

South Africa Missionary Advocate

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*Wembo Nyama Church and tower of Bible School building in background.
Bishop Moore, Springer and Mr. Anker in foreground with the congregation of the
final session of the Conference 1939 following.*

THE TOM-TOM OF AFRICA.

*What are the notes of the tom-tom saying
As they ring out weird and clear,
Some words of hope or words of death,
Or words of dread or fear?
They boom across the stilly night,
They boom at break of day
The weird wild notes of the tom-tom,
O! tell me what they say.*

*The strange weird notes of the tom-tom.
You can hear them from afar,
But they oft have throbb'd with lustful beat
With many a note to mar
The music of their vibrant song,
The music of their boom --
The chief has married another wife,
A girl has met her doom.*

*The tom-tom notes, the tom-tom notes
They pulsate, beat and throb:
They tell tales of the dancing throngs
Of a black and heathen mob.
They dance to please the sense of lust,
They dance in grief and play.
The weird wild notes of the tom-tom
O! tell me what they say.*

*O! that the tom-tom notes may ring
Out news good, true and fair,
The Gospel news of saving grace
Across the stilly air.
What once was full of lust and hate
They fraught might be with love,
Their rhythmic measured tones might tell
Glad tidings from above.*

Charles P. M. Sheffey, M.D. Wembo Nyama.

A Rejoinder

By Mrs. J. S. Rea.

Dear Editor:—

In the Zion's Herald of August 9th we found the article "What are We Doing to our Missionaries." Naturally we read it with interest. I do not wish to contradict what Mrs. Cranston wrote, for there is much truth in her words, and her opinion is sound. But I would like to show her other factors entering into the situation which she seems to ignore.

One of our daughters, when a little girl was visiting her WFMS Auntie. While getting ready for bed she remarked, "My Mummy and Daddy are not rich of money, but they are rich of toothbrushes." That expresses our situation better than many more mature statements.

Mrs. Cranston speaks of discouragement, physical and mental breakdowns, and even suicides. All are entirely possible within any missionary circle, but if these same families were at home would it not be just as possible? We, who go to bed more often than not at ten o'clock, and get up with the sun, wonder how our minister and lay friends stand the pace set for them in America. It seems as though the fight for righteousness is just as nerve wracking just as discouraging, just as apt to break one as the fight which we wage in foreign countries. We have no bombs and scrap iron to explain away as missionaries, but the white man has sold Africa bombs just as deadly—sin, vice and injustice. Often we are as powerless to make restitution as are those who are living so valiantly in China.

Yes, yes, and yes again, there is with us always "Danger of disease for oneself and one's family", "Doubt of ability to educate one's children" and "worry over provision for one's old age". But let us strike out that line "uncertainty about one's job". Or at least we should put a question mark after it. For a few years we were deprived of one month's salary each year, but at the same time what was happening at home? My brother-in-law went weeks and months with only a bit of work here and there, and he is just as good a carpenter as my husband is a missionary. My husband's sister lost her snug little bungalow because they couldn't keep up the payments. My sister had to go into debt and spend a restless two

years of dependency when she is an infinitely better physicist than I am a mother and teacher.

Oh, we like our salary just as much as the next man does. We wish we were ostriches and could hide our heads in the sand instead of looking at a depleted check book when we send board and tuition to the school in South Africa where we have our three oldest girls. There isn't anyone who longs and yearns for a sense of security in little and big things as I do, but it seems to me that the spots of security we enjoy are merely in different places from the spots you enjoy at home. And the worries which bring wrinkles and gray hairs to you are not the same as the ones that age us. Let me give some specific examples of what I mean.

My four children are immune from diphtheria and small pox and typhoid. We had no choice in the matter, for all these inoculations are a part of the preparation for departure. The expence is either a part of our travel allowance or is paid by the Board. All four have their tonsils out, and when we asked the hospital about the bill, they said that they had done all four operations as a contribution to our work. So it was with a major operation. We didn't like it, or appreciate the fact that I had to go whether I wanted to or not, but skill and care and kindness were all mine through the courtesy of a hospital. If I had been a house-wife or a minister's wife, I would probably not have gone to the expense of an examination. And if I had, the horror of a debt would probably have made me delay till the doctor's verdict might be, "It is too late". I don't mean that we always get off scot free, but when it comes to unexpected medical crises, we have to a certain degree the sense of security, while you must often be tempted to a "gnawing uncertainty". Old age, and the possibility of a penny-pinching old age is a sobering thought. Big insurance policies are something we read about in books. But I don't believe the old age problem makes any more of a worry factor in our lives than in yours. Maybe a little more, but not much.

And the children, God bless them! We know the problem from A to—shall we say Q? (Our girls are 6, 12, 13 and 17, so we still have a bit more to learn). We read Pearl Buck's "The Exile", and wept bitter tears of self

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J. A. Persson, Editor

Bishop Eben S. Johnson, D. D.

An appreciation by Bishop Springer.

Nearly sixty years ago a young man of England, under the call to the ministry and already on the plan of the Wesleyan Circuit, stood in Westminster Abbey looking down upon the final resting place of the worn body of David Livingstone. A sense of inner urge and commissioning came upon him to offer himself for service in Africa.

But he needed preparation for that work, and so taking his young bride, he went to America where the opportunities seemed greatest for gaining the necessary education.

While serving pastoral charges he was able to pursue his college studies, and on completion of his course, offered himself to the Missionary Society. Three children had come to bless the home, and as other Candidates, offering for the mission field, were in most cases without any family, they were the ones accepted and sent out.

Inasmuch as the basal consecration of Brother and Sister Eben S. Johnson was to Christ and to His service, having put themselves into the hands of the Church, they went on in the ministry in America, serving with acceptance charge after charge, and in time was called to the care of a district. Having learned shorthand in England Brother Johnson was early called to the Secretaryship of the Annual Conference, and having commended himself by his efficiency and faithfulness, was sent to several General Conferences, where he was at once placed on the Secretarial Staff.

On the retirement of Bishop Hartzell in 1916 a successor to the Episcopal Office in Africa was needed, and altogether unexpectedly to Dr. Johnson as well as to everyone else, he was suddenly brought forward and commissioned to that work. In his travels across Africa Bishop Johnson was frequently

in what is known as the Livingstone country. He trod in several places the very paths that David Livingstone had travelled, and he passed nearly every year within 250 miles of where Livingstone's heart was buried at Chitambo in Northern Rhodesia. In the two score years that he administered the work in Africa he witnessed wonderful transformations throughout the Continent. The advances in facilities for travel by rail road, motor road and aeroplane were revolutionary. But of greater significance was the passing of the Conferences under his care from comparative infancy into vigorous adolescence. Church members multiplied, and new believers were gathered in in increasing numbers year by year. The Native workers were growing rapidly in ability and maturity, and where there had been just a few Native members of Conference, during those twenty years scores of young men had developed so that they were brought forward by the various Conferences for him to place his hands upon them in ordination.

Local support for the work steadily increased and thus it had come about that greatly enlarged work could be cared for by a smaller staff of Missionaries and with reduced income from the sending lands.

Through all these twenty years he had the joy of seeing the steady advance in the work of the Kingdom under his immediate supervision, and in which he did his part, and he passed on to his successor the supervision of a steadily growing and advancing work.

His last two or three years on the field were marked by a considerable amount of suffering. At the time of his retirement he was in fairly good health, and in the years following, as long as strength permitted, he was active in making known to the Churches at Home the needs of Africa, and he constantly bore the work in that Continent in prayer and in deepest of interest, and shared still in its advancement by gifts, and by helpfulness, manifested in various ways.

Bishop Johnson was in the front rank of his Church as a presiding officer, and in the knowledge of Ecclesiastical Law and procedure. One of the secretaries of the General Conference once said that when Bishop Johnson was in the chair he had little concern about procedure, as he knew that he would carry everything forward efficiently.

Bishop Johnson was an able preacher, and his ministry was sought for on all possible occasions.

His passing on into the larger life came on Sabbath, December 10th at Portland, Oregon. He is survived by his widow and three children. His two sons, one a minister and one a doctor, are both resident in or near the city of Portland, Washington, and his daughter resides at Cape Town, South Africa, where for sixteen years Bishop and Mrs. Johnson had made their home.

—oOo—

War clouds and Mission sunshine

By Mrs. J. M. Springer.

We disembarked at Lobito Bay on Aug. 26th, 1939. Driving back to Luanda, we found the city covered with flags in honor of the President of the Republic of Portugal who was paying a visit. The Governor General of the Congo had come on a plane and many other dignitaries were present.

We had a fine Annual Conference at Luanda this year. The work there is a joy though we regret that there are not two missionary couples instead of one. No one man can do all there that needs to be done. Angola sorely needs more missionaries.

But this year it was our great pleasure to attend the Conference at Wembo Nyama which mission was begun by Bishop Lambuth in 1914 and this was the 25th Anniversary. Bishop Arthur J Moore had strongly urged my husband to be present. Happily for us he was a fellow passenger with us as far as Lobito. Then he went on to Leopoldville and took a plane. But we had to drive from Luanda and the war bugles sounded before we could reach the Congo border. The Government immediately mobilized all the gasoline and for some hours, it looked as if we would be stalled indefinitely but the dear Lord brought relief



From right to left front row: The Paramount Chief of the Otelele tribe, Bishop A. J. Moore, imitation of Witch doctor, Bishop Springer and Rev. H. W. Coxill.

from a most unexpected source so that we crossed into Congo on schedule time. Again we found that the Belgian Government had also mobilized all the gasoline but we had far less difficulty in buying it and soon none at all.

Bishop Moore presided at this Central Congo Conference at Wembo Nyama. The Otetele tribe, among which this mission was started, was one of the most degraded in all Central Africa, which is saying a good deal. Cannibalism was common. But twenty-five years of the Gospel of Jesus Christ has worked incredible miracles. And one must give credit to the loyal backing that was given by the Church South. Men and money was poured out most generously but on the whole the people have made progress in selfdevelopment, self-government and self-support. There is a large staff of missionaries and they are beginning to put more and more responsibility on their Native Helpers which is as it should be. The new Bible School will be a most valuable asset and meet a crucial need. Under the United Methodist system, we feel sure that the work will go on every whit as vigorously as in the past. It was a joy not only to be present at that Conference but to visit each of the main stations some of which we visited six years ago. We were also much pleased that Bishop Moore needed to go through Elisabethville and was able to spend a Sunday there for the first time. Verily here in Africa as elsewhere throughout the world, we can joyfully say, The METHODISTS are one People.

We look not north or south but UP to our Lord and Master Jesus Christ.

Intensive Evangelism

From a Letter from the Booths in Elisabethville.

Since I wrote about our school last time the enrollment has kept on growing. It passed 750. Some are always leaving, but new ones come to take their places. Fortunately not all of them come every day. But our attendance has gone over 500. The little tots in the kindergarten, a lot of rain, and a good deal of sickness has kept the attendance down. I do not know what we should have done if any more had come.

One of the finest things that has happened about our educational work was the visit for a month of Dr. and Mrs. Carpenter, the recently appointed educational advisers for all the Protestant missions in Congo. We are expecting even more profit when we get their letters back after a three months' trip around to various mission stations. Newell went with Dr. Carpenter on a visit to the United Mission to the Copperbelt, across the line into Rhodesia. We have often wanted to see the result of the splendid cooperation between five missions, the government and the mines. They are working out a real program. It would be fine to develop such cooperation for Elisabethville, Jadotville, and the mining sections around.

One of the results of the visit was the coming to Elisabethville of a national pastor from Nyasaland who is working on the Copperbelt. We had a good ten days with him. He had meetings, preached for us, and went around with our pastor Benson, hunting up and inspiring the people from Nyasaland. He really gave them new fire which has resulted in increased attendance and the formation of two new Sunday School classes and a new class meeting. I think we shall have another pastor from another area visit us in a few months.

The visit of this pastor fitted in well with the visitation evangelism campaign we are having. We are at the work of visiting every home in our parishes, both in the city and out in the villages of the district. We have had some meetings of the workers who have reported good progress. We are developing a supplementary group. We have long had the parish divided into geographical units with a man and woman volunteer worker in each unit. Now we are getting representatives for each

mission station from which we have people in town. These workers will be responsible for the people from their own stations. They will look after them, report them to the unit leaders, keep them interested in and coming to the church, and find out about all comings and goings. They are already at work with good results. Before we get through we shall have a half dozen stations from Nyasaland, a score or so from Rhodesia, a few from Angola, and fifty or more from the Congo. We need a lot of helpers for the pastoral supervision of our continually changing population. One of the results was over 200 at prayer meeting last night. Can any of you beat that?

At our last district conference we made plans for the visitation in the villages. There also have been units with consecrated workers. We made them, and have followed in the month since the plan of visiting one or two of the chapels each Thursday with all the people out to the chapel. We have reached all of them during the month. It has helped us to get better acquainted and has kindled some new fires.

One of the pastors who has been doing the most pastoral visitation is Bernard Ilunga. We found that he had reaped the fruits in increased attendance and in five new believers. His people are anxious to carry on. Bernard is a loan from our station at Kanene. I hope that we shall be able to secure another loan as good when he returns home. We ask you all to pray for Bernard, for the other teachers in the villages and those here in the city, for the unit leaders and the station representatives as we work together in this visitation work. May we all help to open up doors to the Christ "who stands at the door and knocks".

—oOo—

All-European Conference at Copenhagen

European Methodism had never had a special conference with representatives from every section where Methodist Churches had been founded, and it was thought that this was the psychological time for such one to take place, and it was evident that no better place could have been found in which to hold it than in the beautiful "Merchant's Harbor" of Denmark.



*Missionary evening at Copenhagen All-European Methodist Conference
August 3, 1939.*

Needless to say, we were delighted to be present for several reasons. For myself the city was fragrant with memories of visits in my youth. Then Mr. Springer and I had made a tour of Sweden and Denmark 29 years ago since then there had been many new friendships formed and old ones were revived.

But more than anything else was the desire to revisit these northern countries where the spirit of missions is burning so strongly and from which we are getting some of the finest recruits in a time of greatest need. Having made a speaking tour around Sweden and Norway, we came back to Copenhagen to this unique Conference.

It was a revelation to me to learn how many countries in Europe were represented. To be sure one reason was that I was not so well posted on the work having been done by the former Church, South. And best of all, at a period when all Europe was at high tension and the boom of a gun at any time might be the signal for the most devastating war the world has ever seen, yet at that Conference there was the same Spirit of the Master that was so manifest at Kansas City at the Unification Conference last May.

Every service saw the church crowded, and I was impressed with the fact that the most of those present were young. Many pastors and their wives had waited for a vacation till they could come to this conference, even if for not more than one or two days, and many

stayed throughout. And when the one Conference adjourned, the WFMS staged another at Odense, another city full of memories for me. We regretted sincerely that the necessity of reaching Bruxelles and attending to business in connection with our sailing on the Belgian Line for Africa, prevented our remaining to its close.

The Women's organization in Europe, and in Scandinavia especially, has done the same blessed work of educating the churches about the world at large and inspiring them to carry out the Master's command to go into all the World with His own Blessed News, that it has done in America, and wherever it has been an organization of the churches. The Scandinavians are rich in their giving because they are lavish in their love to their blessed Lord and Redeemer. And their devotion and knowledge have kindled a blaze of missionary spirit that is helping greatly to fill some of the big gaps in our depleted ranks in Africa. Let not the U. S. A. fall behind.

To return to the Conference. It would be impossible to go into all the details, for they would fill a volume. The addresses were usually interpreted in English, German and Scandinavian. While it is dangerous to choose out one person more than another, I think no one will disagree with me that the outstanding man of all was Bishop Nuelsen. It was also true that no other man knows the whole of Europe so well and so long, nor is there an-

other one who loves it better. It was fitting that as senior Bishop, he should read the Episcopal address which was a masterpiece in itself.

Bishop Wade was our most gracious host and his wife our most charming hostess. But the business in hand was too important to spend time in compliments and pleasantries.

To us personally, missionary evening was the special occasion, for there were two young folks present whom we expect to be sent to Africa in a few months, and some who had already served there. We greatly rejoiced to see how much Miss Lerbak had gained in health and strength, and we were very glad to meet Miss Lindquist and find her improving also. And what was more than the number of people in the church and the number of young missionaries represented was the fact that back of these missionaries was a power of prayer to bear them up and sacrificial giving towards their support.

Nor is that all, for we know that there will be more missionaries to follow. There are a dozen Scandinavian Methodist missionaries in Central Africa now and we feel sure that they are but the forerunners of many yet to come.

Helen M. Springer.

—oOo—

One Sabbath at Nyadiri

By Josephine B. O'Farrell

Sunday dawned so bright and lovely, birds sang everywhere, trees were leafing out in their new spring colours, and Sabbath peace had come, which brings rest and quiet to our souls and bodies after a busy week.

But, I fear, much of this was lost to us, as our minds and hearts were so filled and saddened by the news which came over the Radio, the night before, declaring that "Europe was in a state of war." We thought of dear friends in those countries, and of the suffering and desolation which would follow. We were thinking of these things as we went to the morning service.

Two important things were to take place. A collection for the "African Missionary Society", and "Reports upon the Rukwadzano Convention."

For several Sundays, our people were reminded of a collection, the first of the kind,

which was to be taken on this Sunday, for the "African Missionary Society."

At last conference, the society was organised, and now we were ready for the offering. Everybody came forward with their gifts, and placed them on a table near the pulpit. It was a thrilling sight to see them coming up, row by row, and also amusing to see parents waiting at the table until there was sufficient change to get pennies for their children to give. They were as surprised and pleased as we were to find that \$29.00 had been contributed. Not bad at all when one considers that the average wage for adult students, when working, is not more than \$3.75 a month, girls much less. There are only three holidays during the school year when they can work for money. There were about 200 students there besides parents who are mostly farmers. Collections for the same cause, were taken that day, at all the outstations. We have not heard the results yet.

After the collection was taken, reports were given by Christian women of the convention called "Rukwadzano", which was held the previous week in the Mrewa District. It was a union meeting of all the District groups in the "North country", to which delegates from the "South Country" had been sent. More than 2,000 women were there. Although the business and preaching is done by the women, many men and young people attend. These groups are organised in every District with small groups at every out-station. They meet together once a week for prayer and to discuss ways and means of solving the problems of their homes and communities. Their numbers are growing and reaching in the northernmost work of the conference. Twelve women with babies on their backs, blankets and food on their heads, and one man, walked from their homes seventy miles to Nyadiri, and then took a lorry to the camping place for one shilling each, all the money they had. They were quite prepared to walk the whole distance back to their homes, 110 miles. But the women became so interested in these people, these newest Christians, their pleasure at being there, their friendliness, and their spiritual eagerness, that they got busy and took up a collection to pay their lorry fares back as far as Nyadiri.

The four women gave enthusiastic reports of the Convention. But the climax of the morning came when Job got up to give his impressions of the meeting. I love to hear Job talk.

