

South Africa Missionary Advocate

Vol. XVI

JANUARY - MARCH, 1937

No. 1.



KAMBINI EXHIBIT OF HANDIWORK AT A DISTRICT CONFERENCE.

A variety of baskets, clothes and whittled articles, such as yokes and spoons are seen. The leather work, weaving and pottery articles are not so easily distinguished.

In this Issue:

Theme Songs

A Letter from J. C. Wengatz

The Dedication of a Christian Home

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 Mission Conference.

Crandall, Miss Violet B., (W.F.M.S.) Caixa 9, Malange.
Cross, Miss Cilicia, (W.F.M.S.) Caixa 9, Malange, Angola.
Dodge, Rev. & Mrs. Ralh E., Caixa 68, Luanda
Edling, Rev. & Mrs. E. E., Caixa 9, Malange, Angola.
Glidden M. Miss Zella, (W.F.M.S.) Caixa 9, Malange Angola.
Johnson, Miss Ingle A., Caixa 9, On furlough.
Kemp, Rev. A. H. (M.D.) & Mrs., On furlough.
Klebsattel, Rev. & Mrs. A., Caixa 68, Loanda, Angola.
Lindquist, Miss Marie, Caixa 9, Malange, Angola.
Miller, Miss Alpha, (W.F.M.S.) Caixa 9, Malange Angola.
Nelson, Miss Marie, (W.F.M.S.) Caixa 9, Malange, Angola.
Shields, Miss Irene, (W.F.M.S.) Caixa 9, Malange, Angola.
Withey, Mrs. H. C., The Homestead, Camps Bay, Cape Town.
Mission Correspondent and Treasurer, Rev. E. E. Edling.

Retired Missionaries:—

Dodson, Rev. & Mrs. W. P., 445, Sacramento St., Pasadena, Cal.
Miller, Rev. W. S., 1507 Myrtle Avenue., Baltimore, Md.
Shuett, Mrs. Mary B., Alhambra, Cal.
Withey, Rev. & Mrs. A. E., 216 North Margurita Ave., Alhambra, Cal.

Congo Mission Conference.

To the Congo addresses given in this list should be added,
Mission Methodiste.

Booth, Rev. & Mrs. Newell S., On furlough.
Brastrup, Rev. J. E., Box 450, Jadotville, Belgian Congo.
Brinton, Rev. & Mrs. Thos. B., Sandoa, Katanga., Belgian Congo.
Everett, Rev. & Mrs. E. I., Box 522, Elisabethville, Belgian Congo.
Hartzler, Rev. & Mrs. C. C., On furlough.
Jensen, Miss C. Marie, On furlough.
Lerbak, Miss Anna, Sandoa, Katanga, Belgian Congo.
Piper, Dr. & Mrs A. L., Kapanga, Lulua Dist., Belg. Congo.
Mission Correspondent, Rev. J. M. Springer.
Mission Treasurer, Rev. E. I. Everett.

Rhodesia Annual Conference.

To the addresses given in this list add *Southern Rhodesia, Africa.*

Adkins, Rev. & Mrs. L. E., On furlough.
Benson, Miss Mildred O., (W.F.M.S.) Old Umtali.
Bourgaize, Rev. Wilfred, Mtoko, Via Salisbury.
Clark, Miss Grace, (W.F.M.S.) Nyadiri, P.B. 136 E. Salisbury.
Gates, Rev. & Mrs. R. C., Box 55, Umtali.
Gugin, Miss Irene P., (W.F.M.S.) On furlough.
Hansson, Miss Ruth, Old Umtali.
James, Rev & Mrs. H. I., Mrewa.
King, Miss Sarah N. (W.F.M.S.) Nyadiri, P.B. 136 E. Salisbury.
Mullikin, Miss Pearl, Old Umtali.
Murphree, Rev. & Mrs. M. J., Old Umtali.
O'Farrell, Rev. & Mrs. T. A., Nyadiri, P.B. 136 E. Salisbury.
Parmenter, Miss Ona, (W.F.M.S.) Nat Girls' Hostel, Umtali.
Penney, Miss Ori', A., Mutambara, via Umtali.
Quinton, Miss Frances, (W.F.M.S.) On furlough.
Ramsey, Miss Bertha E., On furlough.
Reitz, Miss Beulah, (W.F.M.S.), On furlough.
Roberts, Rev. & Mrs. G. A., Mutambara, Umtali.
Scovill, Miss Ila M., (W.F.M.S.) Nyadiri, P.O. 136 E. Salisbury.
Sells, Rev. & Mrs. E. L., On furlough.
Taylor, Rev. & Mrs. H. E., Old Umtali.
Tubbs Miss, Lulu, (W.F.M.S.), Mutambara via Umtali.
Whitney, Miss Alice E., (W.F.M.S.) On furlough.

Mission Correspondent and Treasurer, Rev. R. C. Gates.

Retired Missionaries :

Mrs. A. L. Buchwalter, Monrovia, California.
Greeley, Rev. E. H., Umtali, Rhodesia.

South-East Africa Mission Conference.

To the East African addresses given in this list should be added, *Portuguese East Africa.*

Bjork, Miss Esther, (W.F.M.S.) Grevturegatan 59, Stockholm, Sweden.
Gillet, Rev. & Mrs. I. E., Box 45, Inhambane.
Keys, Rev. & Mrs. P. W., Box 45, Inhambane.
Lang, Miss V. (W.F.M.S.) Box 41, Inhambane.
Longworth, Mrs. Alice E., Box 41, Inhambane.
Michel, Miss Mabel, (W.F.M.S.) Box 41, Inhambane.
Northcott, Miss Ruth, (W.F.M.S.) Box 41, Inhambane.
Persson, Rev. J. A., Box 5020, Stockholm Sweden.
Phillips, Miss Bess, (W.F.M.S.) On furlough.
Pointer, Rev. & Mrs. J. D., Box 41, Inhambane.
Rea, Rev. & Mrs. J. S., On furlough.
Stauffacher, Dr. C. J., Box 41, Inhambane.
Terul, Mrs. Jessie B., Box 41, Inhambane.
Thomas, Miss Ruth, (W.F.M.S.) Box 41, Inhambane.

Mission Correspondent, Rev. I. E. Gillet.

Mission Treasurer, Rev. P. W. Keys.

Retired Missionaries:—

Richards, Mrs. E. H., "The Embassy," Oberlin, Ohio.

South Africa Missionary Advocate

Vol. 16, No. 1.

JANUARY - MARCH 1937.

I. E. Gillet, Editor

EDITORIAL

From time to time we get encouraging reports of the Million Unit Fellowship to which, I presume, most of our readers belong. We cannot give you news of this Movement as such comes from your side of the waters. But we can express our gratitude for your share in it. Thank you, Bishop Keeney and all others!

We thank God and the Home Church for sending out the Rev. R. E. Dodge and family to Angola. On another page you will find a portion of the Dodge diary. They will be in particular a living link with Taylor University, both being of the class of 1931. He later graduated from Boston University School of Theology and from the Kennedy School of Missions. They are at present stationed at Luanda while the Klebsattels go on furlo.

It has been so many years since any of our African conferences has received a new missionary family that the rejoicing is great. You know that letters as well as meetings are opened with prayer. I presume that every letter the Board sends to Africa is opened with prayer and the contents quickly scanned for some hint of a new family on the horizon. They are just waiting among you for the Fellowship dollars and the Fellowship prayers to put them aboard the ship.

When we learned that Dr. T. S. Donohugh was to spend some months in India at this very critical and opportune time there, we began wondering how the Board would get on without him. We wish for Dr. and Mrs. Donohugh a very happy and profitable visit to the land of their former missionary labors.

Dr. Emory Ross, so long a missionary in the Congo, is now in New York in a capacity in which he belongs to all of Africa. His presence in the councils of the Board in matters concerning the continent with which he is so well acquainted inspires confidence.

Missionaries going on furlo greatly miss Dr. John R. Edwards when they arrive at the Board rooms. I'm sure that from the time I leave Africa till I get to New York I'll be conscious of the fact that Dr. Edwards will not be on the sixth floor at 150 Fifth Ave. to greet me. Now you can spell that out in any letters you like but it means only one thing.

At the same time we welcome Dr. Shaw to Dr. Edwards' chair. We believe he too will love us and

hold us and our needs up before the Lord of Heaven and Earth. We want to see him and to know him as do so many of you at home.

Are you studying "Next Steps"? We are greatly indebted to the Board of Foreign Missions for their comprehensive putting of the World Mission of the Church of Jesus Christ. There is now no need for any one to remain in ignorance of the fields in which our Board has missionaries, nor of their aims and methods.

To read and to understand this very clear exposition of the world's No. 1 project is to dispel most of the questionings and doubts that hover around the the primary enterprise of the Church.

If you will read "Next Steps" as a companion booklet to this issue of the ADVOCATE you will find that they explain and illustrate each other.

When our friends in England and in America send to visit us such people as Miss Margaret Wrong of the International Committee on Christian Literature for Africa, and Rev. John Reisner of The Agricultural Missions Foundation, they have their reasons for sending them. They may or may not expect them to make a direct contribution to our life on the field as they pass among us. Such has been the case however, and the stations visited have counted it a blessing and a privilege to have these two people among them at different times in 1936.

Incidentally and perhaps unintentionally they stimulate and encourage and sometimes mildly criticize as only people can do who are so full of these very vital interests and yet have no denominational connexion with us.

Our every contact is with a people almost the whole of whose life is rooted in the soil. And lo! there comes among us the "King Pin" of rural missions with this motto: "To promote understanding and appreciation of the religious and spiritual values which abide in the processes and relationships of agriculture and rural life; to define their significance and relate them to the christian enterprise at home and abroad."

Every African missionary is interested in and considerably dependant upon Christian literature. And lo! the "Queen Pin" of literature production comes among us.

We are persuaded that the value of these cooperative agencies for very special ends is great out of all proportion to the money grants which the various Boards and individuals make to them. Do it again, Friends.

If you look thru our Advocate for the last fifteen

years you will find that we are not much given to praising each other: not even the Bishop. Nor is this due to lack of appreciation of the value and devotion each of his colleague. Our quarterly has but 12 pages and we covet them all for the picture of the growing Kingdom.

However the General Conference picked one of our area. Our chief pastors always stay with us until the age limit retires them. We get accustomed to them and we count them as a part of the missionary group rather than as visitors from the home church. This is especially true in the case of Bishop Springer who has already served for 35 years in Africa.

So we simply say that the conference sessions of 1936 have had a high spiritual note. We understand each other. We are not discouraged. We face the future in confidence.

—oOo—

The Reverend Julian S. and Mrs. Rea with their four daughters are on furlor. You who have for a dozen years been reading their articles in the Advocate will know how vital is the message they bring to the churches which may be so fortunate as to hear them. The motion pictures they show of the actual mission work they represent tell the story in a remarkable way.

Our mission at Inhambane is grateful for the safe return to the field of Miss Mabel Michel and of the Rev. P. W. and Mrs. Keys.

—oOo—

Dedication of a Christian Home in Rhodesia

by Mrs. Josephine O'Farrell.

"We dedicate this home to the deep affections of the family circle, and to all friendly hospitalities".

"We dedicate this home to the courage, patience, and self-control which make life cheerful and serene".

"We dedicate this home to all beautiful things of heart and mind that lead the soul to wider vision and to higher aims".

Thus read part of a service held recently in dedicating a home belonging to Gibson Ndowe, one of our Native Christians living out on the Reserve. It is no uncommon thing for a school, a church, or a hospital to be dedicated to the service of Christ and humanity; but I wonder how many of us could say that our homes had been dedicated to Christ.

Sometimes ago I heard a young white girl tell about her childhood home isolated on a Nyassaland farm. A small room had been built at one end of the veranda for a chapel. And she said father had the chapel dedicated. Her story made a tremendous impression upon me. It was easy to see that the religious side of her life had not been neglected.

Three years ago Gibson was converted, and the first thing he did was to get married by Christian rites. He has since become steward and a local preacher. Then word came that he wished to have his home dedicated. I confess that it was with feelings of emotion that we journeyed to his home. I had ne-

ver been to such a service, and certainly never expected to attend the first one in Pagan Africa.

Leaving the main road nine miles from here, he had cut a road two miles through the forest that we might drive through with the car. Not very smooth, but passable. It was beyond a station that I had visited before but in a country which was new to me. Coming out of the forest we came upon his home. It was built on one of the many small kopjes dotted around a wide fertile valley. Several hundred people had gathered to honor the occasion.

Before the service began we were shown through the house, two rooms built of poles and mud, with a grass roof, with a kitchen built separate. The walls were very straight and true, and plastered smoothly inside and out, with light grey clay. The sitting room contained a well made table and four chairs and a neat cupboard containing a few dishes. A white cloth covered the table, and a jar of geraniums as a center piece completed the furnishings. Everything was neatness personified.

The service was held in front of the house with the people sitting on the ground. Gibson with his wife and three children, his mother and father and several old aunts and uncles sat on the little veranda. The choir from the nearby station furnished the music. How different that music was from the usual beatings of tom-toms in the villages for special occasions. When they sang, "Lord I want to be a Christian", one couldn't help comparing it with the ways we have heard it rendered at home, yet it was music to our ears. The service was very impressive, and I judged, from the way one old uncle vigorously rubbed his nose with snuff from time to time, that it offered much food for thought.

After the service, groups from several stations danced in turn around the house singing their school chants.

Maheu, a sweet drink, was served to all. Yet that man and his wife served them all without one trace of fluster or anxiety.

I remarked to one of the teachers about the clean, orderly yard, and he said that when Gibson's wife swept her yard, the other women near by took up their little brooms and began to sweep their yards. Thus, gradually, they are setting an example of what a Christian home can be in a community.

After the ceremony, I was given a large basket of tomatoes, potatoes, and a sixpence, because, he said, "you came to see my house". I was a bit embarrassed to accept so much, because as a rule natives do not have large vegetable gardens. Then we were taken to see the garden down in the valley. We had the surprise of our lives. There were several acres fenced in. Plots for Gibson and all his relatives. And such quantities of vegetables. There were actually bushels of tomatoes. Huge banana trees, eighteen or twenty feet high, great stalks of sugar cane everywhere. Cabbage, lettuce, spinach, beans, onions, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, mulberry and mango trees, and would you believe it, pine apples and strawberries with rip berries on them. It was all beautifully laid out and well cared for. We could only exclaim in amazement.

As we journeyed home our thoughts kept going over the many little courtesies and acts of thoughtfulness and kindnesses shown to the many guests.

Surely, an occasion such as that will long be remembered, and create a desire in others to want their homes to be better, with Christ as the foundation.

—ooc—

Bishop Springer's First Conference

by *Herbert C. Withey, Angola.*

The election of Dr. J. M. Springer as Bishop of our Church in Africa, at the General Conference last May, gave general satisfaction to our missionaries in Africa. He is a good and able man, and has had years of missionary experience in Africa. He has presided before at Conferences as an Elder, but his first Conference as a Bishop was the 1936 Session of the Angola Mission Conference.

I reached Luanda September 4th, from Cape Town and Bishop Springer and party arrived from the north on another German steamer on September 14th. The party consisted of Bishop and Mrs. Springer, his Secretary-chauffeur Mr. Maurice Persons, and Miss Violet Crandall, one of our missionaries under the Women's Board, returning to the field. The Bishop brought along his own car, and three days were consumed in getting it through the customs and in running order, going through various formalities and examinations, in order to get drivers licenses good in this country. The Bishop and Mr. Persons both drive.

All officials were courteous and obliging. We called on the acting Governor-General, a naval officer who has been our Governor in Malanje. He remembered me from a former visit at Quessua, was very pleasant, asked about my family and about my parents. He said his wife had been particularly interested in the case of my father and mother, and had asked him more than once if he had any news of them. He conversed with the Bishop in English, which he speaks very well, as he was several years in London. There seems to be a new spirit of co-operation on the part of the authorities; the opposition behind the scenes are not having it all their own way.

I might have gone up country by train, but as both Bishop's and Brother Klebsattel's cars were going, and as they wished me to go with them, I gladly joined the party. More especially so because part of the way was to be over the newer Gulongo Alto road, which I had never traversed before. It goes through a mountainous forested country that Dr. Livingstone greatly admired, and where he spent some weeks, part of the time in company of the noted naturalist Dr. Welwitsch. It is indeed a beautiful country. Now it was at the end of the dry season, the first rains had fallen, but the road was still dusty, and we arrived more or less dirty, and after ten o'clock at night. But it is a wonderful thing to one who remembers the old foot travel conditions to drive from Luanda to Quessua, not much under 300 miles in one day.

After the Conference session, the Bishop and party took one day to drive to the beautiful Dia Nzundu falls of the Lucala river, over 300 feet high, and to visit at the same time some native stations. **And another day was taken to drive to Quiongua sta-**

tion, a distance that used to take four days, now only four hours, each way. Quiongua station is now in charge of John Webba, one of our ordained native members of Conference, but years ago Mrs. Springer's house boy at Isangila on the lower Congo. A congregation was waiting that filled the church, and the Bishop and Mrs. Springer and myself all spoke. Mrs. Springer told them she had no children of her own, but more than that church full of spiritual children, and of these John Webba and his wife Sala were the first. She had come in the first place to see these her first children. And indeed they have made a good record with four sons already in the work as preachers or teachers.

Mr. Persons wanted to see the station as the scene of one of Mr. Wengatz's dramatic stories, of the time of the Lubolo rising of 1917. I met there many old friends and former mission boys, and was beset by many memories of this place, where I spent twenty years of missionary service, and the first years of our married life. We also visited the site of our former mission in Pungo Andongo, saw the famous Rocks, the ruin of the house associated with Livingstone's memory, and took tea and had prayers with a friend, an English lady, on her sisal plantation.

The Session of Conference was from September 19 to 27, and was a profitable time. There was a feeling of encouragement and of brightening prospects, after the years of "depression" and continued loss of missionaries. At least one new couple are on the way. The native leaders are increasingly efficient, there were heartening reports of evangelistic campaigns conducted by themselves, and a more general feeling of responsibility for self support.

Bishop Springer was business like, but unhurried, sympathetic and understanding, ready to take time for all necessary matters. He led the devotions throughout, was strongly evangelistic, gave frequent altar calls to which there was good response, honored the Holy Spirit, and emphasized the "second blessing, properly so called". Several of the natives remarked that it seemed more like a camp-meeting than a Conference, and they rejoiced to feel it so. They had been somewhat apprehensive as to what the new Bishop might be like, but now they felt he was all right.

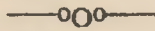
From the "catequistas", or supply pastors, seven were received On Trial into the Conference. Nearly all of these had been students in the Bible School. Three were ordained Deacons, and three Elders. If you remember a story I wrote several years ago about "Andrew: a Fisher of Men", that Andre Dias was one of those ordained Deacon. Beside these Miss Cilicia Cross, one of the lady missionaries, was ordained Elder. Notwithstanding losses, we now have twenty six native members of Conference, including both those in Full Membership and those On Trial. The approved "supply Pastors" number fifty more, beside exhorters and teachers.

Our principal need is that of missionaries. Being so short handed in this respect makes stresses in the work, that sometimes result in very unexpected shifts of the missionaries.

The Bishop has gone overland to his next Con-

ference in the Belgian Congo, but expects to be back in Angola again about that time. He will be travelling almost constantly in the meantime. In January he has to go to Liberia.

One of our "catequistas" who can read the Portuguese Bible, but like the rest is not able to get much out of it, in prayer some time ago said, "Lord we have thy word in a certain form, but it is like corn in a bottle; we see it darkly, but it is not available for either food or seed. Lord, let thy word out of the bottle, that we may get hold of it". So that is the task. If any one feels moved to have fellowship therein, there are various incidents unprovided for, and we will be glad to hear from them.



