

Feb 1901, no. 62 F, 18-9

LUVALE, CENTRAL AFRICA.

Across the Seas, no. 62, F.

**SCRAPS FROM LUVALE COUNTRY,
CENTRAL AFRICA.**

A FABLE is told in this country of a famous hunter who had been successful in killing at least one of all sorts of birds and beasts with the exception of a bird named the mungomba. He had tried again and again, but without success. At last he set a trap in which one was ensnared, but someone finding it soon after, took out the heart, replacing the bird in its former position. Great was the astonishment of the hunter to find this bird *heartless*. He said: "I have killed all sorts of birds and beasts, but never before one like this." And to this day it is known as "the bird without the heart."

Kapusu, a converted native, had some things stolen out of his house not long ago, because he had neglected to get a lock and key, so the next time he was preaching he said: "Don't gather up goods on earth, where they can be stolen or lost, but get treasure in heaven, where there are no white ants," &c. (He had had some things spoiled by the ants also.) When getting the lock and key, he said: "It is too late to make the bed when the child is burned." This proverb is like our English one, "It is too late to lock the stable door when the steed is stolen."

A Lunda chief came here one night for treatment. He had quite a tribe of followers with him. It was he who about thirty years ago drove Nakatolo from Kavungu three times, and afterwards agreed that, if the Queen would give him a lot of trade goods, he would go and build on the other side of the Zambesi. He came into the house while we were at our mid-day meal, and stared at everybody and everything. Then he enquired for little May, and on her being pointed out, went nearer to her to examine her hair. He had never seen long hair before, and was greatly surprised at it. He had also a good stare at mine, as it is fair. The people here all say it is white, and like a horse's tail. The astonishment increased when we commenced reading,

and the mouths all opened wider as each one read their portion, but especially so when Mrs. O'Jon's turn came. Two of the men got up on their feet to see better. They must have thought that she was a native, and so could not read. The candles, too, at night were things of wonder; in fact, everything is. We are hoping they may learn something of the Gospel while here with us.

MARGARET L. CARLILE.

**SPEAKING WITH COWRY SHELLS
IN AFRICA.**

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p. 19

COWRY shells have at one time or another been in great demand in nearly every part of Central Africa. The shell must have been brought over from Asia by the early Arab traders, and seeing that it was not only ornamental, but something that could not be easily imitated, the Africans made it their money. But the curious shape of the shell

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suggested other uses. They noticed, for instance, that like themselves the shell has a back and a front, so when one African wanted to send a friendly message to another living at a distance, not knowing anything of letter-writing, he would send two cowry shells tied face to face on a string. But if, on the other hand, he wanted to remind this person at a distance that they were not on friendly terms, then he would tie the two shells back to back. One cowry shell sent by itself strung on a little piece of string is a very defiant message, meaning that as you cannot lift one shell with your one finger, so you cannot touch me or do me harm. The Cowry shell, too, is used by the African in some parts to remind himself of

promises made to the spirits. As he prays and promises gifts he puts a shell on a string.

March 1910, p. 26, No. 171

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KAWANA (SMALLEST OF ALL)—HARVEST IN JAPAN:

Across the

A LUNDA SCHOOL, CENTRAL AFRICA.

I WISH you could see all my nice, roly-poly, bright-eyed blackies. They arrive any time between 7 and 8.30 a.m., and look in my room, in the garden and everywhere till they find me. Then I say, "Korenu" (Good-morning), and they clap their hands and say, "Mwane" (thank you). Then I say, "Go and arrange the seats in school," and off they go, one generally staying to carry down the hymn-book, which is a coveted job. We begin with a hymn, which they sing very loudly and out of tune: I practise them with the scale, and some of them are improving. Then we have a short prayer, which is not easy to me, as I know so little of the language. Next I call the register, and these are some of the names: Samaurnu (Cross-eyed), Kawana (Smallest-of-all), Inkoneesha (Fat), Kasonda (Funny Smile),

Nyakatempa (Biggest), Mutempa (Blue Beads). There are about eighteen altogether.

All sit down on the seats, which are just sections of tree trunks. They repeat some Scriptures, and then we have a reading lesson with blackboard and chalk. They dearly love to come up to the board and make letters and syllables. Sometimes I give each a slate, but they squeak their pencils horribly. School only lasts about an hour and a half, and then I say, "Come tomorrow. Good-bye!" and they tear off, making a tremendous hullabaloo.

This children's work is very interesting and encouraging, too, for they love to learn, and we hope they may become Christians.

WINIFRED M. HOYTE.

July 1914, no 223, p. 56

F. S. Arnot

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DOUBLY SAVED—THE LATE MR. F. S. ARNOT.

Across the



THE LATE MR. FRED. STANLEY ARNOT,
Former Editor of *Across the Seas*.

meetings and are unharmed, and now and then he comes too. Then he asks to be employed in the missionary's garden, and works there for some years till he is a grown-up man. Again and again has he heard the story of God's love for him, but it has made no impression. A further trouble is needed to soften his hard heart, and God sends an illness. The missionaries do all they can, but he gets worse, and begs to be allowed to go back to the village. There, as he lies at death's door, he hears God's voice, and he sees himself a sinner needing a Saviour. Worse than the sufferings of his body are those of his soul, until he yields and accepts the Lord Jesus. He determines if he gets better to go and tell the teacher as soon as he can walk.

And does he remember when he gets well? Yes, and before long all are satisfied that he is a true Christian, and so he is baptised and is now preaching to others of the Saviour who has saved him, not only from the slavery of man, but from the worse bondage of sin and Satan.

GONE HOME TO HEAVEN.

THOSE of you who have read *Across the Seas* for some years will be interested to hear that its first Editor, Mr. F. S. Arnot, the African missionary, has just gone home to be with the Lord Jesus. I don't say you will be sorry, for you can't be sorry for him now that he is with Jesus, can you? But we must all be very sorry for Mrs. Arnot and her children, and ask God to comfort them.

Last winter Mr. Arnot took two young missionaries to a part of Africa where no one was preaching the Gospel, but soon after he got there he was taken very ill, and had to go home again.

He had a great deal to suffer, but on May 15th God called him home to Heaven, where he is no doubt meeting people from different parts of Africa who have been led to Christ through the work which he began. How glad he must be to see them! When you get to Heaven, will you find any one there whom you have led to the Saviour?

Dec 1915, no. 240, pp 93-95 F. S. Arnot

no. 240



A GREAT MISSIONARY IN AFRICA.

6. Conclusion.

MR. ARNOT only stayed six months in England. He was married, and then set out again for Africa with a number of new missionaries. Some of these went right on to Garenganze, but others, and Mr. and Mrs. Arnot with them, remained in Bihé, and began to work among some of

the people there. God greatly blessed their labours, and now there are a great many Christians in Bihé, of whom I shall hope to tell you stories sometimes, though there are still many heathen left. Two years later some more missionaries went out, and then work was begun in another country, called Lovaleland, which was governed by a queen called Nana Kandundu, who was a friend of



A Great Missionary in Africa.
No. 240—December, 1915.

A CENTRAL AFRICAN OPEN-AIR MEETING.

Registered for Canadian Magazine Post.

Monthly, One Halfpenny.

Dec 1915, no 240, pp 93-95 (cont'd) F. S. Arnot (cont'd)

Mr. Arnot. There, too, the work has spread, and another people, called Valunda, are being reached also in that part of Africa. Farther east in Garenganze there have been a great many difficulties; sometimes a mission station has been found too unhealthy to remain in; sometimes the people have all moved away, and the missionaries have had to go too, but still there are missionaries

But Mr. Arnot was not able to stay very long in Africa. He soon became ill, and had to come back to England, and, though again and again he visited Africa and longed to be able to stay, he could never do so, for it always made him ill. So for a good many years he had to stay in England, helping to send out goods to the missionaries in Africa, and doing anything else for them he could. It was

during those years that he began *Across the Seas*, so to him we owe the existence of our little paper.