He speaks so slowly that even a newcomer could understand him, besides he always has something worth while to say. A new experience had come to Job at that convention. Said he, "Friends, I've been born again," and with much emotion he led the whole congregation into that new experience with him. The service ended with a large altar service.

As I walked home my heart had lost the sadness of the early morning. I was inspired and uplifted. For I knew that the service that morning was typical of others, though different, throughout the world. While it seems that the world has gone mad, yet God's children continue to work to Save the lives of their fellowmen.

—oOo—

The sword of the Lord and Gideon

by J. S. Rea, *Inhambane.*

No Old Testament story has a greater thrill or calls forth more admiration than this story of the wonderful defeat of the Mideonites by Gideon's band.

Those of us who dwell and work at Kambini feel that in a way the old story is being re-enacted, and it gives us such a thrill that we would like to share this modern version with you. For we know that you, too, will rejoice to hear that the hosts of Satan are being defeated and are on the run. We also know that you would love and respect Gideon if we could only tell the story as well as the ancient author of Judges tells it.

Kambini is fifty years old. Its influence has gone out North, South, East and West. Pastors, evangelists, teachers, hundreds of outstations and even home mission fields owe much to Kambini, BUT...

There has always been an area just around us that has seemed to remain completely indifferent, thoroughly heathen, and a vantage point from which Satan was constantly able to send out raiding parties.

For years, groups of students went out into this encircling territory to "preach". Fifteen years ago we found the groups of school boys going out Sunday afternoons, but they were not too well supervised and had no special training. Often it seemed to mean little more than an opportunity to exhibit their supposed

superiority and scold and ridicule the "heathen". And as might be expected, neither the heathen or the students benefited much.

Just over ten years ago David Maperre, who was then pastor, prepared a paper on Religious Education for his Conference Course of study. As a result he tried to change the preaching idea over to a sort of Sunday School plan. It was very difficult at first, for, whatever the name, the leader liked too well to hear himself talk and did not really believe that the heathen people could learn anything. Gradually, however, the new method took the place of the old, but nearly all of the groups were very small and just on the edge of the mission property.

When Gideon Jamella became pastor he ignored the possibility of 200 students going out to evangelistic work each Sunday, and built his campaign around twelve married evangelists in training. He divided up the territory and sent them out to seek out a family in each sector which would welcome them and form the nucleus for new Sunday Schools. He himself went out with the men, visiting and encouraging them. One by one the evangelists began to ask for an extra afternoon a week to go out and help their group, or to notify us that they had been called for a funeral or to help bring some sick person in to the hospital. Last year a group they brought the needs of their people before the Kambini congregation with the result that fifty dollars was voted out of their own contributions to buy seed for these heathen families. It was not near enough, but its distribution through the Sunday Schools was the finest preaching that could have been done.

We were amazed in June when Gideon called them to share with us in the Kambini Harvest Festival. Group after group were given a place on the program. They stood up front—men, women and children—and sang a gospel song or recited a verse of scripture. If we were happy, you should have seen them! Their faces shone! It dawned upon us that these folks about us must be given a new name—they were clearly breaking with heathenism.

Gideon also saw that it was time to break the pitchers and sound the battle cry. He planned a series of rallies where these groups began to visit each other or to gather at a

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Mrs. Esther Bjork-Persson,

"The Sunset Glow"

By Mrs. J. M. Springer.

Esther Bjork was not a pretty girl: she was beautiful. When I took a photo of her in the midst of the baby clinic at Kambini in 1936, she was charming. Most of those fifty babies she had assisted to make an entrance into the world; whether they cooed or cried, she smiled at them, and their mothers, many of whom had walked miles to bring the babies to her. Yes, she was beautiful there among her patients in 1936.

And she was still beautiful as she lay dying by inches on December 1st, 1939. When I entered the room where she had lain for months as a malignant disease had wracked her with agony beyond words, her thin, pinched face glowed with the "light" ne'er seen on land or sea" as she opened her thin arms and wound them around my neck in a tender, loving embrace. She could not speak: she could not eat: but she could love.

A day or two later when she seemed almost gone, she called Bishop Springer in and asked him, as she had me, to pray. When he rose up, she drew his head down almost to her lips and whispered, "God is Love. God is good. My husband is so good to me."

How we rejoiced over that wedding in far away Stockholm, when she married the Rev. Josef A. Persson, on January 2nd, 1938. My husband and I were also married on January 2nd, but in 1905. I wished her as many happy years of life together as we had had. But it was not to be.

And now, in less than two years she lay dying—physically—for the spirit was never stronger.

We were leaving for Cape Town to sail for New York on Monday evening of December 4th. All dressed to go, I said, "I must see Esther once more," and hurried into the room. Her eyes were closed and I thought her asleep. I put my warm hands over her cold ones and bent over and kissed her. To my surprise, I heard her whisper plainly, "Good-bye."

The next day her husband spent hours beside her bed as he had been wont to do for months, engaged in correcting proof sheets for the press. When he left the room for a time, her devoted younger sister, Frida Bjork, who had come from Sweden to care for her, came in and found the heart had at last ceased to beat. Esther was not, for God had taken her.

The roseate sunset of Africa is beautiful, and they tell me that it is even more so in Sweden. There the sun sets slowly in Sweden and the glow fades more slowly. We saw it last August at Stockholm at nearly 11 p.m.

But the dawn in Africa is better yet, aflame in scarlet and turning to gold and at last a blaze in the whole sky.

We cannot understand why Esther's sun set so early. Sometime we will. She knows now. Sometime we too will understand, "not now but in the Better Land." "Watchman, what of the night?"

"The Watchman said, 'The morning cometh.'

"And there shall be no more pain:

"For there shall be no night there. And the
"Lamb is the Light thereof."

He speaks in syllables of rain,
In windy petal drift,
In flight of clouds across a plain
Where wings of orioles lift.
For you can listen anywhere
And know that God is talking there!

Lucia Trent.

DODGE DIARY

From Angola.

JULY 6, 1939. Goodness! I'd forgotten all about that diary I promised to keep for the amusement or edification of the folks back home. I shall try once more now and see if I can be more faithful.

When can one be said to "talk" a foreign language? To be able to make known one's wants, to be able to pass the time of day—that is not enough. Not enough for living among people of another nationality. One should be able to explain motives, points of view; else, how can they understand us? Often, they don't particularly care about understanding us. But if they could they might like us better.

JULY 9, 1939. Been reading Norman Vincent Peale's, "The Art of Living". It is a book full of inspiration for the veteran Christian as well as for the novice. So many books are interesting to one who is reading such material for the first time but commonplace and full of platitudes for one well versed in the subject. This applies not only to religious books but also to books in all other fields. The first few books I read on Education were challenging and arresting to me. Each succeeding book became more and more monotonous as I encountered continual repetition. Norman Vincent Peale shows his skill in being able to write a book of such penetrating power in a field so thoroughly covered by numberless writers.

JULY 11, 1939. My! but it's cold these days. I used to think that in Africa it was always hot, hotter, hottest. What mistakes we make through ignorance! I presume most of the ideas we have of peoples in other countries are just as mistaken as the ideas I used to have of Africa.

JULY 19, 1939. The most amusing man came here today. He wanted to buy one of Tim's out-grown overall suits. Of course, there's nothing amusing in that request. That's a common-place request. But the appearance of the man. He wore a few yards of faded cotton cloth wrapped around his waist to make a skirt. Of course, that's not uncommon, either. Many a native man does that, but the men who do that don't usually have much, if anything, above the wrap-around skirt. But this

man wore a white suit coat, not very worn, in quite good condition. And on top of his head, a tiny, miniature straw hat, ridiculous thing, with a crown an inch or two high. What a combination!

JULY 22, 1939. We took our supper outdoors to eat tonight. An airplane flew over while we were preparing to eat, and how excited the children were! I suppose when they get to America, they will be in a perpetual state of excitement over all the things they've never seen before.

JULY 25, 1939. How, I wonder, did ignorant natives, without ability to read or write ever develop such a complex language, such a large vocabulary with such minute distinctions. They don't know they have a grammar, but they have one, none-less, as we who are struggling to learn it can testify. I think one might in time be able to read and to understand the language when they speak it, but it seems well nigh impossible to ever learn to talk it correctly. It pleases the natives, no end, when we try to say something in their language. They always notice every effort, and I presume they should prefer we would talk their language incorrectly than to continue to use only the government language—which is strange to both missionaries and natives.

JULY 29, 1939. They fall on you every time you open a door these days. When you start to put on your clothes in the morning, you find one nestling cozily in your undervest. They park at all the keyholes, so when you fumble for the lock in the dark, you are sure to get your hands on them. They're harmless enough, goodness knows. Never bite nor sting. They don't even eat holes in things. But being so everywhere present, they are a nuisance. One wants to step on them and put an end to their annoying existence. One wants to—but one doesn't. To tread on one of these small fannish colored beetles knowingly is to regret it. To tread on one unknowingly is to be instantly advised of the act. They carry their protection in the manner of that larger quadruped who bears the unpleasant name of skunk. The tiny beetle may have a more proper and scientific name, even as the skunk, but I know him only as the "stink bug". When the rains come again, he will disappear. In the meantime, I must put up with him. May his tribe not increase too fast!

The Littlest Missionary goes to Church

By Leila Childs Edling, Angola.

Last Sunday the littlest missionary of the family, who is almost old enough to begin "kindergarten school", went off with his daddy and mother and sister to church in the village of "Little Goat". Just why it is called that, I don't know, for almost any village in our part of Africa could be called that, for what village is there where the little bleating playful fellows do not have free run of the place?

The people were surprised and pleased when they saw who had come, and greeted their visitors warmly, and then set out all the chairs they could scrape up for them to sit on in the little room used as a church. The littlest missionary was the best off, for he sat in his mother's lap, and if her chair should give way, at least he would have her lap for a cushion to land on. Sister wasn't quite so comfy, for her chair was a tall, narrow stool, so that she could hardly reach the floor with her toes, and her back and knees must have gotten a bit tired before church was over. But Daddy—they fairly gasped when they saw what he was sitting on, for his folding-chair was missing one leg, and they wondered how he ever managed to balance the other three so that he could sit at all! Fortunately he didn't have to sit long, since he did the preaching.

There was plenty of air in the place, and at some times in the year there must be too much—when a driving rain comes, or a dry-season gale blows—for besides the regular doors and windows, there were a lot of extra "windows" at irregular spots in the wall where the mud plaster had fallen off and left big gaps. This time it was sunshine that came in the chinks, and sunshine is the chilly African's friend.

The whole little church looked as if the littlest missionary could almost push it over all by himself—its frail mud-and-stick walls looked so thin, and leaned so far to one side. But happily, that is not the end of the story, for out there beyond the little gray eggshell of a church, a new church is growing up, and it will be larger and firmer than the old one. Already its framework of sticks is up and tied

in place, and the grass for the roof lies in bundles nearby, and there is always plenty of dirt handy to make mud for the walls. When the framework is ready, the mud is mixed and thrown at the walls, and then smoothed off a bit, the roof is covered with grass, wooden doors and windows are put in, and presto—change—there you have a church! And the best part of it is that it is the kind of church that the people can make with their own hands and the things they have handy, and it does not have to be paid for by money from across the ocean. And—crude as it is—it is a real church, and people worship God in it just as well as they do in the big cathedrals that cost so much money.

The littlest missionary behaved—well fairly well for him although it is hard to sit still so long, but by and by it was over with, and he ran out and stretched his legs while Mother taught the kiddies a new chorus or two.

Then it was time for the picnic lunch, and that is one of the jolliest parts of a Sunday in the villages. This time there was a gay little interesting river not more than half a mile away, down a little twisty thread of a path, through grass taller than his daddy's tall head. And he trudged down the path, insisting on carrying one of the little bags all himself, and when he got to the water, he could hardly stop to eat lunch under the shady tree—it was so much more fun to throw sticks into the water and make believe they were boats.

As soon as the tasty lunch was eaten, he and Sister were off to play by the water again, jumping around on the big flat rocks, and watching the black people from the other side come down to get water, or bathe, or fish, or soak their cassava roots for mush. He really did not want to leave the river at all and come back to church at 2 o'clock, but even the best of plays has to stop sometime. Somehow feet seemed much heavier leaving the river than going to it, and Daddy even had to carry him back part way on his shoulder!

But he and Sister kept as quit as they could while Mother told the people about Caleb, and taught them a new hymn, and polished up the new choruses. Then it was four, and time for the ride home. But before they drove off, someone came with a big fish as a gift for the visitors, and that was very interesting—almost as interesting as boats! And this whopper tasted fine, and made a meal for all the missionary families, while the head made a

fine rich soup for the boys in the yard!

As they drove home, they passed one village where the people were beating drums and singing and clapping their hands around a professional dancer, all dressed up in a skin-tight suit of network, with a rattly, fancy lot of little skins and beadwork and bells around his waist, and an ugly mask on his head, and little gourd-rattles tied to his legs. The littlest missionary is terribly afraid of the ugly creatures, and of all the noise of the heathen dance, and of the mob of people, and screams if they come near the car, but the rest of the family know there is nothing to be afraid of, and that it is just a way the people have of amusing themselves—paying a man to come and dance for them all day. (But the poor black babies looked scared, too!).

They were home soon after five, and got their big fish cleaned and hung up, and had their toast-and-cocoa supper, in time for the evening meeting in English for all the missionaries, at their house this time. But—the littlest missionary of the family had had such a big day, that he fell fast asleep in the middle of meeting, and had to be laid on the couch in the study!

—oOo—

The sword of the Lord and Gideon

Continued from page 8.

central place. Once they had over 400 present to my knowledge, and even larger gatherings have been reported. Several have decided for Christ and have been baptized. Many are looking in that direction and some come in to Kam-bini for the noon service each Sunday.

The wives of the married students are helping, going on Sundays as well as at other times. One has started a sewing class in the village where her husband has the Sunday School. They often persuade the mothers to bring their babies in to the hospital and to the baby clinic. The husbands also do more than preach and bury the dead. They have continued the help toward better crops and more adequate food. When the evangelists harvest their crops members from these Sunday Schools come in to lend a hand and incidentally it is an excellent opportunity for the evangelists to illustrate how easy it is to fight famine when one is free from sin and superstition.

That in brief is Gideon's story. His enemy is more deeply entrenched and more wide-

awake. A surprise attack does little good. Still this band of Gideon's seem to have the powers of darkness on the run. They have established themselves in the very midst of the camp. Their pitchers have been broken, the light shines forth and they cry, "Fear not, behold (we) bring you good tidings of great joy—for unto you is born—a Saviour."

So we say to you who have helped this work, "Rejoice and be exceeding glad for great is your reward."

—oOo—

A rejoinder.

Continued from page 2.

pity. Mrs. Cranston is right—you parents in America can never know what a blessing it is to have your children with you and to be able to send them to public schools, where the financial burden does not assume such large proportions. But there are advantages. If you don't know the pain of parting, neither do you know the joy of reunion. You haven't yet felt to the full a humble sense of gratitude when you wake in the night and think, "Well for this short month at least we are all sleeping under the same roof." If we had our choice, of course we would have them with us and send them to that great institution, the public school, but since that cannot be, we say to ourselves AND OUR CHILDREN, "Why be poor sports? When we became engaged we consecrated our lives and our home and our all to Foreign Missionary service. Now that the first real sacrifice comes along, why feel abused?"

The travel and the knowledge of other countries and peoples must surely make up somewhat for the educational advantages which they lose. They may grow shy and queer and different. So may their parents. But is it not written, "The Lord hath chosen thee to be a peculiar people?"

By all means see that we are not forgotten men and women in the church. Support us, plan for us in your budgets. Pray for us in your church service. When something extra nice happens to you, think of us and hope that we may be having some happy experience. When there are disappointments, remember that we, too, have our discouraging times. But whatever you do, don't be sorry for us!

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Laying of the Corner Stone of the new Church for the Native Methodist Congregation
in Umtali, Rhodesia.

∴ *GOD'S INFINITES* ∴

Infinite power of God upholds us,
Infinite love of Christ enfolds us.
Infinite joy within us wells,
Infinite peace within us dwells.
Infinite wisdom guides our way,

Infinite light makes bright our day.
Infinite strength in God we find,
Infinite rest of body and mind.
Infinite life is ours to live,
Infinite thanks to God we give!

Extract from a Report to
**The Governor General of the
 Belgian Congo**

Evangelisation and Religious Instruction

The program of religious education is one of the most steadily progressing items in the work of the mission. The statistical report alone of this work gives much encouragement to those interested in seeing a firm foundation of religious culture laid in the lives of the citizens of the Congo. There has been an increase of nearly five thousand in the enrollment of the Sunday Schools for religious education. The percent of attendance is revealed in the fact that the average attendance during that same period has increased by four thousand. But the progress is not only in the fact that schools have enlarged their attendance and that more than a hundred new schools have been formed, but even more in the improved teaching that is being given. Weekly training classes for the teachers are almost general throughout the mission. And carefully worked out lessons based on good pedagogical principles are supplied to the teachers for each week's teaching. The variety of languages in which the mission works makes it difficult to furnish materials to the teachers. But that is being overcome by the issuing of lesson materials in five different languages. In the large centers, such as Elisabethville, separate classes are maintained for various language groups, so that the soul may be nurtured in the language of that individual soul and not in a foreign tongue. In Elisabethville classes are held in seven different languages.

The aim of all the instruction is to aid the people in the development of habits of true worship, in the formation of Christian character, and in the establishment of better relations among peoples.

The work of Evangelisation is complicated in the mining centers by the continual changes of population. It is startling as well as interesting to realize that in one center less than fifty percent of the full communicant members of the church have been in the town more than two years. The proportion among the catechumens is even less. This fact demands close attention to the pastoral work of the church, and necessitates large dependance upon the lay workers of the church to keep in touch with

the continual goings and comings of the constituency.

The shifting population presents a challenge which the church is seeking to meet. It is the desire of all concerned, whether mission or government, that the people who come into the industrial centers for a period of work shall be bettered and not made worse by the contacts. That is the perennial problem of the system of labour in the Congo. People come into the centers and then return to their village life. What influence will they have on the villages to which they return? That is the question that faces administrators in every phase of the work in the Congo. The purpose of the church is to see to it that the spirit and influence which are taken back are ones which will mean the elevation of the spiritual tone of the rural life.

One of the purposes of evangelisation is the development of group self-control in terms of the Divine will. The form of government of our church is very much in accord with the policy of the government of the Congo, that is, the governing by indirect rule. The quarterly conference of our churches are composed of the leaders of the people chosen by themselves who consult with the missionary superintendent in all questions of the rule of the church and the development of its program. It is very similar to the group of chiefs and notables consulting with the Administrator in the questions of civil control. It is our desire to develop that spirit. The village work depending upon Jadotville has shown noteworthy advances along that line during the past year. Results in the development of the people are already manifesting themselves.

