

South Africa Missionary Advocate

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Dr. A. L. Piper and his staff of native helpers.

Kapanga, Belgian Congo.

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For a sick World

Christian missions, today as always, recognize all human ills, from thirst and hunger for drink and food to hunger and thirst for righteousness. The world now, as always, needs some power other than its own to provide food for the body and food for the soul. The world is physically and intellectually and morally and spiritually helpless. This is the fact in this new era of missions, as in all preceding eras. In this new era Jesus Christ Himself is held to be central. The revelation of the love and purpose of God in and through Jesus Christ is the central message. This message includes the feeding of the hungry, the clothing of the naked, the enlightening of the ignorant, the freeing of the enslaved, the amelioration of the condition of the underprivileged, the equipment for moral achievement in personal life, the removal of the paralyzing sense of guilt—in short, the actual experience of eternal life here and now.

Christianity above all religions has this power in the highest de-

gree. Christianity alone has provision for releasing powers that will yield food enough for the world's hungry, clothing enough for the world's ignorant, release from the world's moral impotency.

While all religions have their own eschatologies, Christianity alone postulates a beyond and yonder, where human destiny has its realization. The faith in immortality gives worth to the individual and scope to imagination and vigor for moral achievement not discovered elsewhere. Having found these values, men will not let them slip from their grasp. With this hope man is panoplied against all foes. The assured faith of the Christian is, that "here we have no continuing city," but "we seek one to come." This assurance is only in Christ, and Christ is in no other religion, unless we put Him there. The worth of the Christian message is the worth of Christ, the permanence of the message is the finality of Christ. And the finality in human history is sinlessness—a moral achievement that begins now and ends when men shall be like Him. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for He shall save his people from their sins."

—Selected.

—oOo—

An illustrated Sermon

Luis Azevedo was the preacher this morning. He read Matthew 11: 25-30, and then he said, "Today we are going to have an "illustrated sermon." I thereupon expected to see him produce from behind the pulpit some pictures. But no pictures were forth-coming

so I waited.

He said, "My verse is, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." "What have you done, what have I done that we are weary and tired? What burdens do we carry this morning? Only our clothes. Have you a hoe or hatchet or basket, or other load? No. The verse says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." It is an invitation for you, for me—for what? For salvation."

"Now we will have the illustration. I want seven little boys who can read to come here." Seven small boys came one by one to the front of the church wondering what was expected of them. Luis made them form a circle with one in the middle. Each boy in the circle was given a slip of paper on which words were written.

"Now", said Luis, "the boy in the middle is the heart, and let us see the things that are surrounding it and burdening it. We all have burdens. Stealing is a bad sin, but Jesus said, "Come unto Me"—He can take this burden away. The boy who has "thieving" on his ticket may go away. Now you see the heart is relieved a little, but there are still other burdens. Drinking wine is bad, but we can bring that also to Jesus. Who has 'drunkenness' may also go away, and now we see the heart a little more relieved of it's burdens. But there are other burdens, and Jesus says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Anger, enmity, jealousy and witch-craft—all these things burden the heart

—but we can bring them all to Jesus."

One by one the boys went away and the 'heart' was left standing alone. "Now," said Luis, "the heart is relieved. How can we be relieved of our burdens. By confession and repentance. Jesus says, "Come unto Me," and when we come and tell Him our burdens He takes them away and gives us salvation and a happy heart. We have only to come, it is an invitation. This salvation is for now, today, this very moment. If we will accept it we shall have the happy heart. May God help us, and bless His Word."

—Irene W. Shields.

—oOo—

The last Pontoon

He could see it coming. It wasn't the common kind that he had driven his car onto so many times in his 33 years in Africa, not at all. Some of those, especially in the early days had been so small and looked so dubious! No, this was large and wafting on a glow from the sunset which was already near. He had no fear of going onto THIS pontoon. He feebly reached out his hand and placed it on the small one beside him, the dearest one in the world. He was pained to think of her being left behind. The day was almost gone. There was a honk at the front door. "Who is it?" he asked Alice his faithful nurse. "The Bishop," she said. He closed his eyes again. Yes, the pontoon was getting nearer, nearer, nearer. The Bishop was not to make his appointment this year or ever again. But there was

the Pilot on the lighted pontoon. HE would attend to that. Five hours later the pontoon drew up to the shore and his overworked body fell asleep and his Soul went marching onto the gleaming pontoon: rest at last.

