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STILL MORE "FIRST-FRUIITS."

CHISALALA, KANSANSHI, NORTHERN
RHODESIA.

ERNEST A. M. HARRIS.

YOU will remember the report from this station headed "More First-Fruits." Well! it is still the same story, but with some variations, which often drive us to our knees. Shortly after writing that report there came a time of shaking to the work and a time of heart-breaking to ourselves, as we passed through one of those experiences which are the hardest that any missionary has to bear. During that time we saw one after another of those whom we thought brightest amongst the young converts yield to the lure of money and clothes, and go off to work in the Congo, at Elizabethville, one of the worst places on earth for a young convert. This was deliberate pleasing of self rather than of God, and six of our little band dropped out of the Candidates' Class, but the remnant that could not be shaken by these things remained true, and they are the "silver lining" to that dark, dark cloud. O! how these true ones pray for their friends who have gone astray. It is said that the roots of a healthy tree always strike deeper into the soil after every storm, and so with the remnant there was an evident growth in grace. God the Holy Spirit was working in hearts, and three young men offered themselves for training in the work of Evangelists. They are Walalam-

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baya, Kansanshi, and James Shamwembwe. There are many who cannot come out to the Field to reap for Christ but who can send a Reaper. There are no better reapers than Native Evangelists. If YOU have not sent at least one Reaper into the Lord's harvest-field why not send one now? They are worthy to be sent, and many precious sheaves might be gathered in through them.

Our hearts are rejoicing these days in that the School has now increased to over forty, and that all these hear the Gospel daily. The Candidates' Class, too, despite the loss of eight struck off the roll, and one removed to another Station, now numbers twenty-one, several having confessed Christ during the last few weeks. There are also signs that we shall record a still further increase shortly.

On Sunday, the 26th September, we held our first Testimony Meeting. It was good to be there and hear these young souls tell what the Lord had done for them. One said: "Some time ago I wanted to leave the Mission and stay in my village. When I told this to the Missionary he said, 'Do you

know if it is God's will for you to go and stay in your village?" I said, 'My heart tells me to go.' And he replied, 'Your heart may deceive you, go and ask God to show you His will.' Well! I prayed day and night; when I was working or walking about I used to pray. One day the Holy Spirit came into my heart and filled me with light and joy. He showed me that the devil was deceiving me, and that it was God's will for me to stay at the Mission and learn, so that I may be able to preach the Gospel to my people. I want to live and work for God and to lay up treasure in heaven where there are no moths or rust, and where thieves do not come." Another after testifying said, "There are three things you cannot do without on the earth. You cannot do without food, or water, or air. Without either of these you would die. Neither can you do without Jesus. He only can save you. You cannot do without the Word of God, it is the food of your soul. You cannot do without the Holy Spirit, for the Holy Spirit is your life."

An incident occurred the other day which goes to show that these young men do not read the Word in vain. I had sent some boys in charge of Walalambaya to a plain, to cut grass. About two hours later he returned with one of them. I enquired why he had come back so soon, and he replied,

"This boy died (fainted) of the sun." I said, "What did you do?" He answered, "We just knelt around him and then we prayed to God, and the boy opened his eyes and stood up."

Besides school and station work, the Gospel is being preached to the people in the villages. On a recent Sunday we reached from twelve to fourteen villages, and in five of these the Gospel had never been proclaimed before nor had they ever heard the name of Jesus. Thus we are breaking some new ground for the good seed, and in many of these places we are requested to "Come again, and keep on coming."

A few Sundays ago a white-haired old man, the headman of one of the near villages, came five miles because, he said, "It is good to hear the Word of God." You may like to pray for him. He has not many more miles to travel on life's journey, and he is evidently feeling after God. His name is Kafitwe. Only the other day he said to me, "Kafitwe is not going to hell; no! Kafitwe believes on Jesus."

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A CHANGE OF SPHERE.

MUSONWEDZI, N. RHODESIA.

A. A. WILSON.

WHEN I was asked to travel to Musonwedzi, the new site occupied by our Lalafuta workers, to hold the work together during the temporary absence of Mr. Vernon, and, if need be, to stay on as a helper, I gladly agreed to go; and, leaving Chisalala on September 21st, I had a ten days' trip, full of interesting incidents. Upon my arrival at Musonwedzi, I was filled with admiration for those who had so bravely struggled on against sickness for three months on a lonely station in the midst of virgin forest, and for John who had so nobly proved himself worthy of the great trust put upon him. Owing to his own illness, and the sudden illness of his wife, Mr. Vernon was not able to leave things arranged as he otherwise would have done, and there was nothing else for him to do but to leave everything in the hands of John. This young man had carried on the building operations, the school and preaching, and all the incidental details of work on a pioneer station, such as making gardens, etc., for his absent "Bwana." When Mr. Vernon left, the dwelling house had nothing visible but the foundation work, and some of the walls. When I arrived the walls were finished, the roof was on and thatched, and the inside work was in progress. Just think what this means! A young man, who came to Mr. Bailey at Chisalala about five years ago as a slim boy, fresh from heathen darkness, now a staunch follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, and a most capable right-hand man to the missionary. As you read these facts about John, do not forget to pray for him, the first Kaonde to accept salvation in Jesus; we are hoping he will be the first Kaonde to take charge of an out-station, when one is established on the

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site of the old station at Lalafuta. Do you wonder that I should feel like praising the Lord when I saw things as they were?

The first Sunday here I had the delightful experience of preaching to about two hundred souls in the church: it was a most encouraging time, despite the fact that most of them came to see the new "Bwana." Then followed two busy weeks, getting things in order, attending to the school work, giving medicines in response to numerous requests, and buying in grain for the rainy season's supply of food for our schoolboys.

Half-way through the third week I had a most pleasant surprise. On Wednesday afternoon I had just commenced the opening exercises preparatory to school, when a quickly spoken word reached me; it was "Mambenka"! the name given to Mr. Vernon by the natives. I did not at first understand the word, or why it should cause such a stir among the schoolboys. I had a hard task to keep them quiet until after the conclusion of the devotions, but the moment I released them and had gone to the door of the school-house I discovered the cause of the stir, for there on the path, walking quickly to the school, was Mr. Vernon.

The joy of the boys was great when "Mambenka" met them in school and greeted them and, when they were given their freedom from lessons, they all rushed out shouting, and eventually came close to our little hut to stand around and gaze upon their "Bwana."

That was a glad day for me, and an additional cause for thankfulness during the first week lay in the privilege of the company of Mr. Rogers of the Garenganze Mission, who went with Mr. Bailey on his trip to Angola in 1914. He had accompanied Mr. Vernon back to Musonwedzi, thinking to be with him during the first days of his loneliness, not knowing that I had arrived here from Chisalala.

The following Sunday the people turned out in great style, over three hundred being counted as they left the building, and it was a golden opportunity which we fully took advantage of. There was a special appeal in this gathering because, of those three hundred souls, the larger proportion were women, and we, as young men, are practically helpless to do work among the women folk. Do you really grasp the significance of this fact? Here they are, hun-

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dreds, yea! thousands of them without anything being done for them, waiting for some woman or women workers to come out and fill the great gap caused by the "Home Call" of Mrs. Vernon.

As we ask for your prayers, will you please remember this fact—that, taking a direct line from Broken Hill to the coast in Angola, which is about two-thirds across Africa at this point, there are only three places from which the Gospel is being proclaimed? Between Broken Hill and Musonwedzi lie about 300 miles, from this station to Mr. Rogers' station about 150 miles, from his to Mr. Bailey's about another 300 miles, and, according to information to hand, about 600 miles from Mr. Bailey's to the west coast.

"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are already ripe unto harvest." "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth labourers into the harvest."

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EXTRACTS FROM THE
REV. A. W. BAILEY'S LETTERS.

BENGUELLA, ANGOLA, PORTUGUESE WEST
AFRICA.

September 27, 1915.

"I WAS in Cangamba a couple of days the week before last to pay my compliments to the new Commandante, and to transact a bit of business. . . . He had me up to his house for lunch, where I had the privilege of seeing a white lady once more, after a lapse of some fifteen months. She was very gracious, and said that she only wished that the Mission was near enough so that she could study English.

