great pleasure in showing us the place where the school building was to be erected. While in this village we had the privilege of meeting with the paramount chief, Umpafu. He is the big chief in that part of the country, having over thirty-five villages under him. We talked to him about schools. He seemed very much interested and said that he would like a school in each of his villages, and that he also wanted a school in his own village.

Since our meeting Brother Robinson has visited him. He has not changed his mind, but wants to go to school himself. When we first established the Songa Mission, the Catholics tried to put a school in this chief's village. They had him erect a building but they did not stay long. Now the chief is planning to have this building repaired and we are to have a school there. We have already sent a teacher for him. This boy who is to teach in Umpafu's village is the first teacher to be sent out by our new mission here near Elizabethville.

In June Elder W. H. Branson and Dr. Reith came to visit the Congo. We went up on the Lualaba River to Kongola. From there we

traveled overland on bicycles, visiting many villages. There are no Protestant missions in that part of the Congo. In nearly every village the chief requested us to locate a school and teach his people about God and the Bible.

Brethren and sisters, here is a country with millions of people who are waiting to hear this blessed saving message. We can use at least ten European families this year. Besides this we could place one hundred native teachers in outschools. We thank God that the Sabbath schools are willing to help and we expect a good big offering this coming thirteenth Sabbath. "Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power." Ps. 110:3.

Sabbath, December 6

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: John 3:16.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 624.

READING: "Pity Thyself."

PRAYER: That our native believers may be kept faithful.

"Pity Thyself"

MRS. A. P. TARR

"THEN Peter took Him, and began to rebuke Him, saying, Be it far from Thee, Lord: this shall not be unto Thee." Matt. 16:22. The marginal rendering of "Be it far from Thee," is "Pity thyself." It came spontaneously from the apostle Peter when the Saviour tried to reveal to His disciples a glimpse of what the salvation of mankind had cost Him. The remark received one of the strong-

est reproofs found in the Bible, when the Lord said to Peter, "Get thee behind Me, Satan: thou art an offence unto Me: for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men." To put within man's reach the gift of eternal life, the Son of God stepped from the throne of the Infinite, "stripped Himself of His glory, and took on Him the nature of a bondservant," "and even stooped to die." Phil. 2:7, 8. (Weymouth's translation.)

All this was necessary in order for God in Christ to reconcile the world unto Himself. The divine plan is that to those who become reconciled, shall be committed the work of reconciliation; that they shall, as far as possible, enter into the Saviour's experience and so obtain the education needed to rescue souls from the thralldom of sin.

What is this education? Is it to be content to live for one's self? Is it to be satisfied with one's own hope of salvation? Is it to shrink from sacrifice? That would be to "pity" one's self. Such a disposition is "an offence" to the Master, for it is the disposition of Satan, the basal principle of his government. To deny self, to take up one's cross, to let this ministry of reconciliation be the dominant note in the life,—that is the demand Heaven makes of every Seventh-day Adventist.

Unconsciously but unmistakably, Africa calls to enlightened lands for men and means to finish in this generation the work of the Second Advent message. Among the one and

a half million European settlers in the southern portion of Africa, one meets intelligent men and women who hunger for truth. But there is a serious dearth of evangelists and Bible workers in the cities of Africa. One's fingers would not all be needed to count the evangelists among the white population of this land. The Bible workers are equally scarce. Yet there is a good response to all effort put forth among the people. During the past two years many have united with the remnant church to help swell the loud cry that must be sounded farther and farther north, until all this vast continent is lightened with His glory.

But could the converts from the meager white population of Africa carry the responsibility of evangelizing Africa's two hundred million of the Heavenly Father's black-skinned children! This missionary problem is tremendous and complex. Though the British and Foreign Bible Society publishes Bibles complete or in part, in 143 of the languages of Africa, there are hundreds of languages and dialects not yet reduced to writing. The third angel's message is being published in a few of the native languages and many converts from heathenism are now assisting our missionaries to tell the natives of the soon-coming Saviour. The Sabbath school lessons prepared by the General Conference for white children, are now printed in the leading vernaculars of South Africa. Our missionaries in Central Africa are laying plans for vernacular lessons in their Sabbath schools. The work is making

good progress but there is much that is yet untouched.