Theme songs

by Mrs. J. B. Terril, Inhambane.

A fashion that has grown up with the radio in America in the past few years is a simple, effective use of music in connection with advertising. When one hears a certain melody his mind immediately calls to remembrance the article associated with this melody over the radio. This is a rule in psychology and is used in other circumstances and countries even on the Mission field in Africa.

In Portuguese East Africa most of the workers, black and white, have certain songs which they call for more often than others and when these particular songs are sung, the different leaders are called to mind. One of the earliest of these hymns begins: "Kale ku wa hi munyama", which, translated, means "Long ago there was darkness,

We wanted to see but we did not know the One who would show us.

Today there is Light, the Savior has come;

He says "Come, your sins are forgiven."

This song is called "Dr. Terril's song". He liked to think of these people emerging from the darkness of their superstition and witchcraft into the Light of the Gospel of Christ.

The Rev. Tizore Navess, our superannuated native leader, the first of our ordained men, has always been an evangelistic preacher, full of fervor and fire. Very often, in the midst of a sermon he would sing, as his exhortation:

Come, let us go to the Immortal Country,

The home of all who believe.

You, traveller, on the road to sin,

Will you go with us?

And the Chorus pleads:

"Wa yake? Wa yake? Wa yake? Wa yake?"

U vumela a kuya—a kuya hehla?

"Will you go? Will you go? Will you go?"

Will you go?

Do you consent to go Heaven?"

The dramatic sense in all African races is well known and these tribes are no exception. Our people use this gift whenever there is an opportunity. It is often seen in their sings. Native to this country is a kind of antiphonal singing. When a number of men are working together at the same job: pounding the roads or pulling the ferry across the

river, this sort of singing is a usual accompaniment. The leader sings his story with many details in short phrases and at the end of each phrase the other workers sing a refrain or repeat the line just sung by the leader. Now the Christians are using this method in some of their songs. One of the examples of this is known as Samuelli Machabele's Song, which delights everybody. While the leader is making a statement, the others, with decided sarcasm are saying "Lezo? Lezo? Lezo? Za haba lezo!" "Is that so? Is that so? Is that so?" using the ascending scale and finishing with, "Is is not so" to high doh, sol, me, doh, doh. The leader says:

You claim that your deeds are good when you know they are evil.

You love to do evil when you are playing.

You are full of jealousy when you pretend to love.

You "throw the bone" when you are a "believer".

You believe in witches when you trust in the Lord.

You drink beer when you have a feast.

You tell lies making believe that it is the truth.

You go to sleep when the preacher is preaching.

You take up you water pots and go to the well when the bell rings for church.

The emphasis on "Is that so?" gets to be quite funny before the leader has told all the faults of the people and they finish up by shouting "It is not so!"

Simone Mawoze has given his song a more serious twist. He questions:

What do you do when you are full of weariness?

When you are tempted to go to the witchdoctor?

When you want to believe in charms?

When you think about committing adultery?

When you are provoked to lie?

and the people sing the answer as "Nza hendleleta, Nza hendleleta, Nza hendleleta ka Hosi" (I hand it to the Lord) most of the time he is asking his question.

My own song is the battle-cry of the army against liquor. This song is used throughout the country on Temperance Sundays and whenever there is a W. C. T. U. meeting or an outcry against beer. It is sung antiphonally a third lower than the leader; the people repeating the line.

Drunkenness is wicked,

Many people commit suicide

By drinking beer.

Coconut beer is also wicked.

We must fight beer

It is our life's enemy

Because it kills us,

It brings sorrow,

It causes people to fight,

It throws away our possessions,

It takes away our mind,

It breaks our friendships.

We should restrain ourselves

And not drink beer.

We should fight beer

We should blot it out "Bi".

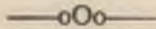
On the last line every one raises his right hand

in witness of their intentions and when the last word is finished each one brushes his hand across his mouth and shouts "Bi" which means that they are adding their oath to their testimony.

In the villages where Miss Thomas and I have been holding meetings, you can hear the children singing Joao's song at the tops of their voices and to the full extent of their lungs. Joao goes with us and meets with the children. He delights to hear his song shouted from one end of the village to the other.

"The things of this earth pass away,
Heaven's things are permanent.
Let us forsake the ways of Satan
And praise the Lord.
It is Jesus who says to us:
Come unto me,
Before the gates of Heaven close
And leave you outside".

But Miss Thomas' theme chorus is the most dramatic of all the songs I have heard here. "I will take up my cross and follow the Lord" be it keeping away from witchdoctors or forsaking adultery; refusing to offer sacrifices to the evil spirits or to wear heathen charms; keeping myself from saying lies about my neighbors or from getting angry. The women saw in this a dramatic possibility and have used the idea in their women's meetings. Last week at the close of our service all the women escorted me to our tent. They sang their song very lustily, "I will take up my cross". When they were ready to leave me the leader took up a stick, held it over her shoulder for a cross and then she led the other women back to their homes promising to carry their crosses bravely and cheerfully as befits followers of the Lord, Jesus Christ.



A Letter from Mrs. Springer.

Dear Friends:

We have just come from the closing session of the Rhodesia Conference at Old Umtali, the last of four. It is utterly impossible to express our emotions as we have come back to Old Umtali where we began work thirty-five years ago. The meeting with old pupils who are now members of Conference, the affectionate welcome we have had from one and all, the marvellous way the work has developed, has filled our hearts full to overflowing, Praise be to God!

Imagine my surprise when the conference interpreter, a fine looking man, speaking perfect English, told me one day that we were the first missionaries he had ever seen when we came to Mta-sa's kraal thirty-four years ago. He ran and hid from fright when he saw me, for he had never seen a white woman before. He heard the first Gospel message from our lips, he said, and that the first hymn he ever sung was my first in Chimanyika. I thank God that He could use such a crude production to His glory.

We landed on Sept. 14th at Luanda, Angola, on the West Coast with our car "Beatrice", and accompanied by my husband's Sec'y, Mr. Maurice Persons who is an excellent chauffeur and takes his

turn at the wheel besides attending to the usual duties of a secretary.

Our first Conference was at Quessua. We had feared a rather doleful session owing to their extreme shortage of missionaries. But the whole time we were conscious of the Presence of the Master, and as one Native woman said in her public testimony, "It was more like a campmeeting than a Conference." It was such a joy to all to have Rev. Herbert Withey there even though set aside from all other work in order to finish the translation of the Old Testament. He completed the New Testament and Psalms years ago. Fifty years on the field talking Kimbundu since he was twelve have made him almost letter perfect. So having him there as interpreter inspired all.

Then Miss Celicia Cross had just come back from "the banks of Jordan" after weeks of tick fever from a severe infection received while holding meetings with a distant group of churches. She was the first person whom my husband had the privilege of ordaining elder. And she was worthy of it. She has been wonderfully used of God in Angola.

Here I met again two of my oldest pupils of long ago. Vweba and his wife Sala. They are now the parents of ten children and have four sons in the ministry, one of whom was ordained deacon by my husband. John Webba, as he is called now, was a little slave boy whose chief paid him as a fine for the theft of a razor-backed pig. The new master who had no use for such a small boy brought him to the Mission. I shall never forget the morning when with beaming face, he said that "he had opened his heart and the happy came in." For years now he has been a cultured, faithful member of the Angola Conference and is doing the work of a District Superintendent today, and Fala is an equally fine Christian woman. When we left Quessua, we took him for four days on our journey to interpret into Kimbundu at the chapels along the way and in Portuguese at the Govt. stations. All the officials whom we met showed us every courtesy.

Entering the Congo, we came to Lubondai, a station of the Presbyterian Church, S. In June while at Ann Arbor, we learned from John Kraus, the Dean's son, that he talked regularly with Mr. Stegall of Lubondai over the radio. So an engagement was made with him for Oct. 8th. We arrived at Lubondai on the 7th and the next morning at six we were in Mr. Stegall's office. Soon the call came and we heard John Kraus' voice, "Good morning, Bishop and Mrs. Springer. A few of your friends here in Ann Arbor are waiting to speak to you: Dr. and Mrs. Braeshares, Dr. and Mrs. Blakeman, Dr. and Mrs. Teed, Dean Kraus and others." The marvel of it! To hear these friends from Ann Arbor, Mich., where it was then midnight, talking to us at least 8,000 miles away at 6 a. m., and their voices as clear as though in the same room! Speaking of miracles, indeed! Verily, as Dr. Braeshares said, "If Africa is so near, Heaven cannot be far away." Mr. Stegall had to send all the return messages by Morse code, the power being generated by of the Native lads out on the back verandah by turning a home constructed wheel. We had to laugh as we saw the process, but the main thing is it worked.

The next day we continued on to Kapanga for the Congo Conference, arriving in a terrific thunder shower. The heavy rains, sadness over the death of little Dell Booth, coupled with the anxiety felt lest his little sister Marie, who was also ill, should be likewise taken, cast a shadow over us all. I myself had to be in bed with the worst fever for many years, for most of a week, but was so thankful that I could be out on Sunday and see Joab Mulela ordained deacon. He was the one who had come to us twenty years before at Kambove with knees and elbows dreadfully burned because his master had kicked him into the fire instead of paying him for his three months of hard work. This giant is big spiritually and mentally as well and is one of the sons of Africa of whom we are justly proud. He is another proof of how God can save from the uttermost to the uttermost.

All felt that the Booths should not go back alone to Kanene with no nurse or doctor within reach. Finally it was agreed that Miss Lerbak leave her large medical and women's work at Sandoa and go to Kanene till we could get another nurse. However, by the time the Booths were able to reach Sandoa to pick up Miss Lerbak, they found her in bed with the severest fever she has ever had. The Govt. Doctor said she ought to return to Europe at once. We feel quite sure that she did not do so. But it necessitated the Booths going back to Kanene alone after all. We are doing all that we can and praying desperately for another nurse for that isolated station where the situation is one of the most tragic we have ever known in Africa. Will you not add your prayers to ours?

We had to hurry on to Kambini for the next Conference (we have done 6,500 miles since we reached Luanda and crossed from the Atlantic to the Indian oceans.) We had no time to lose, for the roads were flooded two days after we reached there. But the Conference was splendid, particularly the reception given us by Dr. Stauffacher's lepers who made 29 palm arches for us to pass under to their Colony. How they love the dear Doctor! and they not only get healed in their bodies but in their souls as well.

The work of the W. F. M. S. at Gikuki is just splendid as it is in all the Conferences except the Congo where there is no W. F. M. S. work, tho very greatly needed. The deaths of Mrs. Stauffacher and Mrs. Persson this year has been a tremendous loss to the work. Here as at all the other places, the missionaries are near breaking under the strain and our hearts cry out, "How long, O Lord, how long!"

The Native pastors gave us a beautiful reception, arranged and carried out all by themselves. After a fine program of songs and addresses, they asked the missionaries and all the conference members to surround us on the platform and holding hands made a ring while they prayed for us and then sang the doxology, showing to us their love and loyalty.

Soon after Christmas, we must start for Liberia. We have never been there, but we know that the same needs and problems await us there. The fields are so white for the harvest and the laborers are so few! Yet just as the Lord enabled us to come through the deep mud of the flats along the

"great, green, greasy Limpopo River," so He will bring us as a Church out of the mire of this Slough of Despond and we have faith that more new workers will soon be sent to our relief.

Please accept this as a much belated Christmas greeting. The constant travel with meetings of all kinds everywhere as well as the Conferences themselves has left little time for writing. We thank you for your Christmas greetings which are coming in rapidly now. As Christ came and gave His life for us, so let us rededicate ourselves to give our lives for others. And may the New Year usher in a brighter day for His work.

Yours for the Kingdom,

Mrs. John M. Springer.

—oOo—

The Power of the Gospel in the lives of Men

by Dr. C. J. Stauffacher, Inhambane.

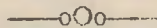
Murray, a Scotch engineer. Some fifty years ago he left his home in Scotland without saying good-bye to his folks. The night before his wedding day his intended bride ran away and married another man. This young engineer never went back to his home in Scotland. He came out here to forget, he plunged into all kinds of sin, he made his fortunes and lost them at once in gambling. Twice I treated him for delirium tremens. In a drunken brawl he fought a native and the native bit him so badly that he lost an arm. He was feared by all natives. Two years ago, at the age of seventy three, he came to the hospital for an operation on his face. We treated him so kindly and the native nurses were so true and loyal to their Christ that it broke the old man's heart and he accepted our Saviour. It is a sight that brings tears to the hardest to see old Murray now trying to teach others the Way and to hear him say "O! if I could just live over those lost years for the Master." Yes, the gospel has yet the old time power to take soiled and broken lives and to make them a real power for Christ.

Ali, the big fat Mohammedan, weighing over two hundred and fifty pounds was the possessor of many wives. Large in body but bigger in heart. For twenty years we wandered together in and out among the Mohammedan villages caring for the sick. If food was lacking it was his job to see that they received it and he never failed them. My task was to look after the medical part. Day and night, in sunshine and rain we fought diseases and brought hope and cheer to the suffering and discouraged ones. If successful we rejoiced together, if things went the other way, we wept together. Often we talked to each other about eternal things and about the realities of Christ. He never confessed Him Lord of lords until just before his death. His big heart broke physically and when he realized that death was near he sent for me and we had a long talk of the realities of this life and the life beyond. As the call came for him to cross the bar he asked me to pray for him. I knelt down by his bed, his

hand in mine, then he cried out as I was praying, "It is true, I see it all now." Then he passed into unconsciousness and never came out. Power, power, transforming power in the Gospel of Christ—transforming mortality into immortality.

Joy! Joy! I repeat it. What joy to a missionary as he knelt by the side of a converted black chief who was passing away and heard the chief whisper the name of Jesus. Great transformations have taken place since the proclamation of the gospel message. In his grandfather's time terrible heathen customs prevailed; men and women lived in constant fear of evil spirits; infants left to die untended; while human sacrifices were a common sight. Today the love of God fills the hearts of those who once were bound in the darkness of superstition; parents are training their children in the Christian faith and members of the church are denying themselves much that they may support the Christian work. When you get discouraged thinking the church is losing its power or when the depression gets you, just close eyes and visualize a scene in a coconut grove in dark Africa. Thousands of Christians following their black chief to his last resting place. Listen to the songs of victory and hear the prayers of faith in their belief in a glorious resurrection. In former days on such an occasion for ten days and ten nights the pagan drums would pound out unholy music; barrels of beer would flow until the crowd became mad with drink; everywhere the witchdoctor would execute the devil dance and deeds of wickedness would take place too awful to describe. If you can get the difference in these scenes you will see what your money and prayers are doing in bringing in the kingdom.

Yes, your money and your prayers live on!
Live on in the countless men, rescued from
sordid lives, Cleansed from sinful thoughts and
practices,
Delivered from the bondage of ignorance,
Borne into the sanctuary of love and light and
life.



About various things.

*Paragraphs from a letter written by Miss Irene Shields
from Angola before the death of her
father and mother.*

Just as I came out of the hospital, Mariana, the wife of our native teacher, who lives here on the mission campus, called me to see an old blind man who was squatted down in her yard. She explained to me that the old man had caught cold in the rain last night, that she had given him shelter and food, but that he was too sick to walk home—he complained of his legs hurting him and he has an awful cough. I told dad about him and he called two men to take him home in the bush-car or rickxa, as some people call it. I gave him some cough syrup and quinine, but I am afraid the old man is on the dying list.

Everybody is glad of the rain — it has been so

dry and hot — some days I have said, "Oh, if only I had some ice-cream!" The rain is fine for the gardens but I'm afraid the locusts will increase as they hatch out quickly after rain.

The Government is doing all it can to kill off the locusts but it is well nigh an impossible task in such a huge land as this. The people earn two cents a pound for all the locust eggs they dig up — millions of pounds have been dug up and burned. Now soldiers are sent out round the villages to spray poison and kill off the young locusts — but still the pest continues. Wish you could be here when a swarm comes over — our boys rush out and beat tunes on empty gasoline tins so that the miserable offenders won't settle on our mango and orange and tamarind and palm trees, besides all the etcetera trees. One boy rushes down to our garden by the stream and yells himself nearly hoarse to scare away the locusts. We light fires to smoke them off. Sometimes all our efforts are no good — especially if the wind dies down or it is getting dark — then the hateful creatures just settle down and eat up everything (except me)—they might nibble a bit on some of you if you were here! They like the palm trees best, and the gardens of course. One time our garden got eaten up — it was on a Sunday when the boy was at church—now the people often have to stay away from church to watch their fields — to catch the thieves or scare off the locusts. We have had five thieves this week — but what can you say — people are so hungry they are forced to get food somehow.

One Portuguese man who has a huge kitchen garden some distance from here had 50 men for 11 days fighting the locusts. Can you imagine fifty men yelling and screaming — beating on empty tins — flinging their arms about and brandishing sticks just to keep off these pesky creatures! Well, those locusts went off real cross and hungry after eleven days — but the garden was saved.

The black people eat locusts — they pull off their legs and wings and fry them up real nice and tasty! But they can only eat a certain amount however juicy they may be!

Not long ago we had a swarm of "kisondi" — brown biting ants — nearly come into the house. You should have seen them — talk about the armies of the Great War — these "kisondi" marched along by the million — you could see their captains and generals and almost hear the band playing "it's a long way to Pungo Andongo." We got after them with lighted grass torches and poured strong disinfectant down the holes where they came out.

Would you like to hear about our Christmas? We invited an English lady and her twenty-one year old son Carlo to spend the day with us. They have a sisal plantation fourteen miles away at Pungo Andongo. They drove over in their lorry. They are the only English-speaking people near us. I decorated the Church with banana leaves and acacia blossom, and the school children gave a programme of songs, hymns and verses. Everything looked quite festive.

Helen sent us from England two of her "own-make" Christmas plum puddings — also some holly, and some custard powder to make the dinner

"posh". We were very short of milk because just that week the wild dogs had gotten into our herd of goats and killed the best milking one. However, Mrs. Giovetti brought us a nice bottle of milk from her farm and so we had proper custard sauce. The puddings were absolutely delicious and tasted real "more-ish". Helen also sent us a lovely fruit cake but on the way over the briny deep it turned mouldy and so I had to give it to the chickens. They said it was the best Christmas feed they had ever had!

One of our boys had a fainting spell not long ago. He was eating his dinner — and swayed on the bench with his fork in his hand. The other boys got out of his way as quickly as they could and let him fall and cut his face in two places. He was senseless for some time and the boys came running to tell us he had had a "fit". He was thoroughly bilious and after some medicine felt better. When we asked the boys why they didn't catch him when they saw he was falling they said in scared tones, "that sickness will catch on to us if we try to save the person from falling."

We went one day to see a woman who had just given birth to a child. She was very sick and had dropsy of the stomach. We could do nothing to save her. She had taken the way of God some years ago but returned to heathenism because when married had no children. She sought the witchdoctor's aid and charms, and took his medicine, and lo and behold she had a child — alas, the child died. Now she gave her life for her second child. She realised her end was near and called for the native pastor to talk to her about God. She delivered to him all the charms the witchdoctor had given her, and died believing and trusting in Jesus.

When I saw the charms, in a serious tone I asked the native folks standing near:

"What value do these charms have?"

They laughed at me and said, "They have no value at all."

"But", I said, "how is it that this woman had such faith in them?"

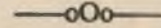
One of the native men said very seriously, "it is because the witchdoctor talks and talks until we are convinced that they will help us."

