

Dr. Mackenzie

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South Africa Missionary Advocate

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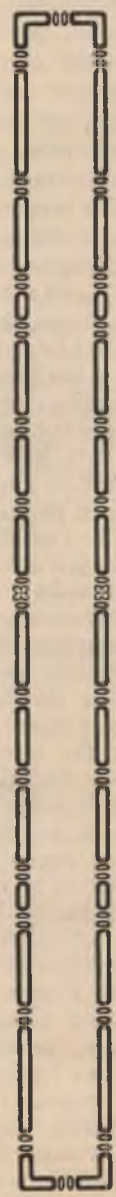
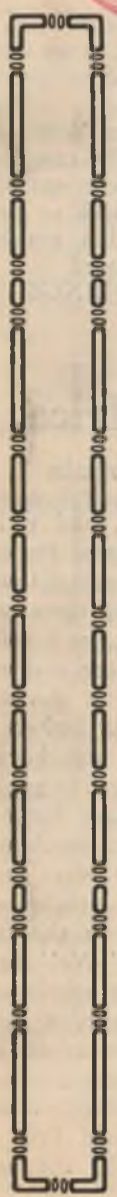
No. 1.



2 - JUN 1941



Bishop John McKendree Springer, D.D., L.L.D.



The Edlings carry on.

1940 has scurried by as fast as its predecessors, and here we are at the threshold of another year so soon! Perhaps "leaped" would be a better figure than "scurried," for sometimes it seems that time is like a mammoth kangaroo, with just one breath-taking leap from one year to the next.

The "high lights" in the year are always those times when we can get our noses off the regular grindstone and get off on trips into the district, with its 58 stations and 67 native preachers and teachers. For two months just previous to now that was an impossibility for even the man of the family by himself, for the war has affected even this as yet peaceful corner of the world to the extent that strangers and frontiers have taken on new significance, and it was found impossible to drive even fifteen miles out of town to the east to conduct a Sunday morning service in the nearest outstation until a permit was obtained from not merely the local authorities, but from the Governor General himself; and since that gentleman was not at home in Luanda for quite a period, but out visiting in the colony, the request for a permit sat unattended until he arrived back from his travels. Now at last it has been secured, and we are free to visit the outstations in Malange District, provided the visit is reported before and after at government headquarters here in town.

And so some long postponed trips are being made now by the head of the house, and hindered plans can be carried out. Small-pox is hindering some of them just now, however, for some transfers that were to be made have to wait until the children of a native worker are over that prevalent epidemic. Great was the astonishment the other day when a baby full of small-pox was discovered in the car, among the family and goods and chattels being moved from one station to another. But we trust that the infection was not carried further, as the family was left in a village where the disease had already passed until such time as the baby should be over it, and the other members of the family had been vaccinated. As for ourselves, we are all protected by vaccine, recently applied to us all, but there has not been enough vaccine available for all the myriads who desire protection from that disease, since most of this country's drugs have been coming from France.

Two memorable trips were made in the dry season, as some of you already know, for we got out as a family into the Songo region and then into the Bangala region, and had most interesting and profitable days in close contact with the work and workers in our most remote areas. In both areas we found the evangelistic team at work in the villages, and the results were most encouraging. (A bit too close the contact apparently was on our second trip, for we picked up a good dose of measles for Elizabeth and Frederick, which kept us tied down for over a month after our return, and hardly finished in time

for our annual conference in August. But now the kiddies are well again and getting chubby, in spite of stretching up greatly in height this year.

This week we are busy,—more so than usual, that is,—for we are giving tomorrow night a little Mother Goose party for our missionary group to celebrate all-at-once the six October birthdays as well as our 20th wedding anniversary, which passed without blows on the 22nd of this month. (They say the "first 100 years are the hardest," and so we are sure we shall weather it somehow!!).

This doesn't sound like missionary work, does it, but even missionaries have to play once in a while, and the only recreation we get we have to make among ourselves. We think our little get-togethers have a tonic effect spiritually too. Even Jesus attended weddings.

It also sounds a bit flippant in a world wildly at war, but it is precisely because our hearts are wrung so constantly by the news that we need to get our mind off of such things once in a while.

The world conditions should deepen the missionary zeal of all of us, for what other light can dispel the darkness except The Light? If every one of us who call ourselves Christians should seek as never before to make Christ known, would it not help many in this troubled world to find peace?

THE EDLINGS

—oOo—

Bicycle trip in Africa.

Mrs. Ralph E. Dodge, Angola.

Bicycle tours of England, France, and various other European countries seem to be quite the style now. But that isn't the reason we decided to take a bicycle trip in Africa. Presumably, those who take bicycle trips in Europe, do it because it is fun, and because they get to see more scenery that way. Very likely, one *could* take such a trip in Africa if he stuck to the automobile roads. But, when we decided to take our trip by bicycle, it was because there was no auto road where we wanted to go, and it is logical to suppose we could get there faster by bicycle than on foot. You see, we were much more interested in our destination than we were in the process of getting there. But, as things turned out, the process of getting there proved to be the most engrossing part of the day's activities. ("We" means Zella Glidden and I, the two youngest missionaries on the field, accompanied by Expirante, a native worker. Believe it or not, his name, translated into English, means "Breathing" or "Looking Alive." Perhaps his mother had lost several babies before he arrived, and when she saw that he would live, she was moved to give him a name befitting the occasion!)

At 8:30 a.m., we were mounted and wheeling freely on the good road still within the Mission. Within a few minutes, however, the Mission road

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J. A. PERSSON, EDITOR

Notes and Comment

DURING the month of December the Editor was granted the privilege of having Bishop and Mrs. Springer as guests in the home. Mrs. Springer had been ordered to Johannesburg for surgical aid, which necessitated three weeks in the General Hospital of this city. (Johannesburg has the largest and best equipped hospital in the Southern Hemisphere.) After her stay in the hospital, Mrs. Springer received further treatment and has now accompanied her husband back to their residence in Elisabethville, apparently having benefitted by her stay here. We would like to express our appreciation and admiration of her Christian fortitude and never failing cheerfulness during this trying time of suffering. In that she has showed herself an inspiring example to all of us.

Scholarships for Africans.

The University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, has made arrangements to enable a limited number of Non-Europeans to obtain full training in Medicine and Dentistry, commencing on February 3rd, 1941. As a result of this, the Department of Native Affairs has decided to grant five scholarships, to be awarded to Africans on a competitive basis on the completion of the first year course in Medicine and Dentistry. The scholarships will cover all University fees, equipment and other necessities and reasonable living expenses during the terms. The scholarships will be open to African men and women. Until quite recently no Africans were permitted to enter the Universities of South Africa for training in medicine, the few Native physicians now practicing in the country have all received their training overseas.

Signs of the Times.

War conditions are causing many changes in Africa, as Bishop Springer pointed out in our last issue. But even apart from the war, revolutionary changes are taking place in every corner of this large continent. In the southern part of Africa there is a fairly large district, forming a Protectorate

under Britain. It is surrounded on all sides by the Union of South Africa, but up to the present Basutoland has successfully defended the privileges granted to it when it asked for the protection of the Imperial Government. It has a Parliament which possesses fairly extensive powers in raising revenue and looking after the welfare of the people. A short time ago the Paramount Chief of Basutoland died and the representative body of the nation assembled to select a successor. This body has always consisted of men and men only, but this time three influential women were permitted to take part in the proceedings and they made their influence felt, so much so that one of their number was chosen to act as Regent until the young son of the dead Chief becomes of age. Women chiefs are not uncommon in the central parts of Africa, where many tribes are matri-lineal, that is with descent passing through the female line (a man's heir is not his own son but his sister's son). Amongst the South African Bantu, however, this is an almost unheard of thing, and is an example of the steadily growing influence of women in African society, much of which is due to the experience the women receive in the churches where they serve very acceptably in every office open to laymen. Africa is beginning to experience the truth of the old saying that "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world."

Further Proof!

It seems that the average European and the Bantu woman have some characteristics in common. At a recent meeting held in Cape Town, to consider the work of the African National Congress, one of the women delegates declared that "as men have utterly failed, the women of Africa should stand up and organize and build the nation."

Africans and the War.

The following will show how keenly interested the Native people are in the great struggle in Europe. We quote from *The South African Outlook*.

"From Windhoek we learn through *The Forum* that the Natives living in the Windhoek Location have made amazing contributions to War funds. Every morning the Superintendent gives the war

news to the location police, board men, staff and head men of the sections—sometimes as many as sixty persons being present. After the news, Natives often come into the office with sixpences and shillings as donations. One old Herero, known as the father of the Bantu Club, and employed as sergeant in the Municipality, has given his yearly increment of Five pounds to the Red Cross for the duration of the war. The wife of the Superintendent tells the children stories about the children living in bombed areas in London, but has never suggested that they contribute funds, being themselves poor, halfstarved little mites. A week ago their troop leader brought £ 2-10-0 (\$ 10.00), the proceeds of a bioscope performance they had had, with the request that the money be sent to the children in London. These children also went without their usual Christmas treat and thus handed £ 7-3-6 to the magistrate, with a request that it be sent to the children in London whose homes had been bombed. Altogether the sum of 220 pounds (almost \$1,000) has been collected for War funds by the Natives. Only people living in Windhoek who know of the real poverty among the Natives can realize what a sacrifice this entails.”

Windhoek is one of the principal towns in what formerly was German South West Africa. This is only one instance of the very real sympathy shown by the Natives, many others could be given. Only a few weeks ago the Native people of Johannesburg presented a modern and fully equipped motor ambulance for the use of South African troops.

Conference Sessions 1941.

The following are the dates for the 1941 sessions of the Conferences in the Elisabethville Area, which covers the southern half of the African Continent. Bishop Springer will preside at all the Conferences, with the exception of Liberia, which place is almost impossible to reach at this time.

| | | |
|---------------------|----------------|----------------|
| Liberia, | February 5th | Monrovia |
| Central Conference, | June 8th, | Elisabethville |
| Central Congo, | July 1st. | Tunda |
| Angola, | July 23rd, | Quessua |
| Southern Congo | August 12th | Mulungwishi |
| Rhodesia, | September 2nd. | Old Umtali |
| Southeast Africa | September 20th | Gikuki |

St. Paul's method and ours

A CONTRIBUTED EDITORIAL

THE very title is misleading. It does what is intended and that is to infer that whatever Paul did was what everyone should do now in 1941.

There are many of us who still remember how Bishop Taylor created a great furore insisting on the same thing. No missionary should be sent out by any Board or receive money from such but should go out and from the first "do as Paul did," support himself with the labour of his own hands.

Bishop Taylor had been very successful in opening up self-supporting work in India, preaching among the Eurasians who were well-to-do, well-educated and most of them cultured. They heard this great evangelist, gave their hearts to God, established their own churches and supported their own pastors as they do to this day and the churches are essentially European.

In South Africa, Bishop Taylor had marvellous results preaching among the Zulus and others in connection with the Wesleyan Mission. The way had been well prepared before he came and was well cared for when he left.

In South America he found Roman Catholic families with wealth and a desire that their girls should have an education, as that was understood in the U. S. A. and among the Protestants. He established schools, sent the best of teachers to have charge and that work grew and enlarged unto this day, but there

were phases of the work that were different and needed later just the help and support that the home church needed to supply.

But when Bishop Taylor came to West and Central Africa, he found a totally different situation. There were no educated, well-to-do, cultured Natives who were ready with firm foundations already laid, on which to build. Credit to whom credit is due and we must admire the heroism of Bishop Taylor and the little band of missionaries who struggled desperately to live by trade or barter, shooting hippos, etc., many of whom gave their lives in the attempt. They laid foundations in their schools, many of the children having been bought from their masters by the missionaries, "redeemed" was the term used. I am not able to say now how many of these slave children have become leaders in the church today. But I do know that thousands have been turned to God in these later years after Bishop Hartzell reorganized the work. And there are many self-supporting churches in these conferences. I do know that when it comes to a matter of financial economy, the methods of our Board have the best of it. And I have also known the unwise expenditure and waste of funds in so-called faith missions elsewhere.

Now what were Paul's methods about which we boast so much? Read for yourself. Being a Jew

AFRICAN TRAVEL.

Mrs. Springer on trek to Ganta, 200 miles from Monrovia on the ocean and near the interior border of Liberia. Note the "eveners" which distribute the weight to six carriers.



of a wealthy family, a Roman citizen, a who spoke "more tongues than ye all" as he wrote to the Corinthians, i.e., Hebrew, Aramaic, Greek and Roman and we know not how many others, in beginning his preaching at any place, except the isle of Malta where he was shipwrecked, he went first of all to the Jewish synagogues where he had crowds to hear him preach in a language with which they were all educated and using the Greek or Hebrew Scriptures with which they were all familiar. So that from the very first time he set foot in these big cities, he had an audience of both Jews and proselytes who could understand every word he said, and many received his words gladly.

Then jealousy and fanaticism came in and he was beaten, jailed and finally subjected to martyrdom. John Wesley had all of Paul's experiences except martyrdom by a tragic death.

Many of the younger missionaries coming to the field today cannot realize the savagery and degradation, slavery and superstition which prevailed less than fifty years ago in Africa. I have never known any Mission yet which went in and opened up self-supporting churches among these raw savages from the start. I have known missionaries to say that they did and I think they were honest even if their judgement was very much warped, to put it mildly.

For example, some time ago a book came into my hands in which the writer made the claim that by hiring natives to come and work on his station he had made the work self-supporting. But where did he get the money to pay them? At the end of two years he left that field where he had laid such excellent foundations of schools, etc. (but it was NOT self-support by local funds.)

That is the way the work among the boys started

at Old Umtali. The boys had no desire for school but Mr. Springer finally after weeks of cultivation in Mtasa's kraal, got seven boys to come down "to work on the farm." Mr. Greeley could not even get them to attend prayers at first. They had to be handled as carefully as other wild things. Then they found nothing bad happened when they were finally rounded up in the school room for prayers and they liked the singing. Later on he was able to introduce a chart for them to memorize. And so on. We were all desperately handicapped by our lack of the language. Paul never had that trouble. Even at Malta he found either a Roman or a man, Publius, who spoke Roman.

It is true that at one period Paul did make tents for his living rather than be classed with certain others. But it is quite apparent that he had at the beginning and afterwards funds of his own. He could say to the luxury loving Ephesians, "Look at these hands! See for yourselves that they are not the hands used to hard labour. But I did not covet your silver and gold. And so I made these hands minister to my necessities and those who were with me." However, he went on to say that while he did not make them support him, they should make contributions and support those who were less able than he and also to send funds by him to the needy in Jerusalem. How some of us wish that we had private means so that we could pay our own travelling expenses without the help of the churches at home! But while that would help our own feelings it would be a great loss to the Church at home.

I do not know, nobody knows, what Paul's missionary methods today would be. Personally I think he would meet each problem and try to solve it on its merits.

HELEN SPRINGER.

Medical work in the Congo

From a report by Dr. Charles P. M. Sheffey.

The development of native medical assistants is showing signs of progress. At Tunda during the year seven student nurses passed the government examinations and received certificates of *aide-infirmiers*. Likewise six out of seven senior student nurses at Minga passed the examination at Lusambo. The class at Wembo Nyama beginning the first of January, 1939, has not yet taken the examination, but there are sixteen in the class and some of them are quite promising. Assistants trained in our hospitals are in demand by the government doctors. Some of the Tunda graduates went to work for the state and two of those from Minga have been given positions in a government hospital, whereas a third who has been released, will probably go there also. A goodly number of assistants who were trained at Wembo Nyama prior to the establishment of a recognised training school there, are in the service of the State at various places in the surrounding country.

The Belgian government has continued its subsidies to the medical work, though towards the end of the year it issued orders advising strict economy. For several months our supplies of trypanosyl were either greatly depleted or exhausted.

Infection by intestinal parasites is a real menace in the Congo. A large proportion of the population is infected. Especially is hookworm a menace since it causes a number of deaths by creating a severe anemia. We regret to say that the incidence of the two social diseases shows no signs of decrease. Fresh cases of yaws however have become rather unusual. Occasional cases of small-pox occur though the disease is usually imported from some center of the population.

Our two leper colonies are located at Minga and Tunda. At Tunda the work has gone forward efficiently under the graduate native nurse, Joseph Tete. Tete graduated in the government hospital at Elisabethville. At Minga, the head-man, Senga, who is himself a leper, is the general helper at the colony. He exerts a fine spiritual influence, and it is to be regretted that it seems he is failing physically. We pray that the Lord will in case of necessity raise up some one to take his place. At Minga there are some *hydnocarpus* trees which are bearing, and in the near future it is hoped that the pressing of *chaulmoogra* oil can be undertaken. The nurse and educational department have given fresh impetus to the colony school at Minga and Dr. Hughlett is training lepers to be the colony's nurses. At Tunda a feature of the work was the organization of a missionary society among the women of the colony by Miss Moore and Mrs. Lewis. The group meets every

week and an average of sixty attend. Soon after this, Dr. Lewis and Joseph Tete started a similar organization among the men with success. At Tunda three lepers were dismissed apparently cured and at Minga several are reported to be on the verge of cure.

All of our hospitals conduct religious services for the patients in special hospital chapels. At Wembo Nyama there are two chapels, one at the main hospital and one at the annex, about a mile away. We feel that our efforts along this line are not in vain. Naturally many of the patients are ignorant and illiterate and come from distant villages. We hear good reports from some who have returned healed, to their homes, and sometimes they even form a nucleus around which a church can be formed.

A compilation of the statistics of our three hospitals is as follows:

Patients hospitalized, 1571.

Lepers enrolled at end of first quarter 1940, 640.

Total treatments of dispensaries 59,917 (not including rural disp. of Tunda as these were taken over by the State in January, 1940.

Total operations, 437.

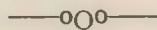
Obstetrical deliveries, 213.

Intravenous and intramuscular injections, 20,724.

Miss Dora Armstrong has been in charge of our medical work at Lodja. We have no hospital there since the government hospital is nearby. However Miss Armstrong conducts a small dispensary for the mission village and the Girls' Home. She is particularly concerned about the matters of public health. In this connection she cares for the students in the four centers of regional schools and teaches them how to keep well. She co-operates with the state doctor by sending him patients who need his attention, sometimes an operation. She has established baby clinics in eleven villages with an enrollment of 334 babies. The mothers are taught how to care for their babies, minor ailments are treated and the very ill babies are carried to the hospital. There are orphan babies who are being cared for at the mission at Lodja. One of the outstanding events in the nursery department was the admission of premature twins of seven months. They were brought in when

one day old following the death of their mother, as a result of pneumonia. Their weights were 3 and 3½ lbs respectively. At first their cries were mere whines and it was necessary to make them take nourishment. They thrived and became fat and plump. However after three months Peter, the younger one became acutely ill with pneumonia and lived only three days. Moses is still well and gaining. He has dimples and is the color of a ginger cake and has curly black hair. Nurseries for orphan children also been conducted at our three hospitals. At Wembo Nyama fifteen such orphans are being cared for at the end of this year.

It should be mentioned that Dr. Hughlett made visits from time to time to the dispensary at Lubefu, the nearest government post, to care for cases and supervise the work. Naturally these figures are not included in the above.



Xmas at Wembo Nyama

by Miss Kathryn Eye

Christmas time, with its message of joyousness, peace and goodwill is a time looked forward to with much anticipation and pleasure. At Wembo Nyama the entire season has been enjoyed and entered into with much happiness. The events of the yuletide began on Sunday evening, Dec, 15, when the children of the station, and the children visitors, the DeRuiters from Lodja gave the devotional service on the Christmas theme, "David's Star of Bethlehem." It was a happy time for the children as those attending Lubondai School had just returned for their holidays. They brought us a splendid message in readings, prayers and pageantry. It brought us into the spirit of the meaning of Christmas and sent us to our homes feeling not only that Bethlehem needed to bring Him back again but that each of us needed Him to live in us forever.

On Thursday evening, Dec. 19, the Lambuth Memorial Church was the scene of a most beautiful pageant, "The Nativity" participated in by the students of the Normal and Bible School students and presented jointly by Miss Annie Mae White, in charge of the dramatization and Miss Annie Laura Winfrey conducting the music. The pageant was most impressive and meaningful to all. It brought the message of That First Christmas in a most forceful manner and gave every hearer a vital message and a new incentive to be an evangel of goodwill and peace to all mankind.

The missionaries and natives of Wembo Nyama were pleased and overjoyed to receive into their midst on Saturday evening the new missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Lovell and son, Billy who came to spend the Christmas week with us. They

had just recently arrived on the field and had been stationed at Minga for language study. Mr. Lovell brought us the Christmas Message on Sunday morning, Dr. Sheffey being his interpreter. It was a stirring message of "God's Gift of Salvation." Again on Sunday evening at the devotional service for the missionaries Mr. Lovell brought the message in Christmas Carols and we felt drawn by the angels song, "Glory to God in the Highest."