Brethren and sisters across the sea, for nearly forty years you have been helping to support the work in Africa. In this time of the latter rain, when seed will germinate and mature so quickly that the plowman will overtake the reaper, will you "pity" yourselves or will you deny yourselves for Africa? On the next thirteenth Sabbath will you not provide generously for much more seed-sowing in dark Africa that the work here may be finished speedily? He who comes quickly will reward every man as his work shall be. Not they who "pity" themselves, but they who "suffer with Him," will share His glory.

Sabbath, December 13

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

SEED THOUGHT: "Love for lost souls brought Christ to Calvary's cross. Love for souls will lead us to self-denial and sacrifice, for the saving of that which was lost."—"Testimonies," Vol. IX, p. 59.

READING: Opportunities in Natal.

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 488, first stanza.

PRAYER: For our workers in Natal.

Opportunities in Natal

E. W. INGLE, M. D.

NATAL, so named because it was discovered by Vasco da Gama on Christmas day, 1497, is called South Africa's Garden Colony. It is semi-tropical, with green-clad mountains and valleys, good soil, and a mild climate. It is one of earth's beauty spots. The population is approximately 175,000 Europeans, 75,000

Indians, and more than 1,000,000 native Zulus.

From the up-to-date, modern city of Durban, with its fine 1,000 foot dock and modern conveniences, and a population of more than 100,000, it is only a few hours' travel into the blackest heathendom of Zululand.

We have a church of fifty white members in Durban, one of about forty in Maritzburg, another of twenty-five in North Natal, and a few scattered white members in the smaller villages and on the farms.

Ten native colporteur evangelists are struggling among the natives living near the large towns and locations (native reserves). Their supervision is one of the numerous duties of the conference president.

The whole of Zululand's 18,000 square miles is without even a native worker. These Zulus are the proudest, finest physically, and most intellectual, of all the South African natives.

By means of local offerings recently means was provided to print a Zulu pamphlet.

The 75,000 Indians above mentioned are from the increase of the original "coolie laborers" imported to work on the tea plantations. Having completed their term of service they have branched out into market gardening, laundry work, and almost every other phase of life.

Among these Indians a great opportunity awaits us. They are continually making trips to their home, India, and could well be messengers of light to their own people.

And with this brief glimpse of Natal how shall I tell our needs that you may visualize them? We have two ordained ministers and share a Bible worker with a sister province. We do not have a single church school.

The Zulu field has barely been touched. The Indian work, with Pastor Stevenson at its head in Durban, is almost hopelessly handicapped for lack of means. Already four or five have accepted the truth. Had Pastor Stevenson an appropriate hall and adequate help, there is no limit to what might be accomplished.

The white believers in the field and the natives give liberally, but we look to our brethren to share in the blessed harvest that will come as a result of the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering.

Sabbath, December 20

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY TEXT: Matt. 24:14.

READING: The Thirteenth Sabbath in a Native Sabbath School.

MISSIONARY SONGS "Christ in Song," No. 482.

PRAYER: For the Sabbath schools throughout Africa.

The Thirteenth Sabbath in a Native Sabbath School

HELEN E. WHEELER

LEFT quite alone on the station with but a few workers, I felt a bit anxious as the Thirteenth Sabbath was drawing near. Mr. Wheeler and all the teachers were at the native teachers' institute at Rusangu, and as

this was our vacation time, not many pupils were here. We had been using the MISSIONS QUARTERLY faithfully, but I felt we must awaken an extra interest in needy Europe to insure a special donation. But how could we do it? Fancy devices, no matter how carefully prepared, would make little appeal here. We could not well have dialogues or recitations as there is no material in the language. As for special music,—well, that was out of the question.

But being determined to have a special program on this thirteenth Sabbath, I set to work. Encouraged at the thought that in every corner of the earth our Sabbath schools would be arranging a program and gathering a donation, extra big, for starving Europe, I tried to forget that this is a new mission station. Then, too, it occurred to me that these people would realize what a famine means, as some knew how hungry they had been less than a year before, when we had heard that never-to-be-forgotten cry of *hungry* children. So I drew on the blackboard a crude resemblance of a huge basket, with the idea of having our Sabbath school fill it with kaffir-corn. I marked down how much we had filled each Sabbath, and how much remained to be filled this last Sabbath. It created an interest.

