

South Africa Missionary Advocate

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APRIL - JUNE, 1935

No. 2



If you die at Kambini you will be buried under these cocoanut trees. What a gruesome thought! Not so! At least not to those who have learned to love Kambini. You see but one grave. One missionary buried here—and by the time you receive this paper the mission at Kambini will have been established for fifty years. As I write these lines my class of evangelists has gone to dig a grave of *Xigohe*. She died this morning at the age of about 90. You didn't know Xigohe? She was what people call a "character"—whatever that means. She was here, sister of the chief, when in June 1885 the Rev. B. F. Ousely, an American Negro, and party selected this place for a mission station. She was the first to send her children to school. Her daughter, Fanny, is now matron at the Hartzell Girls' School at Chicuque. Tho our present staff of missionaries at Kambini is small, many have come and gone. Xigohe has watched them all come and go—until today. Fifty years of missionary service here. And one grave.

In this Issue :

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Must War Again Come to Africa?

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Directory of Missionaries

of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the
Cape Town Area.

Rhodesia Annual Conference.

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

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

Angola Mission Conference.

In addressing missionaries of our mission in Angola, the name of the person should be followed by '*Missão Americana.*'

Crandall, Miss Violet B., (W.F.M.S.) Caixa 9, Malange, Angola.
Cross, Miss Cilicia, (W.F.M.S.) Caixa 9, Malange, Angola.
Edling, Rev. & Mrs. E. E., On furlough.
Gibbs, Rev. & Mrs. A. J., On furlough.
Johnson, Miss Ingle A., Caixa 9, Malange.
Kemp, Rev. A. H. (M.D.) & Mrs., Caixa 9, Malange, Angola.
Klebsattel, Rev. & Mrs. A., Caixa 68, Loanda, 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, On furlough.
Shields, Rev. & Mrs. Robert, Quiongua Mission, Pungo Andongo, Angola.
Withey, Rev. & Mrs. H. C., Caixa 9, Malange, Angola.
Mission Correspondent and Treasurer, Dr. A. H. Kemp.
Retired Missionaries:—
Dodson, Rev. & Mrs. W. P., 445, Sacramento St., Pasadena, Cal.
Mead, Rev. & Mrs. S. J., 323 Date Avenue, Los Angeles, 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., Kanene, Kinda, Lulua Dist., Belgian Congo.
Brastrup, Rev. J. E., Sandoa, Katanga, Belgian Congo.
Brinton, Rev. & Mrs. Thos. B., On furlough.
Everett, Rev. & Mrs. E. I., Box 522, Elisabethville, Belgian Congo.
Everett, Miss Helen, On furlough.
Hartzler, Rev. & Mrs. C. C., Kabongo, Lomani Dist., Belgian Congo.
Jensen, Miss C. Marie, Kapanga, Katanga, Belgian Congo.
Lerbak, Miss Anna, On furlough.
Longfield, Rev. & Mrs. V. D., On furlough.
Piper, Dr. & Mrs. A. L., Kapanga, Lulua Dist., Belg. Congo.
Springer, Rev. & Mrs. J. M., Box 450, Jadotville, Belgian Congo.
Mission Correspondent, Rev. J. M. Springer.
Mission Treasurer, Rev. E. I. Everett.

Adkins, Rev. & Mrs. L. E., Old Umtali.
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.
Fuller, Miss Marjorie L., (W.F.M.S.) On furlough.
Gates, Rev. & Mrs. R. C., Mrewa.
Gugin, Miss Irene P., (W.F.M.S.) Old Umtali.
Hansson, Miss Ruth, Old Umtali.
Hess, Miss Stella, (W.F.M.S.) On furlough.
James, Rev. & Mrs. H. I., On furlough.
King, Miss Sarah N. (W.F.M.S.) Native Girls' Hostel, Umtali.
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.) On furlough.
Penney, Miss Ori, A., (W.F.M.S.) Mutambara, Umtali.
Piaff, Miss Jessie, (W.F.M.S.) On furlough.
Quinton, Miss Frances, (W.F.M.S.) Old Umtali.
Ramsey, Miss Bertha E., (W.F.M.S.) Mutambara, via Umtali.
Reitz, Miss Beulah, (W.F.M.S.) On furlough.
Roberts, Rev. & Mrs. G. A., Mutambara, Umtali.
Scovill, Miss Ila M., (W.F.M.S.) Old Umtali.
Sells, Rev. & Mrs. E. L., Umtali.
Shields, Miss Wilhelmina, T. (W.F.M.S.) Nyadiri, P. B. 136, E. Salisbury.
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.) Nyadiri, P. B. 136, E. Salisbury.
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.) Box 45, Inhambane.
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. & Mrs. J. A., 37 St. Amant Street, Johannesburg, Transvaal, South Africa.
Phillips, Miss Bess, (W.F.M.S.) Box 41, Inhambane.
Pointer, Rev. & Mrs. J. D., Box 41, Inhambane.
Rea, Rev. & Mrs. J. S., Box 45, Inhambane.
Stauffacher, Dr. & Mrs. 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. P. W. Keys.
Mission Treasurer, Rev. J. A. Persson.
Retired Missionaries:—
Richards, Mrs. E. H., "The Embassy," Oberlin, Ohio.

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I. E. Gillet, Editor

EDITORIAL

SELDOM have I enjoyed reading the articles that have come to my desk for the *ADVOCATE* so much as those which were sent in by our Associate Editors for this issue. Take for instance Miss Thomas' story about the "Heathen Old Ladies Class." She was telling me about that group one day. The divine and human elements were so vivid that it seemed you must hear of those old women and their boy songster. At a time when both in Africa and in America we are lavishing our attention almost entirely on the children it is encouraging to hear of a sincere group like this who in looks and in history live up to their name, but who are finding something (No—Some One) who can do for them and with them what they cannot do for and by themselves.

You will wonder why Miss Thomas does not more often write for us. So do I. And some one will be longing to do something romantic like that. Some one whose Sunday School class seems at times "difficult." But remember that Tommie (horrors! and she has been in Africa longer than I) did not begin to have such "experiences" her first year here nor her fifth. She has been at this business of salvation quite a while now. She has had her discouragements and heart-breaks and still has them in her itinerating ministry. She has groups of women (yes and men too sometimes) daily at the mud and pole altars, where under trees and in thatched chapels people gather, here for a week and there for a week, to learn and to pray and to receive of the gift of the Grace of God.