"Six Mbundu Christian men from Bie' have come in here recently with their wives and children. All the adults are either baptised people or catechumens from the American Board stations at Bie'. I have letters from Dr. Moffatt, of Chisamba, for them all. They all want work for the Mission with me, but I have explained that money is short, and they will have to shift for themselves for a time, at least. I had a delegation of them here a few days ago. Including children, there are now fifty of them over on the Lusa and Kwandu, where I went in May. I appointed them their locations at various centres, and told them to tell the people to give them their food if they want a school. One is to come back here. They sing beautifully, and preach well. I hope that these people will prove the foundation of a great work here. We need to pray for them, and for me that I may deal wisely with them all. I intend to visit them ere long.

"And now for the matter nearest my heart. I cannot tell you what a shock it was to me when Mr. Vernon called me out of bed last Monday (September 19th) and told me that his wife had left him for

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the better land. I am not sure that I had told you that we had all become very much attached to each other, and that I counted them as my nephew and niece. It was a great shock to me to hear that she was gone, and in such a sad, tragic way. It must have been terrible for Roy on that trek to Kalene Hill! But he is proving himself a man and a Christian. No hint of breaking down, nor of leaving the work! He accepts the fate of the leader in this world, in whatsoever sphere, to be urged on the forward path when he staggers with weariness and pain: to be kicked to his feet if he faints or falls—for the leader must not, dare not fall out. How wise is our gracious God in making men out of our poor clay by loading us with responsibilities that cannot, must not, be neglected nor relegated to others. Dear, wise Dr. Fisher forbade his returning to the Musonwedzi to be alone with his grief, and sent him to old Uncle Bailey to be distracted and comforted. . . .

"I am having much better attendance at Sunday services, and hope to reach a good many people this week in my few days away with Roy. Have many medical cases, and feel deeply my need of medical training. I am praying that God will send us a good doctor soon. I have many applications for schoolboys, but I am not doing much in that line, though it is good to see the people waking up to the value of it."

October 12th, 1915.

"Mr. Vernon got away on the last day of September. I went with him to the Luio, where we made several unsuccessful attempts to find a suitable dug-out canoe for him. He left me there on Saturday, October 2nd, on foot. I had a letter from him, written the following day, and sent back by a returning temporary carrier. He had not yet secured a boat. It may have been all for the best, as canoeing in anything but very large boats is a bit risky. He very much wished to test the navigability of the Luio and lower Lungwebungu—a very laudible desire. He may, however, get home in better shape on foot. . . .

"I have located four of the native Christian men from Bie' (Vimbundu, i.e., men of the Mbundu tribe) as follows:—Lilunga here; Kachonga on the Lusa River, where I hope to build next dry season; Kambeu at Chief Kangombe's place across the Wandu from the Kwandu-Kubangui's confluence; Kosali on the Lukilika, affluent

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of the Kwandu, not far from Kangombe's. These places are rather close together, it being a short four hours on foot from the Lusa to Kangombe's; but they were crying for teachers, and were quite willing to build the necessary buildings, and undertake to help feed the teachers, so I thought it better to allocate the men there than to risk sending them to an indifferent or hostile locality. I have promised the helper here his food and some calico monthly. The others I have promised nothing, but feel sure that they will need some help from me. They are all taking hold of the matter of making gardens for themselves, and will get on well, I trust, with such help as I may be able to give them. The men are all baptised Church members, in good standing, according to a letter from their missionary, Dr. Moffatt. All the wives are Church members, except the wife of Kachonga, who is a catechumen. He is a young chap, and has no children—the brightest and apparently the ablest of the lot. We may not be able to keep him, as he wants to shift on into the Lunda country—Mr. Springer's field."

November 13th, 1915.

"Just in from a few days on the Kubangui and Kwandu to visit the schools in that section. The Mbundu teachers are doing well. They have 217 pupils enrolled, all villagers, and sleeping at home. The wife of each of the teachers takes the female part of the school at a different hour than that at which her husband teaches the males. There were very large gatherings for Gospel services, and considerable interest. The teachers have the good custom of gathering as many of the people as possible each morning early, before work begins, for a service, and then have another and larger service each evening. The two largest communities—on the Lusa and on the Kwandu—have the frames up for good-sized school-houses, and are getting the grass in. On the Lukilika, an affluent of the Kwandu, the frame is not yet up. The people there are Mbunda, who naturally run more to wind than work. We had as high as four of their headmen orating at once after one service, exhorting each other to greater efforts in the work of building.

"The workers seem excellent young fellows. Their earnestness and effectiveness, without conceit and headstrongness, is refreshing. They preach a simple, straight brand of Gospel, with no frills. The camp

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fires furnish a fine illustration of the unfortunate state of the lost, and they make full use of it. I do not think they have had teaching on the Coming of the Lord, but take up my teaching on that line readily. They seem to have a good idea of the Holy Spirit. Less admirable features may show later, but thus far I am only pleased.

"Eight headmen on the Lusa have burned their fetishes, etc., and proclaim their purpose to serve the true God alone. Many of their people are with them in the movement. One young man has openly confessed Christ, and speaks and prays well in public. There is much more profession, but need of sifting. Some of the headmen seem to have the shine of the True Light in their faces. I am praying that a true work of God may be done in their hearts. There seems a widespread interest in the Gospel in that region. I was most heartily welcomed. They gave me a goat on the Lusa and a pig on the Kwandu, in addition to a lot of meal, fish, etc. The Mbundu Christians and their families have gone in for a lot of planting, and have fine fields of maize, etc., which will begin to yield inside of three months. They are pathetically pleased to have a missionary to look up to. One of their elders alluded to me as the father and mother of them all. There is considerable sickness among them, and my stock of medicines is practically spent. It is impossible to buy medicines here."

LIKE A FLASH.

NKANGA, PONDOLAND.

EMILY GREEN.

IT was Sunday afternoon, and as the Christian women met in their class after the two services in church and began, as usual, to recall as much of the sermon as they could, it was evident that hearts had been deeply moved. Bella, the Bible-woman, who generally waits until the women have contributed their quota, spoke out one of the first. "What went home to my heart," she said, "was what Umfundisi (the missionary) said about the Coming of Jesus—that it would be sudden like a flash of lightning: it would not be even like the inspector's visit, for we had a short time to prepare for that, but it would be just like the lightning. You remember," she went on, turning to

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A QUESTION ANSWERED.

CHISALALA, RHODESIA.

E. HARRIS.

THE question has been asked, "What about the Kaonde women?" We write so much about the men and boys that some would like to know about the women and girls, so I thought I would send a short account about them for the readers of the *Pioneer*.

When we first came here there were several villages within walking distance. After a time we were able to persuade some of the women and girls to come in the morning for lessons—some having expressed a desire to learn—and to return to their homes the same day. This was kept up for quite a long time, and some of the pupils were making fair progress with reading, writing, sewing, singing, and committing portions of Scripture to memory. In addition, they were hearing the Gospel daily at the noonday service, after which they left for their homes. Some who had small children usually brought

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them with them; others would bring hoes, having been to their gardens on their way to school, and would go back to work on their return. On Sundays, too, they would come to the services.

But there came a time when a general move of villages took place, most of them moving further away from the Mission station. Some of the women tried coming to school occasionally, but this soon dropped off; now they only hear the Word when the messengers go from the Mission

to their village, or when they happen to come along to sell grain or perhaps ask for medicine, or when they are going to Kansanshi, etc. Our prayers were constantly going up on behalf of the women and girls. We wanted to help them, but we did not see our way to have a boarding-school for them. We have one for young men and boys, and our hands seemed full, teaching and looking after them in addition to the usual other duties which fall to the lot of missionaries in a heathen country. But God was caring for the women, and opening up His way for some of them to

come and learn of Him. One of the first things the young men asked for, after they themselves had given their hearts to Jesus, was that their *wives* might come and live on the station and learn too. They had not asked for this before, but now a change had come, and a desire for better things meant a better *home-life* than that which heathen people live. So permission was given for some of these Christian young men to build houses for themselves and their wives on a rise just across the river, but

away from the unmarried quarters. This has resulted in *five homes* being established—five married men with their wives, one with a dear little baby. So a class of women desiring on their own account to learn, and whose husbands also wish it, has been formed. Two have young sisters with them, and these also come to school. This has been going on for some months, with the exception of an interval when they went to help their people with their gardens; but lately, for several weeks, you might have seen these women and girls coming regularly for their lessons at about

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half-past eight o'clock. The week before last I had occasion to go into the school-room out of school hours, when I found some of them turning over the leaves of a book much too advanced for them to read, so I asked them what they were looking for. "Oh," answered one, "we are looking for a picture of a snake—Satan." "What!" I said, "you like Satan so much that you want to see his picture?" "No," indignantly came the answer; "I love God, but I want to see the picture of a snake in this book."