At last, when his children were growing up, he decided to go out and make a home at Johannesburg in the Transvaal, whence it would be easier to visit Central Africa and help in the work he so loved. King Liwanika had changed his mind about the people he used to call his "dogs," and was now will-



A Great Missionary in Africa.

A CHRISTIAN NATIVE FAMILY.

working there, and also in Bembaland, across the border in British territory, for Garenganze now belongs to Belgium. Later on work was begun in Chokweland, between Bihé and Lovaleland, where Mr. Louttit has his orphanage. In all these different countries black men and women and children have learned to know the Lord Jesus as their Saviour, and have turned away from all their cruel and wicked heathen customs, and, while this has been the result of the work of many missionaries, yet these would probably never have gone out if Mr. Arnot had not led the way.

ing for missionaries to work among them, and in January, 1911, Mr. and Mrs. Arnot left their children at Johannesburg and set out for Barotseland, whence they went on to a part where there were no missionaries. A little beginning was made, and then Mr. Arnot got ill again, and they had to return, but in November, 1913, he tried again, this time accompanied by two young missionaries. He was just able to begin school and set things going a little when another illness, worse than any before, seized him. Kind friends did their best for him, and took him home to Johannesburg, but his earthly work was

MR. ARNOT'S HOME-CAL

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done, and the Lord he had so faithfully served was calling him to His happy Home above. On May 14th, 1914, he went to be with his Saviour. What a joy it must be to him in Heaven to meet with many people from Africa who might never have heard of Jesus and His love if he had not shown others the way to the countries where they lived! Was not such a life worth living, dear boys and girls, in spite of all the hardships in the early part of it and all the illness and suffering later?

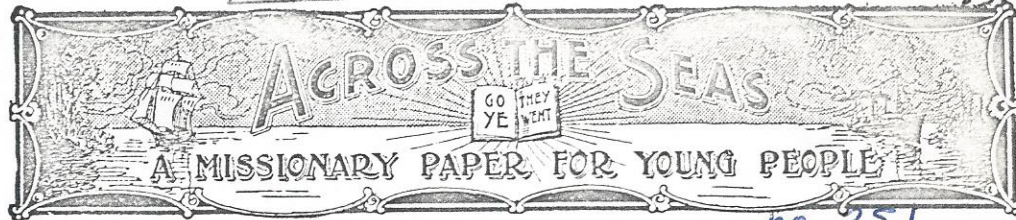
Across the Seas: A Missionary Paper for Young People

(articles about missionary schools in the Beloved Strip, esp. the NWP)

Nov. 1916, no. 251, pp. 85-88

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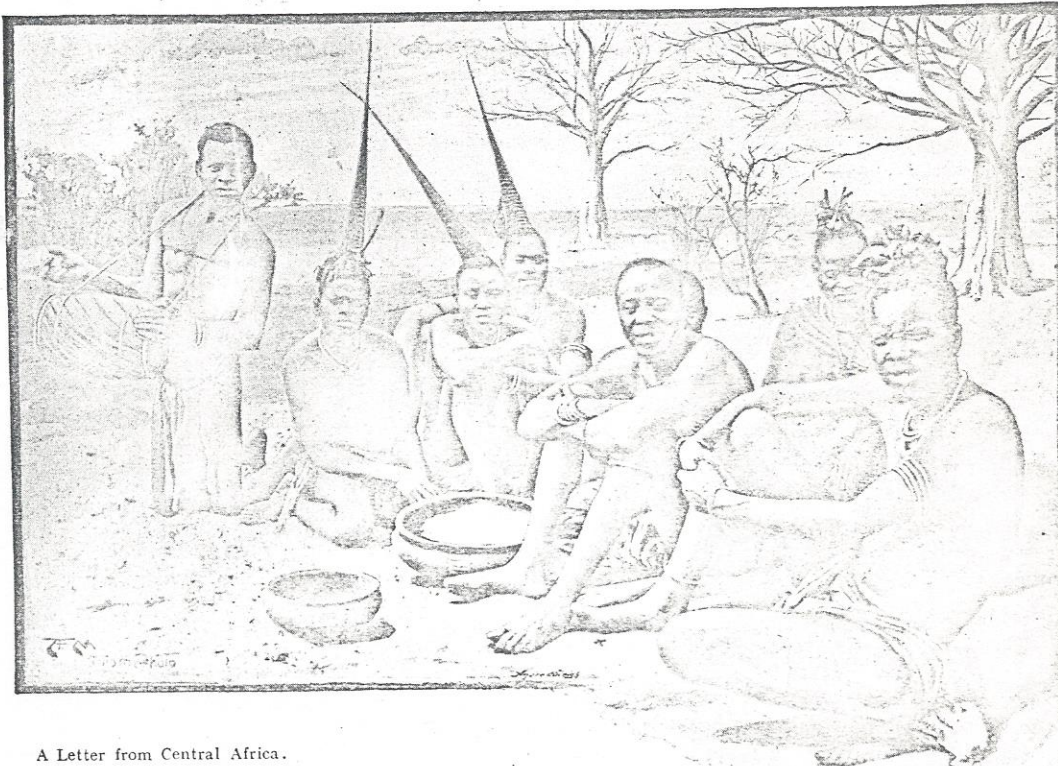


no. 251

A LETTER FROM CENTRAL AFRICA.
MY DEAR FRIENDS,—After six months on a mission station there is very little in the way of thrilling incident to tell you. I have done no tremendous journeys, I have not discovered a new Victoria Falls, I have not even killed a lion! I have done nothing that a *proper* missionary is expected to do. The fact is, this huge, wonderful country is just a mighty mill; one goes in an Englishman, with all that

means in the way of habits and prejudices, and one comes out a Central African missionary, talking a new language, thinking along new lines, eating different food, wearing new clothes. The big motive power, the love of Christ, alone remains unchanged. Jesus Christ is the same yesterday in London, to-day in Central Africa, and for ever in Heaven.

So do not think life is uninteresting; far otherwise. Just as a little child every



A Letter from Central Africa.

NATIVES WHO LIVE ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER ZAMBEZI.

No. 251—November, 1916.

Registered for Canadian Magazine Post.

Monthly, One Halfpenny.

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ONE BIG MUSEUM.

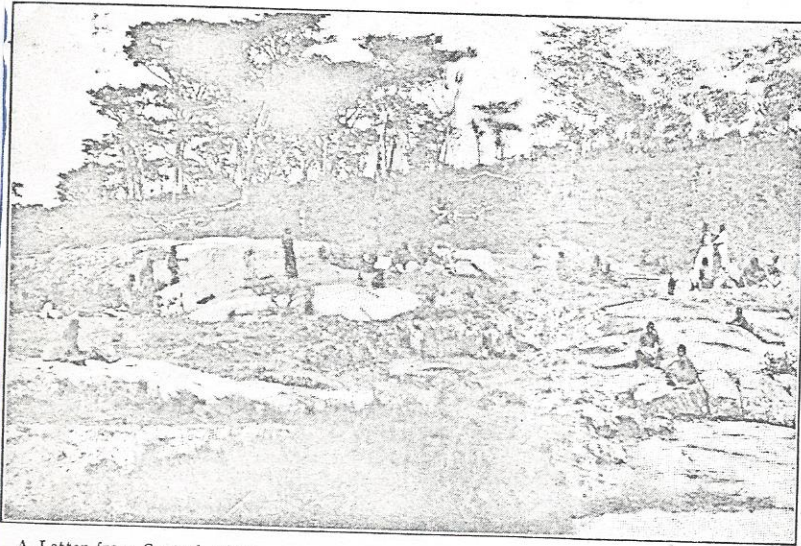
day of its life is always finding out things which other people have found out before, but which are discoveries to the child, in the same way life here is one of perpetual surprises. You cannot walk a mile from the station without finding some new wonder of nature, or seeing a lovely new flower; hardly a day passes without your hearing of another weird native custom, or seeing a fresh side of the nature of the African.

I am writing now on "my rock," a

miles of forest beneath me come out in their very best and freshest green dress. As the rains ceased the green slowly changed to brown, and then, the leaves all fallen, a patchwork of brown and yellow grass was left. This month they have begun burning off the grass, and here and there one sees ugly, black stretches of burnt country.