Fortunately, a former student came on a short visit, so I enlisted his help in translating the exercise for six children, "What Will You Do for Others?" and the poem "If Christ Were There" as given in the MISSIONS QUAR-

TERLY. It was a task to find six children who could memorize their parts. Several who had never been to school were from distant villages there on a visit. Then I had three boys learn and memorize the song, "Give Me the Bible," which Mr. Wheeler had recently translated into the Lamba language. I also drew attention to the memory verses which we would review on this Sabbath.

A few days before the thirteenth Sabbath, a liberal offering of kaffir-corn was brought from the village. This showed me that the people were thinking about our big basket to be filled. On Friday several of the boys working here came to get a part of their pay, so they could give an offering. Some girls worked in the corn fields about ten hours each in order to contribute their share. On Sabbath morning three other baskets of kaffir-corn were brought from the village.

All this coming before our Sabbath school program, naturally gave me considerable courage to enter heartily into the exercises. Every one on the program rendered his part better than I had even dared to hope. Our little girl recited in the Lamba language her part of the exercise for six children, much to the interest of the village visitors. But happy surprises were still to come.

I knew some of the members of my class had memorized the twelve verses, but when I asked those to come forward who had learned them all, fourteen responded. I lined them up in front of the room, and they repeated all the verses with references in con-

cert. This was an interesting number not planned for. A little girl of seven stood alongside a chief. Several of these cannot read, and you would have been interested to see how sincerely they had tried to remember even all the references. I know this success was due largely to the Picture Rolls so kindly contributed to us by the Sabbath School Department and friends in the United States. We can think of no better way to tell you how much they are appreciated, than to relate incidents like these. While writing means nothing to these ignorant natives, a picture does appeal, and the stories of godly men and women are impressed in a definite way upon the minds of our Sabbath school members and visitors.

One woman who said all the verses perfectly, was attending her first quarter at Sabbath school. She had been present every Sabbath, along with eleven other members. She had fully decided to join the Catholic church in her Wemba country, but was providentially led here, and has since been praising God in the prayer and testimony meetings that she learned about the true Sabbath. Now she is diligently learning to read the Bible, along with her little girl.

Then came the offering. Aside from what had been brought before, many now gave cash. Although only twenty-three of our thirty members were present, almost as many visitors as members had come. Even a chief brought a cash offering. I noticed that twenty-six people donated something, and while the

amounts were not large, it all helped us to go over our goal. Six pounds ten shillings, about thirty-two dollars, had been set for the quarter; but more than seven pounds, or about thirty-five dollars, was received.

We have read with great interest of faithful Sabbath school members in far-away countries, and have been glad to give to the best of our ability for the building up of the work in these places. We thank God we are a part of this devoted Sabbath school band, and are happy in anticipation of the help to be given the African field.

Sabbath, December 27

[Suggestions for the Missionary Feature]

MISSIONARY SONG: "Christ in Song," No. 621.

RECITATION: Thoughts of a Little African Girl.

DIALOGUE: Africa Still Calling.

SPECIAL MUSIC.

RECITATION: Two Pennies.

DIALOGUE: For Juniors.

SONG: "When the Offering is Taken I'll Be There." See Sabbath School Leaflet, "Say it in Song," p. 4. On page two is a pleasing song for children of kindergarten age.

OFFERING.

PRAYER: That our gifts to Africa may be greatly blessed.

Thoughts of a Little African Girl

I AM only a little girl, and I live in a heathen village in Africa. My mother tells me that I must begin early to learn to work; so she ties the baby on my back, and puts a basket on my head, and I trudge after her to the field three miles away.

I have no breakfast, for my brother ate all the mush that was left from supper, and when I tell mother I am hungry she ties a piece of bark tight around my stomach. She says that will make me feel better; but it doesn't. I must

not cry, though, or she will slap me, and tell me that the lions will come and eat me up. When we get to the field, mother digs up a sweet potato, and I eat that; it tastes nice, too.

Baby cries and wants mother; but she must hoe the corn, so I stand up and shake my body till he falls asleep. Then mother puts him in a safe place, and tells me to pull weeds. I want to go to sleep, too. My back aches, and so do my legs; but mother says I must grow strong by working hard; then I can marry and have a field of my own.

