

# South Africa Missionary Advocate

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Rev. E. H. Greeley.

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## Paragraphs from Mrs. Springer.

Dear Friends,

Do you believe that "The Angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him and delivereth them?" I know that it is true even today. Listen to this experience, one of many, that came to my husband and his secretary, Mr. Persons, this year in Liberia. "At midnight, Jan. 15th, we left Sinoe by steamer and arrived off Grand Cess at 7 a.m. anchoring a mile off shore. Liberia has no harbors. All this coast is very dangerous from heavy surf and many rocks. The steamer's launch-tug could not come within 500 yards of the shore; and for the attending surfboats, by means of which cargo and passengers are loaded and unloaded, there was but a narrow passage. Each has to drop its small anchor from the bow at some distance out and let the boat swing around, stern to the shore. Then the rudder is taken off, and the anchor chain eased until the stern is near to the beach which here drops off sharply. The bow was thus made fast to keep the incoming surf from swinging it broadside to the waves, and possibly capsizing it. A rope is thrown from the stern to men ashore who hold it at the risk of being pulled into the surf by the strong undertow. The passenger gets to the edge of the boat ready, at the short interval between waves, to swing onto the shoulders of a stalwart surfer, and then to cling desperately to his head as he makes a dash for the shore to beat the oncoming wave roaring like remorseless fate behind him. But we both landed safely."

On receiving this section of the travel notes I had invited the Rev. E. H. Greely over for tea and to share with me my husband's letter. "Did you ever see Grand Cess?" I asked him. "Why, I lived there," he said. Yes indeed it was along that coast about 1888 that "Baba" Greely had some of the 111 attacks in 13 months of what was then called African Fever. Yes, he knew Grand Cess! "Baba, did you see the angel standing over that boat with his arms outstretched?", I asked. Tears filled his eyes, and he answered chokingly, "I did" He had gone through just such experiences some 40 years ago.

"The centers of population have shifted greatly", wrote my husband. "As far back as 1923 when Dr. Donohugh visited Liberia, he came to the sound conclusion that a new mission center was needed to serve the Kru Coast and the Cape Palmas district. The Government was considering a new post which eventually was located back of Grand Cess and named Barclayville. In 1929, under the direction of Bishop Shepard, whose administration of Liberia was terminated by death after two years,

and who shared Dr. Donohugh's opinion, Mr. Embree spent a whole year making an inclusive itinerary and a complete study of our work and conditions in all Liberia such as had never been made before, and which was most valuable. Mr. Price in tramping the interior, visited Barclayville in 1929, and in 1934 selected a site, built him a house and began work there where 5,000 Natives are near at hand.

During his three years at Nana Kru, Dr. Veatch through his medical work and rather extensive explorations into the interior, came to know the whole region rather well. He found that the Boa clan of the Kru tribe, some 20,000 strong, was about 20 miles north of Barclayville. So when Dr. and Mrs. Wengatz came out to Nana Kru, he advised them to settle at Barclayville, which they did. They were hardly settled when a tribal disturbance occurred. The needs necessitated the starting of a red cross hospital and an orphanage with the crudest of buildings and equipment; a bit awkward, but they managed it. The Veatches had by this time gone on furlough, and the Prices went soon after, as they had been 10 years on the field. The Wengatzes nearly broke under the heavy strain and had to leave in July 1937. Mr. Price, who was rushed back to the field, arrived just at that time, and since then has had to do the best he could where three missionary couples are needed to meet the situation at all adequately.

That was why I felt that at all costs, physical as well as otherwise, I must visit the Kru Coast towns and trek back to Barclayville and see the situation for myself. For much of the way there are no other means of travel than by foot and hammock, just as Mrs. Springer and I in getting to Ganta last year had to trek; but in spite of much hard walking, our trekking both years cost us 31 cents each per mile. Liberia is surely one of the most difficult and expensive parts of Africa for travel today. Scarcity of roads, big rivers unbridged, unfriendly tribes, etc. make it difficult for most of the pastors to attend the annual conference, no matter where it is held. There are many necessitous cases, and I greatly appreciated a substantial check received while in Liberia from Bishop Johnson, which helped greatly.

These pastors are truly 'locally supported', but not to any marked extent by their congregations. For many pastors it is largely a matter of self-support, by working small farms, as artisans, doing transport, etc. It would be amusing if it were not so tragic to see what salaries are actually paid. Happily there is some recognition throughout the conference of the unsatisfactory situation and that not only should pastoral support be increased but that

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I. E. Gillet, Editor

## The Retired, the Tired and the Tireless.

Some of us are retired and some others are just plain tired. What a joy to watch the work of, or be associated with, missionaries who tho officially retired, are carried on by the momentum of their active service to lives of great usefulness in their last years.

Such a missionary is the Rev. P. Loze of the Swiss Romande Mission of the colony of Mozambique. He retired some years ago. The laws of his mission did not permit him to continue in residence in the section where had had spent his life. So with the consent of his mission he made other arrangements and moved north with his family to Beira to become the only Protestant missionary in a great section. There he learned a new language and has fostered the founding and training of a religious and philanthropic society which is teaching and evangelizing with great zeal and success. With scant resources and splendid devotion he has put many of us younger and officially "active" missionaries to shame.

*"Baba" E. H. Greeley.*

Baba Greeley of our Rhodesia Mission was another who did not get "tired" tho he was retired. Mention of him will be found in other parts of this issue. His passing has taken a beloved missionary whose retirement only meant that at Fig Tree Cottage in Umtali he was free from politics and appointments to write the hymns the children of God sing, to bless the whole European community with an extensive and well kept flower garden and to be the friend and counsellor of the "active" workers.

*Mrs. Jessie Belle Terril also retires.*

But no one who works beside this vigorous "young lady" puts her in the class of the tired. She came to Inhambane more than thirty years ago with the late Dr. William Charles Terril when this country was wild in the accepted sense of the term.

Really wild. With what a feeling of satisfaction in service lovingly rendered must she now look back on those thirty years.—Her life. Those of us who are younger in years and in experience wonder if even tho we remain in "active" service for thirty years we may ever enjoy to the same extent the confidence of our Africa neighbors.

Trust, love, influence—the sweet fruits of mountains of labor, streams of tears seen only of the Heavenly Father, hot ovens of quinine-quenched fevers, anxieties over their own children and those of their brown neighbors, donkeys, pole and mud huts, endless prayers and hymns and letters, letters, letters!

And now Maybelle and Frances are graduating in America! and mother wants to come back. Retired but tireless. Wants to come back to more teaching more singing, more letters and perhaps to more tears of love.

One of our assistant teachers, a P. K. too, who has learned a little English, wrote a steamer letter for Mrs. Terril and here is a part of it:

"When you came to Africa for the first time you had two arms you were a new Lady.—Some years after God broke your right arm but you are still working for Him by your left arm. You had a sore in left arm but you did not feel nothing for "that", you kept on working very hard for God—meaning when you came to Africa for the first time you were not only; you were two—Mr. Terril and yourself and you all came to Africa for God's Service, but some years ago He separed you to your lovely friend and rest you only but you did not leave to trust God and after that you were often sick but you did not leave to work for Africa. Oh! what kind of of worker did you had, Africa? He is asking you now, when will you return to me?"

—oOo—

*Come to the World Sunday School  
Convention at Durban in 1940 and visit  
your friends enroute.*

## THE SPIRITUAL GLOW.

South African Methodism will celebrate widely tomorrow the two-hundredth anniversary of the Aldersgate experience.

Last night we sat by our fire and by radio shared in the service at Wesley's Chapel, City Road, London.

A few days ago a missionary was telling me of the revival in their community. People were confessing their sins. Hearts long cold were feeling a renewed warmth. I was glad to hear this.

"If now we can only maintain this spiritual glow", she said, "how happy we shall continue to be."

When I asked what plans they had for May 24th she replied, "None, especially. Of course we have been reading about that day in the church papers for some time, but we have no special plans for that particular day."

So there were no SPECIAL plans—just the heart-warming. What more do we want? Do you suppose there are communities in which the day will be celebrated and the spiritual glow be absent? It may be so. God forbid!

At Kambini more than a dozen young men and women are to be baptized at the close of a day of prayer and spiritual conversations which the class-leaders will spend with their classes, as groups and as individuals.

—oOo—

### They also serve.

*By Mrs. J. S. Rea, Kambini.*

Retreat and Annual Conference were over. Earlier in the day Bishop had headed his car north and the Transvaal missionary was returning to Johannesburg. But the three Kambini cars and the Jerusalem Ford and Doctor's car were resting in Kambini's welcome shade while the Finance Committee finished a few minor matters. It was an unusual occasion, for not often were they all gathered in one place, so they were making the most of this opportunity for comparing notes. Their appearance was as eloquent and interesting as their conversation.

With a deep sigh of content the Chrysler expressed itself—"Well, it's been a long time since I've had such a rest. Usually I am out on the district. The people are so optimistic as to what constitutes a road that they have their meetings in the most out-of-the-way places. I don't really mind, for I know that a good inspiring meeting in a small, seldom visited village does much for the spiritual welfare of that village. However, it is rather hard on these

knees of mine. But here two weeks have passed and all I've been called on to do is to run down to the river every now and again and make one hurried trip to the administration. Hurrah for Annual Conference!

"Speaking of conference—that's a nice car the Bishop has, and it isn't a bit stuck up, is it? It was telling about all the places to which it has been, and it gets about the same kind of punishment we get. It never refuses the bumps and grass and sand and mud, even if it has a radio and other gadgets."

The WFMS car spoke, rather resentfully, "Well, why should it put on airs—isn't it here for the same purpose we are, even if it does see lots of different countries while we travel the same old ruts month in and month out? It's no better than I am, even if the ladies do plan to desert me just because I can't pull any longer and am about ready to fall to pieces."

Up spoke the little red wagon, "Now don't get cross. Isn't that just what the Chrysler said—that it didn't put on airs, but did its work just as its owner does, wherever it is needed. You oughtn't to feel so badly about retiring. Your driver loves you as if you were her child. I admit that she hasn't pampered you, but how could she, when she had her mind and heart so entirely in her work with the women. The women can't go about as the men do, so if they are going to get a glimmer of light you have to take it to them. Look at those two carts down the line carrying corn and greens and building stone. They were mission cars once, and you don't hear them complaining because the only way they can be of help now is to associate with mules and oxen. They are glad to be that useful."

"O, I know," responded the aggrieved one, "I shouldn't complain. I have many happy memories and my driver and I have been closer to these people because I haven't been allowed to be sheltered and cared for in a garage all the time. It's easy for you to preach, though, for you have never lacked for bright paint and a knowing hand when you needed fixing. But even you were almost sold."

"Now don't quarrel, said the V8. We Fords must stick together. The little red wagon was kept because it still has its work to do, and because there is no one to take its place. The Chrysler is out on the District most of the time. The new carry all will be busy shortly, so there is no-one to go to town to unwind red tape, take boys to exams, pay bills, buy for the school, take patients to Dr. etc. Those aren't romantic tasks, but even the red wagon's wanderlust spirit doesn't take it out of bounds, and it has its place in the scheme of the mission. But say, you haven't changed your color scheme lately—what is the matter have you run out of paint?"