I think he could see the gathering of pastors, teachers and laity who had come for the Conference. Their sorrow was greatly mitigated by the joy that he had left his body with them. If he had sailed on that ill-fated ship, his and his wife's body would have been at the bottom of the sea. Now she, the brave, beautiful, white-haired Mother to many of them, was left and his dear body was where they could go and visit the spot. They were so glad to do the last thing they could for that dear body and the coffin they made of beautiful African lumber was a token of their love. The next evening as he lay in it in the sitting room where he always listened to the radio News, he now saw them march by the coffin and as they looked on his dear, sweet face, he preached his last sermon face to face with them.

I think he was present at the crowded funeral in spirit as well as in body. He saw the beautiful flowers that completely covered the casket, the altar and the front of the church. It was more like a wedding than a funeral. There was none of the gruesome wailing and howling that he had heard often years ago in heathen kraals, to keep the evil spirits away from the mourners. None of that. The choir under its Native leader sang beautifully and especially "One last

River" translated into Tswa. There were tributes and sermons from the Bishop, Rev. J. A. Persson in Tswa and two fine Native Pastors, and one felt as if the gates were opened and one could see the Pontoon make fast to the heavenly shore and a "crowd of witnesses" come down to escort the gallant Soul which was led by the Pilot; and we who sat in the pews were sure that we had heard something akin to the Hallelujah Chorus which, by-the-way, that same Choir sang beautifully in the afternoon. Pliny W. Keys' Noble Spirit had crossed the last Pontoon.

—Mrs. J. M. Springer.

—oOo—

Thank You, Doctor!

Every Christian mission in Africa carries on some medical work. Bishop Taylor brought two doctors in his first missionary party, in 1885. One of these, Dr. Mary Davenport, developed a well-paying practice among the whites, as well as treating natives. Both of these doctors survived but a short time here, and I was the next doctor sent here by our Board. I arrived in 1923. In 1921 a new law went into effect here forbidding all missions to engage in commercial enterprises, though permitting them to sell mission products such as shoes, furniture, printed matter, fruits and vegetables, etc., etc. All missionaries must be supported by their sending constituencies. Doctors with foreign diplomas can have their diplomas recognized, and are allowed to practice among the natives only. I

have heard of but little opposition to these doctors accepting offerings from their patients to go towards the cost of the medicines dispensed, though such offerings usually cover but a small fraction of the costs of the medicines.

When I arrived here I found three nurses in our mission, one at each of our three main stations. One of these absolutely refused to accept offerings from her patients, insisting that they were too poor to pay anything. Another nurse expected offerings, but seldom received any. The third one expressed great gratitude when a patient gave her less than one cent when he had just received a half-dollar's worth of quinine to carry home with him. I still recall vividly one of my first operative patients, one of the wealthy men of the region who had a store, owned a big herd of cattle, hunted with a high-power gun, etc. After highly satisfactory results from an operation he ostentatiously presented me with an offering of two cents. Up until then our mission seems to have served everybody gratuitously, and this man just couldn't realize that I expected a real offering from him, though had I dickered with him before operating he would have gladly agreed to give me a cow, or several of them for my services. I announced that I would treat any and all patients to the best of my ability, and that I would expect an offering from all who were able to give one. I have gradually increased my expectations for my services, frequently telling a patient that the medicines, injections,

or operation, which he should have would cost such and such an amount, thus hoping some day to receive enough from my patients to pay the costs of the drugs dispensed. To give 20,000 treatments annually takes about 800 dollars worth of drugs, and during the past few years I have been receiving about half this amount from these patients. During the past six months I have received about 80 dollars per month, by far the highest that I have ever received, though I have been using more expensive drugs than ever before, especially quinine, tryparsamide, and neo-salvarsan. Rarely now does a patient fail to have the money in his hand to pay what we ask for an intravenous injection, though since I import such drugs at a fraction of what they cost locally, our askings are relatively light. For extracting a tooth with anaesthesia we now ask twenty cents, the anaesthesia costing half of this, and rare is the patient who hesitates at paying. I, or my nurse, see and prescribe for all patients every day, though we may not have as many patients as some other missionary doctors. We have as many patients as we can well handle, as my nurse helps care for the girl's school, and I for the boys' school, not to mention the fact that I am now a D. S. and also Conference Superintendent. Our government has tremendously increased its medical service during the past few years, now having several times more doctors and nurses and medical centres than even ten years ago. However, Christian medical work continues

to have a tremendous value in making effective and practical our Christian message, especially in spreading our influence into new areas.