—oOo—

THEN take that story of Miss Shields. She called it *Visiting Africa*, so I'll leave it that way. Just a month after she wrote this story Mrs. Gillet and I visited her school at Nyadiri in Southern Rhodesia. That same Sunday afternoon she went out with a group of these student volunteers which she has organized. It was night before she returned. So some of the girls who did not go with her went out to the mill-house where the corn is ground and the water pumped and they started the Deisel engine which runs the electric generator. African Girls!!

—oOo—

NOW LET us sample Newell Booth's article *The Professor Pinch-Hits for the D.S.* That title is mine. He attached a dignified one.

"Then we discussed together the arrangement of the workers. New calls from eight villages came in. They had built schools. They had houses for the teachers. They had planted gardens for them when they should come." How does that make you feel?

Did I hear some one ask. "If they want teachers so much why does the mission not send them?" No, you are not asking that question. You know why. And some of you know how other Congo villages got their teachers for you helped to prepare them for their work.

—oOo—

LET US go back to Rhodesia to Old Umtali. Only a few days before Lilburn Adkins wrote this story which I have called *Lift-Overs for Left-Overs*, we were with him and his family—including the new Barbara, born just before Christmas. Sorry we do not have a picture of Aaron who figures so loyally in the Lift-Over. We do, however, have of the Adkins family.

Jesus said "I will not leave you."

Aaron said to Mr. Adkins. "I will not leave you."

Adkins say to Aaron and his people. "I will not leave you."

What do you say?

—oOo—

IHAVE a Japanese friend who writes me occasionally from our Aoyama Gakuin College in Tokyo. In his last of February 12th he says: "Yesterday we celebrated the 2595th anniversary of the founding of the Japanese Empire. When we celebrate the 2600th anniversary we are likely to be celebrating the opening of the world's Olympiad at Tokyo, too."

Japan may have made up her mind about the kind of a game she will play within or without the Big League (of nations). But Olympiads too exert an influence which we can count upon.

Anyhow via the *ADVOCATE* I send best greetings and congratulation to neighbor Japan.

WHAT IS Consecration? Mrs. Mary Harris Armor answered that question once a W. C. T. U. Convention. She said: "It is Livingstone dead on his knees in prayer in the jungles of Africa. It is Frances Willard, footsore and weary, walking the streets of Chicago, after she had refused a well salaried position, in order to cast her lot with the unpopular temperance 'fanatics.' It is the company of brave Hindoo women, who in silence stood before the liquor shops in the attitude of prayer and went to jail because they continued to protest against the drink evil."

Without more and continuously more of this kind of consecration we shall not see America free from the liquor curse or Africa free from its enemies of without and within.

Must War again come to Africa ?

In this we refer to Abyssinia, or to Ethiopia, as they of that land prefer it.

A new chapter in the seizing of Africa is being written. Let students of history say in what way the aims and methods of the present conscienceless economic struggle differ from those of the last century when the rest of Africa was being parcelled out.

Before this issue of the *Advocate* reaches you the question in the title may have been answered. Yet the reasons for the answer may still be hazy in the minds of many who love Africa, desire peace for her and especially for the people of those two nations of Africa who are able still to call themselves as independent as other nations.

The weekly news tells of movements of troops and of appeals to the League of Nations. But the most concise report of the situation which I have seen comes from the correspondent for the *No frontier News Service*. Altho weeks delayed in reaching you the facts here noted may still be news to many of you. He says:-

Is the combination of Britain, France, and Italy against the rising tide of Hitlerism in Europe now to be transferred to East Africa? That such an interpretation of recent events is by no means fantastic may be shown by the fact, not yet appreciated in America, that an aggressive campaign has been waged for some time not only by Japan for cultural and economic penetration of Ethiopian territory, but also by the Nazis.

A vast increase of publications in Arabic and other dialects used in the coveted area has been noted on the part of the Foreign Political Bureau in Berlin under the control of that arch-propagandist, Rosenberg. Sixty of these are being distributed. Emphasis is constant to the effect that a war is at hand, during which it will be possible for North African tribesmen to stage a successful revolt against their French, Italian and British rulers.

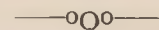
In an effort to win sympathetic support from the Spanish government, whose possessions in Northern Africa are of strategic import, Nazi influences are at work on Spanish conservative leaders. The latter have already shown strong Fascist leanings. Hugo Eckener, Zeppelin commander, recently made a trip to Madrid to give Premier Lerroux his first experience aloft. Gun-running to African ports, which was tried by a Krupp boat last spring, is expected to start again, and many observers incline to the view that Spanish authorities are being asked, by subtle means, to blink at the practice.

It must be remembered that the French de Wendel arms interests are part owners of the Somaliland railway into which France has now permitted Italian capital to

buy. Other French owners are representatives of the Bank of Paris and the Netherlands, the firm which, through a secret concession in North Africa, supplied the occasion for the Riff War.

The real truth is this: behind the apparent factors lies a double-barred bid for African trade, by Nazi Germany and Japan. Dr. Goebbels, Hitler's minister of propaganda, recently presented a large and costly set of reference works on German affairs to the Emperor's library. Japan, less with such gestures but more effectively through low prices and all sorts of commercial adaptability, has been building up a huge trade with various parts of the Dark Continent. Until lately, Japanese goods went most abundantly into Egypt, South Africa, and East Africa; recently, however, the Japanese have been doing everything possible to sell their products to the Ethiopians. In August, 1932, a trade mission went from Japan to Abyssinia, exhibited Japanese wares, and settled down into a permanent business headquarters. Speedily they won from the Emperor the right to lease a huge tract of land for the raising of cotton and opium. It was recently planned to settle no fewer than 650,000 Japanese colonists in Abyssinia!

Italy was "jumpy" about such inroads in a region on which Mussolini has long cast covetous eyes. France was no less so. Great Britain, traditionally sensitive to any threat to her African prestige, shared the same feeling. Hence, caught in the midst of an international race to woo her alternately by persuasion and by the tactics of the caveman, Abyssinia has apparently agreed to give all the ardent ones an even break. The issue nevertheless, is sure to be heard from again, and demonstrates once more the danger to world peace in the persistence of imperialism, no matter how refined and regulated.



Power to Compel.