Again on Monday evening, at the little hospital chapel a Christmas service of song, readings, prayer and pageantry was presented for the two hospitals, the hospital proper and the annex, by the nurses and doctor. From the expressions of the patients, it brought them a message of hope and cheer.

The children and missionaries were thrilled to a high point on Christmas eve as Santa Claus found us all gathered in the home of Dr. and Mrs. Sheffey for a party. Little Miss Grace Sheffey delightfully read for us "The Night Before Christmas" and we all were feeling the Christmas joy of surprise just tingling all through our systems and all of a sudden we heard old Santa on the roof trying to come down the chimney. We all hurried outside to get a glimpse of him first. As we raced back to the lovely decorated room and Christmas tree, old Santa bounced in with his heavily laden pack and all the good humor and jollity imaginable. We were all children for a while and found it mighty hard to sit still and not pour questions to Santa. He was a jolly old soul, just as ole King Cole, and brought us more presents than we could carry home. When his pack was empty he sang us a song of good wishes and dashed away to fill other hearts with gladness. Mrs. Sheffey served all with delicious refreshments and every one went home having had a most delightful time.

On Friday night, Dec. 27, Mrs. Stilt presented her music pupils in a Music Recital and other talented members of the station contributed much to the program by their parts. Mr. Marshall Lovell playing on his harp, Miss Winfrey making the piano talk and Dr. Sheffey holding all spellbound with his violin. The music pupils were splendid and did much honor to their teacher and displayed diligent work and talent. Anne Lovell sang, and Jeanette Lovell and Grace Sheffey were the musicians at the piano. It was a thrill to all to hear Jeanett Lovell accompany her sister and Grace Sheffey accompany her father on the violin.

Gladness has been reigning and:

"In the light of that star,
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every heart is aflame,
And the beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations
That Jesus is King."

The Baby House at Nyadiri

By Miss Edith H. Parks

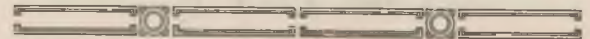
If you should come to visit me at Nyadiri, one of the first places you would want to see is our Baby House and its lively occupants. These babies quickly win their way into the hearts of the most uninterested visitors, and we are glad for their lovely new home—especially those of us who remember earlier quarters. Perhaps you wonder about the How and Why of this Baby House. Shall I tell you?

In the past the African people, because they did not know how to save the lives of these motherless babies, have brought about their speedy death by stuffing them with thick cornmeal mush or peanuts pre-chewed by some well-meaning relative. Today, anxious to save these babies but still unable to care for them properly, they turn to the missionary nurse who, they think, has the "magic" to keep the babies from getting the "home-sickness" for their mothers! One heathen grandmother who came to bring her motherless grandchild to the nurse here, without stopping even to bury the mother, said: "You can give us education, but we *can* get along without it; you can help us when we are sick, but we do have our native doctors in whom some of us still trust; but when the mothers die, we are so helpless—that is our greatest need!"

Thus the babies came in from time to time and, although there was neither space nor funds, Miss Whitney put their baskets in her office at the dispensary since there was no other place. There they slept at night, but if she were to work during the day, she had to take them out under the trees in their baskets. It is interesting to note that they took their names from the places they slept, as illustrated by the "Coral Creeper Baby" and "The Sink Baby." All went well till the rains came; then where should they live? Since at the time the small enclosed verandah chanced to be empty, she moved them there until urgently-ill patients required the space.

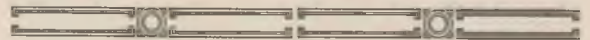
This time in desperation she moved them to the iron-roofed brick hut formerly used as a dispensary kitchen, but it was so tiny that the baskets covered the entire floor, leaving no place to walk. Then, too, the roof leaked and the rain beat in at the window openings which also let in malarial mosquitoes. It was difficult to keep the babies healthy and comfortable even when they lay in their beds, but it was still more difficult when some began to toddle about, always underfoot at the dispensary or in the patients' huts. Even in play they were always being doctors, nurses, and sick people. Such were the conditions which caused Miss Whitney to dream of a Baby House, a house where they could be cared for properly and comfortably until they were old enough to return to their families.

When I came in October 1938, the dream was slowly turning into reality. A short distance from our house was rising a compact, well-built brick Baby House with four rooms and an enclosed verandah. As the front door opens, you enter the spaciouly airy and sunny nursery with five large windows on two sides and a cheery fireplace on the third. Along the walls under the windows are the neat, screened in beds in shining white against the cream enameled walls, forming a contrast with the dainty pink curtains at the windows. At the left as you enter, one behind the other, are three other rooms. The first is the sick room which for the past year has not been needed because of the mosquito-proof beds and the distance from the patients. Now it is occupied by Nurse Thelma. The second belongs to the Mai in charge of the



*O God of Love, whose spirit wakes
In every human breast,
Whom love, and love alone, can know,
In whom all hearts find rest,
Help us to spread Thy gracious reign
Till greed and hate shall cease,
And kindness dwell in human hearts
And all the earth find peace.*

*O God of righteousness and grace,
Seen in the Christ, Thy Son,
Whose life and death reveal Thy face,
By whom Thy will was done,
Inspire Thy heralds of good news
To live Thy life divine,
Till Christ is formed in all mankind
And every land is Thine. [ANON]*



babies, while the third is the formula room for preparing feedings. The real kitchen is a separate brick building at the back with a real stove, but most of the cooking is done around the fire in the backyard.

The yard with its big leafy trees, its cypress hedge, and flower beds is the favorite play-spot for the babies in good weather, while during the rains they play on the screened-in verandah.

Don't you just love the sunny, capable Mai who cares for the orphan babies with no apparent difference between them and her own two children? She is a cheerful Christian, who makes a real home for all her charges, including two schoolgirls who help her. They enjoy especially evenings around the

cooking fire when they chat and sing as one big family. Then there is her Summer Flower who with his big brown eyes and serious face to match his fat little tummy usually attracts the attention of visitors although his ways sometimes annoy his older sister Pinnia of more sober mien!

The oldest of the orphans is Muchizweda, more commonly called Angel. She is a sweet, attractive little girl who is always thoughtful of everyone around her, alert to every need.

Next comes Shady, a year younger, whose face usually matches his name although at times it is transformed by an appealing smile.

Then there is Tairayi who is a veritable little monkey, constantly chattering and bursting with mischief. One day recently he clambered up on the open shelves in our kitchen which clattered over upon him, strewing pots, kettles, and the alarm clock. Only yesterday he was found with a bottle of discarded medicine and an awl, giving "shorts" to everyone. Usually he is too mischievous to bother with his prayers, but one night while the rest were praying for their friends, he called out, "Pray for my father, too!"

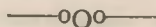
Now here comes Lorna, the most adorable little minx whose constant sweet smile makes her a little coquette adored by all. A few weeks ago she went for the holidays with her sister who teaches here. At night when Joyce asked her what she wanted to say to God, she invariably answered, "I don't want to say anything except to ask Him when Sister (Miss Whitney) is coming to say goodnight!"

Jairus, who was once despaired of as a T. B. victim, fooled all the doctors, and now is as healthy a baby as anyone could desire.

Even Magozwi, oftener called Gow, who once seemed the ugly duckling, is now blossoming out and gives Mai many hearty laughs.

The two latest comers are Tabitha, the little sober-faced old lady who toddles about rather bewildered by all the fun, and tiny Hamukidi, whose name means "You are not loved" but who to the contrary is loved by all.

At present these complete the little family. Do you wonder that missionaries, visitors, and African neighbours alike are intrigued and that daily we thank God for the darling babies, the loving Mother, the cozy little house so much in contrast to the old ex-kitchen, and also for the friends of little children in Africa and America who have helped to change the dream into reality?



HORSE SENSE.

A horse can't pull while kicking,
This fact I merely mention,
And he can't kick while pulling,
Which is my chief contention.

Let's imitate the good old horse
And lead a life that's fitting;
Just pull an honest load, and then
There'll be no time for kicking.

"The Church Beautiful."

by Dr. Nevell S. Booth.

Yesterday I visited one of our Daily Vacation Bible Schools. It is at a camp in the middle of a large government experimental farm. The theme of the school has been "the Church Beautiful". The director of the farm would not allow the people to build a church but I found a church beautiful. A real church in the wildwood.

The school had invited the circuit of which it is a part to have its annual meeting at their village. A little apart from the houses of the village they had cleared off a space and erected an arching screen of ponchos fastened to bamboo poles. Across the front they had built a rustic altar rail with cushions of grass stuffed bags. Beyond was a background of tall eucalyptus trees. When I arrived the rays of the lowering sun came through the trees creating the "church beautiful." It was a striking sight when I expected merely the usual open space among the houses of the village.

The children and their parents brought their seats of various descriptions and placed them in a semi-circle before the altar rail. There were twenty-five children who with their parents and representatives from other camps made a congregation of over seventy persons. Many of them were people who could not leave their work long enough to come to the central church for reception into membership, baptism of their babies or the communion service. There in the beauty of the out of doors the ritual of the church struck me with a new simplicity of beauty and power. Parents consecrated their babies to God, new members joined the church and six new converts came forward to give themselves to the way of Christ. The pastor brought a report of the past year and leaders for the new year were chosen. Just as the last rays of the sun gave that rare evening light of the tropics the altar was filled with communicants sharing the fellowship of Christ's sufferings and triumphs.

In the midst of the service the children of the Daily Vacation Bible School stood and sang "*For the Beauty of the Earth*," the themesong of their sessions. Their numbers were small and the equipment of the school practically nil but they had caught the spirit of the Founder of their church whom they had been following in their worship services. They had learned consecration to service as they had studied the story of the early church. They had given themselves to the making of a "church beautiful." It all came out in song as they sang.

"For Thy church, that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Its pure sacrifice of love,—
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise."

'O death where is thy sting!'

by Mrs Julian S. Rea.

Sometimes we wonder what our friends in America would think at the manner in which certain affairs which are considered formal are conducted out here among our African people. But we know what you would think of the funeral which we attended yesterday at the village of Xikokotsa. Tizore Navess passed away about two in the morning. He was one of our oldest Christian leaders, and the only ordained elder who had the retired relationship to the Annual Conference. His wife, Paketi, deserves half the credit and praise for the long, happy, Christian married life which they have had together.

Pastor Navess being such a prominent man in the church, we expected an unusually large crowd of people, and a great deal of weeping and carrying on. Well, there was a taste of both crowds and carrying on, but Paketi made the service beautiful. If she had run true to the usual form, she would have been sitting in the hut, or lying on a *sango*, on the floor, with no volition or character of her own, simply waiting for the moment when she was supposed to follow the coffin to the church, sobbing very very audibly and supported on either side by some relatives whose burden she would feel no responsibility for lightening. But as we entered the village one of the first we saw was Mamani Paketi talking quite naturally with her son over some detail of arrangements. She turned and greeted us as if we were there for a quarterly conference, and then excused herself hastily and went into the hut. The reason for her haste was that the coffin was at last finished, and she wanted to be there to help the men in their task. When we set off for the church, at first I wondered if her friends had deserted her, for there she was plodding along with the menfolks, not waiting for the women. And inside the church she scorned the chair offered her, and sat on the bench that supported that black box, caressing it and even leaning on it for both physical and spiritual comfort. Of course there were tears, but they were hardly noticeable for the joy there was in her face, too.

When it came time for the benediction she asked if she might speak. You could have heard a pin drop as she told how she had always planned that she would be the one to sleep first, but somehow God had planned otherwise, and she was content. To one not used to Mamani Paketi the speech might have seemed rambling, but to us who had known her for some years it was beautiful. She seemed proud to have the coffin opened as is sometimes done, and she reminded me of a mother hovering near her child, anxious that he be appreciated. Or of a young minister's wife watching her husband and the congregation on the occasion of his first sermon. But even at her husband's funeral Paketi



Rev. Tizore Navess and Bishop Johnson.

leaned on him and he was still dependent on her. It was all beautiful and inspiring.

Perhaps to-day temporarily she has succumbed to weariness and loneliness and grief, I do not know. This I know - she has testified with more power than I have ever witnessed before that "There is no death."



The new Missionary speaks

Miss Clara Bartling, Inhambane.

How I wish you could have been with me this morning. I was called at 2 A. M. to go down to the hospital to see a maternity case. That walk of nearly a mile is always very pleasant under the African moon with the sound of the wind in the palm trees and night birds calling to each other. It was only a last-quarter moon this morning but it was beautiful as it hung out over the bay, playing hide-and-seek with a few clouds and some very bright stars.

By four o'clock the baby had arrived and we were just putting the last touches on the care of the mother when a woman came by to ask the time. The women who are the leaders of the Women's work all over our conference are having a three-day

meeting here and this person was wanting to know whether it was time to waken them for the early morning prayer-meeting. Before long I heard singing as a group of women started out to rouse the others. One by one as they wakened they joined the singing group until by the time I was able to join them there were probably a hundred women going from one end of the village to the other singing,

He has risen, the Lord Jesus, Hallelujah !
 Let us go to worship Him, Hallelujah !
 It is He who died for us, Hallelujah !
 He is risen, Hallelujah !
 Let us praise Him with songs, Hallelujah !
 Christ, the Lord of the heavens, Hallelujah !
 He gave Himself to save us, Hallelujah !
 Praise Him angels ! Hallelujah !

It is wonderful to think of these women, many of whom were born in non-Christian homes, now leaders in Christian villages. No doubt many of these women in their childhood witnessed all nights of dancing to evil spirits or to ancestors. Now they are singing the praises of our Lord Jesus Christ. These women once so bound by superstition and fear are now able to come together and talk over their problems and they go home and act on their decisions too.

It is very encouraging to see these groups of Christian leaders and to see the results of former years of missionary work. It helps us all to press on in spite of difficulties and to pray that the Lord may be able to use us still further.

—oOo—

BICYCLE TRIP IN AFRICA.

Continued from page 2.

gave way to a narrow road, but still a very passable one. About ten minutes of riding brought us into the first native village. Here the path was full of loose sand, and anyone who has ridden in loose sand knows that it is no fun. It would have been easier to have dismounted and walked through the village, but we didn't. We struggled through the sand. I, because I was following the others; Zella, likely, because she was following Espirante; and Espirante, perhaps, because he did not want his neighbors to see him walking with his bicycle. Winded, puffing like steam engines, we finally emerged from the sand and the village into a narrow foot path, hard trod. It was a relief when we came to a gentle descent where we could coast and begin to catch our breath.

Before long, the path took on a new hazard. Countless hordes of natives had trod that path for years, and the gentle slope in the rainy season must have attracted a stream of water rushing down that path. At any rate, the path had become very deeply cut into the surface of the earth. In some places, a foot deep; in a few places, a foot and half, and always very narrow. In addition, the path was by no means straight, but full of curves, bends, and sometimes holes. It meant steering a very exact course;

to veer even an inch would throw us into the steep sides of the path, and off the bicycle. And then to make matters worse, it soon became so narrow that our pedals banged against the sides of the path. We were all soon forced to walk and push the bicycles. But even walking presented its difficulties. It was too narrow for us to walk and push a bicycle in the same path without constantly bumping our ankles with the pedals. To avoid that, we had to choose between walking in the path, and pushing the bicycles high on the bank besides us—over grass, sticks, and brambles; or, leaving the bicycles in the path, and walking up on the bank, leaning down to reach the handle bars. We tried all three methods, and finally decided the least of the evils was to walk up on the bank, bending down to the bicycles. The slope at last ended at a stream. Not a very deep stream, but a bit wide. And no bridge. There was a log which went half way across. Espirante searched around and found a branch or two to eke out the rest of the way from the end of the log to the other bank. We inched our way across the log, and with Espirante's help managed to navigate the branches to safety. Then we stood on the far side and watched Espirante juggle the bicycles across. It was a rather time-consuming operation, one bicycle at a time, of course. He balanced carefully on the log, the bicycle lifted in front of him, crosswise. At last, we were ready to proceed, and now, of course, we had to go up hill, with the path still deeply cut, so we elected to walk some more.

It was a great relief to the top of the slope and find a better path once more. For awhile, we wheeled along merrily, carefully following the serpentine winding of the path, and managing to keep seated. Espirante suddenly dismounted and said, "Here we are."

I was glad enough to get off the bike, but I was bewildered at our stopping place. This didn't look like a village. There was a big hay-stack near, and across the road were native houses in the process of construction, with only the stick framework done. But Espirante led on toward the hay-stack, so we followed. As we came to the other side of the haystack, I saw that it had doors cut into it. A man came forth to greet us, and we learned that he was a native catequist who had recently moved to this location from a more interior region. He and the people of his village were building homes, but had made these temporary shelters to house themselves and families in the meantime. When he heard that we wanted to hold a meeting, he called to his wife within to arrange the house for the ladies.

After the service, we conversed with the people for a little while. A girl asked if she could come to Quessua to attend the Girls' School. A little boy sat on the ground trying to keep the flies away from a raw sore on his leg. When I took a small adhesive bandage from my purse and covered the sore for him, the grown-ups who saw immediately asked for bandages for their children. I had only one more with me—brought in case I fell from the bicycle—and I gave that to the most importunate man. By then, it was past noon. So we asked permission to eat our lunch there. The catequist looked a bit panicky until he learned that we had brought our lunch with us, and then he cordially invited us to make use of his humble table. Espirante had carried a small basket strapped to the back of his

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bicycle, which he now brought inside. The thermos bottle of tea was the most welcome thing we had brought, but its pint size was aggravating. Such thirst!

After lunch, we rested for a while, and then set forth again at 2.00. This time we stayed on the wide road for an hour and found no greater difficulties than patches of sand and gentle ascents. About three o'clock, we stopped at a large village and held another meeting. As we rode through the length of the village, Espirante called out, as before, inviting all to come hear the teaching of the "senhoras". Being a week day, and the natives being unwarned of our visit, we had smaller meetings than we would have had, had we arrived on a Sunday. Many of the men of this village were working on the road under the eye of a native police-

man, so they could not attend, but the women and children, and the old chief seemed very pleased with our visit and the service. The women were amazed that the white ladies rode bicycles.

And then, we had to retrace our way over the identical path we had come. But going home was less difficult—in that we knew what to expect. We now knew where we had best walk, and where we could safely ride. Just as the sun was setting, we rode triumphantly into the Mission. "A-wah, A-wah," cried the natives of the mission. "Here are the ladies! They have returned. Their faces are red. They are tired. But they look happy."

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APRIL - JUNE, 1941

No. 2.



A SUNDAY SCHOOL OUTGROWS ITS CHAPEL.

Five of the classes of the Kipushi Sunday School must meet under the open sky. This is the women's Bible Class. [See page 6.]

HYMN ON AFRICA

By Mrs. J. M. Springer.

(From Greenland's Icy Mountains.)

From many a fronded palm grove,
From many a wind swept plain
Whence Congo's mighty waters
Sweep to the rolling main;
From the heights of the Katanga,
Copper hills with wealth untold,
Men are calling us to give them
Treasures richer far than gold.

What though a lavish Nature
Has clothed the veld with bloom,
Though man's modern inventions
Are to Africa a boon,
In vain the demonstrations
Of science through the land,
Unless we give to our fellow man
A glad and helping hand.

And those whose souls are lighted
By that Light from above,
Must take to those in darkness
The torch of Jesu's love.
Salvation is the message
We must to them proclaim
Till every tribe in Africa
Has learned the Saviour's Name.

Winds cannot waft His Story,
Nor can the waters roll
The Tidings, O so glorious!
To every living soul:
Our lips must bear the Message,
Our lives must prove the word,
Till Afric's sons and daughters,
All know our living Lord.

DAVID KAPLAN

An African Leader

by Bishop J. M. Springer

FROM the day that Daniel Kaplan appeared at Old Umtali, it was evident that he was a unique character. Where he got his name, we never knew, though we had reason to believe that it was the name of some farmer for whom he had worked. We never did know what was his kraal and we never heard any reference to his parents. All we ever knew of his history was that as a small lad, he wandered into Umtali and got a job looking after some white child, became the kitchen fag and eventually rose to the dignity of being a waiter at the Club.

When the Methodists opened a night school in town, he went to see, and stayed to learn. But ere long, the Gospel message gripped him and he was soundly converted and became a Christian. But he wanted more education than he could get at the night school and began to save his meager shillings and pence in order to enter Old Umtali. He said frankly that he had not come to the school to become a pastor-teacher — not he. He wanted to learn so that he could go off and earn a lot more money, on the mines or somewhere else.

Among the students he was one of the best preachers and when put in charge of a group of piccanins for afternoon field work, he immediately began to give them military drill. These youngsters had grown up with the idea that all hard field labor was the work of women, and so they did not take kindly to doing it themselves. But they loved the drill and when Daniel bawled out, "Shoulder," every kid's hoe or rake or shovel went to his shoulder in smart military precision. "One, two, three, MARCH", rang out and instantly those little chaps whose clothes were merely a bunches of rags, were off to the gardens, singing lustily, "Onward Christian Soldiers," keeping time with their feet. No other student helper was able to handle those kids so cleverly.