—A. H. Kemp.

—oOo—

Victory at last!

Eleven years ago Mrs. Loze and myself arrived at Beira, to try to open a way for the Gospel in the Company of Mozambique. Many efforts had been made since 1905, but with great difficulties and opposition. All the same a number had come to know Christ, and a station opened with a boarding school at Bela Vista, Gogoi, near the border of S. Rhodesia, 8 miles from the big American Mission of Mount Silinda. But here also there was trouble.—We had offered to come and stay five years in this port, not knowing what would happen but praying that the LORD would open a door. No use speaking of difficulties encountered. Our only thought today is to praise the Saviour for what he has done through the power of the Holy Spirit. Beira has now a nice Evangelical Hall, where every Sunday between 250 to 400 Machanga hear the Gospel and sing hymns in Portuguese and their native tongue. There is also a daily school with 250 children and an evening school with 175 men. The Gospel has been carried more than 100 miles to the South, and the same distance to the West; probably nearly 2,000 have been converted and 750 baptised. The work has been done by our dear native pastor Rev. G. T. Neomo and his two helpers-evangelists Samuel Sima-

ngo and Aquilas Ngwenha. Authorisation has been given by the authorities to build two houses of prayer in the South of the territory, and to use a house, built by the American missionaries in the West, at Maxemedje, for religious services. In nearly 20 places there are groups of native Christians who meet regularly for worship with voluntary local preachers, men who have come to Beira to get their living, have been converted at the Evangelical Hall, and take to their families and friends what they have received. At GOGOI, our boarding school continues to work, teaching besides the Gospel, the Portuguese language, agriculture & carpentry, in accordance with the desire of the authorities. From this place also, the Gospel is carried all around as far as 50 miles. I have just come back from there, accompanied by two missionaries of Mount Silinda. A congregation of 250 people, the Holy communion with 70 and the baptism of 12 adults and 6 children of Christian parents. A joy for us all, but at the same time we have to repeat the word of Jesus, "The harvest is abundant, but the labourers are few; so pray the Lord of the harvest to send labourers to gather his harvest." We ask our dear Friends to help us by their intercession and interest. The Company of Mozambique has come to an end. The Minister of the Colonies came from Lisbon to take it back into the Colony of Mozambique for the State of Portugal. We have to face a new situation, for which much tact, wisdom and love is needed. Pray for us. The health of Mrs. Loze has obliged us to come and live

at UMTALI, S. Rhodesia, but every month, I make the 200 miles by train to visit and advise our people during a few days. I will not say more; I thought you would be interested to have these few lines of your old friend of 75 years of age whom you so kindly have helped in the work God has given him to do for His Kingdom.

Our prayer are also going for you to the Throne of grace in the terrible time we are all passing through. —Pierre Loze.

Mr. Loze is a missionary of the Swiss Romande Mission in Portuguese East Africa who was retired eleven years ago. Retirement could not dampen his youthful enthusiasm, so he accepted a call to Beira to organize Evangelical work in that part of Africa where so many have failed to get in. The above gives a fair idea of what this "retired" missionary has succeeded in doing for his Lord.

(Editor.)

—oOo—

TSHELA

The headman had been calling all the men of the village. The soldiers of Bula Matari were on the war path and carriers were needed.

So, Tshela and others were designated to join the Army. For the natives, such decisions are the commands of Destiny. Tshela said goodbye to his people and went away with his few belongings: an old blanket, a cup, a bamboo pipe and a chicken.

At the station other recruits coming from different villages

were waiting. After the medical examination, Tshela filled in the rank and when the safari (caravan) started to move, all of them were equally resigned to their fate.

Tshela did not understand very well why they had to go, nor where they were going, nor did he know that on this very same road, many years ago, the slave traders had led their miserable flocks of his captive brothers; or that he, Tshela, a humble army carrier, was marching toward a battle for freedom. Tshela walked mile after mile, was given a place in a crowded truck according to orders. For days and weeks, through unknown country, through heat and cold, beaten by sandbearing winds which hurt his eyes and dried his throat, and made him cough and weep, they went farther and farther.

