

Vol. 23, No. 8, August 1910, pp. 115-116

17, Homefield Road,
Wimbledon, London, S.W.

FORWARD MOVEMENT.

DR. F. S. ARNOT, of the Garenganze Mission, and Rev. A. W. Bailey, our Pioneer Missionary into North-West Rhodesia, expect to have completed the erection of a three-roomed

get more from Broken Hill. I do not expect much trouble from the differences in dialect.

"It is evident that all that is likely to be done for some time in a great region hereabout, must be done by our Mission. There is no other Mission contemplating an entrance, according to the Acting Magistrate, Capt. Stennette. To the South of us lies the Luengi country. The people are similar to the Bakaonda, and the language did not seem to vary widely from the Chiluba or Chikaonda. Mr. Arnot was able to converse with them fairly. We were in their country almost as soon as we left Broken Hill. The only work among them is on the Eastern edge of their country, by Messrs. Phillips and Masters of the Nyassa Industrial Mission at Kafulfuta.



TRAVELLING IN AFRICA WITH CARRIERS.

brick house some time before this issue will be in print. The following is extracted from a recent letter:—

"There are indications that prayer for the opening of the work is being answered. Today, four boys of ten to fourteen came to work and study, one of them coming from a long distance. We have taken them on. As soon as we can spare time from our building we will try to teach them and others from the villages properly. I have a Primer and some other elementary books in Chiluba. I can

"I feel that we need to plant a work at Kasempa as soon as possible. It is a hundred miles from here. This Station can be run with a branch at the Lunga, which is a much more populous centre than this, but far less healthful; and a branch work at Kansanshi proper. Mr. Thompson, the Mine Boss, tells me that he has about a thousand men about Kansanshi, and that most of them will soon understand Kaonda, I do not know that a man would need to spend all his time there. But a good work could be done there among both

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whites and blacks, and this point be kept as a centre. The work among the miners promises to be very interesting. I am to go in for another service on Sunday. I feel that we need to pray fervently that our God will choose and send workers here (Luke x. 3).

"We walked several miles on Sunday and held a service at Pupe's village. Had sixty present. Mr. Arnot reads to them from a Luba book and makes a few remarks. I play my cornet and they sing Luba hymns. A mission boy from Dr. Law's work in East Africa is buying grain near here. He is very much interested in our work and helps as much as possible by arranging for meetings, etc.

"I began School work yesterday. I have a Luba primer. I typed off several pages of 'pa ba ka' etc., and sailed in. I will learn a lot if they do not. I had eight boys to-day. Our headman—Miambo—was present and helped (?) with sundry exhortations and suggestions to the boys, who are very bright."

A. W. BAILEY.

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**PROGRESS OF THE
FORWARD MOVEMENT.**

THE friends who are interested in our recent entrance as a Mission into North-West Rhodesia, and who are praying that God will make an open way for Himself into hearts in that needy country, will rejoice to

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hear how He is undertaking. Mr. Bailey writes most brightly of the details of the work there, and is full of the spirit of giving thanks in everything, finding occasion to praise God even in the fact of having been so long alone among the natives there—this, he says, having been of priceless value to him in the matter of learning the language.

The boys, twenty-three in number, are showing an increasing interest in the work of the school. "I have never seen pupils so downright anxious to learn," writes Mr. Bailey. "It does one good to hear them in their compound conning over their lessons and helping one another to learn." That God has given His servant a deep love for them is evident from his affectionate remarks concerning them, and it is no less evident that He has given him a foretaste of the joy of seeing many of them won for Jesus from the Holy Ghost zest and buoyancy with which he looks forward to his work among them.

God has wonderfully made "the crooked places straight" with regard to the building of the house, which is now practically finished, and Mr. Bailey has experienced much kindness from the mine officials at Kansanshi towards the accomplishment of this end. How refreshing it is to read: "The house begins to look as if it would repay all the work laid out on it! I am quite pleased with it. It looks like a cement structure, with its coat of grey ant-heap clay, which is much nicer than the red colour of the usual kind."

The way is blessedly opening for services among both natives and whites. God is answering prayer and vouchsafing His own presence in these, giving His servant to realise the tender workings of His Holy Spirit in the hearts of both coloured and white. Besides the services for Europeans at Kansanshi, a bi-weekly service for native mine hands is now being carried on—a spirit of conviction being already manifest among the former. Let us pray that His servant be ever increasingly endued with God's power, and that decisions for Christ may be the outcome of these and all the other services. As an evidence of how much prayer is needed, Mr. Bailey, in speaking recently to a crowd of boys, had to use two interpreters and four languages, speaking in English to Mr. Springer's boy, David, who translated it into Muvimbu, another boy into Awemba, he himself finishing up by repeating it in Chikaonda.

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With regard to land, the Government has decided to grant us, as a Mission, 2,000 acres, and now that the railway is extended so far beyond Broken Hill, there is increased facility in reaching our sphere of labour at and around Miambo. Let us earnestly pray that God will speedily send forth labourers into this field, "white already unto harvest."

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HERE AND THERE.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Keyes write of considerable progress being made in their work at the present time. They seem to be having seasons of special blessing in answer to prayer. They much regret having had to abandon the idea of building a Church this year, it being found impossible to obtain a builder because of the fever season, but they are looking forward to having the Church erected at the earliest possible date.