Three years later, he graduated. We needed teachers badly and he talked the matter over with me. "No", he said, "I came here to study so that I could go out and earn a lot of money. That still is what I want to do." I did not try to force him to remain as a mission worker, but I told him that I wanted him to testify for Christ wherever he went and to let me hear from him from time to time.

He wrote soon telling me of what a wonderful contract he had made, but within six months. I got another letter, this time containing a piteous appeal for me to help him get away from the mine and back to the Mission. "The Master here swears at me and at times hits me over the head." I had no doubts about it, but as he was under contract, I could do nothing, and he had to stay out his full time.

But when he was free, he came straight back to the Mission and became one of our best pastor-teachers for a decade or more.

Then came one of those big cuts in funds, and as the infant church was not strong enough to take over all the pastors, a large number were discharged and Daniel among them. Then the urge to independent action led him to settle on the Native Reserve near Gandanzara kraal. He found a rather weak group of believers and began to stir them up for closer fellowship and for action. It was with the same spirit, though by different methods than he had used to get those ragged kids to work years before.

He backed the school at Gandanzara, aided by two other laymen of like spirit. When my wife and I made a second visit to Gandanzara after an absence of more than fourteen years in the Congo, we were astonished beyond measure at what we saw. The local congregation had built a large, burnt brick church and they had it well furnished. They had also built a brick parsonage for their pastor, and other buildings for the school and for the industrial department. Daniel had passed on to this group the teaching of tithing which he had learned in those early days at Old Umtali, and which he had practiced faithfully through the years. He carried on his little farm and tithed conscientiously. This village was supporting three workers, the pastor, a teacher and an industrial instructor.

Throughout the Mission there was at the time of our visit, as there is practically always, an urgent need for more Native ministers and teachers. I asked Daniel, as others had asked him, why he did not return to the special work of preaching? The minister of the congregation heard the question and in much excitement said, "Don't take Daniel away from us. You have been praising the work of this station, but you must understand that the real secret of the growth and success of the work is not to be credited to us three teachers, but rather to Daniel and these other two stewards."

As for Daniel himself, he smiled rather enigmatically at us and went quietly on as a layman with his loyal service to Jesus Christ until called a few years later to service above.

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APRIL-JUNE, 1941

J. A. PERSSON, EDITOR

Notes and Comment

THIS number was intended to be a Central Conference number, so the hosts of the Conference were asked to provide material setting forth the achievements of the mission in the youngest Conference of the area. For various reasons the Central Conference had to be postponed, but we see no reason why the articles should not be printed as planned. They picture the most up to-date methods of evangelistic and educational work: modern "methodism" in fact. When applied in the spirit of early Methodism they are bound to bring results, such as we are told of by the various writers in this number.

The Central Conference

The Central Conference had to be postponed on account of war conditions, which prevented the missionaries of one Conference from getting the necessary papers for travel to the Congo. For the same reason the African delegates of two Conferences were unable to attend, thus causing the missionary representation to outnumber our native representatives by more than two to one. In matters such as are dealt with by this important Conference it is of greatest importance that our African ministry and laity be fully represented, therefore it was right and proper that we await a more favourable opportunity.

A great African passes.

With the passing of the Rev. Tizora M. Navess, of the Southeast Africa Conference, the last tie with the early days of mission work at Inhambane has been broken. For more than half a century Brother Navess stood in the foremost rank of the forces of the Church of Christ in East Africa. He was once referred to by Cecil Rhodes, who endeavoured to get him as a guide on a large safari, as a "good nigger". That was in the early days, fifty years ago, but those of us who have the privilege of working with him for the last thirty years and more can testify that he was more than a "good nigger", he was a Christian gentleman, a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ who could truly say, "I have fought the good fight". When the writer of

these lines was ordained an Elder, one of those who placed their hands on his head was Tizora Navess, and it has always been considered a privilege to have this connection with the first Apostle of Inhambane. Brother Navess was a good preacher, fervent in prayer, a natural leader of men, and a brother without reproach in the eyes of his fellows. He was one of Africa's great sons.

UNITED IN PRAYER IN A BROKEN WORLD.

O God and Father of us all,
Lift from our world its darkening pall;
Forgive our madness, sin, and strife,
Turn our goals from death to life.
Create in us a zeal for right,
Help us share our Candle's light;
Impel our hearts to seek Thy Way,
Guide us to peace, O God, we pray.

II Peter 3:15



United in Prayer in a Broken World.

Under the sponsorship of the World Federation of Methodist Women and the Woman's Division of Christian Service of the Methodist Church, Methodist Women around the world are pledged "to be united in prayer for the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness."

Mrs. Thomas Nicholson, of Mount Vernon, Iowa, president of the World Federation of Methodist Women, and Mrs. J. W. Mills, of Tyler Texas, vice president of the Woman's Division of

Christian Service, are promoting the movement through their respective organizations. The prayer, which was written by Mrs. Nicholson, was phrased she said, so as not to offend any, and yet to include the desire of all hearts for an enduring peace based on forgiveness of sins in which every nation shares, and God's guidance to adjustments in accordance with his will.

The artist's conception indicates a broken world and Christ the Light with the burning candle. The thirty-two praying figures represent the units of organized women around the world who send missionaries to other lands and pray for the coming of Christ's Kingdom.

More than four million Methodist women, members of the Woman's Society of Christian Service, are committed to the "united in prayer movement", which began April 1.

Missionary recruits for Africa.

Undoubtedly the most impressive service of the annual meeting of the Board of Missions and Church Extension of the Methodist Church, held in Philadelphia from Nov. 22 to 29, was the service of commission of the "Class of 1940" newly appointed missionaries and deaconesses, most of whom

will enter home and foreign service within the next few months. This "class" was composed of forty-one young people, some of them (commissioned in absentia) who have been trained for Christian service in the schools and churches of Methodism. They came from twenty states and one foreign country. Arch Street Church was filled to capacity for this colorful and impressive consecration. Bishop Arthur Moore, as president of the Board, was in charge, and made the address to the missionaries-elect. He was assisted in the service by Bishop W. W. Peele, Bishop Frank Smith, Bishop Herbert Welch and Mrs. J. D. Bragg.

Among those presented by the Department of Foreign Missions of the Woman's Division were Miss Ellen Beitler, of Boscobel, Wis., and Miss Evelyn R. deVries, of Salem, Oregon, both for educational work.

The Division of Foreign Missions presented among others, the Rev and Mrs Karl Downs, of Pasadena, California, for evangelism in Africa.

Praises be to God for missionaries to take the places of a few of the many who have either died or retired from active service: If we do not multiply this small number next year our missionary staff in Africa will continue to decrease amid increasing opportunities.

The Church of Elisabethville

BY DR. NEVELL S. BOOTH

THE Methodist Church of Elisabethville was organized on the Sunday after Christmas, December 27, 1914 by John M. Springer. The composition of the group that afternoon was prophetic of the character of the church through the years. At least eleven tribes were among the 75 or so people present. Eight full members received that day together with 25 preparatory members and beginners.

The church is still a church of all nations with many more than the original tribes represented. According to one visitor there must be almost confusion in heaven after a prayer meeting in which prayers have been offered in ten languages. On a Sunday morning one can stand at the foot of the tower of Babel and hear the Sunday School lesson taught in seven languages.

Every mining center in Africa brings the problem of a continually shifting population. Thanks to the very wise plan of the Union Miniere of making possible stable homes for the families of their workmen this problem is not as acute here as in some localities. This mining company urges all of its people to come with their wives and children. It provides individual houses for the families, gives rations according to the number in the family and furnishes splendid medical and social services. More and more

the men are tending towards making it a life work. The same policy is followed in the large railroad camp, in the military camp, and by the other companies working in the city. The government is encouraging and helping the people to buy their own homes in the Native City.

Although there are trends towards the stabilization of the population, yet that wanderlust of the Bantu and that desire to visit back home keep our people coming and going. There are not many who have been on the rolls of the church here more than five years, only 370 out of more than 3,600 in the city and district. Well over two thirds of them have been enrolled during the last three years.

At least 45 mission stations from all over Central Africa are represented by sizable groups in our constituency. Many other stations have one or two people here. These stations have at least ten different confessional backgrounds, are staffed by missionaries from ten countries and are situated in four different African colonies.

But from all this confusion of tongues, among these shifting peoples, out of these diverse backgrounds, there has come a really remarkable unity, fused by the warmth of devotion of the lay workers of the church. They have spread a net for Christ in

This imposing structure has so impressed Belgian officials that a picture of it was included in the Congo Exhibit of the World's Fair. It is really worthy to be the "cathedral" of the Bishop of the Africa area.



WALLACE MEMORIAL CHURCH OF ELISABETHVILLE

order to bring in the nations. There is dynamic in their organization: 25 units grouped in six geographical sections with a man and woman volunteer worker each; also an interlocking group of workers consisting of a man and a woman for each group coming from a particular station. It is hard for the fish, even in strange waters, to escape the double-wove net of these modern fishers of men.

—oOo—

Plans to save Life

by Rev. Elwood Bartlett

I WISH that the experience that was mine the other night might be every man's. When the world seems bent on complete chaos and men pool their talents and efforts to devise better methods of destruction it is almost an ethereal experience to listen to a group plan how to create life and build a kingdom of peace and righteousness.

It was the meeting of the Official Board of the Elisabethville Church. They came together to plan for the great days of Easter and Pentecost. I can tell you about the plans they made, but words can not describe the earnestness of the spirit that was manifest in every word and minute of the meeting.

For the Easter Season they plan a series of meetings during Holy Week built about the theme of the incidents of the life of Jesus during those memorable days. There is to be special music given by the different language groups at the services. Palm Sunday will be a day when new beginners are accepted and babies baptised. Thursday will bring the fellowship of the Lord's Supper. Friday the message of the Cross

will be brought by the presentation of a drama, "The Half of My Goods". On Easter Sunday the new church members will be received and all the new believers consecrated that have been won during the Lenten season.

Then entering the season of Pentecost there will an increased emphasis upon personal evangelism. It is to be a time of sowing that there might be a 1941 Pentecost in Elisabethville. A leader is appointed for every language group and geographical district. Small groups are to be constantly meeting for prayer and meditation. No possibility is to be left unattempted, children from the School ranks are to be sought, adults who are not yet believers are to be led to Him, backsliders are to be brought back to a new experience and consecration, and for all a deeper experience of the power and presence of the Spirit is to be coveted. Definite names are to be written on prayer lists and men and women sent out to talk to particular people about their souls. Then beginning nine days before Pentecost Sunday there is to be a series of evening services each night directed by the various language and geographical groups. The songs and prayers of those services will be in the particular language of the group leading but the message will be given in Kingwana so that all can understand. On Pentecost Sunday there is to be a service of consecration and testimony for all those won for Christ. The many are to become one by a common experience of the Spirit's presence.

Toward this goal we are going to pray earnestly, consecrate every effort and talent, and expect much from God. For Pentecost is but the fulfillment of all that Easter means. It is the final glorifying of God's Son, the promise of the Presence realized. We need in this critical hour of the world a new Pentecost of power that we might go out as those early Christians did and right an upside down world.

According to the Book Pentecost is not to be an event one looks back to, a date written in the history of the Church, but an experience of the present—the continuous outpouring of power upon the Church that she might be able to go into all the world sharing with men the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ. Let us pray that everywhere people might earnestly seek this blessing, that 1941 may bring the power of peace and righteousness to a world lost in war and the darkness of sin



A self-supporting, missionary minded Church.

The Kipushi Church is a model in spiritual earnestness, initiative and stewardship. It entirely supports its pastor and helping teacher, ministers to ten congregations and assists the work in other centers.

Quarterly Conference meets

by Rev. Elwood R. Bartlett

IT was a great day at the Kipushi Methodist Chapel, for the Missionary Superintendent was coming for an all day meeting. As we drove up the crowd shouted their usual "Hayambos" accompanied by the clapping of hands. School was in progress and one could see classes meeting everywhere. The famous lines could have been justly rewritten to say, "Under the spreading church yard trees, the village classes meet."

As soon as this period ended the bell rang announcing the beginning of Quarterly Conference. It was my first experience of a Quarterly Conference in Africa and I was a bit skeptical of how our "methodisms" would work. I wondered if it wasn't too much mechanics. Dr. Booth led in prayer and the meeting began with the secretary's report followed by the various reports of the stewards. Though I could not understand the language I marveled at how well they seem to be given. Each was written out and later turned in to be filed. The greater surprise came when Dr. Booth interpreted their contents to me. The following is nearly a verbatim report of the plans that had been presented at the meeting.

Five goals had been chosen toward which the work should be directed: First was the goal of Evangelism. This included of course the need of personal work. Each member was to win another but his work was not to stop there but he was to be personally responsible for the helping the one he had won to grow in the knowledge and experience of the Christian life. Second was the material goal in which they planned to secure an extension of land upon which to build a school. A kitchen was also to be built. The third goal was headed Spiritual goal.

Under this goal they were seeking to increase the spirit of love and peace among the officials and members of the church. They pointed out that this wasn't to be gained by ignoring the actual problems and points of conflicts existing, but by facing them and answering them in the light and power of the Gospel. Fourth was the Social goal. In this it was their aim to welcome the new comers of the community and seek out any Christians of other denominations who had come to work in the district that they might be brought into the fellowship of the church. They appointed lay workers to be responsible for the various language groups and the different geographical sections of the town. But everyone was to make people feel they cared. That's the heart of a true social program—not just entertainment and diversion, but development of individual life by sharing life's experiences. The fifth goal was financial and revolved around the plan to increase the number of tithers and those who pledged.

Here was a program that came out of the hearts and lives of a people and there was a deep earnestness manifested that these plans should be turned into actualities. I came away feeling that what were but burdensome mechanics to some churches had become for this group channels to enable the intelligent direction of their efforts. It was an illustration of how our Methodist "methods" can produce dynamic results when rightly directed.

Since that day I have attended other quarterly conferences and always I cannot but compare them with the many I have experienced in America. To me it seems that here or in America, Wesley's insistence upon organization and program has a vital part in the building of Christian lives and our Church. But whether that organization and those programs will result in worthless mechanics or powerful dynamics depend upon the other thing Wesley demanded—"hearts warmed by the Living presence of God". Then it is that there is power to turn the wheels of our organization and to build reality into plans and programs. Then it is that zeal is joined with knowledge and the Kingdom is built.

Four Priests

by Dr. C. J. Stauffacher, Inhambane

I AM very sad this evening. My old friend, a Hindu priest, will probably cross the bar before morning. I have known him for many years. Some twenty years ago I performed a major operation on him; he has been a true friend ever since. He also has been a true shepherd to his flock and scores of his followers are now standing watching and praying outside his door. This morning, with his hand in my hand—he knew and I knew the great fight would soon end—we said farewell. I still wonder with sadness, why I was not able to make him see the beauty and the power of the lovely Christ.

In the morning clinic there was another priest: a Mohammedan priest, but now different a type of man. His own followers blush when some of the things are mentioned which he has done. However, he is paying for them with great suffering and in disgrace. This morning for more than two hours he spoke to the young men who came into the clinic. "Look at me. You can see what disease I have. Ten years ago I was clean. I was strong and I thought I could get away with it. Now I am paying for it all. You think you can sin and not suffer, but believe me, some day you will pay the wages of sin." It was a good sermon.

I treated another priest this morning, a big witch doctor: "the high priest of pagan religion." He is a shrewd, cunning, diabolic fellow. It took him ten years of hard studying to get to his present position. He has committed all the sins in the catalogue, but I believe he thinks it was necessary in order to serve his people. Now he is suffering from an incurable disease, and he is thinking of eternity. The spirit of the mighty Christ is pleading with him. Will he have the courage to accept? Is our faith big enough, and our prayers sincere enough to help him into the Kingdom?

Still another priest we found in the morning clinic. Preacher Paul from Inharrime. I wish you could see and hear him. He is not much to look at: small in stature and ugly of face, dressed in blue overalls, barefooted and bareheaded, but every inch a man. I can hear him say like another Paul of old, "I preach to you the living Christ". His words, his deeds and his life are mighty weapons in the hands of his King.

When we think of these four religions, fighting to win pagan Africa, it makes us stop and think. Hinduism, with its sacred cows and strange mysticism; Mohammedanism, with its false doctrines and degraded morals; Paganism, composed of fear, witchcraft and superstition: all fail because they lack the lifting power humanity needs. But Christianity wherever it is received into society and into

the heart of the individual, creates new men and women, a new life, new ideals and a new faith in God.

As workers in the hospital we must face daily the problem of how to win Africa for our Christ. We have splendid opportunities to witness for our Saviour and of giving our lives in order to bring in the Kingdom. Sometimes in the twilight, when the day's work is over, just look up into the Father's face and whisper a prayer for us, that we may not fail when the test comes.

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One of God's Miracles

by Marguerite Deyo, Rhodesia

When the dry season ended at Chakowa, an outstation of Mutambara Mission, S. Rhodesia, all waited expectantly for the long-looked-for rain. Week after week passed but the rain did not come. It seemed inevitable the mealie crop would be lost unless the continued dry season came to an end.

The witch doctors and rainmakers had been consulted and all manner of means had been tried but to no avail. The rain did not come. Finally, in desperation the chief and leaders of the heathen people went to the school and talked with the two teachers there. They begged the young married man in charge of the station and his assistant, a young man of about eighteen years of age, to pray for rain. They would not take "no" for an answer. And so the two young men with other Christian people went to the chosen spot, a valley some little distance away where the people went to receive help in times of trouble such as they were in. The Christians prayed very earnestly that day and by evening the rain began to come. It continued to rain until there was sufficient to save the crops and all people rejoiced over the miracle they had just witnessed.

The Christian people's faith in God's power was increased. The heathen people were also very grateful and said, "Why didn't you pray sooner? Your God is very strong, so why did you wait so long to pray?" As yet we have not heard of any of these people giving up their heathen beliefs and practices, but we trust that this experience will long be remembered and will some day bear fruit.

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LESLIE D. Weatherhead, in his splendid book, *The Eternal Voice*, makes this very practical though humorous suggestion on how to keep cheerful. He says, "Perhaps you can't help being cross-eyed, or having several chins, but you can help whether your mouth is usually at twenty-five past seven or at ten minutes to two." Let's try to set our mouths at ten minutes to two whether in pain or joy, storm or sunshine. LET'S. H. S.

Progress in Angola

by Rev. Ralph E. Dodge

SINCE 1936, the indigenous church in Angola under Methodist supervision has made noteworthy progress along three important lines: (1) general expansion and membership increase; (2) evolution of a capable lay leadership; and (3) that which is a direct result of the second, a serious attempt on the part of the laity to support the native pastors and teachers from purely local sources.

For many years there has been a healthful growth in the native church. It was in 1935, however, that a vast region one hundred fifty miles, to the east and north of Luanda began requesting preachers. In true story-book fashion, native chiefs actually dispatched carriers bearing their brass-studded canes for authenticity, to beg the missionary for messengers of the Gospel. The entire region had become exposed to Christianity through Bibles, hymn books, and other Christian literature. In 1936, the first authorized pastors were sent out from Luanda and by 1938, when I visited that region with the missionary in charge, Rev. A. H. Klebsattel, hundreds of converts were presented for baptism. The work continues to expand with increasing momentum and the urgent petition for a resident missionary in this section cannot long be disregarded without permanently injuring the church. Mr. W. W. Reid, of the Board of Missions and Church Extension, after a recent visit, said of this same region, "Were there a missionary available for service in the Dembos alone, he would soon have a great Christian following brought into the Church, another opportunity we are having to pass by unless resources can soon be found."

Three years ago when I first visited an older section of the conference, where progress in usually less spectacular, I found two pastoral charges between the Lucala and Quanza Rivers with a membership of 321. I have constantly watched the encouraging progress; a month ago (Sept. 1940) in the course of district duties, I revisited the same region. There are now six pastors with enthusiastically growing congregations, one of which has the largest constituency of any church on the district. We do not deny that there is an occasional falling away, but the dominant note of the native Angola church is "Forward March". It will be interesting to note that the 1936 statistical record gave the numbers of full members and probationers at 7,868, whereas by 1940 the number had grown to 14,785, or nearly doubled in four years.

In early years of missionary activity, each earnest Christian was solicited to become an employee of the mission as a native preacher or catechumen. As



ATTENTIVE LISTENERS IN A CHURCH ON THE ELISABETHVILLE DISTRICT.

the influence of the Gospel spread and the church grew, the educational standards for full time Christian workers have been gradually raised. Today only those young men of the highest spiritual and intellectual qualifications are accepted for the ministry. Thus, many men, well-educated for Africa, are being directed into secular employment. Their Christian zeal, however, leads them into other avenues of service within the local churches; an educated laity is therefore gradually evolving. Three years ago at Annual Conference these laymen were organized. Since then, God has wrought nothing less than a miracle through them.