Last week, after the usual morning hymn and text, I said, "Now let us pray," and before I could begin this same young wife broke out in prayer, and prayed as if she knew what it was to talk to God. Her utterance was to the point in prayer and praise. And now, on the last but one Sunday in this year, two of these young women have publicly, before about seventy people in church, confessed their desire and determination to follow Jesus, and to leave all the old things behind. Last year was ended—or crowned—by the first lot of young men deciding for Jesus, and now this year closes with the first lot of Kaonde women making the same stand. Some time ago my husband was talking about women being saved, when some of the young men said, "Women! you'll never get Kaonde women saved." "Why not," was the

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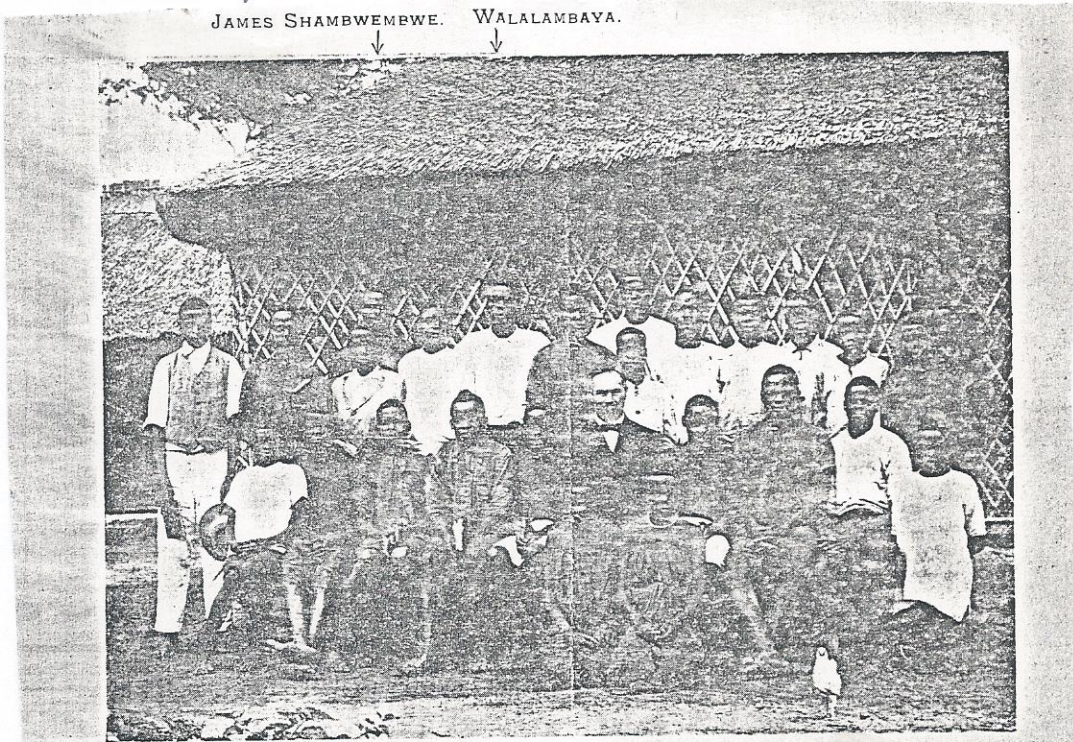
question. "Oh! because women are so different here; their customs are such that they could not break away from them—the older women would not let them." "Oh! then are the older women stronger than the Holy Spirit," my husband asked. A suggestive shrug of the shoulders showed what was the thought; and now these same sceptics have seen and heard what God can do for women of the Kaonde tribe! There are many yet who do not know that they have been "bought with a price." Will you not come to help win them for Him "Who loved" and still loves them?



MRS. HARRIS WITH SOME KAONDE WOMEN AND GIRLS AT CHISALALA.

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JAMES SHAMBWEMWE. WALALAMBAYA.



↑ KANSANSHI.

FIRST-FRUITS AT CHISALALA, MR. HARRIS WITH 27 KAONDE WHO ARE SEEKING TO FOLLOW CHRIST.

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wide mountain district, and we are praying that next dry season will give some realisation to our desires. Every Thursday afternoon we gather in our sitting room, with a few ladies, for prayer on behalf of our Empire, desiring to learn to intercede acceptably in this time of widespread war and distress. Though few in number we join with many others who are praying in many places, and distance does not really divide those who unite for intercession at the foot of the Throne on High.

SPIRITUAL SUNSHINE.

W. ROY VERNON.

IN spite of the dark clouds that God has allowed to hang over this station for several months now, we have been enjoying "spiritual sunshine." I suppose that the depth of the darkness has only made the sunshine of God's blessing more evident. Then, too, I know that the blessing which we are seeing is mostly due to the united prayers of God's children who are interested in us and in this work.

We are now settled at our new site, which is thirty-three miles north-east of the old Lalafuta station. Mrs. Vernon and I left the old site last May. We selected this place because of the larger population, and because we found a beautiful little stream, with pure spring water, just a hundred yards from our house. This site is on the Musonwedzi river.

By this time you will have learned most of the facts in connection with the Home-call of my dear one. I will not, therefore, go into any detail in regard to those awful, dark days. Yet for those who have not yet learned about it, I might say that I left this station on August 5th, with Mrs. Vernon in a very weak condition. Twelve days were spent on the path between here and Dr. Fisher's station at Kalene Hill, a distance of 270 miles. We arrived there only to learn that pernicious anemia was the cause of the weakness, and that no hope whatever could be given for her recovery. That same night, or before morning, she sweetly, and without a particle of pain or struggle, sank into rest and entered into the presence of the King of kings. I need not say anything of the blow this has been to me, but I must tell you that in a miraculous way God has answered your prayers, and has kept me from going under or breaking down.

The doctor did not think it wise for me to return to my station at once, as I would have been alone, and would therefore have had too much time for meditation. He sent me into Portuguese West Africa, to our new station on the Lwanginga river. After two blessed weeks with Mr. Bailey, I began the long trek back to my home. I reached this station on October 20th, having trekked over 1,000 miles, and having passed through the darkest valley of my life. I found Mr. Wilson here upon my arrival; he had spent over a year at the Chisalala station.

I was indeed glad to see him and to know that I was not to be left alone with my trouble. It was also good to see my boys again, and to find that God had kept the Christians faithful. John, the native evangelist, who was left in charge here, had again proved his faithfulness, and had kept everything in good shape. The services had been held each Sabbath, and the work of the school and on the station had not been neglected. It was only a few weeks before we again saw God's wonderful power at work in drawing to Himself two more natives, and they are doing quite well.

Mr. Wilson and I both feel that before another Christmas comes we should preach the Gospel to nearly all the people in our district, so we ask a deep interest in your prayers that God will enable us to preach the Gospel with power and intelligently, and that many of the Kaonde people, who have never heard it before, may in this year hear it and understand it, and that some may believe with their hearts.

Another sad event has taken place on the station. John's first-born, a boy of two months, was called to be with Jesus to-day. The service was impressive. God is keeping the parents from heathen customs.

A TRIP TO LALAFUTA.

A. A. WILSON. 61617

THE specific reason for my going to Lalafuta was that we had heard of the people in one of the villages calling in the people of the other villages to help them to decide who should be the "king," or successor to the old chief who had just died, and of whom I made mention in my last circular letter as the old man dying of a loathsome disease.