Mr. and Mrs. Hervey, who have during the fever season been working at Amatikulu, Natal; have now removed to Lansdowne, Zululand, the station of the Rev. J. Hawkins, Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins being at home on furlough for some six months.

Whilst the work in North-West Rhodesia gives much cause for praise, it also furnishes us with an earnest call to prayer. The fields are already white to harvest, but the labourers are few, and the influx of godless whites for work on the adjacent mines makes it all the more necessary that the Gospel should be brought to the natives, who are apt to think that a white skin and a clothed body are emblems of Christianity.

Those who have been led out in prayer for our Missionaries during the fever season will be glad to know that prayer has been answered, and in most cases they have been wonderfully preserved.

In connection with the village work—a very important branch of the S.A.G.M.—special meetings have been held at Adams Mission Station, Natal, and at Malvern and South Coast Junction. The workers report, and praise God, for considerable blessing in these different places.

We would like to give our friends early notice of our Annual Meetings, which will be held again this year at the King's Hall, Holborn, morning, afternoon, and evening on Tuesday, May 2nd, and for which we should value prayer. All will be glad to know that we are (D.V.) to have the Rev. Charles Inwood with us, and we hope that these may be some of the best meetings we have ever held. Those who were present with us last year, when the Rev. S. D. Gordon was with us, will remember with gratefulness that prayer was answered in a wonderful way. Mr. S. D. Gordon's three addresses were issued in book-form, under the title of "Prayer Changes Things," is nett, which book is now in its 9,000th, and is continuing to circulate well.

Miss G. Gabb will be returning to her much-loved work in Swaziland in the Spring. She has taken her berth in the "Durham Castle," sailing on March 25th. We know what a warm welcome she will receive on her return to that country.

The following friends have obtained fresh Home Helpers, and they have our warm thanks:—

Mrs. Urie, Miss Laurie, Mrs. Slate, Mrs. Coxon, Rev. J. Hodgkinson, Miss Millett, Miss Thornbury, Miss Deighton, Miss Nicholson, Miss Shiela Walton, Mrs. Jardine, Miss Noakes, Mrs. Sharp, Mr. Shields, Miss Norris, Mr. Hunter, Miss Gilling, Mrs. Lay, Miss Rankin, Miss Raimes, Miss Wall, Mrs. Heathcote, Mr. Singer, Miss Joy, Miss Brown, Miss New, Miss Jardine, Miss Pixley, Miss Taylor, Miss Clarke, Miss M. Slater, Miss Orr, Mr. Davison, Miss McIntyre, Miss Padday, Miss Aylmer, Mr. Hubbard, Miss Lovegrove, Miss Roche, Mr. Dawson, Miss Turner, Miss Barnet, Miss Hood, Miss Roberts, Mrs. Neilson, Miss Loosley, Miss Underhay, Mr. Blackmore, Mrs. Webb, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Mitchell, and Miss Collins.

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WORK GOING STEADILY FORWARD AT MIAMBO.

NORTH-WEST RHODESIA.

THE rainy season is upon us in good earnest in this part of the world, and some of the departments of our work are much limited thereby. Village preaching is almost impossible at this season, and the work among Europeans in Kansanshi is rendered very difficult. In a land of many streams and practically no bridges, itinerating in the rainy season is almost impossible.

The school work is going steadily forward, and we have recently occupied a temporary schoolroom. Hitherto, the school and noonday services had been held on a section of the veranda of the house, and, as native schools are not noted for quietness, this arrangement was far from satisfactory, especially when there chanced to be visitors. The schoolboys work from 6.30 a.m. until noon, and the school session begins at 2.30 p.m. and lasts until about 5. The native of Africa has known nothing of intellectual application for centuries, and it seems well to give him plenty of manual training along with his more literary development. At noon I call the boys and workmen together with my cornet for the noonday service. We sing a hymn from the Chiluba hymn-book. I lead them on my cornet, and they sing in various keys and times as suits the individual fancy. Some of them are usually tolerably near correct. It is sincerely hoped that when reinforcements reach this field they will bring some musical ability, as there is none here at present. I am reading the Gospel of Luke from the Chiluba New Testament, teaching as I read, and I find that they usually understand the Chiluba expressions used, even if they are different to those used locally. Then, after the lesson, I offer a brief prayer, and they disperse. The attention given is usually intense. Often strangers passing by stop to listen, hearing the Gospel for the first time, and I expect rich fruitage from this daily instruction in the Word of God. We have seen no clear conversions as yet, yet the promise is sure.

As I become more familiar with the language, the deep superstition of the people becomes clearer to me. They believe in one Supreme God, whom they call "Leza," or "Siakapanga." The latter name comes from the verb, "Panga," which signifies to

make or to create—hence, Creator. The derivation of "Leza" is doubtful, but it is the same word by which they designate lightning. There may be a hint of fire-worship in this, but I am more inclined to think that it is simply the majesty and manifestation of power in the lightning and accompanying thunder crash that suggests the idea to their crude intelligence.

