

Articles from *Echoes of Service* (Vol. 60, 1931) & (Vol. 62, 1933)  
about missionary schools in the Beloved Strip (including the NWP) and educational policies

Vol. 60 <sup>1931 Feb-March</sup> (~~Vol. 60~~), note p. 62

Two nights were spent at Chitokoloki, where we enjoyed the hospitality of our brother Mr. Suckling. At Nyamboma we found Mr. and Mrs. Hansen and their little daughter, happy and well. In spare moments, when free from work in his store, he has built a nice, substantial little hall capable of seating about 100 natives. Mrs. Hansen carries on a Sunday-school for the children. We spent the week-end with our friends, and at the gospel-meeting two professed to believe on the Lord, much to the encouragement of our brother and sister.

73123 E. Herbert Sims.

Chavuma, Dec. 10th.—All around us are a people who have given themselves over to practically every evil device of Satan. In many respects they admit the power of God. The reason why they do not go further and seek God's help for their eternal welfare is, largely, fear of ancestral spirits. This is the chain by which Satan binds them. A native, who we felt was under conviction, suddenly departed to a distant part. The fear of spirits had overtaken him. This fear leads to spirit-worship and degrading sin. Yesterday Mr. Sims and I visited the circumcision camp to hold a little meeting with the boys, and we had an attentive audience. In the ritual surrounding this native rite there is unspeakable sin. The boys are taught terribly evil things. While we were there natives were busy making bark garments for the *Likivi* (a so-called resurrected spirit). At an appointed time the *Likivi* would dance, climb a high pole and go through other antics, to please and appease the spirits. Such is the start in life these poor youngsters receive.

While walking to the camp we passed a woman being bled for fever. On the sides of her face, below the ears, were two horn-like cups. These were placed there by a native, who sucked out the air through a small aperture which he covered with a waxy mud. The vacuum then drew the blood from cuts in the face. While we were there, the native removed the cups, which contained a quantity of blood like lumps of jelly. This he placed in a basin three parts full of the woman's blood. Such is heathenism.

Frederick Barnett.

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Chitokoloki, Jan. 26th.—I have been able to visit Chavuma, Cazombo, Kaleñe Hill and the school at Sakeji. I had opportunities for preaching the gospel and for speaking to the Christians at these places and for lantern meetings, which were much appreciated. In addition, there were many meetings in the villages. At Sakeji, it was splendid to see the fine new buildings that have been erected for the school. They expect thirty-two children this term. Not only are the children cared for, physically and spiritually, but the education is really effective, and practically all the children are well up to the average for their age. This will be even more marked now that Mr. and Mrs. Hess have joined the school. At the same time, the workers are very keen on gospel work amongst the natives, and the holidays are largely devoted by them to work.

At Kaleñe Hill I was struck with the progress the orphans had made and with the development amongst the younger Christians, several of whom are now capable speakers.

At Cazombo, though there was very little time to announce the meeting, a big crowd gathered in their fine new meeting-room for the lantern, and the Scripture slides spoke to many hearts. Mr. MacPhie had arranged for a lantern service at the Portuguese Fort the following evening. At this every Portuguese there, from the Administrator down-

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wards, was present, and a large crowd of soldiers and other natives as well. Mr. MacPhie explained the pictures in Portuguese and much interest was shown. I had to pass another Portuguese Fort on my way back, and, at the invitation of the *Chef de Poste*, I spent the night there and had another good crowd, including all the Portuguese there, for the lantern.

On my return here, it was good to find all well and the work progressing. My wife had been able to get out to the villages and had had a most interesting time. Though she found some quite hostile to the gospel, altogether ten men and women professed conversion.

George R. Suckling.

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meetings when possible, but very often rain came on in the evening.

The work at Chitokoloki continues to be blessed of God. Souls are being saved and backsliders restored. Last week-end we had a conference here, and all the Christians from outlying places came in. About two hundred Christians gathered, and we had a very happy time together. At all the meetings the singing was most inspiring. I wish you could have heard the Christians singing, "My hope is built on nothing less than Jesus' blood and righteousness." Many of them a few years ago were steeped in idolatry and witchcraft.

On Monday morning it was arranged to have a question and answer meeting, and questions were asked, some of which were not easily answered. This meeting was one of the best we had. At the last meeting several backsliders were restored and some unsaved were brought to the Lord.

We have had a time of trial in the Assembly. Two women in fellowship had to be disciplined for returning to the old practice of divining for sickness. In each case a child was ill, and no doubt the relatives of these two had persuaded them to allow it.

We still have eighty boys in the boarding-school, and since last writing you several have been won for the Lord. At the prayer meeting two weeks ago one new boy got up and professed conversion.