The heavy trucks drove for days through the Sudan, and arrived at a muddy river so different from the Congo's streams. That was Gambela and Tshela learned what the white men call war. No rest for them or him. Leading a life of terrible privation, clinging to duty, they had to push into an unfriendly country. Sometimes Death whistled from all directions like an inescapable nightmare from the sky under the wings of large and horrible birds flying rapidly and noisily. And Tshela, the army carrier, was going forward always carrying this heavy burden.

He was at the Bortai Battle. During the fighting, soldiers may run and crawl and fight... but a poor carrier does not know these things. Terrified, yet as an auto-



Miss Lerbak and stewards counting Quarterly collection at Sandoa.

mat, Tshela carrying his load, walked by luck between the bullets.

He climbed the Mogi's hills. Under the terrific heat, tropical showers of cold rains, amid rocks or mud the army was going ahead and Tshela carrying always his burden, the burden of the War. In the evening, in the camp built for the night, a tragic silence fell on these prostrate carriers far from their home.

One day, Tshela, worn out, stopped at the road side. Terrible cramps tortured him, and life was bleeding out of him. He came back to consciousness in the military hospital. Again he saw Gambela and the Baro River, bigger with all the rain and mud of the country. In a large and unfinished building, left behind by the retreating enemy, other patients were also fighting against dysentery which kills as surely as bullets.

Weeks passed by, painful and monotonous. Other diseases spread and Tshela, now thin and skinny, was laid low with hemiplegia.

As I came to him for the first time he held his paralyzed hand with the other and sadly let it drop on the cover for me to see his helpless condition. His mouth was distorted by paralysis and could not pronounce words; only his eyes were living but their look was sad and far away.

Tshela refused to eat. He had entered a period of prostration, characteristic of the natives who give way to the feeling that nothing can prevent their death.

At the field hospital it had been decided to evacuate to central hospitals at home all those who had chances of surviving and we were busy getting things ready. One morning as I was passing near Tshela's bed I felt that he wanted me to stop. With his ema-

ciated finger he showed me the patients and then the door; painfully he tried to point at me and to the door again. At first I did not understand, but the intensity of his look made me understand what he could not express by means of words. This man, to whom they did not pay any attention, paralyzed and speechless, had heard and understood that they were getting ready to depart and he also wanted to leave this country of suffering and go home.

It was not an easy matter to arrange. His case was without any hope, and to take Tshela with us meant leaving behind a man who had, perhaps, more chance to recover and live. War has terrible necessities. Under his snappish refusal the doctor did not hide much his pity for the poor chap. But I insisted and interceded so much that I was allowed at last to take Tshela with me.

In his indescribable joy and hope of seeing his home village again Tshela came back to life. He grew stronger and he started eating. Every morning when I came toward his bed, his poor mouth tried to smile and seemed to say: "You see I am so much better and I will be stronger for the journey."

The day finally came for the convoy to leave. The river boat, heavily overloaded and hauling six barges, slowly left the town. Tshela was on board. He became quieter, looking at the river and the water birds. Maybe he thought it was a mirage and that he would never leave this hostile land and see his beautiful country. Nazir, Malakal, Bor... Each passed as a

dream city for him. But one night the Soudanese wind blew fiercely and the next morning many of our patients were breathing hard. Tshela was one of them. I learned soon that all hope was vain and that pneumonia was going to suffocate him soon. He looked at me with supplication seeming to say: "When are we going to get home?"

Knowing that he was going to die soon I told him: "Lobi" (tomorrow). But three times I had to say the same... The last morning before our arrival Tshela did not need my words... I found him dying. In the agony on his face I could read the final battle. Already he seemed in a dream. The heart in its last beating had the rhythm of the tall drums of his native forest; and Tshela, under the moonlight, was entering the village of his people preceded by the heavy drum beat.

I took his good hand to feel the pulse and when it became lifeless I joined it to the other helpless one. At sunset, Tshela, military carrier, "mort en service" was buried. The convoy stopped as at attention. The flowering lotus covering the Nile parted to receive his thin body, draped in its winding sheet, and as it slowly disappeared in the deep waters the green leaves moved together again. An ibis, disturbed by the bugle of the last salute, flew off into the evening colors. Leaning on the rail of the ship I watched the sunset. On the roof of the next barge, a fellah of the crew was bowing toward the East for his evening prayer.

"Allah is Great... Thy compassion is infinite." "Oh, Lord", said the echo of my heart. "In remem-

brance of Golgotha, Oh Jesus, divine comforter of the poor and weary, friend of these who suffer, accept Tshela, the humble military carrier, I beg Thee, into Thy light and love."