We left on Saturday with the intention of reaching Lalafuta in the afternoon, but, owing to the fearful condition of the path

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that we took upon the advice of natives (large stretches of which we found were under water), and also to the difficulty experienced in crossing two rivers, we did not reach our destination until 10 p.m., having the last eight miles of forest to traverse in pitch darkness. After struggling through mud for about three hours we reached the first of the two rivers, only to find that the bark canoe was split almost in two. By the time it was patched with mud and made floatable, and we had safely reached the other side of the river, two hours more had passed. In another hour's time we had arrived at the second river, the Dongwe, a wide swirling river, but although we called and called for the only boat available to be brought to us, and I fired three shots from my rifle to attract attention, yet it was almost an hour before answer came and another hour before we got across. Since neither John nor I had had any food since early morning—in fact John had not eaten at all that day—you may be sure that we were glad to partake of nourishment in the village, and a few native potatoes and some raw eggs were very acceptable to a hungry man. By the time we had eaten it was almost dark, but I had to press on; for all my food, bedding, etc., had gone to Lalafuta earlier in the day, and so it was that in the evening we floundered through the black forest, with some black mud thrown in occasionally.

On Sunday morning word quickly went round the villages that I had arrived, and quite a goodly crowd gathered for the morning service which, for convenience sake, we held in the old house built by Mr. Bailey. The Lord gave much freedom in proclaiming the Word. In the afternoon I paid a visit to the village wherein they were supposed to be choosing the new Chief. Of course, I expected to find plenty of people engaged in that pleasant task, and thought I should have a large congregation to preach to, but when I arrived I found about six men and thirty women engaged in their everyday occupation. The choosing of the "king" was proceeding, but it seemed to be a job which they could do in their spare time, of which they have plenty. But the disappointment in numbers did not deter the proclamation of the Gospel, and from among those present the Lord can bring forth a "jewel."

On Monday morning at day break I was awakened by a clapping of hands, and,

upon enquiring what the business was, was told that the chiefs of two of the villages wished me to go and hunt to provide them with meat! This was nothing extraordinary for them; they thought it was part of the programme, and after a good deal more hand-clapping I was prevailed upon to comply with their request. One hour, however, sufficed to prove that there were no animals wishing to be shot, and after partaking of a hasty breakfast I sent my boys on ahead with my loads for our return journey to Musonwedzi, and followed some time afterwards on a bicycle, arriving at the village, on the banks of the Dongwe, at 2 p.m. Here we had a fine service, the Lord again giving much liberty in the language, the people evincing much interest in the message given. These are glorious opportunities, but there is a share in the joy of them for you in that you pray the Lord of the Harvest to bless the seed sown and to give the increase.

Crossing the Dongwe, we proceeded on our homeward journey until we came to the Mufumbwe, which, in the dry season, is a small stream, but now is a large, swift-flowing river, with half a mile of inundated plain on one side of it. We had to wade through this half mile, the water being to our knees, and then, when the river itself was reached, had almost to swim across, although part of it we traversed on two or three trees thrown into the water, and for which one had to feel with the feet, at the same time keeping a "look-out" for crocodiles. This, as you may imagine, is not an easy task, especially when the water is almost to the arm-pits. We all crossed safely, however, and since it was then 7 o'clock and we were some sixteen miles from home, we were compelled to look for rooming quarters in the village near by, for I have no tent. Heathen villages are not built for the habitation of white men, so that when I wished to sleep in this particular village I looked round for as clean-looking a hut as possible. Soon I came across a newly-built one, but it had no grass on the roof, so I had some mats placed on top to help to ward off some of the rain that was inevitable. The inside was cleaned, and I had my bed made up on the floor. Everything looked cosy, and I anticipated a good night's rest. I think I must have slept about two hours before the rain came. The mats began to leave my hut and I began to prepare for a soaking, but my

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brave John came to the rescue and re-
 placed the mats securely. Then I noticed
 that I had room-mates—room-mates of a
 similar colour to the Kaonde people, but
 familiar also in some places in the home-
 lands. These creatures were crawling all
 over my mosquito net and over my clothes,
 inside and out, and I was literally being
 entertained. There were other entertainers
 also, fine singing mosquitoes, that now and
 again would stop singing to take a bite at
 me; but of the two the crawling insects
 were the less troublesome, as they refrained
 from biting. Daylight came at length, and
 I quitted these friends as quickly as pos-
 sible, making sure that at least very few
 accompanied me. There being but few
 people in the village it was useless to hold
 another service, so, after a light breakfast,
 of necessity light, for I had been out
 longer than I had originally intended, and
 my food supply was almost finished, I
 made the last stretch home to comfort and
 a good meal.

This is but descriptive of a trip to reach
 some of those who sit in a great darkness.
 Ours is the privilege to labour at the front
 —but the responsibility of the work rests
 partly upon you at home; therefore, as you
 read the details of such trips as these, pray
 for the Missionary that he may be kept
 from dangers and given grace to fight a
 good fight, and that the people among
 whom he labours may learn with clearness,
 and receive with joy, the Truth he pro-
 claims to them in Jesus' Name.

WALALAMBAYA.

THE FIRST KAONDE TO PREACH THE
 GOSPEL.

CHISALALA, N. RHODESIA.

E. A. M. HARRIS.

IN order that you may pronounce his
 name correctly I want to tell you
 that the letter *a* in Chikaonde, the
 language of the Kaonde people, is
 pronounced like *a* in father.

When I first knew Walalambaya, in
 1911, he was then the senior boy in the
 little mission-school hidden away in the
 forest in North Rhodesia, near the Congo
 border, on the bank of a little stream called
 the Chisalala, which runs into the great
 river Zambesi, and helps to swell the tor-
 rent that flows over the world's greatest
 waterfall 500 miles to the south (the Victo-
 ria Falls). Walalambaya was about
 twenty years of age at that time, and he

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MRS. HARRIS AND PART OF THE CHISALALA SCHOOL, WHICH NUMBERS SEVENTY SCHOLARS.

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looked like a very surly, bad-tempered young man, and such he really was. Well, the Master said, "He is a chosen vessel," and He set to work with the chisel of grace and chipped off first one rough corner and then another of that bad temper which was marring His chosen vessel. It took a long time to do this, because there was always a great lion near. Oh, you all know him, and the lion tried to hinder the Master all he could. But there was a great unseen power at work right in the "chosen vessel," so that the heart which was very hard began to soften, and into that softened heart came a great longing for something—he did not know what. Often he got angry and dissatisfied and he could not tell why. This went on for nearly four years, and all the time the Master went on patiently chipping, chipping, chipping with that wonderful chisel, and that great unseen power, whom we know as God the Holy Spirit, never ceased working, even though the lion roared and was very angry.

One day the Master found that, in spite of every hindrance, and of the roaring lion, His vessel was nearly ready for use in His service. That day was a Sunday, and there was a service in the school house on the bank of the stream. While the Missionary was speaking the Holy Spirit was working, and almost before the address was finished Wakalambaya stood up. He did not say that he wanted to be a Christian; he had settled that already in his own heart, nor did he say that he believed on the Lord Jesus Christ. It was not necessary to do so, his every action showed it. He began telling the people that the message the Missionary had given them was true, and he urged them to accept it and to repent and believe in Jesus. So the Master began to use the vessel He had been preparing. You must not think that the vessel was perfect; it was not, and the Master is still fashioning it according to the pattern which He had prepared, and the great unseen power is still working within, transforming heart and life according to His will. Oh, if you could only see for yourselves the wonderful change in this young man, he who was found years ago at the root of every quarrel in the school compound. Now he is the peacemaker. The old surly look has quite gone from his face, and you would never take him to be the same bad tempered young

man—nor is he. The vessel that was marred has been made over anew by the Master Potter, and what St. Paul wrote in 2 Cor. v. 17 is true in Wakalambaya.

He was the first of his tribe to preach Christ to his own people, and God has already set his seal upon him by using him to lead others to confess Christ. He and two others are now being trained as evangelists and teachers; all three are working as pupil teachers in our school, and go out in their spare time to preach the Gospel in the villages, often walking forty or fifty miles at week-ends in this service.

SCARCITY OF FOOD.

MOUNT PACKARD, TEMBULAND.

SAMUEL HOLT.