Just before the above quoted release came to hand we read of the recent Supreme Court declaration that the government of the United States has

"... the power in the last extremity to compel the armed service of any citizen in the land, without regard to his objections or his views in respect of the justice or morality of the particular war or of war in general"

Thousands of men and women to whom this declaration refers will not stop to argue whether or not the government has the power to compel. They simply state that they do not intend to fight their fellow-men. The number who take this stand is increasing in every land. They join a wide variety of movements and organizations to express their convictions and advance solidarity.

Whether their motive be rebellion against the futility of war, passion for a peaceful society or the exemplification of the true Christian attitude in all relations, the impact of their decision on the demands of unenlightened government and industrial greed will not be without effect, slow as the result may be in appearing.

To mention but one of these growing movements—nearly nine hundred ministers joined the Fellowship of Reconciliation last year. I do not know what the present membership of this fellowship numbers, but certainly it is not inconsiderable.

The Fellowship is a group of men and women of many nations and races who recognize the unity of the world-wide human family and wish to explore the possibilities of love for discovering truth, dispelling antagonisms and reconciling people, despite all differences, in a friendly society. They believe that love, such as that seen preeminently in Jesus, must serve as the true guide for personal conduct under all circumstances; and they seek to demonstrate this love as the effective force for overcoming evil and transforming society into a creative fellowship.

Although members do not bind themselves to any exact form of words,

They refuse to participate in any war, or to sanction military preparations, they work to abolish war and to foster good will among nations, races and classes;

They strive to build a social order which will suffer no individual or group to be exploited for the profit or pleasure of another, and which will assure to all the means for realizing the best possibilities of life;

They advocate such ways of dealing with offenders against society as shall transform the wrong-doer rather than inflict retributive punishment;

They endeavor to show reverence for personality—in the home, in the education of children, in association with those of other classes, nationalities and races;

They seek to avoid bitterness and contention, and to maintain the spirit of self giving love while engaged in the struggle to achieve these purposes.

It is intended that members shall work out these purposes in their own ways. There is no uniform program of social reconstruction to which all are committed. The movement depends not upon a large number of nominal adherents, but upon those who, accepting the principles fully for themselves, will give time individually and in groups to thinking out what is implied, and will set themselves seriously to apply their conclusions. Such an endeavor inevitably brings a consciousness of insufficiency; but strength and wisdom, far beyond the limits of our present experience, are available to all who open their lives to the leading of the Spirit of God.



The Folks Daddy Treats.

by Ruth Piper, Congo.

About two weeks ago the natives brought in a little girl of about eleven from somewhere on the other side of the Lulua. She was bitten by a snake just above the ankle, and the whole leg clear up to the hip was very swollen.

She kept on getting worse until the flesh was so decayed that Daddy had to amputate the leg just below the knee. That was four days ago and she is suffering dreadfully. The poor little thing has been very brave, but is very sick.

Daddy has done four operations this last month, two appendix and one on a little lame boy who has been begging for about a year to be operated on. He was operated on both legs at the knees and ankles and is getting on very well. He hasn't had as much pain as Daddy feared he would have. He is such a nice little fellow. I hope it will do him good and that he will be able to walk some day.

It's time for me to be going to bed, so Uladikanganyi (goodnight).
Lovingly, Ruth Piper.



Lift-Overs for Left-Overs.

by Rev. L. E. Adkins, Old Umtali, Rhodesia

It was early in February, at the close of the past rainy season, when I cycled to the little African Church and School in Mundenda's country. I knew that before reaching there I would have to wade a swift stream so it was with a bit of anxiety that I drew near and scrutinized the turbulent, frothing waters as they rushed over the deeply-submerged boulders. The water was swift but just how deep it was at that season, I could not tell. I looked around and saw two men herding cattle in the lowlands. Upon hearing my call, one of them kindly came and helped me by carrying my bicycle. Being more accustomed to the stones, he reached the other side before me. When he had laid down his burden, he waded toward me watching me carefully lest my feet be washed away from under me. It was with deep gratitude to him that I stepped on the other shore and continued my journey to the station.

I spent the morning with Aaron, the teacher of that school and saw many things that deserved pointed criticism. There were several things about Aaron that morning that disappointed me. (He may have seen similar things in me.)

The Shilling.

He wanted to turn over to me one shilling which he said was the school fee given by a child. I advised him to take care of it until more children had paid and give it all together at the next Quarterly Conference. To this he agreed. At the close of school when I asked for a boy to help me to cross the river, Aaron not only found one but came along himself.

Upon reaching the river, I realized that I had forgotten that morning to notice the water level and so was unable to tell if the river was higher. In the mist of my pondering, the teacher kept assuring me that it was higher and also that he usually crossed lower down the river. The place to which he referred was where an enterprising native had tied a strong cable across the river high above the highest water mark. A small box was suspended from the cable by two pulleys. For about a dime you can get in that box and be transported across more safely than it seems while you are going.

Perhaps all of us have been tempted to think that *all* ferry-men live on the *other* side of the river. It was true in this case and of course the box was over there. I hated to lose time to call him for a stormy sky predicted rain at almost any minute. I at last decided to call for the ferry (?). After beating a long time on an old plow disc, suspended for the purpose, I told Aaron that he had better hurry back to his home before the rain. "No," he said, "I Will Not Leave You. They may not hear, for the village is quite a distance." The gong was sounded a second time...and a third time. The rains were approaching in the distance from two sides. We looked, but in vain, to see a figure emerging from the grove of trees that shut off the view of the distant kraal.



Rev. L. E. Adkins and family.

Getting the Lift-over.

In my wanderings along the river bank, I missed Aaron. I looked a short distance up the river to where the stream was wide, deep and not so swift and saw the black, shiny, athletic body of my teacher wading out into the river in water up to his waist. A small bundle of clothes was tied on top of his head. "Well," I exclaimed to myself, "if he isn't crossing in order to help me get home sooner." Deeper and deeper he went. The water reached his elbows, his armpits, his neck; and near the other shore he seemed to be "treading the water."

Having emerged and dressed, he hurried in the direction of the village. He was gone a long time, during which it seemed that God was holding back the clouds for there persisted a gap in the clouds immediately overhead. Finally he came back alone. On returning he swam part of the way across.

Let me lose it.

I walked in that direction when he was dressed and found him searching for something. "What have you lost?" I asked. "A shilling," was his reply.