There was a general laugh, but the answer came back quickly and surely enough, "No, it isn't that, but my driver has had the school on his hands for some time and class work, teachers' meetings, institutes, musical endeavors and personal consultations have taken all his time and attention lately."

The Carryall had been silent, as was befitting a newcomer. Now it ventured an illadvised joking remark to the Dr.'s car.

"In America when the children got tired riding they used to sing songs with many verses. One verse went like this:

'You can't get to Heaven in a Ford V8

For you'd ride right by the pearly gate.'

How about it?" There was a real protest, but they all let the half ton truck speak for itself.

"That's all you know about it! You are feeling smug and virtuous because you went out on farm extension work, got yourself into a water hole and out of it without breaking anything. Dr. and I are too busy to sit down and wonder how near Heaven we are. We go to all sorts of places night and day. And if there hasn't been time for any coddling beforehand to get me ready, we're apt to go just the same. This part of Africa is mighty hot, but the work Dr. and I have been given to do makes it less a place of torment and more heavenlike for many people. Ask most anybody—the lepers, the missionaries, the Christian leaders, or the most humble of seekers—they'll all say the same."

Then, to cover the new car's confusion, it continued, "You're new and green now, but you are beginning to find your place. You go willingly to the fields to encourage the boys by doing your share. Soon you will get to know the evangelists and their families who were in school, and they will be grateful for the encouragement you bring them.

Now what is keeping the F. C. so long. Probably they are discussing the high cost of our gasoline, or whether we ought to eat as much as we do. No, there they come laughing at something. And here comes Joao, nursemaid for the WFMS' car. Capita, too is coming with lots of odds and ends for me to take back to Gikuki. So I guess we're off at last. Good-bye till another time. Happy New Conference Year to you all."

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## Rains and Baboons.

By George A. Roberts, Rhodesia.

It is Christmas vacation, pupils have all gone home except a few who wanted to earn money so stay to work on the farm in the gardens and at

whatever needs to be done. There is much to be done for the seasons rains have commenced less than a week ago which is a little more than a month late. It means a short growing season and should the rains be light it would be a poor year for crops. During the thirty years that I have been in Rhodesia or at least connected with the Rhodesian work of the Methodist Episcopal Church the rains have



Rev. G. A. Roberts directing a class planting trees, Mutambara, Rhodesia.

commenced more than half of the time right on the middle day of November. This year the first rain of any importance came on Dec. 17th. Just now we are planting sweet potatoes, corn, and beans for these are the most important foods of the native people. The native grains are not planted as much as they were years ago, for they are more troublesome to plant, harder to cultivate and when ripe are harder to harvest. Besides this the birds were much more destructive to them than to corn. I believe however the baboons do greater harm to corn than to the native grains. One of the outstations of this circuit is a problem.

Three years ago I took on the job of eradicating the baboons and made six trips there for the purpose of shooting them. I would go there at night and in the early morning before light go to the particular little forest of big trees with as many native people as would turn out for the hunt, to surround the animals and prevent them from escaping into the mountains while we destroyed them with shot guns. Some neighbours went with me two trips and Thomas and Tudor, my two sons, went two or three times and in all we killed one hundred and four baboons. The people of all of that section of the country had always had to have some member of the family stay in the grain fields or gardens, for they are too small to call fields. This was a continuous task without a minute's rest except during absolute darkness for the baboons watch and travel very quickly when they have a chance to get into an unguarded garden. The ba-

boons can make short work of one of the small one or two acre gardens and it might mean that that family would go hungry for a year or at least be on short rations until another crop could be grown. Even after the grain is in the grain stores it must be watched for the baboons can quickly pull the thatch grass roof from the small grain stores and hastily eat a lot of the grain and scatter more. You may be sure a dozen or two dozen of the brutes can make away with one of the small stores of grain in short order. During the six trips to kill the baboons the church and school people came out to surround the little forest where the animals stayed that we might be successful with the killing. The people who are not in either church or school did not and would not bother to come out to help in the eradication of the baboons until I obtained the services of a policeman from the government police camp to make them help. This indicates the difference in the christian and heathen people. The latter are narrow, bigoted, selfish, poor, would rather stay at home with their beer and women than to spend one night out and do away with the dreadful pest. Multiply this one detail by a thousand and you have something of difference between the heathen and christian people. They are different in everything and it indicates something of the influence of the church in Rhodesia.

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## A Doctor in Angola.

*By Dr. A. H. Kemp.*

Many natives, either as individuals or as villages, get their first contact with a Christian mission through its medical work. The African native can hardly be expected to come to a white-man's institution seeking spiritual help primarily, especially when it is recalled how the whites for centuries took the Africans as slaves to distant parts, how today the African must pay what seems to him tremendous taxes from which he benefits but little, and how the African today must live under white-man's laws which he cannot understand. Two of these laws might be mentioned, one which prohibits the witch-doctors from administering the sass-wood test to those accused of witch-craft, another which prohibits putting poison into streams to bring the fish to the surface where they may be caught,—several years ago our mission's white neighbors were all poisoned by drinking water thus poisoned, boiling and filtering not having destroyed the poison, and the husband dying therefrom.

As reports of the cures effected at the mission hospital spread through the surrounding territory,

cures are little less than miracles when compared with their own treatments, the natives begin to trust the mission doctor and come to him for help. This is especially true in cases which they know from past experience always end in death when treated by their witch-doctor. Nearly six months passed after the opening of our mission hospital before we had a chance to perform a major operating them. The first was chief from a village a day's march away: at a hunt, while waiting for antelopes to come out of high grass which was being burnt, a snake injected its poison into the back of his leg, a big slough resulting. Not having any serum against this poison, I advised total excision of the affected area, the chief submitted, and a month later went home cured. The second patient was an epileptic, who, during an attack three months before, rolled into a fire, burnt the skin off his face, and allowed the healing to take place with his mouth almost shut, the hole remaining hardly allowing a pencil to be inserted. A missionary had found this man sitting in his village a hundred miles away, waiting for death by starvation. He sanctioned an operation, which consisted in opening up his mouth and raising the lower lids of both eyes, so that he could again close his eyes and cure the terrible inflammation then existing. The third patient arrived with a strangulated irreducible hernia, facing certain death after seven to ten days agonizing suffering. It did not take much persuasion to get this man to agree to an operation. The reports of these three operations rapidly spread, and operations thereafter were not only tolerated but were frequently requested, even in cases where they were inadvisable. Unfortunately, all operations did not result in cures. The only patient who ever submitted to a cataract removal, did not get her vision restored, and no other patient could be prevailed upon to allow this operation.

### Operations.

Occasionally a woman comes with some condition which incapacitates her for garden work, and with the story that when it became increasingly difficult for her to furnish her family and especially her husband with food, her husband got another wife. One woman with such a tale arrived after five days travel, her incapacitation being caused by a huge tumor hanging from above her right knee,—it was really a minor matter to remove the ten-pound mass, but it enabled the woman to return to her village in perfect physical condition, to again win her husband's affection and esteem. Another woman came with a similar tale, her incapacitation being caused by 8-year-old ulcers on one foot: after two months treatment she was sent home cured,

and whenever the doctor visits her village he is assured of a smiling welcome and hearty handshake from a horny and toil-roughened hand. Another case, perhaps the most spectacular ever performed at our hospital, was the removal of a 47 pound fibroid tumor from the abdomen of a woman who came 300 miles for the operation. All such cases prove the superiority of the mission medical work over that of the witch-doctor, with the logical conclusion that the mission religion is also superior to what has been always accepted.

#### Poison test.

When the germ theory of disease has been proven to our natives, the witch-doctor will lose his terrible hold on his people. Perhaps concrete illustrations can best convey some idea of the hold the witch-doctor has over the Africa. When we began our work in 1923, we hired a young man as our cook. After a short time his wife took desperately ill, and he brought her to the hospital. My diagnosis was pneumonia in both lungs. She died two days later. Not accepting my diagnosis, our cook consulted a witch-doctor, who named an old woman, the mother of one of our native preachers, as the witch who had caused his wife's death. Had we not heard of this, the old woman, confident that she was not a witch, and just as confident that by drinking the witch-doctor's poison-cup she would prove her innocency, would have undergone the ordeal. And at the trial which took place in our home, we learnt that practically all of our evangelists still believed to a considerable degree in witch-craft, over thirty years work of the mission not having eradicated this belief and fear from their hearts. When epidemics, such as bubonic plague, break out, and people begin to die, those who remain, seeking the cause of the deaths, customarily consult their witch-doctors, the poison-cup is drunk by the accused, and more deaths result. When a native, through superior ability or industry, begins to accumulate wealth in worldly goods, he is liable to the accusation of witch-craft. Once this accusation is made, the sass-wood must be drunk to prove innocency on the part of the accused.

#### Hook worm.

The medical missionary has a great opportunity to teach native mothers what not to do as well as what to do when a child gets seriously ill. It can not but cause pity along with disgust to have a mother bring a child to the hospital with scars, and frequently infected areas, all over its body where the mother has snipped away the skin,—to let out the watery blood. A microscopic examination usually reveals that the cause of the blood having turned

to water to be a heavy hookworm infestation. Along with the medicine given the child goes an explanation of the need of sanitation in the village. When an epidemic of measles occurs, a frightful number of children may die, not from the disease itself, but from the cold bath given during the fever stage, the chilling causing pneumonia which proves fatal. Since the mothers know nothing about quarantine, all contagious diseases are usually contracted by very young children, which increases the death rate. The great hope of the medical missionary in dealing with these situations lies in the teaching of the boys and girls of the mission schools, who when they go out as teachers and preachers will carry with them the germ theory of disease, and the value of sanitation and prophylaxis.

A tremendous responsibility which rests upon the medical missionary is that for the health of the missionary force. A sick missionary not only cannot do his own work, which must be taken on by an already busy worker, but some other missionary must assume the nursing responsibilities. Sickness in the missionary force tends to lower the morale of the force, also, and has an unfortunate influence upon the natives. If the measures of the missionary doctor do not insure health to the missionaries themselves, of how much real value is it to the natives, who must live under much less salubrious conditions than the missionaries. Still further, the medical missionary has a responsibility for the health of the native Christian leaders, who go forth without the fetiches, charms or amulets which have always been relied upon to insure health and prosperity and a family.

As one reads the story of Christ healing the sick as he went about Galilee, one can not but realize the vital part this played in his ministry. It proved the divine interest in the physical welfare of mankind. As stated in the opening paragraph how Christ tried to convince John that he was the "Promised One" by his ability to relieve the suffering of mankind, so may the medical missionary in Central Africa today help to convince the peoples of Africa that the missionaries are divinely commissioned in their labors of making disciples of all nations, and of teaching all nations to observe the things that Christ has commanded.