A big problem of mission work in the Congo is the one of untrained workers. Under the insistent demand of village groups for a teacher and leader the missions are often tempted to place only partially trained workers in the leadership of the people. Boys only just out of school with little of background and slight spiritual experience are expected to lead the village people in worship and Christian nurture. The results are often none too fortunate. The work around Kanene has sought to obviate the difficulties of such a policy without depriving the villages of their leaders. Groups of villages have been put in charge of an experienced leader who will be responsible for the administration of the churches under his

(Turn to page 13.)

South Africa Missionary Advocate

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APRIL - JUNE, 1940

J. A. Persson, Editor

EDITORIAL

The African and the War

Events move so fast these days that anything we write will be sadly out of date by the time our journal reaches you. At the time of writing our missions in Africa are very little affected by the upheaval in Europe. Our centres are too small and insignificant to be attacked by machine gun fire and the people do not possess the wealth the dictators of this world crave. Humanly speaking it is likely that we shall be permitted to continue our work as long as the Church overseas remains faithful in doing her share of the work entrusted to us jointly.

The Union of South Africa, where our Transvaal work is located, is bending every effort in order to prepare for the struggle on the continent of Africa which seems imminent. Rhodesia has already sent many of her young men of European descent to North African centres where troops are in readiness for any extension of military activity. Belgian Congo, where we have two large mission fields, is naturally affected greatly by the hostilities in the mother country, but at the time of writing no danger seems to threaten this important colony. Up to the present there has been no indications that the valuable possessions of Portugal in East and West Africa will become counters in this gigantic gamble for world supremacy. Our missionaries in these large territories are permitted to carry on their work.

How is the African affected by the war? Much more than in the last world conflict. Then he stood apart, watching, in general considering it almost entirely a matter concerning the dominant race. Some few advanced individuals might have entertained the hope that their race would reap benefits from the misfortunes of their white rulers. This time they are more closely identified with the fortunes of the na-

tions which govern their countries. Through a rising educational standard, better living conditions, and becoming more closely identified with the industrial enterprises of the various colonies, they have come to feel that they are a part of the community and that their interests are threatened by war conditions. A much larger percentage of the population read and comment on the news in papers and on the radio, and their opinions on world events are largely shaped by this. Knowing the many hardships they have to contend with it is interesting to find how loyal they are to the authorities in the various territories. The African is conservative to the very bone: in most cases he regards changes as dangerous to his well being, he has plenty of reason for that.

As one who was in a position to know the reaction of the christian community in Africa during the last war I find it encouraging to make comparisons. Then many were surprised that "christian" nations could wage war in such a brutal fashion: they even questioned the value of Christianity itself. Of this we hear very little, except from the educated few, who have imbibed the writings of authors who are disposed to blame the Church and Christianity for failing in things they themselves have never tried to rectify. It pleased me recently to hear from the lips of one of our native leaders, words that are almost identical with the expression of a preacher in England: "Why should God stop this war, He did not start it, nor was He permitted to sit in the councils of those who did." Hardly a service is held where prayers by the Africans are not offered for suffering humanity, and petitions that peace will be restored among the nations. The African realizes that he is part of humanity and that he has a duty to perform. Let us praise God that he still can pray. With his childlike faith in the God to whom he prays he may have a larger contribution to make than we imagine.

J. A. P.

Building a Church in the sky

By William Benjamin West.

In the course of an interview, at 150, Fifth Avenue, New York, in the summer of 1939, with the Reverend John M. Springer, Bishop for Africa of the Methodist Church, at which time we discussed my plans for coming to Africa, in the hope of serving missions in an engineering advisory and supervisory capacity, he asked me if I was "a builder", and to this I replied: "Well, Bishop, I would not undertake to erect a skyscraper". However, it seems a bit ironical that the very first work upon which I was to be engaged in Africa (and that through the agency of Bishop Springer) is to tower so high above sea level as to dwarf in elevation any "skyscraper" in New York or elsewhere when the same datum is used. For, whereas the Empire State building—the tallest structure so far erected by man—is some 1,250 or more feet above the ground level, yet because Manhattan Island is only a few feet above sea level, it is certain that the highest point on the Empire State structure is less than 1,500 feet above mean sea level; whereas the city of Umtali, Southern Rhodesia, Africa, is situated in a beautiful valley about 3,800 feet above sea level, and the new Native Methodist Church at the latter point is located on the crest of a hill within the giant valley, but overlooking Umtali, so that the tower of the church will probably be, when completed, about 4,000 feet above sea level.

When I was stopping in Salisbury Bishop Springer wrote me that the Rev. E. S. Sells was in need of assistance with a new native church, and suggested that I come over to Umtali and help.

So thus we find ourselves occupied with the supervision of some 35 native workmen of various degrees of "skill" in the erection of a handsome brick church, some 82 feet long by 32 feet wide, being rectangular in general plan, with walls 25 feet high above the floor level, while the tower will be 35 feet high.

Imagine a giant valley, some twenty miles long by perhaps five miles wide at places (from crest to crest of the mountains on either side); and within this valley, picture a long low hill upon which is situated the city of Umtali, while between this long hill and the nearby high mountain ranges, there are numerous

hills of varying height of from less than one hundred to several hundred feet above the mean valley floor. Then, picture a giant cross on the crest of one of these giant hills (erected to the memory of the natives of Africa who fell during the World War), some distance from the main part of Umtali, and on the other side of town, another hill—though, fortunately for future native Methodist Church-goers of Umtali, of less height—and here is the location of the new Native Methodist Church of Umtali.

This site is clearly visible from both the railroad which runs from the heart of Africa to the Indian Ocean, and the main highway from Salisbury which comes over one of the great mountains surrounding the city by way of "Christmas Pass"; while from the site itself, one gets a thrill in the way of landscape which is quite impossible to describe in words, but might be visualised through the brush of a great painter.

Again, to the east a long view up the valley is obtained, and to the south-east, more "European" residences are visible dotting the plane between the church site and the mountain range on that side; while to the south, a plain (over a mile in width) given over exclusively to native bush, separates the church site from a tall peak on that side. Finally, as one looks in a westerly direction, he first sees the native huts of our local workmen situated along the southernly slope of the hill upon which the church is being erected; and beyond these, a clear view of some 20 or more miles is obtainable on a clear day along the great valley.

Many unusual construction features have so far been encountered in connection with this structure, and among these may be mentioned the fact that all the stone for the concrete used in the foundations, and that yet to be used in the floor slab, is being cracked on the site by hand labour through the use of ordinary hand-hammers; and that most of the water for mixing the mortar must be hauled from a nearby stream, from which it is pumped into barrels located on a truck, by a hand-pump to which suitable hose connections are attached. In view of the fact that the church is being constructed during the so-called "rainy season" in Rhodesia, it occurred to me that if the structure were already erected we could collect rain water from the gutters, but since this was out of the question, the next step seemed to be to utilise the foundation trenches for the same purpose, so that these were so sloped as to



Rev. G. A. Roberts lays the Corner stone of new church in Umtali.

drain into a sizeable reservoir formed by placing low dams across a sunken road which forms a circular drive in front of the church, and in this way one thousand gallons of water was collected during the course of a few days through having the native boys dip the water from the temporary lake into suitable drums.

So far during the course of construction, a number of humorous actions upon the part of native workmen have been observed; and among these may be mentioned the following:

One inexperienced native lad, who probably never before saw a plumb bob, took it upon himself to hold his hand so strongly against the string which suspended the bob, that the latter was deflected something near two inches from the true plumb line. This he did so as to make sure the plumb was over the point to be aligned. In another case, a native "skilled" workman, while endeavouring to line up the sides of the large rectangular pillars at the front of the church, drew a string along the front side of one tower, crossed over to the back of the other and from this was prepared to line the two towers when my attention was drawn to this "zig-zag" arrangement.

It is expected that it will be available for services some time in May, 1940.

Back to a Bush Circuit

By C. E. Fuller, Inhambane

Not a 'has-been' big leaguer being returned enroute to the back lot diamond; but a missionary district superintendent visiting the first parish circuit he had served as a green missionary in Portuguese East Africa fifteen years ago.

It is a blistering summer morning in the middle of November when District Superintendent Julian S. Rea, Mrs. Rea, and two guests, Rev. Per Knutsson of Sweden, and myself, both new missionaries on the field, pack into a station wagon equipped with lunch, boiled water, and a shovel. We are confident that one package surely carries a chicken to satisfy the hunger of three Methodist ministers. We make an uneventful trip through the deep rutted sand roads that cut into brush which at times seems to choke off the struggling thoroughfare. Uneventful! Uneventful if we forget how three of us, over our ankles in sand, push the car where it acts like a light sedan stuck in a snow drift; if we overlook the many varieties of mud and grass huts, the friendly greetings of waving and bowing Blacks, or the

flashes of colour made by frightened wild guineas, quail, and other birds.

Makodoene—its clean white clay huts, neatly thatched, showing the practical training which its Christian inhabitants have received under the native evangelist, Luka, and his predecessors, men who have been educated in the Combaine schools of our mission;—is an example of a Christ-touched community. They build only clean, substantial houses, light and airy, unlike the stuffy, filthy, smelly shacks of the non-Christians. They stave off famines with methods learned in the agricultural school under the leadership of their district superintendent. Their children learn under the teaching of their resident evangelist, and under him, the virtual chief of the place, they develop their community dealings along Christian lines. He rings the bell, and we enter the little church, a stone half-wall structure, cool and fresh and neatly kept. To-day he does not preach, for the pastor, Josefa, is making his monthly visit, together with our party. But he sings, and the congregation of about fifty joins in eloquent harmony as we catch a new and vital spirit of "Holy, Holy, Holy" in the native tongue of Tswa. An eager, responsive group listens intently as Mrs. Rea reviews the Sunday School Lesson, and as Mr. Rea both preaches and interprets brief messages by the new missionaries. We regret to leave the heart-warming environment, but we go on, now accompanied by the native pastor.

Our conversation with pastor Nyatitime about his work is interrupted by the machine-gun-like rat-a-tat-tatting of the wheels in the deep sand. The vain roar of churning tires follows, terminated by a general grunt and exodus of the passengers. The shovel goes to work in front of all four wheels, the pilot mans the machine, and we all strain and puff until Chevy finds surer footing. Off again, we cross a low plain, dodging waterholes, shrubs, and hidden ditches, and at last we reach another Christian village, Xitsebene, where we are cordially welcomed by Jamesi, the evangelist in charge, who immediately takes the pastor about to meet people with special problems to discuss.

Xitsebene is smaller than Macodoene, and not as well advanced, but has its fine group of clean Christian homes, all centered about the little round church, a clay structure beautifully whited, clean and neatly kept. Villagers and some non-Christians from near-by come one by one to shake hands with the visitors, amused

at the newcomers' attempts to greet them in Tswa. Lunch over, we call the evangelist, who rings for the service. Women leave their cooking pots by the side of their coals; men crawl off their bed-mats or leave their shady tree; children come from everywhere or nowhere, and a dog follows. In a twinkling the church is full and a crowd is gathered about the two doors. Visitors sit in comfort on pulpit chairs, congregation on benches or the ground, and the dog curls up under the pulpit. Our ears ring with delightful music, Mr. Rea preaches, newcomers give brief messages to be interpreted, and the congregation responds appreciatively. To our joy a group of young people gather as we leave the church, singing two soul-stirring hymns in their inimitable manner. The pastor gulps down his lunch, and we're off again.

Over the plains again, and to a place that might be the edge of the world, or so it seems. We are in Xilawule, a place founded by the resident evangelist, Josiah. Restless some years ago in the quiet, established Christian life at Makodoene, he became a missionary, going to a non-Christian country and converting sufficient people to Christ to call together a village. Now there are no non-Christian neighbors. He has won his community at least to the "way". We sit in his church, a few benches under a mahogany tree; but we are called to inspect the frame of the new church across the way, and are surprised to see that its roof will have mahogany rafters. But Josiah? He lies in his hut, after three months illness, facing an early death of tuberculosis. A friend sits beside him chasing flies with the tail of some beast; the congregation gathers, and pastor Josefa brings a message of Christ's love for his people. We go quietly, prepare a bed for Josiah in the car, and soon we have the sick evangelist and his family in the car, and are on our way to Combaine and the hospital.

Ten hours in the brush, a refreshing supper at home, and a tired group of missionaries who have scattered in many directions during the day, gather to sing hymns of praise and to offer prayers of thanksgiving for the care of a watchful loving Father. It seems that He bends over to whisper into our waiting ears and say: "Lo I am with you! I am by the side of your distant loved ones, I am here in your missionary cottage, I am out in the brush circuit, lo I am with you always, even to the end."

A Visit to Nyamukwarara.

By Mrs. M. J. Murphree, Rhodesia.

The Nyamukwarara people have shown us an abundance of hospitality. Yesterday Mr. Murphree and I were met at the end of the car road, over which we had travelled, by eleven people from Nyamukwarara. They had come to guide us and act as carriers. Two hours steady walking up hill and down, through streams of water and over slippery paths through the rain brought us to the Nyamukwarara out-station.

As we were arriving the pastor-teacher and his wife came down to greet us. Their welcome was hearty, and they were so sorry that we had got wet. At once we were ushered to our hut, in which was placed the furnishings for bed-room, dining room and kitchen. The pile of dry grass in the corner, on which our blankets were to be arranged for a bed, a cheery fire (though exceedingly smoky, which we soon had to put out of our hut), two chairs, a small table, and a grass mat for the floor made up the furnishings. Our host and hostess, knowing the difference between our food and theirs, and also knowing that we had brought along food, did not offer us a meal but they brought water and a present of tomatoes from their garden. They wanted to help us settle and prepare our supper, but they had already helped much and the little left we could easily do by ourselves. Because the evening was so rainy the neighbouring people did not come to see us, and as we had done about six hours walking and visited one school during the day we were glad to call our day finished and go to our rest long before the usual time. That night the wind blew unusually hard and we appreciated the protection that was ours. Mr. Murphree commented, "I am so glad that I'm not at sea". When we reached home the next day we heard over the radio that some ships had been unable to go into harbour along the East African coast because of the bad storms.

The next morning the sun appeared. Early the children arrived to attend the last session of school for the year. Many parishioners, also, arrived to greet us and to pay their last calls on the pastor-teacher and his wife before they

left with us, being transferred to Old Umtali. On our visitations we are frequently given a few gifts by the people, but at Nyamukwarara these gifts were unusually generous, gifts such as tomatoes, bananas and cabbage. It seems that the reason for this special generosity was that their teacher was being taken away and wished to impress the missionaries, for they do not want to be left without a teacher.

After a busy morning with school visitation and talks with the adults and then lunch, it was time to move on back to the place where we had left our lorry. The pastor-teacher and his wife had an unusually busy morning. He had been busy with school and station duties while she had been packing. Several of the women parishioners had stayed around her house much of the morning, but that fact didn't seem to disturb her and she went calmly on with her work. These African people are not easily perturbed. Eventually the various and sundry possessions, including a bit of furnishings for the house, cooking utensils, garden tools, their year's supply of grain (their main food), clothing and what-not were placed in baskets or bundles which school children could carry, and off started the caravan. Up hill and down the carriers gaily tripped along. One little fellow, about six years of age, carried a small paraffin lantern in each hand. He was so short that he had to raise his arms to keep the lantern above the grass, but when we saw an older child offer to relieve him of the load he firmly refused. He was one of 67 carriers! There really is a thrill in being one of such a caravan and to watch the receding figures as they descend a hill ahead and the figures appearing up the hill in the rear. Somehow the walking does not seem to take so long when there is all this interest.

After two hours walking we reached the lorry and it was soon loaded with this pastor-teacher's household and all of his earthly possessions. The school children danced about and sang one of their typically native songs, but the music soon changed to a serious type. "Saviour like a Shepherd, lead Us" was sung in the native language and there was prayer. Nearly all of the people were weeping. Their shepherd had left them. We expect to send them another, and one more qualified to do both the work of pastor and teacher. The training of such is our great work in the Hartzell Training School at Old Umtali.

Christmas in Angola 1939

By Marie Nelson

Preparations for Christmas started early. We heard Christmas singing for weeks around here. The school girls love to sing, Christmas carols especially. The 30 new girls had to learn them for the first time both in the Portuguese and in the Kimbundu languages. There was to be a festival in the church, where the children should sing in two and four voices. They practised for this early and late. Four of the missionaries had the bright idea to sing a cantata, Emanuel. We heard them practise whenever they had the chance for at least two months. They sang it beautifully on Christmas Eve and made us question whether we were not back in America and listened to a highly paid quartet.

Two days before Christmas our Portuguese teacher, Alice dos Santos, and her young man decided to get married. She had been with us eleven years and seemed like one of the family. We pressed up our very best dresses, borrowed each other's purse and gloves (I for one had not worn gloves for nearly three years), picked flowers the last minute and made the Bridal-bouquet in the car on the way to the wedding. That was such a beautiful and happy occasion. No one could help but rejoice with the two who started out on a new road together that day and were so radiantly happy.

The scene changes to Quessua Church on Christmas Eve. The church had never looked as pretty before, trimmed in green branches and red flowers. Hundreds of bright-eyed black children in their Sunday-best faced the audience from the first benches and choir loft. It was their festival. They did so well with their program and made everybody grateful and hopeful for Africa's chances and future possibilities for the Kingdom of God. Who isn't glad that we have a Church in Africa? Our hearts were warmed when parents and fosterparents filled the aisles with little children to be baptized. I believe Christ Himself was there to bless all those children. Rev. Dodge preached most fittingly about the true meaning of the Day, then gave us all the chance to show our appreciation by giving a special offering. The class-leaders from the different villages came

up and laid the offerings on the Altar.

It was after eleven that evening when we returned from our little English Service. Then all the natives, big and small, in the surrounding villages were up and outdoors, singing and rejoicing because of the Christ Child coming into the world. It was such a still evening with bright moonlight. A wonderful peace was in the air. All reminded me of that Yonder Night so long ago, when the shepherds went away and found the Child.

The first we heard next morning were Christmas carols and the Church-bell that called us to worship. Never before have I seen the streets, houses, people of Bethlehem and Maria and Joseph as vividly as this morning in our church as the young native preacher, Filipe Freitas took us around from place to place to ask for lodging and finally found a shelter in that stable. Soon it rang out: "Christ our Saviour is born."

Festivities continued the whole day. We gave out little gifts to many who had helped us and served us so faithfully during the year and to other needy ones. Joy and appreciation shone out of their faces till they could not quite control their feet. It takes so little to make these people truly happy.