It was a shilling that he had wanted me to take. He had lost it in trying to help me! I knew that he was in

no financial position to lose even 25 cents. I therefore took from my pocket a shilling and said, "Take this." "Oh no," he quickly said, "I will find it."

"Well, if you do, then you will have *two* shillings. And if you do not find it then you have not lost anything," said I.

"But I want to be the one who loses," he said. After much persuasion, however, he accepted it.

The ferry man arrived at last and brought the box across. He and I packed ourselves like sardines in it. As the pulleys overhead rolled noisily along the cable, our box bounced along until it stopped just over mid-stream. From there on my attendant had to pull us along, hand-over-fist fashion, up the sagging cable.

I having reached the other side, Aaron could then go home for had he not said, "I will not leave you?" Had he not sacrificed a great deal of comfort (and been willing to lose even money) to see me safely over on the other side?

I had gone to that school as an inspector. I was returning as a pupil, having learned a lesson in African devotion and loyalty. As I journeyed home I was more determined than ever to continue on in this great work of spreading the good news of the Abundant Life, to say to my African friends in this great continent, "I will not leave you on this side. I will try to see you safely over."

In view of what has been invested in them in the past, and of what they themselves are doing, can we afford to leave them now? Will we not continue to give of our time, our prayers, our gifts, our service in order to see African manhood and womanhood safely over the treacherous dark currents: transported from the realm of sin, superstition, and fear to the realm of light, purity, joy, yes—the Abundant Life? God knows that some of you will, Can He depend upon You — and You.. and You?

—oO—

Things of God.

Garden—Songs—Sewing—and Reverence.

by Rev. J. S. Rea, Inhambane.

Here at the Central Training School, Kambini, when we send our boys home for a short vacation we usually send along letters to their evangelists which read something like this.

December 14th, 193.....

Brother Simoni:

Today Paul and Timoteu are going home to visit you. They should return on the 18th. of January, being here that night. When they come back please write on the back of this paper something of their visit and what they did while at home.

May God bless you, It is I,
Mufundisa R...

Thinking you might be interested in their vacations as well as their school work, I am translating one letter which we thought was especially good.

"To you Mufundisa R... I write. I was very happy to see the two boys, Paul and Timoteu. They arrived safely. They helped us in a most wonderful way with songs and showing us how to dig river gardens and in

sewing and in many things. They helped in things of the spirit and of the flesh. It really seems that the seeds which have fallen are good—obedience and reverence to God day by day.

“They tried to teach those who were lazy how to dig river gardens. From the day they arrived they went to the river, until many of the people wanted gardens. And now the corn has sprouted. All things of God which they have studied—oh! I was glad to see that they could not hide the light. I thank you so much. May the Lord help them.

Adeus, it is I, Simoni.

As you see, friend Simoni knows nothing of grammatical unity, coherence and emphasis, but if you read the letter again you will see that the essentials are there.

UNITY of purpose with us to whom he has entrusted the boys. COHERENCE and clarity in checking up the conduct of the boys. EMPHASIS where emphasis should be, upon the value of what these boys are passing on to life their fellow Africans from darkness into light.

—oOo—

The Heathen Old Ladies Class.

by Miss Ruth Thomas, Inhambane.

(Psalm 145:18. “The Lord is night unto all them that call upon Him in truth”.)

During one of our women’s meetings last year, through a desire to reach the Heathen women, we started a class for such by themselves. The village folks invited them to come. We met in a round native hut, and conducted things in a very informal fashion. We were there five days. Twenty or more women met with us, all heathen, and most of them old grandmothers.

We sang easy songs such as they could help make verses for. There was the Thank You song, thanking God for water, food, pumpkins, gardens, babies, health and many other things. They were very fond of the temperance song which says that beer is very bad; that it destroys the homes, ruins the health, causes quarreling, wastes their possessions, and winds up with a grand flourish, saying “We’ all destroy beer-Bi!” (meaning we will not leave a bit of it in existence any more) and making a very dramatic gesture to show how completely it will be done.

Then kneeling at the benches around the wall, one by one, they opened their lips in prayer and in their own ingenious way talked to God and thanked Him for His gifts to them, and asked Him to help them. We then discussed together as to what their sins and difficulties were. The reply was. “Our temptations are not adultery any more. See this cotton on our heads: (Referring to their white hair;) but it is cashews are ripe, O, we have no shame then, We can walk right past the Elder’s house, staggering, and not care.” And they began to compare notes as to their comparative degrees of sin through drinking.

They pointed to one tiny, bent-over old lady with a kindly, sweet face, and said. “She is the worst of us all. You ought to see her when she is drunk.” At which declaration her head went down in shame. Then we pointed to Mamani Paketi, the wife of the Elder. She has been a beautiful Christian for many years. We

asked: “Does she get drunk?” This brot a look of horror to their faces just to suggest such a sacriligious thing. Then we said that the thing that keeps Mamani Paketi from getting drunk, will do it for you, too. At which we all knelt down together again, and they tried to give their hearts to the God of Mamani Paketi so that they could have the power in their lives to keep from getting drunk.

We went on our way but left the little class for Mamani Paketi to nurture. Five months later they sent us word, saying: “Come and see us. We have gone thru the cashew season without getting drunk.” This I was able to do last Sunday. Arriving there at 9 a.m. eight of them with Mamani Paketi were waiting for me. Soon we were in our little hut worshipping together. Mamani Paketi’s voice, having passed the singing stage, is assisted by a young boy who takes his responsibility very seriously. He has taught them several songs which they took great delight in singing to me. They also recited the beautitudes.

Then one by one they stood and testified as to how God had helped them thru sickness and temptations. One rollicking old lady that we had considered too giddey to have good sense told how she had been terribly ill, lying unconscious for a while. But she refused to let the relatives call a witch doctor to treat her. She said she had left all that now and that God had rewarded her faith in Him by restoring her to health.

Fourteen were present at the afternoon session. In calling the roll we learned that most of the missing ones were sick with the Flu. But the beneficent looking old lady who held the record for being the heaviest drinker was not there. Here neighbors shook their heads as they said that she had failed badly. She had gotten as drunk as usual and on that day was out in her garden scaring away the birds, being too much ashamed to meet the missionary.

At the close of the afternoon meeting they again knelt down, praying and weeping to God. They asked Him to drive Satan out of their hearts. To come in and live with them so they could love one another and be good.