Because of lay activity on one district where each church has its organized Quarterly Conference, the pastoral support jumped from \$273.00 in 1938-39 to \$687.00 in 1939-40 in spite of a general drought which impoverished the entire region. The first quarter of the present conference year shows another increase of 20% over the giving of the same period last year. Through the laymen's interest in the problem of the native church, self-support has really begun to send penetrating roots into the productive African soil.

Just a Tither

by Rev. E. L. Sells, Rhodesia

"How I'd love to look into the faces of those people I have learned to love and help. I wish I had the opportunity as you have to tell the Old Story to those who really love to hear it", so wrote Mrs. Elizabeth Hughes to a Missionary in Africa. Mrs. Hughes is eighty-five years old and has had a life time interest in Missions. Her prayers and gifts have it made possible to accomplish what on the surface would seem impossible in Missionary work.

In 1905, Mrs. Hughes became interested in building a church in Africa as a memorial to her parents. Her purpose was to make possible the erection of a building where the Gospel could be preached. She writes, "While I was sweeping my living room, I was thinking and praying about this new vision that had come to me, I said to the Lord, 'Don't let me make a mistake in sending this money! A voice spoke to me, 'Help David Livingstone and Bishop Taylor save Africa.' I answered, 'Lord, they are both dead.' The voice replied, 'Yes, but their work must be maintained.' I wrote to the Board of Foreign Missions and sent a draft for \$200. to build a church in memory of my father and mother—Thomas and Betsy Hudson—in Africa."

A beautiful stone church was erected in the heart of Marange-land on the side of Mount Makomwe adjoining the village of the late Chief. The pioneer missionary, the late Rev. E. H. Greeley had recently opened a Mission there. This was the first church to be built in all that section. Thirty-five years have passed; the church is still standing as a living memorial to the faith of Mrs. Hughes.

What has taken place during these years? The whole of that country was early evangelized, churches were established and schools were opened. The school boys and girls of those early days are the ministers, teachers and lay leaders in the churches. At least 15,000 children have attended the schools during these years and an equal number have come under the influence of the Sunday Schools. Christian homes have been established throughout this section.

At present there are fourteen churches, ten village schools with 900 pupils, fourteen Sunday Schools with 1,000 scholars and a very active and progressive women's organization. The Hudson Memorial Church on the side of Mount Makomwe is the Mother church of the Marange Churches.

She recently wrote, "I am so pleased to hear from Thomas Marange, his father gave us the site for Hudson Memorial Church. The Chief had ten sons, are they all Christians? Surely God has done wonderful things and we are glad, oh, so glad

to hear of anything that can be done on that sacred spot."

Another early interest of Mrs. Hughes in Africa came about by reading on article in the *Missionary Advocate* by the late Dr. Gurney, entitled "Help those Women." She sent \$100. to assist with the medical work among the women. This was followed by many similar gifts. She writes, "Later we started the Dispensary at Mutambara and for fifteen years sent \$100. a year from my Mother's Class on my Birthday." The Dispensary last year gave 38,731 treatments and cared for 1,019 inpatients and 7,863 outpatients. There is no way of estimating the spiritual and medical help that has been given to the thousands of women through these years.

At present Mrs. Hughes is the Chairman of the Wesley Hospital Maternity Committee in Wichita, Kansas. Each year the Committee holds a baby party for the babies born in Wesley during the year.

When she was a girl, a friend told her about tithing. She said, "I grasped the truth—believed it and became a tither." Throughout a lifetime she has given along with praying and has shared in a most wonderful way in the preaching of the Gospel in Africa. Tithing made such giving possible.

She not only prayed and gave but interested others in the preaching and spreading of the Gospel of her Lord. The Mother's Class celebrated her eighty-fifth Birthday on the 23rd of last month (March) and each member brought a gift for her African work.

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"Leave the Heathen as they are"

by Stephen J. Barrett

"LEAVE the heathen as they are", many say, and "wisdom is justified of her children." Such a drastic statement might be partially yet adequately disposed of by way of a recent episode vividly enacted before me.

On a clear sunshiny morning, when it seemed as though the entire world should be happy, a man from a kraal about four miles away arrived at the station out of breath, asking that the nurse come quickly to attend a woman with child—his wife. Within a brief time the nurse had gathered necessities together and the car was soon bumping over roads suitable only to caterpillar tractors. Across a river, another mile beyond and then the car stopped, for the remaining distance had to be travelled by foot into the forest.

We arrived upon a scene of dejection and the atmosphere fairly breathed of human sorrow and despair. The face of everyone present was a pic-

ture of grief and sorrow. Because of ignorance, fear and heathen custom the child had died during the night and the mother was now extremely ill. Finally, when it became evident that in spite of modern medicines the young mother would die, the heathen women of the kraal began to wail and scream in horrifying, "blood curdling" tones—typically heathen. The scene of death then became one of utter despair and their cries were those of death without hope—always different from the cry of those who cherish Christian hope. One imagined himself projected into another world fraught with insanity—human beings seeking satisfaction for unleashed passions by means horrible screams, tearing of hair, and mental torture self-inflicted. One could not help recalling Job's question, "If a man die shall he live again?"

A human being with precious infant had passed into a world about which the heathen is entirely ignorant; into another life seething with fear and superstition; fraught with perverted suppositions of the spirit world. Our souls were weeping over the situation but nothing could be done—if because of our pleading she accepted Christ and was saved—He alone knows. Being deeply touched by this tragic enactment of death, somehow that familiar statement "leave the heathen as they are" flashed across my mind . . . should we leave these primitive souls as they are; grovelling in stygian darkness and smothered in sin? Are not those who proffer this statement oblivious to the fact that heathen men and women are hopelessly lost spiritually until they find Christ as their Saviour? The tragic case of which we speak is typical of innumerable cases where lives are being daily engulfed in a Christless eternity—because "the heathen are left as they are".

"Leave the heathen as they are and let the white man continue to superimpose upon him what to the heathen himself is a superficial, misunderstood civilization. From his life in the cities let him learn to dance, smoke, play cards, and live frivolously in this 'world feast of Belshazzar'. Keep his spiritual life as darkened as possible and acquiesce in his living in the sins of centuries past lest "the entrance of His word bring light" and the eyes and ears of his understanding be opened! Why should missionaries object to certain heathen customs among the natives? Are they not wonderfully happy in their present condition?

How easily one who is spiritual honest with himself and the world can see the fallacy of the statements above and the obviousness of the question asked. Is it humanitarian that one should leave a brother bruised and beaten, lying by the side of the road when it is within his power to heal his wounds and quench his thirst? Is it any less cruel to disregard the spiritual condition of the heathen when it lies within the power of every Christian individual to assist in the task of spreading the light of the gospel and consequently dispelling darkness? We are

therefore constrained to preach the gospel of Christ; regarding those among whom we work as men and women spiritually dead—capable of being made alive only by the glorious light of Christ. "As many as received Him, to them gave He the power to become the Sons of God." The answer of the missionary enterprise is that we shall never leave the heathen as they are—lost, soul-hungry, wretched in their existence, naked and ready to die! To leave the heathen as they are means neglecting a responsibility which has been placed upon us by Christ; and to permit darkness to envelop a large part of the earth.

(The South African Pioneer.)

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Evangelistic work among the Indians

by Rev. B. B. Christian, Rhodesia

THE year of 1940 that has just passed has been a very blessed one, both for our own spiritual life and for the work of our Lord among our Indian people. There have been many evidences of God's grace upholding us in our work. For these things we give the glory to God. We are greatly indebted to our missionary friends and the Bishop for their most sympathetic attitude and help.

On October 6th of last year an Indo-African family of six members was baptised and received into church membership. They were under instruction for six months. The father of the man was a Punjabi Hindu and the mother was an African, both are dead. The wife is an Euro-African. The two other brothers are yet to join the rest of the family. We hope that they will soon give themselves to Christ.

Recently I sent out large packets of tracts and booklets to some of our leading Indian men in other towns of this colony. A few replies indicate an interest in Christianity and a desire to learn more about Christ.

The Rev. E. L. Sells, our superintendent, has been trying to bring about a closer co-operation and mutual help with the Methodist Churches in Bulawayo and Salisbury, keeping in mind the possible approach to our Indian people. He made a good impression in regard to this matter at the Synod that met recently in Bulawayo, to which he went as a fraternal delegate from our church and conference. We are looking forward to visiting some of these places in the near future for the purpose of taking the Gospel to our Indian people. Meanwhile the way is being paved by the literature that we are sending to them. We are earnestly praying that God's Word may find room in the hearts of our people.

During the past two years we have held a separate meeting for the celebration of Christmas, apart from the Christmas Tree function in the coloured school.

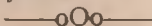


REV. JOAB MULELA.

Joab began his connection with the Mission under Bishop Springer at Kambove in 1914. Now he is the pastor of the Wallace Memorial Church, Congo.

.....

Last Christmas we arranged to join our meeting with the school function in co-operation with the Headmaster. We wanted to avoid any overlapping and to secure as large an attendance as possible. On the Sunday immediately preceding Christmas over two hundred people, Christian, Hindus and Mohammedans, assembled in the large school room for the purpose of celebrating Christmas. The programme consisted of a very interesting play given by the school children, the Christmas story in Scripture and Hymns, singing of carols, short speeches and prayers. Both the Christians and the non-Christians gladly took part in the programme. A Hindu girl acted as the "Christmas Sister" distributing the gifts among the children. I was privileged to give the Christmas message in which I pointed out the divinity, eternity and saving purpose of the incarnation of Christ. Several persons remarked that it was the best Christmas that they had attended during the past twelve years.



Elisabethville is the name for many things. In the government scheme of the Congo it is the name of a City, a Territory, District, and a Province. In the Methodist church it has been gradually getting as many functions attached to it. It is a church, a district, a circuit, and now an Area.

Correspondence

Education without Christianity.

Dear Sir,

Please allow me space in your paper to introduce my points of view on education without Christianity.

I should like to thank our Government and our Missionaries who have decided to set aside some minutes in every school for the children to study about the Bible and Christian life. Amongst our people many seem to value education more than Christianity. I believe that when a parent sends his child to school, he really expects from that child after being educated, humbleness, faithfulness, respectfulness, and obedience. Remember that education without Christianity does not create faithfulness and respectfulness among the people.

We have seen many educated Africans who are not Christians. There is not much advancement of life in them because they thought of education only and left something behind which is very important, which is Christianity.

We can't expect our country to be uplifted if most of our educated people are not interested in Christianity. Education without Christianity is quite hopeless because it develops pride, selfishness, and inhumanity.

Education by itself does not build goodness as some of the people may think, but it develops the evil instinct that you have to become worse and worse if it is not led by Christianity.

In the Scriptures we read about Paul. Was he not a well-educated man when he went to Damascus to persecute the Christians? What changed his life to become so great and so good? Is it not Christianity? I claim that education by itself may be detrimental to a nation, because it establishes some wisdom which may result in some diabolic consequences unless led by Christianity.

Do we expect those educated people who spend their time in the beer halls to take part in the uplifting of Africa? Out of my experience I can really assure you that education that has no Christianity will never do something that helps to uplift Africa.

Education without Christianity is like the meat that is well-cooked but not salted to make it taste better. Christianity is like salt which changes every kind of vegetable to a better taste.

We have cruel people like Hitler. He can otherwise be educated but because of not being a Christian man his heart is full of cruelty and all sorts of inhumanity.

Our Government of the British Empire rules kindly and justly because they have Christianity. Christianity is the chief instrument to weaken the power of superstition among our people. We seek Christianity in order to better our colony from its paganism and inferiority. Good education must go together with Christianity, because Christianity brings co-operation.

There are large numbers of well-educated Africans who are not Christians but have devoted their lives to beer-drinking and many other harmful habits; should we expect those fellow Africans to take part in forwarding Africa? A good Christian man does not think of using alcoholic liquors because he knows that the body which he has is the temple of God.

A good Christian man must first forward Christianity and then education. Education without Christianity is improving the veneer and polish outside while the inside is no better than before because the heart remains wicked and sinful. "Now do ye Pharisees make clean the outside of the cup and the platter, but your inward part is full of extortion and excess." Many of our educated men who aren't Christians are the ones who are the greatest failures in life because they are polishing the outside while they are indifferent to the inside.

DIRECTORY OF MISSIONARIES
of the Methodist Church in the Elisabethville Area,
BISHOP J. M. SPRINGER, Elisabethville, Belgian Congo.

Angola Mission

Caixa 9, Malange, Angola, Africa
Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Edling

Quessua, Caixa 9, Malange.

Miss Cilicia Cross

Miss Violet B. Crandall

Rev. and Mrs. Ralph E. Dodge

Rev. and Mrs. Charles Fields

Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Kemp

Miss Alpha Miller

Miss Marie Nelson

Miss Irene Shields

Caixa 68, Luanda, Angola

Rev. and Mrs. A. H. Klebsattel

On furlough

Miss Ingle A. Johnson

Mrs. H. C. Withey

Miss Zella Glidden

Central Congo Mission

Wembo Nyama M.C.C.M. Lusambo, Belgian Congo.

Rev. and Mrs. H. P. Anker

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Rev. & Mrs. E. B. Stilz

Rev. & Mrs. E. H. Lovell

Rev. C. W. Chappell

Miss Norene Robken

Miss Kathryn Eye

Miss Annie Laura Winfrey

Miss Amimae White

Tunda M.C.C.M., Lusambo.

Rev. J. J. Davis & Mrs. Davis

Rev. H. C. Ayres

Miss Mary Moore

Miss Catharine Parham

Dorothy Rees

Minga M. C. C. M., Lusambo.

Dr. & Mrs. W. S. Hughlett

Rev. and Mrs. Marshall Lovell,

Rev. & Mrs. H. T. Wheeler

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Miss Ruth O'Toole

Lodja, M. C. C. M. Lusambo.

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On furlough.

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Southern Congo Mission

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Rev. & Mrs. Newell S. Booth

Jadotville B. P. 450

Rev. & Mrs. C. C. Hartzler

Mulungwishi, via Jadotville, B. P. 450.

Mr. and Paul Hamelryck

Kanene, Kinda, via Kamina

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Miss Helen N. Everett

Kapanga via Dilolo

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Rev. Howard Brinton

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Rhodesia Mission

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Rev. and Mrs. G. A. Roberts

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S. E. Africa Mission

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Rev. and Mrs. J. D. Pointer

Dr. & Mrs. C. J. Stauffacher

Miss Ruth Thomas

37 St. Amant Str., Johannesburg South Africa,

Rev. & Mrs. J. A. Persson

Christianity leads us to say we are related to God and the eternal verities revealed in this life not through intellectual apprehension and demonstration but through faith. May the Spirit of God give us a mind to study the word reverently and believingly with prepared hearts as did Ezra under the guidance of God's Spirit. Then with the assistance of education He will show us the things to come.

We cannot bear attractive manner to our heathen parents if we do not show them what God has done for us in Christianity. We seek education in order to be well prepared for the difficulties of the world, but we seek Christianity to be well prepared for the life of eternity. Jesus did not come to teach people to read or to speak English or the many other objects we obtain through education. But He came to save many educated and uneducated people who are going astray through not following Christianity.

We cannot remove all these defects and bring our country to the upper elevation with the others if we don't take both education and Christianity.

We are reading today about Booker T. Washington and Dr. Aggrey not simply because they were educated only, but because they were great African Christians. We don't judge them by the standards they reached in school; what we count is the kind of life they lived and the helpful work which they did for the betterment of their people through Christianity.

Yours faithfully,

Mesheck J. Tapfumaneyi.

The writer is a Pastor-teacher of the Rhodesia Conference of The Methodist Church.

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South Africa Missionary Advocate



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JULY - SEPTEMBER, 1941

No. 3.



The cast of an Agricultural play, produced at Inhambane. See page 4.

"His Lamp am I."

Mat. 5 : 16.

HIS lamp am I, to shine where He shall say,
And lamps are not for sunny rooms,
Nor for the light of day;
But for dark places of the earth.
Where shame and crime and wrong have birth;
Or for the murky twilight gray,
Where wandering sheep have gone astray;
Or where the light of faith grows dim
And souls are groping after Him.

And as sometimes a flame we find,
Clear, shining through the night,
So bright we do not see the lamp,
But only see the light:
So may I shine — His light the flame —
That men may glorify His name.

Annie Johnson Flint.

South Africa Missionary Advocate

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Conference Items

by A Visitor.

THE CENTRAL Congo Provisional Annual Conference (what a jawbreaker!) convened at Tunda on July 1st, 1941. Where is Tunda? It is a most romantic station in a grove of palm trees, 15 miles east of the Lomami Rives, where the sleeping-sickness tsetse flies are wide awake to the opportunities of hitch-hiking on motor cars to reach new fields to conquer. But our swatter was busy and nary a one got a chance to attend a single session.

There was a brand new church to be used and dedicated, due to certain ladies of whom Catherine Parham and Mary More are the "Council" ladies now resident. They kept their secret well as women can do. But we did learn that Catherine Parham designed the exquisite carving of grape leaves on the altar rail and the large Crown of Thorns and Cross behind the pulpit. Most of the women had some say and part in this most beautiful Church in the Mission. But the hard work, etc., fell upon Mr. Ayres, Mr. Wheeler and the finishing by Mr. Stiltz.

The newest missionary man on the field was absent. He was in bed with mumps. His only danger was from internal rebellion at his fate. Had it been malaria, or blackwater or smallpox, but mumps in Africa! However, he is all right now and already moved to his new place at Wembo. The only missionary who became ill at the Conference, was Miss O'Toole, one of the fine trained nurses. She hardly got back to Minga when she found that she had pneumonia. Fortunately Miss Eye is a Johns Hopkins Minute Man and they took her down to nurse the patient who at last report was recovering rapidly.

Most of the work was done in "Standing Committees" as Annimae White called them. You could spy them all over the campus in groups large and small breaking the speedlimit in expressing their opinions. When they got these germs all out of their systems, they too recovered rapidly.

Where is Tunda? It is the most easterly of the four main stations of this former M. E. So. Mission inaugurated by Bishop Lambuth. Minga is the farthest south a five day run from Elisabethville. Wembo Nyama is the Mother Station in the Center and Lodja is the latest and farthest north. In this new region are vast plains and in its northern section some of the famed tropical forests inhabited largely by nomadic pygmies amongst whom some approach has already been made by our missionaries. They are a shy little folk and as wild as the deer. It will take time and patience to reach them with the Gospel they so much need. We cannot all go to them but we can reach them by prayer. Let's put these wild, little folk on our prayer lists and ask in faith that they may be reached and saved and come to know our blessed Lord as theirs.

—oOo—

ANGOLA CONFERENCE.

THE MISSIONARIES all said and the Kimbundu confirmed it that this was one of the best conferences they had ever had. There had been so many problems in sight that they had been a little fearful. It was Bob Burdette who wrote long years ago:

"The things that make us fume and fret,
The things that make us worry and sweat,
Are the things that haven't happened yet"

But what dispelled the difficulties at Quessua, was the fact that in answer to much prayer, we were all conscious of the Presence of the Master.

I wish you could have heard them sing, "Are ye able?" in Kimbundu. Translations cannot be made literally, but Joachin Bernado hit the key note as he started the hymn with, "Can you take an insult?" Every jack man there knew what that meant and burst out lustily and with true fervor, "Lord, we are able."

Miss Celicia Cross gave an address on the Holy Spirit. She got right down to brass tacks when she said that God was sad when He saw His people unable to give a good testimony. Illustrating the need of daily feeding on God's Word, she told of the man who saved money for an ocean trip. But he thought to economize on food so all the way he ate crackers and cheese in his cabin when he might have gone to the table and feasted freely on the food provided for him. I wondered how many thousands of Christians in my own country were doing

Turn to page 11.

South Africa Missionary Advocate

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J. A. PERSSON, EDITOR

Notes and Comment

Saving the whole man.

THE LARGER part of the world we are commissioned to disciple is essentially rural. Missionaries must be rural-minded. Christ walks in the crowded ways of life and in the ricefields. When calling attention to His presence in the village street the factory siren is no substitute for the song of the meadow lark. The Christian home is our Christ's great bulwark against the disintegrating influences of the city state.

No one willingly exchanges the shade of God's oak for man's air-conditioned carriage. To live in the presence of wind in the tree-tops and rain on the parched earth of the humblest village in Africa makes joining hand with God immensely easier than under man-made circumstances in spite of seemingly eternal drudgery of farm life.

Here also it is decidedly more natural for the family to work, pray and to play as a unit. Automobiles are often consciously dedicated to God but we find it so much easier to recognize his ownership of our pig or the soil in which for generations we have had our roots. Here leisure for recreation is very necessary, but not so imperative nor so dangerous.