If the big things of nature are wonderful, the tiny ones are in their way just as interesting. A special friend of mine

is the *ibombu*, a kind of ant about half an inch long. All the creatures here walk about seeking their meat from God, but he seeks his with particular keenness. The other day I saw three of them tackling a small bluebottle fly, who must have been having a quiet doze when they bagged him. He buzzed a lot, and did his best to get free, but the valiant three



A Letter from Central Africa.

WOMEN POUNDING MEAL ON THE ROCKS.

big, flat one jutting out from the side of the hill, with an almost precipitous drop of 200 feet below it. I have connected my rock with the house by a bridge of native material, and come out here to read and write when I can get a spare minute. There is a wonderful view, for I am so high up that I can look across the low, rolling hills to the horizon forty or fifty miles away. Almost immediately below me are a couple of native villages; away in that dip between the hills is the Zambezi, a comparatively small stream here. I got here at the beginning of the wet season, and watched the miles and

each had a firm hold and stuck to him. They must have some way of calling for help, for, without any messenger being sent, other *mabombu* (plural of *ibombu*) came to the scene of battle and carried off the prize, one of the original fighters hanging on to its nose and tugging along.

One could go on all day describing these natural history objects, for the country is just one big museum of them; but I find in this new world what I had already found in the old, that for fascinating interest there is nothing on earth to compare with a real live human being—man, woman, or child, especially the last.

Nov. 1916 No. 251, pp. 85-88 (cont'd)

Important quotation - For children (British) in 1916

The Seas, no. 251

THE HAPPY AFRICAN.

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Here again one is surprised. Somehow I always thought the African was a poverty-stricken, half-starved creature, dragging out a miserable, squalid existence, and finally crawling to an unhappy grave. That may have been the condition of the wretched slaves who survived their long journey to the coast, but it is not in the least a true picture of Africans in their own villages, as a rule. Those who think of them thus should come with me on trek, and see the men in camp laughing and joking and enjoying themselves to the full. As we go along some one starts a native song, a good deal more spirited than musical, but there is no doubt about our enjoying it. They should go to the village and see the big, bouncing women, each with a heavy child tied on her back, pounding meal and cracking jokes and gossiping with her neighbours. Of course the native has his bad times just as we have. When he gets ill he is very sorry for himself, and if he could he would like to make you think he is ten times worse than he is. Then he begins to get better; life seems once more worth living, and he lives it, enjoying himself to the full. If a man is well and strong, has a good bed and plenty of food, he asks no more; but the minute he gets a touch of fever, or is short of food, especially meat, he is misery itself.

Of course he has a soul, but he keeps it hidden very much farther away than we keep ours, and you have to be with

him a long time before you find out much about it. One thing we do know, and that is he has an evil nature and needs saving. It does not take you six months to find that the African is utterly selfish, and will not, as a rule, think twice about wronging God or his brother if his own happiness is at stake. Here again one of the biggest surprises is to find how like us he really is, and his bad side is really *our* bad side too, only we are more clever at hiding it.

Some day I suppose I shall leave off being surprised at all these things. I shall grow up, as it were, for is it not one of the characteristics of a grown-up that everything is ordinary to him, and he can't be surprised? But the little child enjoys life, and has to go through that stage before he can be a big, useful, grown-up man.

I must not forget to tell you something of the work we do here. It interests us, because it is *our* work that God has given



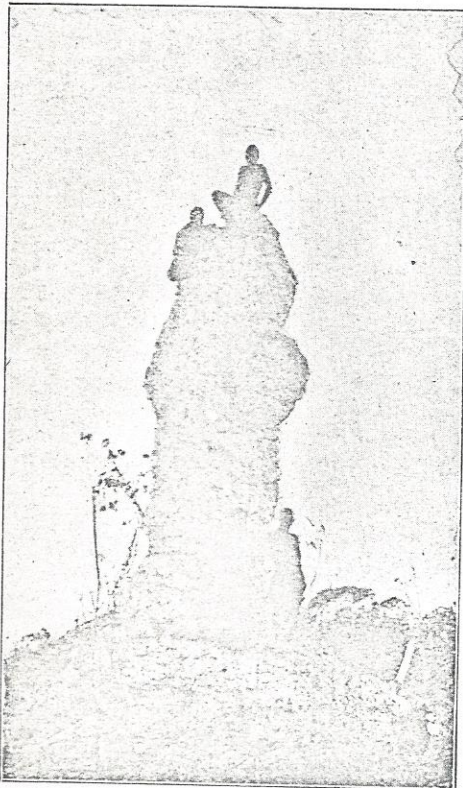
A Letter from Central Africa.

A PEEP THROUGH THE CAMERA.

Nov. 1916, no. 251, pp. 85-88 (cont'd)

Across 1

us to do for Him, and it is just in doing the ordinary work that we see and learn all the things of which I have been speaking. For the first two or three months you don't know the people or their customs or their language, and you feel helpless. Being a doctor, I was able to do a little from the first in a medical



A Letter from Central Africa
AFRICAN NATIVES ON TOP OF ANT HILL.
Note How Big it is.

way, and very glad I was to have something I *could* do. As time passes on you slip into things a bit and get to know who people are, and why things are done like this. You pick up a few phrases of the language, and try to express all your thoughts and wishes by them. I have now thirty or so men and boys whose legs need regular dressing. Every morning between

8 and 9 I take my bag and a stool to a nice shady tree just outside the dispensary. The patients have already gathered, and when I sit down on my stool every one greets me. I return the greeting like a native chief, and then we get on with the work. One by one I call them, and the legs are placed for inspection on a big rock at my feet. I inspect, dress, bandage, and call for the next. While I am doing it we talk about various things, and it was while sitting on that stool under the tree that I found out the African's fondness for a joke. Each day there is a midday Gospel service at which all the patients attend, and lately my language has just been equal, after careful coaching, to taking this meeting occasionally.

Pray for us. We could manage with short supplies, few workers, and an imperfect knowledge of the language, but God's power is just the one thing we can't do without. H. JULYAN HOYTE.

THE GOD OF MEDICINE.

WE went to the shop of a doctor who had heard the Gospel before. At the close of the interview I said to him: "Do you truly believe?" and received the reply: "Yes, I truly believe." "Well, then," I said, "what idols have you in the house?" "Only the god of medicine," he replied. Now it happens that doctors set great store by this divinity. I said: "Are you prepared to put away this idol?" After a moment's thought he said: "Yes, I will put it away," and, turning to his younger brother, he said: "Go upstairs and fetch down the *Yoh-wang Pu-sa*," i.e., the god of medicine. So the idol was brought down, and in its place we put up a large sheet containing the Ten Commandments. As we were leaving, the doctor said: "I want to be a photograph in this place," by which he meant he wanted to bear witness of Christ and be a worthy copy of Him in the neighbourhood.—*China's Millions*.

Sept 1921, no. 309, pp. 69-72 (~~77~~)

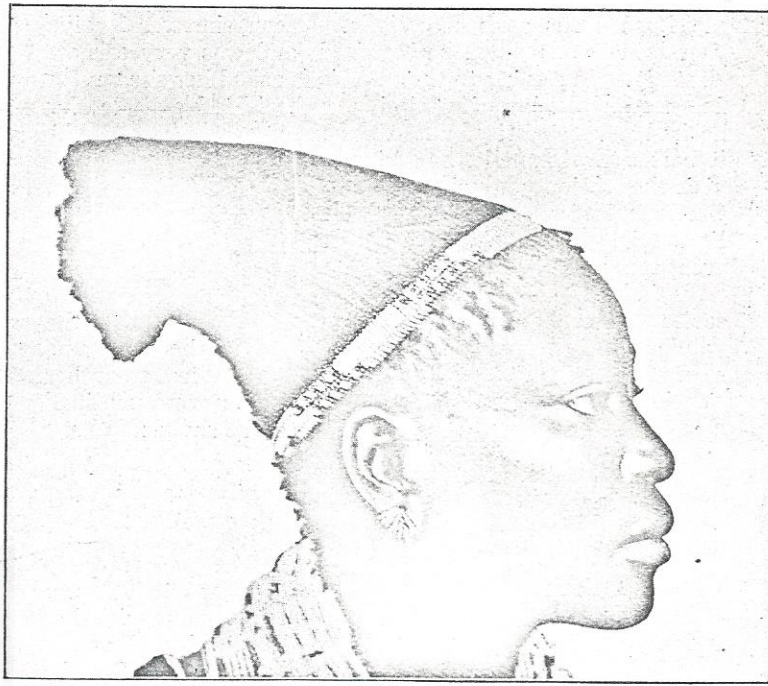


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no. 309

A CLEVER BLACK GIRL AND HER WORK.