By and by when the sun is getting low, we leave the corn, and go into the woods and gather sticks to take home to cook our supper. I wish I was a baby and could ride on mother's back, but I must carry the heavy basket of wood.

When we reach the village, we find father sitting in the visiting house, smoking with a lot of men. He calls to me as we pass by "Bring me a gourd of beer." So mother takes off my load of wood, and puts the great gourd of beer in my hands. It is so heavy that I stagger and almost fall. Father calls out, "If you spill that beer, I will beat you." O, how I tremble as I drop on my knees before him, while he drinks and treats his friends. He is better natured now and when the gourd is handed back, he tells me to drink the thick dregs left in the bottom. I go back to our hut, and mother hands me a large clay pot, and tells me to hurry and bring water from the brook to cook our food. On the way down the hill I pass a lot of boys who are lying on the soft grass. I wish I were a boy. Boys never have to carry wood or water. I hurry on and fill my pot; but just as I am climbing up the steep rocks, my foot slips, and my water pot lies broken at my feet. O dear! O dear! I cover my face with my hands and wail till some one brings mother. She is very angry, and says it will cost her much corn, as it was a borrowed pot, and she must pay for it. I flee to a deserted hut, creep into a dark corner and cry alone. My head aches, and now I am burning with fever.

I keep thinking about that broken pot. Perhaps my uncle will sell me for a slave to pay the fine. O, if I could only die! Then they would cover me with lots of cloth—more than I ever had in my life. They would send for all the relatives, who would wail for me, and shoot off gunpowder. They would dance and beat drums and make beautiful noises all night. They would have a big feast, and would wonder who caused my death. When I am dead, I wish I could come back and torment with fear those who have made me so unhappy. It is a dreadful thing to be a heathen girl in Africa.

—Selected.

Africa Still Calling

HARRY E. BEDDOE

MARGARET: Come right in, Lillian. I'm so glad you came to our Sabbath school today. This is the thirteenth Sabbath and our offering today is for South Africa.

LILLIAN: Oh! Isn't that nice? When we left Africa I heard something about that. They will be so glad to get it. I wish everybody knew about the things I heard over there. If they did I am sure their offerings would be twice as large.

MARGARET: It must have been interesting! I wish you would tell me about some of the things you heard and saw, and about the needs of Africa.

LILLIAN: What Africa needs is missionaries to help the natives, and to go into places where there are no missionaries and where the people have never learned of Jesus.

MARGARET: But I thought there were enough missionaries over there already because the Mission Board is not sending very many now, although there are a lot of people who would like to go.

LILLIAN: Oh no! That isn't it. They need many missionaries. There are many places which our missionaries have never entered and the people are asking for some one to come but there is not enough money to send them.

MARGARET: Oh! Is that why they don't send more?

LILLIAN: Yes, that is the reason. The people are calling for missionaries but there is not enough money to send all who ought to go. Recently when Elder Anderson was in South-west Africa he met a native chief from a country that had never heard of Jesus. His people worshipped and trusted in sticks and bones. Elder Anderson asked him if he did not want a missionary to come and teach his people.

MARGARET: Did he say that he would like a missionary or did he think their sticks and bones were all the help they needed?

LILLIAN: Well, he went back to his people and called them all together and told them he had met a missionary of Jesus and that the missionary wanted to send some one to teach them about God. He asked them if they wanted a missionary to come. They said they had trusted in their sticks and bones to help them but they had never received the help. So they brought all their sticks and bones and put them

at the feet of the chief and said, "We now want the help of God. Bring the missionary at once."

MARGARET: Did the missionary go at once?

LILLIAN: No, he didn't, and to this day no one has gone. The old chief died without a missionary for his people. But the new chief is still calling for the missionary the old chief promised them.

MARGARET: I hope this Thirteenth Sabbath Offering will be large enough to send a missionary to those people, besides many other people who should hear about Jesus.

LILLIAN: Yes, so do I. There is another place called Bechuanaland which they have been trying to enter for about twenty-five years and all that time they would not allow one of our missionaries into the country!

MARGARET: Will they allow our missionaries to go into their country now?

LILLIAN: Yes. They are calling for missionaries to come and teach them now and there is no one who can go!

MARGARET: What made them change so suddenly and call for missionaries?