Rural home life can now be made healthful, interesting and satisfying in a way impossible a few generations ago, and still remain truly rural and as simple as village organization permits. Mrs. Carpenter, so often illiterate, must be taught to want and to use the Christian literature, the sanitary methods and every other known home-saving device now available for those who are not forgotten by their more fortunate brothers and sisters in the Church of the Life-Saving Christ. Mr. Farmer and his sons need the help of the Church to save them from the money-lender, wasteful farm methods and the continual threat of becoming hopeless and helpless tenants.

IRA E. GILLET.

o o o

The Springer Institute.

Fox Bible Training School, Congo Institute, and now Springer Institute—such has been the evolution of the Central Training School for pastor-teachers of the Methodist Church of South Congo.

Located now at Mulungwishi, twenty-five miles from the city of Jadotville, the school has previous-

ly had a number of different sites. It was first started on the path by Bishop and Mrs. J. M. Springer in their trek through Katanga in 1910. This school was located at Kambove a few years later under the name "Fox Bible Training School." In 1922 it was moved to Kanene and renamed "Congo Institute". During the nineteen years which the school stayed at Kanene, a number of disadvantages became evident in the location. The grant of land was too small; it was in the midst of an extremely sparsely settled section; and it was eighty miles from the nearest railroad.

For a number of years Bishop Springer had had Mulungwishi in mind as the ideal site for the school because of its central location in the copper mining district. Due to his efforts, the mission secured nearly 2,000 acres there. Thus Springer Institute was able to move to its permanent site in May.

Dr. and Mrs. Leslie C. Sara will continue to direct the new school. The course will at first be exclusively for pastor-teachers, but plans are being laid for a separate curriculum in business training. Entrance requirements for the new school have also been raised. Entering students must now have finished "troisieme degre" (seven years of schooling) or its equivalent. Formal opening of the new school will take place on Monday, August 18, at the close of Annual Conference.

CAROL HART SARA.

o o o

Missionary Scholarships.

NINE assignments of Missionary Fellowships and Scholarships to missionaries and nationals have been made by Union Theological Seminary, New York, for the year 1941-42. The appointments went to China (6), Japan (1), India (1), and Brazil (1).

Several Missionary Fellowships (yielding \$450 a year and limited to seminary graduates) and Missionary Scholarships (yielding \$450 a year, preferably though not necessarily for seminary graduates, are available annually for missionaries on furlough and for especially qualified nationals of mission lands. Candidates should be persons of special attainments or promise who have already been engaged in actual Christian service, not undergraduate students. Applications for 1942-43 should reach the Registrar of the Seminary by January 1st, 1942. Further information can be obtained from the Registrar of the Seminary.

The Court Trial of Mr. Year

AN AGRICULTURAL PLAY, BY REV. J. S. REA.

PROLOGUE.

This play was worked out in the married students' or Evangelists' class. It is built around our class teaching famine prevention program and practical field work in their own family fields during two years of residence at Kambini.

It was first presented at the Fair in May, 1940, and there was no question about the people catching on. Many references were made to it in sermons and discussions throughout the year. Some of the men came almost to be known by their play names. About a month later I took Year, Corn, Cassava and Judge to a week-end conference. While I was busy with the tasks of an African District Superintendent, they gathered boys and men to fill in the entire cast, drilled them for the missing parts and presented it with a slight change in emphasis so as to fit wonderfully into a Home Missions rally.

This year in April we began to take one class hour a week to get out our play, restudy the whole basic idea and bring it up to date. Only one or two changes were needed in characters so it was more or less a reproduction of last year's play. Yet probably hardly a single speech was identical. The play is never written down. We even practice ideas, leaving the actual speech form to the inspiration of the hour. It means a much more spontaneous production than the speaking off of lines.

We complain a lot, perhaps too much about the lack of appreciation of our work by the Portuguese Government. But it was a different story when our Administrator saw the Play at the Fair this year. He knows the native language and could not only appreciate the good acting but the clever teaching, as well as the keen African wit.

A few weeks later, just before six of the cast left to go back to their circuits, they put on the the play for seven hundred enthusiastic folks at the Morrumbene Quarterly Conference. In August we hope to take a skeleton cast out on tour so that they can train up groups to give it in various distant sections of our work where better Agriculture is needed even more than at Kambini.

CHARACTERS:

(Giving as near possible the English Translation.)

- Mr. Set-in-his-ways and his wife, Lazy.
- Mr. Good-farmer and his wife, Clever.
- The Judge.
- The Year and all his twelve children, the months.
- Prince Yellow Corn.
- Mother Cassava.
- Auntie Sweet Potato.
- Miss Rice.
- Brer Pumpkin.
- Bean Legume.
- Peanut—the court jester who turns out to be the hero.
- Conscience.
- Hoe—the court police or sheriff.

DIGEST AND COMMENT ON PLOT.

SCENE I.

Mr. Set-in-his-ways in a dilapidated hut awakes and calls Lazy to bring breakfast. She brings mulberry leaf greens. He becomes angry and abuses her. She blames Year in the familiar African term, "The year is evil." She adds that the "Corn refused to grow." "Cassava got itself eaten by the grasshoppers," "Sweet Potatoes don't do well for us" etc., etc. They decide to go to the judge and bring action against Year, Corn, Cassava, etc.

SCENE II.

Mr. Judge, a fat, jolly fellow with flowing rope beard sits under a canopy of palm thatch. Hoe, the court guard, clanks back and forth. Set-in-his-ways and Lazy enter and bring charges,—"The Year is evil." The judge pats his stomach in protest, but sends Hoe to fetch Mr. Year.

SCENE III.

Year appears, a long coat with calendar leaves and a crown with 1941 on it make him look the part. Receiving the summons he lines up his twelve children, (Boys almost hidden behind Mellon Calendar sheets for the months, Jan., Feb. down to December). Each answers to a roll call and gives assurance that he has done his duty as directed. Hoe then conducts them all to court.

SCENE IV.

Judge explains charges. Year asks, "Do all men say that I am evil? Could you call in Mr. Good-farmer to witness in this case?" Hoe calls in Good-farmer and Clever from their nearby neat village. Year proceeds as his own lawyer, pleading his own case. He calls January, demanding, "Didn't I send you to warn the people to plant rice?" January takes his cue and insists that he went everywhere with his message, both to Set-in-his-ways and to Good-farmer. But when asked what he did about it the accuser answers in the typical phrase, "I'm not used to planting rice." Of course Good-farmer tells how when January came he busied himself in his rice garden and reports a fine crop.

So Mr. Year calls up all his children. Each month has been given one special assignment typical of and essential to the Kambini teaching. February urges planting cow-peas for food and green manure. March calls folk to stack their peanuts, instead of losing half the crop due to delayed harvesting and bad methods. April is all for Fall plowing. May calls for the planting of winter corn, etc., etc. The procedure is



AGRICULTURAL EXHIBIT AT KAMBINI.

much the same for each—Set-in-his-ways and Lazy always excuse themselves with the same answer, "A hi tolobelangi", (We are not accustomed to do it that way). Good-farmer explains how making use of each month in this way makes his work easier and fills his store house or builds up a reserve food supply in the fields in the case of roots.

Year finishes his defence and Judge gives the verdict of "not guilty" and tries to send Set-in-his-ways home with a scolding. But he and Lazy shift the blame to Corn. While Judge has Hoe fetch Corn from the field of one of the users of the Kambini system in the audience. Year and the mothers retire singing to Set-in-his-ways and Lazy:—

You say the year is evil, but that is not so

That is bad, bad, bad;

You say the year is evil but you did not plant

That is bad, bad, bad;

You say the year is evil but you are stupid and lazy

That is bad, bad, bad.

Note.—This is a parody on an ingenious popular indigenous teaching song.

SCENE V.

The crops appear before the Judge. Hoe enters first with Corn in custody, not an abject prisoner but a brave chief. He shows up best in the picture, (page 1) first on left. The head-dress like a bonnet of war feathers is fresh corn tassel. His legs are encased in woven corn stalks, a cape of broad corn leaves hangs from his shoulders, but does not hide the double row of woven selected ears of yellow corn worn as a doublet. Corn hears the accusation and takes up his defence.

"I come from cold country but you plant me in the hottest time of the year. I need food but you starve me by filling my field with miscellaneous plantings. I need to be clean to grow well and serve you, but you are too lazy to clean out the weeds."

To all this Set-in-his-ways and Lazy make their usual excuses, "We are not accustomed to doing the way you suggest."

Corn then asks the judge if all people accuse him.

Turn to page 11.

Throngs at Exposition

by Rev. C. E. Fuller, Inhambane.

MORE than two thousand people from sparsely populated Portuguese East Africa traveled as far as two hundred miles to attend a three day Exposition of agriculture, education, industry, health and general Christian values at the Methodist mission in Kambini. Over a hundred remained over for a week's study in courses for pastors, evangelists, teachers, and local preachers.

On May 21st the paths leading into Kambini through straggly woods and scrubby wastes were peopled with chanting blacks, bearing on their heads products from their gardens, handiwork made in their homes, and food and clothing for a half week at the "Big Fair". Here and there were home made ox carts drawn by obstreperous cattle. By nightfall the paths were full, and all the Kambini houses were surrounded by black masses of people and their 2,000 odd exhibits.

As the exposition took shape three school buildings became full of corn, cassava (Tapioca plant), peanuts, beans, coffee, cotton, pumpkins, pineapples, sweetpotatoes, and other agricultural products—on the stem and in baskets. With them were dozens of home made palm leaf and grass baskets, straw hats, hoes, oxen yokes, whips, mahogany canes and clubs, dug-out boats, bows and arrows, bark cloth blankets, as well as dresses, samples of mending, darning, pressing, baking, and other home arts, and even four tables, mahogany and teak, a couple beds and a half dozen chairs. Some fishermen brought samples of every type of catch as well as hand made equipment. Others, antiquarians of sorts, brought in relics of a transformed society, ancient clothes, tools, and pottery.

Another building housed exhibits made at Kambini by teachers and students, showing the result of their Bible study, their knowledge of the birds, and other interests. In the same building posters showed rules of health, methods of baby care and feeding, and warning about the pests that carry diseases into many homes. Along with the posters display were realistic demonstrations made with dolls to show best method of dressing, feeding, bathing, and putting baby to bed.

The industrial Arts building was dressed up with samples of its best products, but it, together with other industrial departments functioned as usual. Boys showed visitors the process of taking cotton from the plant, through its cleaning process, carding it, hand-spinning it into thread, setting up a loom, and weaving strong cotton cloth. Likewise they showed how flax could be used the same way, while they demonstrated carefully every step in the process of taking sisal from the plant to finished rugs. They did the same with coconut fiber. They preached the sermon



NATIVE HANDICRAFT AT THE FAIR.

that the native could make his own clothes from beginning to end,—if they wish to, and if they are taught.

Tailors showed their hand and machine sewed suits, trousers, shorts, etc. The tanner showed his work of shoe making, harness making, and also demonstrated the methods of tanning hides. Elsewhere the blacksmith, the soapmaker, and the potters either displayed their work or their products. Carpenters did not work, but evidences of their ability was to be seen in the furniture and all the woodwork of the mission.

Another building housed live stock of all sorts, from chicks to donkeys.

Almost a score of villages took part in a Wednesday night competition of Bible questions and hymn singing, the church building overflowing with the crowd. While judges were working all day Thursday with the exhibits, a milling multitude saw the Chicouque Girl's School present the drama of Pilgrims Progress, and watched the life of David Livingstone as dramatized by Kambini boys. In the evening more than 2,000 heard another Bible competition and saw a masterpiece in the dramatic presentation of the Life of Moses given in operatic style. Friday morning the student evangelists delighted the audience, including the Portuguese officials present, with an agricultural drama, contrasting Mr. Old Customs and Mr. Good Farmer. Prizes were given to hundreds of exhibitors in the afternoon, and pictures were shown in the evening. General dispersion followed.

The Administrator and his family, together with several other important officials, were guests of the mission on two different days. The Administrator expressed his keen appreciation of the entire exposition, and asked permission to use the agricultural drama, his intention being to call all the chiefs of the administration and obliging them to present the drama in their fourteen chieftainships.

Perhaps of most importance is the Institute which followed the Exposition. Over a hundred pastors, teachers, evangelists and local preachers from the

whole colony came together to sit seven hours daily in classes covering the different phases of their work, every missionary and pastor in Kambini being taxed to the maximum to supply leadership for twenty-four classes each day. Out of these groups come the efficient leadership of several hundred out stations.

Throughout the exposition it was learned that the spiritual has greatest power as it affects and sanctifies the material: in the institute the leaders found how they could use the material to express the spiritual. They press on in the attempt to show their faith in their works.

—oOo—

The new hospital in Quessua

by Marie Nelson, Angola.

It was with joy I watched our much needed hospital being built. Gifts had come from friends and in direct answer to prayers as soon as we had mentioned the project. I have decided that our friends and the folk back home are better and more generous than we think.

Only a year ago we questioned plenty whether or not we dared to go ahead building with so little money on hand and in war times. Now the fine seven room, modern hospital is finished, in use and every cent paid. Thanks to all of you who have helped.

In January, two months ago, the building still lacked some finishing touches. Only the two wards were ready for occupation. The people of Angola must have heard about the new hospital. They brought their sick from far and near, even from the coast city of Luanda, three hundred miles away. We had more patients that month than any previous one of its twenty years history as a clinic.

On one of those busy days the Doctor was in a great hurry to start off on a trip over the district. He only had time to attend to those who looked dangerously ill. Among them was an old man who had been brought a long distance in a hammock. After the Doctor had examined the patient he turned to me with the verdict, "That man is doomed. He has pneumonia, that bad case of jaundice and at his age." He prescribed the treatment and left.

A few minutes later I heard the old man's son talking to our native assistant, "Might they have a room or a hut for the sick man?" No, everything was filled. There were three to four patients in every room and hut, not one vacant bed." "But we are strangers here. We don't know anybody, and we can't let father sleep outdoors." With that I interrupted and suggested that he sleep in one of the new wards. They went there rejoicing. The whole family had come along to attend to the head of the clan.

Afterwards I remembered the Doctor's statement that the old man was doomed. I also knew well e-

nough that jaundice and weakness are bad complications with pneumonia. Should the first patient in the new building die, the natives would say that meant ill luck and be afraid to take another patient in that room. The man was tired after his strenuous journey and slept well. He took his medicine, nourishment and soon began to get better. He did not die but went home two-three weeks later vastly improved. The last week he attended regularly our morning devotions. There was something genteel and kind over the old man. He appreciated everything. He had heard the Word of God a couple of years ago from two old Bible Women from Quesua. He and his whole household is the fruit of that missionary journey. They are civilized and intelligent people. Now they are asking for a preacher to come and teach them further.

An entirely different looking crowd appeared at the same time from another direction. They brought a young woman who had a big goitre. Two years ago Dr. Kemp performed successfully eight goitre operations. Then came one who had waited too long. The patient died on the table. After that we had no more goitre patients until this one in January. She had had the goitre for many years, but only recently had it started to deteriorate badly. Her husband had divorced her because of it. We wanted her to wait a month or so till the new operating room should be ready, but they said no. They had come with their food, cooking utensils and to stay. All her near relatives were with her. She wanted the operation as soon as possible and at any cost as far as suffering was concerned. She was to be the first occupant of the other ward.



DRESSMAKING EXHIBIT.

The operation was a success. Her brother and old father watched silently but so intently the whole performance,—how she went under the chloroform confidently; even with a smile; how the Doctor made the incision, tied off the blood vessels and carefully removed the tumor and sewed up the wound; how she soon began to wake up and talk. It was too much for their understanding. What is it the white man

can't do? Her goitre weighed five pounds. What a relief it must have been to be free from that weight from under her chin. She, too, was a most grateful patient. In spite of here suffering, she met us every day with a cheerful smile. She and her old mother still had their hair in long, greasy braids and wore only an oily loin cloth. The father and brother wore each a blanket. Yet, they were so friendly and content and could not thank us enough. They listened eagerly to the Word of God. I hope to visit their village before long and expect to learn that that household has become followers of the One, true God. Before they went home, they came ceremoniously and with bright, happy faces, to bring their thankoffer, the whole sum of a Dollars and a half. But that was out of their poverty, and we were all pleased.

Jesus is near out here in Africa where we have so many opportunities of ministering to Him. One can almost hear Him say, "I was sick and needy, and ye visited and helped me." It gives one unspeakable joy to be able to help the sick in Jesus' name, and to see them go home well and sound to tell of all they have seen, heard and experienced.

—oOo—

Visiting the Lepers

by *Ira E. Gillet, Inhambane.*

I HAVE just come back from the Leper Camp. Do not be surprised. I go there sometimes upon the invitation of Dr. Stauffacher. Covering the latter part of the six miles from Gikuki we noticed that the grass had recently been cut back more than truck width. Innocently I supposed that Dr. had hired this done as today was the occasion of the quarterly visit of Superintendent Keys who led the service of Holy Communion at the Camp. Not so. It was simply lovely thoughtfulness on the part of half a hundred leper men. No not that many. Not so many as that have enough fingers left to hold a knife or sickle.

Often when these people know of the probable arrival of unusual visitors they not only clear this stretch of road but build palm leaf arches above it at regular intervals and decorate these with purple bougainvillia. This act of theirs served another purpose unknown to them. Across the road was lying a man drunk on rum made from Cashew fruit. In the tall grass he would not have been seen, and with what result? In the clean road he was avoided.

As one approaches the camp he keeps wondering when he will come to the prison fence. And when the car turns round a clump of cocoanut trees into an ellipse of cottages, there is no gate to pass for this is not a prison.

There one finds a dozen neat brick cottages with an additional church in the center. A dining room

and kitchen is on one side. A dispensary and guest house at the other.

We drew up as always on the side from which come the prevailing winds. Handshaking is rapidly coming into this country to take the place of the more sanitary slow, soft, clapping of one's own hands which is the custom of East African tribes. But today there was no shaking of hands. With the percentage of leprosy so high as it is in this colony one wonders what risk he runs in the usual daily greetings since all but few of the lepers of this country go about with no restrictions.

Nurse Tom was on hand to bid us welcome at once. Tom is not a leper but he passes his life among them as their nurse. That section of the country had just experienced a much needed rain. So Tom, knowing my African name to be Marefu (clouds) joked me about it saying that the rains had come with Marefu.

Soon a table and chairs from the sanitary guest house were placed for us, hundred singing people were sitting on the ground before us. No piano and no one to wave a baton. Just singing. After the service was over they sang a lot more with harmony, precision and meaning. And not a mournful song among them.

On my first visits to the camp I used to be a little hesitant. I tried to commiserate with them on their sorry plight. More than once the reply has been, "Do not feel sorry for me. If I had not had this disease I would not have found peace in my heart. My toes may rot off but my soul goes marching on to happiness." I soon learned that instead of pity, what was most appreciated was just ordinary conversation about common matters, rejoicing that one or another was on the way to recovery, and just sheer gladness of heart.

Brave souls—they are used to the sight of sores and swellings, such as I would not dare to describe here. But one who has read with them concerning the suffering of our Lord for our sake, and has then dropped crumbs of bread into fingerless hands, and wine into mouths above which were once seeing eyes—well, one never forgets that.

—oOo—

To Africa's new Missionaries.

Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Fields.

*May our Father's protecting arm
uphold you, lest you fall.
May you by His grace avoid the errors
so common to us all.
Unselfish and true, may your every deed
be motivated by love.
In all things, may you be endowed
with patience from above,
And on this needy continent
may prolonged be your stay.
An abundance of His blessings,
for you, dear friends, we pray.
[RALPH E. DODGE.]*



Mrs. J. D. Pointer passes away.

Bess Phillips Persson

THE HOME GOING of Marwyn Pointer was very sudden. She, her daughter and little granddaughter left the Transvaal on June 23rd for Inhambane, expecting to spend some months with Mr. Pointer during the cool season. Mrs. Pointer's health did not permit her to live in Portuguese East Africa during the summer months. She was hoping to be able to be with her husband in the village work in the South during the month of July. Mr. Pointer met the family in Lourenço Marques. On the eve of their departure for Inhambane, after a day of shopping, Mrs. Pointer was taken with a violent headache and within half an hour became unconscious, passing away soon after. The doctor gave the cause as hemorrhage of the brain. It came to us as a shock, but I believe it was for her a happy surprise. I remember a prolonged illness from which she suffered at Inhambane a few years ago. She began to feel that she might not recover, but the thought did not disturb her mind or heart. Her greatest concern was over leaving the children God had given her, who, although grown to young manhood and womanhood, still needed, she felt, a Mother's loving counsel and support. So, even though she was intensely happy as she set out for her Inhambane home, that joy must have been far superceded by what she experienced when she awakened to the realization that her earthly pilgrimage was over and she was at home forever with her Lord,

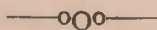
Mrs. Pointer suffered much in recent years and this limited her active missionary service. But she returned to Africa, against the advice of doctors, that her husband might continue in the task to which they had unitedly dedicated their lives and which they both loved. Her last contribution was a series

of Sunday School lessons prepared while in the Transvaal.