"You can come and teach school." So said the chief of a Congo village, and the missionary, to whom he spoke, at once took him at his word, and, sitting down, opened a reading-sheet. Presently the first pupil came—a little girl, about eleven years old, with hardly any clothes.



Special Photo by Dan. Crawford.

A CENTRAL AFRICAN PRINCESS.

No. 309.—September, 1921.

ONE HALFPENNY NET.

Reg. Canadian Post.

Sept 1921, no. 309, pp 69-72 (continued)

p. 70 Bringing Sister and Brother to Christ. *Ac*

The missionary had only to tell her the vowels, with which the reading-sheet began, and she knew them. Before long she knew all the letters, and in less than three months she was reading *Pilgrim's Progress*. In another month she could read perfectly from any part of the New Testament, and in two months more she could write beautifully. Then the missionary said to her, "Don't you think you had better come to the station and help Mrs. Hooper?" This she did, and in a very little while learned not only to do house-work, but also first-aid work in the dispensary. She attended the sewing-class too, and soon learned to do drawn-thread work beautifully.

And while learning all these useful earthly things, she was learning heavenly ones too, and before long she took the Lord Jesus as her Saviour. When she was twelve years old she asked to be baptised, and was very earnest about it. In answer to the questions asked her she gave a fine testimony, but the missionary hesitated a little, for he had never baptised any one so young, and he thought it best to wait until some friends from England came to visit the station, and with them another Congo missionary, that the latter could give his opinion as to whether the little girl was really converted. Meanwhile there were great preparations for the arrival of the visitors. The boys and girls set to work to learn passages of Scripture to recite when they came, and our little friend learned the whole of the First Epistle of John, and when the time came said it through without a single mistake. When the other missionary questioned her he said he had never examined any one who knew better what it was to be saved; and she was baptised.

Before this she had brought her sister and brother to hear about Christ, and now her brother is an evangelist, and her sister is married to a teacher and working with him in a district that was once dangerous. But the mother was a heathen, and, not only so, she was the great witch-doctor of the district. When people saw her coming with her fetishes they would be frightened lest she should accuse them of being witches and they would be killed. But the time came when she said, "I have swept my house," meaning she had given up all these wicked practices, and she brought the fetishes to be destroyed and joined the

Telling Her Mother of Jesus. *p. 71*

inquirers' class. How did it come about? In the evenings her little daughter would tell her about the Lord Jesus, and would read and sing to her, and so this great sinner was won. The father, too, is now in an inquirers' class, and the little girl, though only fourteen yet, teaches school, and writes to her missionary friends, "I rejoice greatly because I am able to lead nine women from my town to the class."

If you know and love the Lord Jesus, you can be like this little black girl in trying to bring others to Him. And will you pray for her, and other boys and girls who have been saved from heathenism, that the Lord Jesus will keep them very close to Himself, and that Satan may not trip them up, for they have many temptations of which you have no idea?

p. 72

TINIES' OWN CORNER. *4.1*

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—Here is a story about the missionary who founded this periodical, Mr. Arnot. He was at a place in Central Africa where the people had rarely, if ever, seen a white man, and of course they were very curious to look at him, especially the little boys. But he did not want them round him all the time, so he told them to go away. However, one little fellow crept close, and kept stroking him, until at last he asked what he wanted. "Oh, white man," said the little boy, "tell me what river you wash in." He thought that Mr. Arnot had washed his skin white in some river, and that if he were to wash there he would be white too.

Mr. Arnot would tell him that he could not get a white skin in that way, but that God could give him a *white heart*. What sort of heart have you—white or black? We all have black hearts to begin with, full of sin and naughtiness, which comes out more and more as we get bigger. But the Lord Jesus shed His Blood to cleanse us from sin, and God gives a new heart to every one who trusts in Him. "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh" (Ezek. 36. 26). Has He done it for you? If not, why not let Him do it to-day?—Your loving friend,

"COUSIN ALICE."

Dec 1922, No. 324, p. 94

SOME AFRICAN SCHOOLBOYS. *Across*

OVER two hundred boys attend the school at Kabompo Mission Station, Northern Rhodesia, and come and sleep on the place. One loves to see their little black faces around their fires at night, and to hear their merry chatter and singing of many of the choruses they are taught in school. It is quite a sight to see them all line up in the morning and to watch their best efforts at drill, trying to form a straight line. But it is pathetic to see their little shivering bodies these cold mornings, many with half-starved faces trying to keep warm around a few embers. They have only the scantiest of clothing, or only wear a skin. A great number have been ill, but so far the Lord has been pleased to restore them all to health.

If you could really see our school-house, packed with little black boys whose skins are almost white with dust, you could not help wondering how they sit and listen so quietly to the story of the Lord Jesus Christ or of the Creation, answering questions and singing cheerfully the hymns and choruses they are taught. Their one great delight is on a Tuesday evening, when they have lantern addresses. They are never tired of seeing the same pictures again and again, as they often need to do, for there are not near as many slides as we would like. However, those we have of Bible stories are really helpful, and enable them to understand much better.

Do pray for these little ones that many of them will receive the Lord Jesus as Saviour during this term.

ADA M. HILTON.

HINTS FOR THOSE WHO HOPE TO BE MISSIONARIES.—
Missionaries must be strong and healthy; therefore take care to develop the body. Keep fit. Missionaries must learn difficult foreign languages; therefore keep up the study habit. Missionaries are frequently just two or three white people among crowds of folk of different colour and language; therefore none of the few must be difficult to live with. Missionaries must be happy men and women, able to make the best of inconvenient surroundings; therefore don't despise the home tasks. Do such things as tacking down carpets, hanging pictures, mending and cooking gladly, because these little things will show your ability to take up the greater ones.—*Wonderlands*.

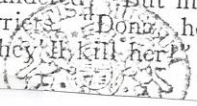
Sept 1925, No. 357, pp. 70-71

THE RESCUE OF A SLAVE GIRL.

by Daisy Gibson
Acro.

ON my way to Chavuma, in Central Africa, a little slave girl, perhaps twelve or fourteen years of age, called Nyakuwaha, came to my tent one evening and told me her story. She was a slave, and was going to be put to death, and hearing I was in the district, she came to take refuge. Very early the following morning she started off with another girl in my caravan, but by the time I was ready to go, a man from her village had arrived, saying he had come to take her back. He walked with us until we stopped for lunch, hoping to get a talk with the girl and lead her away. I had a word alone with her, and asked her if she wished to go back. She wept and said, "No; it only means death, but to them it is only the death of a slave." Shortly afterwards a chiefess and her husband were called on the scene, and another man from their village appeared. There was much talk all this time, which gave me more time for prayer and seeking guidance. The chiefess in a conclusive manner said, "Well, seeing she is but a slave I shall proceed to take her with me to the capital," looking for my nod of approval. I said, "Well, seeing there is no such thing as slavery according to the Portuguese law, perhaps we had better ask the girl what she wishes to do." Silence reigned! I began to pack up, and, when my back was turned, the girl was forced to march in front of those who desired her capture. In a moment a Christian boy whispered in my ear, "Dona, save her! They will kill her and they have already hurt her." I called to the chiefess, who pretended not to hear me at first, and continued walking into the bush as fast as she could, together with her husband and the two big men from the village. At last they stopped, and I said, "As the Portuguese fort is only one day's journey from here, perhaps we had better let the officials decide the question," and turning to the girl I said, "Nyakuwaha, come with me." She did and we parted, but that was not all.