Cases of burning seem to be very numerous at the dispensary these days. A man, having quarrelled with his wife, gave an exhibition of his temper by taking up a piece of burning firewood and laying it over her shoulder; and a baby rolled into the fire in the absence of its young mother. The smoking of hemp is the cause of many burning accidents. We have a boy, not more than fourteen, in hospital, whose right hand and wrist were most severely burned through this habit. A woman who had been in hospital lately for six weeks, and as she grew better attended the services, has professed conversion, and also her husband.

I would specially ask you to pray for the native Christians whose villages are far from the station, that in the midst of persecution they may stand true to their Lord.

J. Caldwell.

p. 109 (right)

*Chitokoloki, Feb. 3rd.*—In November of last year I took a trip to the nearest dentist, Mr. Maitland, of Mboma. From Chitokoloki to Mboma is 300 miles, and I walked this in eleven days. The path was very rough and sandy and it was impossible to cycle. It lay through long waterless plains, which made the journey very trying. One of the plains registered twenty-three miles, and all the wells were dried up.

One day, at noon, we reached the edge of a large plain, and arranged to sleep half way, at a well. On reaching the well at 5 p.m. I found it was dry, so I had to go on to the next village, seven miles away. I went ahead and reached this village at 7.30 p.m. just as a thunderstorm was about to break. My carriers were miles behind and were caught in the storm. Rather than get the loads wet they put them down on the plain, covered themselves and the goods with my tent and slept the night. That night I got no bed and no food. The head-man of the village kindly gave me a small native chair, and I sat out the night in a little native kitchen. I had meetings with those who were inquisitive enough to sit up watching the stranded white man. My carriers arrived the following morning, and we spent the day in camp.

After walking for ten days I reached a Mboma out-school, and was well received. My boys had no food that day as I could not buy meal. I had food, but could not sit down and eat with a crowd of hungry carriers looking on. We were on the path at 5 a.m., and I reached the out-school at 5 p.m., not having had any food on the way. The next day I arrived at Mboma drenched to the skin. The return journey was very trying for the boys, as I could not buy food. My own food gave out, and I had to resort to native food, mush, beans, etc. I had

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**NORTHERN RHODESIA.** 733

Chavuma, Feb. 10th.—It was delightful to reach Chavuma again, and to meet our dear fellow-workers, and to see the way the Lord has blessed their untiring labours while we have been on furlough. The numbers attending the meetings have greatly increased, and many, we believe, have been brought out of darkness. When I saw some for whom Mr. and Mrs. Mowat prayed and laboured, now attending the believers' meetings, my heart was filled with praise.

Our brethren have not spared themselves in building work either. There is now excellent accommodation for day and Sunday-school, and a well-built dispensary, where increasing numbers of sick ones are receiving help from Misses Richards and Mitchell. The morning school for children is also cared for by these sisters and is

Konde, one of the young believers, had hoped to be with me this time, but was prevented through the bite of a crocodile. His father-in-law, Samalesu, a believer, having decided to take his wife to the Government doctor, set out in a dug-out canoe, with a younger brother and Konde as paddlers. Konde was standing at the back of the canoe, paddling, when a crocodile suddenly leapt from the water and took a piece out of the upper part of his leg. Had he been seated the bite would doubtless have been of a more serious nature. As it was, he was thrown out of the boat, and the next paddler, Samanenga, either jumped or was knocked overboard by the impact. Both men dived under water and swam to shore, and Konde was enabled to pull himself to safety by means of an overhanging branch of a tree. The other poor fellow also reached the bank, but, as he was endeavouring to get out, the crocodile saw him and dragged him away to his death.

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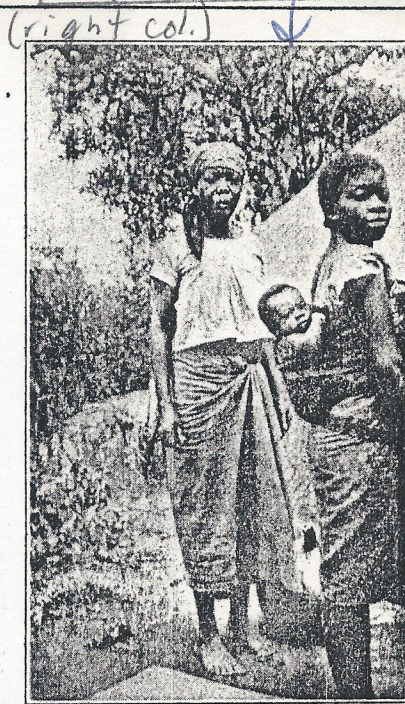
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prospering. I was surprised to see some 130 men and women in the afternoon school, conducted by Mrs. Logan, Mrs. Barnett, and native workers. The attendance has reached 160 sometimes.