And the night came with its blue veil, the splendid African night, so peaceful and quiet. The convoy continued its way down the river carrying the Congo warriors asleep toward the country of their dreams, their beautiful country watered by the fabulous Zaire.

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THE METHODIST COUNCIL.

The first meeting of The Methodist Council was held on Aug. 27th, 1942 in the Methodist Hall, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia, with seven delegates from the Synod of The Methodist Church (British) and six delegates from the Conference of The Methodist Church (U.S.A.) attending. The Rev. H. Carter, of the Synod, was elected as the Chairman, and the Rev. E. L. Sells, of the Conference was elected as the Secretary.

Among the items of co-operation discussed were: The uniformity of Discipline and Rules for African Members; Joint Ministerial Training for Africans; Publication of Religious Pamphlets; The Indian Missionary Work; and the Methodist Youth Fellowship for European Young People. The findings were submitted in the form of recommendations to the Conference and the Synod. The Methodist Council is serving a very useful purpose in bringing our two Methodist Churches working in Southern Rhodesia into closer co-operation and fellowship. —E. L. S.

Lion stories—not lying stories

Some months ago while in Angola, Dr. Kemp and Mr. Edling started to criticize a certain missionary book as being full of "impossible" tales. Then they began to recount one experience after another that they knew about right there in their own vicinity. They forgot the book, and by the time they had finished reminiscing, I told them that they had put the author of that book in the shade. She had gone into eclipse when it came to hair-raising tales. All of a sudden they realized that what I said was true, and laughed heartily.

This week two letters came to my table. Miss Marie Jensen wrote, "While at the hospital yesterday morning a man was brought in who had been bitten by a lion. The lion had done a good job on the man. He had been out and killed a lion and went to it after it fell. The lion's mate had missed her friend and came to look for him. She found the hunter by the side of her mate and was furious. As she started for him, the hunter fired but did not kill her, and before his friends found him, the lioness had mauled him badly. His two friends brought him to me and I think I have done a good job in cleaning him up. He was bitten badly from his knee up and the holes were deep but they did not seem to be gangrenous and I hope we can save him."

Miss Jensen had decided to give up the girls' school and give her whole time to the hospital. But, "I am sending you some pictures of

the orphans; one of them we named David. He would have been buried alive with his mother, but some one spoke up and said, 'Why not try the Mission.' So they brought him to me. Another is the child of cannibals, but tho he would have made a nice meal for them when the mother died, his uncle interfered and brought him to me." After similar accounts about orphans including one twin, she says "Not much going on up our way. Though we have eleven boys and twenty girls in the orphanage. The Hospital is almost always full of sick people and our clinics are large. The baby clinic is confined to Mondays, when there is an average of 100. I tell the mothers how to feed them and how to make peanut milk, which they are now using much to the better health of the children. We now have 300 of these babies and wee ones on our roll."

The same day that I got Miss Jensen's letter, one came also from Miss Lerbak who is the sole missionary at Sandoa. She is a master at organization and so could leave the work on the main station in the hands of her Native helpers while she went out on her bike to visit out-stations. She writes, "We (and her three Native teachers) have been out two weeks. We have slept in 14 villages (in huts) and stopped in many more. The roads are well kept now so that itinerating on a bicycle is quite easy and really very pleasant. And we can go where a car cannot go. We have crossed four rather large stretches of over-flooded river beds in small

native canoes among most beautiful water lilies red, white and blue. These crossings are a bit tiring as there is nothing to sit on but one's heels and under a baking sun. On higher grounds the grass is way above our heads. It was a long day and we were very tired.

"We found that we were not the only ones on a journey. The lions and elephants are trekking too. We passed one place where the elephants had been feeding in the morning. It was a Native's garden and had been completely destroyed. At another place the lions had caught pigs a few days before, but had gone on; but now we have caught up with them. The villagers from nearby villages came to greet us and wanted a meeting in the evening, but did not dare, as there were lions on the road. On the Kasaji road, the tsetse flies hitch-hiked on our backs for several miles." (And can they bite? I'll say they can, and cause sleeping sickness too. Many missionaries have got that dread disease from the tsetse.) She goes on to say that witchcraft is still strong in the villages. Worse yet is the drink and gambling introduced by some of the white men. These villages need more pastor teachers and missionary visitation. She had 39 who were converted, but while they plead for more pastors and teachers, these are not to be had.