We had gone half an hour's journey farther when a terrific storm blew up. The rain beat down so fast that it was almost impossible to keep dry in the hammock. How it thundered! But in spite of it I caught the words of the carrier, "Dona, he's caught her! Oh! they'll kill her, they'll kill her!" I was out in a minute, and



no. 357

"Dona, Save Her!"

there was the poor girl clinging to the side of the bush car, beseeching me not to leave her. There we stood in that awful downpour, the man holding one hand of the girl and I the other. He was trying to convince me that he would be killed if he went back without her. At last he was persuaded to let go her hand, and off she darted again in front of the caravan. As I was already so wet I decided to continue walking, and the man seeing this said, "Isn't Dona going to ride again?" The carriers said, "No." Again he tried to tell me of all the dreadful things that would happen to himself, but I told him the crime could fall on my head instead of his, if his master wished to take the matter up, and finally he returned without the girl.

Little Nyakuwaha attended the evening meetings with the carriers, and, after having twice heard the Gospel, she told her little travelling companion (a Christian girl in my caravan) that she wished to know more, as she desired to follow the Lord. The little Christian girl, in telling me of it, said, "Dona, God will teach her more." She is an untrained, raw, little heathen, but God loves her, and has surely sent her for a purpose. May she have a teachable heart, and learn to love the Lord in sincerity!

Boys and girls, there are other slaves in this world,

by I



The Rescue of a Slave Girl.

A KINDERGARTEN CLASS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

June 1928, no. 390, pp. 142-143

TOMU, MOLLI, KATENDI AND OTHERS. Ac 5



OUR family of orphans has greatly increased in numbers, so that we now have 29 boys and girls, including five babies. Some of you are already familiar with the names of some of the older ones, as Tobi, Kabwita, Njesi, Nita, Miki, and Biti. These are all very well, and seem to be growing up so quickly. Three of the elder ones have this year professed conversion, and really seem anxious to follow the Lord Jesus Christ.

And now let us introduce you to some of the newer members of our family. You would love the three oldest babies, Tomu, Katendi, and Moli, who are all about the same age. We have had Tomu from the day he was born. His mother was very ill in a village a few miles away, and they came for Dr. Fisher, but he only arrived in time to see her die. Then Tomu's father said anxiously to the Doctor, "Will the Mama Ndonga (Mrs. Fisher) take the baby, or it will have to be buried with its mother?" So Tomu came to us, and was put in the charge of an old Christian widow, who soon became very fond of him. In fact Tomu is a great favourite with all the women on the place, and may often be seen seated among them in the cooking shed, smiling to all.

Moli's mother died when she was only a few weeks old. Her grandmother is a Christian, and was only too glad to receive an invitation from us to come and live here and take charge of wee Moli, the prettiest of our babies.

Katendi was brought here when she was about 3 months old, together with her big brother Kanasa, a bright boy of 10 years. Then in a village a day's journey from here a poor woman died. She had been ill a long time, and had been in hospital here for a while, but very little could be done for her. When she died her two children were brought to us. The elder girl, Mukoji, must have been

African Orphan Boys and Girls.

quite ten years old then, and it is not usual for us to take in girls as old as that, but she was keen to come, and was so devoted to her little sister. The latter, Manyona by name, is a bright, happy little soul, and soon established herself as leader among the other little ones. She is clever and learns quickly; it is a treat to hear her singing the hymns which we have taught them.

About the same age as Manyona is Lunenda, a small boy whose name means "Rejoice evermore." He and his elder sister, Samukumbu, came to us after their mother's death in a village about eight miles from here. After things had been talked over, the father returned to his village, leaving the children with us. We expected trouble at first, and were quite prepared for weeping and wailing on Lunenda's part, but, not at all! With a bright little smile he slipped his hand into Mrs. Fisher's, and trotted off with her to the orphans' compound. Thus he adopted us, and soon found his way into all our hearts.

Nyadiyondi is a little girl about three years old, who was brought in from a village in Portuguese territory. At first she would scream with terror at the sight of a white. But the atmosphere of love soon began to have its kindly effect on this little orphan, till now she is quite a different child. When we go to the orphans' compound, the first to rush and greet us now is Nyadiyondi.

Within the last two months we have taken in a small baby named Kakoma. One day a contingent of natives from Portuguese territory arrived here and produced a tiny scrap of a baby, whom they assured us was two months old, though he only weighed five pounds, five ounces. We put him in the care of an old Christian woman, who has "grandmothered" several of our orphans in their baby days. Now he really begins to look something like a baby, and has even been seen to smile.

I could tell you so much more about these and other little motherless blacks. But what I have written, I hope will stir in your hearts a love for these mites, and that will lead you to pray for them and think about them often. We are a happy family here, and we hope you will ask God to save these little ones while they are under our care, so that they may be bright witnesses for Him when they leave us.

E. M. B.

Jan. 1930, no. 409, pp. 98-99

AT KALENE HILL, CENTRAL AFRICA. *Ac*



THIS month we have two pictures of boys all the way from Kalene Hill, in Central Africa. On the previous page you will see a group of orphan boys at their open-air school. Some of them seem more interested in the photographer than in the lesson on the board. The native boy who is teaching them is a Christian, having taken the Lord Jesus Christ into his heart as his

own Saviour, and now by teaching the other boys their A B C he hopes some day to have the joy of teaching them the A B C of the Gospel. I wonder if you know it? Let me give it to you.

A—"All have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 23).

B—"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29).

C—"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28).

First of all, acknowledge that in God's sight you are a sinner, and therefore need salvation. Then look to the Lamb of God, the Lord Jesus Christ, who died for your sins, and then come to Him for that salvation, by taking Him as your personal Saviour.

Do you see the small orphan boy standing at the board? His name is *Lunenda*, and the meaning of that is, "always rejoicing." What a nice name! I hear you say. Yes, isn't it? But how would you like to be like that, too? "Always rejoicing," because you know that your sins are blotted out. "Always rejoicing," because you experience the presence of the Saviour to keep you from sinning. "Always rejoicing," because you know that your future is assured, that you will some day dwell with Christ for ever. Do pray for our little friend Lunenda, that as he grows up he may truly be what his name implies, and go out among his own countrymen, to tell them that they, too, can be "always rejoicing."

Did you know that black boys could smile? Just look at



Little Black Missionaries.

the happy picture on this page. They look as full of mischief as any white boy and girl, and while the missionary was snapping them, some of them were full of tricks. These boys are boarders at the school in Kalene Hill. They come from a village fifty miles away to learn to read and write, and some of them have proved to be very smart in picking up the syllables, and are not long before they can read the New Testament for themselves.

At the end of a term they return to their village, and



FULL OF FUN AND MISCHIEF.

each one takes with him a copy of the New Testament. The older people are very illiterate, and it is these boys who have to carry God's Word to them. The villagers are only too glad to listen to them reading, and we do pray that God's Word will thus find a lodgment in many hearts, and not a few will be brought to know the Saviour through these boys. God has already blessed the seed thus sown, but we pray for more, and I hope the readers of *Across the Seas* will not be behind in their prayers also, that God will bless and save all boys at the school, so that they may reach others.

C. A. M'GREGOR.

Dec. 1931, no. 432, pp. 90-92

p. 90

Across

BRIDGE BUILDING IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

A FLOOD had swept away our bridge, and the excitement was great. Never before had the natives seen such a rushing of water in this place. Over the rocks it came in huge cascades, sweeping all before it as it roared with a mighty rush between the rocky channel, and then on to the road, where it obliterated a garden. The call went forth to the chiefs to bring out their men, and Bwana Stokes was asked to bring out his senior school boys and teachers, and then his junior boys to finish off the work.