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## Two Days in a Village.

by Mrs. Clara Keys, Inhambane.

Here we are, camped in one of the little out-stations some 65 miles from home. Evening in such

a place is most peaceful, especially on such an evening as this, when there are just sufficient clouds to make a lovely sunset, and the red and gold begin to come out in a wonderful blending just behind the trees in the distance. Here and there one can see a woman bending over her fire, preparing the evening meal—for this is a busy time for the women with guests from all the other stations to feed; but she is happy in her task, the peace of the evening has descended on her also; here and there can be heard a refrain, as little groups are sitting about singing. I wonder if any place in the world can be more peaceful than an out-station at eventide.

The problems facing a missionary in a quarterly conference are many and varied, and time is full from morning until late at night; one station has brought shame and sorrow on all the rest by yielding to heathen witch-craft; the temptation is strong all through the country where the people are far from medical help, and in time of sickness are tempted back to their heathen custom of calling the witch-doctor. In this particular village several children had died, and among the faithful were a few who had not gotten very far from their heathen superstitions, so naturally they felt someone must be to blame for all the sickness and deaths they were experiencing. Thus before they hardly knew what had happened, someone had gone to the witch-doctor, and he told them that the village had medicine in it and that all would die unless they would listen to his advice and take his medicine. So in order to save the village the whole crowd was drawn into the ordeal, and "ate the poison", seemingly with no bad effects, and according to the witch-doctor, the danger from sickness was thus removed. Now they are feeling shame and remorse and begging God to forgive them for their lack of faith and their weakness. Can we say that He will not hear their cry and make them stronger to resist another such temptation? How we do need more trained native nurses to send out through the country to help in these times of great need and temptation.

Another problem so often facing the missionary is this; someone has "eaten" money which belongs to the circuit or to some individual in the village; his intentions are perfectly good, he surely will repay but while the money is passing through his hands the temptation is too great, some one is pressing him for a debt, or some crisis has arisen in his family, and he must have money!!

Then here comes one of the evangelists whose wife is a leper and for a long time has been living in the Leper Camp; will the Church allow him to take another wife, since there seems no hope of a cure in this case? Thus far this man has remained faithful and is trying to do his bit for the Kingdom,

but life is not easy under such circumstances.

One evangelist (pastor) comes with a tale of the impossibility of getting good water in his village, unless they go a long distance; so here is an opportunity of sending out men trained at Kambini, with their simple equipment for making bore-wells, which are proving a great boon in arid sections where the stations are far from water. These men, while boring wells, are able to tell the people of the Water of Life and to help in many community projects.

When we remember that these pastors are only a generation away from heathenism, can we wonder that it takes time and PATIENCE in listening to their troubles, and trying to help them solve the problems which are constantly arising? Ofttimes it seems that they are as "blind leaders of the blind". So our teaching must be to them as Isaiah says, "Precept upon precept; line upon line; here a little and there a little".

Will you pray for these men who have caught the vision and in their feeble way are trying to point others to the Lamb of God who alone can take away their sins and lead them up out of their heathen superstition?

—oOo—

## The Passing of Baba Greeley.

By Mrs. John M. Springer.

In recent years the name, Rev. E. H. Greeley, has been lovingly simplified to Baba Greeley both by the natives and Europeans. His white hair and beard gave a sort of halo to his kind face and twinkling eyes. He was a local saint, but not of the kind we picture with their hands folded and eyes turned up to heaven.

Baba's hands were never folded till placed so by loving hands in his last narrow bed. His eyes were always keen to see what was going on around him, and especially the beautiful. He was quick to notice a pretty dress or hat and to comment if the colours did not harmonize. He liked contrasts, but they must not clash.

Perhaps few know that Baba was a florist in Los Angeles for a time. I think it was after his first term in Liberia where he had 111 fevers that put him to bed for 13 months. He needed time to get back his health, and so was a florist during that time. It was then that he met his first wife, and soon he took her to Liberia. She was an experienced teacher, but the climate was too much for her, and she lived only about two years. This last January Mr. Springer visited her grave at White Plains and wrote Baba a long letter about it; and Oh, how happy he was over it! He had planted two little palms at



the graves of Mrs. Greely and of Mr. Arndt, and now they are magnificent, towering sentinels. There may be some still living in Rhodesia who remember when Mrs. Arndt came to Old Umtali in 1900 and shortly afterwards married Mr. Greely. After two years she went back to Los Angeles and never returned to Africa.

It was amusing in the early days when he would go out and gather a bunch of wild flowers of a great variety of colours; his wife would often protest, urging the conventional one-colour scheme. His eyes would twinkle, and he would smile broadly and say, "My dear, if God had wanted segregation of colours, He would have planted them so. He lets them all grow together, and I like His taste."

And to the last, it was the same. Quite often he



*Rev. E. H. Greeley as he pioneered in the saddle on "Pilot".*

would send me flowers, some of his choicest which I knew almost broke his heart to cut, and he always combined a variety of specimens and colours, but always in harmony. Incidentally, that was characteristic of his whole life. He loved peace and harmony. And though he did not stand like the conventional picture of a saint with his eyes to heaven, his heart was firmly fixed there. Moreover, during the last few months of his life, he gave voice time and again to a great longing to be there. However, a year ago when he recovered, he said to us, "I never wanted to live so much in my life." And he was intensely happy with his new, cosy home, his flowers and his hymns. But as the days rolled by, he would say, "I want to get this done so if any-

thing should happen... I don't know why the Lord has left me here so long." But there was no bemoaning. He was always sunny and spoke about going to heaven in the same casual way that people speak about going on furlough, with this exception: we older ones do not always face our furloughs too optimistically. The years have brought many changes, and the time comes when we realise that there is no home awaiting us any more. Baba Greeley knew his Home was Over There all ready for him.

To me more than to anyone else these latter months were made particularly pleasant by the fact that Baba Greeley lived just across the road. Baba had spent his first two terms in Liberia. He had landed there in 1887, I think, and was sent to Cape Palmas, the place where my husband held his Conference this year. So in these recent weeks when the post came and long letters of descriptions of Mr. Springer's travels, accompanied as he was by his Secretary, Mr. Persons, I would send a note over the way, "Come over for tea." That blessed English custom of Four O'clock Tea! By 3,30, I would see him coming on the trot. He never walked: he always was in a hurry. Perhaps he felt somewhat like one of our Bishops in America, Bishop Fowler. At the age of twenty-two, the doctors gave him two years to live; he was nearer seventy when he died. But he did an excessive amount of work and actually tired out his young ministers. Once, a year or two before his death, when he had preached a long sermon in the evening and then had to ride twenty miles in bad weather to catch a train, someone remonstrated with him on such a strenuous programme and on always being in a hurry. With grim humour he retorted, "You'd hurry too if you always heard the undertaker's wagon rattling behind you." He had already been hearing the undertaker's wagon for nearly fifty years, so he knew what he was talking about. However, neither he nor Baba Greeley feared death; but they wanted to do all the work they could for the Lord before the Grim Reaper overtook them. It might shake some others out of their sloth if they could hear the same rattle. Nowadays with our rubber-tyred vehicles, death steals upon us often without warning.

Perhaps few know that Baba Greeley worked his way through college, and part of that time at least as cook in an hotel. He was a superb caterer, though personally he lived simply in order to save money and time and for his health. Once many years ago when I lived at Old Umtali in charge of the Girls' School, I got a note from him. He stated that he had just had word that Earl Grey would be visiting the Mission the next morning at 9,30. "Will you come down and act as hostess?" he asked. "Yes

thanks; and what could I do to help?" I did not know then about Baba's ability as a chef. When I got down, the table was all set to perfection for a dozen or more people. The breakfast was equally perfect. I think that I have never tasted rolls like those. I do not remember what else there was, as I was absorbed in listening to the conversation at large and to the remarks of the Earl. But it was a revelation of what Baba could do when the occasion required.

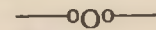
We were all thinking about how best to celebrate Baba Greely's 80th birthday, on March 28. A week previous to that, he was running around the grounds watering his plants, feeding the five stray cats which were coming to his door for tit-bits, joking with us, discussing the political world, the latest books, etc. During the months that my husband was away, when I wanted to have a few guests for dinner, I always included Baba Greely, for he was the youngest and most entertaining of the crowd.

But the Flu started on its annual raid, and on March 16, the day before Bishop Springer returned to Umtali, Baba Greely had to take to his bed. But though in much pain and unable to eat, he sat up in bed and corrected proofs of the new hymn book which was going through the press. And he improved the first chance to ask many questions about Liberia. But he soon grew so much worse that Sister Hanson and Bishop Springer took him over to the hospital on the 24th and he seemed to improve at once. But on Sunday afternoon when we went in, as my husband was to preach in St. Andrew's Church he had become much worse.

The Doctor came to the Manse at 7 o'clock and said that there was just one chance in a thousand for Baba, and that was an operation. It was of course doubtful if that could save him, but nothing else could. There was no hesitation; even though it was such a remote chance it must be taken. Candidly, I doubted if he would live to come off the table; but when we left the hospital at 11,30 that night, Baba was back in his bed and resting quietly. The amazing thing was that the Doctor had found a gall stone in the intestine almost as large as a hen's egg. Had I not seen it with my own eyes, I could not have believed it.

Then, stranger still, Baba began to get better, but he was not keen to live on. Already his day had passed the fourscore years, and he was tired, so tired! He wanted to get Home, HOME. Yet he lingered for twelve days, and both the Doctor and the sisters began to have hopes of a complete recovery, as he had rallied a year ago. But suddenly on April 8, he began to sink and before 3 p.m., his brave spirit left the worn-out body.

In the morning at Old Umtali, the flower-covered casket had the place of honour in the big Assembly Hall which was filled with native students, and one wing with neighbours and missionaries. There was but little weeping, for it was Baba Greely's Coronation Day; and after the simple services, the casket was carried down to the little cemetery where the worn-out body was placed beside that of Kaduku at Baba's own request. Some of the people in Rhodesia will remember Kaduku, Baba's little table boy, his first pupil and his first convert. The first funeral my husband conducted in the little Chapel at Old Umtali was that of Kaduku, in 1905. Now Master and pupil lie side by side, the older grave long since grass-covered, the new one completely covered with some two-score beautiful wreaths of flowers.



## In the class-room.

By *Jessie A. Pfaff, Old Umtali.*

We had just begun our Bible study in the senior class that morning when one of the young men asked this question: "If God loves the people so much and his way is best why is it that so many people choose the way of Satan?" Several rather good answers were given by various members of the class after which I added the thought that people live too much in the present and think only of satisfying their present selfish desires. Then I spoke of the comparison of the Christian's joy with that of those who are not His followers, reminding them that sorrows, troubles and disappointments come to all but at such times it is the Christian who has real help. He has a Friend who will comfort and strengthen and will **never** forsake.

Then Julius, one of the married men, got up with such a glowing smile on his face and said, "Yes, Mufundisi, I understand about that and I think I can tell something that will help."