LILLIAN: This is how it was: Dr. Kretchmar, who is one of our medical missionaries, was asked by the British and native governments to come into Bechuanaland as a government doctor. But he first had to promise not to preach or conduct a mission school. So he went in under those conditions. He worked in one of their cities a whole year without preaching or teaching publicly. But in his work as a doctor he won the hearts of the people and he was soon the family physician of the royal family of that city!

MARGARET: But how did they find out about his religion?

LILLIAN: I was just going to tell you about that. The queen's son acted as the doctor's interpreter and went around with him from day to day on his calls. He noticed that on Sabbath the doctor did not go out as usual, excepting on an emergency call, and that he and his wife stayed at their home and read their Bibles. The interpreter asked Dr. Kretchmar if he were not mistaken about keeping Saturday instead of Sunday, and the doctor said he believed that Saturday was the Sabbath of the Lord.

MARGARET: What did the interpreter do then?

LILLIAN: He went to the native teachers and told them about it. They became interested and went to the doctor and asked him why he kept Saturday. He told them that the Law of God

says that the seventh day is the Sabbath. They then went to their missionary and asked him why he kept the first day of the week. He told them he did not know, so they told the chief men in the town about it, and then comes the most interesting part of all!

MARGARET: Oh! What is that?

LILLIAN: The chief council voted that they liked Dr Kretchmar's religion and requested him to bring in his missionary to teach them! The king of the whole country also sent word that he liked the doctor's religion and invited Elder Anderson to send teachers into all parts of his country! Elder Anderson went into the country and baptized scores of natives. Africa at once sent a call for several missionaries to go into this new mission field, but, for lack of money, none have yet been sent!

MARGARET: I'm going to do my part in giving for the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering, and I hope enough money is raised so that these people may hear about Jesus too. Thank you for telling me about Africa. I'm so glad that you came to our Sabbath school today. Let's go to our division now and I'll introduce you to my teacher.

Two Pennies

"I once belonged to Jenny,"
Said a sorry little Penny,
"And she took me to the corner candy store,
Where nine and ninety others
Of my little Penny-brothers
Had traveled, one by one, in days before.

"Then on Thirteenth Sabbath Day,
She at home would gladly stay;
For she thought the other children all
would stare
At a little girl who bore
All her money to the store,
And gave it to the candy idol there."

"I once belonged to Benny,"
Said a happy little Penny,
"And he put me in his little Penny bank,
Where nine and ninety others
Of my little Penny-brothers
Rattled with a merry clink, clink, clank.

"Then on Thirteenth Sabbath Day,
Benny's heart was glad and gay;
For he had a dollar in his pocket hid,
Saved to send the gospel's joys
To far Africa's girls and boys,
And he put it in the offering,—yes, he did."

—Elizabeth Rosser.

Dialogue for Juniors

MRS. E. C. BOGER

(Persons taking part: Mr. and Mrs. Keeting and son, Newell; two junior Y. P. M. V. girls, Edythe and Marian; two boys, Edgar and Norman. Material needed: One "Review," five sheets of paper, pencil, several old letters, a stand, and seven chairs.)

Mr. Keeting sits reading the "Review."

Newell enters saying: Father, can't you help us out? You know all about the mission field in the whole world.

Mr. Keeting (smiling): I am sure I appreciate your compliment, son, though I think it a rather magnified statement. But what's troubling my junior, eh? (Newell comes closer.)

NEWELL: We have been studying Africa for some time in our meetings. Next time we are to study the part called Belgian Congo. Five of us were asked to find out what we could about the Congo, but we don't know where to find what we want. Anybody can read an atlas and a year book.

MR. KEETING: All right son, you invite them over tomorrow evening; and in the meantime run over and see Sister Kelley, Brother Mooner, and Sister Lake. They have friends or acquaintances up in those jungles, and I believe they will let you copy some extracts from their correspondence. How's that?

NEWELL (clapping his father on the knee): Good old daddy, you always know how to help a fellow out!

(Exit Newell and Mr. Keeting.)

Next Scene

(Newell sitting at a stand with several letters spread out before him. He is writing. A knock. He opens door to receive two girls and boys. Greets them, and gives them seats.)

NEWELL: I'm very glad you could all come tonight.

NORMAN: We are glad to come and we hope you are on the track of some Congo material for us.