WE have always held it an axiom that our chief business here among the heathen is to preach the Gospel; and we have tried to take advantage of any art or craft we possessed as an aid to the accomplishment of that great work. But it takes a good deal of art and no little craft to make a hungry, healthy heathen feel an interest in anything that does not promise satisfaction in the gastric regions. And this has been our problem for some two months: how to interest these people in the Gospel, since they are in a state of semi-starvation. Crops were poor last year, and by the time the ploughing season came round there was little grain in many kraals, and but scant strength to prepare for next year's reaping.

Fortunately for the people, a benignant British Government rules the country, and once more the white man has proved to be their saviour. Left to their own resources, these natives have no means of procuring food from a distance when their own annual supply runs short. But the white man, with his railway, and his bullock-waggons, and his other trading facilities, is able to bring it from anywhere, and deposit the well-filled sacks right beside the starving astonished native. Even the greatest treason-monger among them ceases at such a time to chafe at the foreign yoke; and all are loud in their praises of the white man's help. At all our principal trading-stores for miles around waggon after waggon has poured in with mealies, to be sold at very reasonable rates. Crowds of natives usually awaited these waggons, and within

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COME AND SEE.

CHISALALA, NORTHERN RHODESIA.

ERNEST A. M. HARRIS.

AMONGST the many questions we are often asked are these: "Don't you feel dreadfully lonely?" and "Whatever do you do to pass the time away?" Our answer to these is—"Come and see." We should give you a very hearty welcome to Chisalala, and you would there see for yourself the answer to your questions.

It is 6 a.m., and the sun is just peeping over the trees as you emerge from your room; you find the Missionary already up, a bright fire burning upon the hearth and a fragrant cup of tea awaiting you. We always enjoy the few minutes spent over early-morning tea. At 6.20 the Missionary goes out and blows two shrill blasts on his whistle. Out of the huts and kitchens in the compound the boys come tumbling, big boys, little boys, middle-sized boys, laughing, joking, yawning, as the fancy takes them. A minute or two later they line up in front of the Mission house and are appointed to their morning tasks. Four or five are sent to the mill to grind the meal for the day's food. We have over sixty in our big family, though a few are away *DOING THEIR BIT,* i.e., carrying munitions for the troops defending our N.E. border. The senior pupil teacher looks after the mill boys and sees that they draw the right quantity of grain from the butala (grain hut) and that the mill is set properly, while between times he cleans the slates and sets the copies for the afternoon school. Another band may be sent to the garden to

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reap, plant, or weed as the case may be, while yet another band, armed with the axes which the Missionary has been busy sharpening are sent to fell timber in the forest. Off they all go, laughing, shouting, singing, happy boys. If any are inclined to grumble, make them laugh and you win the day.

The Missionary's wife has been busy, too, with household duties, and attending to sick ones, for on most mornings there are some sores to be dressed and medicine to be dispensed. The Missionary will now probably be busy with some building or other work, or he will be out with one or other of the bands of workers. How quickly the time flies. It seems only a few minutes since we blew the whistle, and lo, it is eight o'clock, and we Europeans are seated at the breakfast table. Breakfast over, we have Bible reading and prayer. Then off to work again, the Missionary to his work-boys, and his wife to her class of women and girls for an hour and a half, thence on till noon when she has the pupil teachers' class. Other items often have to be fitted into the morning's work, such as bartering for grain, giving medicine, or receiving a passing Chief who thinks it his duty to call and pay his respects to the white man, and you need not be surprised if he quite innocently asks for your coat, or a shirt, a pair of boots, or socks; or some of your tools may have caught his attention and he would so like his "white father" to give them to him.

At noon, three long blasts, two short ones, and another long one are blown on a horn; this brings all together in the school house for Bible reading and prayer. This meeting is conducted in Chi Kaonde, and everyone on the Station is expected to be present. We usually have a short address, or a few comments on the portion read, just as we may be led. The meeting over, food for the next twenty-four hours is served out to the boys by Walalambaya, the senior pupil teacher, while we partake of our mid-day meal, and snatch a short rest if possible. Prompt at 2 p.m. one long and three short blasts from the horn is the summons to school, Wednesday being an exception, when we have a class for Candidates from 1.30 to 2.30 p.m. By 4 p.m. the school is over and from then till 5.30 or 6 p.m. there is another class for the pupil teachers. This is a typical day's work at Chisalala. Saturday is a sort of go-as-you-please day; there

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is no school, but we have the mid-day meeting as on other days.

On Sundays we have a service in the morning, while in the afternoon we have Sunday school and Candidates' class. On alternate Sundays, bands go out in different directions to the villages. Sometimes these bands leave on Friday or Saturday and return on Monday morning, often reaching villages twenty to forty miles away, and sometimes even further afield, sowing the seed, some of which will assuredly fall into good ground. Now that you have seen us at work, you know that our days are very fully occupied, and that we have little time to "feel dreadfully lonely." It is in the evenings we feel the big, big miss of the dear ones whom we have left far away beyond the forest which shuts us in on every side, but even then we are often busy, and from the compound, the married quarters, and the house-boys' quarters comes the voice of singing. It is the "time of the evening sacrifice" and from these erstwhile heathen hearts and lips rises the sweet incense of prayer and praise. Our hearts rejoice for we know it is a sacrifice with which He is well pleased.

" On Afric's sunny shore glad voices
Wake up the song of Jubilee;
The negro, once a slave, rejoices—
Who's freed by Christ is doubly free:
Sing, brothers, sing! yet many a nation
Shall hear the voice of God and live;
E'en we are heralds of salvation—
The Word He gave we'll freely give."

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EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS
FROM THE REV. A. W. BAILEY.

PORTUGUESE WEST AFRICA.

WRITING on the 19th January, 1916, Mr. Bailey says:—
“I am reminded that it was seven years ago to-day that you landed me in Cape Town, at least, you towed me ashore. I feel a bit as Jacob must after he had toiled seven years for Rachel, and got Leah instead. I have not seen what I had hoped to see in these seven years past—especially in the salvation of men—but I am not so ungrateful as to fail to rejoice for what God has wrought in sending the gospel to the Kaonde, part of the Koya, and now to the Luchaze, Mbunda, and Kangala tribes. This gospel preaching is a bit like throwing a few grains of permanganate of potash into a large vessel of water. It is little that we throw in, but it colours and sterilizes a lot of water. In Revelation *the sea* seems commonly to represent masses of people. We certainly have a lot of people in this province to sterilise and transform with the gospel. In addition to the Luchaze, Mbunda, Kangala, and Ngonjelo, of whom I have often written, I have just learned of another *new tribe* down the Kuti, toward its confluence with the Kwando. They are a river, maize-growing tribe, named the Yauma, or Va-Yauma with the prefix. The accounts of them tally exactly with the description, given by Mr. Arnot in his latest book, of people on the Kuti, whom he called the “Vakuti,” which simply means “They of the Kuti,” or “Kutians.” They being boatmen, and growing maize, may mark them as a colony from the Zambesi. They are said to have a tongue of their own, but to understand the Mbunda-Luchaze language. I doubt if they are very numerous, but, however few or many, they are part of our responsibility and opportunity. We may be able to use their boating gifts.

“I am keeping very fit and well, and

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look forward to the coming dry season with joyful anticipation of preaching to thousands.”

* * * * *

Later, on the 14th February:—

“I have just returned from a fortnight’s trip to my out-stations on the Kwando and Kubangui. All is going well there, and I had the joy of enrolling six new catechumens, all Vimbundu emigrants from the A.M. Board fields about Bie, but it indicates a healthy spiritual tone to see them seeking Christ. One is an exceedingly bright young married man, a fine singer, and gifted in speech and prayer. Had some fine soakings on the road, but only had one cold and sore throat, which I had no use for, so I ‘Said unto it, depart,’ according to Mark xi. 23, 24; and it departed. Have a letter from dear Harris this mail, telling of the good hand of our God with them there in the winning of Kaonde to Christ. Also a good letter from their principal pupil teacher and general assistant, Walalambaya—one of my early lads in the days of beginning at Chisalala. I am expecting Rogers any day now, and anticipate much pleasure in his visit. I trust they may soon be able to open work among their Lwena not very far from here.”

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and to which no messenger of the Lord had ever taken the Gospel until we preached in them. Most of such itinerary trips have not taken us farther away from the station than fifty miles, yet within that short radius we have entered dozens of villages which had never before been touched with the Message of Life.