One more letter came from a Congregational Missionary at Lobito Bay. We have been there often and seen the wonderful work the Lord has wrought in

that whole Umbundu tribe. But I can't resist her lion story. "Lions are getting bolder. Their roaring can be heard in the city of Benguella as they prowl the hills behind the city. Two were seen on the main road about 15 miles from Benguella. Near Dondi, a woman working in her field laid down her baby under a bush before she began work. She later heard a sound and turned about to see her child in the mouth of 'a tawney animal with a tassle on its tail'. She at once attacked the animal with her hoe and the animal dropped the child and made off. The woman picked up the child, but it was already dead. In the same area, a lion is said to have picked up a boy who was going along a forest path. Only pieces of his arms and legs were discovered later." Who says our missionaries are not brave? But they do their work in the joy of the Lord and thank God for the privilege of working here for Him.

—Mrs. John M. Springer.

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Excerpt from Letter

We seemingly are having a hard time to get settled. We were just getting things arranged when we had to dig ourselves out and move from the Congo. It was a very serious move for Mabel so many months along with the baby, so that I was nearly worried sick all the time for her. I have tried to lighten the settling here and to keep my eyes on all our help so that she would have the least concern for them possible. You see, you have to have so much help

here because they do so little. If one boy cuts wood for the kitchen fire, that is all he can do. If another takes care of the chickens, that is about all he can keep his mind on. We have to have a woman do the rough house work while another does the wash. It is necessary to have someone carry water from the fountain at the foot of Quessua Mountain. This is about a two-mile jaunt. It is necessary to have an assistant to the cook, or tableboy. Thus, a portion of the missionary's salary goes to the work, as most of those we employ are preparing for their life work in our schools. When we pay them off at the end of the month, they have to have an envelope for their tithe. They make their "Senhor" take out the title for them. They take it to their class leader, and then the class leader brings it back to the "Patriao". This is not to question their honesty, but because they don't want any chance on their part to be tempted. They are sincere and earnest in their desire to be the best kind of Christians. It makes us feel as if we were living among first-generation Christians in the first century. I wish you could all enjoy such thrills of real Christian living. Amelia, an old servant who has gone through slave days, just came to me and I had to stop writing to advance her four angolars (16 cents) on her pay so that she could get some food. This woman loves us as if we were her own children. Nothing is too much for any of them to do for their "Senhora", or for the new "Queen" of the

house, as they call Mary Rae.

We thought you would like to have a little inside picture of our home life and its wonderful Christian blessings. God surely pours them out, and He is proving how many friends we have in America who pray for us, write encouraging letters, and send along part of their tithe. —Charles W. Fields.

—oOo—

The Rhodesia Conference

The annual session of the Rhodesia Conference of The Methodist Church was held at Mutambara Mission on September 1st to 6th 1942. The Conference was presided over by Bishop Springer. Among those attending were thirty European ministerial and lay missionaries, twenty-six African ministers and twenty-five African lay delegates. The Rev. Herbert Carter, Chairman and General Superintendent of the Methodist Synod (British) was present as a fraternal delegate, and gave the devotional addresses.

In addition to the regular routine business, reports were given by standing committees in regard to evangelism, educational work, medical work and church organization. The Conference approved of the recommendation of The Methodist Council for the formation of a Methodist Youth Fellowship for the young people (European) of the Methodist Churches in Rhodesia.

The annual appointments of the ministers, missionaries and lay workers were read by Bishop Springer at the conclusion of the

Conference on Sunday afternoon. There were no changes in the appointments of either the ministers or missionaries.

The Conference session made considerable progress in a study of the demands being made upon the church in these days of stress. One thing, among many others, accomplished was the completing of the long overdue revision of the rules for African membership in the Church. —E. L. S.