They said this woman had often passed them on the road and would not greet them. They had wondered why. It was because the witchdoctor had given her "an order" not to eat any salt or to greet anybody for nine months.

We examined the charms. There were 32 bits of wood — a sort of wreath made from the hair of a wild buffalo—a rattle—a tiny wooden knife—some necklaces made of string — two broken pieces of a cooking-pot — an egg-cup shaped receptacle with a queer-looking mixture in it a tiny glass bead necklace — some funny-looking mixture tied up in a cloth — two cowry shells — some tiny chips of wood tied up in a cloth! — Such a collection!

We sometimes say, "Where ignorance is bliss, tis folly to be wise"—but here in Africa ignorance is not bliss and we need much patience to teach, and still more patience to wait for the results of our teaching. Slowly the light is dawning—fear is vanishing — many are rejoicing in the truth. Will

you pray that we may be guided each day how we can best help these people — and will you pray also that God will reveal to them His saving and keeping power.



The Rev. J. C. and Mrs. Wengatz write

From Cape Palmas, Liberia. West Africa.

Dear Friends!

Our work and angle of vision have been changed a little of late. The Annual Conference said that we were to have charge of a district, and so I accepted it as per the "higher power." The Board said that we were to open and build up this Kplepo fusion of work and that included the building of the missionary's house, three native worker's houses, houses for the boys, the girls, the babies, a dispensary, church, carpenter shop, store house, etc. Is it any wonder we still climb over a cement wall and up a ladder to our bedroom? Since we are living within the bounds of another district, the District Superintendent said we were to be superintendent of this Mission comprised of eight large schools and churches. The pastor said that because we lived here we were to do most of the pastoral work and preaching. The six hundred boys and girls in our Kplepo schools said we must take the oversight and responsibility of the schools. The boys in our Boarding school say we must teach them classes in several lines of industrial work. The girls put in a bid for domestic science, etc. The sick people for many miles around demanded that we take the place of our doctor who couldn't return to the field. They have emphasized their demands by the presence of from thirty to seventy patients per day at our dispensary door, even hobbling up to the house to remind us of the hour to open up.

What a joy it is to strengthen and encourage the struggling and poorly equipped preachers and teachers along the coast! How gratifying it is to hear the clamour and demands for schools and churches in the raw, new interior! How we enjoy seeing our pupils developing new and useful ideas along industrial lines and there certainly is a joy in preaching the blessed Gospel of Jesus to these simple people and then to minister to the needs of their diseased souls and suffering bodies. If our muscles, bones, nerves and eyes didn't say that we must waste certain hours in rolling, tossing and sleeping, we might find time to do a few things that are worthwhile.

Evidently the powers controlling a large and strong revolting tribe decided we didn't have enough to do and so the whole Sasstown Interior revolted against the Liberian Government. This country is our neighbor and border land. The war was hot and long. Most of the time we were the only medical help available. The villages were destroyed, all food stuffs and crops either destroyed or captured by the soldiers. The tribesmen hid in the high bush and continued to war against the government. In many cases women and children were left to die of hunger and exposure during the heavy rains. They had no

shelter or food. Crying children were often slain or abandoned in the dense bush by their parents for fear that they might attract the soldiers to their hiding places. Many of these were picked up by the soldiers, sometimes alone in the bush far from any habitation. Poor? That does not express it. They were past that stage. The kind old captain asked if we would take these war orphans into our Mission and care for them. Of course we would. They sent us twenty seven of them ranging from four days to eight years old.

When they came we thought four of them were dead or would be so before another day dawned. Mrs. Wengatz had to wrap them up in the blanket she took from our bed and cut in pieces big enough for them. Then she fed them warm milk with a medicine dropper till they waked up and looked as though they wanted to live. We don't know all the things she did, but we saw her bathing and rubbing and doping and feeding nights and days. She sent to a nearby town and bought all the cans of milk and all the blankets they had. Soon we were asked to make a little casket for one of the smallest. The others are getting along fine now and we are glad we could do this much for one of the least of these. Twelve of them are going to school now. The rough, mangy skin has cleared up, hundreds of worms are gone, flesh has been restored to almost bare bones. We have bought cloth and made dresses and pants—many of them—to cover shivering little bodies and, after weeks of care and treatment, they are again a happy band of bright, cheery youngsters, but without fathers and mothers. Twice we sent five days up the coast in search of a woman to come and help us care for the children. Five times we sent other messengers two days down the coast on the same search and after a month one woman came and it was another month before we could find a second helper. This is a rather expensive little family of ours but we enjoy it. Of course we would be happy to have some of you, dear readers, share the joy to have a share in it, just let the Board hear from you. You know what is needed for homeless, parentless little boys and girls. It is a real little orphanage we have here with twenty-six orphans in it.

To make sure we did not waste too much time in sleeping, the Captain wrote asking if we would attend to the wounded. We wrote him to send them down at once, and he did. They came in the day time; they came at night; they walked, they hobbled; they were toted on the backs of others and some were carried in hammocks. Some had been wounded a week before, others more recently. We boiled kitchen pans, sharpened our little supply of instruments and our courage. Everything we could possibly spare was torn up for bandages. We laid them on our table of rough planks and found bullets in the legs, bullets in the arms, in the hips, in the thighs and in the chest. Some had gone right through, but others had to be dug out. We slashed, dug, wept and prayed all at the same time, the patient yelling and sputtering as he came out from under the anaesthetic.

The medical world would have gasped had they seen our thatched roof, mud floored operating room, our rough plank table, our few instruments, our

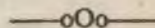
kitchen pans, our scraps of old cloth burned a nice nut brown in the oven in an attempt to make them sterile and, most of all, our lack of surgical knowledge. God saw that we didn't know much about it, so He just came down and helped in a special way and say, listen, not a single one of those men died. Today every one of them is out on duty but one, and he will be O.K. soon.

If you can't come out and help us, you know what you can do, don't you?

As ever yours,

J. C. Wengatz,

Helen Barton Wengatz.



Dodge Diary.



Ralph and Eunice Dodge and son Ralph jr.

September 14th, 1937.

December 1, 1936.

We arrive! Luanda is a clean, new-looking city. The Mission Compound, which is quite large, has a good site overlooking both the city and the harbor. The two homes and the school are rather old and ant-eaten, but the church is newer and of ant-proof material. There are some lovely trees and shrubs on the grounds, but no grass. Only sand-red sand. The city prohibits the growth of grass as a preventative of mosquito breeding.

Dec. 2.

Soon after breakfast, arrives a delegation from up north asking if the new missionaries can not come to teach them. It is terrible to have to refuse such earnest pleas.

Dec. 3.

Prayermeeting. Our first service in Africa. Their singing and their praying are inspirational. They all (about 400) kneel for prayer and many of them thank God for the new missionaries who have been sent in answer to their prayers. We each give greetings in our best Portuguese.

Dec. 6.

First Sunday in Africa. Two services and Sunday School, each with estimated crowd of

1,000, and not the same people each time. How wholeheartedly they sing! How earnest their faces. There's something about the way they pray the Lord's prayer that gladdens one's heart.

Dec. 11.

We pay heavy customs duties on our few goods.

Dec. 18.

Native wedding. The couple had already lived together some years and have several children, but now that they have been converted, they wanted a Christian ceremony.

Dec. 20.

Another native wedding. The brides always look very sad and woe-be-gone. But our senior missionaries tell us it is done because of custom and does not mean anything. The bride may sing all night long on the eve of her wedding, but when the great day arrives, she must appear sad. She may not eat a bite at the wedding feast.

Took a picture of the woman whom Dr. Kemp delivered of a 47 lb. tumor last year. She looks perfectly normal and well now.

Dec. 21.

It is difficult to make a house look cozy with bare floors, large, high rooms, and almost no furniture.

Dec. 25.

Awakened at 5:30 by carol singing: "Hark the Herald Angels Sing", "Joy to the World", and other familiar tunes. How lovely to start the day thus. Baby "Tim" has his first Christmas tree. The natives of the compound invited to receive their gifts with us. Christmas worship at 9.00 mostly in Kimbundu. But there's something about the Christmas spirit that penetrates and makes itself felt even when one cannot comprehend the words. Turkey for dinner. Christmas program all afternoon. The church bulging with people — about 2,000, in and out. Such eagerness as the children and women show when, at the close, arrives the Christmas treat. Each receives a paper sack with 5 hard little cookies. It's the only treat that some of them get all year long. We had 750 sacks, and should have had more.

Dec. 27.

We hold a Christmas service in English after the usual morning service for the benefit of the English evangelical people in Luanda, who have no opportunity to go to church. They seemed very appreciative of the service.

Dec. 31.

Tonight we are to have a watch service. We'll pray the old year out and the new year in. Oh, may this year of 1937 be a fruitful one for the Lord.

South Africa Missionary Advocate

*The official Paper of the South Africa Central Mission Conference
of the Methodist Episcopal Church.*

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY FOR THE CONFERENCE BY THE CENTRAL
PUBLISHING COMMITTEE

Editor in chief: IRA E. GILLET, Box 45, Inhambane.

Associate Editors:

Mrs. J. M. Springer, Mrs. R. C. Gates, J. A. PERSSON,

Mrs. E. E. EDLING, Mrs. R. EMBREE.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.— 50 cents per year in advance accepted in stamps or by money order direct to the Publisher. Box 75, Cleveland, Transvaal, South Africa.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—When ordering a change of address, the old address as well as the new should be given. Notice of change should be sent to the address printed on the wrapper.

Please write Post Office address and name very distinctly.

Books by Bishop and Mrs. Springer

Books by Bishop Springer.

"The Heart of Central Africa" (1908)

An account of the beginnings at Old Umtali in 1901 and of the 1500 mile trek of Mr. and Mrs. Springer across Central Africa in 1907.

"Pioneering in the Congo" (1916)

Being an account of the founding and early development of the Congo Mission under most primitive conditions.

"Christian Conquests in the Congo" (1927)

From the introduction by Dr. Frank Mason North.

"For many years Doctor and Mrs. Springer have been engaged in missionary service in Central Africa. They have walked in the footsteps of David Livingstone — In this volume we have some leaves out of their Book of Experience as missionaries of the Cross of Jesus Christ."

Books by Mrs. J. M. Springer.

"Snap shots from Sunny Africa" (1908)

In part a close companion book to Bishop Springer's first book, and embodying a number of short, separate pen pictures of African life.

"Camp Fires in the Congo" [1928]

The study book of the United Study of Foreign Missions, for Juniors for 1928-29 and again for 1936-37.

The prices of these books have been reduced, and all are obtainable at the uniform price of 50 cents each, post paid, cash with order, of the Board of Foreign Missions, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City

If it is desired to order through one's account with the Book Concern, this may be done through any of the Depositories, at the same price.

Printed by The Central Mission Press,
Cleveland, Transvaal.

South Africa Missionary Advocate

Vol. XVI

APRIL - JUNE, 1937

No. 2.



The late Rev. Herbert C. Withey of Angola, with staff of Native linguists, translating the New Testament into Kimbundu.

In this issue:

Roosters and Spirits

Post-Furlough Realism

Nyadiri Camp-meeting

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 Mission Conference.

Crandall, Miss Violet B., (W.F.M.S.) Caixa 9, Malange.
Cross, Miss Cilicia, (W.F.M.S.) Caixa 9, Malange, Angola.
Dodge, Rev. & Mrs. Ralh E., Caixa 68, Luanda.
Edling, Rev. & Mrs. E. E., Caixa 9, Malange, Angola.
Glidden M. Miss Zella, (W.F.M.S.) Caixa 9, Malange Angola.
Johnson, Miss Ingle A., Caixa 9, On furlough.
Kemp, Rev. A. H. (M.D.) & Mrs., On furlough.
Klebsattel, Rev. & Mrs. A., On furlough.
Lindquist, Miss Marie, Caixa 9, Malange, Angola.
Miller, Miss Alpha, (W.F.M.S.) Caixa 9, Malange Angola.
Nelson, Miss Marie, (W.F.M.S.) Caixa 9, Malange, Angola.
Shields, Miss Irene, (W.F.M.S.) Caixa 9, Malange, Angola.
Withey, Mrs. H. C., On furlough.

Mission Correspondent and Treasurer, Rev. E. E. Edling.

Retired Missionaries:—

Dodson, Rev. & Mrs. W. P., 445, Sacramento St., Pasadena, Cal.
Miller, Rev. W.S., 1507 Myrtle Avenue., Baltimore, Md.
Shuett, Mrs. Mary B., Alhambra, Cal.
Withey, Rev. & Mrs. A. E., 216 North Margarita Ave., Alhambra, Cal.

Congo Mission Conference.

To the Congo addresses given in this list should be added,
Mission Methodiste.

Booth, Rev. & Mrs. Newell S., Kanene, Kinda, Lulua Dist.
Brastrup, Rev. J. E., Box 450, Jadotville, Belgian Congo.
Brinton, Rev. & Mrs. Thos. B., Sandoa, Katanga., Belgian Congo.
Everett, Rev. & Mrs. E. I., Box 522, Elisabethville, Belgian Congo.
Hartzler, Rev. & Mrs. C. J. C., On furlough.
Jensen, Miss C. Marie, On furlough.
Lerbak, Miss Anna, Sandoa, Katanga, Belgian Congo.
Piper, Dr. & Mrs. A. L., Kapanga, Lulua Dist., Belg. Congo.
Mission Correspondent, Rev. J. M. Springer.
Mission Treasurer, Rev. E. I. Everett.

Rhodesia Annual Conference.

To the addresses given in this list add *Southern Rhodesia, Africa*

Adkins, Rev. & Mrs. L. E., On furlough.
Benson, Miss Mildred O., (W.F.M.S.) Old Umtali.
Bourgaize, Rev. Wilfred, Mtoko, Via Salisbury.
Clark, Miss Grace, (W.F.M.S.) Nyadiri, P.B. 136 E. Salisbury.
Gates, Rev. & Mrs. R. C., On furlough.
Gugin, Miss Irene P., (W.F.M.S.) On furlough.
Hansson, Miss Ruth, Old Umtali.
James, Rev. & Mrs. H. I., Mrewa.
King, Miss Sarah N. (W.F.M.S.) Nyadiri, P.B. 136 E. Salisbury.
Mullikin, Miss Pearl, Old Umtali.
Murphree, Rev. & Mrs. M. J., Old Umtali.
O'Farrell, Rev. & Mrs. T. A., Nyadiri, P.B. 136 E. Salisbury.
Parmenter, Miss Ona, (W.F.M.S.) Nat. Girls' Hostel, Umtali.
Penney, Miss Ori'l, A., Mutambara, via Umtali.
Quinton, Miss Frances, (W.F.M.S.) On furlough.
Ramsey, Miss Bertha E., On furlough.
Reitz, Miss Beulah, (W.F.M.S.), On furlough.
Roberts, Rev. & Mrs. G. A., Mutambara, Umtali.
Scovill, Miss Ila M., (W.F.M.S.) Nyadiri, P.O. 136 E. Salisbury.
Sells, Rev. & Mrs. E. L., Umtali
Taylor, Rev. & Mrs. H. E., Old Umtali.
Tubbs Miss, Lulu, (W.F.M.S.), Mutambara via Umtali.
Whitney, Miss Alice E., (W.F.M.S.) On furlough.

Mission Correspondent and Treasurer, H. E. Taylor

Retired Missionaries :

Mrs. A. L. Buchwalter, Monrovia, California.
Greeley, Rev. E. H., Umtali, Rhodesia.

South-East Africa Mission Conference.

To the East African addresses given in this list should be
added, *Portuguese East Africa.*

Bjork, Miss Esther, (W.F.M.S.) Grevturegatan 59, Stockholm,
Sweden.
Gillet, Rev. & Mrs. I. E., Box 45, Inhambane.
Keys, Rev. & Mrs. P. W., Box 45, Inhambane.
Lang, Miss V. (W.F.M.S.) Box 41, Inhambane.
Longworth, Mrs. Alice E., Box 41, Inhambane.
Michel, Miss Mabel, (W.F.M.S.) Box 41, Inhambane.
Northcott, Miss Ruth, (W.F.M.S.) Box 41, Inhambane.
Persson, Rev. J. A., Box 5020, Stockholm Sweden
Phillips, Miss Bess, (W.F.M.S.) On furlough.
Pointer, Rev. & Mrs. J. D., Box 41, Inhambane.
Rea, Rev. & Mrs. J. S., On furlough.
Stauffacher, Dr. C. J., Box 41, Inhambane.
Terral, Mrs. Jessie B., Box 41, Inhambane.
Thomas, Miss Ruth, (W.F.M.S.) Box 41, Inhambane.

Mission Correspondent, Rev. I. E. Gillet.

Mission Treasurer, Rev. P. W. Keys.

Retired Missionaries:—

Richards, Mrs. E. H., "The Embassy," Oberlin, Ohio.

South Africa Missionary Advocate

Vol. 16, No. 2.

APRIL - JUNE, 1937.

I. E. Gillet, Editor

EDITORIAL

The Translator Translated.

"You will undoubtedly have heard already how our Mission Mainstay, our one translator, our incomparably loved and honored 'veteran Missionary' left us so suddenly last Tuesday morning (February 9th). We have hardly collected ourselves yet to believe it possible that he is gone.

—oOo—

You will probably soon have tributes pouring in from all directions, but no tribute can ever begin to express what that man means to us all and to our work. We are praying that a double portion of our leading missionary's spirit may fall on us."

—oOo—

The foregoing lines are from a missionary in Angola. Those of you who know anything of our work in Angola will guess at once that they can refer to one person only, namely, the Rev. Herbert C. Withey. The article concerning our beloved brother, which was prepared for this issue of the ADVOCATE has, to our shame, been mislaid, and as we go to press we cannot find it. We are therefore substituting one of his own-ones that so well reveals the spirit of the man.

—oOo—

Our October-December issue carried a recent picture of the Withey family, the mother and children of which are to leave soon for America. The cover picture of the present issue shows our brother in the midst of his helpers at translation.

—oOo—

"If haply might feel after Him and find Him."

by Herbert C. Withey.

It was after supper, and we were seated on the mission house stoep, just myself and two of my old boys, already with gray hairs in their heads. We were talking of ways by which even those in the darkness of heathenism are feeling after God.

"Yes," said Zuze. "I remember when I was a very small boy, we lived at Flat Rock, and we had some sheep. One sunset they did not come home, and were no where to be found. My mother was much con-

cerned, and as darkness fell she took her *bandedja*, a shallow oval shaped basket like a tray, on which she was accustomed to put her manioc porridge instead of on a plate. She placed in the *bandedja*, her grass broom with which she swept out the house, her large wooden cooking spoon, and the *guiku* or porridge stick with which she was wont to stir the *funji* or stiff porridge. These together she then put on top of the thach of our hut, and looking up said, "Suku! my children are lost in the long grass and the night, and the hyenas are about. Suku, take care of my children, and bring them back." Suku is in certain regions the name for God, and there is evidence that its root meaning is "Highest." Suke-ku certainly means "Most High", although we have known it to be appropriated by a petty chief as his title.

"As the night went on," continued Zuze, "my mother and father did not sleep, but at by the *dijiku* or fire place, she picking over some cotton to get out seeds, he twirling his *nzelele* spinning cotton yarn. They did not talk much, but continued at intervals to put *jihasa*, or appeals, to Suku to think upon their need, and take care of the sheep. It was praying the best they knew how.

Early in the morning, on opening the *kiajilu*, a kind of door, not of boards, but of long grass stems bound neatly on to a stick frame-work, here were the sheep just coming up the slope from the from the open grass country, all there and unharmed, although a good deal of live stock was being caught and eaten by hyenas at the time.