He went on to say that during the last year of his teaching before re-entering the Training School here, one of his children died and very soon afterward he lost his mother. The following year after moving to Old Umtali another child died. His heart became very heavy. There seemed to be deep darkness all around him and he knew not what to do. No one in his new surrounding was able to help him. He thought of his pastor back where he had been teaching but he was too far away to help. Then he began to pray. He prayed much and earnestly; sometimes on his knees, sometimes as he

worked in his garden, often as he walked along the path.

One day as he was coming home from his garden he was again talking with the Lord and suddenly it seemed as if something tore the heavy burden right from his filled with joy. "But what if it should return?" he thought. So he prayed, "Please, God, don't let the darkness and heaviness come again." And it never did come again. Instead there was light, peace and joy.

"Now", he said, "there are many heathen people who have this same great darkness come upon them and there is no one to help so they go and hang themselves or jump in the river or do things like that because they do not know Jesus."

I wish you could have seen Julius' face as he told of this precious experience, and also the faces of the other members of the class as they listened. A few more words were spoken and then the bell rang for change of classes. We had only covered a few verses instead of the two chapters that had been planned for that day so as I closed my Bible I said, "Well, we did not get very far today, did we?" The same young man who had asked the question at the beginning of the class arose and said, "Mufundisi, I think we have gone very far today." And I could only answer, "Yes, I believe we have." My heart was indeed filled with joy to hear such an earnest response from this young son of Africa as well as to hear the inspiring testimony from one who had been traveling the Way of Christ for a number of years. Thank God, He is still working in the hearts of young and old. His

Word is still powerful. Jesus is still the Great Comforter, the Good Shepherd, the Blessed Saviour.

Continued from page 2.

it should be raised by the church. The Conf. voted unanimously for the actual putting of a Stewardship Secretary into the field, and spread an apportionment among all the Churches for three-fourths of his salary. Dr. Dingwall, whom they nominated last year for this office, is the right man for it. Though born in the West Indies and receiving his medical education at Maharry, from his 30 years in Liberia, most of which time supporting himself by private practice, though once as Supt. of a Govt. hospital, he has been accepted as a Liberian. He has preached constantly all these years and has been Dist. Supt. in recent years. And I was glad to appoint him also as Conference Superintendent.

When I am inclined to be disturbed over the slow growth of the grace of liberality, I am reminded of the experience of my grandfather, Elihu Springer, in the 30's of a century ago, as a member of the Rock River Conf. His first parsonage was built of logs and contained one room only. His total salary, so he writes in his diary, for 1833 was only \$60, quarterage included. One of his members criticized him for wearing such a patched suit of clothes into the pulpit. When he was told that it was only suit his pastor owned, for very shame he supplied the cloth for another, and a tailor who was a member made it up. But in spite of such hardships, all three of his sons became Methodist ministers.

## Designated Gifts

### *Southeast Africa*

DECEMBER 1937

Sunday School, Sheridan	4—
May Eakin, New Castle	5—
Church, Choteau,	5—
Forward Class, Roxbury	1—
Mrs Tolles Class of Girls	4.50
Pr Marion L Pattison, Mass	35—
Junior Dept, Denellen	5—
Church, Stoneham	6—
Rev O B Wells, Randolph	15—
Junior £ Int. Dept, Reedley,	5—
Henry Whitton, Plainfield,	10—
Elisabeth Barnes, S. Royalton,	1—
Sheraden Church, Pittsburgh	3.50
Ella Clark, Lake Worth,	10—
Optimist Class, Mountain Gr.	5—
Young Peoples' Dept, Gr.J.	5—
Leslie Archerd, Clarion,	15—
Adult Dept., Rochester,	60—
Church, Grafton,	5—

A Friend, New York,	10—
Sunday School, Manasquan,	25—
Viola Kennedy, Carbondale,	100—
3 Ave S.S.Cl No.1, Watervliet	5—
George A Hahn, Oberlin,	100—
Dr R.S.Hubbs, Sheridan,	40—

### JANUARY 1938

Church Sch. Cottage Grove,	12—
Sunday School, Nampa,	13—
Ruby Brisbin, Newberg,	25—
Sunday School, Nampa	15—
Pleasant St. Church, Salem	50—
Miss Booth's Cl. Augusta	2—
Emma A Mang, Richfield,	6—
Mrs Piller's Class, Arcola	3—
Clyde Tredways, Burden	5—
Sunday School, Nampa	13—
Sunday School, Davis	5—
Mary Mather, Galion	35—
St Paul's S S, Harrisburg	20—
Elma Shipley, Granville	5—
Grace S S & Ch. Ill.	6—
Charlotte A Coddling, N Y	10—
Church £ others, Montevideo	23—

Russell Potter Cl, Binghamt.	100—
Forward Class, Roxbury	1—
Dr D S Sparks, Calif.	5—
Epworth League, Marysville	6—
Sunday School, Mechanic F.	3—
Mr Blaine Kulp, Medina	60—
High Sch. Dept, Pioneer Ch.	30—
Church, Putnam	30—
Caroline Darling, Scranton	30—
Truthseekers' Cl. Blairsville	30—
Finley Church, Steubenville	200—
Dr R S Hubbs, Sheridan	75—

### FEBRUARY

Sunday School, Ruleton	3—
Church & S.S., Hermiston	9.88
First Church, Chanutte	51—
Forward Class, Roxbury	1—
Builders Class, Reedley	5—
M L Pattison and others	50—
Philatea Cl. Hutchinson	30—
Margaret Lange, Eustis	5—
Church, Parker	3.18
Epworth League, Summerdale	6—
Blanche Day, Concordia	40—

Hobart S.S. Minneapolis	17.50	Sunday School, Milesburg	31—	Vermont Int. Institute	12—
Sunday School, Platteville	12—	Mabel Swanson, York	10—	Maude Shepherd, Gorham	25—
Sunday School, St Clair	15—	Mrs W A Hatfield, Harrison	45—	Wesleyan Forum, L Ang.les	60—
Mrs W J Boyce, Millwood	30—	Primary Dept, New Castle	20—	Philathea Cl., Hutch.n.on	30—
A B Buntin, Scranton	25—	Sunday School, Minot Cr.	6—	Rev D J Shenton, Jefferson	25—
Mrs S Alta Showers, Locke	30—	Epworth League, Marysville	7—	Sunday School, Mont.ose	21—
Bessie B Weston, York	25—	Sunday School, Danbury	50—	Sunday School, Centennial	12—
		S S Class 1, Watervliet	5—	Sunday School, Davis	4—
		Priscilla Club, Estherville	30—	Epworth League, Well.burg	52—
		Sweden Conference,	672.87	Sara Norri:, Mankato	15—
		Mabel Johonette Perm Fd	15—	Jane S Michaels, Fort Collins	15—
				E E Hubbard, Cardenas	10—
				J C Millar, Toronto	200—
				Church, Grafton	15—
				Corephilia Society, Ill.	10—
				F J Foote, Dayton	200—
				Christ S.S., New York	10—
				Mrs P D Mang, Richfield	11.25
				Rev H Ferguson, Lakeland	100—
				Sunday School, Mechanc F.	3—
				Prim £ Int Depts, Salem	24—
				Wesley S.S., Amherst	10—
				Mrs A H Huebner, Yakima	25—
				K M Harkness, Mitchell	50—
				Methow Church, Wash	105—
				Dr R S Hubbs, Sheridan	75—

## MARCH

Church £ S.S., Hermiston	4.04
Church £ S S,Hermiston,	4.31
W F M S, Chatham	5—
Sunday School, Choteau	15—
U Ella Leonard, N Y	30—
Sweden Conference	258.40
Juanita Green, Pontiac	50—
Mrs A E Greenler, Marion	10—
Dr E L Ford, Washington	6—
Church, Aulne	15—
Clyde Treadways, Burden	5—
Sunday School, Poultney	50—
Mrs A E Place, Grafton	7—
Emmanuel Church, Berkerley	30—
Sunday School, Manasquan	25—
Rev George Brown, Madison	60—
Goldie Craft, Monon	25—

## APRIL

Ch. £ Glen P White, Dillard	22—
Mrs George B Nind, Fla	2.50
Martha L Goettel, Troy	20—
Various Donors, pr J D P	92.50
Church School, Hillsdale	10—
First Church, LaFrande	5—
Rev W W Morrow, Bridget.	12—
Builders Class, Reedley	5—
Janet Currier, Ware	12—
Wesley Church, Amherst	30—
Church, Pleasant St	40—
Church, Geneva	25—

### Directory of Missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the Cape Town Area.

Bishop J. M. Springer, Umtali, Rhodesia.

All Missionaries on furlough may be addressed:—Board of Foreign Missions, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

#### Angola Annual Conference.

Caixa 9, Malange, Angola

Miss Violet B. Crandall,  
Miss Cilicia Cross,  
Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Edling,  
Miss Zella M. Glidden,  
Miss Marie Lindquist,  
Miss Alpha Miller,  
Miss Marie Nelson,  
Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Kemp,  
Miss Irene Shields.

Caixa 68, Luanda, Angola.

Rev. and Mrs. Ralph E. Dodge.

On furlough

Miss Ingle A. Johnson,  
Rev. and Mrs. A. Klebsattel,  
Mrs. H. C. Withey.

#### Rhodesia Annual Conference.

Umtali, Southern Rhodesia.

Rev. and Mrs. E. L. Sells,  
Miss Ona Parmenter.

Old Umtali, Southern Rhodesia.

Miss Ruth Hanson,  
Miss Pearl Mullikin,  
Rev. and Miss M. J. Murphree,  
Miss Rosa Rydill,  
Rev. and Mrs. H. E. Taylor.

Mutambara, Umtali, S. Rhodesia.

Miss Oril A. Penney,  
Miss Lulu Tubbs,

Mrewa, S. Rhodesia.

Rev. and Mrs. H. I. James.

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

Rev. and Mrs. T. A. O'Farrell,  
Miss Sarah King,  
Miss Ila M. Scovill,  
Miss Alice E. Whitney.

Mtoko, via Salisbury, S. Rhodesia,

Rev. W. Bourgaize.

On furlough.

Miss Grace Clark,  
Rev. and Mrs. R. C. Gates,  
Miss Irene P. Gugin,  
Miss Francis Quinton,  
Miss Bertha E. Ramsey,  
Miss Beulah Reitz,  
Rev. and Mrs. G. A. Roberts.

#### Congo Mission Conference.

PROVINCE D'ELISABETHVILLE,  
CONGO BELGE

B P 522, Elisabethville

Rev. and Mrs. Newell S. Booth.

B P 450, Jadotville

Rev. J. E. Brastrup.

Kanene-lez-Kinda, P O Kamina

Miss Helen Everett,  
Rev. and Mrs. C. C. Hartzler,  
Rev. and Mrs. Leslie Sarah.

Kapanga, via Dilolo and Sandoa

Miss Marie Jensen,  
Miss Anna Lerbak,  
Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Piper.

On furlough

Rev. and Mrs. E. L. Everett.