Our own celebration took place in Dr. and Mrs. Kemp's cozy home where all the missionaries, sixteen in all, of whom six are children, were invited for supper. After partaking of a delicious meal we gathered in the livingroom. Dr. Kemp read the Christmas Story and lead us in devotion, the children sang several special numbers and we all joined in singing Christmas carols, one after another. Finally the children could wait no longer. They longed to see what was in the parcels under the tree. Rev. Edling acted as Santa Claus. Little two year old Lois Anne Dodge was the busiest of them all in giving out parcels. Yes, there was a lovely doll for her which she folded most affectionately into her arms.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive", we hear often lately. That is true, and it is delightful to receive also: The joy and blessings of Christmas, our Saviour's birth, gifts from those we love and letters and cards.

Thanks to all who contributed to make this such a happy Season. Thanks for all you have done for me and for the Africans here in the past year. May the Spirit of Christmas abide with us all in the coming year. Jesus is near always to those who love Him.

How Were You Received ?

by Miss Victoria Lang, Inhambane

We heard the shouting and the clapping in the distance. As we drew nearer I was puzzled as to the meaning of the celebration. Being day time and no drums I hardly thought that it was a dance either for pleasure or to please the evil spirits. When we rounded the last curve we saw the reeling and the jigging and knew that alcohol was being freely used. One man lay on a ragged mat already past dancing. A woman lay near a hut but she seemed less under the influence of liquor. We stopped at the end of the path leading into the village and two men were instantly on the defensive. It required only the gentle rebuke of the Bible woman to start the blaze that was already smoldering.

"You two men were faithful attendance at Sunday School when you were boys, why do you now participate in such carryings on in your village?"

Immediately we were instructed to go on our way. The owner had bought and paid for the property and he could do as he pleased thereon. Others, just a bit less intoxicated, had retained more of their sense of courtesy and hospitality. These tried to hush up the host and his brother and invited us to come in. Two women with babies tied on their backs staggered toward us. One of them with bleary eyes and guttural tones was trying to say that she knew me, and that I was her mother for had I not attended her confinement when her two babies were born? All the while the angry words were increasing and we saw that, unless we made haste to move on, there would soon be blows and fighting.

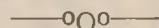
When we came back past the place an hour or so later the dancing and the clapping and the drinking were again in full sway, except that there was more reeling and one or two more lay stretched out on the ground. A new baby had come into the family to swell the number of the tribe and they were celebrating.

Another day I visited another village. This time I went with a Bible woman who was also a trained midwife. Ten days before she had been in attendance at the confinement. The young mother was about to assume her household duties once again. But these duties would

never be quite the same again. Now there would be a wee, little bundle tied on her back as she pounded the corn or watched the rich food cooking in the clay pot. That precious little bundle would also be there as she went to the well to come back with the big earthen vessel on her head, brimming full, except for the little branch of leaves swimming on top, to prevent the water from splashing out and getting that little bundle wet. Even in the night time her life would not be the same for a little voice would oftentimes call her out of her sleep. But, what cared she for interrupted dreams? Had not "Nungungulu", the old, old one, the Creator of us all, given her this precious one for her very own, and, was it not the only proper thing to do to invite her friends and the midwife to come to her home for a little dedication service on that Sunday afternoon?

A proud father stood in attendance making sure that the one white guest and the men had chairs, while mats were brought for the women, for such was their preference. Appropriate hymns were sung. The Word of God was opened and we read about God's Son, Christ Jesus, blessing the little children and longing that they be brought to Him. And then both parents and friends joined in as thanks were offered to God for the little life that had come to brighten the home and that little life was given back to God to be used by Him while the mother and the father served as God's caretakers. After that tea and bread (the most high classed food that is known in Christian circles) was served and the sun sending up its last glorious rays into the western sky found us well on the way home.

In which way were you received? Over that you had no control. But, how did you receive your boy and your girl? How will they receive your grandchildren? How are the grandchildren of this land going to be received? Are you doing all you can to put Christ into the reception?



Miss Victoria Lang of Inhambane left for a year's furlough in the homeland early in May. Her last term has been taken up largely with the care of the Nurses' training class at the Gikuki Hospital and the preparation of a text book for native midwives.

Strange

By Joy Stauffacher

A black Tarzan, with an animal physique and quiet, haunting eyes, lay sick. Suddenly, in the midst of his restless fever, a great stillness came upon him and a dream moved before his burning eyes. A spirit stood before him and pronounced his sentence—Life if he would buy the red spirit cloth (a sign of devil possession)—Death if this injunction were disobeyed! The next day the fever left him and, weak from his illness, he set out to buy the red cloth. This was the first step in the career of a great witch doctor... strange that our paths should have crossed!

The light was grey and the shadows ebony in the two-roomed hut where the witch doctor was dressing. The red cloth was bound tightly to his thighs and his torso was rapped in a startling white material. A blue grey monkey skin, a hyena coat and a magnificent leopard cloak adorned his person. Strange necklaces, bracelets and anklets were put in place. A swaying bundle of ostrich plumes was bound to his forehead, and the white hair of a mountain goat twitched restlessly from his biceps. Each part of his uniform had been demanded by the insatiable dream spirit, and each article represented a pilgrimage. As the light grew fainter a curious crowd gathered in the doorway. A beautiful young woman with a head dress of beads woven into a fantastic pattern entered the hut with a drum, while a halfblind, hard-faced woman began a dull rhythm on a larger instrument. Sweet-faced, wondering children took up the refrain with lucky bean rattles and a miscellaneous group of young men and women squatted in the shadows.

The music began in earnest, the women sang a weird tune that wailed above the heavy drumming, the tune rose and then fell to a hush, as suddenly as it had started. The witch doctor in all his splendour stood before us. A gnarled stool was brought for him and a replica of the red cloth was thrown over his knees. A wave of a gnu-tail wand started the music again. The atmosphere was electric. The little flame that was our light guttered in time to the rhythm. The throbbing reverberated in my chest sending an expectant thrill down my spine.

The man who was the center of all our

attentions sat staring before him—oddly passive. The rhythm quickened, the song became more insistent and slowly we watched the trance, as if it were a cloud, slip over him. The muscles of his body jerked in time to the pulsation of the drums, his breathing became spasmodic and gasping and his eyes protruded grotesquely. The gnu tail swayed in his hand and the pagan noise ceased. A strange voice spoke through his lips, speaking a tongue that was unfamiliar to all but the girl with the beaded headdress. At our request she translated some of his words: The spirit, she said, greeted the white folk from a strange country. The music soon began again and as the voice continued we again questioned the girl, and this time she said that the spirit required more intense vocalisations. He continued to speak, but although we asked again and again for a translation the remainder of his words remained secret.

A child wiped the perspiration which stood out in great beads on his restless body. The drums wove a fantastic accompaniment to the wailing chant. The great man slowly rose to his feet and there in the crowded room began the devil dance... the rhythm rose to an impossible climax, and then slowly slackened its pace, gradually, as the dance subsided to its close, the cloud seemed to pass and sanity crept into into the witch doctor... strange!

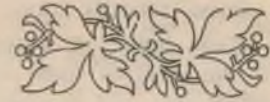
Strange—no not strange, it is an old and common picture, but when the gospel comes into the lives of men with broken bodies and soiled souls they become changed men. Yes, the story of Jesus still has its old time power, it can still change lives, for many former witch doctors who were servants of Satan are now ambassadors of God.

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Wanted, Girls' School in Congo

Mrs. John M. Springer.

Yes, Sir, that's one of, if not the greatest need now for our work in Congo. If a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, a Christian home is no stronger than its weakest member. And how can a heathen wife be anything but a drag to a man who has been prepared for teaching and preaching. WE MUST HAVE



The Kifushi children's choir and their pastor. The children sang without any leader and did it beautifully and harmoniously at all the Conference sessions at Elisabethville, 1939



CHRISTIAN TRAINED WIVES for our Christian young men. It is an undeniable fact.

How can a child who has just reached the age of puberty and with no education or little more than the primer—how can that child be a leader for her people not to mention the risk of death in childbirth at her age? She just cannot.

We have tried out all sorts of plans to get a few girls in Congo trained to the point of some efficiency. But the number has been very small and the results very poor. Now that we are starting a genuine Training School at Mulingwishi where young men who are so keen to learn are taking up normal training and Bible Study we must have a boarding department to which young girls can come and learn not only books but the Bible especially, the care of children, some nursing, how to keep babies clean and properly fed, how to become good wives and mothers and how to help the heathen women as they go about the villages. Yes, Sir, that's what we MUST have and have it soon. What do you think about it? What will you do to help?

If you could be in touch with the young girls in these mining towns and see the terrible conditions there, you would be horrified. Here was a little girl not more than twelve years of age who boasted to us that she had been married four times already. She called it marriage. But you and I know that it was

only prostitution and nothing more. And many, very many of the parents are quite willing for these girls to lead that kind of life. What else would they do?

On the mineral fields there are many men who have been trained at some Mission and by their ability and character, have become highly responsible Natives in the work of the mines. They have been asking us for years to establish a school to which they could send their girls especially. And we had none. Their girls grow up in the seamy atmosphere around them and many of them are ruined by it. The Scotch Missions at Blantyre and Livingstonia have had many families come to the Congo to work. But that is too far away for them to send their girls back there. And if they did, the children would grow up strangers to their parents.

No, in the Name of the Master whom we serve, let us take hold of the situation and open a home for young girls who have learned all they can at our primary schools and are ready and keen for further training. They are now twelve or thirteen years old, the dangerous age. Leave them in an atmosphere of immorality and even if they do escape any outward act, their minds are poisoned by the common talk and conduct around them.

We know what can be done in this respect. We tried it at Old Umtali and then it spread to Mutambara and Nyadiri. If you could only

see the fine capable girls turned out from those three schools alone, you would never doubt again. Some are teachers, some are nurses, but the most of them are in demand by the young men and become pastors' wives and Christian leaders.

But they are not the only ones. Take the Girls School at Inhambane. Do you know what Native girls called it and the name still sticks "JERUSALEM". What a treat it is that when we go to Gikuki-Inhambane, we are always entertained at the Jerusalem headquarters.

Nor is that the only place. Long before these girls found Jerusalem, there was a Girls School opened at Quessua. The girls are not alienated from their parents but go home on holidays and for vacation but have the benefit of careful training the most of the year. Sala Webba was one of their girls. She married John Webba who was in the boys' school. They had ten children but wherever John Webba was sent, his wife could be depended on to do a splendid work among the women. As the children grew, the first girl became a teacher. Then there were five sons and all but the youngest is now a member or probationer of the conference. One or two of the others died when small. But when John Webba died in 1938, his widow stepped in to the first ranks of Bible Women and is a wonderful help and inspiration to the whole conference.

Yes, Sir! Our greatest need for the Congo mineral fields is for a Girls' Training School.

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New Native Methodist Church

FOUNDATION STONE LAID

(Extract from "Umtali Advertiser", 1940).

The foundation-stone of the new Native Church of the Umtali Mission of the Methodist Church was laid on Sunday by the Rev. G. A. Roberts, of Mutambara, following a service which was attended by a large congregation of natives. Among the Europeans present were: the Mayor (Mr. G. W. Chace), the Civil Commissioner (Mr. W. T. Smith) and the Native Commissioner (Mr. W. S. Bazeley).

The new church is situated on a hill overlooking the town and adjoining the municipal

location, and when completed it will be one of the outstanding landmarks in the district. A serviceable road to the church turns off from the Umtali-Melsetter road a few hundred yards beyond the entrance to the location.

Designed by Messrs. Catchart and Hendry, the church will be 80 feet long by 30 feet broad and will accommodate 700 natives. A tower 40 feet height will form part of the church, although the tower will be detached from the main building, which will also be provided with a balcony and vestry.

The Rev. E. L. Sells (superintendent) conducted the service, and the ministers taking part were: Rev. M. J. Murphree, who delivered an appropriate address; Rev. R. C. Gates, who placed the box beneath the stone, and in doing so explained the reasons for the custom to the native congregation; Revs. Titus Maranke (minister of the Native Church), Thomas Marange and J. Chimbadzwa. Anthems were sung by the native choir from Old Umtali, and the rendering of the 23rd Psalm was specially good.

In his introductory remarks, Mr. Sells stated that the church was the fourth to be erected by the Mission since 1901, when the first building was put up at the corner of Second Street and "E" Avenue. Other churches were built on the same site in 1906 and 1911, the roof having been blown off the second of the three buildings.

The box which was placed beneath the foundation-stone contained a copy of the New Testament, native hymn books, catechism, some church records, pictures of former churches, proceedings of the annual conference of the Methodist Church, Mr. Sell's book "On Trek With Christ in Southern Rhodesia", Rev. M. I. James's "Missions in Rhodesia", a copy of the Umtali Advertiser, and lists of stewards and officers of the church.

Mr. Roberts paid a tribute to the members of the congregation, who were about to see the realisation of their labours; and acknowledged the assistance received from the builders and Mr. W. B. West, who was responsible for supervising the work.

The "litany for the laying of a foundation-stone" was read in English by Mr. Sells, translated by the native ministers, and the response were made by the congregation. The beauty of the language of this composition will be remembered by some of those who attended a simple but impressive ceremony.

Easter at Kanene

By Leslie C. Sarah, Congo

Congo played an important part in the events leading up to Easter, though the only notice historians have taken of this is to conjecture that possibly Simon of Cyrene might have had African blood. We at Kanene see it differently, and we put our thoughts into drama.

A company of Congolese were living at Jerusalem in the days of our Lord, employed in various humble capacities. One of their number was named Simon. In the first act he enters in weariness and distress. In answer to many questions he relates his experiences from the time he saw a strange procession, until he finally laid down the cross at Calvary and fled.

The second act shows a Congo soldier on guard on Calvary. Simon and his friends approach, asking to see where they crucified Him. The soldier tells them all he saw up to the time Joseph and friends took the body away for burial. He then directs them to the garden of the tomb.

A young Congolese works in Joseph's garden. He has seen the events of Easter morning. He describes all and sums up the general opinion in one word uttered with great enthusiasm and reverence—"Wasanguka". (He is risen). "Wasanguka!" exclaims Simon in delight and his friends re-echo the word and burst ecstatically into the jubilant hymn—"Hallelujah! Wasanguka—".

Simon calls upon all to give thanks for the wonder they have witnessed and all kneel in silent prayer. As the hush comes over the congregation a voice enunciates in benediction;—"Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world".

Suitable scriptures introduced each act, and transition from one act to another was done by means of congregational singing. The hymns chosen were:—"O sacred head now wounded", "When I survey the wondrous cross", and "Christ the Lord is risen to-day."

Costumes were the ordinary clothes such characters wear in Congo today. No stage properties were used. No script was prepared except for an outline of biblical passages to be studied by each character to help him visualize clearly the person he was to represent.

We feel this simple drama presented the bible facts in a compelling and graphic man-

ner. The use of well known types in the leading parts helped make our Lord's Passion and Resurrection related especially to Africa. The reverent attitude of the congregation showed that the actors had succeeded in leading us into an experience of worship.

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Missionary Scholarships

Seven assignments of Missionary Fellowships and Scholarships to missionaries and nationals have been made by Union Theological Seminary, New York, for the year 1940-41. The appointees went to China (1), Japan (5) and Egypt (1).

Several Missionary Fellowships (yielding \$750 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 1941-42 should reach the Registrar of the Seminary by January 1st, 1941. Further information can be obtained from the Registrar of the seminary.

Twelve fully furnished apartments are available for missionaries on furlough. Detailed information about these apartments can be secured by addressing the Comptroller of the Seminary.

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Evangelisation and Rel. Instruction.

Continued from page 2

care and will do the preaching in each center on successive days of the week. Thus the untrained, or inexperienced teachers resident in the villages will have the constant counsel of the better prepared man. It is hoped that this will be one means of helping them grow in service.

Due to careful pruning of membership lists and to the shifting of population mentioned above the statistics do not indicate a great numerical strengthening of the work, but the number of new converts and of new members show a steady advance. It is encouraging that the number of Christian families is increasing each year. That indicates that the evangelisation of the people is taking firm hold of their life.

In Defense of Missionary Stubbornness

By Charles E. Winter

An official in Washington has been quoted as having made remarks about missionaries who "stubbornly remain" in their stations despite warnings from officials of their government to leave. There is no use denying the general truth of the statement. Missionaries have remained in the face of official warnings to leave and have returned to their stations in the face of official "advice" to stay away. Even against the use of the word "stubbornly" we can raise no objection.

The most we can do is to try to defend ourselves. And we really have no reasonable defense. To some of you it will be hopelessly idealistic, sentimental. But it is all the defense we have. There is not much use, I suppose, in offering it to the quarters from which the statement came, and it is unnecessary. But to you, the church by whom we were commissioned and sent out, we owe a word of explanation.

By exposing ourselves to dangers incident to this conflict we are creating situations that may involve our country in war. This is the official argument. This seems to us a very remote possibility. If Ambassadors can be wounded, consuls and soldiers of friendly nations killed almost with impunity, a mishap to a mere missionary would not be likely to affect international peace. But that is what they tell us and we are called on to answer.

To you, our church, we therefore present our defense. You sent us out for a life of service and fellowship with a foreign people. We were to learn their language, identify ourselves with them as far as possible, if by any means we might win some to our Christ. When years of such service have consummated a feeling of spiritual kinship between the missionary and these people it is asking too much that your missionary suddenly snap these bonds? If such an act should be interpreted as inspired merely by fear it would not be so bad. But between friend and friend there is a word that carries more of danger to the relationship than "fear". That word is "disloyalty". It was our own philosopher Royce who said that loyalty was the very essence of religion. At least it is the essence of friend-

ship. Twenty, forty, fifty years of working and worshiping together, of together facing difficulties and hardships, perils, sickness, death; of shared joys, sorrows, hopes, fears, accomplishments and failures; these experiences establish ties that are as strong as iron bands.

You have sent us out to be friends, and, in danger as in peace, the place of friends is together. If we have taken your commission too seriously we cannot help it. It is inevitable as the law of gravity that we act this way. You also could not act otherwise under the circumstances. These people have become our people as our God has become their God.

But perhaps one of you will say, "Good! But if you feel that way why don't you become one of them in fact as you say you are in your heart? Why don't you become a citizen of the country that means so much to you? Some have done it. Then there could be no criticism."

Yes, some noble souls have done it. And those of us who haven't can only plead human weakness. Forgive us that we love also our native land. Forgive us that our prayers go up also for our home country. Again it is our hearts speaking, not our heads. We are tied to the home land with ties that will not break, with memories that will not fail. The great old oak tree that our boyhood knew still wraps its roots around our hearts. The little creek that wound past the old home still whispers to us in the night. The mountains and the sea, the plains and the cities thereof are part of our very being. There is that old church at whose altar we gave ourselves to the Lord. There are faces loved long since and some lost awhile, that still live in our hearts. Our homeland has built itself into us. We are of it. It is of us.

Alas! We find ourselves citizens of two countries, or is it citizens without a country? No, neither. We are citizens of one country, the kingdom of friends, which, perhaps, is also the Kingdom of God.