Thus far their religious ideas are fairly encouraging; but, unfortunately, they seem to feel no obligation either to seek or serve the God in whom they believe. They think that the earth is infested with the spirits of departed mortals, and that these spirits have both power and design to do them injury, especially in imparting disease to them. Thus the bulk of their religious worship is intended to keep these spirits in good humour, so that they will not do them harm. One young man told me that they had no idea that the spirits could give them good crops, or any such blessing, but that they feared diseases at their hands. I have seen no evidence of blood sacrifices to the spirits, but they build little houses in which they place fetishes—skins of animals, teeth, claws, etc. I saw a tiny hut a few days ago in which a young man had placed a dish of medicine, made from bark, beside which he had scattered a handful of meal, as a bribe to the spirits to induce them to give potency to his medicine. It is common for them to kneel in a circle and clap their hands as a token of adoration to the spirits, but this is not a very marked form of worship, as it is their usual greeting both to the white man and to their own chiefs and indunas. I find that they see no inconsistency in bowing down with us to worship Jesus, but the real test will be their willingness to forsake the old superstitions.

They are inclined to confuse the accounts of demon possession in the New Testament with their ideas of the spirits of the departed putting diseases into their bodies. In consideration of the foregoing, it is not surprising that a large part of their treatment of diseases consists in drumming and dancing in honour of the spirits, and they may also have a lurking hope that the spirits will withdraw to escape the hideous racket.

The entire population in this section is deeply stirred by the critical illness of Kapili Mpanga, the big chief of the Kansanshi District, who is in a very bad state of dysentery. I have had the privilege of telling him the Gospel story when he was in health, and he said to me afterwards in

private: "I am too old to learn in your school, but I can have my sins forgiven." We can only hope that a gleam of light from the cross may have penetrated his darkened soul.
A. W. BAILEY.

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wonders if the day of "Special Missions" in this country is waning, and if the Lord has other methods for reaching the people. We do know those in the ranks of the Ministry who are pastors in reality and, unshaken by "Higher Criticism," yearn over their flock. If these would seek the help of the Lord in leading their people "back to the Word," surely through Bible exposition a spiritual hunger would come to these hearts, and a revolution would doubtless be seen in the Church life.

The results of our work during the past year cannot be tabulated here, though "the Day shall declare it," and we trust that some shall abide the Fire "which shall prove each man's work of what sort it is." The following places have been visited by us, and special meetings held:—Port Shepstone, Adams, Sea View, Umbilo, South Coast Junction, Malvern, Dundee, Glencoe, Ladysmith, etc. Some souls over whom "other lords had dominion" have yielded to the claims of the Lord Jesus, and to-day call Him "Master and Lord," and, while we desired to see "greater things," yet we rejoice with Him over those who have been brought from darkness and from the power of Satan unto God. It has been a delightful privilege to help also in the native work, and we have happy memories of our Missions by interpretation among the people at Adams' Mission Station. I was specially fortunate there in my interpreter, a Christian Zulu, as fluent in English as in his own language, who had given up a good position under the Government as interpreter in the Magistrate's Court, that he might help in the education which means the uplifting of his own people. "To the poor the Gospel is preached," and this truth was much in evidence in their appreciation of our message.

R. DARROLL.

A YEAR AMONG THE KAONDES.

THE 24th day of March saw the close of a year of work among these hitherto unreached people. A retrospective glance reveals much left undone that we would gladly have seen accomplished at the close of this initial year of pioneering; but there are many things for which we feel constrained to follow the good example of the apostle when he "thanked God, and took courage." Perhaps foremost among these things

should be placed the ability to proclaim the "good tidings" in the Kaonde language, not fluently, nor always grammatically, but intelligibly. Then it is cause for joy that hundreds, if not even thousands, of these people have heard the story of Christ for the first time during this twelvemonth, and many have heard the fundamentals, "fully preached." Of late quite a number have made profession of faith in Jesus as their Saviour. It is too early to decide how much this may, or may not, mean, but it certainly shows interest in and friendliness toward the truth. In a recent village service at least thirty men, including three head-men of villages, professed their faith in Jesus, others having done the same at other times. This, at least, is a hopeful indication for the future, when they shall more fully understand the terms of discipleship. It looks as if we were approaching the stage of "teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you."

In the realm of intellectual training, a school has been maintained almost from the first. It has been subject to all the usual ups and downs of a pioneer mission school in Africa, the difficulty of holding a steady, regular attendance being one of the greatest drawbacks. The boys come apparently expecting to be made English-speaking "Capitao's," drawing big pay, and doing no work, and all in the space of a few weeks. When they find that we are not teaching English, and that we are working for heavenly, and not earthly, riches, their educational ambition is likely to suffer eclipse. In such case, their grandmother usually dies suddenly, and they go home to the funeral and forget to return. But I have some in school to-day who were present at the first session, and some have made very satisfactory progress in learning to read and write their own language. One lad of about seventeen (no native knows his age) has learned to read well. I almost envy him as he reads his language freely, and understands every word, which is more than his teacher can do. He is a son of a head-man, and a very quiet, promising lad. His name is John, which he probably received while working as "Pickanin" for some Kansanshi miner. There are others who are reading fairly well and some who seem hopeless.

In material things we are not without cause for praise. A fairly comfortable and substantial dwelling house, with kitchen and other outbuildings, stand as a monu-

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ment of God's goodness in this direction. We also have a temporary schoolroom, which answers very well for school and church for the time being.

The missionary has been kept healthy and happy during this year, of which ten months have been spent entirely alone as far as white companionship is concerned. "Jesus ever. Jesus only. Jesus enough."