Last month I was led to take a longer trip, which took me more than seventy miles away from the station. Several items on this trek were of such an interesting nature to me that I feel I must pass them on.



MISS MAGGIE GORDON, FIANCÉE TO MR. A. WILSON, WHO ARRIVED IN CAPE TOWN FROM TORONTO, EN ROUTE FOR NORTHERN RHODESIA, EARLY IN JUNE.

PREACHING IN THE VILLAGES.

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MUSONWEDZI, NORTHERN RHODESIA.

W. ROY VERNON.

DURING the last few months we have been experiencing God's rich favours in a totally different manner to the way in which He has blessed our efforts in other years. During January a decided change took place in our school work, making the attendance somewhat smaller than during the previous months, and thus leaving us more free to do other needed phases of the work.

Our main efforts have lately been directed to the villages and into training the few Christian lads whom the Lord is leading into evangelistic work, though we have also carried on the school and station work. The latter not requiring the attention of both Mr. Wilson and me at the same time, it has been possible for us alternately to visit the many villages which surround us.

The first day's journey of about twenty miles took me through five villages. God gave me liberty in proclaiming the Truth to the people, though some of the women acted as though my message was foolishness to them. It was so new to them to hear that anyone loved them enough to come and die for them. I could hardly get them to keep from laughing while I was telling them the Gospel Story. The second day I trekked some twenty-one or twenty-two miles, but only passed through two villages. Both of them were large ones, however, and the people listened to the

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Gospel very attentively. I let my native evangelist speak at the first of the two villages, as I thought that they would understand one of their own people more easily than they would me. I never knew greater joy than that which came to me as I listened to that boy, Solomon Kakompi, telling those raw heathen, who had never before heard the message, about Jesus Christ and His mission to earth. He told of man's fall, Christ's birth, life, death and resurrection. He left no doubt in the minds of the villagers as to what God wanted them to do, as he dwelt on the absolute need of repentance and forgiveness, and how Christ had power to change the vile hearts of the most wicked of men. He did not fear to uncover the secret sins of his own people, either!

This lad is one of the most promising natives that I have yet seen. It is not yet two years since he came to us signifying his desire to follow "Yesu Kristu." One is scarcely able to tell what these dear lads know of the Gospel until one listens to them explaining to their own people the golden thread of Truth contained in the precious Book. I thought, as I was trekking along the path that day, of the reward that will be ours if we "continue steadfast" and do our duty towards these boys, who are yet to be the instruments in God's hands of winning this tribe to Christ. At the service in the village where we camped for the night, I was given the most liberty I have yet had in the native language. The audience was most attentive, and seemed to drink in every thought I was enabled to present. When I realised how thoroughly they understood my message, I was thankful that I had never begun talking through an interpreter, but had launched out into the use of the native tongue when the responsibility of the work at Chisalala was put upon me only a few weeks after my arrival in the country.

Soon after the service I had my supper, if that is the term that one ought to use for such a meal as we have out in the bush. I soon retired, thinking that I would have a good rest, and so be fit for the next day, which was the Sabbath. I had not been under the covers very long, however, when I heard the muffled sound of the village drum, and soon it was quite evident that I was to endure one of their native "concerts." My boys told me that it was just the young people of the village who were going to dance in honour of some visiting guests, and that it would not last long; but

dancing
I only partly believed them, as I feared it would develop into an all-night seance. I tried to sleep, but that was impossible. My tent was not more than a hundred yards from where the dance was in progress. The terrible noise that those hundred or more natives made as they went through their contortions, and to which they applied the word singing, was, to say the least, far from being what I would call music. There was nothing left for me to do but to suffer long and be kind. Shortly after midnight they ceased their dancing and its accompanying din, and left me to my dreams until daylight.

We are not often thus entertained when we choose to sleep so near to a native village, but it was a peculiar coincidence that I should have the same thing repeated almost every night during the trek of which I write. It became monotonous in the extreme.

Since that trek I have been privileged to go on other trips in different directions, and God has never failed to honour His word and add His blessing to the efforts put forth. These efforts are already beginning to bring forth desired results, not only in the interest shown as Mr. Wilson and I, together with our Christian lads, go into these villages, but several are already manifesting an increased desire to learn more of the Gospel story. One chief who, with his people, has heard the Gospel many times at the old Lalafuta site, requests me to write to the Government officials and see if permission cannot be granted to him to move his whole village from the Lalafuta river to the Muzonwedzi river, which is the present site of our Mission. He and his wife are both anxious to learn more about Jesus, and said that they wanted to be near us, so that they could daily come and hear about the salvation from sin. In the near-by villages also interest is being awakened. The Lord has given us some very direct answers to prayer, and has blessed our ministrations in several serious cases of sickness among the natives. The many complicated diseases among these people call for a more qualified person to cope with them. We pray earnestly that God will speedily send another, or others, to take up the work laid down by Mrs. Vernon. A qualified nurse would meet two needs—the above mentioned, and that of a worker to teach the women and children.

Pray earnestly that this need may soon be met, and that God's work here may not be hindered longer by the lack of workers.

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N. Rhodesia.

CHISALALA.

"GO FORWARD."

ERNEST A. M. AND E. HARRIS.

"GO FORWARD" is the motto of the S.A.G.M., and during the months which have passed since our last annual report was written the work in connection with this station has been going forward. He who said, "Go ye . . . and lo I am with you always," has been quietly working in our midst, laying the foundations of His church in Kaondeland. Had He not been with us how different the record would have been. From the time when the first seven confessed Christ and we formed our first candidates' class on the 27th December, 1914, up to last Sunday, when a young man who had previously denied his Lord made confession and was reconciled to God, there has been, according to our records, remarkably steady progress. Out of six who denied their Lord last June and went to the Congo three have returned and are bringing forth "fruit meet for repentance." It is significant that our last mail brought us a letter from a home-helper in Maidstone, saying, "I pray for those who have left you and gone to the Congo." Truly "prayer changes things," and those three who have returned are showing a very humble spirit. The number in the candidates' class to-day is very encouraging, being considerably more than double what it was a year ago, while our losses have been very low.

Another advance is that we have three young men in training as Evangelists and teachers. It is our hope that before the next annual report is written we shall have been able to establish a couple of outstations, thus bringing some of the people into closer contact with the Gospel of Christ.

Work in the Villages.—This has been well kept up during the year. Bands of young men and boys go out in different directions on alternate week-ends, the young men to preach and the boys to help with the singing. They sometimes go from twenty to sixty miles from the station. In this way many villages have been reached, in some of which they had never heard the name of Jesus. The almost universal request from these villages is, "Come again and come soon."

School.—Considerable headway has been made in this department also. The number

on the roll is double that of last year, and for many months the attendance has been all that could be desired. This is a very important part of the work, for from it will be drawn the evangelists and teachers by whom we can hope to reach all the members of this tribe of wilderness-people. Some of our scholars come from villages two and three days' journey away. At times their friends come to see them, often staying a few days. They, too, are given the Word of Life.

This country is remarkable, amongst other things, for its traps. There are lion traps, leopard traps, cat traps, pig traps, fish traps, and other traps too numerous to mention. Some months ago we were inspired with the idea to build a trap near this station—not to catch lions, or pigs, or fish, but to catch men and women. A great number of people pass through here; sometimes they camp here all night, sleeping in the open or else creeping into the school compound after dark, which is not good. So we built a couple of huts near by; we keep them clean, and let the people who desire to do so stay in them for the night. To these wayfarers also the Gospel is preached. In this way hundreds must have heard the "Old, Old Story" during the last few months, for the huts are constantly in use. Thus in various ways we are buying up the opportunities and sowing the "Good Seed" broadcast over a large area. The lines—

"Keep on sowing—
God will cause the seed to grow
Faster than your knowing"

—come to us again and again as a message from the Master. We are breaking up the fallow ground and sowing the seed; God will give the increase. Who will come and help to reap the harvest amongst the Kaonde people?

The last year has been one of advance. Are we to "GO FORWARD" during the present year? Friends in the Homelands! the answer is with YOU. Will YOU make it possible?