We do not expect nor do we ask for special protection for ourselves as over against the people among whom we work. It is unthinkable that a friend demand for himself that which will set him apart from and above his fellow. God knows we often fail in realizing this high ideal. But when the issue is clear, true friends cannot evade, if they would, the high demand—no, not demand—privilege—of facing life, with all its chances, together.

We want no reprisals for anything that may happen to us. The gospel we preach includes the teaching that vengeance is not the prerogative of man. You taught us this. You our church, also taught us that love and friendship are Christlike qualities. We are trying to work these things out into life. You surely would not have us do otherwise than what we are doing. Would you? (*China Christian Advocate*)

—oOo—

First Impressions

Miss Clara Bartling, Inhambane.

So many things happen day by day that I would like to tell you about that I can't begin to tell them all.

We are about to graduate a class of eleven nurses. When they came three years ago some of them had had several years of schooling and others could scarcely write. Victoria Lang, Mrs. Longworth and Doctor Stauffacher have worked hard in training them and I think that the result are very gratifying. They have filled many note books with notes and diagrams, they have stored in their heads many facts concerning anatomy, medicine etc., which were formerly unknown to them. Their hands have been trained to put on bandages, to pull teeth, to deliver babies and countless other things. Their minds and hearts have been trained too in the things of God so that we are hoping and praying that each one of them will become a real Christian leader in the place to which they will go.

Eight new girls have arrived to take up the work which the old students have just completed. One of the students of the graduating class is staying on to help me and Mrs. Longworth with the teaching. Victoria leaves for furlough this month.

Three of these new students are former students of Hartzell Girls' School and so are well prepared to take up these further studies. I don't think that any of the others have had any schooling except what they have been taught by the evangelists in their villages. Some of them have been well taught too. Some of them, in fact I think all, seem to be very anxious to learn.

One night last week I wanted to stay near the hospital so as to be accessible when my obstetrical case was ready to deliver, so I

slept at the nurses home. In the morning I awakened before it was light and soon I heard the voice of one of the nurses lifted in prayer. Another soon followed then another and another until all had awakened, had had their devotions and were out sweeping the yard, washing clothes or doing some of the home duties before the sun was up. I thanked God that in a land where so many are still in darkness that there are some who love our Saviour and try to serve him daily.

On Sunday night I sat till midnight with one of our native nurses as she waited on a mother who was having a long hard time of labor. The nurse asked me many questions about my home and my people and we had a sweet time of fellowship talking about the things of God.

When the baby arrived after the long hours of waiting it refused to breathe well at first but our nurse worked hard and faithfully and now we have a nice healthy baby. If that mother had been attended by a heathen midwife she would have suffered agonies herself and the baby probably would have died. It is things such as this that make it seem so worth while to come to Africa for Him who said, "Go ye into all the world".

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Congo's Onward March

by Mrs. J. M. Springer

Had a letter from Howard Brinton today. He and his Dad are having a grand old time holding revival meetings. Howard has had something like 400 children at his services out in the District when these youngsters learn new hymns, have Bible study and come back eagerly for more. Rev. Thos. Brinton the father, has been working more with the pastors, teachers and adult laymen. Howard writes:

"Sunday we had one of the largest crowds that I have seen for a long while. There were easily two thousand people at the morning service at Sandoa. In order to get the new adherents up to the front of the church to take their pledges, we had to move all of the children sitting on the floor. There were over eighty new converts. Then when it was time for the Communion service, we had to tell all the people who were not full church members to leave in order to make room for those taking the Communion. And there were hund-

reds outside. One former pastor-teacher came to me to say that God had been talking to him. He had been trying to have his own way and now he says that he realizes that the only true and happy way is God's way."

Mrs. Everett writes that there has been a lot of trouble and persecution at Kapanga. But she adds, "It is an ill wind that blows no good. We have over 100 in the morning school at Musumba all big boys and more than 100 in the afternoon school. There are very few girls for the parents don't seem to care whether the girls come to school or not.

One of our students has died a very lingering death with Tuberculosis. He was at Musumba for several months at Lukonkeshi's compound as he was her man. But they took him back to his village to die. He sent back a letter that was read in church yesterday saying that he was dying in peace. God was with him and he wanted to thank everyone who had helped him. His wife had gone away from him for a time but she came back and cared for him to the last."

She tells of the little primary Sunday School class she holds where the "tiny little folks of seven and eight years vie for an opportunity to lead in prayer and lead the responsive verses which they must learn by heart as they can't read them." Verily "Our God is marching on."

Miss Jensen has just got the new Orphan Home finished. She decided to make it her Memorial since it was so greatly needed and that she thought it better to have the use and joy of it while living.

The Native girls at Kapanga now have developed a custom of giving their promised husbands something that is embroidered by themselves. She writes: "Last Sunday in Sunday School, I saw handkerchiefs embroidered all over, several of them on the church benches where after a while the young men took their places. Well that is one way of keeping one's white Sunday suit clean and spotless."

PERSONALS.

Inhambane has been specially favoured by getting a number of new recruits for its missionary force during the last year. From America came Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Fuller, sent out by the Parent Board and Miss Clara Bartling of the W. F. M. S. While these friends were in Portugal for language study they were

joined by the Rev Per Knutsson, sent out by the Sweden Conference. As it was more than ten years since the Parent Board had sent us any reinforcements these newcomers were doubly welcome. The Fullers and Mr. Knutsson are stationed at Kambine while Miss Bartling is attached to the Hospital at Gikuki. All of them have given proofs of linguistic abilities which promise much for the future. Mr. Fuller and Miss Bartling have contributed articles to this number of the Advocate.

Rhodesia has also received reinforcements in the person of Rev. Per Hassing from the Norway Conference. Brother Hassing spent a few days in Johannesburg in the home of the Editor. We were much impressed by his youthful enthusiasm and earnest spirit.

Rev. and Mrs. H. E. Taylor returned from furlough on Friday, April 26, 1940, and are now in charge of the work at Nyadiri Mission. Rev. Per Hassing who has been relieving at Nyadiri since the departure of Rev. and Mrs. T. A. O'Farrell has been appointed to Old Umtali Mission and will take up his work there immediately.

During the midterm of Miss Rosa Rydell, Miss Ona Parmenter has been taking care of the medical work at Mutambara Mission. Miss Lois Jessop is in charge of the Native Girls' Hostel in Umtali during the absence of Miss Parmenter.

A cable from Bishop Springer informs us that the Southeast Africa Conference will be held on the 9th of July. The Rhodesia Conference will met on the 23th of July.

South Africa Missionary Advocate

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No. 3



Weaving of Carpets at Kambini Training School.

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Before and After

by Mrs. John M. Springer

Seventy years ago while the women of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society were organizing for the world, a man by the name Swan made his way into Central Africa following Fred Arnot. Swan was one of the Plymouth Brethren who have done such splendid work in that section. Arnot played with Livingstone's children and got his inspiration for Africa there by hearing the reading of Livingstone's letters.

Swan found the capital of Mshidi a terrible place. The chief was bloodthirsty and cruel in the extreme. Swan avoided sight of these things as much as he could, but one day, coming in from a hunt, he stumbled on a sight that fairly made him sick.

He saw four women kneeling with their heads to the ground. A number of yards away were four soldiers, each soldier standing opposite one woman. Just as Swan came along, he saw these soldiers raise their spears and start on the run, and before he could realize what was happening each soldier had

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J. A. Persson, Editor

Things achieved in Congo

by Dr. Newell Booth

EDUCATIONAL DEVELOPMENT

The educational work of the mission is on a firm basis. Its large development is prohibited by lack of finances, and not by the desires of the people or the willingness of the mission. Limited as it is to the free will offerings of its supporters in the sending country and among its people here, the Mission must strictly limit the educational growth. Attempts are made to increase both sources of income, but the people are still bewildered a bit as to why under a government which is so willing and ready to allow freedom of conscience and worship in accord with its historical position and also apparently so firmly convinced that education should not be divorced from religious formation of character should yet find it impossible to aid them in securing an education for their children in the midst of the form of religious culture which they prefer, while aiding others of another confession.

One of the major advances during the year has not been in numbers but in quality of teaching. Manuals for the use of teachers bringing the government program into daily lesson plans for careful teaching are being prepared in several subjects. As yet they are only in mimeographed form, and incomplete. But each week sees some addition to manuals: in reading, teaching by the whole word method combined with phonic study; in arithmetic, teaching by concrete problems and controlled drill; in writing, using the approved manuscript writing adopted by the schools for Europeans in the colony; in drawing and in the social and scientific studies.

The truth of the statement that the real development of the intellectual life of the colony depends upon the training of the girls and women as effectively as the masculine part of

the population is continually felt by the mission. At Kanene there has been a fine development of plans for the training of women, mostly the wives of students in the normal and theological school and in the primary schools. The school was conceived the preceding year and a good start made. But this year, with a splendid new chapel with a fine focus for worship, new class rooms and a work shop adapted to and set apart entirely for the needs of the women, the advance has been great. There are studies of the usual academic sort, but also classes in sewing, pot making, baby care, personal and village hygiene, cooking and housekeeping are included. Certificates are to be given to those completing all the requirements in this new domestic science department of the schools at Kanene. The girls' school there has also had comparable development.

The Sandoa district has found the opening of motor roads a big help both in the work of evangelisation and in the supervision of school work. They have been partly responsible for the extension of the plan of centralized rural schools. It has been noted that the most regular attendance and the best advance in studies have been in centers nearer to European influence. There certainly is need for a background for school work. Those who are not ready for it find difficulties in adjustment. There is need to consider ways to develop what the pedagogues call a learning readiness.

MEDICAL WORK.

Only brief mention need be made here of the medical work of the mission, because complete reports from the three centers are presented regularly to the provincial medical authorities. The work has been hindered at Sandoa this year because the worker in charge was forced to leave for furlough early on account of poor health. The work at Kanene has expanded in the giving of thousands of treatments to the many patients who find it their only center for relief for their bodily ailments. They are always glad to find a bit

of Christian love mixed with their potions and and salves.

At Kapanga the statistics reveal a tremendous amount of service given to the people of the district. It is especially noted that the venereal diseases are taking large toll of the physical resources of the people. Also much help is given to them by the treatment prescribed. One of the most popular departments of the work is the leper camp. More than three hundred lepers are in residence now and are receiving daily ministrations. New buildings provided by the American Mission to Lepers have increased the facilities. Treatment is given not only to the sores but also to the souls of the people. A resident pastor, himself a leper, ministers to the spiritual needs of the lepers and also teaches them. They receive a new interest in life. The pageant given at the Christmas season revealed their adaptability, and wholesome outlook on life. Besides the three hundred in residence there are about half as many more registered at the camp who are in their villages for their six months of rest after six months of injections. The paramount chief of the country is included in that number.

—oOo—

From Darkness to Light

by Selina Chitsiku.

"When I was a baby I was given to the spirit (Mudzimu) of my father's sister, who was still living, to succeed her at the time of her death. She was the Ishe (headwoman) of a territory under my father. Also, I was to become the wife of her husband. When I was fourteen years old I was sent to Chirinda to my father's sister to live so that I would be there when she died. At that time the "mudzimu", her spirit, was to come to me and I was to cook beer for the spirit. In 1918 while I was drinking beer, a Methodist Preacher came with other Christians to tell us about Jesus. I gave my heart to Jesus at that time.

I returned to Mt. Makomwe from Chirinda, the place where I was given to the "mudzimu", the spirit. The old man who was going to take me as his wife was very angry. came many times to my father, Chief Marange, and told him that he must not allow me to be a Christian. Also, he said that if I did not return, sickness would come to the tribe and I would die. They told me many un-



The picture above shows Mrs. Chitsiku in the center. On the left is her brother, Rev. Thomas Marange, and on her right is her brother, Ishe Isaiiah Marange who is assistant chief.

true stories. I told them that Jesus was able to save me and all who would come to him for help.

After that time I went to Mutambara School. The old man who wanted to take me as his wife objected but missionaries spoke to my father and he sent me to Old Umtali School. I was very glad. My father told the old man that he could not have me as his wife because I was a Christian. I attended Old Umtali from 1923 to 1926.

I returned to Mt. Makomwe in 1927 and was married. Now I have three children. I learned about the "Rukwadzana rhwe Wadzimayi" and have been working very hard to help my people to know Jesus.

At our last Conference my brother, Rev. Thomas Marange, was sent to us as the minister of our circuit. I am glad that he has come back home to help us in our country and to preach the Gospel at the place where his father, Chief Marange, lived.

—oOo—

Palm Sunday

by Miss Jessie A. Pfaff, Rhodesia

It was the privilege of my sister and me to spend Palm Sunday weekend out at Muziti, a village about 60 miles from Old Umtali. We were delighted, as we had not been out to a village for a long time.

We had good roads until we got to the little railroad town of Rusape. There a man

and his wife, formerly of Old Umtali, gave us directions for getting onto the Muziti road. His wife insisted that we have tea, and when we left she sent along a lovely loaf of fresh bread. A few days later they sent us a gift of fine Irish potatoes.

That section of the country is very sandy and as it was near the end of the rainy season the roads were badly washed, so we had to drive very, very slowly. There was not much more than a bicycle path to follow, and in many places the grass and bushes had grown so high that we could not see what we were getting into. But God was with us and brought us safely to our destination.

There had not been time to let the minister know we were coming, so he was at one of the other churches on the circuit, but his wife and the two teachers were there. We received a most hearty welcome and then they helped us get settled. The guest house, a little one room mud hut, was badly eaten by white ants, so we had to stay in one of the school rooms. It had been cleaned that very afternoon as is the Friday afternoon custom in the village schools of Rhodesia. And of what does that cleaning consist? All furniture; that is, the teacher's table and benches for the pupils, is taken out, the floor is swept, then smeared. With what? you ask. A mixture of mud and cow dung which makes a very smooth paste that spreads over the floor evenly and when dry makes a hard smooth surface, and, after you have lived in Africa a few years, even seems to have a "clean smell" as one of our missionaries put it.

The minister did not get home until eight Friday night. He came over to see us at once, and after greetings, made arrangements for meetings to begin the next morning at ten o'clock. We had three meetings that day and three on Sunday. There was good attendance and good attention. There are many people at Muziti, but not many real Christians. Some have never been Christians, others were converted years ago, but have grown cold and now attend church only when it is convenient, or when they have nothing else to do. There are very few Christian parents and as a result the young folk have run off into the towns and into sin; consequently one sees almost no young folk there. The minister's wife said: "It is very slow work just little by little; we must visit and talk kindly with them and by and by we can see that they are becoming interested, and want to become Christians."

On Monday we visited school. There are over 120 children, 80 of whom were in the first year. The three classes are divided a-

mong the minister and two teachers, so you see each one has a goodly number to manage. In some of the village schools one teacher has 70 or 80 children, or even more. The desire on the part of parents, even heathen parents, to educate their children has increased very rapidly in recent years, with the result that the present number of teachers is not sufficient to teach this host of children. Again, lack of room, funds, and staff makes it difficult at our central schools to prepare the required number of teachers.

About noon the teachers and their people from the neighboring church at Gurure arrived. With all these hungry people coming from such a long distance, we had to have a meeting that afternoon, and at night, and again the next morning before they started home. What a joy it was to break the Bread of Life to these hungry ones—but what a responsibility, too. They had come to be fed, and our prayer was that we might give them real, nourishing food and not mere froth or soothing syrup. On the last night many people came to the altar and there after the rest had gone, found pardon and peace. One young girl from Gurure said, "When I heard that we were to go to Muziti to the meetings, I was angry and did not want to go. I said to myself that I would stay far behind, and when no one saw, I would go back home. But they kept talking to me and I could not get away. Now I am so glad I came for I have had my sins forgiven. I had never known before what it meant to be a Christian, but now I know for Jesus has come into my heart and I have peace and joy." How it made our hearts rejoice to hear such testimonies.

"All praise to Him who reigns above
In majesty supreme,
Who gave His only Son that we
Eternal Life might have."

—oOo—

First Impressions in Cambine

by Charles Edward Fuller

"Be seen but not heard" is an admonition given to children and to new missionaries. It is a justified axiom, for the judgement of both are apt to be immature. However, there is something to be said on the other side. Dr. Stauffacher told us to take all the picture we could take during our first year on the field, for after that we would begin to get used to sights which at first attract our attention. When asked by the editor to write "first

impressions", I pondered: "Shall I write what I really see with objective, unbiased viewpoint, or shall I write as though I were used to everything?" What I might criticize now may in a year become an accepted necessity, and what seems irrational now may reveal sufficient reason a year from now. Who knows.

Here is what a new missionary sees: 1. Great steps in famine-proofing native life. 2. Advances in the direction of making life healthful and strong. 3. Praiseworthy development of native leadership and initiative. 4. Inspired recognition that Salvation not only involves an internal experience, but also a readjustment of the whole life, individual and social. 5. Worthy achievement of integrated Christian and secular education.

But this is not all the new missionary notes. Among other things he thinks he sees: 1. An unwanted but unavoids tendency toward the pecuniary on the part of native Christian leaders. 2. A "have-to" psychology in conforming to certain national and cultural standards. 3. A certain shading of the central evangelistic zeal and motive by a gripping pre-occupation of consecrated Christian workers with the mechanics of their great task.

In this intermingling of good and bad there is one impression which is definite. It is that the fields, at the shops, in class room and dormitory, and yonder in the hospital, there is a consciousness that Jesus Christ is walking, exalted and exalting, loving and loved.

One need not look far to see the results of years of the fight against famine. Contrasts are rife. Heathen villages with fields often far from their houses, show the result of ignorance, indolence, and fear: Christian villages demonstrate the value of knowledge, industry, and faith. In the midst of the hot season we made rounds of the fields, finding those of the heathen villages bare and dry; while those of the Christians were yellow with corn, green with peanuts, and freshly alive with sweet potatoes and mandioca. Miracle? Yes, a miracle of knowledge, for while the others waited for the rain that did not come, the Christians, trained under Mr. Rea's faithful disciples, planted systematically and persistently. They had learned the value of keeping their fields ever producing.

Two months ago our house boy cried: "Humbi!" and we went out to see our first air raid, reddish black clouds of locust that hid the light of noon-day. Like an army they descended upon the crops, but the Christian community was not caught napping. While first-cousins were lying in their huts saying: "Our ancestors are angry, their vengeance cannot be resisted", every man, woman, and

child of the Christian community was busy. Classes stopped, meals were interrupted, and conversations ended. Old gasoline cans were pounded, poles were wielded with zest, voices roared, and black bodies shuttled back and forth through the fields until the thieving hoards were driven into the air. Then, as some attested, their prayers were answered, a strong wind commenced which blew the risen cloud to the sea. The crops remained, but already there are many of the neighbors who are begging, borrowing, or stealing because of their loss. Locusts, drought, torrents, and blight, all are unconquered enemies of the heathen; but are mere obstacles to be met systematically, diligently, and fearlessly by the Cambine trained Christians and their followers.