Bi-weekly services have been held during the year for the few white people of Kansanshi. The active operation of the mine has ceased for a few months at least, and these services are interrupted. There has been no apparent fruit from this work in Kansanshi. But we know that "His Word shall not return unto Him void." If the present work of exploring and developing in the Kansanshi Copper Mine warrants such a proceeding, we may see a railway line built from the main line, 80 miles distant, to Kansanshi and a flourishing community growing up. The moral influence of a body of miners on the native population is not at all elevating, but such influences must be met in the power of God where they exist. We missionaries are often constrained to praise God that the Gospel we preach has a power behind and permeating it that is far more than human. The forces that work with us are far more than those that work against us.

The missionary has had it laid on his heart to make a long itinerating trip to the confines of the Kaonde tribe during the coming dry season. It is expected that other workers will arrive to take charge of the station work during this time. The trip would occupy several weeks, and should begin in July, or August at the latest. This trip should result in the evangelisation of many thousands who have never heard of Christ. Let us hope and pray that the seed thus sown may bring forth fruit unto eternal life. When the sheaves are finally laid down at the Master's feet, the heralds and the praying helpers will rejoice together. "One thing is required of a steward; that he be found faithful."

A. W. BAILEY.

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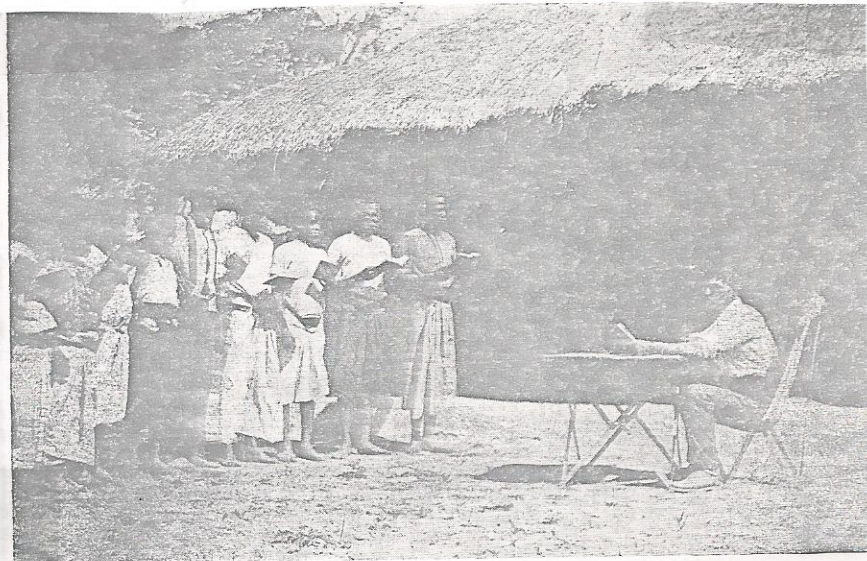
MIAMBO, NORTH-WEST
RHODESIA.

Home
It is four months since we arrived here, and we are now beginning to get accustomed to our surroundings and the people. *Q* The school is the most important part of the work now in hand. At present there are sixteen boys in attendance, fifteen of whom are living on the station with a view to gaining some education. Some have been here for months, others have just come. These, besides learning to read and write, etc., have the Word of God read and explained to them daily. So far none have taken a public stand for Christ, but we expect some to do so before long; they listen with a desire to understand, and, in answer to prayer, we believe to see results from the faithful teaching Mr. Bailey has been giving them.

Since our coming we have been seeking to get hold of the women and girls for Christ. We invited them to come to the station for lessons in sewing and reading; some have responded, and, although the attendance of all has not been regular up to the present—two only coming daily—we trust that when their gardening duties, etc., are less others will come. Besides sewing and reading from type-written lesson sheets, they memorize Scripture; this we trust will be as “seed sown in good ground.” Some days as many as eight or nine have been present—one day I had twelve. These come in the mornings and stay for the daily mid-day service, after which the boys have their “school”; they have been doing industrial work during the morning. These “boys” are not all small, the majority are young men. We are praying that God will save some and fill them with His Holy Spirit, and send them forth as His witnesses among their own people. Native evangelists are needed, and, just as at Dumisa and other places God has chosen some out of the people round about, so may He raise up some of these young men now in school to be soul winners of the Kaonde people.

Visiting the villages has its encouragements. There you meet the people who do not come to the services on the Mission Station, but who listen when the message is taken to them. The numbers vary at the village meetings: sometimes only the “twos and threes,” other times more. Last Sunday Mr. Bailey and my husband were

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REV. A. W. BAILEY TEACHING A CLASS OF BOYS AT MIAMBO, N.-W. RHODESIA.