EDYTHE: It looks as though you have been into somebody's letter-box, or borrowing.

NEWELL: And so I have (walking to the stand) and I'm prepared to give each of you the benefit of it (hands each a slip, with their part written on it). Now if you'll please excuse me a moment, I'll ask mother and father to come in and we'll see how they like our mater-

lal. (He returns with Mr. and Mrs. Keating who greet all and take seats offered.)

NEWELL: Edgar, you are first on the list, each will read in turn, but of course at the real meeting each must *tell* his part.

EDGAR (reading): "If you want to get close to the heart of Africa, come to the Belgian Congo,—this great country with its pulses cooled by six months of abundant showers which furnish mighty rivers and lovely lakes with refreshment. Come, find the freedom and beauty of God's great out-of-doors, with sufficient touch with the world to cause us to know that we are living in the twentieth century,—trains, mail-service, stores, hotels, bicycles, automobiles, wireless, pianos, and phonographs. Go back into the forest a few days' trek; you find there the native of the village just as he was in David Livingstone's day: worshipping little mud gods and stones, charmed with charms of bone and tin, seeds and hair, and shells and beads. Does not this picture of twenty millions of these brothers waiting for the gospel make you long to come and help? We have only two small stations in all this great mighty Congo.

MARIAN (reading): "Now come with me to visit our new seven-months-old mission station three miles from Elizabethville, Congo's capital. We have named our station Katanga. It is the name given to this section of the country in honor of an old chief. Elizabethville is a mining town of some two thousand Europeans from various nations. It has pretty trees all through the town. Now we turn east onto the Star road, so named because the great Star Mine is nine miles along this road. See the native compounds, the gardens, homes, ant-hills, with corn planted to the very top, which is at least thirty feet. Three miles out we watch for a little road leading off to the right. A couple of hundred yards down the road you will see the temporary mission house where Brother and Sister Le Butt, Leslie, and Winifred are living. They are from England. The house is part brick and part pole and mud, has a grass roof, but is very comfortable. It is pleasant to receive a warm welcome such as they will give you, and after a little rest they will be asking you to come and visit the school. It is music-hour just closing. Teacher James from our old Malamula Mission is really making good singers out of those thirty boys and girls. Please stay a little while and James will have them sing a few songs for you and repeat the fifty Bible texts they repeated on the last thirteenth Sabbath. You do not, of course, understand the Chiluba tongue, but you catch the spirit and enjoy it, and if you could

hear them tell how Jesus has helped them to stop bad lives of smoking, wild dancing, drinking, quarrelling, etc., which was all they knew a few months ago, you would be so glad for our mission schools to be here. Elder Roger baptized four of our boys and two of our girls in the brook near the mission, and Samuel and his wife, Ffela, have already gone to take an out-school away up in the Baluba country, where old chief Mapafu said he also wished to attend the school.

NORMAN (reading): "I come inviting you to pack up the food-box, roll the blankets, take the cots and nets, and little medicine kit, don your 'bush' clothes and come with us to visit our one other mission station in the Congo. It is 555 miles northeast of Elizabethville. We take the train and as we must get there early to get a compartment, we will take lunch and enjoy it quietly after the train starts. Now the whistle squeals out, which reminds you of a peanut-roaster, and we are off. Mind your clothing if you sit by the window, for this train burns wood, and the cinders drop on you red hot sometimes. How big the country looks, for as far as you can see, there are no houses. Sometimes there are cattle and herd-boys just as in Joseph's time. There are many villages of little huts and such bright-faced children, but no school or church. When we get to the station, boys from the Songa Mission are waiting by the siding. That means we will get our things carried over the river before dark, and pitch camp on the bluff. It is great sport ferrying over the Laulaba in those long hand-paddled boats, and to see the passing sun reflect crimson red in the quiet water, while the boatmen are shouting or singing, and you are perched on a roll of bedding in the bow. Early the next morning you have your first experience riding in a basket, or *machella*, if you are a woman. Six or eight natives take turns in carrying the basket, for it is hung to a long pole which rests on their shoulders. Away you go to the music of rattling ornaments of zinc or tin or seed-pods fastened about the carriers. They sing boisterously in their strange tongue, and you will surely laugh if you are not frightened at the racket. It is their way of keeping cheered up. How you enjoy sleeping at night under the stars with only a mosquito netting above your head! You will fall asleep to the sound of the carriers singing or chatting about their camp fires off at a distance and may wake to the roar of a lion's rising-bell which makes the air tremble. The early trek is nice as the daylight creeps along the sky, and the birds are chirping, and the dew is on the long grasses. It is so pleasant to see the native children coming

to meet you as you near a village and have them run alongside laughing and greeting you. How you wish you might stay and teach them. Within a week you will find you are almost to Songa Mission. Presently you turn to the right onto a narrower road, then down across a pretty brook, up a steep hill, and it is very near."