Mamani nwa Tihlo (mother with one eye) who rather holds the reputation of being the most pious of them, led off the praying by telling God how bad she was but how good she wanted to be. Another old lady said. “God, we are telling you that we want to be good; but we will probably go home and be just as bad tonight as we were before. O, help us to be different.” Another said. “We have forgiven you, God. We do not know whether or not you will forgive us. But please do so.”

After praying most vigorously for himself, the young boy began to beseech God to have mercy on the old ladies and save their souls. We waited there on our knees for quite a while, then closed the meeting singing that Jesus is our friend and helper. The old ladies went out with smiles on their faces and with a fresh touch from God to help them meet the temptations of life.

The Professor Pinch-Hits for the D.S.

by *Newell S. Booth, Congo.*

Our District Superintendent was away on vacation. So it fell to me to talk with the teachers when they came in from their two months of work in the villages. Our African supervisor, Moses Chikung took care of the details: receiving reports, checking, notebooks, giving out supplies, paying salaries, etc. Then I spent one full day with them. The theme of our opening worship service was the Great Teacher. Then sustaining the worship atmosphere we brought in the gifts for the work. As we saw the needs on the blackboard before us the gifts were laid upon the altar for the use of the Great Teacher today. Moses Chikung laid down the gifts of the villages, sixteen percent of the total. Thomas Mutombo, one of the stewards of our Kanene church placed twenty-six percent more, the gifts of the station church. Samuel Mpanga, treasurer of the Sunday Schools brought support for one teacher. In the name of our friends across the seas I laid down fifty-five percent of the total needed. Then we thanked God in prayer for those who had made the gifts and prayed for consecration on the part of those to receive them as hire of the shepherd that they might realize that they would carry away, not francs, but the coined consecration of hundreds of faithful Christians. In noticing the percentage of village gifts it must be remembered that the salaries are so low that there is nothing for food. All that must come from the village and the efforts of the teacher and his wife.

When we had laid the gifts for the future on the altar, the harvesters brought in the report of the fruits from the past two months labor in the vineyard. Sixty-one had taken forward steps in the Christian life whether as new believers, going on into preparatory membership or coming up for baptism and full membership in the church. There were eleven of the latter. They were baptized the following day by Luther Mashind our newly ordained pastor. Truly there was rejoicing as we sang "Bringing in the Sheaves."

Then we discussed together the arrangement of the workers. New calls from eight villages came in. They had built schools. They had houses for a teachers. They had planted gardens for them when they should come.

For this session representatives from the villages were present and also leaders and members of the station church. Then after a recess I met with the teachers alone to take up with them the problems which came up in their day by day teaching. There were many of them and varied from the plea of the untrained teacher, How can I teach when I do not know? to the request for new mimeographed sheets in arranging the courses. Then a time for incidental problems of the work was well filled. There were such items as the ways of filling in government census blanks, problems of vacations due to the fact that all the children were keeping the monkeys out of the peanuts, etc. Most of the day was spent on the work of



Paul Pembamoto is a graduate of Kanene and a fine Pastor-teacher at Katang^a

the Sunday Schools. We were glad to have the first pages of a manual to put into their hands. We tried to crowd a whole week of teaching into a few hours. Then we appointed times for group meetings of new teachers, older ones, and Institute graduates to talk over points which were not understood. Our pastors, members of annual conference, conducted these groups.

May fruits of that day be reaped in scores of villages.

—oOo—

Visiting Africa.

by *Miss Wilhelmina T. Shields, Rhodesia.*

Five o'clock on a November Sunday morning in Africa. The hush of early dawn broken by the ecstasy of innumerable bird songs. The veld dry and brown, interspersed with long stretches of black, dotted with tired smouldering logs of great trees that have fallen a prey to the relentless grass fires.

But look at the beauty of the trees that have escaped. They have dressed themselves in tender green leaves of Spring. Sing! my heart oh sing! For God is here in Africa. Sing! oh heart of mine, for the glory of this assurance and for the preciousness of the message entrusted to you this day: "God hath visited and redeemed His people."

We sang, four of us on bicycles, as we followed the native path running carelessly through stone and sand, past dried-up springs and parched water-holes. The three native girls were new to this part of the country. That was why we lost the road, for how could a white person ever hope to remember the way of the veld path!

So instead of the ten miles to the village of Magaya, it was fifteen. And the heat of the day overtook us begging water at a kraal, caught between two hills with a stream alongside for company. We sat under the thatch before the door of the largest hut, with the women and

children round, the tiny ones hiding bright eyes in the crock of the mother's arms.

We sang them of the Friend of the heart, and my own heart was far to break with the joy He brought, visiting there with us all.....About a mile from Magaya the people ran out from their kraals by the side of the path. They greeted us. As we passed on they cried, "We are following you." "Yes, come," we called back. "We shall wait there for you."

Six of our students, (two of them married men in their thirties) were waiting for us outside Magaya. They had started to foot it while the stars were still smiling, and had come a short cut. "The tortoise has won the race!" they reminded us as we approached.

Josiah who was to be the leader that day, took off his old second-hand helmet, and led us into deeper fellowship with each other in Him, the "Emmanuel" about whom we had come to tell. He poured out his heart's adoration and praise for this wonderful gift of love, and plead for His cleansing for each one of us bowed together on the rock.

We lingered there in silence, conscious of His radiant presence, conscious of the throbbing of the Heart that was broken and bruised for the iniquities of the children born of His Love.

Four of us left Magaya as the service was about to begin. We wanted to go to the homes beyond and feared the time would not permit if we stayed, for there was no path fit a bicycle.

Mapfawu was the leader. We followed her through dried up rice fields and hurried to get to the shade of the green trees ahead. And then up to where it seemed the tree-tops kissed the deep blue breast of the sky. The birds were there too. What is more exquisite than bird songs in the loneliness of a mountain top!...Yes this was the top. And over there, down in the valley below, thin wisps of smoke rose from scattered clumps of African homes. "There! There! Mpfawu was pointing - My home!"

As I saw her shining eyes, and heard the tenderness of love in her tones I bethought me of the song.

"Home sweet home

Be it ever so humble

There's no place like home."

And I thought of the last time I had seen her father, rolling in the sand outside our back door, to show his displeasure at our request that his daughter should go on to our Training School to learn more. No, it was high time for her to go to work now and help the family. Being an African Mapfawu obeyed. She is now our house girl.