After visiting the three out-schools and several of the local villages, I am now in camp on the Lukolwe river. Three of the young men in fellowship and myself are preaching in villages to the west and south-west of Chavuma, and are tramping from district to district, often through thick sand and sometimes through swamps. There have been several cases of blessing since we left a fortnight or so ago. We started first in Mandalo's capital, where we camped for four days, visiting the villages up to the border. I have several large coloured Scripture pictures with me, and one depicting the prodigal son, standing in the midst of the pigs in a condition of poverty and utter despair, makes a very big appeal to the Valwena. One young man, who has gone deep into sin, told us this picture made him think hard, and as he listened to the gospel he said he accepted Christ. The next day he brought his cousin and he also professed conversion.

I should greatly value prayer for the coming dry season's work, when I purpose, if the Lord will, to go to a district about six days' journey east of Chavuma station where there is a big population of Va Luchaze, Va Chokwe and Va Lwena (all understanding the Lwena tongue), and camp in their midst for some months, moving from place to place as the Lord directs.

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MATRON OF GIRL-BOARDERS, KALEÑE HILL. To the right is one of the teachers, with an orphan on her back.

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The sad part is that when urged to trust Christ, he had said that he was still a young man and would believe the Word later. When he received the tragic news, Mr. Logan and I immediately packed and set out by river, reaching Konde at 2.0 o'clock in the morning. Hippos followed at two places on the river, but shots frightened them away. We found the distressed party lying on the ground in a village (lion country, too!) some little distance from the river. What a mercy it was a fine moonlit night! We had heavy rain for several nights both before and after. Mr. Logan put in five stitches, and I now hear that Konde is walking about and hopes to accompany me on my next tramp. Said Konde to me that night: "If I had gone it would have meant great gladness for me now to be with the Lord." We heard that Samalesu had on the night of the tragedy, although stricken with grief at the loss of his brother before his very eyes, preached the gospel to the heathen villagers, telling them what a mercy it is to know the Lord and to be ready, for none can tell when death may come.

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13th.—We were on the other side of the Lukolwe river yesterday afternoon and had meetings in three villages. Three young men in the last professed to accept Christ in spite of murmurs of disapproval from the women. The latter appear to be very hard and love the ways of sin.

E. Herbert Sims.

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Chavuma, Feb. 11th.—With native believers I journeyed through jungle, forest and plain for twenty-four days, carrying the message of salvation to natives in the most backward part of the Balovale district. The gospel was preached to the Va Lwena, Va Lunda, Va Lokwe, Va Locazé and Va Luyi peoples. Native idols and divining contrivances were much in evidence, both on the person and in and around the huts and enclosures. The natives, in many cases, were clothed in skins, and the children fled from the villages at the sight of a white face. Chief Cindumba, at one of the meetings, said, "I do want Jesus greatly." He made a profession, as did others from the capital.

We found many souls eager to hear the Word, and others equally indifferent. Many insulting remarks were thrown at us by those who seemed demon-possessed. Such would interfere while a meeting was in progress. As an offset to this we had natives follow us long distances to hear more of God's Word, and ere they left us decide for Christ. One native, Salumai, was particularly zealous. He travelled through a forest in a torrential downpour one night. The next morning he came also. He made a profession.

We found an ominous spirit in many places. Natives seem to be fast losing respect for their chiefs, headmen and elders. The spirit of lawlessness, selfishness and hatred of lawful restraint seemed prevalent. The spirit of the last days is in evidence here as in the homelands.

F. M. Barnett.

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**N. Rhodesia : Lovaleland.—Mr. J. Caldwell—**  
 “For some months we had a time of awakening in the villages, far and near, but it is not so now. This is the honey season, and the people are making beer as fast as they can. It is difficult to get a hearing of sober people in the villages. Some of those who professed conversion have backslidden into this drinking habit. We believe they are really the Lord’s, for their lives were completely changed, and they were keen to learn about the things of God. Will you join us in very earnest prayer on their behalf? We are glad to have seventy boys in the boarding school, who are kept away from this drinking and dancing, and some of these have been won for the Lord since the beginning of the term.”

**Bembaland.—Miss Francis—**“Three Sundays ago our hearts were cheered by the thanksgiving for restoration to health of one of our young Christian mothers, who had her leg broken while gathering worms and leaves for food in the forest, as she did not hear the warning that a tree, which was being felled, was falling. She was brought to us in the morning. To reach the nearest doctor she would have had to travel fifteen miles. Asking help of God we set the bone, using roughly-cut wood, covered with wool, for splints. After eight weeks we praised God to find the union satisfactory. Her relatives had said that her injury was the result of forsaking their gods and that she would never walk again.”