

without a wry face, and pills they will eat if you do not look after them. Among the crowd as the morning went on, you may see a well-dressed student dressing some loathsome ulcer. Three or four years ago this student shrank sensitively from everything that was repulsive; but one day he chanced to read about our Lord's washing His disciples' feet, and from that day no service has been too mean for him to perform for any one of the patients. The ulcer cases he has made his special charge; so much so that I have to take him off them at times and give them to a junior student, for he is now one of our seniors. There are as good Christians among my students as there are in this hall. It is well worth all the trouble it has given me to have had the joy of training such men. It is well worth your while, any of you Christian parents who may be here, to train up your children to such work—to set medical missions before your boys and girls, and to put them in the way of preparing for the service. We must have missionary parents if we are to hope to have missionary children."

Easter Celebration in Africa.

At two o'clock in the morning, as light began to dawn upon the quiet region, there was also an awakening to life in the vicinity of the German mission in South Africa. Here and there black forms appeared between the fields and corn gardens, singly or in small groups, on their way to the mission. Near the tower of the little church the guests assembled. "*Morena o tsosicle!*" ("The Lord is risen!") the tones of the bell proclaimed to the new-comers. "*Rure, Morena o tsosicle!*" ("He is truly risen!") was their answer. The missionary stood at the window of his study and looked out into the dawning Easter morning full of thanks and praise to Him who here again in Africa had shown Himself a risen and living Saviour, and who had also saved me: y

a poor heathen soul at this mission from the slavery of sin and death. There is a knock at the door. The black sexton enters. "*Morena o tsosicle!*" "*Rure, Morena o tsosicle!*" are the mutual greetings.

The same salutations greeted the missionary as he soon appeared in his vestments in the joyful assembly. The whole congregation, men and women, young and old, were present.

They came from a distance to a joyful Easter festival. They were all neatly dressed, with joy visible in their faces. No word was spoken, but all eyes were turned toward the reddening horizon. Soon the Easter sun looms forth which once before showed the risen Lord. The Easter tones of the bell sounded now from the church tower. The procession formed, the two missionaries with the native helpers and teachers in advance, followed by the congregation. They go to the cemetery near the church to celebrate Easter at the graves of the departed. They stop at the hill which holds the grave of the missionary Kobolde, who had been beloved and had died young. The tolling of the bell ceased. After a short prayer a jubilant hymn of praise breaks forth in this home of the dead in honor of Him who took away the sting of death and brought immortality to light.

There were also many Hollanders (Dutch peasants from the neighborhood) present. The missionary therefore read the Easter Gospel in Dutch and made a short address in the same language. The festival sermon then followed from the other missionary in Sessutho (a native language), to which the white listeners also gave attention. The service was closed with hymns and prayer, a beautiful, fitting Divine service. It showed that this congregation, which once consisted of heathens who had no hope, now was composed of happy Easter Christians by the grace of God, for whom also the light of eternal life beamed across the dark portals of the grave.—From the *Lutheran Kirchenfreund*.