In her going I have lost a personal friend. Her loyalty to her friends and genuine Southern hospitality were outstanding characteristics and she always made her guests feel both at home and welcome. She was frank and outspoken when she could not agree with the opinions of others but seldom indulged in criticism of one to another. This gave her an open, generous attitude towards all and a frank appreciation of their good qualities rather than calling attention to their weaknesses. Always conscious of what her Lord's death and life meant to her, she was ever ready to witness to the faith that was in her.

Reaching the field in 1913, Mr. and Mrs. Pointer were almost immediately put in charge of the work in the South, and for a number of years they lived in native huts in an isolated spot while supervising the work in that large area. Mrs. Pointer was nurse, without training, not only to her little family of four, but also to the native christians. I visited them in 1927 and they were then living in a well built mission house on a very nice station. But we traveled for five hours, on a terrifically hot day in an open oxcart, across the plains to get from the automobile road to the station. During our stay there the thermometer registered 112 in the shade. It was in that section that Mrs. Pointer hoped to spend the month of July this year, attending quarterly conferences on the outstations and living among the people. For twenty-eight years she has been the "mamani" of these hundreds of black people and they will not forget her labors of love.

She had given her life to the African people. The little band in Lourenço Marques represented the multitude of them that would have counted it a great privilege to lay to rest her body to await the great day in which "the dead in Christ shall rise first."



Is it nothing to you?

by Mrs. John M. Springer.

YESTERDAY my husband brought in a print from a film taken on April 21st, a month ago. I had forgotten all about it. Now I remembered that it was the Fete day of both myself and the Rev. Fields, who was in town. What a merry time we had with their felicitations and cake and ice cream! And what a merry company!

The Fields are now in Angola: in another month, the Booths will be enroute for the U. S. A. on furlough; and at the same time that they leave, the Bishop and I and Mr. Peace expect to be starting for the 10,000 miles of driving to reach the annual



A BIRTHDAY PARTY IN THE CONGO.

conferences: so of that group only Mr. Bartlett, then in charge, will remain at Elisabethville.

This morning my daily Bible reading was in the first chapter of Lamentations, and I read, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" Many years ago while in New York I wrote an article on that very verse and it was printed. In the intervening years many have responded to a similar challenge, and as a result many missionaries have been sent to foreign fields.

Now once more our case seems desperate: Miss Lerbak is alone again at Sandoa, for the fields have gone, Howard Brinton is leaving for America. One man only for this large city of Elisabethville with its dayschool of 500 pupils, the Wallace Memorial Church with its 1,200 members, and many charges on a large District for him to superintend. Not to mention the treasurership of the entire Mission, and a steady stream of missionaries of all denominations passing through here on account of war regulations, each and every one needing some time and help from the resident missionary. Is it nothing to you that one man should have to bear the whole burden of this? Is it nothing to you that missionaries are breaking under the load?

Just this last week, Paul Hammelryck, a young Belgian missionary who came to us a few months ago, and was the second missionary man at our Institute at Mulungwishi, was called for military service and had to leave his bride and baby the day after their first wedding anniversary. It is very hard for her, brave though she is! No word yet as to when to expect the Pipers. This is not a whine nor a wail. It is merely a stating of only a few of the problems and facts that face us. And again I ask, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"

"Amos, the one good boy"

by Rev. Jonab Chitombo, Rhodesia.

ON my way coming back from the Pfungwe I stopped at Maramba and there I had a good meeting with a group of people. When I asked them about their life they all said, "Oh Mufundisi (teacher), we are very sorry, our life is very bad because we are all drinking and always do some very bad dancing. We all have bad life, only Amos is not drinking. He is a good, strong Christian boy here." As I was thinking of somebody to lead these people, to pray with them every Sunday and whenever they wanted to come together for prayer, I asked, "Whom do you like to be your leader when you come to church every Sunday?" They all called out and say, "Amos, Amos." Even the old people say the same thing, "Amos, he is the Christian boy."

Amos was not present at the meeting. I asked them, "Where is Amos?" they said, "He is coming." Two boys stood and said, "We will go to call him." So they went and called him.

After a short time Amos arrived with a smiling face to greet me and I was very glad to see him indeed.

Then I said to him, "Amos do you still believe in Jesus Christ as your Lord and Saviour?"

"Yes, I do."

"Amos, I think the Lord will bless you. Do you know how to read your Bible?"

"Yes, I know."

"Amos, I think the Lord will be very much pleased with you if you will come here every Sunday and lead your people in prayer and read your Bible to them."

And Amos said, "I will try to do so, but, Mufundisi, you know I never did such thing before."

I said to him, "The Lord will help you."

And there was a drunk man sitting near by and he said, "Please, Mufundisi, will you allow me to say something?" "Yes, you can." He said, "What will you say if you see a man wearing like this on one foot he puts a tennis shoe and on the other foot he puts on a full boot?" and I said, "I will ask him what kind of wearing is that?" And he said, "That is right", and he turned his face to Amos and said, "Amos, you listen to me. Mufundisi Chitombo asked you to lead us from bad condition that we are living now, please do not try to live two kinds of life. I mean this, do not live both bad life and good life. No, no, be in one. You are our leader and example so you may be able to help us from this bad kind of life. Look at my face and these red eyes I have. Is not very bad? Yes, it is."

Then I said to Amos, "Amos, I am not going to say anything more to you, this man has preached you already."

There was a headman sitting listening to what was

going on and he said, "Mufundisi, we are very sorry for the life of the children here. They are all spoiled by drinking which leadeth them to very bad condition of life. Surely the church and the school are the things which can help our children from this bad life. We want church and school."

This shows us that we still have much work to be done for the Kingdom of God in Africa.

(Rev. Jonab Chitombo is a minister of the Rhodesia Conference.)

—oOo—

Personals

OUR MISSION in Rhodesia is rejoicing in the arrival on that field of Dr. Garfield Anderson, a former Korea missionary. Due to the undoubtedly wise policy of the Board of recalling Methodist missionaries from Japan and Korea, Dr. Anderson was preparing to settle down in America after his thirty years of service. One day there came to him the call to Africa through the Rev. O'Farrell, and Dr. Anderson left his family in the homeland to give of his remaining years to the African. He is to be stationed at Nyadiri, the place where Dr. Gurney began medical work many years ago.

o o o

WE HAVE been expecting word that Rev. and Mrs. O'Farrell have returned to the field. A message told that they were delayed in Lagos, on the West Coast of Africa, waiting for a convoy to South Africa. Their return is eagerly awaited, as Rev. and Mrs. Taylor, who supplied at Nyadiri during their absence, have been returned to Old Umtali on account of the homegoing of the Murphrees. (As we go to press we hear that the O'Farrells have arrived.)

o o o

INHAMBANE, and more particularly Kambini, lose a faithful worker in Miss Ruth Heggoy, who goes to Rhodesia in order to be united in marriage to the Rev. Per Hassing. Miss Heggoy came out from Norway a little over three years ago to take charge of the Kambini dispensary, an office which she has filled to the satisfaction of everybody. The wedding was on the 16th of August and we offer sincere felicitations.

o o o

MISS VICTORIA LANG of Inhambane passed through Johannesburg the first days in June on her return from furlough. In order to ensure that she be permitted to come back she left home before her rest period was over. Inhambane is duly appreciative.

o o o

SOME of our Africa missionaries have to take their furlough in Africa on account of war conditions. Miss Ruth Hanson of Rhodesia is spending her rest period in South Africa as the way to Sweden is barred by submarines.

DR. NEWELL BOOTH and Mrs. Booth with their children left the Congo in June for a well merited furlough in the homeland. In our last number we had articles describing the thorough evangelistic and educational programme introduced in Elisabethville under the direction of Dr. Booth and we are not surprised that after having been in sole charge there for some time he and his wife need a change.

o o o

WORD HAS been received that Mrs. Springer is again accompanying her husband on his long and arduous trips to the various Conferences. The Bishop writes: "Mrs. Springer is standing the trip very well indeed, she doesn't tire much more quickly than in previous years but takes warning and rests much more frequently. The trip today will be about 265 miles, of which we have done 104 and it is just past ten in the morning. Our route has led alternately through jungle forests and rolling plains. We will soon plunge into extensive forests which will extend for scores of miles." This was written on a pontoon as they were crossing the Sankuru River.

o o o

REV. and Mrs. E. L. Sells, Umtali, announce the arrival of a son, Edward Lawrence on July 22nd.

o o o

MISS Lerbak has been carrying on alone at Sandoa since the departure of Rev. and Mrs. Fields for Angola and Howard Brinton for America. Of course there is much more than one person can do but she has been holding the fort until Dr. and Mrs. Piper arrived the beginning of August. It is wise to stop when the red light shows and wait until the green is on again.

o o o

The return of Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Piper was eagerly awaited as matters needed their presence and attendance. They had to change their plan to wait in Elisabethville until Conference, as a result they were not able to attend the session this year. All the same they are happy to be back on their station and both the native people and their fellow missionaries are happy to have them back.

—oOo—

Continued from page 2.

the same thing spiritually. Are you, my Reader, one of them?

Another point she made was right to the point. She told how, after all the quarrelling and struggling for preeminence, at the end of the ten days of prayer in Jerusalem, each Apostle began to see the Tongue of Fire on the others' heads. And when he saw that, then the same Tongue rested on his own head. Now they were ready to go forth and preach a glorious Gospel to get men to come to Jesus Christ. They no longer squabbled about place or groaned about hardships and persecutions. They only prayed for faith and courage to serve Christ to the death if need be. A beautiful consecration service followed.

When the native layman, Senhor Duarte, made his report for the laymen, he said, "We must have an evangelist to visit our churches. Otherwise the members sit back with folded arms and spend most of their time doing nothing but criticizing. Great applause.

An unusual feature of the Conference came after the Benediction and the consecration service, when a native teacher from Luanda came forward to be married to the daughter of the pastor at Malange, one of Miss Cross' girls, one dearly loved by all the missionaries. Yes, the Master was there too, as He was at that other wedding so many centuries ago. There He was not known as their Saviours, but here He was and was recognized in their midst. "Prayer changes things."

The Conference was a blessed one.

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Continued from page 5.

GOOD-farmer is again called to witness, whereupon Clever produces a fine roasting ear and presents it to the judge who sets in to eat it with a relish, much to the delight of the crowd. Good-farmer finds ready ears for his story of how he grew this winter corn followed by the usual summer crop in the same field.

Judge praises Corn and tries to dismiss court, sending Set-in-his-ways and Lazy off in shame, but they refuse to go and shift the accusation to Cassava and then to each crop in turn.

Peanut, the court jester, had slipped in back of Corn and interrupts at leisure through the rest of the play, lightening up any heavy spots.

Mother Cassava proves that she alone could prevent all hunger or famine if folks would plant her regularly, instead of rushing out when famine threatens, to plant a crop that takes at least twelve months to produce food.

Auntie Sweet Potato also scolded Set-in-his-ways and Lazy for waiting to plant her till crops had failed and drought was upon them.

Brer Pumpkin got a laugh when he trapped Lazy into confessing that the reason their pumpkins didn't come up was that she had let the rats eat the seed, hence they had never planted any.

Miss Rice was charming with her lacy cap of grain and golden cape and hula skirt of fresh rice straw. But Set-in-his-ways didn't like the mud, so had planted his rice on dry land. Corn, Peanut etc. were jealous of the intruder who boasted so much, and tried to put her in her place (the water) by showing how much more often they could serve.

Bean reveals that his family name is Legume and opens the way for Peanut, who has stolen the stage a dozen times, to get in a legitimate word. So he sings,

I am Peanut, all the folks like me,
I help them very much, that's me, Peanut.
I am Peanut, some folks pick me off green;
I want to be stacked (note.—he is dressed as a stack of peanuts, see centre of picture.)
That's me, Peanut.

DIRECTORY OF MISSIONARIES
of the Methodist Church in the Elisabethville Area,
BISHOP J. M. SPRINGER, Elisabethville, Belgian Congo.

Angola Mission

Caixa 9, Malange, Angola, Africa
Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Edling

Quessua, Caixa 9, Malange.
Miss Cilicia Cross
Miss Violet B. Crandall
Rev. and Mrs. Charles Fields
Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Kemp
Miss Alpha Miller
Miss Marie Nelson
Miss Irene Shields

Caixa 68, Luanda, Angola
Rev. and Mrs. A. H. Klebsattel

On furlough

Rev. and Mrs. Ralph E. Dodge
Miss Ingle A. Johnson
Miss Zella Glidden

Central Congo Mission

Wembo Nyama M.C.C.M. Lusambo, Belgian Congo.

Rev. and Mrs. H. P. Anker
Dr. & Mrs. C. P. M. Sheffey
Rev. & Mrs. E. B. Stiltz
Rev. & Mrs. E. H. Lovell
Rev. and Mrs. Marshall Lovell,
Rev. C. W. Chappell
Rev. & Mrs. Inman U. Townsley
Miss Annie Laura Winfray
Miss Amimae White

Tunda M.C.C.M., Lusambo.

Rev. J. J. Davis & Mrs. Davis
Miss Mary Moore
Miss Catherine Parham

Minga M.C.C.M., Lusambo.

Rev. & Mrs. H. T. Wheeler
Miss Myrtle Zicafoose
Miss Ruth O'Toole

Lodja, M. C. C. M. Lusambo.

Rev. & Mrs. Wm. De Ruiter
Miss Kathryn Eye

On furlough.

Dr. & Mrs. W. S. Hughlett
Miss Edith Martin
Miss Dora J. Armstrong

Rev. H. C. Ayres
Dorothy Rees
Miss Norene Robken
Miss Lorena Kelly
Miss Annie Parker
Dr. & Mrs. W. B. Lewis
Rev. & Mrs. J. H. Maw
Miss Mary Foreman
Rev. and A. J. Reid

Southern Congo Mission

Elisabethville B P. 522, B. Congo

Rev. Elwood R. Bartlett
Miss Helen N. Everett

Jadotville B. P. 450

Rev. & Mrs. C. C. Hartzler

Mulungwishi, via Jadotville, B. P. 450.

Rev. & Mrs. L. C. Sarah

Kapanga via Dilolo

Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Piper
Miss C. Marie Jensen

Sandoa via Dilolo

Rev. & Mrs. E. I. Everett
Miss Anna Lerbak

On furlough

Rev. & Mrs. T. B. Brinton
Rev. J. E. Brastrup
Rev. & Mrs. Newell S. Booth
Rev. Howard Brinton

Rhodesia Mission

Umtali, Southern Rhodesia

Rev. and Mrs. P. B. Christian
Miss Grace Clark
Rev. and Mrs. E. L. Sells

Old Umtali, P. B. Umtali, S. Rhodesia,

Miss Marjorie Fuller,
Rev. and Mrs. R. C. Gates
Miss Irene P. Gugin
Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Hamrick

Miss Ruth Hansson
Rev. & Mrs. Per Hassing
Miss Frances Quinton
Miss Rosa Rydell
Rev. and Mrs. H. E. Taylor

Mutambara, Southern Rhodesia

Miss Marguerite Deyo
Miss Violet Mabie
Rev. and Mrs. G. A. Roberts
Miss Ila M. Scovill
Miss Lulu Tubbs

Mrewa, Southern Rhodesia.

Rev. and Mrs. H. I. James

Nyadiri, P. B. 136 E, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia

Dr. A. Garfield Anderson
Rev. and Mrs. T. A. O'Farrell
Miss Sarah King
Miss Edith Parks
Miss Beulah Reitz
Miss Alice Whitney

Mtoko, via Salisbury, S. Rhodesia

Rev. W. Bourgaize

On Furlough.

Rev. and Mrs. M. J. Murphree
Miss Oril A. Penney
Miss Ona Parmenter
Miss Jessie Pfaff

S. E. Africa Mission

Kambini Station, Box 45, Inhambane, P.E. Africa

Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Fuller
Rev. and Mrs. I. E. Gillet
Rev. and Mrs. P. W. Keys
Rev. Per Knutson
Rev. and Mrs. J. S. Rea

Gikuki Station, Box 41, Inhambane, P. E. Africa.

Miss Clara Bartling
Miss Victoria Lang
Miss Mabel Michel
Miss Ruth Northcott
Rev. J. D. Pointer
Dr. & Mrs. C. J. Stauffacher
Miss Ruth Thomas

37 St. Amant Str., Johannesburg South Africa,

Rev. & Mrs. J. A. Persson

I am Peanut, I am used in all food.
I made the judge fat, that's me, Peanut.
All the crops join in the chorus.

SCENE VI.

As Set-in-his-ways and Lazy are looking on, Conscience slips up and worries them till they make a promise to try these better ways. But as soon as the Judge turns to them again they start making the old excuses. Conscience at their elbow gives them a violent shake and reminds them of their promise. So the confession is made and the promise renewed. Judge commends the new attitude. Good-farmer

hastens to offer food and seed and all the crops promise to yield abundantly if they will try the new way.

SCENE VII—THE GRAND FINALE.

Hoe, Judge, Crops, Good-farmer and Clever, Year and Months, all join in the native hymn used at our seed consecration and harvest festival services.

The man who is happy is the man who digs,
The man who is happy is the man who weeds,
etc. etc., with this extra verse,

The man who succeeds is the man who follows out these new ways.

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No. 4.



THE Rev. J. J. Cole of the Liberia Conference is a unique and interesting character. With limited education, some six years ago, he felt a profound inner urge to give the Gospel to the neglected Native tribes in the hinterlands of Liberia. Without support, without special commissioning from the Church, without appointment thereto, he pressed out and on into villages where Christ had not been preached.

Probably in imitation of the "Prophet" Harris, a fellow Liberian, he carries a cross ever with him. He preaches Christ and Him crucified. Many believed, and at once asked for baptism, and he did not hesitate because of the lack of human ordination, to baptize them, considerably more than a thousand. He formed classes of his believers, and visited them from time to time. His work has become a large circuit within the Conference.

Historical sketch of the Congo Mission.

by Mrs. J. M. Springer.

"God took care to hide that country till He judged His people ready. Then He chose me for His Whisper, and I've found it, and it's yours." Kipling's "Explorer."

IN 1903 Bishop Hartzell brought the Rev. Wilson S. Naylor to Africa as his secretary, for Dr. Naylor had been asked to write a study book on Africa and wanted up-to-date material. It was **DAYBREAK IN THE DARK CONTINENT**, which he wrote on his return to U. S. A.

Dr. Naylor was some weeks in and around Old Umtali and we saw lot of him over the tea cups (his was hot water) and developing photos, etc. One day he remarked to Mr Springer and me, "If I were a missionary returning to America, I would not take the usual route but go north and then through the southern part of the Congo and west to Angola. That, to my mind, is the coming country and practically unknown. Bishop Taylor advocated a chain of Missions across Africa and I think we need to enter there and establish one more link!" That was the gist of it and the beginning. After that he talked for hours on the subject and convinced us both about the exploring of that country of which none of us knew anything at all. That was God's way of whispering to us though at that time neither of us dreamed of making it together.

Arnot had already opened work at Mshidi's capital in 1885 and the Tanganyika Concessions Company was already organized and prospecting for copper and other minerals under the leadership of Robert Williams, later Sir Robert. But we knew nothing about that in 1903.

But "a voice as bad as Conscience, rang intermidable changes—Go and find it," till finally when we were married and our furlough was due, Bishop Hartzell gave his consent to our taking that route. We found that Dr. Naylor's conviction was absolutely correct and as we travelled west through 800 miles without a missionary, we were also convinced that it was God's Whisper to us and when we returned to Africa, it must be to what is now known as "The Copper Belt" of the Congo: which we did in 1910.

Our destination as planned was the Capital of Mwata Yamvo of which Livingstone had written but never been able to visit. It took us two years to reach it but when we did, the Chief greeted us warmly and begged of us to stay. When we told him that we could not stay but would send him a missionary, he requested a Doctor "Like Totolo," Dr. Walter Fisher 300 miles south. So before another two years had passed, Dr. Arthur Piper and wife were installed there and opened our first permanent Methodist Episcopal Mission in the Congo, at Kapanga, in 1914. At that time none of us knew that Bishop Lambuth was starting a Mission of the M.E. South at Lusambo and throughout the Otetele field. Once I told a lady at Miami in 1915, that we would take as long and it would cost as much for us to reach their field as to go to New York. Today we make it by car from Elisabethville in four days quite easily and in five days from Malanje to Wembo Nyama.

The Pipers had pioneer work, all right, but faced it bravely. Rev. and Mrs. T. B. Brinton and Miss Marie Jensen joined them. Baby Howard Brinton was only a few months old when he began to learn the Lunda language. Now in 1941 he has already put in three years as missionary in the Congo. Mr. Brinton had translated the Four Gospels into Lunda during his first term on the field and now the whole New Testament is printed in that tongue.