It is not only Mr. Rea's successful training of his men in all year farming, but also certain industrial education which helps make these people selfdependent. One finds carpenters and builders among the natives trained under the careful supervision of Mr. Keys. Tailors, trained by the wives of the missionaries, make clothes for themselves and others. Potters, weavers, tanners, and others, learning their industrial side-lines under the system of training inaugurated by Mr. Gillet, find useful places in their communities. While they do not earn the tempting wages of Johannesburg, they do not have to break up their homes in order to earn sufficient money to pay their hut taxes and other bills. Added to their basic occupation of enlightened agriculture, these avocations arm the native Christians against economic disaster. But these pursuits do more. The agricultural and industrial training, given as it is here, is translated into dependableness, thrift, industry, courage, persistence, and cooperation.

The picture is not all so bright, however, and the missionaries themselves are alert to recognize defects. Not untouched, yet still ineffectively countered, is the growing avarice in the life of the native. In conference a group of very devout Christian ministers sought to augment their own relief funds by exhausting foreign treasuries rather than by sharing more materially in the care of their aged. A noble teacher, paid by the month, asked extra pay for a few minutes service he was rendering to help the missionary with other than teaching duties in the school. An evangelist urged his need of a burro for travel, was granted aid to make the purchase, continued to walk, and takes an extra income by the sale of the off-spring of his burra. Some artisans demand unreasonable prices for products which they have been taught to make in the school

shops. And so it goes.

This is not the rule, nor is it a fair estimate of the Christians, but it is sufficiently seen to be worth attention. We must grant the evil influence of the Johannesburg mines, but the Christian Gospel should prepare men to live the Christ-like way on big wages or small.

The remedy, it seems, is in the already mentioned achievements, amplified. Let the native Christian learn to sustain himself and his family all year round; let him learn the satisfaction of making things with his own hands; let him be increasingly independent of money from without his society. This prepares the ground for a life that need not adopt the greed for money. What more? There needs to be transplanted into their lives the same spirit which prompted a former engineer to leave more lucrative employment to come to Cambine with the Gospel; the same spirit which compelled a physician to reject rich practices at home for the curing of those who could not pay; yes, the same compelling, yet rewarding Spirit which has made money, possessions, homes, comforts, and all else insignificant to those "whose meat and drink it is to do the will of their Heavenly Father". We are convinced that we should call forth the greater consecration of time, talent, and money to the work of the Kingdom of God, like was done in the life of Josiah, the evangelist, whose tired body gave way to consumption few weeks ago. Dissatisfied with the easy life in an established Christian village, he left his home, faced insurmountable obstacles, evangelized a completely un-Christian section, and won practically the whole place to set up a Christian village at Xilawule. His life was and is a witness.

—oOo—

Experiments in Medicine.

by Joy Stauffacher, Inhambane

As I followed Daddy through the wards, day after day, listening to his reasoning, watching his alertness for new symptoms, and following up the history of cured patients, it dawned upon me that I had poked my finger into a hot-bed of mystery. I realised that medicine could be far more tantalizing than the most exciting detective story. Here the doctor is the detective, the germs are the criminals and, most thrilling of all, the patient is the potential corpse that can be saved!

Silasi was brought in from Panda in a critical condition. Panda—the very name conjured up a picture of witchcraft, Silasi had lived in the district where death is never considered a

natural phenomenon! He had lived a quiet life in a small village. Some days ago a strange woman had come to the kraal and had been made welcome. After several days the stranger had offered to prepare the noon meal, she cooked the traditional meal of corn meal mush, peanut gravy and casava greens. The whole family partook of the food and enjoyed it. Three hours later Silasi was in a death-like coma, and had to be rushed to our mission hospital many miles away... The detective bent over the man, ran his sensitive fingers over the patient's abdomen, and watched him carefully. That night he went over the case thoroughly. The evidence pointed to an unnatural cause. His library was carefully consulted, the verdict was given, the sentence of death was passed on the criminal germs. The detective, who was also the judge, had come to the conclusion that the patient had been poisoned, probably accidentally. Treatment followed, and Silasi was soon a cheerful convalescent, having no idea of what he had been cured. The natives were purposely kept in ignorance. Witchcraft was too large a menace to tamper with.

A knocking was heard at the door one night. A little black nurse stood terrified upon our doorstep, her blue cotton uniform fluttered against her lantern making weird sounds, and fantastic shadows. Silasi had gone crazy; this was her message. We hurried up to the hospital and looked into Silasi's room. The lanterns threw an uncanny light upon a huddle of women relatives cowering in the corner. The patient was standing on his head. In a series of wild contortions he threw himself across the room. An injection of Hyacine did its duty, and when we left Silasi was fast asleep. This became a nightly occurrence. The detective must now become a psychologist. It was hard to say whether this was a fake performance or not. In the same hours of daylight we talked to him. The psychologist became a clown, he joked and teased his patient until there were only smiles where sullenness has lurked. It was a case for delicate handling.

All this time Silasi had been learning about Jesus. Our Bible woman, dear, dumpy, little Rakeli with her silver-rimmed spectacles that look so odd on any black face, had paid her daily visit with the most wonderful book of all in her arms. The man who had played the parts of detective, judge, psychologist and clown was after all only a humble missionary who found many odd moments to talk to his patients about his best Friend, and who had often knelt hand in hand with Silasi to talk to the King who in his Fatherhood has made us all brothers. These little seeds began to grow, and where they grew there was no room for darkness. Superstition crept out of his mind and heart. I am glad to say that Silasi has gone back to Panda, well in mind and body, carrying a torch into the darkness.

The Young Maid's Car

Less than two hours' journey brought us to Missula. The Christian village is being moved to the main road from the valley. Already the walls of an adobe church, constructed in the form of a cross, were up. The building is to seat 300. The little church in the valley was crowded to overflowing every Sunday and it was necessary to build a larger one to accommodate the people. Some of the people had finished their houses by the road but many of them were still down in the valley. We found that the native pastor was observing the Christmas holidays and so the school was not in session. He did not know that we were coming and he was out working in his garden. After talking with his wife, we could see that she was not well enough to entertain visitors even for a few days. Also the house was small. She was very cordial to us and would have taken us, in spite of the inconvenience. She told us that there was a good road to Nganga Sole and she was sure that our car could get through without any trouble.

The road was cleared for a short distance but soon we were following only a foot path which sometimes so covered by tall grass that we could scarcely see it. In some places we had to avoid ant hills, stumps of trees, and rocks. After six miles of this poor road, we began to pass by the native gardens and knew that we were getting near the village. Soon we saw a group of huts ahead but when we arrived, a large number of heathen crowded about the car. They were scantily dressed in pieces of cloth reeking with oil and dirt; their hair done in thick greasy braids, trimmed with bright beads and buttons; each woman wore a carved reed vanity case, several times larger around than a pencil, in one ear lobe. We saw at once that it was not the mission and asked if some boy or girl would not like to get into the car and show us the way to the mission. A man came around quickly and climbed into the back of the car. All the children ran behind us.

The native preacher, Tomas de Cunha, his wife and five children, live in a three-room stick-and-mud house. While our room was being prepared, we began to teach some Christian choruses to the large group of heathen and Christian children who had gathered. Miss Crandall explained the meaning of the words and I taught the music. Our room, now bare, had been used to store dry bean vines. It had one door but no windows. Af-



The party and the car.

ter the camp cots had been set up, our box of food supplies and kitchen utensils placed on the dirt floor in one corner, and our light hung just inside the door, Tomas placed a small table between our two beds and we sat down to eat our supper while many heathen people stood in the doorway and watched us. They had looked curiously at all of the things which we took out of the car. They marveled that we could bring so much, even to beds. They compared the number of things to the amount of space in the car. They remarked about the strange bed clothes and the mosquito net.

We studied our talk for the next morning and then went to bed but we couldn't sleep very well. The cat came in and made noises walking among the things on the floor. Next morning we found the can of milk lying on its side. The contents were on the bottom of the food can. We decided not to leave the door open for the cat to enter that night.

Next morning the little church was full of people eager to hear the Gospel. Each one of us gave a message and I taught some new choruses. The heathen people were not there.

After breakfast we made school in the yard in front of the pastor's house. (Usually school is held in the church. Sala Webba was there conducting a women's meeting). There were only eight pupils, the children of the Christian families. However, the little heathen boys and girls stood behind the others, and some of them were very much interested, although when asked to take part, ran away. Later we found out that the parents would not permit the children to come to school because they were afraid the mission would make them clean up and cut off their hair and in a little while convert them. They don't want to be

converted so that they have to give up their idols and their extra wives. The parents keep the children from entering school by telling them that if they do enter they will not be permitted to dance with the other children and eat the feast meat which it is the custom for them to receive for dancing at a funeral. Whenever there is a death in the heathen village, fifteen or twenty children are needed for this purpose. These children had bright looking faces. How we would have liked to enter them in our school!

That afternoon we held a meeting in the nearest heathen village where we had stopped the first day. It was a new and interesting experience to try to give a little message to those who were living in spiritual darkness. The singing seemed difficult to them because they knew nothing of our rhythm. They liked to try, and appeared to enjoy it. On our return, the village children ran ahead of us, stopping many times on the way to perform their heathen dance. That is all the play they seemed to know.

There were two heathen women, who did not attend the meeting, under a tree. One of them was stirring a red liquid filled with large red chunks of something. We went up and shook hands with the younger woman and the older woman left her pot and shook hands, too. Her and was very sticky. We talked with them about Christ. They agreed with everything we said.

(To be continued)

—oOo—

Pentecost at Elisabethville

by *Esmá and Newell Booth*

Dear Friends:—

It seems impossible to write this letter now or to even go about ones work. We have just received news of the surrender of the Dutch Army and of thousands of air planes ready to bomb Belgium, but after all this means that it is even more essential to plant the love of God in the lives of His people and pray for the power of the Holy Spirit.

That prayer for the Spirit has been the central thing in our Work these last weeks. It has always seemed to me that the Church has let the Pentecostal Season pass with too little notice and too little appropriation of its deep value, so that this year our Church at Elisabethville decided to give themselves to the prayer for power as the Disciples of old did after the ascension of Jesus. It start-

ed at one of the finest of Official Board meetings which I have ever attended here or at home. The people really gave themselves to planning, without waiting for the Pastor to hand out the program. The theme they suggested was a simple one, "Things that Help Us to Pray for the Holy Spirit." Then they broke down the theme into ten points as the subjects for the ten successive nights of prayer. Repentance was seen to be the first necessity followed by Faith. Then the conquering of those things that hinder us in receiving the Spirit, laziness, tribal prejudices, jealousy, fear and anxiety and self centeredness. Then there was the desire to seek truth always no matter the cost, to trust in one another and to be bound together by love to God and to man. The Official Board decided that many valuable things would be attained if our own people brought the messages who knew our problems, rather than have some one from outside. The result was that ten of our class leaders and eight of the assistant class leaders were asked to lead the week day meetings, the latter group leading the services in the nearby chapel at Lubumbashi.

Those eighteen met together took over and planned the meetings and chose the different ones for the different subjects.

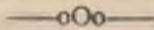
Right after Ascension Day which is a legal holiday here, we began the services and continued them through the two Sundays to the final service the afternoon of Pentecost Sunday. The Services were of increasing meaning to the people. The attendance was very gratifying, with a total attendance of nearly two thousand in the week day meetings and the two on the Sundays.

The earnestness of the people was particularly felt on Saturday night and then Sunday afternoon at the close of a splendid sermon by one of the class leaders. The people came forward to kneel at the altar, completely filling it once, then making a double row and a triple until there were one hundred and sixty kneeling in prayer for the gift of the Holy Spirit. In silent prayer, in prayer from several of those kneeling and in conversation together there came the assurance of the presence of the Spirit and the definite consecration to the task of Christ. With one voice they all agreed to enlist for the duration in the army of Christ.

What it may mean in the lives of the people themselves and for the Church we cannot yet know or ever fully realize, but that the Spirit is still a burning fire was evidenced by one man, long a faithful member of the Church, who stopped his class leader and another elder in the Church to pray with him as the

others left. Nearly an hour later the class leader called me to come and pray with them. When that man received the Spirit into his life there was something that had to be burned out. He had never confessed his use, ten years before, of native witch craft while he was a professing Christian. He knew that he could not go on without lifting that burden which had been troubling him through the years. I shall never forget the light in his face as at the close he said, "Now all is right and I can work for Christ."

We are rejoicing in added help for the Work here in Elisabethville. Howard Brinton the son of one of our pioneer missionaries came out with Bishop Springer as Secretary and has stayed to help in the Work between his College and Seminary Courses. He is with us after some months at Sandoa and will carry on here while we take a long-awaited vacation of two months and then we shall be working together again for a time. We do thank you as members of the Church which have made it possible for him to stay on with us.



Among The Ambaquistas.

by Marie Nelson, Angola.

In Angola it is understood generally that the natives in Ambaca are the superior ones in the whole province both in civilization and in prosperity. The region is thickly populated, the soil fertile.

That first evening in the heart of the Ambaca I did not appreciate their civilization. Only the teacher, still a boy, and another man had ever seen me before. There could be no doubt as to our being welcome in their midst. The black faces shone as they flocked about us, another white lady and myself. They pushed and stepped on each other to get near so as to touch our white skin and insisted on shaking hands. The best room in the village was cleared, the floor sprinkled and swept, a table carried in from one house and two chairs from others, at last ready for our occupation. We wanted to set up the beds, have a little supper and go to bed. It had been a hard, hot day's travel. But the Ambaquistas thought otherwise. They followed us into the room, chatting loudly and asking all sorts of questions. They watched our every movement and admired our queer beds and clothes. No one showed any sign of thinking we needed room. It did not worry

them if we stepped on their toes. When we moved they moved.

Supper ready we hinted tactfully and otherwise that it was time to go. No one took hints. Finally we had to close the door. The whole mob then went around to the open window, watching us from there and shutting out what little light and air a tiny window can produce.

Afterwards the people demanded a meeting. They had waited long enough for a visit from the missionaries. Gathered in that rude, African church the atmosphere soon changed to one of worship. Everybody was quiet and attentive. A talk can never be too long. A twenty minutes sermon just will not do. Even children sit still for hours and listen. They were hungry for spiritual food. We did our best to break the Bread of Life and to satisfy them.

No one appeared to think of material food that day. After the meeting the whole crowd followed us up to the house. Some carried our books, others busied themselves by carrying the two chairs back from church. They followed us uninvited into the room, all the time asking questions and talking.

In the morning, at early dawn, everything started all over again. There was another long meeting. By that time the whole village knew that I was the medicine lady. Symptoms of all kinds were poured out upon me. The children had itch, some coughed and a few had bad ulcers. No one looked real ill except a three year old child who was dying already. Yet, they all had to have at least two pills of some kind and gladly paid the fifty centavos required to obtain medicine.

The church is used as school room in that village. Seventy youngsters, mostly boys, were waiting eagerly for the white teacher to examine every one of them.

In the afternoon I ventured out with a number of Christians to a near-by village where they had begged us to come and teach them the Word of God. I soon discovered that there was only one Christian in the whole place. He was different from the rest. He reminded me of Noah. Whatever he might have tried to preach had certainly fallen by the way-side. Even his wife laughed aloud when I told them of Jesus, a name she had never before heard.

Wailing and loud crying greeted us on returning. The little child had breathed her last, and the heathen relatives had arrived. There is something so weird and heart-rending over an African funeral when some raw heathen are present. They kept up the mournful wailing, loud crying and rhythmic stamping of feet till far into the night when we

finally had to go and ask them to be quiet. Meanwhile we had sat in the house of mourning as long as possible and shared their sorrow as well as the intense heat, stuffiness mosquitoes and done our best to show them the Way of Life. Only as long as we were present had they been quiet.

Similar reception awaited us in the next congregation and the next. In one church the pastor lamented the fact that the District Superintendent had never visited them; while the Catholic priest visited his congregations once a year. He tried his best to be nice and welcome us even though only women. It is not easy for the District Superintendent to get around to his seventy scattered churches in his always second-hand, old, delapidated car. However, he has since visited that church.

Yes, there are big villages everywhere. It was pitiful to pass by so many such, knowing that they may have to wait a long time yet in darkness. It is true that the harvest is great, but the fields are not ready to be gathered. Many must be cultivated and nursed a long time yet.

Our visit must have done some good after all. Nine new girls from Ambaca have entered our school in Quessua this year. Boys had come previously. They fit into the school life splendidly. We hope and trust that these may be able to do more for the Ambaquistas than we could. There are vast opportunities for real pioneer, missionary work in the whole of Ambaca, a region of about hundred and fifty square miles. Start a hymn and hundreds of intelligent people will flock about you. They will listen patiently to the Word of God. Some of the Word will fall into good soil and bear a hundred fold.

Before and After

From page 2.

plunged his spear into the back of a woman, and twisting it violently till he pulled out the heart and held the still throbbing member aloft on his spear as a token that he had won.

Swan went to Mshidi and protested. He said, "You do not know what your soldiers are doing. That is horrible."

Mshidi looked at him tolerantly and then reached over and patted his shoulder and said, "Oh, Swani, Swani, you are too soft hearted. Why they are only women. Why make such a fuss? They are only women."

Fifty years later three Plymouth Brethren

missionaries arrived at Jadotville on a Saturday train only 60 miles from Mshidi's former capital. On Sunday they came to our service and saw the clean, neatly dressed women sitting on one side of the church and the men on the other. They heard the fine singing of the hymns and the rest of the service, and then at the last Jacob, of "Camp Fires in the Congo" fame, got up with his scrub choir of only five weeks training, and they sang the Hallelujah Chorus. One of the ladies turned and said to me, "It seems impossible. I would never have believed that in my first service in the Congo I should hear the Hallelujah Chorus sung in a congregation. The reason was that Jesus had been at work and the people had come to know Him, many of them. He was King of Kings and Lord of Lords, and eventually He shall reign for ever and ever.

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South Africa Missionary Advocate

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OCTOBER - DECEMBER, 1940

No. 4.



The new church at Mrewa, Rhodesia, which was dedicated during the session of Conference in 1940. This structure incorporates parts of the Howard Memorial Church which had become far too small for the large and growing congregation at Mrewa.

Bishop Lambuth Pioneers in Africa

BISHOP LAMBUTH believed that missions were fundamental to the vitality and spirituality of the Church of Christ. He felt strongly also that the Christian Negroes of America owed it to their brethren in Africa to carry them the gospel, which had done so much for the black folks in this country. He believed that many fine young people were being educated in the schools who would be willing to go out as missionaries. Accordingly, he began to campaign among the leaders and churches of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church which met with instant and enthusiastic response.

It was a providential outcome of this effort to combine the two Churches on this enterprise that John Wesley Gilbert, of Augusta, Ga., one of the really great representatives of the colored race in the South, was selected to accompany Bishop Lambuth on his first journey to the Congo. Gilbert was a graduate of Paine College. He afterward studied in Brown University and won in that university a scholarship which gave him a term in the study of Greek at the American School of Classics in Athens, Greece. He was a fine linguist.