#### S E. Africa Mission Conference

Box 45, Inhambane, Port E Africa

Rev. and Mrs. P. W. Keys,  
Rev. and Mrs. J. S. Rea,  
Rev. and Mrs. I. E. Gillet.

Box 41, Inhambane, Port. E. Africa

Mrs. Alice Longworth,  
Miss Victoria Lang,  
Miss Mabel Michel,  
Miss Ruth Thomas,  
Miss Bess Phillips.

37 St. Amant Str., Johannesburg,  
South Africa,

Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Persson.  
G. T. Carlstrom.

On furlough.

Rev. and Mrs. J. D. Pointer,  
Miss Ruth Northcott,  
Dr. C. J. Stauffacher,  
Mrs. Jessie B. Terril.

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# South Africa *Miss* Missionary Advocate

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No. 4.



*Missionaries, Ministers and Lay Members of the Southeast Africa Mission Conference, Kambini, 1938.*

*In this Issue:*

*The Modern African Missionary*

*Autobiography of a Tin Can*

*Kanene Cultural Mission*

## Designated Gifts.

### Inhambane

#### May 1938.

S. S. and Church Hood River,	30—
Thomas M. Pruves, Nampa	5—
Looking Glass S. S. Dillard	23—
Rev. C. B. Ketcham Cleveland	25—
Class 13 Delphos	15—
Edward M. Simpson Ypsilanti	10—
Mr. R. S. Kraft Philadelphia	25—
Various Donors	49.19
Esther Legue Pateros	105—
Various Donors	139.95
Rev. J. J. Ellington Chehalis	10—
Various Donors	41.54
Gladys E. Helmer D. C.	5—
Rev. Guy A. Lewis	15—
Church Cashmere	10—
S. S. (Dallas)	10—
Mrs. A. E. Greenler	15—
Frank H. Towne	10—
S. S. & Epworth League	50—
Various Donors Porter Church	32.50
S. S. Sibley	15—
S. S. Roseburg	15—
Grant Avenue Epworth League	20—
Church Chagrin Falls	50—
First S. S. Nampa	31—
Berean Class Towanda	25—
Young Peoples Dept. D. C.	12—
S. S. North White Lake	8—
Elsie Reeves Sibley	30—
Epworth League Montevideo	5—
S. S. Manasquan	25—
Charlotte A. Coddling	5—
Bernice Stark	10—
J. N. Brichan	25—
St. Pauls S. S. Harrisburg	20—
3rd Avenue S. S. Class I	5—
Oliver D. Sylester	23—
Semper Peratus Cl.	20—
Lockwood Family Waban	15—
Lulu E. Shreve	20—

S. S. North Adams 60—  
A. C. Butterworth Duluth 15—  
Mrs Nellie Whittier 10—  
Methow S. S. 20—

#### June

Church and S. S. Hermiston 7.83  
Ladies Aid Society Fowler 25—  
S. S. Lebanon 25—  
S. S. Cottage Grove 33.35  
Jacob Wallace Deposit 150—  
First Church and S. S. Chanute 27—  
First S. S. Chanute 25.50  
Rev. Orval M. Whithman 50—  
Sweden Conference 12.80  
Lyons Circuit 72—  
Rev. Guy A Lewis 5—  
Miss Edith Grannis 10—  
Ridgeland Church 10—  
Boston St. Church Lynn 100—  
First S. S. Mitchell 50—  
Mrs. Piller's Class 3—  
S. S. Mt. Vernon 10—  
Mrs. E. B. Martsof 20—  
Epworth League Wellsburg 25—  
Thrinity Ch. Idaho Falls 25—  
Oxford Bible Class Newark 20—  
Emmanuel Church Berkeley 15—  
Crusader Class State St. 50—  
Sweden Conference 12.80  
Hobart S. S. 17.50  
S. S. and Church Chanute 27—  
First S. S. Chanute 25.50  
S. S. Locke 16—  
S. S. Ludlow 62—  
First S. S. 50—  
Rev. W. R. Ward Jr. 13—  
Watts Mexican Church 10—  
Beach Patton Sheridan 11—  
Mr. Bert Spahn 60—

#### July

Kevin S. S. Sunburst 5—  
Rev. C. H. Hall 5—  
Various Donors 5—  
Church (Finley) 100—  
S. S. Nampa 5—  
Mrs. Clarence G. Cunningham 5—

Mrs. Martha McCoy 10—  
Builders Class Reedley 5—  
Pleasant Street Ch. 37—  
Trinity Optimist Cl. 2.50  
Mrs. Emma A. Mang 6.30  
S. S. Centennial 12—  
S. S. Pultneyville 13—  
Mrs. Arthur C. Smith 100—  
Mrs. H. W. Cary 15—  
Charlotte A. Coddling 10—  
Miss Elsie Aten 50—  
Mrs. Jane Ann Hughes 30—  
Miss Bertha Sprinkle 20—  
Mrs. A. C. Loucks 35—  
Golden Rule Cl. Edgerton 15—  
S. S. Cl. I Watervliet 5—  
Mrs. Millie K. Sechhrist 15—  
Mrs. Minnie Spanglers S. S. Cl 15—  
Mr. E. E. Hubbard 10—  
Mrs. Esther D. Logue 100—  
Mr. Sherman D. Clegg 100—

#### August.

George L. Bigelow 7.50  
Rev. W. C. Henn 25—  
Various Churches 44.29  
Finley Church 2—  
Church Jackson 10—  
Miss Gladys Helmer 5—  
William R. Fuss 5—  
Church Oxboro 10—  
Walter and James Howe 76—  
Vacation Church School 3—  
Church Randolph 6—  
S. S. Turtle Lake 13—  
J. C. Millar 200—  
Grace S. S. Highland Park 5—  
Epworth Prim. Dept Marion 35—  
Mrs. Mitchell S. S. Class 10—  
S. S. Manasquan 25—  
A. B. Vlerebome 50—  
St. Paul's S. S. Harrisburg 20—  
Epworth League Marysville 7—  
S. S. Woodbine 12.50  
Finley Church 50—  
Church Jackson 5.40  
Sweden Conference 654.26

## The autobiography of a Tin Can,

as written by Dr. A. H. Kemp, Angola.

I am not writing this story of my life with the thought that my life has been much different from that of countless other tin cans, for it has not been. In fact, not until very recently did it dawn on me that anybody in America would be interested in the experiences of a mere tin can in Africa. But when Dr. J. C. Bieri, who preaches in a Methodist Church in Philadelphia, drew attention to the useful life that has been mine, I decided to risk my autobiography.

I came into being in New Jersey along with a twin sister, and almost before our soldering was cold each of us was filled with five gallons of gasoline, and we were quickly hushed by being nailed into our wooden box-crib, slid dizzily down a spiral slide into the hold of an ocean liner, and were soon being tossed about on the bosom of the Atlantic. We held on to our contents, which is more than

many of the human passengers did during the five weeks trip to Africa. Eventually we were taken ashore just nine degrees south of the equator, one fourth of our gasoline was replaced by alcohol, and then we were sent inland 300 miles where I was bought by the missionary doctor. It pleased me not a little to think that I had been used to carry fuel for such a man, and not for some driver who never carried anything except corn or boards or sisal.

### To the kitchen.

The doctor soon emptied my contents into his car, and then my usefulness would have been at an end had I been in America, but instead of being thrown out onto an ash pile, I soon found myself a highly valued member of the kitchen equipment at the boys' school. For several months I was carried twice daily to a spring, filled with cool pure water, hoisted on top of a boy's head, and in what seemed to me at first to be a frightfully precarious manner, carried to the boy's kitchen. In my relatively old age I developed a leak so that I could no longer

(Turn to page 11.)

# South Africa Missionary Advocate

Vol. 19, No. 4.

OCTOBER - DECEMBER, 1938

I. E. Gillet, Editor

## To the World via Madras.

While you are reading these lines the writer of them will probably be on his way across the Indian Ocean from Mozambique to India, there to meet on December 12th with 450 other delegates representing all countries that send and all lands that receive missionaries. We will meet for nearly-three weeks at Madras Christian College at Tambaram under the presidency of Dr. John R. Mott, to consider the question, "How can we build a genuinely worldwide Christian community?"

This is the decennial meeting of the International Missionary Council. Each of the two worldwide meetings of the Council which have preceded this - that of Edinburgh in 1910 and that of Jerusalem in 1928 - made unforgettable contribution to our understanding of the motive and method of Christian Missions and gave incalculable impetus to the movement.

(It was during the preparations for the Edinburgh conference that Bishop Hartzell visited the University of Denver where I was a Freshman. Since then I have been a missionary—first as an enthusiastic Student Volunter at Denver and Oregon State College and at Oberlin, and now for twenty years at Kambini astride the Tropic of Capricorn in sound of the waves of the Indian Ocean, teaching boys and men and still more boys and men—and learning.)

Remembering the foregoing paranthetical paragraph you can easily imagine with what thumping of heart I take leave of wife, colleagues and students to visit India the Great—there to confer with men and women of every race and color on The Faith, the Witness, the Inner Life and the Environment of the Church, and close Cooperation.

Before leaving Africa I hope to consult with various groups of missionaries and Nationals of this colony in order to be able better to represent the thot and hopes of Christians in Portuguese East Africa.

Ten delegates go from the South African Christian Council—some of them Nationals. The Rhodesia delegate is an African, a Methodist. We hope to meet the delegates from other parts of Africa at Colombo, Ceylon, for a preliminary before we reach Madras conference.

To understand the significance of the Madras meeting with relation to those of Edinburgh and Jerusalem one should read Dr. Mott's article in the July issue of the International Review of Missions.

—oOo—

## Madras Please Note.

The Conference at Madras may need some very simple definitions for its work. We recommend that the following be considered.

### *A good preacher.*

The Methodist Churchman gives Dr. Edgar De Witt Jones' recipe for a good preacher: "He should get religion like a Methodist; experience it like a Baptist; be sure of it like a Disciple; stick to it like a Lutheran; pay for it like a Presbyterian; consolidate it like Congregationalist; glorify it like a Jew; be proud of like an Anglican; practice it like a Christian Scientist; work for it like a Salvation Army lassie; propagate it like a Roman Catholic; and enjoy it like a Colored man."

### *The visible Church.*

"The visible Church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men in which the pure Word of God is preached, and the Sacraments duly administered according to Christ's ordinance, in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same." (P. 13, Articles of Religion of the Methodist Episcopal Church.)

Some may prefer Wesley's own definition of a Methodist Society as "a company of men having the form and seeking the power of godliness, united in order to pray together, to receive the work of exhortation, and to watch over one another in love, that they may help each other to work out their salvation."

For those who feel that too much mutual responsibility is implied in so linking the visible church and *Salvation*.

We suggest a careful reading of Hebrews 11: 39, 40: "They all won their record for faith, but the Promise they did not obtain. God had something better in store for us; he would not have them perfected apart from us." Shall we come any nearer working out our salvation in indifference to the need of our neighbors for the "something better" which God has in store for them?