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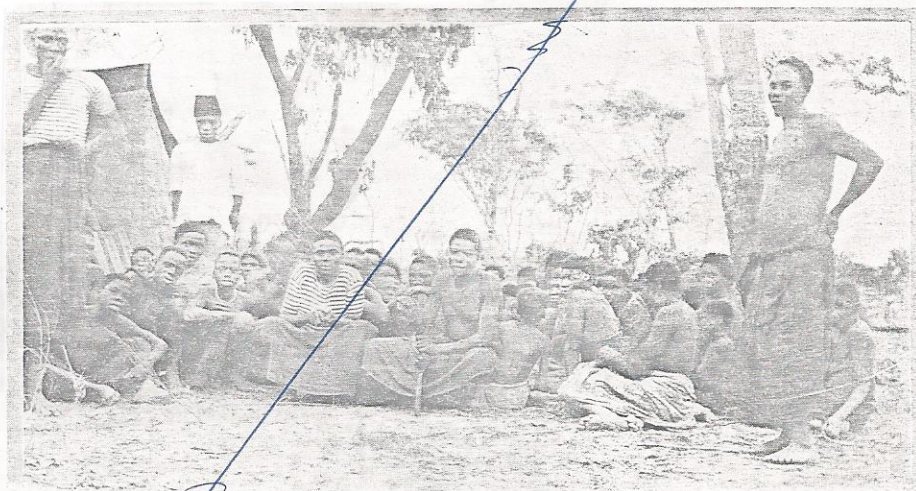


Photo by Rev. A. W. Bailey.

A "TREK" CONGREGATION, N. RHODESIA.

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understood not how complete their deliverance was from the law, and how divine the transition was to the life in the Spirit of God's Son that had been sent forth into their hearts. And are there not multitudes of Christians to-day who put their trust in Christ for the pardon of their sins, but know, oh, so little of their redemption unto the adoption of sons, and the Father's bestowment upon them of the Spirit of His Son as the only, the certain, the sufficient power for the life of a child of God.

Let us pray God fervently for teachers, whether in the pulpit or out of it, who can lead His children on to the knowledge of that indwelling Spirit, through whom Christ can be formed in them, teachers and believers, who in travail of soul, give themselves up entirely to labour in prayer and service, to make known the riches of the glory of this mystery, Christ in you, the hope of glory.

S.A.G.M. WORK IN NORTHERN RHODESIA.

THE attention of the South Africa General Mission was directed to this field and its needs by the veteran pioneer missionary, Fred S. Arnot, F.R.G.S. After much prayer, deliberation and investigation, it was decided to begin operations in the territory.

In accordance with this decision, the writer set out from Broken Hill for Kansanshi in company with Mr. Arnot, who was on his way to visit certain stations of his Mission, on February 22nd, 1910. We arrived at Miambo's village on March 22nd, and selected a site with the help of Miambo himself.

Before the close of the year we had a mission bungalow, with walls of sun-dried bricks and thatch roof. The building is 30 by 60 feet, contains five rooms, and proves very satisfactory. We also have a simple but sufficient building for school and services. The entire expense of these buildings has been less than £80.

By a happy Providence, the language of the Vakaonde proved to be very similar to that of the Valuba, their parent tribe. So we have been able to read the Scripture to them from the first through the kindness of the Garenganze Mission, which is working among the Valuba. As the language became more familiar, the writer has been able to preach the Gospel continuously

among the villages accessible from the station; in addition to this villages at a greater distance have been occasionally visited, and one extensive evangelising and investigating trip has been made, which covered practically the entire length of the Kaonde country. While there have been no conversions as yet, the people have shown themselves attentive and interested listeners, and fruit is sure to appear in time. Services have been held with the white people at the mining camp, Kansanshi, and occasional services with the mine natives, who speak a jargon of languages. In one of these services four languages were used.

A school has been maintained almost from the first, and quite a number of native boys have learned to read and write their own language, as well as to gain a clear understanding of the Gospel. The school now has an enrolment of about 25. Since the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Harris in September, 1911, a school for women and girls has been started under the instruction of Mrs. Harris. This may be but the beginning of a gracious work among the female portion of the tribe.

The work projected includes the starting of a new station at the junction of the Dongwe and Lalafuta rivers, about 220 miles south-west of the present station. This section was visited by the writer while on the above-mentioned evangelising trip in October last, and seems a strategic position for our next station. From that point, the writer hopes to make a longer exploring trip during the coming dry season, with the object of locating a suitable site for a station among the people of the great Valuchase tribe some 500 miles west of here.

We sincerely hope that these small beginnings may evolve into a work that shall transform these tribes.

A. W. BAILEY.

NOTICE.—Many of our readers take a definite interest in particular stations, but are not acquainted with all the details of their beginnings. All will be glad to know that albums have been prepared showing the start and gradual development of the following stations:—Dumisa, Mt. Tabor, Bangazi, Lulwe and Cididi; others are to follow. These albums are fully illustrated and may be had on loan from Miss V. Rigby, Ingleside, The Drive, Hove, according to the notice at the foot of the inside of cover. We are much indebted to Miss Rigby for her idea and for all the work entailed by the preparation of these albums.

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School

and fine flavoured, but the writer has not tried any yet.

On the Sunday before Christmas, during service time, when I was about to read and try to expound the Scriptures, our congregation became very restless. The cause was soon manifest, for some eight or ten Native Police arrived with a machila, and a letter saying that the wife of a police officer (European) was ill, and asking that Mrs. Harris would come to the Boma (Magistracy) without delay. While I finished the service, my wife prepared to leave, and was soon off in the machila carried by the stalwart Native Police, who covered the thirteen miles through the forest, and arrived at the Boma in less than three hours. And we? Well, we were left lamenting, the children visibly and audibly. When the excitement had subsided, we had Sunday school, one of the senior boys helping to teach.