Before we left Kambove (no longer a main station) in the capable hands of the Rev. and Mrs. Roger S. Guptill, who had just arrived a few weeks earlier, we had received an urgent letter, signed by some twenty-five Christian young men from Nyasaland now in Elisabethville, pleading with us to

come and open a Mission. When we met them, we made arrangements and under the supervision of Joseph Jutu, a graduate of Livingstonia, then pressman on *L'Etoile du Congo*, the daily paper in French, religious services and night school was carried on in a building we rented for them and all at their expense, till our return.

We left New York on Christmas Day, 1916, with a Secretary, Roy S. Smyres, Rev. and Mrs. C. C. Hartzler and a Miss Quinton for Old Umtali. When we reached Elisabethville, we bought a house of five rooms, fearfully and wonderfully made of odds and ends secured by a contractor from houses he was building—and the Guptills came down while the Hartzlers went to Kambove. Mr. Smyres and ourselves started out on the trail again in answer to the prayer of a native man and were staked by a man in Chicago at \$2000 a year for five years. It landed us at the capital of Kabongo, where we were so heartily welcomed by the Belgian official that in three weeks we had a residence ready for the Guptills who went up as soon as we returned to Elisabethville. They were followed by the Millers the next year and later the Hartzlers put in fourteen splendid years there. Alas, the great Depression compelled us to turn over the station to another Society which had recently come up that way.

Mr. Guptill built the first school building at Elisabethville which had to serve also as chapel for several years.

Before and After.

IN 1920 Mr. Springer was travelling by bicycle from Kinda to Elisabethville and stopped for a night's shelter at the newly opened Mission Station of Kabondo Diando. He found the missionaries in a state of excitement because a native woman that day had given birth to twins, which was a great taboo among the Africans, the twins had probably been killed.

In June, 1941 we came to this station again. As we were shown the Guest House as it was already growing dusk, we heard voices. Hastily donning a dress, I stepped out and found some sixty women had just come from the Women's Meeting to greet me. A finer lot I had never seen. They clapped their hands and sang a song of greeting beautifully. Soon another group of boys and young men came to greet my husband. There are 120 in the regular day school and a very large new church has recently been built and is filled every Sunday.

As we drove out early the next morning en route for Tunda for the Central Congo Conference, the Bishop remarked, "It was right by this road that those twins were buried." Before the Gospel came, these Natives were killing twins and witches: now they are learning how to care for twins and to worship God. Yes, that is just as we have seen it work over and over again. Salvation banishes superstition always and everywhere.

HELEN SPRINGER.

However, to come back to Kabongo. The only missionary we have lost by death was Dr. Berry of Kabongo. It is one of the mysteries we can never understand. He and his wife had been called to go to take an obstetrical case five days away, the wife of a Belgian official. Mrs. Berry was a trained nurse. Apparently he had had a vicious infection attending a native woman who was in labour at Kabongo some nights before he left. He had hardly reached his patient at the Government post, than he was taken ill himself. One day he called his wife and told her that he would die and what the

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J. A. PERSSON, EDITOR

Our Conferences



Mulungwishi Conference.

ANNUAL Conference was held at Mulungwishi under pioneer conditions, this being a new station to which the Saras had come only three months before. One dormitory was only partly roofed, and the chapel walls were unplastered. Many native delegates had to sleep on the ground, but no one seemed to mind roughing it.

One of the peaks of fellowship was the Sunday afternoon testimony service led by Bishop Springer. Another was the meeting in which sharing and stewardship were presented as stepping stones for tithing, bringing a fine response from the native delegates. But perhaps the high point of inspiration was the climb to the hill top on Saturday afternoon, when the whole crowd went to see the site of the projected Springer Institute. Before us, stretched a wooded plain, ideal for cattle, and for corn and manioc when cleared. To the left we saw the Mulungwishi River and the irrigated gardens. Beyond them were the houses where missionaries and students now live, and the abandoned lime works which we are converting into temporary quarters for the School. Back of us rolled ranges of hills and mountains lovely with newborn foliage, stretching away to the copper mines of Kambove. It was hard realise that all this belonged to the mission.

Prayers of wonder and gratitude were offered in many tongues, and the Doxology was sung in at least seven languages successively.

We have entered a real Promised Land, and gradually we are going to develop and possess it.

Mrs. L. G. Sarah.

Notes on the Rhodesia Annual Conference.

The conference was held at Old Umtali, September 1st to 7th, 1941.

It was a joy to welcome so many new and returned Missionaries and to have present in a fraternal relation, the Rev. H. Carter, General Superintendent and Chairman of the Methodist Synod.

The drawing together with our British Brethren

in fellowship and co-operation is a fine expression of Christian unity.

A Methodist Council.

The Conference agreed to the formation of a Methodist Council and set up the Conference Section of the same. The purpose of the joint Council for Rhodesia was stated as follows: "We agree that the present co-operation in Umtali, Salisbury and Bulawayo is working with great satisfaction, and it is our desire to deepen and extend our joint efforts. Rejoicing as we do in the drawing together of the American and British peoples in other spheres we are determined that in Christian service in Rhodesia we will not wait for any calamity or stress to drive us together, but will actively pursue that object now."

Student Loan Fund.

A Student Loan Fund was established to assist worthy African students, whose purpose is to enter the service of The Methodist Church, to continue their education beyond Standard Six. An annual offering will be taken in the Sunday Schools of the Conference on Methodist Student Day. The creation of this Fund gives evidence of the desire of the African Christians to have more and better trained leaders.

Methodist Historical Society.

The Historical Committee of the Conference was organized with a constitution into a Society. A room at Old Umtali was set aside in the old Government Building for a museum. It is hoped that the Society will be able to assist Hartzell Training School by developing the museum for educational purposes. The material now within the Conference Archives is considerable and it is hoped that this will soon be classified and the pictures mounted for reference.

Rukwadzano rwe Wadzimai. (Fellowship of Women.

Extract from the Annual Report:

"The aim of the *Rukwadzano rwe Wadzimai* of The Methodist Church is to seek the lost women of Africa and bring them to our Lord Jesus Christ and to break down the influence of the kingdom of the devil among the women and girls. There are many of our young girls, some of them educated, who are taken to be second or even sixth wives.

There is saying among our people, 'There is a secret power in a woman by which she can send a king to fetch her a cooking stick.' We believe that such power is now used of God. The Chiefs in many places attend our meetings." E. L. S.

The Twenty-fifth Session.

It is a noteworthy fact that, historically minded as Methodists are, no one at the session of the South-east Africa Conference in September remembered that it is a quarter of a century since the work in that part of the continent was organized as a separate Conference. We have a long history, worthy the pen of an able historian, but it was only in 1916 that we separated from the work in Rhodesia, which was younger than the work at Inhambane.

At the organization we had three members of Conference, quite a number of missionaries "not members of Conference," and two ordained local preachers among our African fellow workers. No Bishop was present and the Conference "was called to order" in the upstairs living room of the old Mission house at Gikuki. Only five of those who were present at that historical session are still in the work. With few exceptions the others have been promoted to higher service.

This year we met once again at Gikuki. What a difference in place and membership! The large Richards Memorial Church gave a setting to the Conference which was inspiring. Twenty-five years ago we had not a single African member of Conference, now more than two thirds were Sons of Africa, some of them born and educated on our stations. The Bishop had one of them at his side as interpreter, as the business of the Conference was carried on in the native language.

The writer, being an incurable Methodist, will be excused if he makes the statement, that next to the Scriptures the most marvellous book is the Methodist "Discipline." It is amazing how well it is adapted to the needs of the growing Church in Africa. Of course, most of it cannot be applied as yet, but there is little lacking when advice is sought in situations which we often believe to be peculiar to Africa.

Africans are strict disciplinarians. Laws are sacred. So our Conference was carried on according to Methodist Law and there were no complaints.

What was done?

A Board of Conference Claimants was organized according to the requirements of the Discipline, and each charge or circuit was given a stipulated sum to raise during the coming year.

A plan for more systematic giving was adopted, each minister and pastor being charged to teach and exhort the membership to practice tithing. It was revealed that quite a number of those present already practice this scriptural way of giving.

The Home Mission Board was authorized to employ three more workers on its fields to the North and West of Inhambane. This means almost doubling the present budget which is met entirely by local funds.

Four more circuits were asked to raise their pastors' salaries in full, making 12 in all who have no claim on the Mission for ministerial support.

Committees were appointed to translate and adapt the Ritual, and to condense the Discipline, making the parts applicable to African conditions available to our people in their own tongue.

New Courses of Study were adopted for Ministers and Local preachers, as well as for Class leaders and Exhorters.

The Women's organizations of the Conference are solidly behind the new orphanage at Gikuki, promising to support it financially.

Specially encouraging was to see the keen interest shown by the lay delegates from the various circuits. They were eager not to miss any Committee meeting and their contribution to the discussions shows that they are solidly behind the native ministers and the Missionaries. It was also interesting to note that when a Field Reference Committee was elected one of the members is the wife of a native minister. The women of Africa are taking their rightful place in the councils of the local church.

In all it was a very good Conference. There was a spirit of peace and spiritual longings manifest that made it memorable. J. A. P.

A whitening Harvest

BISHOP JOHN M. SPRINGER

"THERE surely must be a mistake here," said the Conference statistician as he was working out the report from the slips handed to him by the Native pastors. "Here is the name of a new point that was not even listed in the Appointments last year and yet more than 10,000 preparatory members are re-

ported for this point. That certainly cannot be correct." Enquiry of the District Superintendent led however to substantiation of the figures and to an explanation of how it came about.

The ten thousand and more newly reported believers are not for one point or village alone, but is

the number of believers already recorded in fifty-three villages in a certain district where previous to this year no worker had ever been appointed. And all these have not been won just this year, but it is the accumulation of believers resulting from several years of infiltration and spread of the Gospel Message.

Hundreds, even thousands, of the workmen of this district have gone to Luanda to work. In Luanda there has been a continuous revival in our Methodist Church now for several years. There is an unbroken record extending over years, of every Sunday seeing a number of new converts, from a few up to as many as fifty or sixty, come forward to give themselves to Christ.

Our missionary, Rev. A. H. Klebsattel, reports that of the fifteen classes in the out-skirts of Luanda one is entirely and two or three others are partly composed of people from the Dembo country. There are usually from 150 to 200 on the rolls of these classes, and this is not a stationary group but it is a procession, the personnel of which is constantly changing. And as these Dembo people have been converted and instructed in Luanda and some of them have learned to read and write in the night schools, they have returned to their homes in the villages among the hills in the Dembo country and have gone right on witnessing and preaching the Word, with the result that many of the villagers have believed and given themselves to Christ.

As these groups have grown, in many cases the people, entirely on their own initiative, have built chapels in the villages where they have assembled regularly for services on Sabbaths and where they have morning and evening prayers and weekly prayer meetings, just as they learned to do in Luanda.

Constantly during these past few years the District Superintendent has been besought by deputations to send them teachers and preachers and while a few such have been sent to several points among the Dembos, none were available for the section about Nambuangongo. Thus the increasing number of believers were not listed in previous years; but this year there was an evangelist available and he was sent to this point, where he constantly is on tour out among the villages. The chapel at this place seats over 2000 and was built by the people themselves.

As there are no qualified local preachers in some of the villages, the people come long distances to the central chapel for services and in some instances the people will travel two or three days in coming and the same in returning. In some villages the people follow the advice of the evangelist and come the long distance once a month for the services.

This awakening among the Dembos amounts to a mass movement. In some cases practically everyone in a village has become a believer. There in the books of this sole Native pastor are the names of more than 10,000 believers, and if these people are

not built up into the faith and held for the Kingdom it will be the fault of the Methodist Church, failing to send them the shepherds for whom the people are so insistently crying.

Brother Klebsattel speaks most emphatically about the quality of the character of the Dembos. He says that they are very far from being a wishy-washy people. They are clear thinkers and know what they want and why they want it. Some years ago a group of nearly twenty Dembo chiefs came down with great pomp to Luanda to see the Governor, and they put before him their request for ministers and teachers. "Oh, that is very good," said the governor, "I will speak to the bishop and the priests about sending you catequistas." "Yes, but we do not want a Catholic catequista, we want an evangelical," and in spite of all attempts at persuasion they would not be dissuaded from this position. Thus the whole Dembo country, numbering some 45,000 people, so far as most of the chiefs are concerned, is wide open for evangelical teaching, and the field is white unto the harvest.



Rev. and Mrs. Per Hassing, who were married in Rhodesia in August

After the Zam Zam.

Maude C. Piper.

(EDITOR'S note— This is an account of Dr. and Mrs. Piper's trip on the *El Nil* after their first reservations on the *Zam Zam* had been cancelled.)

But two months later we did sail on her sister ship the *El Nil*, and were to follow the same itinerary as the *Zam Zam* had planned. Eight days later we sailed into the beautiful Port of Spain, in Trinidad. The raiding of the *Zam Zam* was no longer a rumor, for the very air of Port of Spain was filled with the news. Some of our passengers decided of disembark there and return to New York. Mission Boards cabled their missionaries to use their own judgement about continuing on their way. The Captain had a roll call, and each passenger responded with saying whether he would continue the voyage, or leave the ship there. One group of missionaries had definite orders from their headquarters to leave the ship and return, so they had no preference in the matter. The Captain promised those of us who wished to continue that he would cut out of our itinerary the call at the port in Brazil, where we were scheduled to go, (as it was only three days out of that port, that the *Zam Zam* met her fate.) We were to go there chiefly to get water and oil, and he said that by very careful use of water, we could make it straight across to the coast of Nigeria.

This cheered us all, and we started eastward. For over seventeen day we practically lived on the equator, and it was naturally hot. We did a lot of zigzagging to keep out of the way of sub-marines. How glad all of us were to see land at last. We had eighty-six passengers to land at the Nigeria Port, and how we envied them that their voyage was over. How little we knew about it. Word came out to us, that the port was closed and that we could not enter. Two boats had been mined at the entrance to the harbor and it was impossible for us to dock, even to land the passengers, also it was not possible to take on the oil and water which we so greatly needed. We were ordered to go to a port up on the Gold Coast. So for two nights and a day, we had to travel northward, all the time getting into more dangerous water. When we reached there it seemed as though the whole world had grown cold and inhospitable. After a night spent just outside the harbor, we were told that we might enter the harbor, where we would be safe, but that we could not dock. For two whole weeks we were kept in that harbor, where blackouts had to be observed each night, and where the heat was intense, but even so it was a great comfort to know that we were in a guarded harbor. No one was permitted to go ashore during the whole two weeks. Then one happy day word came that the Nigerian port was once more open, and that we were to leave that

afternoon. We pulled out about five that afternoon. Of course we were once again entering unprotected waters, but we at least felt that we were getting somewhere. For two nights and a day we steamed back to Nigeria, those who had been there before told us that we "would steam into Lagos, we would steam in Lagos, and then we would steam out of Lagos." Verily, they told the truth. It was surely like no part of Africa, where we had ever been. The heat and humidity and mosquitoes were terrible. We were there only three days, and how happy we were to say goodbye to those whom we were leaving there. I think that Arthur and I appreciated the Congo a hundred-fold, after having seen a little of these two West African coasts.

Ten more days, on unprotected waters, ten more nights of sleeping in our clothes, and then a thrilling morning, when we pulled into Table Bay, and saw the beautiful city of Cape Town ablaze with lights, for it was not yet four a.m. Can you realize the thrill of seeing a whole city ablaze with lights after eight weeks of black-outs? Once more we were in our beloved Africa.



Ku nyika ku bonga.

An African thanksgiving

BURSTING with song, the Kambine Church was the scene of jubilant thanksgiving the first Sunday of May. In a *famine year* some four hundred people carried food and money to the value of about \$60.00 from their humble huts to their beloved church—to be shared with famine stricken neighbors and to help carryings the Gospel Message to spiritually hungry tribesmen.

As the first faint threads of the waking sun spangled through waving palms, scores of tiny native villages wakened to a special Sunday morning. Children rushed through their baths and rushed to their storage sheds for their Thanksgiving gift to God. Men and women hoisted huge sacks, some holding two or three bushels of beans, others full of peanuts or corn, and placed them upon their close cropped heads. From daybreak till ten o'clock people streamed in from every direction, bearing on their heads baskets, gasoline tins, or grain sacks full of the products of their harvest. By the time of Morning Service the ante-room and the back of the church were full of offerings.

The talented young pastor, beloved by Black and White, preached as only he, Gideon Jamella, can. He showed how, in the midst of drought and threatening famine in this country, God had blessed his Christian children with a bountiful harvest. Our joys were full and overflowing. Warming to his subject, Gideon patted his ample middle, puffed out his cheeks, bulged out his eyes, and gasped out,



Offerings at the Thanksgiving Service

"Oh! I'm so full that I can't speak. I must sit down." A moment later he arose and finished his sermon, praising God for His wonderful kindness to his Black Children.

Someone started to sing. The whole congregation rose and with one glorious and resonant voice pealed out a hymn of thanksgiving. Children came from all parts of the church, depositing their gifts in front of the altar, leaving their money on the table. Then a steady stream of men and women moved to the altar, bringing their heavier presents and emptying sacks, baskets, and tins of produce until the piles of beans, corn, peanuts, pumpkins, and other foods hid the altar rail from the congregation. Joy from their hearts showed in their faces and song.

As the happy people filled the aisles they chanted, in true African rhythm and harmony, their dedication hymn:

"You gave us beans, oh Heavenly Father,
With joy we bring some back to You.

"You gave us corn, oh Heavenly Father,
With joy we bring some back to You.

"You gave us peanuts, Heavenly Father,
With joy we bring some back to You.

"You gave us money, Heavenly Father,
With joy we bring some back to You.

"You gave us everything. Heavenly Father,
With joy we bring some back to You."

Upon the altar lay about \$20.00 in cash, to pay the expenses of Evangelists carrying the Christian Message to outlying points. In produce \$40.00 worth of food lay waiting to be used to relieve neighbors in a famine ridden country. Such a community gift was made because these simple hearted people knew that God had particularly favored them in their harvest, that His messengers had taught them ways and means to overcome drought and their other deadly enemies. Out of their hearts they sang the Tswa version of *All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name*, bowing in humble gratitude for a gracious benediction.

CHARLES EDWARD FULLER.

—oOo—

Everybody Works.

Ira E. Gillet, Inhambane.

WE HAVE just come up from the church, after listening to the students report on the progress of their seventeen Sunday Schools which they conduct in as many villages within a radius of an hour and a half walk from Kambini. You would have delighted in their enthusiasm and enjoyed their accounts of the way the children and the old folks study the lessons. Some praised the singing, others told of visits in the families, others still of the plots of ground that had been cultivated in the cool season—quite contrary to custom—resulting in crops and food where otherwise there would have been none. Our men and boys have so interested themselves in all that concerns these communities that they really "belong." They act as peace-makers, advisers to health, farm specialists and Sunday School teachers. They bury the dead, encourage the living and form the connecting link between the school and our neighbours. This is of course all quite voluntary and with as little as possible of organization. The Evangelists in training and the Student Volunteer Band carry most of this happy work, which is not confined to Sundays.

Tomorrow we will receive the reports of a considerable group of boys of our Bible and Craft department who have been spending a week, two by two, in more distant villages at the invitation of the pastors. They will come back to school rather tired, but each telling a story of how well the children sang, how the big folks asked advice about their farming, and of the baskets the boys made.

A new missionary of another church asked us how people who are in training to be preachers can be helped to keep their enthusiasm and evangelistic zeal during their years of schooling. The only answer we know is the one we practice here—begin at once as a student with definite responsibility to a needy community and do one's best to help them to the Abundant Life in every sense.

Where Hitler failed.

Leslie and Carol Sara, Congo.

HERR HITLER doesn't know where Kanene is, but he caused a big change there just the same. John Brastrup was on furlough in Denmark when the Germans arrived and bottled him up. Since that left us a missionary short, one station had to get along without supervision, and Kanene is it.

The German master mind who says that we are "educating half-apes to become lawyers" would be surprised if he could visit Kanene today. Pastor Losta would greet him with a stiff bow and explain that he was in full charge. He would go on to say that he has charge of instructing young Christians in the faith, and of shepherding the more mature who are busy with their studies. He lays out the daily work: the planting and caring for extensive fields, the repair of all buildings, the weaving of mats and the making of chairs. Also he teaches a class of 35 boys. Losta talks with an excited air and leans forward with an eager smiling expression when you reply. Hitler might have misgivings about calling him a half-ape.

Then if his conscience perks at all, he would repent at the sight of keen, alert, lithe, Albert Mukumbi. The arrival of a visitor would make him marshal all his students in battle formation. At a word, they would march past singing the Kanene songs and giving the salute smartly. The Fuehrer would like the marching but he would want to replace the fountain pen with a gat. Albert might argue him out of that notion by showing how busy he keeps the lads—150 of them in six classes. Of course Albert has assistant teachers, but he is in charge of all studies. He is postmaster too and storekeeper on the side.