—oOo—

## The Congo Protestant Conference at Leopoldville.

By Mrs. J. M. Springer.

There is a lot of talk about cooperation in these days. To really appreciate the meaning of that word in missions, one should have sat in with us at Leo for those ten precious days in June. There were 26 different societies represented and 125 missionaries, many papers and long discussions but never one unChristian note. Every person present voiced the one thought of devotion to Jesus Christ our Lord and followed the text used at the first Sunday service for missionaries, "We preach Christ crucified." No one who was present could doubt for a moment but that the Master Himself was in our midst. External methods of worship were never once mentioned but rather that all were constrained by the love of Christ to preach Him and His power to save to the uttermost even to the most degraded tribes in this country of Africa.

This Conference had been preceded by a Native Conference held in native languages, Kikongo, Lingala and Kiluba. The Government and Commercial Companies had most generously made hundreds of Native Protestant delegates their guests, furnishing free transportation and keep while in Leo. It was a wonderful sight on the first Sunday morning of our visit, to see some three or four thousand Natives assembled on the grounds of the Baptist Church in the European center of the city. It was even more inspiring to hear the addresses made by Native leaders in the three different languages.

### Give up the Chicken

One of the preachers was a fine-looking, heavily bearded Chief among the Bangala. He spoke with great unction and vehemence. One of his illustrations is well worth repeating.

He said that in his younger days he and his caravan once came to a small village after a long march through empty, hunger country and were almost famished for food. Hunger sat in this village too but the generous headman brought out the only

remaining chicken and would have killed it for his Chief. But he refused to let him do it, hungry as they were, though some grumbled aside. But before the scanty dish of mush could be made ready, in came a group from the veld with a huge wild bear they had killed during the night. "Now" said he applying his moral, "when you give up your sins and old ways, it is like our giving up that scrawny chicken which could not satisfy a single one of us. And the meat that came in later is the way God has plenteous supplies just waiting, that do satisfy the hunger of the heart and soul. Don't be afraid to give up the chicken." His audience rocked with the laughter of appreciation; they understood it perfectly,

As I looked on that comely mass of Natives and remembered these whom I had seen throughout the land many years ago, I also realized that these had entered into a goodly heritage when they enlisted for service under the Great Commander, Jesus Christ. These Christians had suffered great persecution from the priests and some in their tribes had even died for the love they bore to the Savior. And the persecution is increasing though we must give the Government credit for doing all in its power to prevent it.

### Congo cotton.

The last day of the Natives' stay in Leo was given to seeing the sights, one being the cotton factory. We ourselves spent more than an hour going through it and were astonished to learn that 1,800 men are regularly employed, three shifts a day for six days a week only. This mill uses 120 tons of raw cotton a month, all of it grown in the Congo. 25,000 meters of calico are turned out every day, and that with only 60 per cent of the capacity used. From the raw cotton to dying and stamping patterns, everything is done on the very latest machinery. The Natives are paid adequate wages. At first there was an effort to employ mostly women but it was not a success. According to Native custom, it was considered a disgrace for women to be so occupied. Possibly it was because for endless generations only men had done the weaving; it might have been that the tribe considered Wifehood and Motherhood the only proper profession. If so, who are we to say that they were not right?

It is interesting that after the Native delegates had finished going through the factory, one was heard to say, "It surely is a revelation. We have grumbled a lot thinking that the price of the calico was too high but when we see what a lot of work is involved and all the machinery etc., we can understand it better."

For us Methodists, it was a pleasure to meet to-



gether. We had just received a cable from Bishop Smith telling of the vote on Unification so we four from the southern section of the Congo, met with five from the northern section of the Congo around a common table and got acquainted. We were proud of the other section of our now united Methodist ranks. I forgot to say that we had picked up Mr. Sarah as we passed through Kanene. Incidentally, he and Mr. Persons relieved Mr. Springer quite a bit in driving though he took his share most of the long days and into the night.

Yes, it was one of the most blessed conferences we had ever attended and one where Christ was all in all. On the last Sunday evening, the missionaries still remaining in Leo, gathered in the Baptist Church and partook of the Holy Communion with subdued, humble hearts full of love and praise for what we had seen of His working, but "remembering the Lord's death till He come."

—oOo—

## The Modern African Missionary

*Ralph E. Dodge, Angola.*

"No, he will never be even an average preacher; he ought to have been a missionary." Thus did the members of that rural western congregation pass verdict on the success of their Pastor.

The unenlightened missionary candidate often entertains the same illusion. In the homeland, competition is keen; the colleges and seminaries are producing alert, ambitious, consecrated young men who will keep at the bottom those of lesser ability. Therefore, the conscientious theologian, who either has an inferiority complex or justly evaluates his meager ability, turns his thoughts to far away fields where the lack of workers in pitiful and competition unknown. "Just the thing", thinks he, "I will become a foreign worker". Little known to him are the duties of that strange figure, the modern missionary.

First of all, the African missionary of today is a District Superintendent. It matters not if he were sent out as an industrialist, a Doctor of Medicine, an educationalist or a printer; it matters not if this is his first or fifth term, fourth or fortieth year. At the Annual Conference he runs a fifty percent chance of being appointed to a district. And his forty to one hundred and fifty charges will not be occupied by college trained men but rather by adult children who have the custom of perpetually getting into some kind of difficulty.

### He has to talk

He must be a student of modern languages. Not only is he to learn the dialect of the people among whom he is working but it is also essential to

become fluent in the language of the ruling nation. He must be able to converse freely with the government officials, talk amiably with the merchants, and if needs be, protect the rights of the mission against a ruthless lawyer. Nor can languages be "picked up" or their study reserved for evenings, holidays and vacation times.

The missionary must possess the qualifications of the foreign diplomat without the protection of his ethics. His position demands that he be honest and truthful; his official dealings demand that he play the game of politics and play it more cunningly than the experts.

A large mission school with poorly trained native or national teachers again pushes the missionary into a place of leadership. If his college major has been Education he is fortunate. If not, he reads and studies until he is familiar with the modern trends in that field. During all this time he has been acting superintendent of the school, a position which he will keep for many years to come.

### And Farm

Needless to say, he must be an agriculturalist. Should his parents have bequeathed to him the rich heritage of a rural background, the natives rejoice and thank God, while the missionary continues his experiments with soy beans, Arabian coffee, and California oranges; supervises the plots of peanuts, sweet potatoes, corn, wheat, rice, and gives orders to try once again the dwarf bananas, figs and passion fruit.

As his home has been badly eaten by the termites or the school needs a new water closet, it is his task to supervise the construction. The compass, ruler and india ink are brought from the bottom of the trunk and the missionary passes the long hot evenings beside the kerosene lamp slowly evolving the new building. Then there comes the actual construction—and what a nightmare for the amateur constructor as well as for the untrained laborers.

When the efficiency expert took hold of the American business, the missionary, without training whatsoever save for a few courses in college economics, became of necessity a member of that group. First of all, it was necessary for his personal accounts. How to make the American dollar bill elongate itself into a skirt to cover his bare necessities is a problem not easily solved. Then there are the schools, the native preachers and the administrative expenses. To save the situation, he explains to his children that butter has passed to the category of luxuries and informs the native preachers to look to God and their own people rather than to the District Superintendent for their daily bowl of mush.

Nor can he ignore the insistent appeals for medical assistance: foul running sores to be bound up, sick babies to nurse, badly decayed teeth to pull, or simply requests for a strong laxative.

## Play Time

But at five o'clock there comes the welcome and familiar sound of someone ascending the stairs; first a foot, then a knee, a foot and then a knee, and before the little blond head appears around the corner of the door a sweet voice rings out, "Daddy, it's time to play". Be it a half-written letter, be it a partly-prepared sermon, be it an Annual Conference report or a teachers' meeting, it must wait. Oh! how we do enjoy that hour. Mama and daddy and the children, one and all. For five o'clock is play time even though daddy is a missionary.

Lastly and most important of all, the missionary has a high commission from his church and a higher one from God. He is the preacher of the Word, the messenger from the Most High. He must preach the Gospel to the unenlightened, pray with the sick, encourage the down hearted, evoke God's blessing on the newly-married and the recently-baptized. He must keep his own life spotless and daily lift his workers to the Throne of Grace that they too may keep that which is the most precious of all gifts—personal purity. In everything he does there must be only one motivating force: the love of God as revealed in Christ Jesus.

Thus if you would know the modern missionary, imagine a District Superintendent with fifty charges supervised by fourth grade boys, a language student, a foreign diplomat, a superintendent of schools, a more or less successful dad, a Kentucky farmer, a brawny constructor, an efficiency expert—imagine, I say, all these moulded into one and the result is the modern missionary: one of the busiest and happiest individuals in the world.

*Note:* Lest it be said that the writer has a vivid imagination, let me hasten to ascertain that the author has lent his hand to each of the above mentioned activities during the first fifteen months of his missionary career.

—oOo—

## Training Evangelists in the Congo.

*By Anna E. Lerbak.*

During the years 1930—31 we had 30-40 teachers and evangelists at the Sandoa Station and district. During the year 1932 they increased in number to nearly 200. This increase coincided with a "drive" the Roman Catholics carried on in our part of the country. The Station was only eight years old. Where did we find over 180 new evangelists all at once?

They were a motly crowd. Some were fine and promising young men, some not exactly young who had worked around the station for a few years, or who had helped their teachers in the villages, and many others, young—some too young—others not young enough, all of whom had picked up a little reading and writing here and there, who had become church members.

They saw the necessity of helping the many sheep without shepherds in the many villages where the "drive" was on. Up to that time these had been cared for by "travelling" evangelists. Some of the new evangelists were carried along on the wave of enthusiasm, or excitement perhaps, and have dropped out. But others have come in, we still have about two hundred.

We at once asked ourselves how these new men were to be trained. This is the plan we have followed. We take them in to the station in groups of about 30 or more for two months each year, and give them just the regular school subjects plus some help in their practical work. Naturally they can take more advanced Bible work than children and also some of the courses in general information, science, hygiene, morals etc., can be more advanced.

When they have finished the fourth year of this they come in to stay for a whole school year to finish their second degree, which is the present limit of station schools. During this year they are the teachers in the regular station school, first degree, and their teacher is the supervisor. After graduating a few go on to our higher school at Kanene and some others drop out. Of the 93 evangelists-teachers who have graduated from our station school during the ten years it has been functioning, 42 are in the work today.

The plan has worked very well but is a temporary arrangement. Graduating from the station school should be the minimum, not the maximum, educational requirement for the teacher-evangelists. This year we are making the first real steps forward. They are three. Every one must have finished the degree, that is two years, before he can be admitted to the teachers' school, then we will raise this entrance requirement gradually. Second, they will come in to stay at the beginning of the fourth year instead of waiting till the fifth. This is necessary as we are also raising the standard of some of the courses, as French, arithmetic and some subjects which they cannot carry on the other way successfully. Thirdly, those who are not young nor bright enough to carry on French etc., will go into a special class-leaders' class when they finish the third year, and will have an annual two-weeks refresher course.