"They have come! Suku has heard!" they said, "we will not go to our fields today, but keep the day in rest and thankfulness to Suku." The *bandedja* and contents were taken down from the thatch, they have served their purpose there, but it would be interesting to know just what was the idea of the native woman in making an offering, as it were, of these kitchen articles. Zuze did not know himself. "She was doing the best she knew," he said, "she did not know much." These people had had no missionary instruction, and were domestic slaves.

"Did your mother come from the Lubolo?" I asked knowing that the peoples south of the Kuanza river are the ones who use Suku as the common name for God.

"No," he said, "she came from Jinga region," that is the remnant of the old Ngola kingdom which once ruled all this country.

"Do they use Suku as the name of God there?"

"Yes, sometimes, and in the Songo country also although they use *Nzambi* too."

"Just a year or so ago, one of the *catequistas*

and I were on an evangelistic trip among the Jinga villages near Kambo Kamana, and came to a village we had never visited before, and where, as far as we knew, we were unknown.

"But as we sat on the grass, intending to rest, eat a bit, and then go on, a woman of the place came to us and said, "I know who you are; you have come with Suku, you are men of Suku: I will be back very soon." And off she went to her garden, coming back with a number of fresh roasting ears of corn. These she laid at our feet.

"Ki kuxi?" "How much do you want for them?" we asked. "They are not for sale," she replied, "I give them to you as men of Suku. Does not Suku give us all we have?"

"She was so earnest about it," said Zuze, "I could not keep back the tears. It was such a devout acknowledgement of God, and in a place where we did not know if he would be mentioned at all. We ate the corn with relish and thankfulness, sowed a few Gospel seed, and went on our way."

Dear old Bishop Taylor used to say to us: "Always remember that the Holy Spirit was here long before we were."

—oOo—

A Day on an Outstation

by Mrs. J. S. Rea, Inhambane.

To understand what an outstation is one must understand our mission organization a little. I will begin at the wrong end and work down. We have two stations which we call head stations, or mission stations. These are communities in which the missionaries live, and which are really educational and medical centres. Our whole territory is divided into circuits which correspond to districts at home. Each circuit is supervised by either a white or black ordained elder. In some circuits there are a dozen outstations, and in others there are more, depending on the density of the population.

The head stations are more imposing and progressive looking with their brick buildings and general air of industry, but it is from these classes and little villages that we draw our school boys and girls and leaders to be trained. Early one Sunday morning the whole family set off for a promised visit. The first six miles of the road is the way which brings us out to the main road. You would think it was just a little cart path in your grandfather's back pasture, but if it hasn't rained recently to change the contours, we know every patch of white sand, every chuck hole, and the men folks seem to be able to find the road even through grass as high as the car. Then for a couple hours on the hard red dirt road which seems like a boulevard in this land where terms are merely relative. During the rains this road is slippery and dangerous, but it is nice other times of the year, thanks to the poor native people who work out their taxes by keeping the road in shape. The forests are beautiful up that way, and a mercenary minded person would soon have them translated to dollars and cents worth of mahogany and teak and other woods. We met no autos. One often travels for fifty or a hundred miles and meets only a car or two. That day we saw a huge monkey

in a field, but he soon bounded away.

On leaving the main road we went from bad to worse. Sand, sand, sand! Finally we went from the sandy road through a woods from which the natives assured us they had removed all stumps. Our car being a model T., it had little difficulty in angling in and out among the trees. Finally we came within a mile or two of the village. The people had been as good as their promise, and had cleared out a road to their village, but as road makers they made better farmers, for they had managed to make it all look like a plowed field on a side hill. The folks begged us to drive right into the village. Gabriel, the class leader didn't seem to have any trumpet around, but he had nevertheless heralded our arrival to the heathen people around, and now his honor was at stake. For was not the chief of that section waiting to laugh at him and say "I told you no white man cared enough to come here." They pushed and pushed, but found it impossible, and had to be content to tell the chief that we cared enough to try, at any rate.

The village was just a clearing in the woods into which had been set five or six huts. The children and I stayed with car, but we could easily visualize the scene. After carefully wiping their hands on the side of their trousers, skirts or windarounds, each person must gravely extend his right hand, supported at the wrist by his left, to shake hands with the preacher, and repeat the approved form of greeting, "Greetings, how are you. I am well. I don't know about you, but I am happy if you are happy." As soon as that is over the class leader takes an iron rod beats upon a suspended railway tie, thus ringing the first bell for church. In due time the second bell is sounded, and by that time the children have all perched themselves on the first pew. The pew in this case is a pole stretched across two crotched sticks. They know that as soon as the men begin to gether they will all meekly sit down on the ground, but it is fun to play grownup for a bit till the elders arrived, they begin their famous David and Goliath song. It has ten verses, and by the time they have sung them all and repeated the last three verses, most of the folks have come, and the service begins.

In spite of the lack of a church building, and the absence of everything we think so essential for creating a spirit of worship, many of these people know what it means to worship God and walk daily with him praying for rain, or for health, or to have God open their heads that they may learn to read, or for any other need in their life, little or big. So often we feel shamed to look to Him except in the time of some crisis. With them it is a most natural act.

There were no weddings or baptisms that day, so the entire population followed the preacher back to the automobile. One little boy immediately accosted me, and said, "Well, sing Mufundisa said you would teach us some songs." So we had a little children's service right there, and the grownups the heathen chief included, thought our little motion songs were quite wonderful, gravely wagging their finger as they sung "One little two little three little servants, four little, five little, six little servants seven eight little nine little servants of Jesus."

Songs for Rhodesia

by Mrs. Lois N. Murphree.

Many years ago (1900) a new missionary went to the African native kraal of Mtasa. The King gave him a small mud, pole and grass hut in which to live next to his own. There the missionary was safe, for the King was his friend.

Most of the people of the village had never seen a white person before. They watched the missionary with interest. Two small children, a little boy and a little girl liked him. He told them interesting stories about God, the Father of all, and about His Son, Jesus. Every day they went to his hut. They talked about these stories, and together they prayed to God. But, at first, they did not sing, for there was nothing which they could all sing together. The children knew a few songs in their own language—Chimanyika—but they were not the nice kind of songs that we know. The missionary knew many pretty songs in English but the children could not understand English. Then the missionary thought, "We must learn a song." The little boy and the little girl soon learned it; after that all three—the missionary, the little boy and the little girl—sang this song everyday. They sang it hundreds of times, for they had no other song to sing. This boy and girl now knew and loved Jesus, the Friend for children, and they told other children about him.

After a while the old men of the village began to complain because their children were learning the difference between right and wrong. They said to their King, "You must send this missionary away." The king, who was a young man, was afraid to disobey the older men, so the missionary had to leave.

But the story of Jesus had been told, and now many people of that country know about and love God. The missionary had seen the need of Christian songs and after that gave his life to the writing of them. Now, we have his book full of beautiful songs about Jesus, written in the language of these people. Every day many children, little and big, sing these with a happy heart.

NOTE: This missionary, Rev. E. H. Greeley, D.D. now technically retired, still lives among us, and is as enthusiastic as ever on hymnology, occasionally writing something new. He had no idea then that his first experience was the beginning of a career of hymn writing.



Post-Furlough Realism.

(From the DRUM CALL.)

Looking from the vantage point of a high hill or mountain range in Africa, one experiences a peculiar thrill. The vast reaches of the jungle or perhaps the light greens of savanna land interspersed with darker patches of the forests make one long for the skill of the artist's hand or a poet's tongue. It is magnificent. It continues to be magnificent in outlook, undoubtedly, to one who has the opportunity of flying over the continent, but to one who must descend into the gloom of the jungle grotto and

wade through the stench of swamps, the beauty of it all is soon forgotten and the traditional, fearful Africa throbs through the senses.

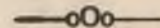
We missionaries who return from our periodic furloughs experience very much the same sensation. It is not that we deliberately falsify our accounts when we describe the progress of our work in glowing terms. From the vantage point of America we actually see our work as such. The exasperating trials, petty experiences of every day occurrence are dimmed by perspective and we see the well-rounded glorious whole. That is probably one of the most blessed advantages of a furlough.

But we must admit, it is a cruel shock to step off the steamer into our old sphere of labor. The filth, lying, deceit, discouragements and failures of those whom we have been acclaiming to you who are at home make us feel, at times, like rank prevaricators.

We are walking now in the slough of despond, in the forest fastnesses of deceit and despair. We are seeing Africa through a magnifying glass and we find it filled with fetid diseases of mind and body. Instead of considering the tremendous change that has come over Africa due to the power of the Gospel and the working of the Holy Spirit, we are face to face with a man who has half his face eaten off with yaws. Instead of remembering those heroes who have faced separation and even torture with fortitude, for Christ's sake, we are asked to judge this case of a young evangelist, we thought so much of, who has proved himself to be a licentious hypocrite. Instead of those packed schools we have been telling you about where the eager youth of the land is being brought up in the fear and nurture of the Lord, we see countless dirty, itchy bodies, heads full of lice and toes full of jiggers. The descent to Avernus has been too sudden. From the general to the particular is never safe.

Adjustment is necessary, we must try to project our minds into space beyond these grimy details to catch a glimpse of that glorious whole that we visioned so clearly at home. Then these every-day experiences, nuisances, disappointments and loathsome sights will lose their horror.

It is comforting to think that the Master whom we serve must see all this in relation to His Finished Plan and yet at the same time feel with us in our infirmities as we struggle on through the gloom.



Easter at Kambini

by Mrs. Jessie B. Terril.

While Americans generally regard Easter as a time to forsake winter garments and blossom forth as the trees and flowers do in the spring air in the United States, in Africa it is quite different. When Easter time comes in the continent on the farther side of the world, the people are in the midst of harvesting their corn and peanuts. With the summer past the long hot days give place to shorter ones which are pleasantly warm and the nights become really cool. The few trees which are accustomed to shed their leaves begin to look thin and bare and the

brown stalks of the cornfields foretell the approaching winter season. With the cooler weather the scanty amount of clothing of the African allows no change of garments even if the people were inclined to follow the American fashion. The people huddle closer to the open fires at night and put their backs to the welcome warmth of the sun in the mornings. All this is so contrary to the more civilized customs that it never occurs to these folk to connect dress and head cloths (our substitute for hats) with this Christian festival. And naturally it is only the "believers" who take cognizance of this important anniversary.

At Kambini, Inhambane, this year the services commemorating the death and resurrection of our Lord have been impressive and suggestive. Its meaning was vivified to the people by means of the of some of the scenes which took place in Judea nineteen hundred years ago. This was undertaken by the evangelists and the Jeannes men under the supervision of the pastor.

The events of Passion Weeks were portrayed day by day in the open space in front of the church, the porch of which served as the Temple. No artificial decorations were used, the natural scenery sufficing for the background. A real ass was commandeered for the Triumphal Entry and the hosannas and shouting came from the far side of the church while the story of it was related by two of the "disciples." There was no impersonation of Christ. But the men having familiarized themselves thoroughly with the details of the story gave their own version. One bit of local color showed itself when Peter was accused of "being one of them". The soldier said, "I can see by the slits in your ears that you are one of that sect". He referred to the time when Manakusse, the Zulu chief conquered this territory and made all the men have thier ears pierced to show their subservience, and he compared this in his own mind to the Roman occupation of Galilee.

The most telling scene was the one in which the soldiers were casting lots for the garments of Jesus. The one to whom fell the "seamless dress" gave testimony of accepting the slain Christ as his Savior with fine sincerity. The picture of the soldiers in the courtyard warming themselves at the fire with the denial and the crowing of the cock brought home to many of the listerners the sense of personal sin, and was perhaps, the most realistic and impressive.

The demonstrations were given each day immediately preceding the worship in the church or just on leaving the service. On several evenings there were stereopticon scenes in the life of Christ which also served to bring a clear impression of the meaning of Easter to these followers of the Master. The music of Passion week and the Allelulias of Easter produced a vocal effect which supplemented the visual and oral pictures thereby completing the picture and giving unmistakable testimony of the sacredness of this anniversary.

The crowds of people who witnessed these demonstrations could not fail to understand the importance of the death and resurrection of our Lord and Savior and there is no doubt but that because of the life of Christ many will be brought into a closer relationship with the Father.

A Message from Umtali, Southern Rhodesia.



We are the Official Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Umtali, Southern Rhodesia. We send greetings to the church in America.

Your missionaries found us when we were little herd boys playing about our father's villages. They told us about Christ and educated us. Your prayers and contributions have made us lay leaders in the church. You had faith in us and as a result we now have faith in ourselves. Let us tell you a little about our local church.

In 1900 the missionaries erected on the site where we are now standing a temporary building. There were no Christian people here but the missionaries had faith. Through the years they patiently toiled and gradually we as leaders have taken over the responsibilities. The membership and interest have grown very rapidly. Today we have a consituency of over eight hundred people.

Our church is located in a town where between six and eight thousand of our native people are living. We are employed here in the town and have our families with us. There are many evil influences that we must fight against to save ourselves and our children.



We introduce to you the Rukwadzana rwe Wadzimayi (ladies aid and missionary society) to which our wives belong. This group of one hundred church



We want you to see our children. Our church, with the supervision of the missionary, conducts a day school attended by two hundred little ones. We are very anxious for our children to grow up to be

intelligent and useful christians. What missionaries did for us as little boys we are trying to do for those that God has entrusted into our care.

—oOo—

Kimbundu Proverbs

by Rev. H. C. Withey, Angola

Here is a sample of native wisdom in proverbial form. This particular proverb I heard only recently and it struck me as a very good one for a doctor to use.

"Hamba di katesa mutue: di katesa mu mala, ku-dia ku uadi."

A translation is: "A dihamba may make you sick in your head (i. e. fever): the spirit that makes you sick in your stomach is some food you have eaten."

The idea behind it is: "Don't blame the spirits for what is due to your own indiscretion."

A dihamba (pl. Mahamba) is a spirit of a certain order, sometimes helpful, but often malicious, causing sickness or misfortune. They must be appeased.

A few other specimens:

"Hamba di ku bana xitu: muzongi ndunge ie." Which being interpreted means, "The spirit may give you meat (game): making the gravy is your own job."

"Xinga ngandu: u tuamena kuzatka."

"Insult the crocodile: but only after you have crossed the river."

"Nganda ja ngandu: u ji bana ni muxi, ku mu bane lukuaku."

"Food for the crocodile: hand it to him with a stick, don't give him your arm."

This last was quoted by an old man to a young fellow who was in arrears with his hut tax: now he was ready to hand it to the District officer, the advice was to send it by the village headman, and not to go in person.



We are proud of our church choir that so faithfully leads us in our singing and inspires us with their selections. We love to sing about the faith and experience that stirs and grips our hearts.

We close this message to you with gratitude for your continued interest and prayers.

Your fellow-workers
Titus Maranke
Minister.

(from page 6.)

women are Christian mothers and the builders of Christian homes. They are loyal and devoted to Christ and His work. They too were discovered by missionaries as they played about in the villages.

Roosters and Spirits

by *Dr. J. C. Stauffacher, Inhambane.*

Many times when the witchdoctor hears the call of the Master he will give up his evil doings and bring his entire outfit to the missionary. This contains all kinds of junk, snake skins, monkey tails, horns, shells, bones and all kinds of smells coming from calabashes containing putrified elephant brains, deer eyes, the liver of a crocodile, etc., and sometimes a live rooster which has helped the witchdoctor and which pagans have worshiped. A big, old rooster petted, fed and prayed to. Petted, for the rooster can go anywhere and take anything he likes and none dares to drive him away for he is their god. The best food somewhere as he is their god. Prayed to, because they believe the old rooster has power to protect them or to harm them because he is the best god they know. Think of it! Praying to a rooster. It is heart breaking, it drives us to our knees; for Christ shed His blood for them also. But what is the missionary to do with the old rooster which is generally old and tough? If he keeps the old rooster the pagans will say, "They took him away so that they might have the rooster's power to protect them." If he kills the old rooster and throws him away, they will say the missionary is afraid of the power of the rooster. If he sells the rooster they will say the missionary is afraid of the power of the rooster. If he sells the rooster they will say, "He sold him for great gain." There is but one thing to do and that is to kill the old rooster and eat him to show the pagans you are not afraid or believe in the rooster. Think of yourself eating a heathen god and seeing and hearing the old pagans shaking their heads and saying, "Much evil will come to them for this sacrilege." I must confess that strange feelings come over us when we do these things.

We have many loyal friends among the witchdoctors. Many have sold all and are following lowly Nazarene. Some of them are found among the ministers who are now proclaiming with the same loyalty and faith the insearchable riches of Christ Jesus as they did show in previous years in their faith and belief in witchcraft. But not all whom we have treated at the hospital have accepted the New Way. One old witchdoctor met me the other day, his face all aglow and said, "I have not forgotten the time you relieved that awful pain by an operation and the help you gave my wife. So when you were sick with sciatica I searched the jungles by day for help, went to the biggest witchdoctor and bought medicine at a tremendous cost, pleaded with my special devil for wisdom to make godd medicine and in the dead of the night I buried this medicine around your home. I see it has helped you and I am glad. This last night I stood alone for hours fighting away evil spirits and I have conquered." I thought he was just talking. I told him to show me where he had placed the medicines. He showed me eight different places and when he dug down into the ground three or four feet he brought out calabashes filled with magic medicine. This same man on one occasion stood all day long on guard before my door at the hospital. We could not get a word out of him.

He reported later that he was standing between evil spirits and me that were intent on doing me harm. Strange things! Yet this man believes absolutely in these things and is loyal to his convictions though on the wrong track. How long will they be following these things that bring nothing but suffering, sorrow and sin? Until the Light of the World comes into their lives. It seems strange when you talk about Christ's power with the withdoctors or devil-possessed, they begin to get jerks and their whole body trembles and some fall down and become unconscious for a time. I cannot tell if they are putting this on or if it is real; but all the witchdoctors do the same, and it always happens when you speak to them about Christ's power. In our large Christian gathering there were three witchdoctors in different parts of the audience and all were trembling at the same time. Strange as it may seem yet the old time power of Christ still works out here.

We who are your light-bearers feel the great responsibility and realize the splendid opportunities for real service to our common Master. Remember us at the Throne so that we may help Africa to have a real chance of coming into the Kingdom.

Our Old Girls

by *Miss Ruth Thomas, Inhambane*

At times our work has seemed in vain when we saw some promising, bright girls choose the glitter of the world, and leave the school to live lives of sin. But as the years have gone on some of these seemingly lost girls have come back to God, and settled down to live clean lives, bringing up their families in the fear of God. And some of these have risen to the top, as leaders among women. One of these is Sarafina, the Black Angel, who is now the wife of one of our ordained men. She is trying to rally the women in her husband's District into an army for the Lord, that will combat witchcraft. She gives this testimony—that in her family they have never resorted to witchcraft, and that she is putting all of her strength into witnessing to the Power of God to deliver from the fear of evil spirits. She labors in the very heart of Satan's territory.

At the other end of our area, and beyond the limits of our established work, is Julieta, at one time a concubine of a white man. Now she is the wife of a young professor, and together they offered their lives for missionary work. They have gladly and willingly gone to the north to start work in Vilanculos, an unevangelized territory. It was no easy thing to do, to give up a comfortable position in the Bodine School, where things were convenient, and friends all about, to go into a territory where the people could not understand why they were there, were suspicious of them. They had to cut the trees and clear the ground in order to build a tiny shack where they could shelter their little family, and their few possessions. Water had to be carried far, and garden lands had to be cleared before they could put in their first crops. But all of these hardships they have gladly endured for the privilege of gathering a group

of men, women, and children under the trees to tell them of God and His power to save.