Christmas Day dawned bright and fair, and we were favoured with fine weather all day. At 9 a.m. we held a simple service; I read the old, old story from St. Luke's Gospel and spoke of God's great love to men. We also sang, in Kaonde, "Oh! worship the King," "Jesus shall reign," and "Why do you wait, dear brother?" After the service the boys recited texts of scripture which they had learned during the past five months. One boy remembered sixteen texts, which he recited with only two slight mistakes. Some of the others did well, but some failed entirely. These texts had been chosen week by week and showed the way of salvation clearly, and the consequence of its neglect. These boys are all heathen, and who shall say what the result of the Word thus memorised shall be? Pray that it may be as seed sown in good ground. Then came prize giving for attendance, highest marks, and memorising scripture. One boy had 42 marks out of a possible 50. When I first saw that boy he was one of the dirtiest little imps imaginable. He gained the three highest prizes in his class. We had no sports, but the boys seemed well pleased with their prizes, which consisted of pocket knives, and in some cases cash. I noticed one or two who received the latter promptly paid debts with their prizes. What did the Missionary and his family fare on on this festive day? Well, there was no time for cooking, and not much to cook, had there been time. The joint came out of a 12-oz. tin, and the pudding was some of a batter pudding left over from two days before. But the Christmas

mail came in, and there were letters and cards, and some Daily Graphics (a great boon up here—one longs for pictures, why I cannot tell, but it is so). There were also some sweets from Swaziland and some from friends in Kansanshi. In the evening we sat by a big log fire, and the Missionary told his little girls stories.

We have twenty-four boys in the school; they are boarders, and live in little grass huts in the compound near the school house. Owing to the scattered population and other conditions pertaining in this part of the country it is necessary that they should reside on the Mission Station, hence we must provide them with food; this costs three-halfpence per day for each boy, for which they do a certain amount of useful and necessary work in return. At the time of writing our food supply is running short, and we shall not be able to keep all the boys until we can get a fresh stock of grain. These boys come from different villages, some of which are three days' journey from here. They hear the Gospel daily. "Faith comes by hearing," and I am convinced that through the school we shall reach a large area if we are enabled to keep it on. Here is a definite need for you to remember in prayer.

We would like to thank our kind friend, Mr. J. Calow, of Redcar, for medicines which he has sent us, through which we have been able to successfully treat some severe cases of pneumonia and other diseases, to say nothing of wounds, sores, and ulcers. There is a demand for mutsi (medicine) daily.

ERNEST A. M. HARRIS.

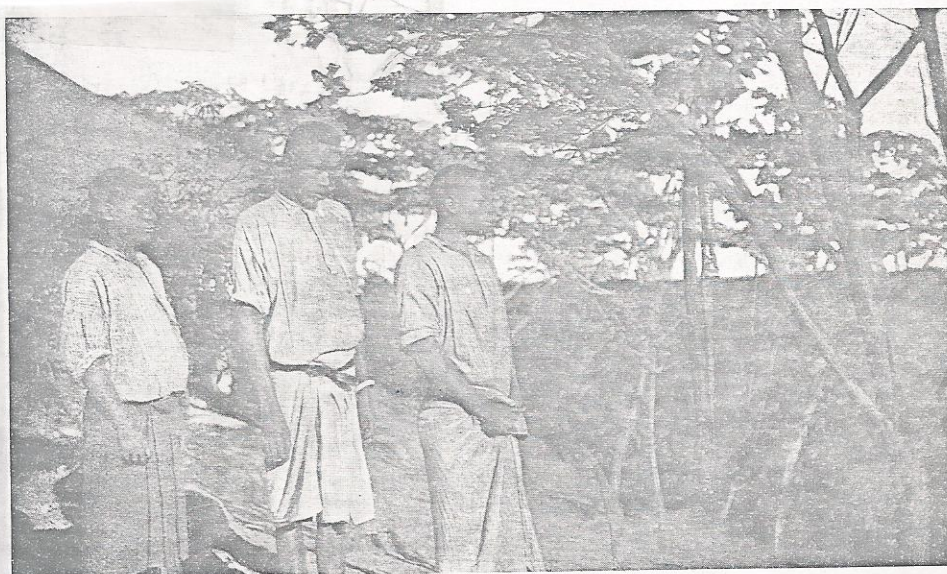
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NORTH-WEST RHODESIA.

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A YEAR ON THE LALAFUTA RIVER.

THIS month, June, marks the rounding out of a year of occupation of this location at the Lalafuta-Dongwe confluence. The people of the section were entirely new to the Gospel, except that I had passed through here on a preaching tour in 1911.



MY THREE CONVERTS. LUKALONGA (KAONDE), at left of picture, JOHN KANDELA (KAONDE), at centre, CHIUNDU (KAMBUNDA), at right, next to the snake.

The snake is a spitting cobra, 6-ft. 4-ins. long, on which I trod with my unshod foot while taking my bath in the dusk. My shot-gun caused his present disordered appearance. They can eject their venom two, or three yards, and their bite is deadly. He did not bite me, nor spit on me. A.W.B.

While this is quite a populous point, with twenty villages within five hours' walk, there is the difficulty of a somewhat mixed dialect, owing to an admixture of Buella and Lamba blood. Chikaonde is the prevailing language, but it is not the highest type of Chikaonde imaginable.