"THE practical thing to burn in deep just now is this—that we can hinder God's plans. His plans have been hindered, and delayed and made to fail, because we would not work with Him."—S. D. GORDON.

"THE work of the Holy Ghost in the souls of men can be hindered. The first great hindrance is self-will and the love of created things."—FRANCES BEVAN.

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~~Portuguese West Africa.~~

**DAWN OF A NEW DAY IN
LUCHAZELAND.**

A. W. BAILEY.

THE first great streaks of the dawn of a new day in our work in Southern Angola began to show when, on Saturday afternoon, September 18th, 1915, I returned from a business visit to Cangamba, and found a trio of young Mbundu men from Bié awaiting me. It is nothing unusual for several Mbundu men to visit my camp, but these three had letters from Dr. Moffat, of the American Board Mission at Chisamba, Bié, stating that they were Christians in good standing, and that they came seeking an opportunity to do work for their Master and mine. With no funds here for the support of native workers, and knowing that it would take months to get any help from the officials of the Mission, owing to our slow mail service, I felt called to pray. The young men told me that there was another of their number over on the 'Kubangui' who wanted work. All had a fair start towards an education and seemed in earnest. After waiting on God, I felt clear in telling them frankly that there was no money in hand for such work, but that one of them could go to the community on the Lusa river, one to the Lukilika river, and one to the big Kangala chief on the Kwandu, and tell them that, if they wanted a mission as badly as they professed to when I visited them in May, they were to put up school-church buildings and feed the worker and his wife at each point. The fourth man was to come here. The young men agreed, and I prayed with them and sent them forth. All had Christian wives who were able to assist in the work. Soon my man arrived with his wife and baby—a little, round-faced, round-eyed affair of six months, which makes a fine plaything for us all—and reported that the other men had found the people willing to do their part towards the founding of outstations, and the day had dawned.

Knowing something of the ways of the raw native, and having misgivings as to my Mbundu boys being well cared for, I trekked across to the Lusa river the last week in October, and had a hearty welcome from the community. Quite a number of Mbundu immigrants have come here within the past few months, and deeply appreciate missionary oversight. Crowds came to hear the Gospel, and I found that

my worker in this community had made a good start towards a school, having over seventy day pupils, and that the people had made a fine start towards a rather large



KACHONGA, THE NATIVE WORKER ON THE LUSA RIVER, PORTUGUESE WEST AFRICA, WITH HIS WIFE NGENDA.

school-church building. My worker on the Lusa is a bright, active, fine-looking man named Kachonga. His young wife, Ngenda, assists in the school work by teaching the women. I found my suspicions as to the local natives furnishing him with food to be well founded. He showed the true Christian spirit by saying, "The people are not giving me my food, but, never mind, it is God's work." I was able to lift that burden off him by giving him an allowance of trade calico that I had brought for such an emergency. We held our services by an open camp-fire morning and evening, and the rows of glistening eyes and ivories shading back into the darkness made an inspiring audience. The bed of glowing coals as the meetings progressed furnished a powerful illustration for our statement as to the uncomfortable

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future state of the unbeliever, for my boys are entirely orthodox, and put no frills on their teaching. The sound, clean-cut preaching of these young men speaks well for the teaching they have received from their former teachers about Bié. Kachonga believes in keeping the iron hot by constant hammering, and gathers the people to hear the gospel at sunrise, before they go to work, and in the evening, after their work is done, and fills in most of the intervening time with school-work.

After a great Sunday with crowds in attendance and several local natives making confession of their desire to leave the old path and follow Jesus, we were off on Monday morning for Chief Kangombe's, on the Kwandu proper. I found my worker there — Kambeya — suffering from a severe attack of inflammation of the eyes, but going ahead with the work. His wife, Mutango, a dainty, self-possessed little lady with a sick baby in her arms, and a weakly boy of two clinging to her skirts, bears her share in the work by teaching the dozens of Mbunda and Kangala women here who have caught a glimpse of a new life in the midst of their darkness. Great crowds gathered to hear the word, and again the evening camp-fire with its listening crowds, its glitter of eyes, teeth, and brass anklets extending back into the darkness, and the over-brooding presence of Him whom we represent made a scene to be remembered. Kangombe and his people brought in loads of meal, and a live hog, most of which food-stuffs found their way to the hut of Kambeya. He and his wife were on the raw edge of actual hunger, showing that I had heard the hour for my coming strike correctly. Over fifty pupils in the school, daily gospel services, and a large school-church building, well started, are the outward marks of advance here. I was able to give Kambeya some medicine for his eyes, and left on the Wednesday for

the Lukhika River, an affluent of the Kwandu on the other bank, where Kasali and his wife, Kaliyeya, are working in the midst of about a dozen Luchaze and Mbunda villages. Over thirty of the Mbundu immigrants from Bié have settled here, and I received a hilarious welcome from them, especially the younger generation. They sing very well, and their songs of welcome were very pleasing. Kasali is quite a dignified young man, well suited to a community that has so large a percentage



KACHONGA (IN HIS WORKING ATTIRE), TOGETHER WITH A LUCHAZE HEADMAN ON THE LUSA RIVER, WHO HAS BURNED HIS FETISHES, AND FOUR OF HIS PEOPLE.

of the rather turbulent Vambunda mixed with the quieter Luchaze people. The people turned out in great crowds to listen to the gospel by the camp-fire in the evening, and in smaller numbers in the morning. The native women here showed a peculiar turn in their musical taste by selecting a note that suited them, and hanging on to it like grim death, leaving the cornet and the other voices to go on as best they could. After some emphatic instruction from the missionary, and a bit of extra steam on the cornet, they decided that it was best to sing along with the rest of us, and all finish on the same note. This community is blessed in having three Christian families among the Mbundu people, so have an opportunity to see the advantages of the better way, even in this life.

"The moment we enter upon any blessing"

NORTHERN RHODESIA	
14	Chisalala M.S. 1898 Rev. E. A. M. Harris
	Musonwedzi 1894 Mrs. Harris
	1913 Rev. W. Roy Vernon
	1914 Mr. & Mrs. A. A. Wilson (nee Gordon)
	Port. West Africa 1908 Rev. A. W. Bailey
	NATIVE HELPERS: JOHN & OTHERS.

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 ↓ Prayer guide w/ names of missionaries

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CHISALALA, NORTHERN RHODESIA.

ERNEST A. M. HARRIS.

"FOR the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." So wrote the Psalmist, and, sad to relate, the "dark places" are not few, nor is their area restricted in Africa. We who live in the "great dark continent," and actually feel the darkness, are often tempted. Do you marvel at it? Tempted to wonder whether the "children of light" have not forgotten that there are "children of darkness." So many are content to stay at home, attend missionary meetings, listen to addresses, and sing fervently:—
"For My sake and the Gospel's go
And tell Redemption's story."
And yet so few, so very few, ever get to the point of going, or even applying to a missionary society to be sent out to the dark places.

quickenings steps in the direction of the river. Now she has reached the overhanging bank, and stands just for a moment right on the very brink, with her back to the water. Only for one brief moment; then, with one wild bound she is gone, running swiftly from the river as if pursued by some unseen terror. Simultaneously with that bound there is a splash and a cry—a baby's cry; then all is quiet. A few bubbles rise to the surface of the water, marking where a crocodile lies on the mud beneath the surface of the calm, flowing river, and yonder in the distance is the quickly fleeting form of the mother (for she said, "Let me not see the death of the child"). There is nothing more to tell of the dark tragedy just enacted—not even of a little body floating on the water, for the crocodile has seen to that.

Does not this dark picture touch some chord in your heart? It is constantly being repro-

"But is it really so very, very dark?" you ask. "We thought the Africans were such bright, laughing, happy people."

Come with me to yonder village and see what means this beating of drums, clapping of hands, singing and dancing! The centre of attraction is a man seated on a stool with a little girl, placed on a mat, facing him. It is a wedding, and this little girl is the child-bride of that full-grown man. We draw the veil over the ceremonies that have gone before and those which are to follow; they are, many of them, vile, debasing, altogether too revolting to write about, and we who know, feel sick at heart as we think of the future of the child-bride.