The regular station school has been organized only recently. This year the first class will graduate. In the future we hope to draw our teachers and evangelists from the graduates of the regular station school. The teachers' school can become a special course in Bible and practical work.

I must add to this that the wives of the evangelists come into school with their husbands. However only a few make much progress. Our staff, both white and Native, has been too small. It will be better next year, so that we really can take up the very important work of training the evangelists' wives in reading, writing as well as in home duties and as helpers in the local village work. A kindergarten for their children was started this year.

Perhaps this seems rather primitive to some of you, but when you remember that the stations was opened in 1922, and that up to 1930 there was only one family here the greater part of the time, perhaps our achievements in education may be counted fair.

—oOo—

## Unto one of the least.

*By Mrs. J. M. Springer.*

She was such a little thing: and O how proud her Mother had been of her: Five boys had been born unto her and she prayed for a womanchild and the baby girl in her arms was the dearest thing on earth. With the greatest of pride she made its little dresses and kept her so neat and clean that she was the center of attention at the September Campmeeting where 3000 had assembled to worship God in His Holy Temple for ten days.

They went back to their station of which her husband, Paul, was pastor and settled down to the routine life of the station contentedly. Never had life been dearer. Never had one of their children been such a joy or had so much attention.

There are many things in this life which we shall never be able to understand. Some day: some time; but we must wait till we get to that better land before the answer will come. So it will be for Paul still stricken and sore. But never once has he given a sign of the temptations that must have assailed him. Nearly every reader has had more or less the same trial.

Without any warning symptoms, he found his wife ill one Saturday morning. Getting on his bicycle, he hurried to the Mission for help but though the motor car as put under full speed, when they got him back home, his dear wife had already breathed her last on earth. All the car and the nurse could do was to bring back the lifeless body



*Nurses and patients at Old Umtali.*

of the Mother and the living bodies of the rest of the family to Old Umtali. The shock reverberated throughout the Mission far and near. There were probably more than a thousand Natives at the funeral but withal there was none of the hopeless death-wail of the heathen. They wept; they all wept with aching hearts for the stricken husband and the orphaned children. But they sorrowed not as they who had no hope. And so the frail little Mother was laid to rest in the Mission cemetery. But the "ashes to ashes, dust to dust" was tempered by the "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." And the mourning crowd dispersed with the soft singing of the Native choir as they chanted the Twenty-third Psalm ringing in their hearts and those words which alone can support the mourner, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go, I will come again...that where I am, there ye may be also." And Nurse Hanson took the wee girlie in her arms and led the way for the little brothers to her place.

A few days later, the baby was taken ill and came very near to joining her Mother but Nurse Hanson had her brought to her bedside and watched the little one day and night and pulled her through. The Government Doctor came out from Umtali ten miles away several times and the precious little life was spared. That was not a sermon in stone but written on the hearts of men. The same Spirit of the Master motivated the hearts of Nurse Hanson of the Mission and Dr. Mont-

gomery of the Government Hospital.

And it was the same Spirit which stirred Miss Rosa Rydell in far away Sweden to come to Old Umtali and help carry the load under which Miss Hanson was breaking. It was the same Spirit which stirred those Christians in Sweden, mostly women, to provide for her out-coming. They had already provided for a nurse for Kambine but saw their way by great self-denial to send two. It was the same Spirit that moved Bishop Wade to encourage and strengthen the hands of his people in Sweden to make this tremendous effort. Thank God the Spirit of Jesus Christ still works in the hearts of high and low, of one and all who will let Him, to minister to Him by doing for "one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

—oOo—

## Kanene's Cultural Mission

*Leslie C. Sarah, Principal, Congo Institute*

The first cultural mission in all our territory was held recently by a group of students from Congo Institute.

Beforehand, a team of five persons had been selected to present the aspects of our program for the Christian development of life in Congo villages. They planned their parts and worked out projects until confidence was attained.

In the morning Timothy arrived at Matabongo to announce our coming and make preparations. A fine crowd greeted our arrival at 4 p.m. After the usual salutations, the school building was crowded to hear Timothy's story of how improved agricultural methods and seeds aided health. He showed seeds, and the vegetables and flowers which resulted. Then he led the throng to prepared ground where he demonstrated right kinds of soil, manuring and planting.

Joel called them back to hear of simple aids to better health. Confessing their belief that malaria was a curse from the Lunda tribe, and that old age and sickness were the work of witches, they listened eagerly to his scientific approach. Charts showed the nature of the organs of the body. Experiments proved the ravages of the alcohol in their palm wine. In little bottles of water from their spring, they saw stages in the development of mosquitoes. Ways of battling pests were described, and the antics of witch doctors ridiculed.

Gregoire showed how proper exercise kept muscles youthful and strong. Soon he had games going right merrily outside, and even the ancient chief cracked a few joints.

Now to cool them off and calm them down, Jean arranged them around a campfire. A full moon especially burnished threw black shadows and

silver patches, lending added enchantment to the harmony of African voices in Christian song.

Finally, the stereopticon sought to recall the lessons of the day with scenes of simple agriculture, health practices, and outworn fetiches of America and China.

Luther concluded by showing that the Father's love underlies the laws of agriculture and health, that faith in Christ casts out fear of witches and aids the cure of illness, and that old beliefs were outmoded by the coming of the truth in Jesus. All heads bowed reverently for his prayer and benediction.

The people returned to hear Amos proclaim the gospel of love and righteousness at 8 p.m. Then came a meeting with the Christian community into whose care was given the fostering of the projects started. Great enthusiasm was manifested and plans are made to reach many villages in this manner.

—oOo—

## Paradox

*By Mrs. J. S. Rea, Kambini.*

Grammarians say that a paradox is the joining of two contradictory truths. They have given you many examples of a paradox, but none so paradoxical as this.

These five conversations, faithfully reproduced, make up my first discouraging truth.

1) Characters.—Mrs. Missionary and Titusi, a graduate of our school.

Place.—Mapajani in Inharrime Circuit.

(Mrs. Missionary has cut morning prayers, and Titusi is investigating.)

Titusi.—Where were you, Sinyari, this morning?

Mrs.—Well, to tell the truth, this awful rain water from these smoky grass roofs has rather upset me. Even boiling it didn't seem to help. Don't you feel upset?

Titusi.—No, not a bit. We learned at school we should boil our water, but you see what it does to get used to such things. We don't agree with you there, because if you get used to boiled water you are more apt to get sick when you are moving around from place to place, and can't wait to boil it.

2) Characters.—Hanna, the missionary's cook, and Sara, who has vacated her hut temporarily in favor of the guests.

Place.—Dunheni, Inharrime Circuit.

(A young half grown girl has just come by, balancing the pot of water which is for the convenience of the missionaries)

Hanna.—Is that your daughter or your sister?  
 Sara.—Neither, we bought her to work for us.

3) Characters.—Titusi, the visiting evangelist, and his miserable leper sister, bereft of toes, fingers, and sight.

Place.—Mungwambi, Zavala Circuit.

(Titus has been out garden visiting with the agricultural missionary, and is now taking time to talk with his less fortunate sister.)

Sister.—Thank you for the peanuts, and thank Sinyari for the corn, I have been so hungry!

Titusi.—Hungry? I don't understand. I sent down money enough for you for three months. One of the village men took it with him at Conference time!

Sister.—I speak truly when I say I never got it.

4) Characters —Senekela, wife of an evangelist, and Mrs. Missionary.

Place.—Mangeni, Banguza Circuit.

Mrs.—How does Tereza happen to live with you, I thought she was married?

Senekela.—She was, and those are her two children. Her husband went to Johannesburg, and when he came back he threw her out and took another wife. They are at Dunheni.

Mrs.—But Dunheni is a Christian village, do the "madota" of the village allow him to stay?

Senekela.—Yes, they think bye and bye he will get sick of the girl he has taken, and take Tereza back.

5) Characters.—Senekela, aforementioned and, the same Mrs. Missionary.

Place.—On the road between Mangeni and the home of the local chief.

Mrs.—This chief we are going to see, is he a Christian?

Senekela.—Yes, he calls us often to have prayers in his house.

Mrs.—Has he a family, has he a wife?

Senekela.—Yes, he has five wives.

Mrs.—But you just said he is a Christian!!!

Senekela.—But you don't understand, Sinyari. He lets all five of his wives come to church!

Here is the last half of our paradox, and just as truly true as the discouraging first half.

We are climbing Jacob's Ladder—Soldiers of the Cross.

Every rung goes higher, higher. Soldiers of the Cross.

These people love Him and they serve Him, soldiers of the Cross. Don't make us climb the rungs too fast. Be patient with us, or we'll get dizzy and fall back a few rungs.

## *From Newell and Esma Booth, Congo*

We are beginning to feel more at home here in Elisabethville and there are compensations, although we miss Kanene and Congo Institute very much.

Elisabethville is a city of about 3000 white people and is growing rapidly again. As it is the capital of the province and serves a large territory, it has a good business center with banks, hotels, stores etc, as well as a large school for boarders and town children. We have a small work among the white people as there are some Protestants. Most of them are Catholics however, and our work is largely among the black folk as it has always been. We do not really know how many live in the native city, the mine compounds, and in town as domestics. There are perhaps ten times as many as there are whites. The Catholics carry on a big work, but we are the only Protestant mission in the city and there are only the two of us, one with almost a full time job taking care of and teaching her own children and having company. Sometimes it seems rather ridiculous to try to do anything. At home there would be ten or more churches serving the same size community. But it is a challenge and of course we do not work alone. We have dozens of good helpers, some paid and others not. Neither of us teach in the school, but supervise and prepare work and texts. The school has grown to 459. These are all children divided among the five grades and kindergarten. Then there are 120 men who come for an hour after work and 45 women who came for two hours in the afternoon.

Our Sunday School teachers, 15 regular ones with 10 assistants, are working hard on plans for the Christmas pageant. The superintendent, Simon Kajama, has his hands full. But he also finds time to undertake the work of Church which the quarterly conference gave him. Simon is a layman who also proves that the African is a real worker. He is just as keen as any superintendent at home and as capable as he can be. He has been working toward three goals: (1) better prepared lessons and teachers, (2) good offerings for the work, and (3) an average attendance of 400 or over. He has achieved the last for a month and is progressing with the others.

We are very glad that we were able to place a teacher in the mining compound of which we wrote to some of you. A Belgian Protestant and the national Christians pledged enough to support him. We hope that another teacher will go out as a result of the Christmas offering together with our

tithe. But we have no hopes for another locality. And Lubumbashi folk want a teacher for an afternoon school. One of our outposts is now firmly established in self support. Samuel Mpanga is the capable pastor. How he accomplishes all he does we often wonder. It is really because he is training helpers: Sunday School teachers, class leaders and unit workers. But here are some of the things he does: pastors a church with an attendance of around 200, including preaching to them, visiting them and carrying on three classes for membership training, a women's meeting and a prayer meeting; he directs a Sunday School of over 300, holding weekly classes with his untrained teachers; he visits or has others visit two nearby villages and two compounds; he acts as agent for our Book Concern, selling Bibles and school supplies; then just to make sure he keeps busy he teaches 80 pupils in three classes five hours a day five days a week and 40 adults come into classes at various times as their home and work duties permit them. When shall be able to give him the assistant he needs?