EDYTHE (reading): "Who are those people coming to meet you? Ah, it is Brother and Sister R. P. Robinson, Gracie, and Leonard. They are little Africans by birth, but not color. How very happy they are to see you; maybe it has been months since they have had a visit from any white people, and you are one of the workers come at last! The pleasant mission house with brick walls, floors and porches and grass roof, opens wide its doors in welcome. Next morning you go to the little mud and pole church, where school also is held, and enjoy seeing more than forty boys and girls (all men and women are called 'boys' and 'girls') come in to service. Those who best understand the Bible are selected as Sabbath school teachers. Here, too, they are being trained to go out to teach. On the hill-side beyond the river is Chief Malamway's village. There is a new pole and mud building. One of our boys is teaching there now. We have nine hundred acres of land on Songa Mission. This Songa Mission is not four years old yet. Brother Willmore, Brother and Sister C. Robinson and the R. P. Robinsons have been the workers there. It is among the Baluba tribe which are not considered to be as intelligent as some of the other African natives. The women embroider their bodies with tattooing so they need not worry with embroidered clothing that would soon wear out. How they do want schools, and how much they need a doctor to come and live at Songa and help the poor sick people of that tribe! Who will come?"

NEWELL: Now that each has read his part, what do you think of the material we have, mother and father?

MR. KEETING: Well, the best way I can express myself is to say, I shall offer myself for Africa, for mother has already said she would like to go and do all she could.

MRS. KEETING: Yes, I will go if the Mission Board wishes us to go. I have a poem here I would like to have you hear, written by one of our workers. It will show you there is something each of us may do to help the workers keep going. (She recites:)

Write to Us

As you give and pray for workers on the far-
flung battle lines,

As you read of signal victories, mid the hard-
ships of the times,

Of how, mid the dense, dense darkness men
are pressing toward the light,

Do pray, "Lord keep it steady, keep it burning
through the night.

"Help our faithful vanguard workers to be true
and brave and kind:

Keep them looking straight face forward,
never looking once behind.

"Give them courage for the battle 'mid the heat
and 'mid the cold,

'Mid the famine and the earthshocks; in all
dangers make them bold.

"And when far from loved ones toiling, with no
familiar sight or sound

Lord, let them feel Thy presence, teach them
there 'tis holy ground!"

Well, we thank you for your praying, and we
thank you for each gift.

These are our two mighty levers by which
every load we lift.

But there's something more we're needing,
and it's such a little thing,

It's like water 'mid the scorching sand, and
flowers in the spring.

And I guess you will be wondering what else
ever could we need

Than prayers to give us courage, and gifts to
sow the seed.

And to see the heathen giving up their idols
one and all,

Is enough to give us courage, and be glad we've
filled the call.

If you think that's all we're needing—well, I'll
tell you that it's not.

We just need a heap more loving than you do,
in the home spot.

Why it's love that keeps us going, love for
work and workers too,

Love for home and friends and country, love—
the kind that is "true blue."

If you love us write and tell us, write it often,
make it l-o-n-g.

Tell us of the work you're doing, it will cheer
us like a song.

Tell us all about the neighbors, how you're
giving them the truth,

How you've done them acts of kindness, as a
really, truly proof.

Tell us of the farm and business, of the chickens and the cows,
 Of the garden and the vineyard, the new auto,
 and the plows;
 How the church school is growing larger as
 the parents "grow in grace,"
 That the teacher is of the old stamp, and the
 youngsters know their place;
 And how as they're growing older, you are
 counting up the cost;
 You are training them as workers—you'll not
 count that as a loss?
 Count it as your greatest asset, count it as
 your richest gain!
 Write and tell us they are coming, and we'll
 take heart and hope again.