The descent was slippery with many shiny rocks. Brightly coloured lizards peeped cut and squinted round their bead-like eyes to see us pass.

And now we were down to the plain again—nearer, nearer to the houses. We passed a village. Only a dog ran out to meet us. Then we turned in at the village of

Chindoko. Two naked little ones scampered out and clung to Mapfawu. "Mapfawu! Mapfawu!" they cried.

They brought us a reed mat, and we sat under a tree with the chickens to catch our breath. "Where are the others?" we asked.

"They are hoeing their fields, for the rains are coming soon," they answered.

I pictured them there under the scorching blue, working in a row, turning the dry heavy clods, the tiny baby rocked to sleep on its mother's sweating back, as she bent again and again to the earth,—her own precious piece of earth—her life—her children's life.

Someone went to call the family. We saw some old women peering out of the doorway of a near-by hut. We went to them. We sat before them and clapped our hand, droning softly our reply to the greeting they proffered us. Because their hair was white and their breasts dried up, we bowed our heads a moment against crossed upraised arms.

This show of respect won their hearts. They called their families. Children came running up but as quickly ran back when they saw the white stranger.

I took off my helmet and started to sing. Our girls took up the melody. The children again drew near. Before we had finished they were at the back of the circle peeping over their mothers' shoulders.

More greetings. Then Ziyi told them about the song we had been singing. It was about the Love of the Great Spirit for His children... "Yes, He really came down to visit His children just as we are visiting with you. Oh it was long ago, and He went back to His home again. But He sent His precious Loving Spirit to the earth to go visiting His people and to tell them of His Love for them, to call them to love Him too, their Father."

When Ziyi had finished, another told of the joy this Loving Spirit brought to her, for she had believed in Him. Phrases were repeated again and again by the old women. That is one of the ways they have of listening in Africa... We were so quiet there after the little service. It was sweet to have the King of Glory in our midst. "God is like water, when our hearts are humble and low. Then He comes in and fills the place."... .. Africa...The King of Glory..

Mapfawu, hurrying round the corner of a hut, broke in upon my meditation. Her people had come from their fields, and were waiting to receive us. At their kraal. So once more we passed on, with a crowd of little ones along to shorten the weariness of the way.

—oOo—

Searching Test

"The running of a tropical colony is of all tests the most searching as to the development of a nation that attempts it; to see helpless people and not oppress them, to see great wealth and not confiscate it, to have absolute power and not abuse it, to raise the natives and not sink yourself—these are the supreme tests of a nation's spirit."—Maurice S. Evans.

Crowds again at Jadotville.

by Mrs. J. M. Springer, Congo.

After the long drought, rain : after the years of famine, a harvest; after four years of depression, once again it is a joy to see the church filled and even crowded and many coming every Sunday to give themselves to the Lord.

Four years ago, the out-going trains were being crammed with Natives and whites who had been discharged and were being sent back home. Our pastors were overworked giving out church letters to those who were leaving. I think the record was when Elisabethville had to give some 160 transfers in one week. And the exodus continued steadily till our churches only held a handful of people, though the work in the villages increased in proportion.

There are no train-loads of Natives being brought back but that is not at all necessary, for thousands of Natives



When the chapels utterly fail to hold the crowds, they must go out and sit under the trees as in Jesus' day.

who have once worked in these two mineral towns, are ready to pour into it for work again without being recruited. In fact hundreds of them have been hanging on, as it were, by their eyebrows, living on friends, or relatives, by fair means and many by foul, till work started up again.

It was about five weeks ago when we were actually astonished to see the church full. The next Sunday we had a pioneer missionary of these parts of the Garanganze Mission, and the church was crowded. O yes, of course that was because Mr. Clarke came. But the next Sunday the church was full again. Well that was because the choir had been reorganized. Our faith was decidedly weak, as you see. The next Sunday however, there was another crowd and the largest number at Communion for five years. Even so we did not prepare for the jam that came last Sunday when benches had to be put in the aisles and every seat crowded as only Natives can crowd when necessary.

Praise the Lord And again we say, Praise the Lord.

For it is not only here but all over the Katanga Mr. Springer went recently to the radium mine 60 miles away. He usually had some 40 or 50 people but there were nearer 400. The chapel was totally inadequate and the meeting had to be held in the open. The Spirit of God is working and the malice of the devil is again raising up persecution. But Praise the Lord! And again we say, Praise ye the Lord!

—○○—

More Excellent Ways.

Extracts from a Report by Basil Mathews, entitled "Forerunners of a New Age."

When we come to think of the work of the world-mission of Christianity in a human scene that is passing through such swift and radical transformations, we are baffled in trying to draw a clear line between the eternal and the changing functions of the ministry. When, in addition to these bewildering changes, we are confronted by the need to make adjustments of method and of approach in relation to cultures as different from each other and from those of the West as are the animistic tribalism of central Africa, the caste customs, and philosophy of Hinduism and the ancient culture and ethical patterns of the Far East, our problem becomes as complex and fascinating as its solution is imperative.

We are helped in analyzing our problem by such a general definition of the functions of the Christian ministry as was reached in November, 1931, at Cleveland, Ohio, by a group of theological teachers at the request of the Conference of Theological Seminaries. They declared that the permanent functions of the Christian ministry in all its forms include the following:

"a. To increase men's knowledge of God as revealed in Jesus Christ.

"b. To solemnize them to personal consecration to Him and to His gospel.

"c. To lead them in their worship of God

"c. To be the counselor of individual men and women in their personal duties and difficulties

"e. To furnish leadership to the Christian church in its educational, social, and ministry activities."

It will be seen that here we have defined functions; each can be summed up in single words: the prophet, the preacher, the priest, the pastor, and the administrator....

In thinking of this problem of the ministry in in relation to the newer churches of the Moslem world, Asia, and Africa, we shall be bound to ask ourselves, "Are these functions common to all religions? Are there any that are peculiar to Christianity?"

Is it not true to say, in answer to those questions, that all are found in most of the world's

religions, except one which is uniquely Christian, namely, the pastoral function. We find in Christianity alone among the world's religions the guidance by the pastor of individual men and women in their personal problems. It is the work of the shepherd, and is found only, in any recognizable form, in the Christian church. One other general distinction is that in Hinduism, Buddhism, Confucianism, and the other faiths of the Far East, worship is normally individual rather than corporate; so that the minister's leadership of congregational worship is particularly a Christian way of approach to God.