Bishop Lambuth and Gilbert traveled together and faced danger together. I have heard Dr. Gilbert say that in their journey into the interior he always went in front, so that his black breast might be the first to meet danger and to form a protection to his white friend.

They went first to Belgium. There they made all necessary arrangements with the government and sailed from Antwerp for their trip across the Mediterranean.

They sighted land at Dakar on October 24, 1911. The Bishop writes: "Gilbert and I retired to our room and prayed that God would accept a rededication of our lives upon this the threshold of the great African continent and our new life work."

Thus begins a journey full of interest, beset with hardships, privation, and dangers. Upon reaching Luebo, the center of the Presbyterian work, on December 7, 1911, equipped with tent, hammocks, provisions, salt, cloth, medicine chest, typewriters, etc.; borne by sixty carriers, they set out on their tour of exploration. "Our pocket-books," says the Bishop, "consisted of sixteen sacks of salt and many bales of cloth, money being of no value in the remote interior. Our caravan stretched half a mile along the trail, Professor Gilbert at the head of the column and I bringing up the rear to prevent stragglers from running away or from falling into the hands of savages." They crossed rivers, waded swamps, braved fevers, camped in cannibal villages, treated four hundred patients, met fifty chiefs and visited two hundred villages on this long journey of seven hundred and fifty miles. They were now at

Wembo Nyama, in the heart of the Batetela, whose big chief was at first a bit suspicious and sullen. Then unexpectedly the light of a great joy broke on him. He had discovered in one of the carriers a longlost friend whom he had not seen in almost twenty years. After that nothing was too good for them. The chief, a man of enormous proportions, took them to his own house, killed the fatted goat, brought rice, fruit, and yams, and made them feel at home.

On that first visit to Africa, in 1911, Dr. Lambuth and Dr. Gilbert had decided that in Wembo Nyama they had found the object of their search. They found a vigorous tribe of warriors 400,000 strong who had migrated westward from the Lualaba River, which had been partly explored by David Livingstone. These missionaries were attracted by these independent, self-respecting people, who had never been conquered except by the Belgians. The men are experts in hunting and building, and the women are good agriculturists. The Bishop says that he found no native houses anywhere in Africa comparable to theirs. The main streets of their villages are over a hundred feet wide, are shaded, and usually kept clean.

The first visit of the missionaries had made a most favorable impression. The chief had led Bishop Lambuth into the moonlight and exacted a promise that in the eighteenth moon the shadows of the chief and the Bishop would be side by side again. The chief said that he would be cutting notches in a stick, one for each moon, until the eighteenth had been reached. And it came to pass that he was greatly disappointed when the Bishop failed to return at the appointed time, due to his being detained in South America. When he discovered that it would not be possible for him to keep his promise, he contrived to have a message sent from Luebo by four men, who walked a thousand miles to carry it, informing the chief of the unavoidable delay, and asking an extension of the time to twenty-four moons. This thoughtfulness was greatly appreciated and proved to be a means of further establishing Kabengele, the Batetela name of the Bishop, in the confidence of the chief and his tribe. The chief said: "It is well. The white man keeps his word."

The messengers were loaded with presents of food and each with a piece of cloth. The chief gave them his spear and said: "Present this to Kabengele as a guarantee of protection when he comes with his people." This was a spear with which he had killed a number of people, whose flesh he had eaten. The Bishop arrived, with eight missionaries, one day before the twenty-fourth moon, and was welcomed by the chief and entertained the first night in his own house.

On this second trip to Africa, in 1913, Bishop Lambuth and his party of missionaries, with Rev. J.

Turn to page 11.

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J. A. Persson, Editor

Missions in War time

By *Bishop John M. Springer.*

Mission work across Central Africa is proceeding so far with some but no great change or restriction arising out of the War. The territories in the mid-continent are administered by countries known as "The Allies," Great Britain and Free France who have been joined by the Belgian Congo, which is being administered now by the Government of the Colony, and by neutral Portugal. There has been no little apprehension however, as, should the War by any mischance go against the Allies, it is quite certain that there would be radical changes of control of the Colonies and unpredictable differences of working conditions for the Missions.

Changes of regulations regarding entrance into and exit from Colonies and Provinces have necessarily been made. But these are only such in general as are necessary, and with rare exceptions they are administered and enforced in a considerate and courteous manner. Officials who have had to detain us, in one instance for three days, while awaiting the necessary permit from the Governor General, were most apologetic for the delay and deeply concerned that we should be assured that it was not of their will or doing.

The greatest dislocation of Missionary life and procedure has been in the lines of travel available. The common routes by European Ports have been almost entirely closed except for British Missionaries and a few others. American Missionaries find that almost the only routes open to them are by Cape Town or Durban in South Africa, and either direct to New York or across the Indian and Pacific Oceans.

Elisabethville, the Southern gate-way to the Belgian Congo, has become the bottle-neck for much of this travel. Missionaries from the Gold Coast, Nigeria, The Cameroons, French Equatorial Africa, the Northern Belgian Congo and Kenya have recently passed through that City. One day near last Thanksgiving there were 35 transient Mis-

sionaries in town, some proceeding on furlough, others returning. Our Missionaries resident there, Doctor and Mrs. Newell S. Booth, have been privileged to be of valued assistance to most of these. As was observed by someone, should the War continue for five years our Missionaries in Elisabethville will have met in passing most of the Missionaries of Central Africa.

The facilities of the shipping lines now serving Cape Town, East and West, have been greatly overtaxed both ways. Accommodations are often booked at least six months ahead. Passages cannot be secured just when desired. This necessarily defers furloughs, all the more needed because of the extra strain incidental to present conditions, and to the delay of associates unable to return promptly from furlough. Parties have had to wait as much as six months at Cape Town for passage, and recently there were reported to have been at one time 135 Missionaries in New York with pass-ports all in order awaiting passage to their various fields. Quite a number of Missionaries are taking their furloughs in South Africa rather than attempting to get to their home countries.

Decreased supplies of all sorts is a factor that is affecting practically all missionaries as well as the general public, not to mention higher prices. One goes into store after store and is told over and again. "We are all out of that but we are expecting new supplies from South Africa soon," or, "Our stock of that is exhausted and we do not expect to be able to restock that until after the War." England is marvellously keeping up her export trade, considering, and eagerly solicits large orders. But even so, the list of items that she cannot supply at present is a rather long and an extending one. South Africa's communications with England have been kept open and fairly steady, even with occasional loss of ships. And now all Central Africa is being supplied in large measure from the Sub-Continent.

Beginning about the turn of the Century manufacturing began in fair earnest in South Africa, and at the out-break of this War the output of plants of a very wide variety of goods has reached high levels. Owing to the stimulus of the War these manufactur-

ing facilities are being rapidly extended. The present output includes munitions and armaments.

Never were Missionaries more needed than at the present time. The Natives very generally know that Africa is one of the major bones of contention in this present conflict, and that reverses and defeat to their present rulers would quite certainly spell disaster and oppressive rule for them. With few exceptions the Natives of Central Africa are in the main content with their present Administrators; and even though they may in not a few cases hope for improvements in their condition and in the regulations under which they are governed, they have no desire that the aspiring Totalitarian overlords should take over their countries.

And a view towards the future emphasises the importance and the need of preparing the Natives of Africa for the coming day. It is but a little over six or seven brief decades ago that Africa as an industrial and commercial factor rated very low in the World's affairs. In this half century past there has been a rapidly extending knowledge of the rich resources of this vast Continent, and an appreciation of the steadily and even rapidly extending market, not only for cloth, blankets, beads and trinkets of all sorts but considering the Natives alone, their awakening by Governments and by Commercial and Industrial Agencies in particular, is creating demand for an ever extending range of articles of modern civilised life. Why enumerate? Natives of the more advanced classes in various parts of the Continent are to-day patrons of stores stocked with the whole range of articles ordinarily found in a moderate sized department store. The hordes of their less civilised fellows are pressing as rapidly as possible after them.

As for resources, iron ore is practically unlimited and widely distributed. One Colony alone has Coal to supply the World for two centuries. Known Copper reserves ensure the continuation of the present large output for two or more centuries; cobalt, chrome, tin, zinc, hard woods, oils and so forth are found in large quantities. Africa supplies a large proportion of the radium, the gold and diamonds of the World.

The Natives of Africa are in the main the workers and artisans in all this Industry and are ever receiving a constantly advancing and higher instruction in the crafts, in office procedure and in subordinate administration, being stimulated as the millions of Natives are by Government and by modern Industry, they are not only more open to formative influences but are notably desirous also of definite instruction and for preparation for the better paid positions open to them.

The present is the great chance of the Christian Church adequately to meet the needs and actively to improve the present challenging opportunities.

Africa will be of increasing importance in the years ahead. The peace of the World may easily be determined some day by the character of the Natives of Africa.

See that no recall of any of the present force or diminution of the prevailing programme occurs; but the rather that there be a steady advance of the entire Christian enterprise throughout this vast and potential Continent.

Johannesburg, December, 1940.

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Ascension Thursday.

Today is Ascension Thursday. It is a legal holiday here. A good many people in Elisabethville have only a very hazy idea as to the reason that they do not have to go to work and that the stores are closed. They know that they can go to sports events and that there are special matinees at the movies. But to one group there was a very definite realisation this was a day to remember how Jesus left his work in the hands of his disciples.

The church workers came for their monthly meeting. They reported on the results of their pastoral supervision and made some plans for the future. The pastor recalled the development in the life of the church since the meeting in February when he had told them that he felt the church was on the verge of a revival. There had been a city wide campaign of visitation evangelism culminating in the ingathering of more than one hundred and fifty people the last of March. Now the church is engaged in a series of evangelistic meetings under the guidance of Tshisunga Daniel, a pastor from our sister church in the Kasai. This Ascension Thursday is the workers day. Then Pastor Daniel challenged the group to the work of the next step. continuing personal evangelism, every Christian a fisher of men, a shepherd seeking the lost sheep.

When the workers realized that they numbered exactly 120, their thoughts went to the group to which the disciples went from Mount Olivet. There 120 people who were seeking to carry on the work that Jesus had left them continued in one accord and steadfast in prayer. Ten days later came Pentecost. Are the days of Pentecost only in the past? This group of christian workers today believe that Pentecost may come again to us in ten days.

They stood and joined in that wonderful spiritual, "I want to be a christian in my heart." More faithful, more fervent, more like Jesus, they sang.

Then in answer to the call to go from Ascension to Pentecost, the call of their master, they flung their hands to the sky and cried "Here am I!" Hands go up in other lands at the call of the dictators, but here is the answer, hands raised aloft to hail the one great Leader.

Newell S. Booth.

The Doctor is building

Alexander H. Kemp, Angola

The big news of this center is the triumphant completion of our new school building. Since long before our arrival in 1923 classes have been held in any place available,—open verandas of missionary residences, a garage, unused rooms in an agricultural building, the dining-room and kitchen of the dormitory, etc. All buildings until 1932 were constructed of adobes (sun dried bricks) through which white ants sooner or later found their way in spite of various attempts to keep them out, with the result that the walls became honey-combed and the roofing timbers destroyed. In 1932 we built our home of burnt bricks set in lime plaster on top of cement-capped foundations, and this type of construction has proved absolutely impervious to the inroads of the white ants.

Early in 1938, just after we returned from our second furlough, I began to gather material for building. I had \$1000 in cash, and \$3000 in faith in our "Friends in America," this faith turning into cash as time went on, so that the work proceeded without a halt and without any debt. From the mountain over a mile distant came 300 tons of stone, from the forest ironwood for 35 frames for doors and windows besides softer wood for 16 doors and 57 window sashes and 60 benches and 15,000 board feet of lumber for the roof. Ten carpenters worked 16 months in the shop, 50 men worked two dry seasons making bricks, 10 men got firewood, 10 washed coarse sand for the cement,—all this before actual building began. On July 22, 1939 the first brick was laid, and five weeks later the walls were completed. I got "cold feet" when it came to constructing the roof, so I hired a Portuguese carpenter with 15 native assistants to do this job, and as the work went forward I was increasingly glad I had done so. The main beams over the Chapel were 40 feet long and weighed 600 pounds each, and it was a real job to hoist them into place 20 feet from the ground. After five weeks' work I saw an old table cloth waving in the wind from a pole nailed to highest part of the roof, to tell to all that the job was completed, and that there had been no one hurt.

Then came the finishing jobs which took six months,—laying the 9,000 tiles on the roof, putting up the mat ceilings, plastering the walls inside and outside, hanging the doors and windows, cementing the floors, calcimining the walls and painting the woodwork, putting in cement blackboards, building

five cement stoops with steps, and grading the grounds. On April first when our school opened for another year we had an absolutely completed building, and we all rejoiced exceedingly.

In the center of the building is the Chapel, just as the central aim of our educational work is the Christian message. The Chapel is 40 by 60 feet, and comfortably seats 500, with the possibility of increasing this by 200 when the two rear classrooms are thrown in. On each side of the Chapel are two classrooms, each 18 by 24, and behind is the office for the Principal, a room 20 by 20. To the rear of the office, connected to it by cement walks, are the two wings with two rooms each, constructed in 1932 and 1935 respectively, thus giving us eight fine classrooms. At first we wondered if we did not have too much room, but soon found out that we did not. Our 160 boys use the school in the morning, and Miss Crandall's 185 beginners use it in the afternoon. On Sunday morning the Junior Church meets in the Chapel, and afterwards Sunday School classes occupy the classrooms, an average of 80 young men meet with me in one of the rooms for Bible study.

To celebrate the completion of the building I promised a feast to all of the men who had worked on it. On the night of May 22 came the big event. Five gasoline lanterns hung from the ceiling lighted the room brilliantly. The eight long tables were covered with hospital sheets, and decorated with beautiful bouganvillea, for the 140 native guests, while the missionaries had their table on the platform. And it was a real feast, such as few if any of those present had ever before enjoyed, six courses, peanuts, macaroni soup, pork and mush (the main course), potatoes and beef, rice and fish, coffee and buns. The total cost was about \$10.00, or seven cents per person. At the beginning I was apprehensive as to the behavior of some of the men who had never before sat at a table to eat a meal, but no group in America could have acted with greater decorum. Just before the blessing was asked I strolled about among the tables, and discovered one table with 14 men at it, and not a sign of a plate or cup or silverware on it, though I had tried to make it clear that every man would have to bring his own set-up with him. Rather worried I asked the men where their dishes etc. were, and each man ducked under the table, coming up with a white cloth containing his set-up, most of the cloth as well as the enamel plates, etc., were borrowed, of course. When the feast was finished we opened the doors to allow to enter about 500 people who had been looking in through the windows, to hear some speeches and then see some old missionary slides which the Board had sent out some time ago.

The place of Agriculture in a Mission Programme.

Rev. J. S. Rea, Inhambane.

Since I have devoted most of my time to agricultural work, been, in fact, an agricultural missionary, some of you may expect me to maintain that every mission should have a specialized worker in that field and at least one station where training in African farming be given. Rather would I hope that every African Missionary be what we in America call "rural minded", and that all of our plans and programmes be related to life as Africans live it.

Now much damage has been done to this cause I represent by faddism. Even to have an agricultural missionary was almost a fad at one time. Many missions called a specialized worker to work under conditions very different from any he had been trained for, but worse, they or their Board had no idea about how this agricultural effort could be integrated with the rest of the Mission programme. In some cases it may have been thought of as bait for catching converts. Others counted on it as a way of making money to support the real work of the mission—Education and evangelism.

For these reasons it seems very wise to take time to consider "What is the place of agriculture in a mission programme?"

It certainly is not something to be used as bait. It is a means of improving the economic life and raising the standard of living in nearly every mission field, especially Africa. But if we stop there perhaps we had better not start at all. Probably no mission can afford the expensive equipment and staff necessary to making money through farming to support a mission program. Certainly in this colony where companies with extensive capital and expert agronomists fail to pay dividends we are not going to be able as missionaries to make money on a mission farm. But this we would do!—we would make enemies among white farmers and bring trouble upon ourselves from the government. In every rural mission field there is much need of tests, experiments, and scientific study of soils, crops, etc, but seldom can a mission take up agriculture with such an end in view—such studies and results must be only incidental to a practical program. The real place where a mission can do a great work is by simply using better farming as a way of helping the Christian converts and other Africans to help themselves. Some of us see no way of building an indigenous church in a field like ours unless agriculture, like men, be born again.

An agricultural missionary may be able to convert African farming but too often he has tried first to bring in European or American farming and scoffed



Miss Bess Phillips and the Rev. J. A. Persson who were married at the Missionary residence in Johannesburg on the 28th of Dec., 1940.

at African ways and methods. If you want to convert or educate a man or woman you do not get far if you scoff at them or make fun. Neither can you convert agriculture in Africa by any such method. With your prospective convert you use new methods, you bring into play upon him new forces—prayer, worship, praise, a Book. You plant a whole crop of new seed thoughts. Carefully you watch and tend until harvest. In the end you have the same African but still a new man, born again. Why this analogy? Simply this—the church could never send enough agricultural missionaries anyway to bring this desired rebirth to African agriculture, and it is not certain that they could do the job any better than you can, for you know all the technique of conversion. What then is lacking? There is lacking the realization that it is part of our job as missionaries, or as missions. We have seldom put our mind to it as we have to the task of saving men's souls or of educating and healing.

Some of you will still ask, what of it? We come out here to save men's souls, to teach them of God and a better life, to heal their bodies as our Lord did, that takes all our time, thought and prayer—how can we be expected to be rural minded, to take on the job of converting agriculture or the farm life of these folks?

There is the practical reason. Now our people, even after conversion, live on an impossible level of subsistence. Famine always threatens them. They cannot support themselves and pay government taxes to say nothing of supporting a church, an educational system and a hospital. Yet we have tried to put all of these things upon them. With the present

kind of agriculture an indigenous church is a futile hope, for there is no adequate support available outside of farming. But more important than the economic is the basic philosophy of the ordinary order of native life and livelihood.

This I have found as an agricultural teacher and extension worker, that before heathen or Christian can really be helped to better farming methods, before they will adopt a workable system of famine prevention and accept our suggestions, they have to be made to see the error of the old way. The most difficult task is to try to break down this philosophy of fatalism that dominates nearly all, even some of the otherwise strong Christian leaders. Can we have true conversion of the individual and no conversion of his way or method of living? Of course we Europeans and Americans are loath to consider such a matter because we ourselves have been Christians living under an industrial system that we hesitate to label as Christian. Yet we tell our people that we come to bring the Kingdom of God! We call them to a new way of life, to leave the old and follow Christ in newness of life. What is their life? Go and live among them in their villages day after day, year in and year out. In Inhambane even our ordained men spend more time in their fields than their pulpits, do more plowing than preaching. In fact, some of their best preaching is by plowing. But the measure of their gospel is the extent to which that life of the field and plow has been changed. If it is dominated by fatalism and heathen superstition where is their gospel?