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## Paragraphs from Mrs. O'Farrell

*Nyadiri, Rhodesia*

We were home less than a week after a much needed rest at Cape Town when the week of special pre-Easter services began. School is always dismissed for these services, and we do only such work as is absolutely necessary. Two services are held daily, with group meetings following the P. M. service. The congregation is divided into classes or groups led by their Class Leaders and assistants whom the Leaders may choose. Each year I think the services are better than the previous one, but perhaps I judge them by the amount of help which I, myself, receive.

It was so good to be back again with my class of mothers and my assistant, Mattie M'parutsa, the wife of the minister. What a joy to greet them one by one after my absence, and to have that close Christian fellowship with them again. I cannot describe to you the fervor of their prayers and testimonies. Many have been true Christians for years, some are just beginners in the Faith, and there are some who just do not register.

One afternoon when we were on our knees praying, one of the mothers who had seemed so indifferent to everything, began to pray, but soon became choked with sobs. Finally she said she wanted Christ in her heart, but it was so hard to acknowledge him before the people. Immediately, Mattie got up and said, "Mothers, my father was

a very big chief. Many people used to come and dance in his village, begging for food. But it would have been a very disgraceful thing for one of his children to go begging. Yet here was Jesus, the Son of the King of kings, begging his Father to forgive us our sins. The cross was a disgraceful thing in those days, and a person who was crucified had done some terrible sin. And the cross in that case become a dishonorable thing. Yet, Christ carried his cross through a big city, among crowds of people who were laughing and jeering at him, and he was not ashamed. He was carrying that cross for you and me—begging the Father to forgive us. He was crucified for our sins, and his cross became a thing of honor and glory. The cross today means Salvation for us. Oh Mothers, Mothers, surely if Christ could do such a thing for us and not feel ashamed, surely we can confess our sins and acknowledge Christ in this little church. We are just home folks."

The next day that mother went to the altar and humbly confessed her sins. In the group meeting which followed she said, "Yesterday I was afraid about what the people might say about me, but now God has taken away that fear. If people said I was not a good woman it was true, but now with God's help I want to try and live the life of Christ before the people."

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## Scholarships for Missionaries and Nationals.

One of the six missionary Fellowships and Scholarships assigned for 1938-39 by Union Theological Seminary, New York, came to Africa. The appointee from Africa this year was: Rev. Gladwyn M. Childs of the American Board in Portuguese West Africa. The others went to China (2), and one each to Japan, India and Siam.

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 service, not undergraduate students.

Application for 1939-1940 should reach the Seminary by January 1st, 1939. 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 Bursar of the Seminary.

(Continued from page 2.)

give satisfactory service as a water container, and I felt certain that I would be thrown out into the grass as useless. It was really a thrilling surprise what happened next to me,—the doctor operated on me, very carefully removing my entire top, and returning me to the kitchen again for many more months useful service as a container of food for the boys. He painted F-3 on my right side, which meant that he would fill me every morning with manioc Flour for Room 3.

I could write a book about my interesting life in the kitchen of the Boy's school, but suffice to state that after about a year's service there I was so old that my joints began to draw apart and I could no longer satisfactorily serve as a food container. Then I felt sure that my usefulness had come to an end, and that I would be discarded and thrown away. But the doctor had other ideas,—he was half Swiss, and part of the rest of him was Scotch, so I heard him say once, and he never threw away anything that could still serve some useful purpose. Therefore he had me filled with rich black dirt from down near the river, and planted a cedar seed in the center of the dirt. By the time the cedar seedling had grown to be a foot tall I was so old and rusty that I knew that I should soon reach my final resting place. And I did, but that resting place was not on the ash heap. I was given a most honorable burial, rich black dirt and seedling and all, right in the lawn of the doctor's home, and I still see the doctor and his family every day, though I am rapidly rusting away. And now certainly the end of the life story of any ordinary tin can would have been reached, but not so with me.

### *I'm a tin lamp.*

You recall that the doctor had operated on me, removing my top. My top and myself are identical. The doctor did not throw my top away, but gave me to a tin-smith, the cutest little man imaginable. He reminded me of a Brownie, he was so little. His was a pathetic case however, for his legs had never developed enough to enable him to walk, not even when he was a baby. But in spite of this handicap, the crippled tin-smith is the leader of a large Christian village, respected by white folks as well as by blacks. Hundreds of Africans less crippled than he, are hopeless beggars, but he is a self supporting and respectable man. This tin-smith beamed happily when I was given to him, though little did I realize that he was planning more extensive operations on me than even the doctor had performed. He cut me into peculiar shapes, bent me first in one direction and then in another, soldered me again

at all my joints, and wonder of wonders, I had been transformed into a little kerosene lamp, and destined for many more years of usefulness.

It was while I was happily serving in this new role of lighting up a little bit of Darkest Africa that Dr. Bieri came into my life, and I became his. He was spending a few days at the mission as the guest of the mission doctor when an emergency call came from the tin-smith's village. The mission doctor brought Dr. Bieri with him, and Dr. Bieri held me in his hand in my little grass covered stick-and-mud home while the doctor brought relief to my mistress who had been suffering terribly for two whole days and nights. While Dr. Bieri was holding me he took such a fancy to me that he decided that I should be his, and he made such a tempting offer to my owner, who had bought me from the tin-smith, that I changed owners again. And is my usefulness now at an end? Not if my hearing is still reliable. For Dr. Bieri plans to take me with him through the very centre of Darkest Africa over almost the same route that David Livingstone traveled nearly a hundred years ago, and then back to the land in which I was born, to live just across the river from my native state of New Jersey. And though I shall probably never be filled with kerosene again, my days of usefulness are to be prolonged indefinitely, for Dr. Bieri plans to take me with him into many missionary gatherings where he will exhibit me as he tells the story of my life.

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## African Humour.

Martha Drummer was an American Negress who came out more than 35 years ago to Angola as a missionary. She was dearly beloved by everyone. But she had a real terror of savages, and especially cannibals, which was not shared by the other missionaries. One time she went with Miss Cross up into the Lobolo cannibal country on an evangelistic tour. The carriers were cannibals as well as the big chief to whose capital they had come. However, he had a strong sense of humor and seeing how manifestly fearful Miss Drummer was, said, "You don't need to be afraid of us. We won't eat you. When we eat anyone, we want one that is fat and tender, not a bag of bones like you." And saying this, he gave Miss Cross who was young, fat and tender, an understanding nod and grin. (E. S.)

## Real Self Support.

"Self-support" as applied to the younger churches is a term of missionary coinage. Its connotation varies in different missions and churches and is often indefinite and arbitrary.

Strictly speaking, the word ought to be applied to a church only when all the legitimate needs and activities of a church or a congregation—pastoral, educational, evangelistic and philanthropic—are supported by itself without any outside help. Partial support is not self-support. Interpreted thus there are few churches that can claim "self-support."

Christian giving is not to be based on Old Testament precedents, nor on the rule of tithes, but on the consideration of what they know that Christ had done for them. "Ye know"—that knowledge must constrain them even to become poor for His sake.

The churches in Madeconia are first cited as examples. Giving in their case was an evidence of God's grace to them, because it was manifested in the midst of deep poverty (II Cor. 8:2.) "According to their power, yea, and beyond their power they gave, but first they gave their own selves to the Lord." (v. 3)

The Bishop of Dornakal—

From the International Review of Missions  
July 1938.

## Directory of Missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the Cape Town Area.

Bishop J. M. Springer, Umtali,  
Rhodesia.

All Missionaries on furlough may be  
addressed:—Board of Foreign Missions,  
150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

### Angola Annual Conference.

Caixa 9, Malange, Angola  
Miss Violet B. Crandall,  
Miss Cilicia Cross,  
Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Edling,  
Miss Zella M. Glidden,  
Miss Marie Lindquist,  
Miss Alpha Miller,  
Miss Marie Nelson,  
Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Kemp,  
Miss Irene Shields.

Caixa 68, Luanda, Angola.  
Rev. and Mrs. Ralph E. Dodge.  
On furlough.  
Rev. and Mrs. A. Klebsattel,  
Miss Ingle A. Johnson,  
Mrs. H. C. Withey.

### Rhodesia Annual Conference

Umtali, Southern Rhodesia.  
Rev. and Mrs. E. L. Sells,  
Miss Ona Parmenter.

### Old Umtali, Southern Rhodesia.

Rev. and Mrs. R. C. Gates,  
Miss Irene P. Gugin,  
Miss Ruth Hanson,  
Miss Pearl Mullikin,  
Rev. and Mrs. M. J. Murphree,  
Miss Frances Quinton,  
Miss Rosa Rydell,  
Rev. and Mrs. H. E. Taylor.

### Mutambara, Umtali, S. Rhodesia.

Miss Oril A. Penney,  
Miss Jessie Pfaff

### Mrewa, S. Rhodesia.

Rev. and Mrs. H. I. James.  
P. B. 136 E, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia.  
Miss Grace Clark,  
Rev. and Mrs. T. A. O'Farrell,  
Miss Sarah King,  
Miss Beulah Reitz,  
Miss Alice E. Whitney.

### Mtoko, via Salisbury, S. Rhodesia On furlough.

Rev. and Mrs. G. A. Roberts.  
Miss Ila M. Scovill,  
Miss Lulu Tubbs,

### Congo Mission Conference.

#### CONGO BELGE

B P 522, Elisabethville  
Rev. and Mrs. Newell S. Booth  
B P 450, Jadotville  
Rev. J. E. Brastrup.

### Kanene-lez-Kinda, P O Kamina

Miss Helen Everett,  
Rev. and Mrs. C. C. Hartzler,  
Rev. and Mrs. Leslie Sarah.

### Kapanga, via Dilolo and Sandoa

Miss Marie Jensen,  
Miss Anna Lerbak,  
Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Piper.

#### On furlough

Rev. and Mrs. E. L. Everett.

### S E. Africa Mission Conference

Box 45, Inhambane, P E Africa  
Rev. and Mrs. I. E. Gillet.  
Miss Ruth Heggoy  
Rev. and Mrs. P. W. Keys,  
Rev. and Mrs. J. S. Rea,

### Box 41, Inhambane, P. E. Africa

Mrs. Alice Longworth,  
Miss Victoria Lang,  
Miss Mabel Michel,  
Miss Bess Phillips.  
Rev. and Mrs. J. D. Pointer,  
37 St. Amant Str., Johannesburg,  
South Africa,

Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Persson.  
Gösta Carlström.

#### On furlough.

Miss Ruth Northcott,  
Dr. C. J. Stauffacher,  
Miss Ruth Thomas,  
Mrs. Jessie B. Terril.



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