A glance back across the centuries in the West recalls that the function of religious leadership in the churches of what are called the Dark Ages included the draining of the marshes, the development of agriculture, the control of handicrafts, the building of the cities and bridges, and later the creation of schools, colleges, and universities. In a word, its function embraced practically the whole of the community life. If then, we think of the Christian ministry in our day and tomorrow as attempting to mediate the mind of God, as revealed in Christ, to men of all races and to attempt to integrate the will of God with the social needs and changing industrial order of Asia and Africa, we are simply attempting to recover ancient processes and to set them going in a new world. The imagination staggers at what this involves for the on-coming ministry in a new generation.

This is not the place, nor is it the time, to try to survey the whole life of the planet in its demand for adaptation of the Christian ministry to new needs. We cannot, however, leave this short survey of parts of the human scene, without looking at the so often ignored corrosion of the whole tribal structure of Africa by our invasive industrialism. This comes about first through the recruiting of labour over thousands of square miles for the vast mining projects of the Katanga and Northern Rhodesia and for the gold mines of the Witwatersrand. This will cause a continuous flow of about half a million tribal youths into the mines, involving the corrosion of tribalism into anarchy. It also works through the invasion of monetary competitive individualistic economy into most primitive tribal communities, through the demand for cocoa, palm oil, cotton, tobacco and so on. It is to be questioned whether a more entrancing, exacting, or rewarding problem faces the Christian minister anywhere on the planet than that of revealing what is the undeniable truth that Christianity alone, has all the essentials required to re-integrate African community life in face of the irresistible corrosion of commercialism and of European governments. African tribal life is nearer to essential Christianity than is Western civilization in this one characteristic, that the spiritual and

mortal sanctions are woven into every part of a man's life. Labour and social responsibilities are defined. Obligation to service of the community is accepted without question. Leadership is quite clearly in the hands of certain men of prestige. Industrialism is destroying this well-articulated society. It is the divine task of Christianity to re-integrate African society on the communal basis of the tribal church set in the world church and to use the indigenous patterns of authority for creating a Christian leadership.

The African minister, then, needs to distinguish by intuition and by intellect between the good and the evil in the old tribal fabric, to seek to preserve the one and eliminate the other, to understand the problems of their agriculture and their animal-husbandry, and actually to introduce new seeds, plants, and methods, as well as to collaborate in providing a new literature, to share the policies and ideals of the doctor and the surgeon, and to persuade into Christian channels the efforts of industrialists or government officials.

If we look back over this survey of the world demand for an adapted ministry, we may well ask, "Who is sufficient for these things?" How can mortal man be able to respond to all these demands or adjust himself to all these relationships? The reply, of course, is along the line of St. Paul's great apostrophe on variety of gifts, but the one spirit, and on the fact revealed in a thousand places that we really can call upon illimitable sources and can actually dwell in the world of miracle. From Pastor Hsi to Aggrey, from Pandita Ramabai to President Ebina, the scene is full of illustrations of impossibilities actually realized. The root reality that we grasp at the outset and never let go is that our Christian gospel does not rest on ideas or on a feeling, but on a **superb** fact, utterly real and indeed itself the heart of reality, the fact of God in Christ, judging the world, redeeming the world, revealing himself to the world in His life and on the Cross, and revealing the world to itself, in His teaching and His Risen life, reconciling man to his Maker.