Then there are the nurses who have passed through our Training School. Some of them are located at far away places, where they are breaking down superstition by teaching hygiene, and saving many a mother from going to the witch doctor by being able to give simple remedies to their babies. Many a mother and baby's life is saved through their efficient midwifery. But it is no easy task, for when things go wrong, or deaths come, the people in their ignorance sometimes turn back to their witchcraft, and accuse the one who is there as their friend and helper of being their destroyer. But they are a brave group. Once a year they come back to the hospital for a reunion at which time they discuss their problems, brush up on their technique, and at the same time have their spiritual life strengthened, and their courage renewed. Among these are Elisa and Rositina. Their work is commended by the government. They have patients coming to them from long distances because of their efficiency. Also there is Rosa who combines her ministry as nurse, with that of being wife to one of our ordained men. She has been rallying the women in her husband's District once a month, in the different villages, where she holds Health Institutes along with revival campaigns. There is a splendid group of women following her leadership, and the work among women in that section is opening up nicely.

Two of the greatest trials to faith in this country are sickness and death, as they are considered as caused by witches and evil spirits. Some of our girls have shown great fortitude at these times, and grown in grace under trials that have caused the downfall of many. One outstanding girl in this group is Leonore. She seemed just a saucy, young child of about 17 years when one of the most promising young theological students came courting her. We would have recommended one of our more stable girls for him, but he didn't ask our advice, for this was he girl of his choice. Their love has been strong and enduring through a continuous line of afflictions. Almost yearly she comes down with one illness or another that takes her to death's door. As her life hovers in the balance, time and again, her faithful young husband waits on her, cares for her, and prays, prays, prays. His joy is great as each time he sees health returning, and together they rejoice in God's goodness to them. Twice they have gone to the grave with the bodies of their little ones. This March in the women's meeting in their village, she sang with great feeling "God loves me," and exhorted the women to put their trust in Him. Being the wife of an ordained man, she is in a prominent place of leadership, and her testimony carries far, and is an encouragement to the many others, weaker in faith, and battling with like temptations.

Times fails to tell of the many, such as Hana who persisted in caring for her flock over whom she had been appointed as preacher, even tho her husband commanded her to quit because he thought the salary too small; Selestina who is the wife of an ordinary layman, but an aggressive leader in her District, and a spiritual help to many; Rozalina, the big Chief's daughter who came here to school from a

huge heathen kraal, and is now happily married to a widower, much older than herself, and is cheerfully helping him bear his burdens as preacher over two villages, she being in charge of the women's work in the same. She helped me in sewing classes just recently in one of our big women's meetings in Chopiland. When I wanted to give her a little gift, she protested that she didn't want any pay because these were her people, and she wanted to serve them, free.

—oOo—

His Grace is Sufficient

by Rev. W. Bourgaize, Rhodesia.

After fifteen years spent in Africa, and, with considerable experience with and in close contact with the Black man in America, the writer has come to the very definite conclusion that there is inherent in the heart of the Black race more of the milk of human kindness than is to be found in any other race in this whole wide world. The force and truth of this statement is very very evident during times of bereavement and sorrow etc. The other day I arrived at out-station school to learn soon that the child of one of the faithful stewards of the local church was very sick. This child had apparently been subject since birth to epileptic fits. It was suffering from one now, and, had already been in a coma for several hours. With my very limited medical kit which I invariably carry with me I was unable to do very much though I did what I could. Near sun-down the spirit of the child passed on to the great loving throbbing heart of the Master. Arrangements were made for the interment on the morrow. At about 11 A. M. the following day I wended my way to the home of the bereaved man was filled with his friends and relatives—all-especially the women folk making the welking ring with their cries and yowdling as is their customs. The men folk were expressing their sorrow in a more practical way by fashioning the rude coffin and digging the grave. The sorrowing father, carrying his one remaining child in his arms, came to meet me. The tears were streaming down his face; But, he met me singing "Yesu Nid Samwari Wedu" i. e. What a Friend we have in Jesus." in the vernacular. And, on his face which made it radiant was a light which is not of this world; a light which was clear evidence of the glowing faith within. All thru the service his voice could be heard above all the others singing some other well known hymn. Oh! what a contrast between the christian and the pagan way of meeting the great eternal issues of life. When the wee black body was lowered—into the grave, I turned to grip the hand of—the father of the child, as I said to him "Amos, never doubt the love of the Father for you and yours." He replied—"Master, my child has gone HOME to his Heavenly Father, and, some day I shall meet him over there." This man has a black skin and the writer has a white (sometimes) one. But, the difference was in the external alone. Before the Father and in this hour of sorrow—we were as one. Within this man as with the writer was a faith in the love and justice of God—the Ancestor—Father of all man-kind. Even the death of his man

child which means much to an African, could not shake this man's love and trust in the Father's love. Again His Grace has proved sufficient. And, yet, in spite of the above facts which are being duplicated continually, in all parts of our work there still remain some folk who still retain the temerity to doubt the value of missionary work. Can we trust our lives to it? This man could and did. The writer too is staking his all on Jesus and, he IS NOT going to be let down.

Camp Meeting in Nyadiri District

by Mrs. Josephine O'Farrel, Rhodesia.

September is an ideal month for Camp Meetings from the people's standpoint, as they have their gardens all harvested and can easily get away for a week or ten days. The matter of days being hot doesn't bother them in the least. But we wondered what kind of weather we'd have. So the weather man pulled off a freak stunt, with a snow storm in Johannesburg. Pretty bad for Johannesburg, but good for us. It was delightfully cool here, cool enough so that a fire felt good at night, and sweaters in the mornings and evenings.

Camping grounds are not easy to find at this time of year, as many of the trees are bare, and vegetation dried up. But long ago, God knew we were going to need a Camping ground, so He planned this place near Manyika Station, twelve miles from Nyadiri. So when we looked upon the Camping Grounds for the first time, we exclaimed as the Psalmist, "How beautiful the situation."

There was the grove, with trees standing close together, under whose shade the meetings were held. At no time of the day were the people uncomfortable, or shifting from the sun. Scattered over the grounds were huge trees with low, hanging branches, under which the people camped in groups. Grass huts had been built for the missionaries, but we almost envied the people their cool, leafy shelters.

And the water.—A lovely stream, almost at our very doors, flowing cool and clear through its shaded banks. A little farther down in the open, was a large swimming pool. Of course it was planned for a swimming pool. Some of the children spent hours every day in that pool. They were as crazy over that water, as white people living inland, are over the sea. Their shouts, the splashing and churning of water were really comical to listen to. As we sat in the meeting, we could pick out the ones who had been soaking day after day in that pool by their dry, shiny, grey looking skins.

And the Camp Meeting. How can one describe that? A piece of a plow share served as a bell. When I first heard it I thought, "How ridiculous, the people simply can't hear that." But they had come especially for those meetings, and their ears were "out" to hear that bell. My first impression was the promptness with which that great crowd came together. There were so few stragglers that they were not noticed when they came in.

And the singing. It was as though there was one great voice, and from a distance it was not unlike a deep, melodious pipe organ.

And the preaching. At one time there were five

Native Ministers present, men whom we have known for more than 25 years. The preaching was not all done by the ministers and missionaries, but also by some of the Pastorsteachers, who are in charge of outstations. Each one seemed to have a vital message, food for the soul of each one there.

I'm sure you all know Job—the hospital orderly here. He came up to the north country more than 25 years ago with Dr. Gurney, and has been here ever since, treating and healing sick bodies, and saving souls. White and Black, young and old, Christian and heathen,—all know Job. He came out for one day, and in the afternoon gave one of his soul stirring sermons. No, I guess it wasn't a sermon. Job doesn't sermonize. He doesn't have to. He can get right down to rock bottom without any flourishes. Job has one song which is dear to his heart, and anyone who knows Job knows that song. He opened his Hymn book, but his eye sight was too poor to see the numbers, (he had left his glasses at home). "Now", drawled Job, "I can't find the number of the hymn I want." Immediately, several shouted, "No. 39." The author would never recognize his tune when Job sings it, but everybody knows Job's tune. and joins in with fervor and enthusiasm. It was a great time. That whole congregation went as one to its knees. I'm sure that many saw the light for the first time that day. Job was so overcome with the response that the next day he told me he had forgotten two or three things that he particularly wanted to speak about.

Morning prayers sometimes lasted three hours, but what of that? There was no other business before us but to meet God, and He was there, in all His fullness, compassion, love and power. Does a testimony meeting sound a bit old fashioned? Well, we had them. Our hearts were purified and uplifted we listened to the many taking a stand for Jesus before their people. Some of the testimonies were not easy to give, nor to listen to, but it was good to see the joy and relief which came into the faces of those who testified. One woman, the eldest of three wives, said that she had much trouble in her life, but now she had Jesus and was satisfied.

Camp Meetings are not altogether without a touch of humor. One rather hard looking man seemed to get thoroughly converted, and gave a splendid testimony. As he was sitting down, his pastor rose hastily and said, "just one minute. I'm very glad this man has become converted, he has led a very bad life, and tried to burn our church down." I wondered at the moment what would happen, if a minister at home were to use such methods in his revivals.

For several weeks we had noticed that our three single young men teachers were not as happy together as they should have been. On speaking terms yes, but anyone with half an eye could see that their relations were somewhat strained. The three room house in which they lived suddenly became too small, and one moved out. One was in the choir of which another was the leader, and he quietly dropped out. The two who lived together had a very fine experience and gave testimony to them. One could hardly suppress a smile as the choir leader turned to the two men and said, "I've been praying for you, I

DESIGNATED GIFTS.

Rhodesia.

October, 1936.

| | |
|--|--------|
| Epworth League, Pitt, Central, Tenn. | 15— |
| Sweden Conference | 251. 9 |
| Church, Newtonville, N Y | 75— |
| Church & S S, Keyes, Okla | 3— |
| “Do” | 4— |
| Church, Marshall, Ala. | 5— |
| Church, Howellton, Ala | 6— |
| Church, East Gloucester, Mass | 53— |
| Dr. C. A. Price, Ohio | 75— |
| S S, Hancock Memo. Ch., Phia | 37— |
| Oakwood Church, Elmira, N Y | 2.85 |
| Church, Middleburg, N Y | 8— |
| First Church, Warren, Ohio | 10— |
| Various Donors | 14— |
| Miss Martha, A Edwards, N Y | 50— |
| Rev H J Hervey, Ky | 8— |
| Mrs Luther Flynn, Tenn | 5— |
| S S, Clinton, N J | 50— |
| Miss Henrietta W Slicer, Md | 10— |
| Miss Ethel Bemis, Mass | 10— |
| Mr D A Youngs, N J | 50— |
| Mr Ray Greene, Pa | 15— |
| Elementaro Dept., Abbott Ch., Wilkes Barre, Penna | 32 34 |
| Rev J A Cole, N J | 50— |
| Mr & Mrs J K Wooste, N Y | 20— |
| Mrs E P Bennett, Mich | 25— |
| Mr Ray Greene, Penna | 5— |
| Church, Fairdale, Pa | 25— |
| Mrs E E Jones, Iowa | 50— |
| Search Lights, 1st Ch., Auburn, N.Y. | 13— |
| Berean Bible Class, Stevens Mem'l. Ch., Harrisburg, Penna | 25— |
| Mrs. Elizabeth Lewis, Pa | 10— |
| Miss Maude Gee, N Y | 25— |
| Bridgeton Dist. E L, N J | 2.60 |
| Simpson Ch. Ep, League, Long Branch, N J | 5— |

November, 1936.

| | |
|---|-------|
| Daily Vacation Bible Class, Crosw. Mich | 5— |
| Church, Bremen, Ala | 3— |
| S S, Ghent, Pa | 10— |
| Church, Marshall, Ala | 10— |
| Mr & Mrs O Leach, N Dakota | 200— |
| Morrison Trust Fund, Illinois | 15.84 |
| Various Donors | 9.75 |
| First Ch, Amsterdam, N Y | 2.50 |
| Miss Edith Dawson, Indiana | 25— |
| Miss Adda M Broadwell, Ohio | 10— |
| Church, Canjonarie, N Y | 250— |
| Mabel Huntington, Wisc | 8— |
| S S, Fairdale, Pa | 5— |
| Rev & Mrs H E Erway, N Y | 15— |
| Rev & Mrs F L Page, Kansas | 50— |
| Miss H Louise Burchell, Nova Scotia | 5.45 |
| Mr Edgar Archer, Ohio | 12.50 |
| Union Ch, Burlington, N J | 5— |
| S S, Absecon, N J | 11— |

December, 1936.

| | |
|------------------------|-----|
| William Ralph, Md | 50— |
| Harry Wilson, Ohio | 7— |
| Church & S S, Ill | 7— |
| Mrs Vera Mcaugh, N. J. | 5— |

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-------|
| Opportunity Bible Clasi, S O, N J | 8.40 |
| Various Donors | 54.50 |
| Albert C Norton, Penna | 3— |
| Esther M Torrey, Mass | 10— |
| Search Lights, First Ch, Auburn, N Y | 12— |
| Church & S S, Verbank, N Y | 60— |
| Miss Bessie Knapp, Cal | 5— |
| Friendly Circle, Dover, N J | 50— |
| Mrs D R Green, Montana | 30— |

January, 1937.

| | |
|------------------------------------|-------|
| S S, Ch, of Advocate, Phila | 60— |
| Esther Hogue, N J | 100— |
| Ch & S S, Keyes, Ala | 6— |
| S S, Ghent, Pa | 10— |
| Galillenean Class & S S, Ghent, Pa | 5— |
| Mortison Trust Fuud, Ill | 15.50 |
| Various donors | 25.50 |
| Penna Av. Church, Elmira, N Y | 50— |
| Church, Blackwell, Okla | 50— |
| Miss Martha Edwards, N Y | 25— |
| S S, Whitestone, N Y | 30— |
| Mrs E P Bennett, Mich | 25— |
| Estate of Louanna Wiggins | 10— |
| Centennial S S, Iowa | 50— |
| Miss Louise Darbonnier, N Y | 20— |
| S S, Absecon, N J | 9— |

February, 1937.

| | |
|--------------------------------|-------|
| Church, Newtonville, N Y | 75— |
| Epworth League, Oneonta, Ala | 25— |
| Church, Cortland, Ohio | 10— |
| Church, Thomas, Okla | 25— |
| Various donors | 63— |
| Church, Warren, Ohio | 50— |
| D A Morris, Mich | 5— |
| Epworth League, Cortland, Ohio | 5— |
| St James S S, Phila | 5— |
| Edgar Archer, Ohio | 12 50 |
| Rev H M Hall, Vermont | 5— |
| S S, Absecon, N J | 5— |

March, 1937.

| | |
|---------------------------------|--------|
| Arvidson, Sweden | 251.26 |
| Mrs Mary Colegrove, Pa | 5— |
| S S, Burnips, Mich | 48— |
| Church, Logan, Ala | 3— |
| Milton Freeland, Ohio | 8— |
| George McCullum, Ohio | 17— |
| Stella R Broadwell, Ohio | 25— |
| Various, per E L Sells | 21.60 |
| Miss Sue Kimble, Indiana | 10— |
| A Moelk, Ia | 50— |
| Blanche Lea, Kans | 10— |
| Mrs Anna Garland, Kans | 10— |
| Various Donors, per E L Sells | 21.15 |
| Various Donors, per E L Sells | 8.75 |
| Various Donors, per E L Sells | 7.20 |
| Church, Clinton, N J | 5— |
| Miss Sarah Weaver, N Y | 5— |
| St Mark's Church, Troy, N Y | 100— |
| Heleu G Moore, N Y | 5— |
| Various Donors, per E L Sells | 23.75 |
| Fisher Church, Schenectady, N Y | 5— |
| Church, Peabody, Kans | 10— |
| Church, Van Etten, N Y | 10— |
| Church & S S, Almens, Kans | 5— |
| Various Donors, per E L Sells | 28.30 |
| Church, Schoghticoke, N Y | 2— |

| | |
|----------------------------------|-----|
| Church, East Setauket, N Y | 5— |
| Mr & Mrs Eugene Dickson, Kans | 5— |
| Faith Church, Philadelphia, Pa | 5— |
| S S, Clinton, N J | 42— |
| Church & S S, Jamestown, Kans | 10— |
| Search Lights, Auburn, N Y | 13— |
| S S, Sayre, Pa | 83— |
| Mrs Adell B Latimer, N Y | 20— |
| E L, Oakhurst, N J | 10— |
| Union St Church, Burrington, N J | 8— |

April, 1937.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|--------|
| Church, Shrewsbury, Pa | 64.31 |
| Church & S S, Webbs Nills, N Y | 10— |
| S S, per Ralph Shibia | 15— |
| D H Comfort, Fla | 144— |
| Church, Cordova, Ala | 5— |
| Harry & Beryl Wilson, Ohio | 20— |
| Every Woman's Bible Class, Belvidere | 30— |
| Church & S S, Alden, Ia | 30— |
| Third Av. Church, Watervliet, N Y | 21— |
| Miss Madge Sachs, Ill | 1— |
| Various Donors, per E L Sells | 22— |
| Winchester Ch. Winchester, Kans | 8— |
| First United Bre. Ch, Circleville | 5— |
| Church, Friendly, W Va | 10— |
| Grace Church, Nassau, N Y | 25— |
| Church, Deer Creek, Okla | 33— |
| Mrs E E Jones & Josep Hamilton, Ia | 6— |
| Trinity Church, Wichita Kans | 15— |
| Various Donors, Deer Creek, Okla | 29— |
| Church, Powhatan, Kans | 5— |
| Rev F H Larabee | 1— |
| Various Donors, per E L Sells | 102.50 |
| Mrs Emma Hetherington, N Y | 50— |
| First Church, McPherson, Kans | 200— |
| Church, Alton, Kans | 6— |
| Various Donors, per E L Sells | 15— |
| Church, Andover, Ohio | 8— |
| Mrs J A DeGraff, Mich | 12— |
| Ethel G Bemis, Mass | 10— |
| S S, Alton, Kans | 5— |
| S S, Alton, Kans | 6— |
| Mrs Ada Finger, N Y | 100— |
| Mrs E P Bennett, Mich | 25— |
| Miss Madge M Sachs, Ill | 5— |
| S S, Sayre, Pa | 37— |
| Berean Bible Class 6, Harrisburg, Pa | 25— |
| Mrs W D Morse, Pa | 45— |
| First Church, Harvey, Ill | 25— |
| Mr & Mrs Herbert E Erway, N Y | 15— |
| Elementary Dept, Abbott S S, Pa | 30— |

(from pages 10.)
forgive you!" The last few days found the two in the choir singing with all their might.

Giving up their charms was perhaps one the hardest things to do. Even professing Christians sometimes guiltily carry around charms, which deep down in their hearts they depend upon. One man walked six miles to his home and back, so that he might publicly give up and burn a little bauble, which to us looked like nothing on earth. After the last meeting, his heart fairly bursting with joy, he went around from Camp to Camp telling them that the power of darkness in his life was now broken, since he gave up his charm.

I believe our people are longing for the higher things. Perhaps it is a lack of faith, but one cannot help wondering just how deep God has entered into their lives. We can just pray that the light which they have received may be kept burning brightly. Often we get letters from friends saying, "I'm praying for you." We covet your prayers at this time that we may be kept faithful and quick to help our people on the better way of life.

Angola takes new Share

by Ralph E. Dodge.

At the recent Luanda district conference, the native pastors proposed a missionary organization with three objectives; the opening of new stations, the education of future workers, and the providing of a more adequate ministerial support. The by-laws call for an annual contribution of five angolares (twenty cents) per church member, which money will go to a central treasurer to be dispersed as the executive committee decides. The executive committee will be composed of missionaries and natives.