—oOo—

Among the Atatela

The Atatela tribe has a population of about three hundred and fifty thousand and occupies a territory of thirty-five thousand square miles, lying three and one-half degrees south of the equator. This area has its forests and high plateaus. It is well watered and is generally fertile. Many of the great rivers flow through it or near its borders. Among these are Lualaba, the name for the upper sources of the Congo, the Lomani, the Lubefu, and the Sankaru. Tropical fruits of all kinds are grown in great profusion. Much of the land is suitable for cotton. Many coffee plantations are operated by foreign planters, and the coffee bushes, in some sections, may be seen growing about the houses of the people. The people are hardy and of strong physique. In the past they were cannibals. Social morals, according to scriptural standards, are not of a very high order. The men and women away from the State posts or mission centers wear scanty apparel. Because of the compact terri-



The Springers crossing a river in 1907. (See Personals on page 15.)

tory and the small population of the tribe there is furnished an opportunity to bring the gospel message and the establishment of schools and churches to all the principal villages within a comparatively short time. Our generation and another may see this is an accomplished fact.

The Atatela count the day in 1912 when Bishop Lambuth at the end of forty days of exploration found the village of Wembo Nyama and its chief, as one of the great days of their tribal history. And when he returned in 1914, with three missionaries and their wives, the hopes of many people in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, who wanted to share the gospel with a primitive people were realized.

If one sees at first hand what the missionaries have accomplished, battling against disease and climate and immorality and crass savagery, he can but exclaim his admiration

and wonder at what has been done. Out of a tangled skein they have put on the loom of Christian workmanship a warp and woof that has been woven into a genuine Christian fabric. The threads break at times and must be tied and retied, but with infinite skill and patience the missionary weaves and weaves away, never tiring at his task at the loom.

Our missionaries have not been content merely to copy plans and methods of their missions. On their own account they have done some pioneering which has stood the tests of usefulness and adaptability. Many of these achievements have been adopted by other mission agencies in the Congo.

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PERSONALS

Dr. W. S. Hughlett passed through Johannesburg on his way back to the Congo. His brave wife had to stay in U. S. A. with their

four children. This is war time and missionaries are called upon to leave their families to take up their place in the battle line.

Much needed reinforcement for Liberia landed on the East coast of Africa when Rev. and Mrs. M. Persons took that way to reach the field. Mr. Persons will take over the College of West Africa, assisted by Mrs. Persons who is an excellent teacher. Though newly appointed missionaries of the Board, the Persons are familiar with African conditions. Mr. Persons spent some years travelling up and down the Continent with Bishop Springer as his secretary and Mrs. Persons was in Rhodesia for three years while she was yet Miss Lois Jessop.

The Rev. C. C. Hartzler, who had a serious breakdown some time ago, due to overwork caused by the serious lack of missionaries to man the five head stations in the Southern Congo Mission, is well on the way to recovery. Though still incapacitated and in need of the rest only a long furlough can give, we are pleased to report that there is no danger that Africa will lose this devoted servant.

Other welcome arrivals to the Central Congo field are Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Ayres. They will be stationed at Tunda, to permit Mr. and Mrs. Reid to take up their duties at Lodja in succession to the De Ruiters who are going to South Africa for a four months vacation.

Of those on furlough, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Chappell and Misses Parham and Martin are attending the School of Missions at Hartford.

Miss Robkin is teaching in a high school. It appears that Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Maw are held back for health reasons. The Davis family are at Wilmore, Kentucky, where Clara is attending college.

Rev. John Brastrup, who succeeded in reaching United States from Europe, is most urgently needed back on the field. It is therefore with special regret we learn that he is being held back for health reasons.

Mrs. Clara E. Keys has returned to Lubumbane after a short visit to South Africa and Rhodesia. She is taking up her duties in the Training School at Kambini where she will be an inspiration to teachers and students alike by her example of devoted service.

Bishop Springer has tried for three years to get to Liberia which is part of his farflung area. Now that planes from the Congo are linking up with the Pan-Americans he left by air on the 5th of January. Mrs. Springer saw him safely into the plane which, she says, "looked decidedly like a very much used bus at home." We who know Mrs. Springer have no doubt that she would like nothing better than to go to Liberia by air. That the lack of shine to the plane was no deterrent can be proved by the picture the Editor has found among his papers. It would seem that any plane should be safer than the canoe she and the Bishop used for crossing rivers back in 1907. The romance is being taken out of foreign missions! And some of us are very grateful.

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DIRECTORY OF MISSIONARIES
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Elisabethville, Belgian Congo.

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Southern Congo Mission

Elisabethville B. P. B. 522, Congo

Rev. Elwood R. Bartlett

Jadotville B. P. 450

Rev. & Mrs. C. C. Hartzler

Mulungwishi.

No resident missionary.

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C. Marie Jensen

Sandoa via Dilolo

Anna Lerbak

On furlough

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