The region is exceedingly well stocked with children, and offers fine opportunities for school work. The only effective form of school work seems to be the boarding type in these new fields. It is not only difficult

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but impossible to get the children to attend school day by day from their villages. This makes the matter of conducting school a rather complicated operation, as they must be housed, fed, and generally cared for. It is customary to make them work the first half of each day, so that, if one has the knack of getting any work out of them, they can be made partly self-supporting. They are not naturally and spontaneously energetic, so that unless they have someone in constant charge of them they are likely to do fully as much loafing as working. A reliable native helper with a natural gift of foremanship is able to do far more with them than the average white man.

I have had an enrolment of about 40 boys (we take no girls) for about nine months past, and my average attendance at school runs well over thirty. Some of them are always home, either sick, or sorrowing over departed relatives. In fact, I have had to refuse to allow them to return to their villages to assist in the weeping, dancing and beer-drinking, with which they celebrate a death, as I found that the mortality among their relatives was becoming appalling, several boys being called to mourn the death of the same mother repeatedly.

Some of the boys have learned to read quite freely, and are mastering the art of writing, while others are especially dull. One of my pupils is a young Kambunda man, who returned with me from beyond the Zambesi last year. He has learned to read and write very quickly, has professed conversion, and seems to be making vital progress in the Christian life. I trust that he may prove the first fruits of a plentiful harvest from the Mbunda tribe. Two of my old schoolboys, who were among the first to enter my school at Kansanshi, have likewise professed to accept Salvation, and just on the anniversary of my arrival here one of the brightest of my Lalafuta boys in the school spontaneously professed conversion. The two boys from Kansanshi came here with me as cook and personal boy, so that I have a little class of four who are preparing for baptism. The God of all grace will not allow His Word to fall to the ground void.

Multitudes come for medical help, and thus come into touch with the Gospel. There is urgent need for another man or a married couple for this field. The present location is temporary. A better location may be found some 50 miles North-East.

A. W. BAILEY.

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A HARVEST TO BE REAPED.

CHISALALA MISSION STATION, NORTHERN RHODESIA.

ERNEST A. M. HARRIS.

IT is now many months since I wrote a report for our magazine, having had to leave the Station for a time through illness. I am now so far recovered that I can attend to my duties,

Erskine Msengi (T). Edward Zondwayo (E).



Samuel Ntongane (T). Shaddock Mlau (E).

UTUBENI'S EIGHT PREACHERS AND TEACHERS.

with only an occasional reminder that recovery is not complete. Yet how much there is to praise God for! Let me ask the many friends, who have so faithfully prayed for me during that time, now to join in praise to God for answered prayer, not only for myself, but also for Mrs. Harris and the children. We were enabled to take the two youngest to England, and they are now with the three elder girls at Hastings. We were one short month in the "homeland," and then came straight back here, having bene-

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fited greatly by the double voyage. How glad we are to be once more in the land of our adoption, getting a better knowledge of the language, and rejoicing to be able to tell the story of Jesus and His love in Chikaonde. Often the message seems to be unheeded; it is ever so during the time of ploughing and seed-sowing; but in due time the green blade will spring forth, and in the end there will be the full corn in the ear. There is a harvest to be reaped in the Kaonde country. That is the vision that lures. A harvest to be reaped with Jesus Christ in His field!—then loneliness, hardship, difficulties pale, and the power of the evil one dwindles into nothingness before the vision of the all-conquering Christ.

The enemy has been making a bold bid for the souls of men in Northern Rhodesia, and has, as usual, over-reached himself. Many months ago a native man arose in the Mashukulumbwe country, some 200 miles South from here. He called himself Jesus, and his fame went through all the land for hundreds of miles. I am told that he is a leper, and lives alone. He is supposed to have had a dream. He declares that he was caught up to heaven and found that there were many gods there, not one God. One was very fierce and had a bowl of blood, which he was going to pour out on the earth, but another god who was full of mercy said he was not to do so. After a time they said they would send this man back to the earth to tell the people to erect poles in their villages and smear them with blood: then a god would come down on to the top of the pole, and they must worship him. If they failed to do this, the god of wrath would cause a great rain to come down on that village and drown them all. People went to this man from all over the country, taking with them money, guns, ivory, etc. Ten shillings was the price of eternal life. Five paid for a little sawdust, which secured abundance of rain and a full crop of corn without the labour of digging and sowing. In obedience to him, blood-smearred poles, with some old bones tied on the top, were put up in nearly every village. At the foot of each pole a little house (Nzubu ya Munkishi) was built. A Munkishi is an idol, or a fetish of some kind.

Some of those who paid ten shillings for eternal life have since died. The rain did not come at the usual time, and was not so abundant as other years; the ants are eating the poles; the village dogs sleep in the sacred "Munkishi" house during the heat of the day; the people who did not erect

Messiah

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poles in their villages were not drowned, and those who paid five shillings for rain medicine, and neglected to sow, have not reaped, and, I am told, are now wanting the man who deceived them, in order to kill him, because they are hungry. In one village I noticed a heap of firewood at the foot of a pole arranged for kindling, but the god does not light his fire, and the white ants are quietly turning it into a heap of clay. Multitudes of people believed on this man.