Is it reasonable to say that we have come to this conclusion? The agriculturalist, in order to help the farmer to better farming has to first make him a real true Christian and the evangelist who wants to convert the man's soul will find that he may first have to convert his agriculture in order to thoroughly save him and help him to stay saved.

We have traced the loss of hundreds of our converts to this lack of a changed way of life. They accepted the new faith and lived for a while within the rules or forms of Christianity, but never found a real way of life. So after a varying number of trips to Johannesburg they came eventually to the day when they must settle down. Christianity offered only a belief, a form of worship, a place to live. In heathenism was the way of life and livelihood, and they slipped back and walked no more in the way. But the family that is converted along with their fields and their means of living need not have this experience.

Let us always remember this when we consider the place of agriculture in a mission programme. The old Africa which is still the dominant Africa of to-day had a religion that permeated all life. Religion and farming went together even if it was poor farming and worse religion. If this new religion is divorced from life it will not satisfy. If farming is not permeated by the better faith it will never meet the need of the Africans of the future.

A Missionary Tour to Mt. Darwin District.

What parents are not proud when their child takes its first step as also at each succeeding step, until it has mastered the art of walking alone. It is a happy day in the life of the missionary also when he sees the young church taking its first and succeeding steps away from the utter dependence upon the help of the home church and towards the normal position where it not only becomes self-supporting but also reaches out with the true missionary spirit towards others. One of the problems of the missionary is to render aid and give help in the earlier years in such a way that it will not foster this spirit of leaning upon the help from overseas. Our Church in Rhodesia has now become over ten thousand strong and we rejoice in evidences seen that it is becoming "Strong" in the real sense of the word. At the last session of our Annual Conference one of the members of the Missionary Society of the Conference gave the following report of his visit as a member of a delegation sent by that society to a needy mission field where they are planning to send workers. It is indeed a step forward and we rejoice. The following is part of the report.

Editor.

As I come to you my heart is full of thanks. I thank you for allowing me to be one of the representatives of the African Missionary Society to the Mt. Darwin country. We thank the officers of the A. M. S. for their unfailing prayers, also the Church congregations, the families, the Missionary Meetings, the Rukwadzano Rwe Rwadzimai, and the Sunday School gatherings. We thank you all for waiting on the Lord. Along the way people frequently asked us, "Where are you going, and why?" When we replied, "We are going to Mt. Darwin District on a missionary tour as representatives of the African Missionary Society," they tried to frighten us with remarks, such as, "That District is full of lions and hyenas! Those people will beat you!" But the way opened step-by-step before us and the difficulties were made easy. On the journey we did not even see a buck or a rabbit; the people were very kind to us; and we, ourselves, kept well.

Mt. Darwin.

Mt. Darwin is a very large District situated about 135 miles north of Salisbury. The District has 5 Reserves with 25 Chiefs. There are 9 leading chiefs, while Dotito is the paramount one.

We went to see the Native Commissioner at Mt. Darwin. We first saw the head messenger, Mr. J. Zowa, who asked where we had come from

and what we wanted. We introduced ourselves and told him that we hoped to open mission work in Rusamba Reserve where no other denomination was working. He advised us against going to Rusamba Reserve where it is so very dry and urged us to go to Dotito. We gave him a letter to the Native Commissioner from Bishop Springer, which he delivered. Then we were called into the Native Commissioner's office and we were asked various questions. In response to some of these we replied that we were Methodists, commissioned by our Church to come and look for a new field in which to plant Christianity. He gave us permission to go anywhere in his district on our tour.

That afternoon Rev. Chitombo arrived. According to the suggestion by the head messenger he, too, went to see the Native Commissioner. During this conference the Native Commissioner illustrated his points with a large map, pointing out the various reserves on his District. He said that he would give the Methodist Church the first opportunity to come and spread Christianity in Dotito's Reserve. In this reserve, he said, there were many advantages such as a good main road and, also, there would soon be a bridge over the Ruya River. The Reserve was well watered and the land very fertile and has the distinction of being the home of the paramount Chief. The Native Commissioner then urged us to go to see this paramount Chief, Dotito, and after being loaned bicycles by friends we were off for the 23 mile ride to his village.

Introduction to chief Dotito.

On this part of the journey we passed through many fertile spots and grass taller than one's head. We passed through several rivers in which there was plenty of water. Before we got to the chief's village we discussed the method of greeting the chief. Rev. Chitombo said that we should give him a shilling. We were fortunate in meeting a young man who told us the general ways of approaching their chiefs and he agreed to introduce us to Chief Dotito. In accordance with the suggestions when we approached the Chief, we saluted him, then sat down and began to clap our hands. But he objected. He said that he had heard about our coming and that he knew we were teachers. Rev. Chitombo gave him a note from the head messenger at Mt. Darwin and then read it for him. This note was announcing the purpose of our visit. We told Chief Dotito that we had heard of his greatness and of his fine country. To these remarks he fully agreed. His country, he said, was greater than any other, reaching far to the East and to the West, majestically swinging his arms to indicate its vastness. The land was fertile and, excepting for times when the locusts had come, hunger was unknown. The chief said that he had heard about us from Paul Munenura. Yes, he would like for our Mission to

start work in his reserve. After Chief Dotito had agreed to let our church come into his country we presented him with a blanket, a knife, and 5 yards of cloth.

A gracious host.

Then the Chief proceeded to make us comfortable and at home. We were given a little hut of about 2 yards in diameter, in which to sleep. He killed a fowl which he had one of his wives to cook. When this was cooked the Chief, himself, brought it and sadza (hard porridge). The whole fowl was given to us. The next morning again the Chief himself, waited on us—not one of his wives or one of his children. He brought us water in which to wash our faces. He stayed by and told us that he had had a night of thinking. He had thought of the spot for our Mission station. There had been a store at this particular place during the last war 1914-1918. He would like to take us to the place. We said that we would sing for him before going, and the song we chose was "Kuyedza Kwazo Swika" (The Light Has Come), No. 22 in our Chimanyika Hymnal. Just then, however, the Chief suddenly became concerned about one of his wives who, he said, was sick and he left to visit her. This religion which he desired for his people was something which he, himself, did not wish to contact too closely. Several of his children sat near, greatly interested.

After prayers the Chief returned and led us about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile to his chosen spot. There was a very fine view, with many good farming places and, at the same time, surrounded by many kraals. There were two rivers, the Nyamhara on the West and the Mane on the East. The place would be good for a co-educational school. Just the right situations existed for the placing of the various departments the girls' boarding here, the boys' there, and the married people's village beyond. We could easily visualize the first Mission station of the African Missionary Society, and we placed a cross on a stone indicating site of the proposed mission campus.

Proposed Mission site.

After that we went about the reserve visiting different villages. Some of the people in the villages looked at us if they thought us to be spies. The women were very hesitant to speak to us. We took pictures of a certain family at Masongorera's kraal, which is near the Mavuradonha Mountains. We overlooked the low and hot Dande Valley, and we passed through maize fields.

Final Service and Farewells.

A service had been announced at Chief Dotito's kraal and we hurried back for that. But the adults had not come. I taught the children who came some songs, and they, in turn, taught me a song.

These children requested that I remain on to teach them, but my friends replied that I must return to school. "But he has finished school", they said, and they urged that I remain. We went to say our farewell to the Chief and his family. There we took a few pictures of his court with his criminals and councillors. We gave him a farewell gift. But oh, how terrible it was for those children to see us leaving. I could see in their faces the great need for Jesus and their desire for learning. They also need Him as I, under similar conditions, needed Him a few years ago. They need the help of us who know something of "The beauty of Jesus." They were watching us as long as we could see. We seemed to hear a voice asking us, "Shall these people live on without being redeemed? Shall we be silent to their call for help?"

EBSON ZIMONTE



The Dodges go on furlough.

Mr. Dodge gave us a bad scare last week. Recently back from an extended visit to outstations in his large district, he found it necessary to combat the malaria one almost invariably picks up on such trips, in spite of all possible precautions.

Remembering the dose of blackwater fever he had last year, he was a bit afraid to come up too suddenly on his quinine dosage, and so perhaps put in a little too heavily on the atebine which had proved itself a friend in need at the time of the other fever.

Whatever it was,—and maybe it was a sort of vicious malaria-quinine-atebriane "combine,"—it acted as a kind of poison to his nervous system and gave him a number of near-to-fatal spells, repeated at intervals through several days, mixed in with fever, only gradually diminishing in severity, and leaving him *very* weak. We are devoutly thankful to report that the danger is over now, and he is even able to sit up for a little while at a time. We hope it may not be long before he will be assuming his regular duties, for a new term at Bible School was just beginning, and the gathered students are needing him badly,—not to mention all the other branches of his work,—for you must never expect a missionary to be a one-job man,—oh, *never!*

But on the very night when he took his deepest dip down into the Dark Valley, it is remarkable to note how he found help. He who by testimony "had never before been able to put two lines together and make them rhyme," was given some verses to calm himself with in the midst of that strange nervousness so foreign to his previous experience.

We are sure he did not go through the mental process of saying to himself, "Go to, let us beguile away these distressing and sleepless hours with a little iambic tetrameter." But groping out in the darkness of that experience when he looked death in the face, he found that he was not alone. There was One with him whose firm hand steadied him, and whose presence was as real as a "bright-shining light" in his path. Let me share the lines with you (he is far too modest to present them himself):

"We thank Thee, Lord, for promised love,
And for Thy gift of precious blood;
May we by it be purified;
In Thy communion sweet, abide.

When in affliction, torture, pain—
May we not seek Thy face in vain;
Thou art forever by our side;
Thou wilt be our unceasing Guide.

And when, in midst of deep despair,
We reach to see if Thou art there,
By faith, we feel the handclasp Thine;
We rest ourselves in love divine.

And in the darkness of the night,
Appears a clear, bright-shining light;
We know Our prayer has reached Thy throne;
We shall complete our task undone.

Two things come to me as I search these lines: a great surging prayer that those others who are in darkness these days, up in the warring lands, may also find Him; and a renewal of the missionary urge, that these African children of His who so often lie in their mean little huts at night, a-tremble with countless fears, may also know Him whose perfect love for them alone can cast out all their fear.

Mrs. E. E. Edling.

A Prayer for new Missionaries.

I thank Thee, Good Father, for the honor of being counted worthy of so great a calling. As I begin my first term of service, help me to recognize the weakness of youth; its unsound judgement, critical spirit, and over zealousness. May I reserve my judgement until repeated experiences have given them validity. If I must criticize, help me to do so with soft, well guarded words. May I not discard the advice and practices of my fellow-missionaries until my own theories have proved practical. Be Thou my constant guide to detour my footsteps from pitfalls that would impair my future usefulness. Help me to do as unto Thee those innumerable small tasks which fall to all beginners.

In the name of Christ, Amen.

They too had seen Jesus

Mrs. John M. Springer.

We had just got settled in our home after five years of living mostly in suit cases and a car.

Then a bolt from the blue, and the house was locked up, lights and water turned off, and we were enroute to Johannesburg. But that's another story.

At one of the stations as we stood looking out of the window, we saw Chola and Jim Kwabe. Chola, as he proudly reminded me, had once been my house boy: now he was pastor-evangelist in a main station church at one of the large mining centers of Northern Rhodesia. Jim had been a pastor-teacher in Southern Congo for years: and now he was in the same work for the Master at another of the large mines just over the border in Rhodesia. How their faces shone with the Light from within. Aye, they had not only seen Jesus, but they both had walked with Him for more than twenty years, and neither seemed to look as old as that.

The afternoon was hot and I laid down on the couch seat for a siesta. The train stopped and my husband stepped out into the corridor to see what station it was. Suddenly he saw a young man leaning out of the window of coach ahead, and to his amazement saw that it was Daya Morar whom we always think of as one our particular boys. We had just missed seeing him the week before, much to our mutual regret. He had boarded the train at the last station, having had to be left there three days before because of sickness. And now, marvelously, he had joined our train. He rushed over and the meeting was mutually hearty and enthusiastic.

We had not seen Daya for over three years. He greeted us affectionately as "Mother" and "Father".

About eleven years ago his father, who had just brought his family from India, came to my husband in Jadotville and asked if we could take his son and teach him English. There was no class in the school for him. But the father came again and again, and he would not take "No" for the answer.

Finally Mr. Springer told him that our African Native teacher, Demas Chama, who had just returned from school in British territory, could teach Daya, if that were agreeable.

Poor kid! He was having a sorry time. The only language he knew was Gujarati, -no English, French or even Swahili, the Native lingua franca. And he was a live wire, never still.

And his thirst and search for information, as well as for diversion, was always getting him into trouble.

When he had finished the English primer, I put him at the typewriter. He was inclined take it apart and see if that would not help him to learn faster. Whereupon I and he had a sit-down strike, for he did not as yet know enough English to speak or to



Dr. & Mrs. C. J. Stauffacher, who were married on Dec. 12th, 1940.

understand much. But he went through the exercise fairly faithfully, chiefly on faith, without seeing much reason for it all. So he became a good typist and gained steadily in English.

Then at Daya's importunate request my husband taught him to drive a car. As a first lesson he insisted that Daya take apart an old engine that had been dragged off of the scrap heap and then put it together again. While learning to drive Daya accompanied my husband many times to the village chapels where he heard the gospel message again and again in a simple presentation to the Natives. The seed evidently found lodgement in good soil.

But Daya's father was a shoemaker. "This is my religion," he once said. And Daya has stuck to the trade as well, and he makes money too, so he says.

Best of all, he too has seen Jesus, at first very dimly, and then clearer and clearer. "Yes," he affirmed, "I am a Christian; Jesus is my Saviour and Lord."

So the contact and journey with them ended; Chola and Jim, on their bicycles, went back to their work. Daya left us at Ndola to go back to his bench; all of them in different ways to serve the Lord Christ.

—oOo—

A prayer for experienced Missionaries.

I thank Thee, my Father, for the years of service which Thou hast given me and for the acquisition of rich experiences. I pray, that Thou wilt help me not to dwell on past accomplishments but to meet each new day with a child-like eagerness to explore all its possibilities. Forgive me for constantly be speaking by word and action the negative "it can not be done." Give me the patience of a Susanna Wesley, realizing that that which failed nineteen consecutive times might bring its desired results on twentieth attempt. Daily renew the vision and consecration of my youth. In Christ's name, Amen.

Ralph E. Dodge.

The three Headquarters of the Central Congo Field.

(Former Methodist Episcopal Church, South).

The three centers where the missionaries of the M. E. C. M. live and work lie in the southern part of the Atatela country.

Minga is the first mission station to be reached as one comes from Lusambo. Lusambo is the capital of the province in which the greater portion of the Atatela live. It has post-office and telegraph service, and is located on the banks of the Sankaru River. It is the transportation center for all the freight and supplies intended for the Mission's use.

The Minga station is on the crest of a high plateau two thousand feet above sea level. Here one sees the ideal mission station from the viewpoint of location. The appearance is that some landscape gardener, from Paris or New York or Florida, had put the final touches of his skill and experience on its layout. But not so. Natural beauty, with original forest growth and with bougainvillea and poinsettia planted by the deft touches of the missionaries, has made a beauty spot of Minga.

Tunda lies across the Lomami River. A fine tract of land has been given the Mission by the State Government. Here a new leper colony has been opened up. The hospital under Dr. W. B. Lewis has a reputation far and wide for its great services of healing. A very fine evangelistic work is carried on from Tunda.

Wembo Nyama is also fine for location. It lies about a miles distant from Wembo Nyama's village and consists of about eighty hectares or two hundred acres of land.

The approach to Wembo Nyama is by a road lined with stately palms which remind one of the palm groves of Ceylon or Cuba. Once over the roadway, the concession stretches out as level as a floor, with wide streets running through it. Three of these wide streets run the length of the concessions with cross-streets cutting the whole into sections. These sections have been allotted to the buildings and further developments of the various phases of mission work done at this central station. One whole section on the left as the concession is entered is given over to the hospital and nursery and the garden, where cassava root, palm nuts, and other foodstuff are grown for hospital patients. Here goes on the continual warfare against sleeping sickness, the yaws, malaria, philaria, and the many other tropical diseases. Every variety of disease found in the world seems to come some time or other to Dr. Sheffey and his staff for treatment. And the nursery is there, hard by the hospital. Then across the street

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is the school. Here the "mission boys" and the girls from the "girls home" study together. The course of study required by the Belgian Colonial Administration is followed. In addition, a course in handicraft is given. They learn to make hats, and baskets, and mats, and many useful articles from the raffia palm and other natural raw materials.

In another block is the Bible Institute. Here the preachers are trained. The students come with their families. After graduation, a preacher is sent to village where there is a Church and school. His parsonage is built for him, and he is required to have planted about it a tropical garden consisting of bananas, plantain, pineapples, papaya, and other food-bearing plants. Thus, with the small stipend from the mission funds, the preacher is generally able to live.

—oOo—

(Continued from page 2.)

T. Mangum as traveling companion, left London on November 5. The journey was noticeably shorter than the first. Far down the Kasai River they were awakened on the morning of December 12 by the singing of "What a friend we have in Jesus." It came from the throats of fifty-eight black fellows who had cut wood the day before and slept on the bare ground with little to keep off the chill. "The song ended," says Bishop Lambuth, "and I saw every black head bowed while the leader stood there in the midst, barely outlined in the fog, making intercession, not for themselves alone, but pleading earnestly for Kabengele and his missionaries whom they were helping to convey to the Batetela country. Nor did they forget to mention Mutombo Kutchi (Gilbert). It is things like these that find us at the deepest depth of being.

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of the Methodist Church in the Elisabethville Area.

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On furlough.

Miss Victoria Lang.

How can one help being attached to them in spite of their many faults and weaknesses?"

The long journey, the planting of the mission, the good beginning of building, and leave-taking of the beloved missionaries over, the return journey was begun on February 13, 1914. The big chief insisted on going to the end of the village, some two miles, walking hand in hand with his friend, Kabengele. Then looking around on his people, he said: "The white chief says he must go home. Be it so. He has many things to do. He can leave his people with me. They shall be my people, for I trust him (literally, *I have accepted him*). He need not fear for them. When I have finished the church, my

workmen shall go to your concession and help in the building of your houses there, and when all is done we will build a high, strong fence of cane and palm around the mission to protect your people from the leopards." The Bishop thanked him for his words and said in response: "Wembo Nyama, you are a great chief, and your words are strong. The heart of a truly great chief should be a good heart, and that can only be the gift of God. Give your heart to Jesus and he will make it *good* and strong." Only when the story of this mission shall be written, years hence, will the true significance of these beginnings be seen.—*Abridged from* WALTER RUSSELL LAMBETH, *by* W. W. Pinson.

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