Here come the young men, swinging and singing along with their hoes on their shoulders. They are the men, and wisdom will surely die with them. Bwana Lammond sends them off to seek the logs that have been carried away. He sends others to dig holes for the new supports; others go to fell new logs, and gradually the whole place becomes a human beehive.

There are shouts along the path, and presently a big crowd of young fellows comes into view. They are carrying a huge log on their shoulders, which they bring in in triumph. Here comes a crowd of hefty fellows, carrying the centre support of the bridge. The foreman in charge, a fine Christian, shouts words of encouragement. "They are admiring you, my boys; you are the men of strength! Now then, all together, my boys, up with her!" Panting and struggling in the water, they just manage to raise it into position in the swirling waters. There are three supports. On top of these long logs are placed. Across these shorter logs are fixed. The spaces between these are filled with bamboos, and then comes the mudding. This is a great business.

Behold 300 boys and girls! They are marching in triumph from the school to the bridge. Each has a utensil to carry the mud. Some have baskets, others enamel basins and plates. Some have huge bits of bark, others the lids of petrol tins. A glorious assortment, enough to bring joy to the heart of a rag and bone merchant! The children are organised into lines of work. Here they come, carrying the loads on their heads. Look at that tiny little chap trying to stagger up the muddy bank with a load of mud almost as big as himself. He just manages it. Here is another little



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no. 432 -

Turning Work into Play.

fattie. He refuses to walk on the ordinary path, but plunges into the muddy water at the side. This is glorious. He dips his little tin into the muddy water and pours it over his mud-stained body. Very refreshing after his strenuous labours! Some try to steal the mud from the baskets of those who are going up the bridge.



CHARLES E. STOKES, OF JOHNSTONE FALLS, NORTHERN RHODESIA.

It saves a lot of trouble. But the retaliation is vigorous, and the teachers have to be on the alert to keep the peace. Just look at them, like huge black bees buzzing with shouts, laughter, and chatter. It's grand when work can be turned into play.

Dec 1931, No. 432, pp. 90-92 (Cont'd).

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Good Fun for the Boys and Girls. Across

But now comes the best part of all. On one side of the bridge the girls are lined up in rows of seven; on the other side the boys are formed up in similar fashion. At a given signal they approach the bridge singing lustily, and stamping the mud vigorously with their feet. They meet in the middle of the bridge, turn and go back again, then turn again and repeat the action. The girls challenge the boys, and the boys the girls. It's a fine way to get the work done.

Look at the young men. They are occupying the posts of honour and danger at the sides of the bridge. See how they are dancing a kind of African hornpipe, as they tramp the mud at the sides. Nothing delights them more than this position of prominence.

Bwana Stokes blows his whistle, and the children stand still on the bridge. Then he leads them in a hymn of praise, "God bless our native land."

Now for the fun. Bwana quickly takes off his shoes and stockings, and plunges just as he is into the river. In a twinkling fifty boys are in after him, yelling, splashing, ducking each other, and playing leap-frog with Bwana. Truly the children won't be sorry if the bridge gets swept away again, but Bwana Lammond and Bwana Stokes will be.

Long years ago Another built a bridge—not over a narrow African river, not even like the great Forth Bridge, with its mighty arches. But He of whom we think came to span the gulf between God and man, that huge gulf made by sin, separating man from God. And He had no band of 300 willing helpers in this work, not even His best friends stayed beside Him, "they all forsook Him and fled" (Mark 14. 50). Alone He went through to the end, till He could triumphantly cry, "It is finished" (John 19. 30).

"Done is the work that saves,
Once and for ever done;
Finished the righteousness
That clothes the unrighteous one.
The love that blesses us below,
Is flowing freely to us now."

Now, all that God asks from you and me is to rest upon the bridge, the finished work of our Lord Jesus Christ.
C. E. STOKES.

Jan 19 33, No. 433, pp 98-100

by G. R. Jackson
KAKOMA AND HIS OFFERING. Across School



KAKOMA came to school on a mission station in Central Africa. His village was about three miles away, and to get to the station he had to cross the big Zambesi River. He used to come with another boy about his own age, and at first they were very keen on their schooling. But Kakoma's friend soon began to grumble about having to go every day to school, and especially about having to be punctual and

regular. Soon he began to make excuses for staying away. One day it would be a headache, and another day he had injured his toe on a stump. It is very easy to do so out there, as they do not wear shoes and there are no proper roads, just winding paths. But often they were just excuses, because he would rather stay and play in the village, or go to fish in the river, than go to school. Sometimes Kakoma would leave his friend and come to school by himself. Sometimes he would stay at home, too, not caring to go so far alone.

As the boys' attendance was becoming so irregular, I suggested to the head-man of their village that it would be better if they came into the boarding-school and stayed on the mission station. They came, and they soon began to make real progress, but Kakoma's friend had no real heart for learning, and he frequently made excuses for visiting his village and for staying away.

Kakoma, however, as he heard day by day in school the story of the Saviour's love, was drawn to Him. He learned that he was a sinner whom none could save but the Lord Jesus, and one evening he came to my room to speak to me, and I heard, to my great joy, that he was anxious to get right with God. I had the happiness of pointing him to the Saviour, and he accepted Him there and then.

He has gone on well ever since. He did very well in school, and is now one of our pupil-teachers. He teaches in the big school, and continues his own education in the special classes for teachers. He and some other Christians

An African Boy's Zeal.

are working hard with a view to being able to take the Government examination and so get a Teacher's Certificate, which will mean that they can take charge of a school in other parts of the district, and, while educating the children, be the means of bringing the Gospel before the people.

Kakoma also helps me with the medical work, especially in connection with the lepers. When the lepers wanted



KAKOMA AS A MEDICAL ORDERLY AT THE MICROSCOPE.

a school of their own, it was Kakoma who undertook to teach them. In the picture you can see him looking through a microscope. We have to use this instrument in order to detect some of the diseases that are very common in Africa, and Kakoma is learning to use it.

Will you pray that Kakoma may continue to grow in grace, and may be kept faithful and true? When I was leaving to come home with my eldest boy (named Eddie), Kakoma was the last to say good-bye to me. As he did so, he held out his hand and said: "Here is sixpence to

Jan 1932, no. 433, pp. 98-100 (cont'd)

p 100

His Parting Love-Gift. *Across t*

buy a fowl with on the way home." (We can buy small fowls for sixpence). But when I looked at it, I thought he had made a mistake, and I said to him: "That is not sixpence. It is half a sovereign!" "Yes," he said; "four shillings for Eddie and six shillings for you, to help you to get home."

I was deeply touched by his generous gift, and for the humble way in which he offered it. The amount is equal to nearly two months' wages to him, and he gave it freely out of gratitude for what has been done for him.

Do you show your gratitude to the Lord Jesus for all He has done for you? First of all He asks you to come to Him, and to take Him as your own personal Saviour, and then you will not be able to keep from thanking Him for His wonderful gift, "the gift of God is eternal life through Christ Jesus our Lord."

G. R. SUCKLING.

Nov. 1932, no. 443, pp 182-183

AFRICAN CAMP FIRE SERVICES. Across

We have closed school at Kalene Hill, Central Africa, for the Christmas vacation, and once again the boarders have returned to their villages, some of which are at a distance of a hundred miles. Before closing, we felt that we ought to have some special meetings with the boarders, and so their last few evenings here were spent round a camp fire singing hymns and listening to the Gospel. It was a most impressive sight, on their last evening, to see this gathering of over seventy young people, eagerly singing hymn after hymn, accompanied on the organ by Miss Gibson. It was inspiring to hear some of our old favourites, such as "Abide with me," sung in the open in the stillness of an African night, broken only by the crackling of the logs and the weird cry of night birds.

A native camp fire meeting in Central Africa is a never-to be forgotten scene, and we pray that as a result of this last meeting of the year many young lives may be brought to a knowledge of their Saviour. Many youths and young men were in this company, and all listened intently as a blind brother from Mutshatsha gave a simple and solemn talk. We ask prayer that the seed which has been sown during this term may bear much fruit, and that they in their turn may carry the Gospel back to their far distant villages.