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DESIGNATED GIFTS

Rhodesia					
<i>October 1934</i>					
Rev Th Arvidson, Sweden	128.87	Church, Scottville, Mich	15—	Stiffler, Jackson Ohio	5—
Mrs L D Beard, Cal	50—	Des Inc Dept, B of F Missions	5—	Ch Finley Steubenville, Ohio	100—
Miss Helen Wright, Pa	10—	S S, Ch of the Advocate, Phila	60—	Theo Valaas, Wenatchee, Wash	27.50
S S, Clymer, N Y	6—	In Memory of Shirley D Coffin From		S S Ashley	5—
Rev Roy L Hotchkiss, N Y	26.80	Estate of Fanny A Coffin	500—	S S Mathow, Pateros Wash	50—
Church, Tarrant, Ala	18—	S S, Absecon, N J	6—	Young Peoples League, Dunellen	10—
Church, Peru, N Y	40—	<i>January 1935</i>		S S Greenfield, Mass	50—
C R Andres Class, Millville, N J	2.75	Church, Manter, Kan	2.28	Pauline Carliss, N Y	2—
S S, Tower Hill, Ill	5—	Church & S S, Keyes, Okla	4—	Margaret Morrison, Chicago Ill	10—
W W Morrison, (Outside Trust Fd)	2.13	Church, Canterbury, Ala	10—	Ch Shaffer Mem'l Cleveland Ohio	30—
W W Morrison State, Ill	4.74	Miss Stella R Broadwell, Ohio	25—	Ch Emmanuel, Berkeley Calif	25—
W W Morrison, (Outside Trust Fd)	7.50	Mr & Mrs C W Carter, Neb	15—	S S Manasquan, N J	25—
S S, Alma, Kan	2—	Berean Bible Class, Stevens Meml Ch,		Mrs W Boyce, Millwood N Y	30—
Miss H W Slicer, Md	10—	Harrisburg, Pa	25—	Charlotte A Coddig, Binghamton	12.50
Dr J B MacMillen, Ohio	15—	Hartzell Meml Class, Pleasant Ridge		W A Hatfield, Harrison N Y	30—
Ethel G Bemis, Mass	10—	Ch, Cincinnati, O	27.50	Verna Lean, Milwaukee Wisc	15—
Tithers Assn, First Ch, Sayre Pa	35—	S S, Syre, Pa	52—	S S Grace Ch, Highland Park Ill	5—
S S, Hazen, Pa	36—	Search Lights Class, First Ch		Church Hitchfield, Minn	15—
Miss Adda M Broadwell, Ohio	10—	Auburn, N Y	12—	Richard H Webber, Grosse Pointe	55—
Aida S S Class, Knoxville, Pa	19—	Mrs D R Green, N D	30—	S S Milesburg, Penn	50—
Elementary Dept, Abbott Church,		Miss Louise Darbonnier, N Y	20—	Epworth League Marysville, Wash	9.24
Wilkes-Barre, Pa	29.32	Simpson Church, Long Branch, N J	6—	Church Brownsdale, Minn	5—
Church, Dansville, N Y	70—	S S, Absecon, N J	12—	G F Render, Long Beach Calif	50—
Rev Jacob A Cole, N Y	50—	<i>February</i>		<i>February</i>	
Norway Conf Epworth Leagues	1075—	C R Andreas Class, First Ch		Various Donors, Pratum Oregon	7—
S S, Edison Park Church,		Millville, N J	2.50	Church Toledo Oregon	20—
Chicago, Ill	30—	Church, Alma, Kans	7—	Church First Warren, Ohio	75—
Junior Dept, Perrysville Ave Ch		Des Inc Dept, Bd of For, Miss	5—	Mrs Wilsons Class Primary & Beginners	
Pittsburgh, Pa	40—	S S, St James Ch, Olney, Phila	25—	Dep't Mrs Nelson's & Mrs Robersons	
Rev and Mrs H E Erway, N Y	15—	Miss Esther M Torrey, Mass	10—	First Ch Chanute, Kans	21—
Mrs L V Johnson's Bible Class,		Rev & Mrs F L Page, Kans	10.03	Ella Leonard, Harford Mills	30—
Morristown, N J	75—	Miss Ida G Kast, Pa	5—	Truth Seekers Class, Blairsville	30—
Mrs W D Morse, Pa	45—	Mrs G W Anderson, Wisc	8—	Cunninghams Class, Chanute Kansas	30—
Misses C M & I G Kast, Pa	3—	Edgar Archer, Ohio	12.50	Ida Dilliner, Delphos Kans	15—
Mrs Elizabeth Lewis, Pa	15—	Miss H Louise Burchell, Nova Scotia	29.61	A C Butterworth, Duluth Minn	5—
Miss Orra N Chamberlain, Ill	300—	Union Church, Burlington, N J	19—	F W Stanton Franklin Ohio	100—
Mr & Mrs J K Wooster, N Y	20—	Southeast Africa		D S Sparks, Los Angeles, Calif	5—
Miss Mable Seals, Ill	50—	<i>December 1934</i>		S S Ashley, No Dakota	5—
Search Lights Class, First Ch		George A Hahn, Oberlin	100—	S S Minneapolis, Minn	17.50
Auburn, N Y	13—	S S, & Church, Hood River	5—	R T Drew, Lowell, Mass	16—
Miss N Maude Gee, N Y	20—	S S, Sunburst	10—	Florence M White E Weymouth	14—
Mrs E E Jones, Iowa	50—	Lockwood Family, Waban	15—	O F Mattison, Evanston Ill	30—
Church, AuSable Forks, N Y	25—	Gladys E Helmers, Valley City	35—	Margaret Morrison, Chicago, Ill	10—
Epworth League, Red Bank, N Y	10—	S S, Ashley	5—	A J Warner, Topeka, Kans	10—
Epworth League, Little Silver, N Y	15—	S S, Hobart Ch Minneapolis	17.50	S S Hector, Minn	50—
<i>November</i>		Wm R Fuss, Irvington, N J	2—	A B Bunten, Scranton, Kansas	15—
Church & S S, Keyes, Okla	2—	Church, St Pauls, Roselle	5—	S S Harrisburg, Penn	7—
S S, Keyes, Okla	8—	Homer W Henderson, Roselle	5—	E E Hubbard, Cardenas, Cuba	10—
Church, Prairie View, Long Island,		Church, St Paul, Roselle	5—	J C Millar, Toronto 2 Canada	200—
Kan	12—	Homer W Henderson, Roselle	10—	Mary Mather, Galion, Ohio	35—
Stonehurst Hill Church		Various Donors, East Weymouth	26.60	Mabel Swanson, York, Nebr	15—
Upper Darby, Pa	19—	Church Linden, Malden Mass	40—	Epworth League, Marysville, Wash	3.85
Various Donors, Boaz, Ala	20—	Junior Girls, Bremerton Wash	2.50	W E Harkness, St Clair, Penn	20—
Church, Oneonta, Ala	25—	Miss S M Fleming, Shushan N Y	10—	Roy S Hubbs, Sheridan Wyoming	60.40
Mrs Edith L Swanson, Ind	25—	Margaret Morrison, Chicago Ill	10—	<i>March</i>	
Church, Verhank, N Y	60—	Ernest R Pierce, Keuka N Y	10—	S S Locke, N Y	15—
Mrs Luther Flynn, Tenn	50—	Leslie Archerd, Clarion Iowa	10—	May Eakin, New Castle, Penn	5—
Lambs Corners S S, N Y	9—	Church, Rehoboth Penn	6.47	S S Heppner, Oregon	10—
Des Inc Dept B of F Missions	5—	S S, Platteville, Wisc	10—	Olin F Mattison, Evanston, Ill	15—
Mabel Huntington, Wisc	8—	S S Class, Watervliet N Y	5—	H F Wandry & Family, Wautoma	3—
Friendly Circle, First Ch,		Caroline Darling, Scranton Penn	30—	J E Showers, Locke	30—
Dover, N J	50—	<i>January 1935</i>		S S Ashley, No Dakota	5—
Rev & Mrs F-L Page, Kans	25—	Blaine Kulp, Medina Ohio	60—	William W Morrow, Newport	19—
J Arthur Raddin, Mass	40—	S S Hood River, Oregon	10—	S S Wesley Ch, Amherst Mass	19—
Edgar Archer, Ohio	12.50	Church Talent, Oregon	5—	Church Wesley, Amherst Mass	3—
Mr & Mrs OIA Leach, N D	200—	Ch & S S North Bend, Oregon	15—	Margaret Morrison, Chicago Ill	10—
<i>December</i>		S S Chatsworth, Calif	15.14	Albert Trickett, Canton, Penn	30—
S S, Clinton, N J	42—	George L Harrington, Portland	20—	Jane S Michaels, Goodland	10—
		High S Dept, Walla Walla, Wash	30—	M Edith Brown, Newark N Y	25—
		Emma Borden, Ill	5—	Leslie Archerd, Clarion Iowa	15—
				S S, Poultney Vermont	50—
				W S Crandall, Binghamton, N Y	100—
				Bessie B Weston, York, Nebraska	10—
				Frank A Paddock, Rochester	60—
				Epworth League, Marysville	3.10
				F Swenson, Latham, N Y	5—
				Mabel Johannett, Perm Fund	15—

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