These things formed a good text on Sunday last in one of the villages where I was seeking to lift up Jesus Christ as the only Saviour. It was at the close of this service that I had the great joy of hearing a Kaonde preach Christ to the people. He evidently could not hold his peace, and burst forth on them like a pent-up torrent. So simple and so clear was his argument that even children could not fail to understand, and at the same time it was full of power. He is, I believe, the first Kaonde to preach the Gospel. He was manifestly under the control of the Holy Spirit, and I listened with a joy which I cannot describe filling my heart. Do you wonder that I felt like singing the song of Simeon (Luke ii. 30-32)?

I found Kapilimpanga, the Chief, and some of his men busy making axes. After greeting him, I remarked that he was working on Sunday. Earlier in the day, when I passed through his village, he was out in the forest cutting trees. At this service I spoke on repentance, faith in Christ, and the need of a new heart. At the close, Walalambaya (the young man who preached at the other village) asked that we might sing a certain hymn, and as soon as we had sung it he said, "You see what that first line says? It says our hearts are bad. That is true—our hearts are very bad. But the Missionary told you that if you repented of your sins and believed in the Lord Jesus, God would give you a new heart. When Jesus Christ was on earth there came to Him one night a man called Nicodemus. He was one of the big men of the Jews, a teacher, and he said to Jesus, 'Master, we know that you are of God, or you could not do the works that you do.' And Jesus said, 'Nicodemus, do you know that you must be born again, or you cannot see the kingdom of God?' Nicodemus answered and said, 'How can I be born again? I am an old man. I cannot turn into a little child to be born a second time.' 'Yes,' said Jesus, 'I know you are an old man, Nicodemus, and that you cannot turn into a little child, but you have got to be born again—born of the water and of the

Spirit. Your heart must become like the heart of a little child, pure and good.' Now you see what you must do. You must repent, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and God will give you a new heart. That is being born again. The Missionary told you of the Va Ganda, how there are many Christians. Yes, but one man believed first, others followed; now multitudes believe, and their King also is a Christian. That is what will be here. The kingdom of God begins as a little thing amongst a people, and grows, and grows, and grows. One man first, then others—many others."

Was the spirit of prophecy on Walalambaya? Did he, too, see a vision of the kingdom of God coming amongst this wilderness people, and the "wilderness blossoming like the rose"?

"Who will come to the help of the Lord against the mighty" in the Kaonde country, by giving themselves for the work, by giving of their means, and by prayer? We need help on this Station. We need another Station about a hundred miles S.E. from here, where there is a good opening for work. The Chief (Nyoka) came to see me quite recently, and requested that a Missionary should be sent there, as he wanted his people to learn. Shall Nyoka and his people have the Gospel? I pass on these to you as matters for believing prayer. When I was leaving Kapilimpanga's on Sunday, his men were about to resume work, but Kapili told them to stop, as it was God's day. Pray for him also.

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NORTHERN RHODESIA.

A LETTER FROM MR. BAILEY.

AFTER almost two full years of work here on the Lalafuta River, and on the eve of my departure for a new field of beginnings in Angola, it seems fitting that I should send you a word. As I look back over these two years, I am deeply constrained to praise God for His manifest guidance and care. Indeed, in these parts, four years and a fraction since I left South Africa to begin the fascinating and eventful life of a Missionary pioneer, the one great outstanding feature of all the work and all the way has been God. It has been a time of frequent tests and many difficulties, but I have been reminded in every strait that He who sent me has been with me, and the sufficiency of wisdom, power, and all needful things for the work is of Him, and is always at hand. Lest the worker become self-sufficient, there have been many trying

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situations, but, lest the worker become disheartened, the All-sufficient One has never been distant.

Results seem to come slowly, yet the power of the Gospel has made dents in the sheer granite of heathenism here. Not only have five young men made voluntary and unsolicited confession of their faith in Jesus, but many more have shown a deep and abiding interest, a glad approval of the things taught, and a definite desire to follow the good way. Millenniums of darkness, superstition, and heathen custom do not let go their hold quickly nor easily on these people; but the light is dawning, and the darkness will flee away.

Since my last letter I have had the privilege of making a tour in the country of the Koya people, with the object of finding a suitable site for a Station. Two experienced Missionaries in South Africa are desiring to begin work in the field. The Koya tribe has never had a Missionary, and offers an inviting field for pioneer effort. They are a simple, peaceable, agricultural people, who are only just recovering from the grinding between the upper and the nether millstone, which was their melancholy lot in the slave-raiding days, now just over. The belligerent Barotse found them an easy prey from the South, and the savage Lunda were a constant terror to them on the North. Now, under beneficent British rule, they are increasing and flourishing.

I had the inexpressible privilege on that trip of preaching the Gospel to a multitude who had never before heard. After the first few days, however, I was among people who did not understand my Kaonde language. The enjoyment of the trip was marred by a sharp attack of gastritis and fever, and the last 80 miles of the 200 were covered with extreme difficulty. But it is a joy to enjoy a bit of suffering for the sake of the One who suffered so much for us.

While I feel that it is the chief part of my calling in this country to make these investigating trips that pave the way for settled work, and while I feel such work very fascinating, it cannot be denied that so much trekking hinders Station work, and retards the progress of pupils in the Station school. Since settling here on June 17th, 1912, I have done 2,000 miles of walking in long treks, not to mention some 4,000 by the luxurious mode of boat and train. As I remember these interruptions, I am convinced that these Kaonde people must have a trifle more intelligence than their critics admit, or twenty or so of these boys would