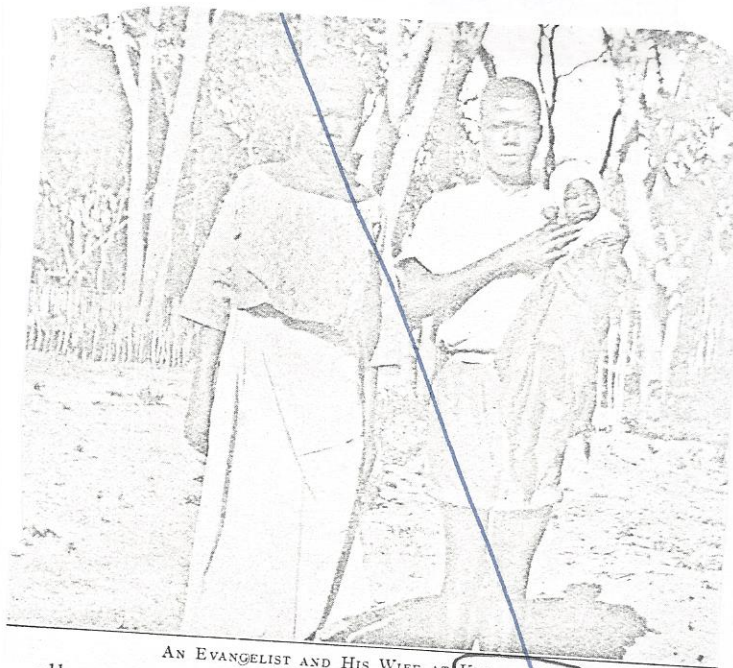
We have had a most interesting time in school. As at home, teaching in Central Africa has its humorous side. During our last day in school we gave the children a much desired treat: that of hearing a gramophone. Their entertainment consisted of listening to the gramophone; ours of watching the varying expressions on their faces. It was a novel experience for many of them. One boy in particular afforded us great amusement. At one moment he would be doubled up with laughter; at another a look of awe would cross his face, while his general expression was one of amazement and wonder. To them it all seemed to come to an end too quickly, though not to us!

Pray with us that all our school children will learn to love the Saviour and accept Him as their own before they leave us, so that many of them may go out to their own people as witnesses for the Lord Jesus Christ.

ROSEANNAH C. SHAW.

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AN EVANGELIST AND HIS WIFE AT KALENE HILL.

all manner of imaginary crimes. He was put in prison at Cuzco, then deported to Bolivia, and charged with fomenting sedition. The Bishop of Cochabamba and of Santa Cruz induced his father to disinherit him; his life was attempted by hired assassins. But he has escaped, and from his safe retreat in the Bible Institute in Costa Rica he writes to tell of the peace and joy that reign in his soul. He is writing also the story of his conversion and of his subsequent trials.

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Jan 1947, no. 613, pp. 6-7

FREDERICK STANLEY ARNOT *Across*

FREDERICK STANLEY ARNOT was born in Glasgow in the year 1858. His grandparents belonged to the Island of Skye, from which they fled at the time of the rebellion in connection with Prince Charlie. His father had a shipping connection with Australia at the time of Fred's birth. When he was four years of age his parents removed to Hamilton, where he went to school, and when six years old he heard Dr. Livingstone, who had just returned from exploring the Zambesi. His interest in Africa began at that time. The home of the Livingstones was at Hamilton, and a friendship sprang up between the families of the Arnots and Livingstones. The children used to play together. On one occasion Annie Mary, Dr. Livingstone's daughter, read to them one of her father's letters in which he told of the cruelties practised by the slave traders. Though only a boy, Fred determined that he would go and help that great man in his work. That resolution was ever kept before him, and in all of his studies Africa was ever to the front.

When eight years of age he realized his need of a Saviour; and in 1869 he found peace through repeating and believing the message of John 3. 16 at two o'clock one morning. In 1870 his father removed to Tayport, Fifeshire, and there a meeting for the Breaking of Bread was held in his house, and afterwards in a small hall in the village. After his baptism when yet in his 'teens, Fred was received into that meeting. And even at the age of fifteen he was active in Christian work, for he took part in meetings then and also accompanied his father in open-air work. There he spent six months in a shipbuilding yard learning to make tools, and that proved useful knowledge in after years.

In 1876 a change was made to Glasgow, and there he entered a wholesale linen merchant's warehouse. On being told to invoice some goods wrongly, he refused, and later was commended by the head of the firm for acting according to his conscience. He travelled extensively in Scotland, and sought to fit himself for the work in Africa by his experiences; for he would take journeys across country where he had only his compass to guide him. On one such occasion he was in a lonely part and not sure of his position, so he asked a miner. This man directed him to the nearest railway station, and then, realizing that the road was dangerous, he called two of his sons and sent them to follow Arnot until he reached his destination. Years later, when welcoming a party of new workers in Central Africa, one of them reminded him of that event, and told him that he was one of the miner's sons sent after him that day.

In his spare time he learned to make shoes, and to cut out cloth and sew it as a tailor. He also learned to take a watch to pieces and put it together again. And he worked as a blacksmith and as a joiner. He acquired also some knowledge of medicine which he found useful for himself and for others. And whilst so occupied, he was diligent in his study of the Scriptures so as to get as good a knowledge of them as he could, in a careful and systematic way. In Glasgow he met with the Assembly in Parkholm Hall, Paisley Road, and it was that assembly which commended him to God when going forth to take up work in Africa. The elder brethren

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13 Missionary Pioneer in Central Africa



EARNEST ATTENTION AT A BIBLE SCHOOL IN CENTRAL AFRICA

were hearty in their commendation, having recognized his diligence in summer pioneer Gospel work in Scottish and English districts.

He was 23 years of age when he started for Africa. Many of his relatives wanted him to take a University training and to go out in connection with some Missionary Society; but he did not feel called to that. Other friends who were interested in the work in Africa stood by him and gave him help, so that he was able to procure an outfit and go forth. His resources being slender, he was not able to take with him large supplies, and he found that proved more helpful than otherwise, for he was made to share with the natives in their lives, and was brought into closer contact with them than would have been otherwise.

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Jan 1947, no. 613 (last page)

8 ✓ **OUR FIFTY-SECOND YEAR**
THE EDITOR'S MONTHLY CHAT



I AM sure that many of my young readers will be glad to see that our Magazine has gone back to its old size of eight pages, and this will give us more stories each month, and better still, more pictures to brighten its pages. I wonder if any of my young readers have pictures of children or scenes in other countries which they think other readers will be interested in. If you have, please send

them along and every care will be taken of them, and whether they are used or not they will be returned to you.

It is some time since your Editor penned a few words of greetings, and as there will be many new readers, perhaps you will like to know something about your Magazine.

That great pioneer missionary, Frederick Stanley Arnot, of Central Africa, conceived the idea of such a paper over fifty-one years ago, and for its first seven years (1896 to 1902) he edited it himself. Then one of the secretaries in the missionary headquarters in Bath, Mrs. Edith E. Cooper, edited it very ably for twenty-one years (1903-1923). After that, a son of the mission field, born in the heart of China, at Chunking, became the third Editor, and he now sends his New Year Greetings to all his young readers as he looks forward to his twenty-fourth year at this happy task.

I hope you will enjoy your Magazine each month, and if you have any ideas to help it or any stories to pass on, I will be only too pleased to hear from you. HUGH W. JAMES.

ACROSS THE SEAS

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. Founded by the late F. S. ARNOT, of Central Africa.

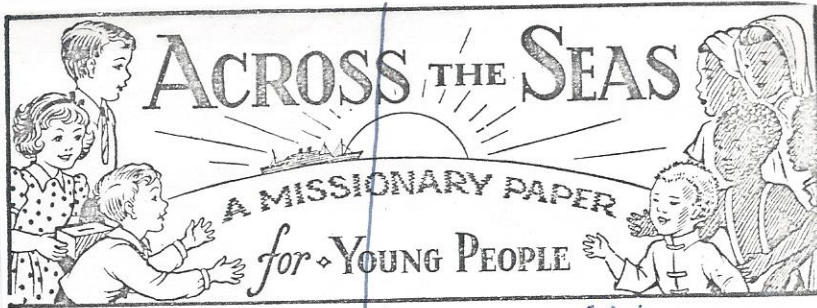
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Published Rates.—For Ordinary edition, 8d. per doz. net; 9½d. or 20 cts. per doz. post free; 6/ or \$1.25 per 100 post free to any part of the world.