The proposed organization has many defects, as for example the method of collecting the annual contribution, but it is indicative of a new spirit among the native preachers. The oldest active member of the conference expressed the opinion of the entire group when he said, "For years the missionaries have told us that we must look to our own people for our support. We have seen our missionary staff diminishing each year and with them the money from foreign sources. Should the day come when the last missionary is withdrawn, we want to be so well organized that the work of evangelization will continue."

As much as we rejoice for this attitude among our native brethren, it does not mean that the time has arrived when the home church can cease her interest in missionary support. There are the native workers to be given a Bible school training, the official documents to buy, the primary schools to be sustained, the taxes to pay, all of which the native with his limited means is not yet able to do. It does mean that the day has come when the mission church in Angola is waking to her sense of individual responsibility. Some of the good seed of the past few years has fallen on fertile soil and has taken root. The plant is still very tender and needs much protection. In time, however, there should evolve a native church, supported and manned entirely by natives.

Books by Bishop and Mrs. Springer

Books by Bishop Springer.

"The Heart of Central Africa" (1908)

An account of the beginnings at Old Umtali in 1901 and of the 1500 mile trek of Mr. and Mrs. Springer across Central Africa in 1907.

"Pioneering in the Congo" (1916)

Being an account of the founding and early development of the Congo Mission under most primitive conditions.

"Christian Conquests in the Congo" (1927)

From the introduction by Dr. Frank Mason North.

"For many years Doctor and Mrs. Springer have been engaged in missionary service in Central Africa. They have walked in the footsteps of David Livingstone — In this volume we have some leaves out of their Book of Experience as missionaries of the Cross of Jesus Christ."

Books by Mrs. J. M. Springer.

"Snap shots from Sunny Africa" (1908)

In part a close companion book to Bishop Springer's first book, and embodying a number of short, separate pen pictures of African life.

"Camp Fires in the Congo" [1928]

The study book of the United Study of Foreign Missions, for Juniors for 1928-29 and again for 1936-37.

The prices of these books have been reduced, and all are obtainable at the uniform price of 50 cents each, post paid, cash with order, of the Board of Foreign Missions, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

If it is desired to order through one's account with the Book Concern, this may be done through any of the Depositories, at the same price.

South Africa Missionary Advocate

The official Paper of the South Africa Central Mission Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY FOR THE CONFERENCE BY THE CENTRAL PUBLISHING COMMITTEE

Editor in chief: IRA E. GILLET, Box 45, Inhambane.

Associate Editors:

Mrs. J. M. Springer, Mrs. R. C. Gates, J. A. PERSSON,

Mrs. E. E. EDLING, Mrs. R. EMBREE.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.— 50 cents per year in advance accepted in stamps or by money order direct to the Publisher. Box 75, Cleveland, Transvaal, South Africa.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—When ordering a change of address, the old address as well as the new should be given. Notice of change should be sent to the address printed on the wrapper.

Please write Post Office address and name very distinctly.

Printed by The Central Mission Press, Cleveland, Transvaal.

104

South Africa Missionary Advocate

Vol. XVIII

OCTOBER - DECEMBER, 1937

No. 4.



Ministers and Lay members and Missionaries of the South-east Africa Mission Conference, Chieuque, 1937.

In this issue:

Angola Women

An African Wedding

Angola Women.

"The help of the pious female is not to be spurned."

Conference is on full tilt. The "Messers" house is a veritable beehive this evening. (In case you do not know who the "Messers" are, let me hasten to tell you that this is the name that has stuck to our fine group of "W. F. M. S. ers" ever since little Gene Gibbs found the complete title too much of a mouthful.) Make believe you are a bat or a June-bug or something of the sort, and peep in the windows at our "pious females" and see if their work is "to be spurned" or not.

You won't even have to get to a window before you find the first one, for she is out in the yard trimming off a few points with a row of laymen, delegates to conference, who are delighted over the attention being deservedly paid to them this year in the formation of a "Laymen's Conference." "New days and new ways" are dawning in Quessua.

Miss Cross at irregular intervals calls out anxiously to her, "Come in out of the mosquitoes, Alpha!" But Miss Miller has "just one more point to take up" before she can leave this fascinating business. Fortunately this is the dry season, and mosquitoes are getting healthfully scarcer.

Miss Cross is busy with her own group on the dining-veranda, and this is something almost equally new and fascinating.—the infant "Home Missionary Society," which has to be guided past the pitfalls attending the period of organization and constitution-preparing in which the rapidly-developing indigenous church of Angola is still so unversed.

The "middle room" has been turned over to Mr. Edling, who is laboring with another committee, the members of which need to be handy to the other groups if occasion arises. Mr. Dodge is floating between the two groups just mentioned being a member of both committees.

In the office Miss Crandall is interviewing one native worker after another, checking up on his list of statistics, for discrepancies sometimes creep in, such as when a man forgets to take off of his probationary-membership list those who have recently been promoted to full membership, and so counts the same folks twice.

In the living-room a selected choir of native workers under the leadership of Miss Glidden sings a lusty accompaniment to all this activity, practicing up for conference Sunday.

Poor Mrs. Dodge can't find any quiet place downstairs to type her husband's conference minutes, and has escaped upstairs to Miss Crandall's bedroom with her typewriter and notes.

By and by Miss Glidden dismisses her choir and returns to find that someone has borrowed her lamp, and so there is nothing to do for it but to go to bed in the dark.

Miss Nelson is fortunately not on a committee meeting tonight, for there would be no room for it anyway. She was down at the dispensary until after dark, helping treat the sick, and now as hostess pro tem, she is revolving in her mind her plans for the birthday tea she is giving tomorrow, and she

goes about in the car issuing the invitations to the other missionary families.

In all this busy beehive there are only two white people who have any vote in conference, still,—

"The help of the pious female is not to be spurned!"

(Note: This is a quotation from a bishop of a previous generation who said these words in defense of James M Thoburn, who against strong opposition was proposing to take his sister and another woman worker to India.)

—oOo—

Congo Conference doings.

This year the Congo Conference met at Jadotville July 14th. Bishop Springer was in Elisabethville several days before Conference opened and as most of the Missionaries arrived early to do some shopping there was time for visiting a little before the busy days commenced. Mr. Brastrup welcomed us to Jadotville. This is where Bishop and Mrs. Springer were stationed before he was made Bishop so there were many friends both white and black to welcome them.

The Conference throughout was an educational one. Every morning the Bishop spoke to the members of the Conference and to the others that gathered to hear him. Often as the questions of the discipline were asked, he stopped to explain the meaning to the native members trying always to make them see how the Church to which they belong is organized.

The big day of course was Sunday. Two young men, André Mundele and David Ilunga were ordained deacons. We were sorry that Mr. and Mrs. Hartzler who were on furlough could not see them, for the two young men have grown up under their leadership. They first came to Kabongo Mission years ago. Kabongo station was turned over to another Mission four years ago. Some of the teachers have stayed with the work there and have done well. Some preferred to remain Methodists and came with Mr. Hartzler to Kanene. Among these were André and David and they here stationed in villages where they have done exceptionally good work. It made the whole Conference happy to see them ordained. David has always been much concerned about the rest of his family, and in the course of the years has brought his Father, step-Mother, and older and younger brother into the Church. The younger brother is now studying to become a teacher. Mundele is the son of a witch doctor and probably one of the few younger Christian teachers who was pledged to the secret society of his people. He is unusually successful with the older people of his village and with the Sunday school work.

As soon as Conference was over Mr. and Mrs. Everett went on furlough. They expect to stay a few days in Palestine. Mr. and Mrs. Booth who have been in the Central Training School at Kanene went to take their places in Elisabethville. On August 16th. Mr. and Mrs. Hartzler arrived in Elisabethville

(See on Page 11)

South Africa Missionary Advocate

Vol. 17, No. 4.

OCT., - DEC., 1937,

E. Gillet, Editor

The Old Guard passes on.

by Mrs Leila Childs Edling, Angola.

(In our last issue Mrs. Edling wrote of the Rev. Robert Shields and in this she tells of Mrs. Shields and Mr. Withey.)

Some are born teachers, some become good teachers by diligent study and practice, and some have to teach whether they know how to or not, but Mrs. Louise Raven Shields was a born teacher! She just couldn't help teaching. The very presence of a child meant to her someone to teach, and for over forty years she pattered around on little, hurried, tireless, energetic feet, teaching her pupils, black, yellow, and some white, —the wast throng of those who now rise up and bless her patience and perseverance and pedagogical skill.

How well I remember coming upon her once when she was stopping for a while at our house, down on the floor with our kindergarten-age Betty, with Betty's new wooden letters from Grandpa all spread out on the rug, teaching our delighted small daughter her alphabet!

And I remember how with almost a pang I would hear our John say so many times, "Mrs. Shields is a good teacher! She made it so interesting!" (Poor John! his mother was no teacher, but had to acquire a little skill by the "trial and error" method, and he, being the oldest, got mostly the "error" part of it!) He knew what he was talking about, for when it came time to begin school and we just didn't know how to **start** teaching a child to read, wasn't it Mrs. Shields who, living here for a few months on the same station, took him under her wing, and taught him to read before he knew it, by wholly delightful drills with "Ducky Lucky" and "Foxy Loxy" in the red primer, and "March and bow, glad and gay, we are happy all the day."

Her life was not all easy by any means. Coming out to this "godforsaken" land in the first place against strenuous opposition and by sheer determination and pluck and devotion, she had to fight at times against ill-health and she who so loved to teach children, had to give up her own children for other folks to teach and bring up in England, for in those days there were not the present facilities known or available for raising white children out here. But she was not one to give in, not she: She was always

at it,—a diminutive little person who must have been made of steel springs.

How the little Kemps and Edlings loved her: And well they might. She would invite a bunch of them to Quiongua, and take upon herself a task and responsibility that might easily have staggered a much larger person than herself. There they would have the time of their lives, turned loose in trunks of old scraps and trinkets, and given rides and picnics, and fed all the bread and butter and jam and other good things they could eat, and mothered all through it, and taught new games and songs and facts at every turn. We mothers greatly appreciated those vacations, and as for the children,—they would come home all rosy and well, and so full of their story that they just couldn't pour it out fast enough, and with one strong desire in their hearts,—to "go to Quiongua again next year:"

When we expressed anxiety to her daughter Irene for fear she would overdo, having our children there in her vacation time, Irene said, "Let them go: Mother doesn't know how to rest, and if she weren't taking care of these children, she would surely find someone to tutor for the examinations, and it will be more of a rest for her to have the children there."

Mrs. Shields, like her husband, was the soul of generosity. She could not bear to see a person in need without helping him, and would fairly take down the curtains from the windows to clothe the destitute. They were most frugal in their own living and tastes, but would go nearly to the limit of their means when it came to the needs of others.

Mrs. Shields was born in the United States, put in her life work in Africa, and died in Bermuda (where daughter Margaret is teaching), but in all the places where she was, she left those who treasure her memory for her kind heart and teaching. A rollcall of her pupils would be a revelation, and the best kind of testimony to the undying quality of her work.

Our latest heavy loss came in the going Home last February of Mr. Herbert Cookman Withey, who was one of Bishop Taylor's original party of missionaries coming to Angola in 1885. He came as a lad of twelve with his parents and three sisters, but not many years passed before all three of those bright and consecrated young girls were buried in African soil. Those were the dreadful days before it was even known that the mosquito causes malaria, and the death toll was something frightful. We who have come later have had all the advantage of the trail-blazing of these devoted pioneers as well as of the progress of medical science.

Mr. Withey's mother called him "Bertie", and the natives got it "Bote", and "Senhor Bote" ("Mr. Bertie") he is to this day. The story of those early years has been told far better than I can do it by Sophia Lyon Fahs in the "Black" part of "Red, Yellow, and Black", which to us and our children is one of the most fascinating of missionary books ever printed,—and still more in detail by Mr. Withey himself, in the first chapters of his unfinished book, "A Life for Angola".

We shall never forget the Sunday evenings when his turn came to lead the meeting for our little missionary group, and he would tell us of the old days, from the Massachusetts camp-meeting that resulted in the family's call to Africa, through the voyage down the coast and the beginning of the work in Angola. As fast as he finished a chapter of this priceless record of Methodist work in Angola, he would read us the manuscript. His boyish memories were as vivid as could be, and the details he put in for us were those that a wide-awake boy with a vision would naturally remember, therefore doubly interesting. We wish that everyone who reads this might know the whole story of that life,—the rounding out of the promise of his boyhood until he became our senior missionary, one whose dignity and depth of personality called forth the respect of everyone he met, and fitted him to be our perfect representative in all dealings with the government; an exceptional linguist, with the advantage of having grown up among the people, until his intimate knowledge of their speech and sayings and folklore gave him such access to their hearts as none of the rest of us can ever achieve; a translator whose work has the exquisite finish of real literature.

Although his schooling in standard institutions of learning came to an end when he was so young, he schooled himself until we considered him the most educated man among us. He was a great reader, and had a marvelously retentive memory, which held its vast store of material as accurately and as accessibly as a filing-case.

But perhaps we shall remember him longest as we met him in his own home and as a guest in our home, where his presence was a blessing to the whole family. Certain hymns and books and passages of Scripture always bring him back to us, for the love he had for them. He was a man of deep sentiment about old associations and friends and places, and never was there a man to whom the family ties meant more.

We are indeed bereaved in our loss of these three of the "Old Guard". Time was when we might have felt crushed and helpless under it. But through the years we have been learning that even in the death of our most valuable missionaries, there is a "working together for good" that becomes manifest as time goes on and we see how the power of their testimony in the lives of the people is strengthened not weakened, by their going. As the props are pulled out from under our feet, we find that the Foundation is still there.

"God buries His workers but carries on His work".

Gifts for the Christ child.

by N. S. Booth Congo.

Three weeks before Christmas the church in Elisabethville, Congo, Belge, asked its members to make real gifts to God at this Christmas time. It asked that there be a great demonstration of loyalty to the Christ child by attendance at church on Christmas Sunday. It was hoped that there might be 600 out. The church called for a score of Christian families to dedicate their babies to God in baptism and themselves to Christian nurture of their children. Twenty new pledged tithers were sought. A call for at least ten new believers or returning repentant backsliders was issued. These were the gifts the church felt it should make to the Lord on His birthday.

We waited in anticipation on the day to see the measure of devotion of the members of the church in the town itself and among the gardeners along the streams who make up the outposts nearby. We were afraid that threatening rain might keep away some of those who needed to walk 14 or 15 miles. But we were very much encouraged at the morning session of the Sunday School. 65 visitors from these outside posts were already there. And even without them we had a banner attendance, 150 more than ever before. The entire enrollment of a little more than 600 were out as an evidence that they did not intend to let Christmas day's activities keep them from attending the next day. On Christmas day, the school had given a musical pageant before the largest audience which I had seen in the church. More than seven hundred were called to worship at the feet of the Child of Bethlehem.

In the afternoon, Christmas Sunday the church attendance reached and passed every goal. The pupils of the Sunday School brought every seat from the School building and from the church class rooms into the large Wallace Memorial Church. We calculated that there were seats for about 1100 people. Every group filled its allotted seats with the exception of the school children. Only about 250 of the 450 enrolled came, so that their seats were vacant. It was inspiration to preach to that packed church.

The gifts of babies in baptism filled the altar. Eighty parents present 45 little chocolate-colored promises of Christian personalities to the Christ and his church. At the call the tithers kept coming until 25 knelt at the altar while the old tithers stood behind them consecrating anew one tenth of their goods to the work of extending the work of the Kingdom. Our faith had been small when we asked for ten new or renewed followers of Christ. The call to the altar brought forth 34. After the meeting they all joined the native and American pastors in an hour of testimony and prayer. The church truly presented gifts of goods, self and service.

In only one gift did they fail to reach the goal. We had asked that they lay upon the altar a gift of 1,000 francs. But it was too much. It meant the equivalent of twelve or fifteen hundred hours of work. They could only bring the half of it. We had promised them that we would use the gifts to send

out a new teacher in the village. We shall send him out, having faith that these new tithers may be able to help carry the burden.

—oOo—

Letter from Bishop Springer.

Dear Friends:

The four conferences across Central Africa this year were all held in a special revival atmosphere. At Quessua, Angola, we found that a revival had been in progress on the main station and in surrounding villages since last November, and hundreds had been converted. Miss Cilicia Cross, pastor at Quessua, Rev. Joaquim Bernardo, the district evangelist, and several Spirit-filled members, men and women, were the instruments used. During the conference when altar calls were made, and on the Sunday following at Malange, many seekers came forward.

With the passing of Bro. Herbert C. Withey in February, the last of the "Old Guard" of missionaries of the early days of Bishop Taylor had gone. He had been secretary and interpreter for most of the conferences for over two decades and was also the valued counselor of the Bishops through all the years. Rev. and Mrs. Ralph E. Dodge had arrived in November, and he was made secretary of the conference. Evidently he is destined to take up one after another of the items of work formerly carried by Brother Withey.

The interpreter for this session was Miss Florinda Bessa, who as a little girl of 6 was lifted to the lap of Bishop Taylor when her father, a Portuguese, brought her to the Mission for education. Later she interpreted for Bishop Taylor, as she has on occasions through the years, for five other Methodist Bishops. She has given her life to teaching in the Mission. She once visited America.

There were only two men missionaries on the field and at the conference, Brothers Edling and Dodge. The Kemps and Klebsattels are expected back within the year. Besides these four men missionaries there are 25 Native members of the Angola Mission Conference. It is only the increasingly efficient service of these Native brethren and the devoted cooperation of missionaries of the W. F. M. S. that has made possible the carrying forward of the heavy work in that Conference.

Deacons from a Cannibal Tribe.

The Congo Conference was at Jadotville, our home during our last term of 7 years. Four campmeetings had already been held, at one of which we were able to spend a week-end as we had passed through on our way to Angola. Mr. Brastrup is an opportunist and a zealous evangelist, and each afternoon during the conference he had evangelistic services at 5:00, the most convenient hour for the people, at the three chapels approximately at the three points of a triangle, 2 miles or so apart, the one at the Mission, one at the Native City, and one at the large compound of the mining company. In addition to these, there were services some evenings at Kambove and several other points, missionaries and Native ministers participat-

ing. Two Native young men from the erstwhile Luba tribe were ordained deacons, happily supplementing the 6 other ordained Native pastors in the Conference. The men missionaries in this Conference number only seven in all. The W. F. M. S. has not yet opened work in the Congo. The Everetts left for furlough in August, and Rev. and Mrs. Leslie A. Sarah arrived at Kanene on October 5th. The Booths were moved to Elisabethville.

At Johannesburg on Aug. 8th, we spoke to large congregations at three central chapels, one at the West Rand, one in the Central Chapel at Cleveland, adjacent to the plant of the printing press, and the other at East Rand. Over 100,000 Native men from Portuguese East Africa are employed on the mines along the gold reef, which extends for 100 miles or more, and at the coal mines near Witbank. Among these are hundreds of the members and thousands of non-members from our village stations and the surrounding villages in the vicinity of Inhambane, P. E. A. These are employed in more than 100 mines, and at 80 of these we have classes that meet usually in a large dormitory room at each compound. We have four central chapels, and the work is supervised by our district superintendent, the Rev. J. A. Persson, (by Rev. Pliny W. Keys in his absence) and by four ordained Native ministers, members of Conference.

Perhaps from 40 to 50 of the compound groups were represented at the three meetings we addressed that Sabbath. A revival spirit prevails throughout the work, and there were seekers at each of these services.

Fruitful Retreat.