To make Bandit No. 1 further see the error of his ways, we could call old Mutombo. He would come bare footed and looking as mussed up as ever. But like Amos, he will fix any man with his eye and tell him the truth as God gives him to see the truth. He is grandpa to everybody in the compounds, he is a friend to boys needing counsel, and an awe-inspiring magistrate to a culprit caught in mischief. He tours the villages on his bicycle expounding the word of salvation in a mighty voice and calling sinners everywhere to repentance.

Anyone would see that Kanene minus supervision from a resident missionary is still a going concern, and that what makes it tick is the fine co-operation of these men. They are very different in appearance and personality and gifts, but we thank God for their consecrated lives, and for the ability with which they are carrying on their appointed tasks. Rejoice with us over these our fellow workers in Christ. These and many others like them are full justification for our faith in the enabling power of the Gospel.

An Ordinary Boy.

A True Lion Story.

I HAD gone by car some 65 miles one day, when I came to a big deep river. The car was parked with the nearest European settler who allowed me to cross the water in an aged boat which sank as I stepped out on the other side and was never seen again. At this point appeared a tall and spirited mule with whom I carried on a twelve mile controversy, similar to that of Balaam, only the angel was on my side and behind the mule, so that we reached the mission station in good time and moderately good order.

In the course of my peregrinations about the station the missionary drew my attention to a very ordinary looking "boy," saying, "Note that boy. I have something to tell you of him later." At lunch he told me this story. A young missionary, freshly out from home, but having paused at the coast to learn the vernacular, set out with a double-barrelled shotgun to get some birds for the pot, there being neither butchers or poulterers in that region. With him went some half dozen school boys. They had no luck, but the young man went further and further against the advice of the boys who knew that lions abounded there and that the sun was going down.

Suddenly, quite close to the party, a great black-maned lion came round a large rock, followed by two lionesses and a cub. The first instinct of the young missionary was to raise his gun and fire at the beasts—a mad enterprise. The Africans induced him to "freeze," and all stood still, gazing into the eyes of the lions.

After a long wait, the senior African whispered that they were to move backwards slowly with the least possible movement of their arms. This was done. Then another whispered order bade them turn slowly and walk more quickly towards a rocky eminence. When this was reached, the party looked back and were horrified to see the "ordinary" boy in the midst of a circle of lions, one lioness sniffing at his feet.

They watched intently for some minutes, when the lion growled, and the first lioness, and then all the lions moved slowly away. The boy then, equally slowly, rejoined the missionary, who, on demanding an explanation why he had not obeyed the instructions to come away, was told that, as they started faces forward, the lions had begun to follow, and would have caught them very soon.

He said, "I had been told that Jesus had given His life for us, and that we should be like Him. So I stayed. But God told the lions that He had more work for me to do," and that closed the incident. I suspect, however, that one glorious Day, that "ordinary" boy will hear it again with surprise from
(See bottom of next column.)



Suppose it has been You.

by Mrs. J. M. Springer.

JUST suppose now that your Mother had been raised as a heathen woman, married when barely a child, lived in a dirty mud hut and had had to dig her own fields all the time before you were born.

Now suppose that at the end of a hard day, this child wife had come in from the field exhausted and doubled up with pain. All the women and children of the village collected in the house where she lay naked, wet with sweat and chilled with the draughts. Do you wonder that after two days and nights of such agony, when you were born into the world she passed out!

One dirty hag wrapped you in a filthy cloth and put you over in the corner of the dirty floor. Then everyone started to howl aloud not with grief but fear. Then men went to dig a grave and no one gave you a thought. Of course when the time came you would be buried with your Mother. Hadn't you killed her? To be buried alive with her was only your due. Besides no one of these women would dream of taking care of you.

Not a cheerful picture is it? But it has happened thousands of times in heathen Africa, and we need to remember that our own ancestors were similar heathen before they heard the Gospel centuries ago.

But here comes a Christian woman, a missionary. What was all this crying about? Sullenly the men answered, "A woman has died." Most heartily they wished this strange woman would clear out and go on her way. But she did nothing of the kind. "Where is the woman?" she asked and went over where the loudest wailing was heard. There was the poor girl wrapped in dirty blanket lying on the floor.

lips he has learned to love and serve. These are the facts and to me they seem to constitute a jewel for a Crown—no longer of thorns.

Related by Evan E. Biss.

"What was the cause of her death?" asked this trained nurse. The women shrugged their shoulders sullenly also. "She had a baby," someone snapped.

"Where is the baby?" she asked. "O somewhere or other: how should we know?" Would this nuisance ever go? they thought. But she stuck to it till they found the poor, cold little one. Suppose it *had* been You? Horror filled her when she found this live baby was to be buried with its mother. "May I take it with me?" she asked. Another shrug. And so little Marco was saved: but a sad little chap. Supposing though it had been you?

—oOo—

About Dambakurimwa.

"More than one hundred years ago a large place near the Impudzi River ceased to be plowed. Dambakurimwa means that the place must not be plowed for the gardens. This is the reason and the story as told by an old man.

The white Cow.

He said that his father told him that there appeared in a large pool in the river a white cow. She came out of the water and disappeared behind a large kopje. The people followed but they could not find the cow. Everybody in the place was asked but nobody had seen her.

The Shangwa, (destruction).

Wild beats after that time began to eat the people. Famine and sickness killed many of the people and only a few remained. This history is well known by all the people.

About thirty years ago, a large number of men came from Melsester to Umtali to carry back goods for the white people. On the return journey they came to the pool at Dambakurimwa and stopped to drink and wash. One of the group called Gaazi disappeared. They searched for him all day in the pool but could not find him. The next day they found the body on the ground beside the pool. The mouth, ears and eyes were smeared with food. They buried him in the ground. The next morning they found that the body was taken from the grave. When the people heard this story their hearts were again filled with fear and they would not come near the place to dig their gardens.

Gardens are there now.

When I had to stop my work as a preacher for domestic reasons, I wanted to put my garden at Dambakurimwa and build my house near by to show the people that there was nothing to be feared.

When the annual meeting of the Rukwadzano (fellowship of Women) was to take place in Zimunya Circuit, a meeting was called of the Circuit leaders to decide where it should be held. We all agreed that it should be held at Dambakurimwa.

When the people heard that we were arranging to hold the meeting there they said, "we will hear bad reports after the meeting because some will be taken by the evil water spirit. When the meeting was over only reports of the blessings of God and of the large number who were converted were heard.

Many Christian families have moved into the place since that time. We have a small chapel where regular church services and class meetings are conducted. Some day this Dambakurimwa will have a strong church and school. Christ has taken the fear out of our hearts and we find this to be a very good place."

(The above is as it was told to Rev. E. L. Sells by a former minister of the Rhodesia Conference.)



New Assets—The Returned Missionaries

TURMOIL abroad is bringing a little-publicized problem and opportunity to the churches of America. Highly qualified missionaries are being drawn out of Eastern Asia and the Near East because of upheavals in the countries where they have been working.

The training, the broad understandings, the personality ratings are high in this selected personnel. But in many cases their foreign service assignments in rural work, in education, in public health, in the preaching ministry have prevented their maintaining close touch with individual home churches. Consequently, the problem of their re-absorption now arises. They are servants of the Church, having consecrated their lives to it.

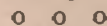
The opportunity is linked with this problem—the opportunity of utilizing with high effectiveness this unusual resource of experience, background, conviction and Christian accomplishment in the souls and persons of these missionaries. As our agents abroad they have overcome formidable barriers and rebuilt shattered structure. They have seen Christ remake individuals and redirect societies. They have been a part of Christianity in creative action. They have tested it. They know it. They believe in its dynamic, its realism. They see it clearly, from personal experience, for what it is, *the power, the way.*

These missionaries, drawn in beside our strongest leadership, can do much to revitalize the American churches at a time of unusual opportunity. They can interpret the underlying spiritual unity of the Church in a world that seems all shattered. They can demonstrate that Christian fellowship which alone today functions across all barriers of nation, race and ideology. They can bring to an American church and society a sense of certainty and clear direction. Having seen, their faith is founded. Having done, they would do yet more. We owe it to them and to our churches to enable them to find places for significant service at home

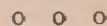
[FEDERAL COUNCIL BULLETIN]

Personals.

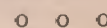
MISS Ruth Thomas, Inhambane, who for years has been doing evangelistic work in the villages, was appointed to Kambini Central Training School at the last Conference. She is teaching Bible in several departments of that institution, reaching an even larger number of people through her pupils who come from all parts of the province.



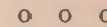
REV. and Mrs. I. E. Gillet have been appointed to care for the Limpopo District. Mr. Gillet retains his work as principal of the Central Training School which will in no way suffer by the contacts he and Mrs. Gillet will make on the large Southern District of the Southeast Africa Conference.



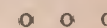
REV. and Mrs. P. W. Keys have been granted a furlough, which they expect to spend in America if passage can be arranged. They have been in charge of the Inhambane Southern District during their last period on the field in addition to many duties in the Central Training School at Kambini.



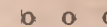
MISS Grace Clarke, of Umtali, Rhodesia, passed through Johannesburg last week on her way to the Cape, where she expects to spend a short vacation. It was on the thirtieth anniversary of her leaving America for the first time for Africa. Having known her since 1912 we know it to be true, and it furnishes another proof that Africa has the finest climate in the world for those who really expect to spend their lives here.



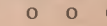
MRS. Taylor of Old Umtali, Rhodesia, underwent an operation some time ago in the hospital at Salisbury. We are pleased to be able to report that she is rapidly regaining her former strength. While recuperating she is giving of her time assisting her husband in his many duties as principal of the Old Umtali Training Institution.



MRS. Roberts of Mutambara, Rhodesia, had accident some time ago, injuring her arm. We understand that she will shortly be able to play as good a game of tennis as ever. It is reported that young Tudor Roberts has been appointed by the Board to go to Rhodesia as a missionary; probably to teach at Old Umtali where his father spent his earlier years on the field.



MRS. John M. Springer writes in her article in this number that Southern Congo has had only one romance. We do not like to contradict her but the second one has happened, in that Mr. Robert Peace, secretary to Bishop Springer, and Miss Joy Stauffacher, daughter of Dr. Stauffacher of Inhambane, became engaged during September.



A DAUGHTER Mary was born to Rev. and Mrs.

Charles W. Fields of Quessua, Angola on October 13th, 1941.

Miss Victory Crandall made the first stage of her trip home from Luanda to Cape Town by plane.

Miss Mary Forman, R.N. has returned to the field after a year's furlough and has been stationed at Wembo Nyama assisting Dr. Sheffey.

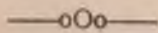
THE following information is taken from a letter from the Board:

"WE have recently received word that the Government will not issue passports for the sailing of children to the Congo. Passports are giving to the wives of missionaries only when it is demonstrated that they have a definite service to perform. The Government also wants to know whether these missionaries are absolutely required and if they are taking the places of others who are coming home."

DR. and W. B. Lewis have indicated their readiness to sail on November 20th, making arrangements to leave their sons in U.S.A. Mr. and Mrs. Reid and Mr. Maw, are also expecting to sail; but Mrs. Maw will remain home with their small child. We greatly regret what seems to be the necessity for these devoted families to be separated and appreciate the fine spirit in which the situation has been accepted.

DR. Hughlett reports that he and Mrs. Hughlett have discussed the matter and she will plan to remain in U.S.A. with the children, while he will hold himself in readiness to return at the conclusion of the usual furlough period.

OUR transportation Department has been able to secure accommodations for the Lovells, Davises and Stiliz.



The Faith of Job.

PAUL Lumbala and wife had a tragic experience last week. Their little three year old Poyo was taken ill one afternoon. He began to cough toward evening and seemed to have some congestion. That night, since we were away with the truck, Paul carried him on his back toward the hospital ten miles up in the hills. About a mile from his destination, he found that the little fellow had ceased to breathe. Malignant malaria had taken him.

The days after the funeral were full of dark sad thoughts and doubts. At the next prayer meeting Paul recalled them and then referred to the fine example of Job. "He suffered so much than I, but faith in God brought him through," he said. Then Paul quoted a prophet with this thrilling word, "Even though he slay me, yet will I trust him." Is Christian faith and grace taking root in the Congo? Well, if you and I have as much as Paul Lumbala, we need to be grateful. LESLIE G. SARA.

Continued from page 2

symptoms would be after he lost consciousness and that she must see the woman through. It was as he said. After he was buried, she came down with fever, but was able to nurse the woman through her baby's birth and then she became delirious and there was no one to take care of her but the little native boy they had brought along; and the only thing he knew how to do was to give quinine. So he kept filling quinine into her till she became blind.

Mr. Hartzler rode day and night on his bicycle and finally got her back to Kabongo and then sent her to Capetown. Gradually she recovered a measure of her sight but refused to go to America and returned to Kabongo. After some years, she began to lose her sight again and the doctors at Capetown said that she must never go where she would have to take quinine. Some time later, she married again and never came back. There are still heroes and heroines who are willing to die for their Lord.

The Guptills on returning from furlough in '18, were accompanied by Helen Everett whose brother was already out here and Laura Wyatt who was to start a school for the white Protestant children. She did; but the shifting population made it necessary to abandon the effort about two years later. Miss Everett went to Sandoa where the Brintons had opened a new station 100 miles south of Kapanga, later to Kapanga and Kanene and in '41 had to be transferred to Elisabethville to take over the women's work in connection with the day school of some 500 Native men and women and children.

The Rev. Irving E. Everett came out in 1918 and was a bachelor during his first term. He even returned after furlough "heart whole and fancy free." But in '26, the arrival of Miss Stella Stauffer brought the only romance the Mission has had. She had already spent five years in Angola and was a woman of proved sterling worth so that our unanimous congratulations were from our hearts and our appreciation of her has never ceased. But without giving particulars, it was a Romance of the First Water.

The next marked step forward in the Mission was the coming of the Longfields in '27. He was a first class draughtsman in Detroit who gave up his job and came to Congo at half the salary to build a church. Inasmuch as conditions are so very different here from U.S.A., it was decided that he had better first of all put up the Mission House—also a Wallace Memorial. This he did. The Shields were the first to occupy it but before it was entirely finished, they had to leave for U. S. A. on account of health reasons in the family. Consequently we lived in that house seven years and loved the place and the work in the center of the largest mining activities and smelting plants in the Katanga and probably of the whole Congo.

Then the Longfields came to Elisabethville and put in three years building the beautiful Wallace Memorial Methodist Church. Some said it was too large, etc., etc., but every corner of it has been filled and not an inch to spare in these last five years. After its completion, the Rev. Victor Longfield had one whole year as its pastor and it was with regret that we saw him and his wife leave for furlough and a greater regret that circumstances prevented their return to Africa.

The need of a Central Training School for pastors and teachers led to the choice of a site at Kanene which then seemed central. The Smyres and Smalleys put in fine work but when they left on furlough, only Miss Ann Olsen was left. It was at that time that the Booths arrived and were hustled to her relief as she was very ill and eventually carried on a new work in a new language. The Everetts had followed the Smyres and after two years of experienced work and familiarity with the language, had just gone on furlough. But the Rev. Newell S. Booth and Wife thrived on difficulties and put in five splendid years of work there. They were later joined by the Hartzlers tho much of Mr. Hartzler's time was necessarily spent out in his District. His two sons were also there part of the time and the young, Omar, expects to return as a missionary in a year or two at the latest after finishing his training at Boston University.

DIRECTORY OF MISSIONARIES
of the Methodist Church in the Elisabethville Area,
 BISHOP J. M. SPRINGER, Elisabethville, Belgian Congo.

Angola Mission

Caixa 9, Malange, Angola, Africa

Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Edling

Quessua, Caixa 9, Malange.

Miss Cilicia Cross

Miss Violet B. Crandall

Rev. and Mrs. Charles Fields

Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Kemp

Miss Alpha Miller

Miss Marie Nelson

Miss Irene Shields

Caixa 68, Luanda, Angola

Rev. and Mrs. A. H. Klebsattel

On furlough

Rev. and Mrs. Ralph E. Dodge

Miss Ingle A. Johnson

Miss Zella Glidden

Central Congo Mission

Wembo Nyama M.C.C.M. Lusambo, Belgian Congo.

Rev. and Mrs. H. P. Anker

Dr. & Mrs. C. P. M. Sheffey

Rev. & Mrs. E. B. Stilz

Rev. & Mrs. E. H. Lovell

Rev. and Mrs. Marshall Lovell,

Rev. C. W. Chappell

Rev. & Mrs. Inman U. Townsley

Miss Annie Laura Winfr-y

Miss Amimae White

Tunda M.C.C.M., Lusambo.

Rev. J. J. Davis & Mrs. Davis

Miss Mary Moore

Miss Catherine Parham

Minga M.C.C.M., Lusambo.

Rev. & Mrs. H. T. Wheeler

Miss Myrtle Zicafoose

Miss Ruth O'Toole

Lodja, M. C. C. M. Lusambo.

Rev. & Mrs. Wm. De Ruiter

Miss Kathryn Eye

On furlough.

Dr. & Mrs. W. S. Hughlett

Miss Edith Martin

Miss Dora J. Armstrong

Rev. H. C. Ayres

Dorothy Rees

Miss Norene Robken

Miss Lorena Kelly

Miss Annie Parker

Dr. & Mrs. W. B. Lewis

Rev. & Mrs. J. H. Maw

Miss Mary Foreman

Rev. and A. J. Reid

Southern Congo Mission

Elisabethville B.P. 522, B. Congo

Rev. Elwood R. Bartlett

Miss Helen N. Everett

Jadotville B. P. 450

Rev. & Mrs. C. C. Hartzler

Mulungwishi, via Jadotville, B. P. 450.

Rev. & Mrs. L. C. Sarah

Kapanga via Dilolo

Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Piper

Miss C. Marie Jensen

Sandoa via Dilolo

Rev. & Mrs. E. I. Everett

Miss Anna Lerbak

On furlough

Rev. & Mrs. T. B. Brinton

Rev. J. E. Brastrup

Rev. & Mrs. Newell S. Booth

Rev. Howard Brinton

Rhodesia Mission

Umtali, Southern Rhodesia

Rev. and Mrs. P. B. Christian

Miss Grace Clark

Rev. and Mrs. E. L. Sells

Old Umtali, P. B. Umtali, S. Rhodesia,

Miss Marjorie Fuller,

Rev. and Mrs. R. C. Gates

Miss Irene P. Gugin

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Hamrick

Miss Ruth Hansson

Rev. & Mrs. Per Haasing

Miss Frances Quinton

Miss Rosa Rydell

Rev. and Mrs. H. E. Taylor

Mutambara, Southern Rhodesia

Miss Marguerite Deyo

Miss Violet Mabie

Rev. and Mrs. G. A. Roberts

Miss Ila M. Scovill

Miss Lulu Tubbs

Mrewa, Southern Rhodesia.

Rev. and Mrs. H. I. James

Nyadiri, P. B. 136 E, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia

Dr. A. Garfield Anderson

Rev. and Mrs. T. A. O'Farrell

Miss Sarah King

Miss Edith Parks

Miss Beulah Reitz

Miss Alice Whitney

Mtoko, via Salisbury, S. Rhodesia

Rev. W. Bourgaize

On Furlough.

Rev. and Mrs. M. J. Murphree

Miss Oril A. Penney

Miss Ona Parmenter

Miss Jessie Pfaff

S. E. Africa Mission

Kambini Station, Box 45, Inhambane, P.E. Africa

Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Fuller

Rev. and Mrs. I. E. Gillet

Rev. and Mrs. P. W. Keys

Rev. Per Knutson

Rev. and Mrs. J. S. Rea

Miss Ruth Thomas

Gikuki Station, Box 41, Inhambane, P. E. Africa.

Miss Clara Bartling

Miss Victoria Lang

Miss Mabel Michel

Miss Ruth Northcott

Rev. J. D. Pointer

Dr. & Mrs. C. J. Stauffacher

37 St. Amant Str., Johannesburg South Africa,

Rev. & Mrs. J. A. Persson

Was it an accident that sent Victor Longfield to a Detroit Church near that of Leslie Sarah's just when another emergency arose here in Congo? Not at all. God does things that way. Result: a wire, a visit to New York by the Rev. Sara and next we see him filling in big gap at Kanene. Mrs. Sara is an experienced teacher and both of them were well acquainted with French. And when the Hartzlers had to leave to fill another gap made by illness, they and Helen Everett carried on the school effectively.

When the site for the Central Training School was selected at Kanene, it seemed to be the best that was available. But as the years passed, there were many changes throughout the Colony and recently another site was opened up to us far better since it is situated on a main motor road and railroad from Elisabethville to Lobito Bay on the Atlantic Ocean. This site is Mulungwishi and in 1941 the Institute and all the senior students were moved by Rev. Leslie B. Sara to what has been voted to be named the CONGO INSTITUTE. The Rev. Howard Brinton assisted in the moving, it being about the time for his to leave for furlough.

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