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Made and Printed in Great Britain by FICKERING & INGLIS Ltd., 29 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4; 229 Bothwell Street, Glasgow, C.2; 29 George IV Bridge, Edinburgh; 59 Cross Street, Manchester, 2; 105 Bold St., Liverpool; 56 Grainger St., Newcastle-upon-Tyne; and through Booksellers, Colporteurs, etc.

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no. 661



No. 661 January, 1951

JOHN MWONELA of Chitokoloki, N. Rhodesia

WHY ARE AFRICANS BLACK?

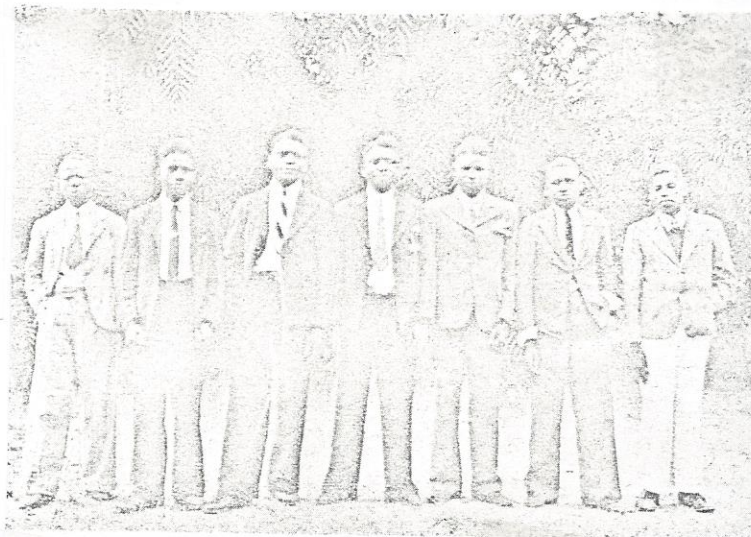
Acro

By JOHN MWONELA, of Northern Rhodesia.

THIS is a question I have been asked several times by children. It is one of the questions which many parents have attempted to answer but which very few have given a fair and satisfying answer. Some say that the tropical climate with its strong sunshine has made an African skin black, but there is no statistic to prove the time it would take a white to become black or a black to become white if they exchanged their countries. One boy told me that there is a poem which says that "God created an African in the dark and forgot to colour him." "It is a false poem," I said to the boy, "if ever it exists. God is not a careless being and will never be." Well, what is the answer, then?

I am not going to give you a scientific answer, but if we study nature carefully, the problem will solve itself. God made us as we are. Think of animals, birds, insects and fish; observe the vegetation with its different kinds of blossoms; how many colours can you think of? The colour of an African, therefore, adds to the beauty of God's creation.

After all, the appearance of our skin, which is an outside colouring does not matter to God, but what matters is the inside colour. The Bible says: "All have sinned and come short of the Glory of God." We can be justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. I was saved by Christ 20 years ago in a mission school at Chitokoloki, Northern Rhodesia, and I am one of the many black men enjoying this precious inside white by the blood of Christ which cleanses us from all sin.



SEVEN TEACHERS OF CHITOKOLOKI, NORTHERN RHODESIA

John Mwonela is third from the left

Jan. 1951, no. 661 (last page)

FIFTY-SIX YEARS

A Chat about our Magazine

This is the first number of a new year, and it is now fifty-six years since one of the early pioneer missionaries of Central Africa—Frederick Stanley Arnot—commenced this children's missionary magazine, *Across the Seas*. He edited the magazine himself for the first seven years. Then Miss Edith E. Cooper, of Bath, who was closely associated with missionary work, continued its editorship for twenty-one years, and now for as exactly as long as the first two your present editor has had the happy privilege of bringing you missionary tidings from all parts of the world, and we hope we will be able to continue many more years. This Editorial Chair has been closely connected with missionaries. It began with the great pioneer missionary, then with one who spent her life for the benefit of missionaries, and now for 28 years a son of early missionaries in China has continued to collect information and to pass it on.

We hope you enjoy the paper, and if you have any stories that you think might interest other boys and girls, please pass them on to me and if suitable I will be happy to include them. It is not easy to get suitable stories, and I will be delighted to have all the help you can give me. The object of the magazine is first to interest you in foreign missionary efforts, but its most important purpose is to interest you in the Lord Jesus Christ, a Saviour who loves you and died for you on the Cross. Another year has gone, it may soon be too late. Don't let many days of this year elapse before you make sure of your position before God by taking Christ as your own personal Saviour. Wishing you all knew Him personally and hoping this year, 1951, will bring you much happiness and joy. Your friend for missions,

HUGH W. JAMES, *Editor.*

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CHINGOLE, THE CRIPPLE *Across*

By DAISY WAREHAM.

We have just completed 19 weeks of this school year without a break of any description, so I at least shall be glad of the four weeks break from school, commencing after the 20th week. As I have only had one week off the station during this past year, I am hoping, God willing, to be able to spend a week or two at Balovale with friends.

You will all join with me in praising the Lord for His wonderful care of me during another year, and for keeping me quite free from any illness whatever. I have now entered my fourth year since returning from furlough, and I can truly say, the past three years have been happy ones, and all my necessities have been wonderfully provided. How good is the God we adore! The Lord has also encouraged me in the school work amongst the girls, and a number of them have come to know Christ as Saviour during this term. Pray for them as they leave us at the end of next week to spend the Christmas holiday with their relatives, many of them heathen.

Many of you may have heard of one of our poor crippled lads, named Chingole, who for more than 20 years has had to crawl around on his hands and knees, as his body was lifeless from the hips downwards. This boy managed to reach Standard IV, and passed reasonably well, but after that it was difficult to know just what to do with him. However, he was taught to use the sewing machine, and thus has been able to earn a few shillings by making simple garments, and mending. Some week ago, poor Chingole was taken ill, just became very weak and limp, and ever since he has been a patient in the hospital. He has a real relative ten minutes' walk away, but sad to say, this relative would do nothing for Chingole, not even bring him any food, or stay in the hut with him at nights. Chingole cannot move on his own, and it takes a very long time for the orderly in charge to dress all his sores which have now developed owing to his lying in one position for so many hours at a time. Chingole, in spite of all this, remains the same bright Christian lad. The latest report of him, is that he is rapidly failing, and is not expected to live more than a few days at the most. We can only pray that his passing may be made as easy as possible, and that the

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Lord in His goodness will take him very soon to be with Himself. We know that for dear Chingole it will be very far better, for his sufferings on the earth have been terrible. As far as we can make out he had an illness when about four years of age, perhaps infantile paralysis, which left him in this sad condition.

Yesterday another old woman arrived here, complete with bundle, having been turned out of her village some

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A HAPPY HANDFUL IN THE SUNSHINE

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30 miles away, as both her sons have been killed at the mines, and her husband also is dead. Her relatives and his will have nothing to do with her, as she is now branded as a witch. Knowing of the sanctuary we give to such old folks, she arrived here, saying: "I've come to live with 'Georgie'!" (Mr. Suckling being "Georgie"! How can we turn such people away, and yet it means an extra mouth to feed, and another small hut to erect? However, we are confident that our Lord would not turn such folks away, and so we look to Him to supply the needs of these truly needy folks. Pray for them all. At Christmas time it is our joy to provide each one of them with some useful garment, generally some left-off frock, or in the case of the men, a shirt, or pair of shorts, whatever is available at the time. We also give them all some salt, and perhaps soap, and extra meat, and if only you could see the joy on the faces of these poor old souls, you would readily say the work is well worth while.