Proceeding to Portuguese East Africa, we spent three days at each of two circuit meetings with Bro. J. D. Pointer, and at each of these meetings were present also Miss Ruth Thomas and Mrs. Jessie B. Terril who were doing special evangelistic work among the women and girls in the villages. There were many seekers and quite a number who took advanced steps in the Christian life. Then on Aug. 22nd at Gikuki, the seat of the conference this year, we began a three days' retreat with the missionaries, ministers and lay members of conference. This station is most beautifully situated on the western shore of Inhambane Bay over which are often seen most gorgeous sunrises painted by the Divine hand. All the preaching and teaching that goes on through the months and years sets forth the beauty of holiness, which is seen in the increasing number of lives that give themselves to loving service in homes and in communities and in witnessing widely to unbelievers.

On October 5th Rhodesia Conference assembled at Nyadiri. Eight camp meetings had recently been held in the various districts. A vesper service that afternoon brought a wonderful spirit of oneness. An assembly day had been arranged, and delegations were present from scores of village stations with banners, and with troops of Pathfinders and Trekkers (Boy Scouts and Cubs) and Wayfarers and Sunbeams (Girl Scouts and Brownies) in uniform, which interspersed and enlivened the procession of more than 2,000 stretching out over the station in a

line about a half a mile long. Then the gathering under the trees, a message, and there together, with thanksgiving, we remembered in the Communion the death of our Lord; and, as hundreds partook, it was with an increased spirit of consecration to Him and to His service.

After 32 Years

What an utter contrast to what Mrs. Springer and I had seen as we traversed this country for the first time 32 years before on our honeymoon! She was the first white woman in these parts, and riding on a white Zanzibar donkey, was an astonishment to the women and girls who were clad chiefly in two goat or monkey skins, or less, as they swarmed out of the villages to see this strange sight and to follow along for miles, staring and exclaiming and shouting. And now this quiet, well dressed Christian group, representative of other thousands in the surrounding country not able to come to assembly day! Truly what marvels, yea, miracles God hath wrought!

The 25 Native members of Conference, together with the other Native workers, teachers, nurses, overseers, etc., are shouldering and carrying on more of the increasing burdens of the ever growing work. But, even so, there is such a dearth of missionaries, there being only half as many as there once were, that we are totally unable to measure up to our responsibility in Rhodesia where great sections allotted to our Church remain almost untouched, 75,000 or more people still having no schools or chapels among them. Every main station school in all the Conferences is crowded far beyond capacity.

It has been a great and soul-satisfying joy, both last year, and in particular this year, to note and watch in these various Conferences the manifestations of the upshooting and outreaching of the Divine love in the Native members, both lay and ministerial, in their thought about and interest in their neighbors and brothers in communities beyond their personal reach, beyond their "Jerusalem," (Acts 1: 8) in other words, in their "Judea". Local missionary societies had been formed years ago in some of the Conferences. In the South-East Africa Conference, a Board of Home Missions had come into existence as much as a decade ago as an outgrowth of such local interest. This year quite a definite interest was manifested in areas as yet neglected, and there were also volunteers wishing to serve in such.

In Angola, an interest continuing for a few years, resulted in the formation this year of a Conference Missionary Society with an avowed purpose of aiding weak groups and reaching out to the several neglected areas. And similar evidences were seen in the Rhodesia Conference in that there is a widening vision and an extending horizon that includes more of "Judea", and that leads to the dedication of lives for service in our Lord's program.

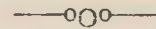
Training Pastors.

The missionary staffs are so reduced that real theological schools are impossible, and in each Conference, including Liberia, such a school, with at least one man giving full time is sorely needed. Something

is being done in some of the Conferences in Bible schools combined with pastoral training. This is good as far as it goes, and such should be carried on also. Here at Old Umtali there is a building especially for a theological school, and two groups were taken through a three year course. These graduates are the ones that in the Rhodesia Conference are carrying on so well. But this building through these years is unused. Mr. Murphree had to be diverted to a multitude of tasks, looking after work formerly cared for by associates that are now retrenched. So this school, even with many applicants waiting, is in abeyance. And similarly in the other Conferences.

The dispensaries, in practically every one of which two or three nurses would be kept exceedingly busy, are in nearly all cases staffed by only one, and that one is greatly overworked, even with Native assistants, in caring for the many patients. And the medical supplies are so limited that many a patient must needs go away unhealed. And to give a class real training in nursing is a full time job in itself.

Remember Africa. Pray for Africa.



Daybreak in Angola.

by Ralph E. Dodge, Angola.

Helen was dying. There was no question about it. She lay on the reed mat gasping for breath. The dim candle light of the small room revealed some twenty people surrounding her; mothers nursing shiny naked babies strapped to their backs, fathers sitting silently on the mud floor with bowed heads, small children sleeping peacefully unaware of the intense suffering. Why she, a sweet Christian school girl of twelve years, should be called by the Master, no one knew. Yet, all recognized that she had heard the call and was rapidly submitting to its summons. It was only a matter of hours; a messenger must be sent to notify the relatives in the near-by villages of the sudden, fatal illness.

The next morning—Sunday—the messenger found Julio, the only grown child in the family who had survived the heavy toll of malaria, just closing the early morning testimony service in his village church, fifteen miles distant. Little sister was either dying or already dead. He must come immediately; but no, he could not leave the eager congregation without giving them their spiritual food for the week. Opening his Bible, Julio preached to his people, dismissed them with God's blessing, and taking leave of his beautiful wife and three little children, the youngest of whom was recovering from malaria, he hastened under the noon day sun to the house where his little sister lay dying.

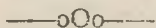
When he arrived, the feverish body lay cooling beneath the thatched African roof. But he already knew the spirit of his dear little sister had ascended to its Maker, because he had heard the wailing of the heathen women as he followed the winding path which crossed the valley below the village.

It was my first African funeral. In books I had read of the hideous demonstrations of the heathen. Now I

watched the old women with their exposed flattened breasts jerk their bodies from side to side and with grotesque postures call upon the spirits; I watched the numerous scantily-clad children curiously peering from behind mud houses or plying in the dirt; I noted the group of Christian men talking quietly without the hut. All were waiting for the funeral which here in Africa must be realized the same day as the death.

The humble casket was borne by four pall-bearers. On either side, the heathen women were dancing, shrieking, and pounding their bodies. Directly behind walked Julio with bowed head. He was tired from his fifteen mile walk through the noon day heat, and from shouldering the burden of the funeral arrangements; he was faint, as no one had thought to give him food since his arrival, and he had not taken time to eat before leaving home. He was evidently provoked at the heathen manifestations by the old women, as were also the other men and younger women. To drown out the shrieking and wailing, he raised his strong, clear voice in a Christian hymn, singing in the native tongue, "Oh, think of the place in the sky, at the side of the river of light, where the saints forever enjoy the presence of our Christ." In a moment, the distant hills echoed the refrain, "In the sky, in the sky, I think of the home in the sky". One by one, the heathen women dropped behind and disappeared in the lengthening shadows. The Christian group wended its way down into the valley to the fresh mound of moist soil, singing hymn after hymn. At the side of the grave, Julio once again took the leadership, and in simple language, with perfect control mastering deep emotion, told his townfolk of his hope of again seeing his sister who had gone to live with Jesus.

As the sun set, the wailing of the heathen women could still be faintly heard as they continued their lamentations on the hill. Down in the valley, the Christian group calmly and serenely testified to their faith in a risen Lord. As the new missionary listened to catch an occasional familiar word in the new language he has not yet mastered, the tears escaped from beneath his eyelids; tears of sympathy but also tears of praise—praise because the light of the Gospel is rapidly dispelling the lingering shadows of heathenism. It is daybreak in Africa.



How Hot is Africa?

by Mrs. John M. Springer, Rhodesia.

This article is being written exclusively for the hundreds of thousands of people in the United States as well as elsewhere who think of Central Africa as a place where one must take off his flesh and sit in his bones in order to live in any comfort at all. It can be hot, but it can also be cold during the southern winter, June to August.

We left Umtali on May 13th of this year. Incidentally it was just 30 years to the day from the time we had set out from Broken Hill to cross the continent to the Atlantic and spy out the land in Central Africa. But traveling in a motor car is very

different from traveling by caravan, and one of the pleasant features of a motor car at this time of the year is that it is warm through the day. We travelled 3,737 miles in getting to Quessua, Angola.

Our first experience with the cold on this trip was at a campmeeting at Mwilu on our old circuit in the Congo. There was no place arranged for us to stay except at an empty government house where we slept on some straw on a brick floor. The church itself was like a cave of the winds. The result was that my husband got a terrific cold, and it took him more than ten days to shake it off. Mr. Persons also caught a cold and developed a bad cough that lasted for a long time. We are very considerate in our family. We take our sicknesses in rotation. All this time I was as fit as anything.

At Quessua the weather was fairly moderate. One or two days we had to have a fire in the house to keep warm, but otherwise it was very comfortable, and we had a beautiful Conference.

Coming back we struck Elisabethville on July 5th at 10 o'clock at night. Ping! It was cold! Mrs. Everett remarked, "Oh, it is not at all bad now. It is getting quite warm again. Just a little while back we had a terrific freeze—heavy frost three nights in succession. It froze out all the truck gardens of the Natives, so that for a while the only fresh vegetable we could get were cabbages." Nevertheless we found that the only way we could keep comfortable was to have a roaring fire in the dining room grate, supplemented by an electric heater on the other side of the room. We used this room as office, living room, as well as dining room, and kept the fire going day and night.

A week later we went to Jadotville for the Conference. It was so bitterly cold that some of us could not sit through the conference sessions in spite of the fact that the church had an iron roof which had a tendency to warm up the place when the sun shone on it. The trouble was the sun did not shine very much, and the wind blew a living gale. So the most of us women sat in the living room around a fire.

But the worst was still to come. Leaving Elisabethville, we reached Salisbury in two days, and we found it colder. At Mrewa, Mrs. James' house boy came in one morning with a piece of ice in his hand and said, "Look, Mama, what I have found out in the yard. I never saw anything like that before." They had had it cold—a heavy freeze. We got down to Umtali to remain in our "residence" for as much as two nights and the intervening day. Colder still. As we proceeded on our way, we found in Bulawayo quite a few women walking the streets with fur coats on or fur jackets. I did not see very many of them for I went to bed with fever. Nothing like these cold snaps to bring out the fever in you. Two days from Bulawayo we reached Johannesburg. They had been having snow storms; and while it seemed bitterly cold to us, they were congratulating themselves on how much warmer it had become. And here, as all across the continent, we were assured that this had been an "unusually" cold winter under the Southern Cross. But then Johannesburg is apt to be cold every year on account of its altitude, about 6,000 feet, and the heavy winds. In Johannesburg I was in bed a whole week, much to my disgust. I had planned on doing shopping and a lot of

other things, but "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft alee".

Well, we had lived in hopes. Surely when we got down on the east coast where it had been so hot last November, we would find some amelioration of the cold. But it was not to be. We attended two circuit campmeetings where the people gathered in from a number of village stations. The Native houses where we were guests were very comfortable—very light and airy, especially the latter. It rained! And the wind blew! And the thermometer sulked between 58 and 63 for days. We were certainly glad to get to more comfortable quarters. From there we came on to Gikuki. Believe me, I was happy to see Dr. Stauffacher. It wasn't just common malaria that I was having. I know that barnyard species of malaria from A to Z. But this was a little malaria and a great deal of abscessed teeth. So the next day one tooth came out, and two days later two more. Well, that helped a lot. It was a little warmer at Gikuki, but still the winds were very cold. Now we are on our way to Umtali where it will probably be colder yet, but we will have a good fire in the fireplace and a chance to get straightened out physically. We expect to be home for at least 5 weeks before we start off again.

Now don't go off the deep end and think that there is no such thing as heat in Central Africa. There is. Last year they suffered terribly with prickly heat at Gikuki and Kambini. But the fact remains that there can also be two months at least that are very, very cold; and one wants to have his winter clothes and the best living conditions possible to get through comfortable. Strange to say some of our missionaries, newly arrived on the field, hardly believe how cold it can be. I remember that once when I wrote about ice freezing in the wash basin during the night in one of our camps about 100 miles from Elisabethville, one of our young missionaries was uproariously scornful. Nevertheless, such things do occur, as many can testify. As I say, we are glad that we can travel in a closed motor car these days, for it is nice and warm in it. The nights are cold, and so are the mornings. Nevertheless, the Lord has most wonderfully taken care of us on all of our journeys, through the mountain regions, over uncleared roads, through sand where we got stuck and had to dig ourselves out, crossing bridges after we had had to superintend their reconstruction, and all such things. And after all we would rather be in Africa than any other place in the world.

Moreover, in conclusion, I have never seen a part of Africa that was so bad and the climate so unhealthy but that the local missionaries would brag up their climate, their government, their opportunities and the responsiveness of their Natives—in short, that there is no other field as good as the one in which they are working; and it would absolutely break the hearts of these devoted people if they could not be returned. That is saying a lot, but I am saying it from my own experience and observation. As a general rule each one will swear that the climate in his field is not at all bad even when, in some cases, it is almost deadly for at least certain seasons of the year. It is the love of the work and a devotion to the Master that makes them for-

get about the discomforts and say that the lines have fallen to them in pleasant places and that they thank the Lord for the opportunity of serving just where they are.

—oOo—

Dr. and Mrs. Wengatz.

(A Letter.)

Many of you have been wondering why there has been no word from us since you heard that we were on our way home for rest and medical attention after three years of battling against the hot sun, humidity and diseases in the jungles of Liberia.

Steamer schedules made it necessary for us to leave a few days before Mr. F. A. Price, a fellow missionary, who, with his wife has spent thirty years in Liberia, arrived to take over the work. Everything was left in readiness for his coming and our hearts were sad as we walked out of the compound and over the hills to the river one hot day in April. A large but strangely quiet group of children, young men and women, old grandfathers and grandmothers walked with us until we reached the river. As we stepped into the waiting canoes a group of village girls started to sing one of the hymns we had taught them but, after a few lines, they fell on each others necks and wept. As our canoes were swept around the bend we had our last glimpse, through tear-dimmed eyes, of those children of the jungle who, such a few months before, had fought against our coming and the message we brought, and who now wept at the going of those who had brought the Light to them.

Shortly after reaching this land of civilization we bought a second hand car and started out to visit some of you. Our first visit took us up into Central New York and Mrs. Wengatz went out to speak to a group of women one evening and came home to find that Dr. Wengatz had had a malarial chill and had gone to the hospital for a blood test. While sitting in the laboratory the ceiling fell striking him on the head and cutting and badly bruising his arm. We could see some advantage in having a thatch roof on our little jungle hospital!

Four nights later we were on our way home when a young boy driving an unpaid-for, un-insured car and driving too fast pulled out in front of us rather than hit the car ahead of him. He struck us head on and knocked us off the road into the swamp. The car was badly wrecked and Mrs. Wengatz went through the windshield but the Lord was caring for her and she did not receive a cut of any kind. She was taken to the hospital with a cerebral concussion, a smashed shoulder and numerous minor injuries and was there for three weeks. She was under the doctor's care until he discharged her last week after caring for her for eleven weeks. Dr. Wengatz was more fortunate, getting off with a sprained back and numerous bruises.

The change of climate and diet has been beneficial to Dr. Wengatz and, since Mrs. Wengatz spent her time in the hospital in resting and being cared

for instead of caring for others, we feel that we are once more ready to visit those who are interested in us and our work. A recent letter from the Board tells us that they have been receiving requests for us to speak in the various districts and are planning an itinerary for us so it will probably not be long until we shall be out your way and shall be seeing you.

—oOo—

An African Wedding.

by *W. Bourgaize, Rhodesia.*

There is no more leveable race than the African race. Generous, hospitable to a fault—if such can be! A laugh is never far away from their lips. They possess to a remarkable degree many of the traits and virtues which go far toward making this old world of ours a decent place in which to live. Wending my way to an out-station the other day and noting many groups of young, gayly dressed, light hearted—laughing black folk—all going in the same direction I became reminded that I was to be spectator (for once) at a Christian wedding. We finally arrived at our destination, a station beautifully located in a lovely valley lying between the towering granite kopjes. The crowd soon gathered people of all ages and weights. Preparation for the big feast to follow was everywhere in evidence. The crowd finally gathered inside and out-side the church for there was not room for all within even though this particular church building was unusually large. It was a gay sight. The women folk, all dressed in their best Sunday go-to-meeting clothes, with their gayly coloured head dresses, and, with several layers of dresses plainly in evidence. I've often thought it remarkable that the most vivid colours such as purple, red, white etc. when worn by the African woman simply add to her charm; though any attempt of another race to do the same would only result in making them look ludicrous. All were seated on the floor. On one side the men folk and on the other side the women folk. I was going to say the gentler sex but I'm often reminded that there is nothing very gentle about an African woman when she is chasing a hungry pig out of her house. All laughing, chatting; no, not chatting for an African does not know how to chat—he can only talk at the top of his voice; especially during times of merriment. A dog or two tried to get in and did not get very far before receiving a resounding whack across the ribs which plainly informed him that his room was preferred to his company. One could tell by the sound of the whack the extent to which the dog had fasted—though the life of the average dog in Africa is one continual fast. The writer was seated in a corner at the far rear of the building; seated on a sack which afterwards proved to contain the meal for the feast. He was taking it all in and there was not much that he missed. The bridal couple finally came in—the bride dressed all in white and looking very demure; the bride-groom looking as though he was going to be

hung. Comments were freely and loudly shouted from one side to the other and all done with the utmost good nature. The native minister performed the ceremony followed with explanations of the significance of a christian marriage and few native ministers are there who can do this as well as the Rev. Samuel Chieza. The benediction finally being pronounced and the necessary papers signed etc. the crowd was dismissed and then didn't they cut loose. What abandonment. There are times when I'm not sure that we staid white folk know what it is to really live. Such singing and dancing—all performed with perfect rhythm. Then a collection was taken to help the new family furnish a new home. Plate was donated—but it was enamel plate. There were no cheques but the ticeys, sixpences and shillings flowed in. As each donor presented his gift he or she was roundly cheered. It was much like an old fashioned auction sale. Then true to the African way of doing things—the auctioneer, so to speak, himself gave two shillings and was the very first to cheer his own name. A total of nearly two pounds with an odd assortment of dishes and grain etc. was finally collected.

Then the feasting began. Great mounds of doughy, stodgy meal—much like a plum pudding in shape as well as consistency—to eat much of which would make the average white man run for his bicarb of soda—this was wolfed down in great hunks accompanied with similar huge hunks of beef. The feasting was done on the instalment plan as the seating arrangements were not large enough to accomodate all at one sitting. The writer has witnessed similar scenes among the mountain folk of Kentucky. If a man over stayed his time at the table, he was plainly informed that there were others to follow. But, in and through it all the utmost good nature prevailed and not one sign of ill feeling did the writer note at any time. After the feast more dancing and singing until the going down of the sun which signified that it was now time for all but a select few to return home. Combine this inherent good nature which is so marked in the African with the power and love of the living Christ and you have a combination which is hard to beat.

—oOo—

Excerpts from a Letter.

by *Alexander J. Reid.*

Umtali, October 1st., 1937.

In view of the approach of Unification, news of the progress of the work in the Congo Mission of our Sister Church has particular interest. The two Missions are in different tribes six hundred miles apart. In 1932 Brother and Sister Reid visited us at Jadotville and at Elisabethville and held revival meetings in both places with blessed results. The following year Mrs. Springer and I returned the visit.

John M. Springer.