What a bonny baby! Such a ^{teeth} laughing, bright-eyed little bit of humanity; surely no one could possibly help loving it, or ever think of harming such a child. Notice the mother as the days go by; again and again you find her peering into baby's mouth and examining its gums; see the anxious look on her face growing ever more marked. Then one day the grandmother comes, and she looks; the neighbours gather and talk in whispers, their glances plainly showing that baby is the subject of conversation. The fact is, "Baby has got a tooth"—a fact often hailed with joy in the happy homes of light. But here in dark Africa! Poor wee baby! Not even mother's love can save you. The tragedy of it all: it is an upper tooth that has come through first, and baby must not live lest some dreadful thing should happen. How gently the poor mother clasps her little one to her breast; how tenderly she nurses it through the night. As the first grey streaks of dawn are shedding their faint light over the landscape, her hut door is opened, and she comes out into the cold morning air with her baby on her back. There is a hard, hopeless look in the woman's eyes as she shivers and moves off with ever

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duced in Kaondeland, and month after month, year after year, sees its reproductions multiplied. Only one thing can change it all; only "the Light of the world" can dispel this terrible darkness, superstition, and cruelty.

"Take up the torch and wave it wide—
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom."

Sisters are needed for this work—sisters who will not shrink from hardship, nor mind loneliness; sisters strong in the Lord who will carry the light of life to the Kaonde women and girls. Woman has a status and power here not known amongst the tribes of South Africa, and the chief opposition to the Gospel will come from the women; even now it is making itself felt. If Christianity is to spread in this part of the country, a great effort must be made to win the women for Christ. Owing to tribal customs she is a remarkably strong instrument in the hands of the great enemy of souls.

In the past we have often written of the bright side of the work, and told you of souls being won for Christ—evangelists offering for training, people willing to hear the Gospel, and a "harvest to be reaped in Kaondeland." But we are still waiting for the reapers, and it may be that the above pictures of dark deeds by a dark people may cause someone to read "You go" for "Go ye."

The pictures are true to life, and much more could be told if only time and space would permit. It is a fact that babies who cut the upper teeth first, or who are deformed, or who do not begin to stand and walk at the proper age, are thrown into the rivers, and little girls are given in marriage to full-grown men. Think of what all this means, and, thinking, remember they are those for whom Christ died.

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than we ourselves, should also share the deep joy of knowing of souls turning to the Saviour—the very joy of the Good Shepherd Himself as He calls together His friends, saying unto them, “Rejoice with ME, for I have found My sheep which was lost.”

But we also feel the difficulty of writing of “things as they are,” and the possible danger of writing about particular cases, because so often Satan seems to make a special target of those thus mentioned. And so this account has been written with many misgivings, but I trust that those who will read of answered prayer will pray still more for these “babes in Christ,” as we trust they are, who have been mentioned, that they may “endure to the very end,” and may prove by life and conduct that they are truly a “new creation in Christ Jesus.”

A NEW BATTLE-CRY FOR MISSIONARIES.

A. W. BAILEY. 61640

THE community on the Lusa lay in our path home, so I spent a day with them. Many had become so much impressed by the truth, that several headmen brought in their fetishes, idols, charms, etc., to be burned, declaring that henceforth they would worship the true God and His Son, Jesus. It was deeply impressive to see these headmen, with the consent of their people, burning the symbols of their bondage to the old Satanic system of superstition. It does not necessarily mean that they have received the new life, but they are groping their way toward the light after millenniums of darkness. I celebrated my last day on the Lusa by developing the symptoms of a severe attack of influenza, and got home to my camp on the Luanginga with difficulty, but with joy at the signs of the power of God at work in this land.

A few days ago, I paid another visit to the three outstations on and near the Kwandu, and was rejoiced to find the work going steadily forward, some of the local, native boys learning to read rapidly, and many hearing the gospel with deep interest. On this later trip, I had the joy of enrolling six new converts as catechumens. All these were from among the Mbundu immigrants, and had long heard the gospel about Bié, but it indicates a healthy spirit in the work when souls are seeking the Saviour. Some of the younger people who have just confessed Christ are highly promising material for future workers, both male and female. None were under sixteen years of age, and all read and write very well, and one young man has especial gifts in speaking, praying, and singing. These young Mbundu people learn to speak the local language very quickly, and with the exact accent of the local born native. They should

furnish us a noble band of workers in the future days of the work. The Mbundu people are looked up to here as a superior race. They are intelligent, and have had the gospel for over a generation. They make ideal workers for this region. There is no danger of our getting too much native-worker material in hand, as it will require hundreds of them if this vast field is ever to be evangelised. I already know of eight tribes for whom we will naturally be responsible. It will require at least twenty-four capable white missionaries to found central stations to locate and over-see native workers. One of the central stations should have a training school for evangelists (native), and each should have a doctor. It now seems certain that six of the eight tribes can be evangelized by the Luchaze-Mbunda language. The Luchaze and Mbunda people are interlaced almost everywhere and understand each other well, though their languages have variations.

On my recent trip to the Kwandu, Kachonga gave me a new conception of the value of native workers by saying, “We will be hands and mouth for you.” I trust our prayer helpers will bear up these young men in prayer, and not fail to pray for their wives as well. At Kangombe’s on the Kwandu a few days ago, a Kangala woman gave me a new battle-cry for missionaries, though she had no intention of doing so. She, with others, was engaged in bringing great baskets of maize ears from their gardens across the river to the canoe ferry, and thence to the village. The baskets are of a kind that I have not seen, except among the Mbunda and Kangala people. They are supported on the back by a band passing across the forehead in front, back of the shoulders, and attached to the rim of the deep, strong basket. The loads looked cruelly heavy, and I lifted the loaded basket of this particular woman to test its weight. I was shocked to find that it was all that I care to lift, weighing over a hundred pounds. Kachonga tested its weight, and asked her, sympathetically, if it did not make her ache to carry it. She smiled brightly, and answered, “Yes, I ache, but I go on just the same.” Missionaries have their aches, both exterior and interior, but they go on just the same, if they are in the true apostolic succession. Then I mused on of the great throng of dark-skinned ones in these vast, unevangelized regions, who are aching beneath their loads of superstition, fear, and destructive sins and vices, but going on in the old way of darkness because no one has come to point them to Him who has lifted our load. May God transplant their aches into our hearts until this land of aching bodies and weary hearts, with its witch-burnings, its child-marriages, its immorality, and its superstitions shall have a band of apostolic witnesses to point its waiting people to the Great Burden-Bearer.

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FIRST LUCHAZE CONVERTS.

A. W. BAILEY.

June 5th, 1916.
LAST night, Sunday, after the sunset service, in which I had considerable liberty and blessing in telling of the bringing of the lamb for sin-offering by the sinning Jew of old, and of John pointing out Jesus as "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," and in pressing home on them the one way of escape from the guilt and power of sin now, Chiyundu, my first African convert, came to me to say that a young Luchaze man of about 25 who has been here with a younger brother for medical treatment, had decided for Christ. He said the young fellow was quite earnest, and he had told him to come to me in the morning.—He came, and his younger brother, the patient, and another young man, and all three made a strong, clean-cut confession of their faith. They said they had absolutely and finally broken with the old life, and were for Christ alone henceforward. They were just leaving for home, a couple of days' away; I gave them some instruction, the native worker and I prayed with them, and they set out. I was much in prayer for the elder young man last evening, and am assured that he is genuine. I did not know of the other two until this morning, but the second, a lad of about eighteen, seems equally strong in his stand. The sick lad is about fourteen, and has had a long, hard pull, but is better, and seems bright. You can imagine what a joy this is to me. The elder young man is one of the finest built, handsomest, and most intelligent Luchaze that I have seen. They come from a Luchaze community on a branch of the Luiu. The whole camp seemed electrified last night by the blessed event. There were songs of praise and joy by the camp-fire of the native worker, and the entire atmosphere seemed changed. I was glad of the part that Chiyundu had in the matter. He is the lad that I sent away in disgrace from the Lalafuta school, soon after my return from South Africa in 1913. There seems a fitness that the first Mbunda convert in our work should bring in the first Luchaze convert, or, at least, bring the news of his decision to me. Chiyundu must have a standing as a Christian among these people, or the young man would not have gone to him about the matter.