"We came to the close of the first half of the year's labors with gratitude and praise to God for his blessing and help as we tried to supervise the work of these two large districts with 112 preachers and 165 preaching appointments scattered over an area some 200 miles square. Because of the shortage of missionaries on the field, the work has been very inadequately cared for; and so many tasks have had to be left wholly to Native supervision."

"During April and May we conducted three large district meetings at centrally located points in both districts. We combined our fourth district meeting with an eight day series of revival services in our Lambuth Memorial church at Wembo Nyama station. At these meetings we were able to lead heart-hungry souls to Christ, help solve the problems arising from time to time in the life of a growing, young church, baptize those ready for baptism and serve the sacrament of the Lord's supper to the church. In the course of our pastoral duties we preached 131 gospel messages, led more than 927 seekers to the altar of prayer to seek salvation, baptized 153 adults and 32 babies, received some 310 into probationers' classes, travelled 2313 miles by car and 142 miles by bicycle."

"The attendance at all the services in both districts shows an increase over the past year. More than 6500 attended the daybreak prayer services daily, 5,800 the catechism classes, 10,800 the Sunday morning service, 7,900 the Sunday School, 6,200 the prayer service hour on Thursday. The Native offerings for this 6 months period is more than the total for the whole of last year in the Lodja District while there is likewise an increase in the offerings for the Wembo Nyama District."

"In spite of inadequate supervision, we are happy to report a large increase in enrollment of children in our out-village schools in the Lodja District. In the 56 schools conducted by our preachers we have 1,991 children enrolled, while in our three regional schools we have 419 enrolled making a total enrollment of 2,410 in the Lodja District. The regional school at Kandolo has an enrollment now of more than 300 students and is growing faster than we can house and care for the children."

"We closed the labors of this period by conducting a ten day camp meeting in each district. Palm branch tabernacles and temporary huts were hastily constructed to house and care for the throngs who attended. One Sunday morning service at Lodja we counted representatives from 56 villages, many of them coming more than 100 kilometres on foot, while some were there who had walked near 250 kilometres. I spoke to the hungry multitude of near 1,500 people on the story of the prodigal son; and when I gave the altar call, about 120 wandering prodigals came forward for prayer. The total number who attended all the services surpassed 31,906, while the largest single crowd attending any one single service reached the 2,000 mark. Some 1,385 seekers came forward to the altar of prayer. Of that number several gave up their polygamous lives and turned to Christ, hundreds were gloriously converted numbers were reclaimed from a backslidden state, while others were filled with the Holy Spirit. We are deeply indebted to our fellow Missionaries Lovell,

Anker and Smit, and our passionate Native evangelist, Moses Ngondjolo, for their inspirational messages, and to all others who assisted by their presence, prayers and labors to make these camp meetings a success. We are thoroughly convinced through the experiences of these few years in Africa that nothing else can take the place of a mighty revival of religion when under the cumulative evidence of divine truth proclaimed by Spirit-filled messengers of the cross, men are brought to see themselves as God sees them. Then and not until that hour will the fascination of sin be broken, and the power of heathen, polygamous customs changed. In many ways this year's camps surpassed all others in depth of work done in the hearts of men."

Yours for Salvation work in Africa,
Alexander J. and Hazel Reid.

—oOo—

Training the Nurses.

By Miss Victoria Long, Inhambane.

We had another very pitiful case of poisoning a few months ago. One of the leading men in this section of the country died. He was highly respected even though he did not accept Christ until just a few days before his death. Two of his sons are pillars in our church and another one has been a member but is now a back-slider. It was this back-slidden son that did the most toward going after the doctor and medicine for father during his illness. One of the Christian sons was sick himself and the other had to be away at his work. After the funeral the relatives accused this son of having caused the death of his father by witchcraft. They said that his apparent efforts to get help for the father were only to cover up his evil intentions. They prevailed upon him to take the poison test to prove his innocence. The consequence was that he himself came very near dying and was weeks getting over it.

We have all been very happy to see the progress which the nurses have made. This is the first class that has been with us for three years and we are fully convinced that the additional year is well worth while. The value of this extra year is well summed up in Marta's words as she was giving her testimony, the first of the year, "I thank God that I am beginning to know why I do things. Last year I just did things mechanically, now I know why I do them." Heretofore we have had a weekly class meeting with the whole hospital staff but this year we have followed another plan, which we have found to be much more satisfactory. To make such a meeting a real blessing to all it was necessary that all take part, but our busy schedule did not permit so many of us being away from our work for the length of time required for such a service. Moreover, there are times when playing together does more toward fostering a spirit of love and helpfulness among us than praying together. Especially is this true for those who are shut up with pain and suffering for long hours at a stretch. Con-

(Continued from page 2.)

on their way to Kanene. With them is their nine year old son Lynn. They have two older sons both of whom are doing fine university work in America. There have been no new Missionaries in our Mission in the Congo for seven years, but we are now rejoicing in the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Sarah who will take charge of Congo Institute.

sequently, each week of the month we have a different type of meeting—preach, pray, testify and play. We have all come to look upon our Thursday afternoon meeting as a filling station.

Week before last we had all of our graduate nurses in for a time of brushing up. This is always one of the most strenuous as one of the most joyous weeks of the year and this year was no exception. We had three hours of clinic and dispensary work in the morning followed by two hours of demonstration and lecture. We all ate together at noon. (They kindly left the pepper out of the food for the

benefit of the missionaries.) In the afternoon we had another hour and a half of lecture and discussion followed by a two-hour period of devotions and Bible study. Before and after the sessions the students as well as Doctor and myself were busy doing medical examinations, filling the drug orders which they had brought in and various other odd jobs for which we had not had time.

Our closing session was that of a candle-light service in which we all knelt around the altar and rededicated ourselves to God and the work to which He had called us. Upon arising we each lit our candle from the candle which represented Christ and went to stand at the various places designated for our various stations. At the close we laid down our candles, joined hands in a large circle and sang, "God be with you 'till we meet again." Both the missionaries who passed away this year were nurses. We had their candles lighted and standing near the one for Christ. As we sang that closing song we could not help but wonder whose candle might be in that place next year.

DESIGNATED GIFTS.

Inhambane.

May, 1937.

| | |
|----------------------------------|-------|
| Mr & Mrs Arthur Berger, Ind | 25— |
| S S Pateros, Wash | 25— |
| Mrs Clarence G Cunningham Minn | 5— |
| Thomas Bell, Mass | 35— |
| E League Los Angeles, Calif | 60— |
| Philathea Cl Hutchinson, Kans | 45— |
| S S Davis, Ill | 7— |
| Rev & Mrs D J Shenton, Iowa | 25— |
| Oxford B Class, Neward, N Y | 25— |
| Church (Emmanuel) Berkeley Calif | 25— |
| S S Brookings, No Dakota | 12— |
| St Paul's S S Harrisburg Pa | 20— |
| S S Asbury, 1st Cy Rochester N Y | 60— |
| Mr & Mrs E E Hubbard Cub | 12.90 |
| Forward Cl Roxbury Kans | 2— |
| S S Locke N Y | 13— |
| Rev & Mrs J W Frampton Pa | 18— |

June 1937.

| | |
|--------------------------------|-------|
| Lulu E Sheve Ohio | 20— |
| Kevin S S Sunburst Mont | 16— |
| Rev H C Clark Ore | 12.50 |
| Church & S S Hermiston Ore | 4 56 |
| S S Chanute Kansas | 54— |
| Forward Cl Roxbury Kans | 1— |
| E League Montevideo Minn | 5— |
| Miss Gladys E Helmers D C | 10— |
| S S Ashley N D | 5— |
| Hobart S S Minneapolis Minn | 17.50 |
| A C Butterwoth Minn | 10— |
| Church E Weymouth Mass | 50— |
| Ch School & EL Greenfield Mass | 50— |
| Miss Janet Currier Mass | 7.50 |
| Class South Roylton Vt | 10— |
| Mr & Mrs Peglow Ind | 39— |
| S S Class Arcola Ind | 3— |
| Church Chagrin Falls Ohio | 35— |
| Rev J E Crowther Calif | 80— |
| Miss Sarah Ausemus, Ill | 60— |
| Mrs S Raynor Smith Ore | 12— |
| Miss Julia Heffelfinger Pa | 5— |
| Primary Dept Marion Ohio | 35— |
| Miss Viola Kennedy, Pa | 10— |
| J C Millar Canada | 200— |
| S S Class Watervliet N Y | 5— |

Rhodesia.

May, 1937

| | |
|--|-------|
| Various Donors, L E Adkins | 35.61 |
| St Stephens Ch, Chicago | 25— |
| Albany St, Ch, Schenectady, N Y | 150— |
| Ch, Sterling, N Y | 6.85— |
| East Lake Ch, Wilmington, Del | 50— |
| Daily Vacation Bible Sch. Crosswell, Mich. | 12— |
| Mrs Lizzie Johannes, Kans | 25— |
| Ch., Cordova, Ala | 6— |
| Union Chapel, Cordova Ala | 5— |
| S S., Ghent, Penna | 10— |
| H N Vn Antwerp, N Y | 12— |
| S S., Phidadelphia | 40— |
| Rev H T Miller, Ind | 10— |
| Union Avenue Ch., Alliance, O | 10— |
| Grand Anenue Ch. Enid, Okla | 55— |
| Ch., S Shaftsbury, N Y | 10— |
| Ch., Whitehall, N Y | 27— |
| Ch. Sch. Broadalbin, N Y | 20— |
| Fafth Ave. State St Ch, Troy N Y | 50— |
| Ch., Westwood, N J. | 20— |
| Homer C Dean, N Y | 5— |
| Melrose Ch., Schaghticoke, N. Y. | 2— |
| S S., Speculator, N Y | 2— |
| Ch., Ellinwood, Kans | 5— |
| Mrs Harps Class, Green Island, N Y | 3— |
| Mr Wallace Rarpst, O | 5— |
| Braceville Ch., Windham, O. | 7.44 |
| Ch. Canojoharie, N Y | 250— |
| Edgar Archer, O | 12.50 |
| Rev & Mrs F G Mauger Pa | 15— |
| Primary Dept., Storm Lake, Ia. | 45— |
| Tithers Ass'n, Sayre, Pa | 25— |
| Standard Bearers, Akron, N Y | 50— |
| Miss H Louise Burchell, Nova Scotia | 24.86 |
| St Stephens Ch., Chicago | 16— |
| New Brunswick Dist Epworth Leagues | 39— |
| Union Ch., Burlington, N. J | 11— |

June, 1937.

| | |
|----------------------------|------|
| Ch., Tuyjunga, Cal | 50— |
| Malcolm P. Ferguson, N. Y. | 15— |
| Rev W. N. Bowman, Ala. | 2— |
| Rev J B Pace, Ala | 2— |
| Ch., Boaz, Ala | 2— |
| Ch., Waterloo, Ala | 2.50 |

| | |
|---|-----|
| Ch, New Hope, Ala. | 4— |
| Ch., Jones Chapel, Ala. | 5— |
| Ch. Eva, Ala | 3— |
| S S Burnips, Mich | 32— |
| Mr Harry Wilson, Ohio | 5— |
| Every Woman's Bible Class, Belvidere, Ill | 25— |
| Miss Stella R Broadwell, Ohio | 25— |
| Ch. Tower Hill, Ill | 13— |
| S S., Alton, Kans | 4— |
| Ch., Empire, Mich | 33— |
| Amber Miss'y Society, Mich | 15— |
| John W Howard, Ohio | 24— |
| Prayer Meeting Circle, Bridgeport, Conn | 15— |
| Junior Dept., Perrysville Ave Ch Pa. | 40— |
| Mrs L V Johnsons's S S Class N J | 75— |
| Woman's Bible Class, Boise, Idaho | 30— |
| Miss Edna Hazelton, N J | 25— |

July 1937

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-------|
| Outgoing expenses, L E Adkins | 45.75 |
| McDowell S S Class, Ohio | 20— |
| Church, Howellton, Ala | 3— |
| Miss Anna Phifer, N J. | 25— |
| Mr J Budgt., N Y | 10— |
| Mr Herbert Perry, Mich | 51— |
| W W Mossison Estate, Ill | 28.94 |
| Mrs Nora N Crouch, Iud | 50— |
| Mr Ray Greene, Pa | 15— |
| Search Lights, Auburn, N Y | 12— |
| Mr Edgar Archer, Ohio | 12— |
| Epworth Leagues, New Brunswick Dist | 5— |
| Epworth Leagues, Bridgeton Dist | 87— |

August, 1937

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-------|
| Mrs A J Catherwood, N Dark | 5— |
| Ist Ch and S S., Bridgeton, N J | 11— |
| S S, Ghent, Penna | 10— |
| C & S S. Tower Hill, Ill | 7— |
| St. George S S, Camden, N J | 25— |
| Ist Ch, and S S, Bridgeton, N J | 9— |
| Mr & Mrs Harry Wilson, Ohio | 12— |
| Florence Galbreath, Ohio | 4— |
| Mrs Chumard, Ohio | 2— |
| Church, Canajoharie, N J | 250— |
| Mrs H E Nicholson, Wis | 25— |
| Mrs D R Green, Montana | 30— |
| Mrs Katharine B Groves, N J | 15— |
| Epworth Leagues, New Brunswick Dist | 25.45 |

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 Mission Conference.

Crandall, Miss Violet B., (W.F.M.S.) Caixa 9, Malange.
Cross, Miss Cilicia, (W.F.M.S.) Caixa 9, Malange, Angola.
Dodge, Rev. & Mrs. Ruth E., Caixa 68, Luanda.
Edling, Rev. & Mrs. E. E., Caixa 9, Malange, Angola.
Glidden M. Miss Zella, (W.F.M.S.) Caixa 9, Malange Angola.
Johnson, Miss Ingle A., Caixa 9, On furlough.
Kemp, Rev. A. H. (M.D.) & Mrs., On furlough.
Klebsattel, Rev. & Mrs. A., On furlough.
Lindquist, Miss Marie, Caixa 9, Malange, Angola.
Miller, Miss Alpha, (W.F.M.S.) Caixa 9, Malange Angola.
Nelson, Miss Marie, (W.F.M.S.) Caixa 9, Malange, Angola.
Shields, Miss Irene, (W.F.M.S.) Caixa 9, Malange, Angola.
Withey, Mrs. H. C., On furlough.

Mission Correspondent and Treasurer, Rev. E. E. Edling.

Retired Missionaries:—

Dodson, Rev. & Mrs. W. P., 445, Sacramento St., Pasadena, Cal.
Miller, Rev. W. S., 1507 Myrtle Avenue., Baltimore, Md.
huett, Mrs. Mary B., Alhambra, Cal.
Withey, Rev. & Mrs. A. E., 216 North Margurita Ave., Alhambra, Cal.

Congo Mission Conference.

To the Belgian Congo addresses given in this list should be
added, *Mission Methodiste*.

Booth, Rev. & Mrs. Newell S., Box 522, Elisabethville, Belgian
Congo.
Brastrup, Rev. J. E., Box 450, Jadotville, Belgian Congo.
Brinton, Rev. & Mrs. Thos. B., Sandoa, Katanga., Belgian
Congo.
Everett, Rev. & Mrs. E. I., Kanene-lez-Kinda, P. O. Kamina,
Belgian Congo.
Hartzler, Rev. & Mrs. C. C., Kanene-lez-Kinda, P. O. Kamina,
Belgian Congo.
Jensen, Miss C. Marie, Kapanga, via Dilolo and Sandoa. Belgian
Congo.
Lerbak, Miss Anna, Sandoa, Katanga, Belgian Congo.
Piper, Dr. & Mrs. A. L., Kapanga, Lulua Dist., Belg. Congo.
Sarah, Rev. and Mrs. Leslie Kanene, Kinda, Lulua Dist.

Mission Correspondent,

Mission Treasurer, Rev. E. I. Everett.

Rhodesia Annual Conference.

To the addresses given in this list add *Southern Rhodesia, Africa*

Bourgaize, Rev. Wilfred, Mtoko, Via Salisbury.
Clark, Miss Grace, (W.F.M.S.) On furlough.
Gates, Rev. & Mrs. R. C., On furlough.
Gugin, Miss Irene P., (W.F.M.S.) On furlough.
Hansson, Miss Ruth, Old Umtali.
James, Rev. & Mrs. H. I., Mrewa.
King, Miss Sarah N. (W.F.M.S.) Nyadiri, P.B. 136 E. Salisbury.
Mullikin, Miss Pearl, Old Umtali.
Murphree, Rev. & Mrs. M. J., Old Umtali.
O'Farrell, Rev. & Mrs. T. A., Nyadiri, P.B. 136 E. Salisbury.
Parmenter, Miss Ona, (W.F.M.S.) Nat. Girls' Hostel, Umtali.
Penney, Miss Ori, A., Mutambara, via Umtali.
Quinton, Miss Frances, (W.F.M.S.) On furlough.
Ramsey, Miss Bertha E., On furlough.
Reitz, Miss Beulah, (W.F.M.S.), On furlough.
Roberts, Rev. & Mrs. G. A., Mutambara, Umtali.
Rydell, Miss Rosa, Old Umtali.
Scovill, Miss Ila M., (W.F.M.S.) Nyadiri, P.O. 136 E. Salisbury.
Sells, Rev. & Mrs. E. L., Umtali
Taylor, Rev. & Mrs. H. E., Old Umtali.
Tubbs Miss, Lulu, (W.F.M.S.), Mutambara via Umtali.
Whitney, Miss Alice E., (WFMS) Nyadiri, P.B. 136 E. Salisbury

Mission Correspondent and Treasurer, H. E. Taylor

Retired Missionaries :

Mrs. A. L. Buchwalter, Monrovia, California.
Greeley, Rev. E. H., Umtali, Rhodesia.

South-East Africa Mission Conference.

To the East African addresses given in this list should be
added, *Portuguese East Africa*.

Gillet, Rev. & Mrs. I. E., Box 45, Inhambane.
Keys, Rev. & Mrs. P. W., Box 45, Inhambane.
Lang, Miss V. (W.F.M.S.) Box 41, Inhambane.
Longworth, Mrs. Alice E., Box 41, Inhambane.
Michel, Miss Mabel, (W.F.M.S.) Box 41, Inhambane.
Northcott, Miss Ruth, (W.F.M.S.) On furlough.
Persson, Rev. & Mrs. J. A., 37 St Amant St. Johannesburg South
Africa.
Phillips, Miss Bess, (W.F.M.S.) Box 41, Inhambane.
Pointer, Rev. & Mrs. J. D. On furlough.
Rea, Rev. & Mrs. J. S., Box 45, Inhambane.
Stauffer, Dr. C. J., Box 41, Inhambane.
Terah, Mrs. Jessie B., Box 41, Inhambane.
Thomas, Miss Ruth, (W.F.M.S.) Box 41, Inhambane.

Mission Correspondent, Rev. I. E. Gillet.

Mission Treasurer, Rev. J. A. Persson.

Retired Missionaries:—

Richards, Mrs. E. H., "The Embassy," Oberlin, Ohio.

Collection Number: AD2533

Collection Name: South African Institute of Race Relations, Collection of publications, 1932-1979

PUBLISHER:

Publisher: Historical Papers Research Archive, University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa

Location: Johannesburg

©2017

LEGAL NOTICES:

Copyright Notice: All materials on the Historical Papers website are protected by South African copyright law and may not be reproduced, distributed, transmitted, displayed, or otherwise published in any format, without the prior written permission of the copyright owner.

Disclaimer and Terms of Use: Provided that you maintain all copyright and other notices contained therein, you may download material (one machine readable copy and one print copy per page) for your personal and/or educational non-commercial use only.

This collection forms part of the archive of the South African Institute of Race Relations (SAIRR), held at the Historical Papers Research Archive, University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa.