

Jan, pp 4-6

"ITINERATING." 61703.

CHISALALA, NORTH-WEST RHODESIA.
ERNEST A. M. HARRIS.

FOR some time my wife and I have been wanting to visit some of the more distant villages of our little (!) parish, but many things combined to prevent our doing so. At last, however, we were able

to fix on the month of August, and we began to make the necessary preparations. Through the kindness of our Magistrate, I was enabled to copy an official map showing the villages, paths, river crossings, etc. Just as we got all the details as to carriers, etc., worked out, my wife received an urgent call to go to the help of the only other European lady resident within a hundred miles of Chisalala. This again upset our plans, and I had to proceed alone. It was the 3rd of August before all was ready and I got my carriers away with their loads (everything needed for the journey has to be carried). I followed on my bicycle at 1 p.m. Alas! I did not follow far when trouble began with my front wheel tyre. After various attempts to rectify the trouble, it became evident that I must either go back or walk to our first camp. I decided to do the latter, and arrived at sundown, footsore and weary, at the Solwezi Boma, where I met my carriers. Mr. Taylor, A.N.C., kindly had my tent pitched near his house. Next morning early I sent a boy back to Chisalala for an old wheel. The refractory tyre fitted this beautifully, and at 2 p.m. we moved out to Mulopwe's village, where we camped. The tent was soon erected and fires started. Later in the evening the evangelists and some of the boys went to two villages, and also to a camp in the forest, to tell the "Old, old story."

Next morning early, loads were lifted, and we began another stage of our journey. Leaving our camp with its lovely view of the Chafaguma hill, we soon found ourselves in the centre of a native garden, through our guide having failed to ascertain the right path. Chikunkuruko came to our aid, and after a time we got on the right track; this led us out on to a large plain. We were only nine miles from Mulopwe's when that perverse front wheel buckled hopelessly, and I had to send my cycle back to the Boma. This accident happened far out on a wide, stony plain covered with sparse scrub—a veritable wilderness, yet very interesting. Ironstone protruded itself everywhere, and in many places there were subsidences varying from 20 square yards to acres in extent. As I was without a bicycle, and my left ankle being weak from an old sprain, and giving some pain, I had to abandon my plan of visiting Chief Mukumbi, and then crossing the Mumbezhi, following the west bank down as far as Chief Shelenda's, and, re-crossing the river, walk back to Chisalala. I decided to make for the Mutanda river; a three-mile walk over ironstone outcrops (very trying to the feet) brought us to some large limestone rocks, and what was evidently an old river-bed. We were very glad, after passing these rocks, to get clear of the plain and once more enter the grateful shade of the forest. We had not proceeded far when the dogs gave chase to a troop of baboons, two of which they killed—much

to the joy of the boys, who do not mind the family likeness in the least. At 1.30 p.m. we reached the head of the Changozhi stream, and as the boys' feet were sore from walking over the ironstone, we camped on the hillside. Below us lay the Changozhi with its belt of verdure, while on the right was a large circular basin covered with papyrus, level as a cornfield, the banks fringed with clumps of evergreen trees and palms—a scene of wonderful beauty, on which probably few white men have ever looked. Out of this basin issues the Changozhi, about forty feet wide, deep and clear as crystal. Next day being Sunday, we remained in camp. After Bible reading and prayer in the early morning, some of the boys went to preach the Word at Chikonke's, some miles up the Mutanda, while others went to some villages lower down the river. Next morning loads were packed, and after seeking God's blessing, protection and guidance, we started off once more. A little way from camp we saw where a couple of lions had partaken of an early meal while we slept peacefully. At 11 a.m. we again reached the Changozhi and crossed by a natural stone bridge—a spot of great beauty, ferns and palms growing in great profusion. Below the bridge the water enters a deep basin carved out in the rock. After four hours we arrived at Chitachi's, where we were received with much friendliness, and before our camp was in order, headmen and inhabitants from three or four villages began to arrive, quite a crowd listening to the story of God's love to man. After this, presents of food were brought and laid before me. The baskets being emptied, it was now my turn, and gifts of salt or calico were placed in each basket. These were borne away with thanks and with many expressions of goodwill. An invitation to come in the evening was well responded to, and a large number of people gathered—grey-haired old men, mothers with little black bundles of humanity on their backs, young men and boys, girls and little children. Oh! how one's heart goes out for these for whom Christ died! It is breaking fallow ground at present, but a hopeful sign is that some asked if they might come in the morning to hear more, which request received a joyful "Eyo" (yes). Shamendi gave the message in the morning, all being very attentive, his father, Chilongishi, being amongst the audience.

After leaving Chitachi's we re-crossed the Changozhi by the natural bridge and then struck off to the south-east to Shaluvava's, crossing two small streams, the Kazhika and Kankuwa. At the former we saw a couple of reed buck, both of which fell to my rifle at long range. At the latter we found a troop of monkeys, eight of which I secured and gave to the villagers, who were very pleased. This village is the home of one of our schoolboys, whose father is a white-

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 Halted old man. Morning and evening the people came to our camp to hear the "Mambo a ku wama" (Good News). Leaving Shaluyara's, a short march brought us to Chikuma's two villages, and we camped between them. Each night during our stay the people gathered round the camp fire and listened while we told them of the great things God has done for them. The women and girls learned to sing some hymns and the chorus, "Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus." We pray that they may indeed learn to do so. On our arrival here the prospects of food were not bright, but when I had shot a few head of game and made one or two presents, we got all we wanted. The river-crossing near Chikuma is enough to make a landscape gardener

tions not to come back till he had delivered the letters and cycle to me. We arrived at noon. Soon the people gathered round to barter meal for meat, and in a short time we had secured sufficient to last us over a week. Meat is the master-key which unlocks all native storehouses. We had some nice services here and at Kapan-dula's. Then we went to Nyundu's, and, using that as a centre, we preached the Word in Chimbwama, Ture, Mulowanyama, Nyambi, and Karara's villages, Nyundu's people coming to our camp for services held there. On leaving Nyundu's, we visited Kazomb, Mukanda, and Chombela's, holding services at each place. In most of the villages I was received as "Bwana wetu" (our master.)

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U. Olsen Postcard.
 CAMPING ON THE WAY FROM DISTRICT CONFERENCE AT MSELANI, ZULULAND.
 Left: Mr. Gale, Muriel Gale on Jack the Donkey, Mrs. Gale, Miss Doddrell, Mrs. Will, Miss Will, Mr. Will.

green with envy. It is about 100 yards from bank to bank; a most remarkable jumble of ever-green trees (many in full bloom), palms, ferns, rocks, dashing water and still pools. Through all this beauty winds the path, carried from rock to rock by little rustie bridges.

From Chikuma's we moved to Sandanombi's. We had covered about half of the distance, and were going down the steep hill to the Mapunga station, when we saw a native on the opposite side of the valley with a bicycle, which I found was my own. He had brought letters and papers, also a note from Mr. Taylor, A.N.C., saying that he had had visions of me tramping along the path footsore and weary. So he had got another wheel and put it in place of the buckled one, and sent the boy off with instruc-

Pray that some of the seed thus sown may have fallen into good ground, that by-and-bye it may yield precious increase to the Master.

**MISSIONARY SILHOUETTES IN
PORTUGUESE WEST AFRICA.**

A. W. BAILEY.

PART I.

SILHOUETTE number one. Missionary stands under great tree. Crowd of Luchaze sit about on ground, listening intently to the story of Creation, the entrance of sin into the world, the Incarnation, Death, and Resurrection of Jesus. One Luchaze man volunteers the information re *their* origin that their first ancestors were made out of trees. Considering the poor quality of the trees in that particular valley, and some of the poor qualities manifested by that community of Luchaze, the theory would seem worth considering; but the missionary is strictly orthodox, and dismisses it. Entire scene in strict accordance with the pictures of missionary work in the old-time Sunday-school library books, and the missionary can almost hear the deep murmur of approval from the friends of missions, "That's my idea of true missionary work."

Silhouette number two. Missionary holding

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of a bunch of villainous, renegade Luena and Chokwe from the north. Portuguese trader-neighbour is doing a most artistic job of binding a Luena-Chokwe (hard to tell which tribe that particular rascal disgraces) with a leather lariat. Missionary takes notice of the deft security of the knots in the thong, without the possibility of hurting the wrists, and of the final, carefully-knotted collar about the neck, as the end of the thong is passed to a trusty Mbundu man to safeguard the prisoner while he sleeps, for the thongs are so skilfully arranged that the man can lie down and sleep comfortably. Watching, missionary wonders if such skill is the result of theory only, or of practice. Missionary, in mind's eye, sees all hands up in horror, and hears a deep murmur from missionary supporters, "Horrible, cruel, un-missionary, un-Christian; never more will we pray for, or give to the support of, such a cruel missionary." Listen! The previous morning the missionary entrusted to said Luena, or Chokwe, or half-breed, a bundle of calico, a little cash, and other goods, to the amount of some £3 10s., to be carried to the outstations on and near the Kuandu river, to feed and clothe the native workers, who are dissipating the darkness with the word of light, and winning Satan's slaves to Christ's freedom in that region. In the evening, said Luena, or whatever, returned with a cock-and-bull story of having been set upon by eight Luchaze men, and robbed, and beaten. The man's story reminded the missionary strongly of the defence of a man in his own State of Maine, who had been brought before the local magistrate on the charge of shooting a deer out of season. "No deer ever yet bit me, and lived." Sheep-bites are quite as prevalent as highway robberies by Luchaze. During the night the said renegade experienced a refreshing of memory, and sent a fellow-villain to inform the cruel (?) missionary that he *thought* he might be able to return the goods, on condition that he should be freed. Missionary consents, goods appear as if by magic, missionary delivers a short but very emphatic sermon on the evil of stealing and slandering the Luchaze people, and orders the man to be untied, on condition that he and his entire company clear out, and never return. A few days later the stilly night is disturbed by the report of a native smoothbore, and the mother (or step-mother, or aunt—who knows?) of said thief appears in the morning with a plea that the missionary go and attend the father of the thief. He finds the patient has been perforated at close range by three iron slugs, one through the right lung cavity, and two through the right forearm. All three passed completely through at such short range that the missionary-doctor (?) picked wadding out of the hole where the chest slug emerged. Nine days the poor man lingered, daily attended and taught and prayed with by the missionary, and then he

heard the Gospel for months here on the station, and had nine days, by God's forbearance, to make his final decision. Where he went, God knoweth.

Silhouette number three. Just before Sunday morning service on the temporary station on the Luanginga river, missionary is busy working off a bunch of sick and lames with what medicines he has. An Mbunda man with one blind eye appears and tells a pitiable tale of how the people of a neighbouring village have employed a hellish witch-doctor (all witch-doctors are hellish), and that the same worthy, after being primed with many presents, has discovered that the wife of complainant had worked a "hoodoo" and caused the death of some three persons in the village employing the doctor. Then, with unfeigned sorrow, the one-eyed Mbunda tells missionary how the men of the village have waylaid, captured, and bound his unoffending wife with her baby and a little boy of four, and he fears they will roast her alive, according to the customary rites of their religion, which some liberal and advanced thinkers in Christendom tell us "is better suited for them than Christianity." Missionary advises the man to go to the village, demand the release of the captives, and, if they refuse, carry the case to the Commandante at Cangambe. At the service, missionary has much liberty in denouncing witchcraft and all its delusions; but after the service has an uneasy feeling that all his advising and denunciation will be cold comfort for both the husband and himself after the poor woman has been roasted alive. So he strikes out with his walking-stick and some station helpers to do as opportunity affords. On reaching the village he finds that the captor, the village headman, is one of the two frightfully-wounded leopard victims of 1914, whom he treated for weeks and saw cured. On demand of the missionary, the woman is unbound and brought forth, a picture of abject, hopeless woe, with her bruised, beaten body, her sad, tear-stained face and air of utter hopelessness. Missionary orates with emphasis, saying, in small part, "For what did I cure you of your wounds? To have you carrying on such bedevilment as this under my nose?" Missionary committed the whole matter to God before starting out, and keeps sending up brief, Nehemiac petitions, during pauses. After the oration the missionary demands the release of the captives, and their return to their village. Leopard-scarred headman readily consents, but missionary knows a bit about natives, and tacks on the vital proviso, "The woman goes now, and with us." "Impossible, as there is another headman concerned, named Kasumbi (Fowl), and he must be consulted. At sunset, perhaps, but not now, missionary!" "Kasumbi (fowl) or Katali (dog), it's all one to me. She goes now." The missionary tells the woman to come, but the woman

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... could have placed a teacher at three or four different centres where a fine opening presents itself for the winning of young lives, and older ones, too; but the teachers have not been available. Competent men, from the scholastic point of view, are not difficult to secure, but men of sound spiritual experience, and who might be trusted to make the winning of souls their first care, are simply not to be found. A very promising school, with an attendance of 40 to 60 children, was opened by us a year ago, some six miles away. The teacher was the best I could get, and had been at one time a very bright soul. He was converted at this station when a small boy, but going to Johannesburg and Cape Town to work, he grew cold, and is now, I fear, quite a backslider and indifferent to the voice of God's Spirit. He is leaving us in a week or so, and I shall have to find another teacher. Pray, please, for Walter, who leaves us, and for the new man who takes his place.

BLANCHE MEMORIAL MISSION STATION, MUSONWEDZI.

A NEW EXPERIENCE. W. ROY VERNON.

DURING the months of July and August last year there was no white worker on this station, so that it may be interesting to you to learn how God has abundantly revealed His power in keeping true to Himself the Christian lads who were left in charge, and in helping them to give out the Gospel message to the people of the district. It may now be an old story to you, and yet I feel that I should like to tell you about our movements since May last.

Accepting a kind invitation from Dr. Walter and Mrs. Fisher, I left here on May 23rd and trekked to Kalene Hill. You will remember it was at Kalene Hill that I laid to rest the form of my dear wife in August, 1915. God gave me real liberty in proclaiming the Good News to the people in the different villages through which I passed. None of these had ever before heard the Gospel, so that I was able once more to bring the Glorious Light to those who sit in utter darkness. I had "Faithful John" with me, and as we were both riding bicycles, we were able to leave our carriers and visit villages that were not in our direct route. My cyclometer showed that the distance travelled between here and Kalene, by the route we took this year, was 233 1/2 miles. The path we followed last year took us over 270 miles. What greater joy could come to mortal than telling the glad message of Jesus Christ to such numbers of people who never before had heard it?

After a few weeks of sweetest fellowship and real physical benefit, I left Kalene in company with Mr. Singleton Fisher. His idea in coming back with me was that he might preach in the many villages of the district which Christ had

not yet been reached and to visit some of the villages where lately there had been a wonderful turning to God. It was a new experience to me to visit villages where almost every inhabitant had turned to the Lord Jesus. We spent several days among these Christianised villages, and then pushed on into the regions where no worker had yet been. Again a new experience was mine. After having had two services with the people of a certain big village, we began to notice that some of them were talking enthusiastically about the message Mr. Fisher had proclaimed. Our joy knew no bounds when shortly God began to work in their hearts. Before the crowd had dispersed, more than a dozen had gone to their villages and torn up their fetishes and spirit charms, and had burned them in our camp fire. Nor was this all. They came to Mr. Fisher questioning him concerning the manner in which they would have to live in the future, and what actions of the past were sinful, and what were allowable. Never since God called me out of darkness into His Light and into His service have I rejoiced more that I was a Christian, and helping to spread the Gospel of His Grace.

Three weeks of just such happy work we spent ere we reached this station. Almost daily we saw herd after herd of antelope, a few of which fell to our bullets and helped out in our kitchen. One such animal was shot by Mr. Fisher, who left me to weigh the meat. Dressed, it turned the scales at a little over 1,500 lbs. Another day we saw some "hippos," and Singleton was fortunate enough to land one.

I was indeed glad to arrive at this station again and get to work in earnest. I at once began building a brick church, although I had nothing on the place toward building this. In less than three weeks I had, with the aid of about ten grown people and fifteen boys, made the bricks, cut and brought in the grass and poles for the roof, and built the walls of the church, which is 23 ft. wide and 42 ft. long, with 12 ft. walls.

It is not hard to imagine how happy I was to see Mr. A. A. Wilson and his bride coming along the native path on their bicycles last Sunday. They were not in time for the big service, but, later in the afternoon, God set His seal upon the efforts put forth here by leading twelve young men and women into surrender to Himself. During the few Sabbaths I had been back, I felt God was talking to many of these lads. The Master gave me great liberty in telling them the Truth of God, but I must say I was not looking for such a big harvest all at once. Please pray that we may be able to train these who have signified their desire to begin a new life.

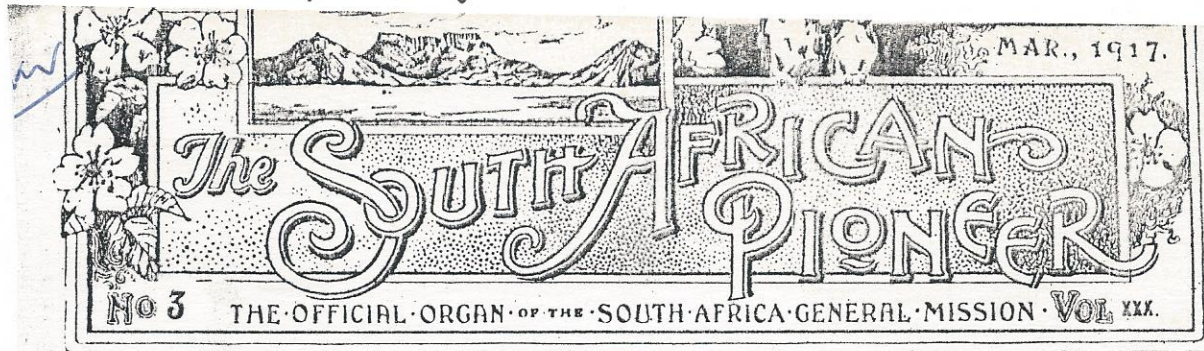
We look to you for the help that can only come in answer to prayer. We desire that our young lives shall bring honour and souls to

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(articles about missionary schools in the NWP)

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HERE AND THERE.

MOVEMENTS OF WORKERS.—Owing to war conditions, Miss Radcliffe will not leave for South Africa, but will be remaining somewhat longer in the Homeland. Mr. Pirouet, another accepted candidate, will also be delayed. Miss Ringland and her aunt have safely reached America.

FINANCIAL YEAR.—Our Mission Year ends on March 31st. This month last year was rich in answered prayer. Shall we unitedly ask "Our Father in Heaven" to give us in His own marvellous way exceeding abundantly, that further advance may be assured in 1917?

RECEIVED WITH THANKS.—*Unlocked treasure* from Colchester: Silver coins, teaspoons, and ring. An example to follow.

WEEK OF PRAYER.—Some friends are no doubt already planning for this—from March 11th to March 18th. We hope to meet daily in Wimbledon from 5.30 to 6.30 p.m. just to pray and praise. Can you do something in your centre? If possible, please do so. Plead the spiritual needs and temporal needs as mentioned in the *Pioneer*, and expect an answer.

ANNUAL MEETINGS, APRIL 18th.—We hope to welcome many friends to the Church House, Westminster (entrance by Great Smith Street), on April 18th. Talk about these meetings to your friends, and mention them to God in prayer, that in this most difficult year fears may be disappointed and our highest hopes exceeded. Remember, only two Sessions: morning at 11.30 o'clock, afternoon at 3 o'clock. It is hoped to provide tea after the 3 o'clock meeting—a splendid opportunity to meet our missionaries, who will be delighted to give further information regarding their work in Africa.

MR. E. C. FAITHFULL'S TOUR.
For Prayerful Remembrance.

Mt. Hermon .. February 26 to March 2.
Ntabankhlope, etc, March 3 to March 18.

D. C. H.

MISSIONARY SILHOUETTES IN PORTUGUESE WEST AFRICA.

A. W. BAILEY.—PART II.

BUT, one week later, he has an uneasy feeling that all is not secure, and goes to the village of the liberated woman to preach. On arrival, he finds a crowd of unholy-looking old greybeards congregated, and thinks, "Too many of these worthies here. Mischievous in the air." He preaches, and, at the last stage of the service, an unpromising-looking headman from up-river puts in an appearance with an elaborate fetish-stick, composed of ape-skins, bunches of tooth-picks, etc. Questioning elicits the disagreeable information that the gathering is for the purpose of the boiling-water test in the case of the freed woman. This pleasant (?) religious (?) ceremony consists in making the suspect fish three rocks out of the bottom of a pot of boiling water. If the hand is not scalded, the suspect is adjudged innocent! The missionary orates, and the fetish-man, who bears the impressive name of Litendangonge ("cannon"—though his calibre is nearer that of a pop-gun), fires off voluble discharges of his language. The missionary faithfully repeats his promise that he will see all responsible parties in the calaboose if he hears of their carrying out their wretched plans. When the vocal uproar has decreased, the missionary examines the fetish-stick, and asks, "Is it powerful?" Mr. Cannon replies, "Yes, very powerful." Missioner: "Can it walk alone?" Mr. Cannon, off his guard: "No, it cannot walk—I have to carry it." Missionary, derisively: "Why, it's weaker than a goat. A goat can walk alone!" Scene closes amid a roar of laughter, in which Mr. Cannon joins, leaving the atmosphere clearer. The African is much improved in temper by a good laugh on such occasions, and the missionary rejoices that some of his ancestors were Irish. The case of the woman was dropped by the devotees of African religion, but Mr. Cannon, trusting to

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the protection of his fetish-stick perhaps, threatened the life of a native soldier a few days later, and did what I have heard the Rhodesia Britisher graphically describe as "Losing the number of his mess." A young native remarked thoughtfully ament his demise, "His fetish-stick didn't save him."

Silhouette number four. Missionary at folding camp table, with a young Mbunda man, a former Rhodesian schoolboy of his, sitting on the ground by his side. On the table New Testaments in six languages, running from refined Greek to unrefined Luena, and, day by day, the birth-pangs of the Gospel being born into another African language go on. Prayerfully, carefully—comparing English, Luba, Greek, Luena, Portuguese, and other versions—the work goes on, until, one glad day, the blessed Gospel according to John is complete in the Mbunda language, and a pæan of praise ascends, mingled with a prayer that it may be made the Word of Life in very fact to multiplied thousands.

And what shall I say more?—for time, space, and editorial patience would fail me to tell of the 600-mile trek in the month ending August 25th; of the new sections visited; of the many hearing the word of the Gospel for the first time; of the tense moments when the portion of John's Gospel already translated were tested among Mbunda, Nkangala, and Yauma, with the fear that I might have "laboured in vain," giving way to a rush of grateful joy on hearing the welcome "We understand it—it is our language"; of the crystallising of the hope into glad certainty that Mbunda, Nkangala, and Yauma are but different sections of one tribe with one tongue; of the joy of striking the trail of my beloved friend—now gone to his reward—F. S. Arnot, where he passed through the Yauma country and preached the Gospel of grace to them through an interpreter thirty-two years ago; of the sordid agony of blisters and wounds on account of unfitting Portuguese boots!—until the missionary humbly prayed, "Lord, if it be Thy will that I forsake my beloved pedestrianism, please send me a donkey or a mule"; of the day on the Ninda when, at a trader's post, a strong, gentle brown horse was offered me at an astonishingly short price, with saddle and bridle thrown in, resulting in an evening plea for God's will to be shown. Then a short morning trial ride, a cheque in still smaller figures, and a ride home with rejoicing, healing pedal extremities; of the glad news from the Lusa out-station, just received, that six people stuck to their heathenism until Kachonga (my worker there) finished reading and expounding our translation of John v., and then of their bringing their fetishes and idols to be burned, saying, "After that fifth of John, no

more of these things—henceforth it is Christ for us"; of the disturbance on the Kuandu-proper out-station, which threatens the existence of the work there, causes Kambeya (the native worker there) to write, "I do not feel that I can leave, because I think this is Satan trying to force me to forsake the giving of God's message," and which sends the missionary-in-charge to his knees, though it be but a little incident in the day's day. I cannot say, with Paul, concerning all these things, that they "move me not at all," for verily they move me to praise, prayer, more earnest endeavour, according to the nature of each.

GOD NEEDS MEN.

ENDULINI, PONDOLAND. R. DARROLL.



R. FAITHFULL has just left us, and we are thanking God for his visit—though it was all too brief. On the Sunday it was wet, so that those from a distance were unable to come to the services, but we had a good crowd of heathen as well as the Christians. On Monday morning, at the out-station, he gave a "missionary address," with the aid of a map, to Gordon and some of the helpers. I think they began to see the vastness of Africa and its great need, making Pondoland, which has always loomed so big and so full of need itself in its heathenism and degradation, seem such a tiny part of the whole land. And from the story of "Philip and the Eunuch" (Acts vii.) he reminded us that angels cannot preach the Gospel—God needs MEN. In the afternoon there was the red heathen girls' meeting, and on the Tuesday the red women; also a special meeting of the Christians, who had another opportunity of hearing God's message. Mr. Faithfull gave details of the gracious working of the Holy Ghost with our missionaries in Gazaland, and so spoke that hearts hungered to see such manifestations of His power here.

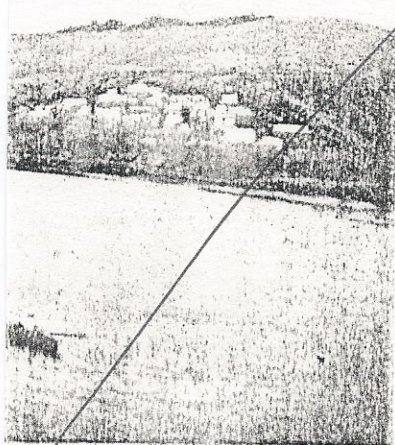
The next morning one of the Christian women came down to the Mission House, and told my wife she wanted to have a talk with her, and, with tears, she said: "I am hungry . . . we cannot preach with boldness . . . we need power." So we are looking to God for the greater things to be seen in our midst. Yesterday, after the Sunday services, a woman (who has been long prayed for in our Saturday afternoon prayer meetings) came and told us she wished to give herself to Christ. And this morning Philip told me that a number of the Christians are anxious to go to a kraal (where they were preaching yesterday afternoon) again today, to have another meeting and help a woman who was "almost persuaded" through their tes-

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CHRISTMAS, 1916.

CHISALALA, NORTHERN RHODESIA.
ERNEST A. M. HARRIS.

DECEMBER is usually the wettest month of the year in this part of Africa, and Christmas Day is often wet and cold. Many and frequent were the heart-prayers that went up from this station that this year we might have a fine day. We were not disappointed, December 25th dawned fine, though cloudy, but as the sun rose higher and



AZIMKULO RIVER, NEAR BATSTONE.

higher the clouds lifted and all was bright and beautiful. Early morning found all on the Station assembled for service, and a regular stream of praise and testimony went forth. Said one: "Jesus is very near to me to-day, and my heart is full with a great joy because the Spirit tells me I have passed from death unto life, and if Jesus comes to-day He will not leave me behind, no!" Another: "My heart is full of joy for by faith the blood of Jesus is on my heart; God sees the blood and my sins are all taken away; my heart is clean and I am following Jesus, and will follow Him even unto death." Yet another: "I say with Mary 'My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour,' I may stumble, but Jesus will not let me fall; He is with me all the time; He will not let me fall, No!" Others followed in quick succession, praising God and testifying to their faith in Jesus. How our hearts were

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stirred, yea, they burned within us, for the Holy One was in our midst, and Jesus was being magnified in His redeemed ones this Christmas morning; we rejoiced greatly in His presence, which was so very real to us.

After the testimonies, the missionary gave an address on "Who is Jesus?" All listened with rapt attention as I sought to lift up Him who is the only Saviour and to show forth God's wonderful love to the children of men in the gift of His only Son. When this service was over we all went down to the stream, on the bank of which the station is built, and there the ordinance of baptism was administered to twelve of the first converts. It was fitting that our first baptismal service should be on the day when we were specially remembering God's great gift to all mankind, and ourselves in particular. Would that all who read this could have been with us at that hallowed spot on the Chisalala and have heard with us the clear responses of the candidates, as one by one they went down into the water with the missionary, confessing their faith in the Lord Jesus and their determination to follow Him, each succeeding baptism being announced by a fresh burst of praise to God from those standing by, till the forest glades echoed the praises of Him whom we adore. I have seen some fifty Christmases, but never one so blessed as this, one so full of the realization of His presence.

After the baptismal service all gathered in front of the Mission house, where each received some little present in commemoration of this joyful day. While seeking to make this season one of joy and gladness we also seek to keep it holy, raising hearts and thoughts Godward, keeping a spiritual feast such as we feel assured is wholly acceptable to Him. Will you not pray for the twelve who were this day baptized, that in the hour of temptation, which will surely come, they may be more than conquerors through our Lord Jesus Christ.

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CHISALALA, N.W. RHODESIA.

LIVING EPISTLES AND ROARING LIONS. *schools*

ERNEST A. M. HARRIS. *er*

IN our last report we told how we kept Christmas at Chisalala, and of the little band of converts who were baptized on that happy day. Since then this Church in the wilderness has met on the last Sunday of each month to obey our Lord's command in the breaking of bread in remembrance of Him, and these services have been most refreshing and helpful. Although the enemy has been busy as usual in our midst, and tests and difficulties have arisen, yet there has been much to rejoice over. About the middle of last December three young men came to me one day, saying they wished to come to school. I talked with them and got the impression that they were rather too old to make very apt pupils. While I still hesitated, a voice within said, "God may have a plan in this," so I immediately said they could stay. I found

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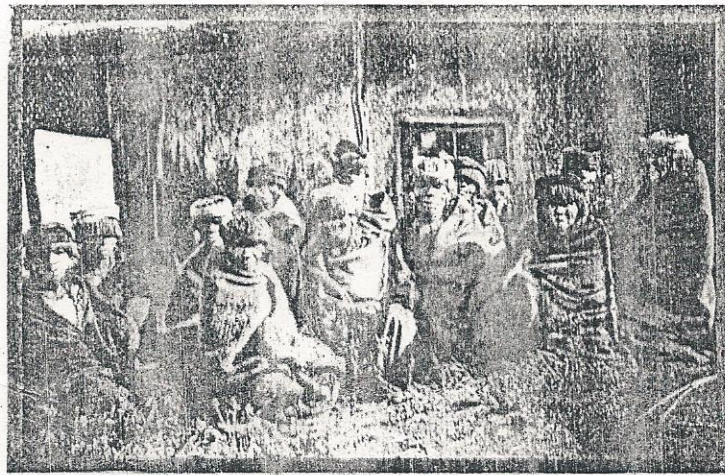
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that these young men had come five days' journey, a distance of at least one hundred miles, and were keen to learn. At first they gave little heed to the Word of God and the services were a dull time to them, but after a time they began to show more interest. One of them, "Machina," had a frightful sore on his ankle, and while dressing this one day I asked him what he was going to give me when he was healed. He replied, "What can I give? I have nothing." I said, "give yourself to God, I want nothing more than that." You will rejoice to know that all three have since confessed Christ. Another young man named KAVAMBARI, who comes from the Lubango swamp, which is several days' journey N.W. from here, is a similar case. They are very promising young men, and we trust they

heathen men around him, so he called them to him and told them of his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, also that though his body would soon be laid in the grave, he himself would be with Jesus. Muraisho was one of the first-fruits at Chisalala and the first to be called into the presence of the Master. Since then one other has joined the redeemed ones before the Throne.

During the last four weeks eighteen young men and lads have confessed Christ before their fellows, thus the Lord Jesus is calling out a witness for Himself from amongst the Vakaonde.

At present Kansanishi, one of our Evangelists, and a little band of helpers, is away on an itinerary to some villages fifty or sixty miles to the S.W. It was on a previous visit to these same villages that he over-stayed his time, and



PONDOLAND "RED" WOMEN.

will be, in the days to come, living epistles to their fellows. Yet another case worth noting is that of a young man from the Lunda country, who came to us with a note from the Assistant Native Commissioner of his District. He should have gone to Dr. Fisher's Station (Kaleni Hill), and I tried to persuade him to do so, but he refused, saying, "he wanted to come here and would go nowhere else." In the end I consented to take him for six months. He remained with us about a year and was then transferred to Kaleni. During the time he was with us he was converted and since we have had good accounts of him from Dr. Fisher. His name was MURAIASHO, and later he went to work at the mines in the Congo. Here he contracted typhoid and soon realised that he had not long to live. There were

he and his party walked all one night so as not to break their word to me and get back on the day fixed for their return. That night, at two different parts of the road, they were confronted by lions, being unarmed and having no lights they were in danger, but remembering they were on the King's business, they thought of how God protected His servant Daniel from the lions. So they stood still, prayed and saw "the salvation of the Lord," for the lions just growled at them and went away.

"We are left here to display Christ; if we are not doing this, we are no use to Him or to the world."

"As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you."—John xx. 21.

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JM ENCOURAGING NEWS.

MUSONWEDZI (BLANCHE MEMORIAL MISSION STATION), N.W. RHODESIA.

W. ROY VERNON.

THE good Hand of our God has bountifully rested upon us in rich blessing at this Station for many months past. On October 1st, which was the day Mrs. Wilson arrived here, we saw much of God's blessing. Not only was His presence graciously felt in the morning Gospel service, which was held before they arrived, but there was great rejoicing when the congregated crowds of villagers caught sight of the new "Ndoni" cycling up the broad path with her "Mwata," Mr. Wilson. After lunch and a few moments' rest we all three met

fessed to belong to Christ. No boy returning home with a big catch of fish could have shown in his face more evidence of satisfaction than did the native evangelists here when they saw these beginners entering into the class of instruction.

A few days later we were again made glad by the coming of two men, expressing their desire to accept the Lord Jesus as their Saviour. Both these fellows had received some training in Rev. Donald Fraser's schools in Nyasaland. One of them is especially bright and has a good knowledge of the plan of Salvation. He says he went to school in Nyasaland when he was but a child. He is now studying in our school and says he wishes to give his life to preaching the Gospel to the Kaonde people. Both these men are married to Kaonde women and have children, so that the

chances are they may wish to remain in this country for some years. We again had cause for rejoicing the following week when two young women came thirty-five miles from their village, near the old Lalafuta site, and told us that they wanted to enter the "Path of God," concerning which Mrs. Vernon had taught them when she was at Lalafuta. These girls, who are married, are daughters of the headman, for whom I have repeatedly asked you to pray. They have not yet been granted permission by the Government to come and build near this Station, but I believe their desire is to love and serve the true God.

During the weeks I was away in Angola Mr. Wilson reports still others who have taken a stand as desirous of leaving the old life. There are at present on the Station some thirty Catechumens, and towards these Mr. Wilson and I feel a sacred responsibility. Will you not give us your fellowship in prayer that we may be helped by God to guide these who have so lately begun the new life? There seems to be a spirit of conviction resting upon many villagers, and for these also we would ask your united intercession.

We are now having the last of the heavy rains. The plains in front of our Station have been transformed into a beautiful lake; we could almost fancy we were near the coast or back on the shores of Lake Ontario in Canada, as we looked out over the expanse of water and saw the moon brightly shining on its smooth face last night. Instead, we are still in Central Africa, preaching the Good News to those who are benighted.



MRS. HOLT'S WOMEN'S MEETING.

Udbridge

with the Catechumen's Class to give some instruction in spiritual things. To our surprise and great joy we met with a dozen young men and women who had come for the first time to signify their desire to follow the Lord Jesus Christ. Some time was spent in questioning each one concerning his individual desire and his belief in Jesus as the Son of God and Saviour of the world. Among the dozen would-be Christians were six or seven strapping fine young men of ages ranging from sixteen to twenty years. After receiving satisfactory answers to our questions we proceeded to teach the now enlarged class some of the "all things" spoken of in Matthew. Of course we know there was joy among the angels over these who had, at least, stated their desire to follow the Lord, but rejoicing was quite evident among those who had for months and years pro-

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N.W. Rhodesia.

CHISALALA. 61729a

ERNEST A. M. HARRIS.

OUR last Annual Report was a record of steady advance, and we rejoice greatly to be able to record that the advance has continued.

"To God be the glory,
Great things He hath done."

The year 1916-17 has been a red-letter year at Chisalala; Christmas Day we celebrated our Lord's birth by baptizing the first band of those who had believed in His Name, and on the last Sunday in January, 1917, the little Church gathered, for the first time, round the Lord's Table, in accord with the Divine command, remembering His Death "Till He come." On that day also the Vakaonde made their first offering in money and kind for the work of the Gospel. The amount given was not large, but it averaged nearly one shilling per head. Since then an offering has been taken up once a month.

My Bible-class also shows an advance; having grown too large for the room in which it was held, it had to be divided into two classes, one for seniors and the other for juniors—the former numbering thirty-two and the latter twenty-two. The Sunday morning prayer-meeting has also outgrown its clothes, or, in other words, the room in which it was held is no longer large enough, and it has had to move, for the second time since it was inaugurated, into a larger room. The attendance at this meeting is quite optional, yet we have an average attendance of fifty. It is a lift heavenward to listen to some of the prayers that are offered up from hearts that a year ago were shrouded in heathen darkness—prayers, Spirit prompted, that bring heaven down into the midst.

Last year we had three evangelist-teachers in training. This year we have seven, all of whom are convinced that they have been called of God to this work. There are indications that others will be offering before long.

Our itinerating bands have been out in all

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directions, and during the year have traveled many hundreds of miles, visiting a large number of villages. There is not much to show for this effort at present; it is the time of ploughing and seed-sowing, but we have the Master's own word for it that the reaping time will come, and we are convinced that He who causes the hidden grain to spring into life will in due time rejoice over the harvest. The people are mostly willing to hear the message, and in one village twenty miles to the east there are indications that the seed sown is about to spring up. Some of the women—a wonderful thing in Kaondeland—have openly said they wish to follow Christ, and the people of that village are asking that a teacher may be sent to live with them. We hear that in another village about twenty miles south-west quite a number are learning to read, and all gather for prayer in the evenings, led by one of our Church members. The leaders of the itinerating bands are, as a rule, evangelist-teachers, and on their return to the station they usually present a written report of their itinerary. This encourages a habit of noting details and of expressing themselves in writing. A recent report handed in by Kansanshi on his return from a preaching tour covered four sheets of foolscap paper besides some odd leaves from his pocket-book. In one large village they met with discouragement, the people absolutely refusing to allow them to preach; so they left that village and went to the next. Here the headman went round calling out, "Iyai ku umywa mamba a Leza" ("Come ye to hear the Word of God"). About eighty-five men and women responded to his call, and all listened most attentively. At the close of the service they were asked to come again. Kansanshi says that in several villages visited on this trip the people had never heard the Gospel before.

The School keeps about the same as regards numbers, but most of the scholars are either following Christ or seeking to do so. Some of them come from villages four or five days' journey from here—a distance of from eighty to a hundred miles. In this way we are getting in touch with an ever-widening area. Our school differs from many in that the scholars do not like holidays; even the little ones prefer school.

Our Man-Trap is a great success, as mentioned in last year's report. Through our visitors' huts hundreds of people have heard the Gospel. In this far-away field we are being constantly reminded of the great War, gangs of carriers constantly passing through the station for war transport work. Many of these spend a night in our visitors' huts or in any other shelter we can provide. In this way, this year also, hundreds have heard of the God whose name is LOVE.

BLANCHE MEMORIAL. 6

A. A. WILSON.

HERE seem to be some friends who are yet unaware of the new name of our station, and it might interest them to know that "Blanche Memorial" was given to commemorate the first life in connection with the S.A.G.M. to be laid down in the endeavour to extend Christ's kingdom among the Kaonde people. On the station here we see evidence that continually reminds us of her who has gone before, but for some of those at home there is the name "Blanche Memorial" which alone must suffice to refresh their memories and spur them on to renewed fervent prayer that the heathen for whom she died might obtain a saving knowledge of her Saviour.

In the early part of 1916 we received a great disappointment when almost all of our boys took it into their heads to return to their villages. Our school in consequence was broken up, and it seemed as though Satan had gained a victory, but we took courage. We determined by His grace to prove His power, and we toured the villages, both far and near, preaching the Gospel of Love. The people did not run after the Word of Life as some imagine they would, but they listened attentively when we did get them together, and we were quite confident that God's Word would accomplish that whereunto it was sent. We made these tours alternately—while one was itinerating the other would be carrying on the work "at home." We persevered in this way until May, when, for health reasons, Mr. Vernon had to go to Kalene Hill. In the meantime about twenty boys had returned to school, there being several newcomers among them, and things on the station began to assume a brighter aspect.

In the middle of June I was called South. I was away until October 1st, but when I returned with my wife I found that Mr. Vernon had come back, and had been very busily engaged, for, besides the ordinary station work, he had almost completed a splendid sun-dried brick church-school building. There were also about forty or fifty boys to make use of the new building, and we foresaw bright times ahead. Another most encouraging incident occurred the day that my wife and I reached "home." Some ten boys and two girls (wives of our boys) signified their desire to follow Jesus.

Mr. Vernon soon left us to visit Mr. Bailey in Angola. We resumed our itinerating trips, Mrs. Wilson continuing language study, a class of women and girls, and medical work; I with the school, preaching, etc. Week-ends I sent Christian boys to the villages telling of Jesus, with fruitful results. Some boys from local villages came every day to school, and thus heard

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the Gospel at the daily services. God blessed our efforts, for occasionally a boy would express the desire to follow our Saviour, and they, with the others who professed Christ's name, came regularly to the Thursday night meetings for Christians, and also to prayer and praise meetings held on Sunday afternoon.

Yes! there are many more interesting items in connection with our itinerating trips that I could tell you, but I fear that I have already overreached my allotted space. There are discouragements continually, but there are greater joys—"The cross is not greater than His grace"—

so we work on, "knowing in whom we have believed," and trusting that you at home are continually bearing us up in prayer. Will you also please specially remember Solomon, one of our evangelist-teachers, who has recently asked for baptism, and whom we hope to baptise on the occasion of Mr. Faithfull's visit. Pray also for his young wife, that she too may be led into the full knowledge of Jesus and out into His service with her husband. Remember all our boys at the Throne of Grace, and also the toilers who with you enjoy fellowship with Jesus in the work.

Portuguese West Africa.

ANGOLA. 61731a

Native Revolt in the Mbunda Country.

A. W. BAILEY.

WHILE engaged in receiving rubber for the payment of the hut tax in a village of renegade Chokwe about five days' trek south-west from here, during the last week in September, 1916, Senhor Antonio Macio Ferreira Nobre was attacked by the warlike Chokwe and mortally wounded while slowly retreating toward his trading post on the Chikulwi' river. The Chokwe then surrounded his post, overcame what resistance the native soldiers with him as well as his own native servants were able to offer, and massacred his entire household, consisting of a native wife and two or three mulatto children. The horrible tortures that were evidently, from the condition of the bodies, inflicted on these unhappy people by the ferocious Chokwe are as unprintable as they are unfortunately unforgettable. The exact causes of this attack, as well as the circumstances, will never be likely to be discovered, as all the attacked were blotted out, and any information from the attackers would be unreliable. Wild rumours of this affair got afloat among the natives far and near, and grew until it was reported that all the Europeans were being massacred. This report moved the discontented Vambunda and Vankangala to revolt also. There are only a few scattered communities of renegade Chokwe in this region, but the Mbunda and Nkangala would probably total nearly 200,000. On the 9th of October I received notice from the Commandante, Captain Antonio Augusto Dias Antunes, that the Government could not guarantee my safety unless I retired to the fort. All the whites and civilised coloured

and black men of the District received the same notice. After prayer I replied, by requesting the privilege of remaining on my Station, the while relieving the Government of any and all responsibility for my safety. As a missionary of the Cross I had no fear for my own safety, and felt that to run from my post would show a lack of faith in Him who sent me, and be likely to prejudice the work in the eyes of the natives. My native worker here, Lilunga, as well as my two native servants, elected to stay with me. I gave them all their choice. It transpired that the two Mbunda servants are of the Bailunda branch of their tribe and are valiant fighters and practically fearless.

[Editor.—Owing to lack of space, details of the rising have to be omitted.] Mr. Bailey brings his report of it to a close as follows:—

It is now some time since I have been advised of an attack on me. The last advice in that line was on a grand scale. It ran to the effect that the big Mbunda chief on the Ninda—Suana Ngimbu (heir of the axe)—and a smaller chief had gathered an immense force of men; that the women were busily stamping meal for the warriors, and that as soon as the meal was stamped they were going to attack the Fort, incidentally picking up Senhor Garcia's drove of pigs at his post here, with my pigs also as sauge for their meal-porridge and me as sauce for their revenge. As usual I spread the matter before the Lord, after Hezekiah's good example, and got the word back, "Shall not come nigh thy dwelling." I was led to speak to my people here of the attack of Rabshakeh on Hezekiah and of its failure through God causing him to hear a rumour. A couple of days after the time set for my being blotted out here, I learned that the valiant "Heir of the Axe" had heard a rumour to the effect that he was to be attacked by a force

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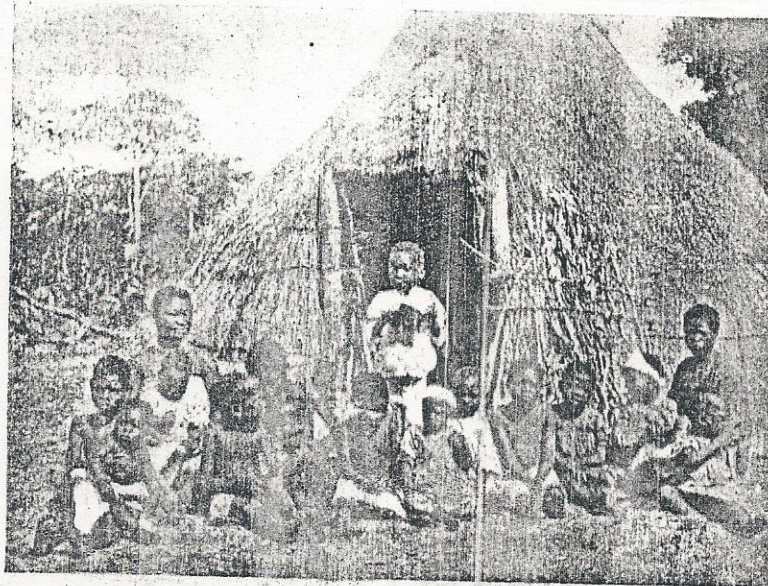
THE SOUTH AFRICAN PIONEER.

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from the Fort and had given up his benevolent intentions in this direction. The rumour proved false, as far as any immediate attack on him was concerned, but he is now surrounded by a large Government force and will be practically blotted out unless he shows more sense than hitherto, and surrenders.

I have recounted only a few of God's most manifest deliverances, during these troublous days, that are reported to have cost the lives of some twenty traders who were massacred at their scattered trading posts. I would not have missed these lessons for any worldly price, though I greatly regret that man's malice has wrought the occasion for them in strife and bloodshed. One

to share Jeremiah's conviction that nothing is too hard for God. Traitors were on all sides, and the crowd that attacked the post here come from only a day down the Luanginga, but none of the villagers about me here proved disloyal. It is a sore blow to the work to have the Out-station blotted out, but Rom. viii. 28 covers that also. The work on the Lusa has not been entirely destroyed though the deserted houses of my Mbundu people were rifled. The school-church building still stands there and some of the local Luchaze and Luena converts were holding true at last reports. Only a part of the villages on the Lusa joined Kanguombe in the rebellion, and there is a small community left there for future



PORTUGUESE WEST AFRICA—CHILDREN OF CHRISTIAN PARENTS. All except the baby were captured during recent disturbances but afterwards released.

day I had no food to give out to my people for the following week, but before 10 a.m. ten Luchaze men came in with loads of meal and grain to sell. Another day food was scarce and prospects of buying bad, when a lonely wildebeeste appeared on the plain across the river and died of my Mauser bullets. This was the only time in all my African hunting that I have seen a single wildebeeste cow by herself. Bulls often get driven out of the herd, but never before have I seen a cow alone. Wildebeeste meat is as a rule very poor eating; but the meat of this one was most excellent. On another occasion we had news of a plan to attack us, but it was soon after reported to have been given up on account of the dreaded Mauser. The promises of God are of

work. Kanguombe himself, with his associated chiefs and elders, has been attacked by Government forces and his followers scattered. He stood an attack in his large camp on the Lume river, but was defeated and lost many men. His villages have been burned and his people are scattered. New places must be sought after the revolt finally ends, for the two workers who were at Kanguombe's and the Lukilika. It is a satisfaction to remember that this whole sad affair has not taken God by surprise, and that He will yet accomplish the work of salvation among these tribes that He has planned.

"NOTHING justifies us in hardness of spirit. We have to be faithful to God and tender to the

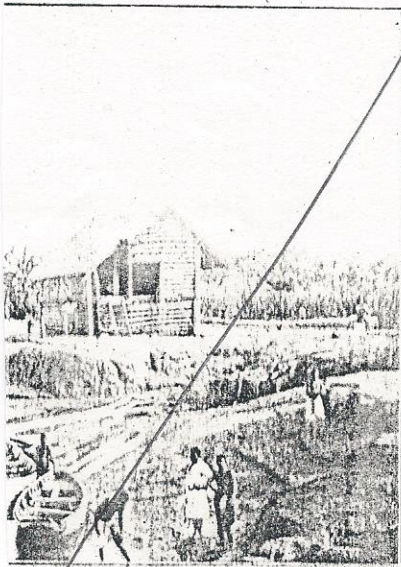
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ITINERATING.—N.W. RHODESIA.

A. A. WILSON. p. 83

THREE weeks after our arrival Mr. Vernon left us for a trip to Angola to visit Mr. Bailey, and we started in for a season of strenuous labour, for with only two workers on the Station it is more or less a continuous hustle. At first our efforts, in as far as manual labour was concerned, were almost



HERALD.

wholly devoted to the finishing of a sun-dried brick school building that Mr. Vernon had commenced during my absence. This, with other construction and clearing work, occupied my attention in the mornings. In the afternoons school claimed our attention—my wife had her class of women, the wives of some of our boys—and I had a school of thirty boys of various grades. The completion of the school building was hurried along because of the fast approaching rains, and the roof was just nicely thatched before the first heavy storm came. With the advent of the wet season constructional work was greatly restricted, and we were able to devote more thought to the getting in of our school boys. Opportunity was taken upon each visit to the vil-

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lages to try to persuade boys to attend, and slowly responses were made, until the thirty names on our register reached forty. My wife also received additional cause for thanksgiving when, in response to an appeal made at the conclusion of one of the Sunday services, some eight or nine young girls came to school—these were joined by five or six others a few days later, so that now we have a girls' school of about seventeen or eighteen. You think these small numbers, perhaps, but they will increase, and we must see to it that our faith does not decrease. The boys' school is still steadily growing. Mrs. Wilson and I went for a week's itinerary through some of our outlying villages, and upon our return found that fifty-three boys were daily receiving elementary instruction from Mr. Vernon and the native teachers, and others are coming in all the time.

Medical work still claims a good deal of our latest worker's attention; she daily attends to ulcers, sore eyes, and bruises and cuts of all grades of severity, besides having an occasional urgent call to a village to see some needy one—in some of these cases the Lord has granted His blessing and rapidly healed the body of the sick.

Perhaps a recount of our itinerary will prove of interest, so I'll endeavour to narrate; it may be that you will be led to pray even more earnestly for us and the people around us as you learn of the condition of things as we saw them.

On Friday morning we gathered together our necessities for the trip and set off with some twelve or fourteen boys. Our first objective was a village close to a river about sixteen miles distant. This river has a large number of villages along its shores, and these we purposed to visit when the rains permitted. About six miles out from the Station the tyre of our impromptu bush-car burst and we were delayed whilst I fixed matters; then we pushed on to our halting place, which we reached late in the afternoon. We could obtain no dry fire-wood that night and consequently had to forego our usual big fire and fireside service, which we all so much love. Nevertheless, in the early morning we had the folk together and held our first service. The attention was good, and the Lord gave liberty to those who proclaimed the Gospel—the return from that morning's work is in the hands of the Lord of the Harvest.

After the service there we journeyed a few miles and came to a rather large village. Our boys pitched our tent in the centre of the village and we soon became the centre of attraction. In the afternoon I went for a hunt, the only way we have of obtaining fresh meat, but was unsuccessful. Upon my return to the tent I learned that an incident had occurred that vividly portrayed the constant fear and dread in which these poor benighted souls live. A cloud-burst descended

upon the village and the people saw a rainbow, at the sight of which they immediately shouted and cried in all kinds of weird ways. My wife was mystified at such behaviour and told me of it upon my return. I questioned my boys and learned that the people made that uncanny noise to frighten away the serpent that was supposed to issue from the rainbow in search of prey. Any person upon whom the end of the rainbow should fall would surely die, and the people hurried to the interior of their huts in abject dread. The rain is imagined to be the torrent sent out from the serpent's mouth, and none desired to feel its destructive power upon their bodies. With such an accumulation of horrors the uproar was not to be wondered at!

That night, by the side of a big fire, I told them the story of the Flood and the real purpose in the rainbow—how that it spoke of life and not of death—and forewarned us of the future judgment that God has reserved for those who reject the preaching of His Word, and Jesus Christ His Son.

On Sunday morning we again proclaimed God's Word in that village, and John, our Native Evangelist, went in the afternoon, with a few other boys, to a large village across the river, in which it was said that the Gospel had never been heard. The swollen river and inundated plains that border the river prohibited our crossing; but when John returned he reported having had a splendid service, with a large audience. At night another fire-side service was held, and this time I gave the Christian boys an opportunity to testify for Jesus. It was a joy indeed to listen to those lads, who, for the most part, have only recently stepped into the light, as they told of Jesus their Lord and their purpose to follow Him in the narrow way. A pleasant surprise came at the end of the boys' testimony—John's wife, who has been a professing Christian for some time, stood up and told her sisters that she was on the Lord's side. She is the first Kaonde woman that I have seen stand to testify for Christ. You can imagine how thankful we were as we retired to rest that night. On Monday we moved on some seven miles in the morning and held a service in a small village—then passed on again until, tired with the heat, we pitched our camp in another village, and at night told them the Story of the Cross.

In the morning it rained heavily and continuously until noon, but as soon as was permissible we travelled a few miles to the next village, in which we made ourselves "at home." Here we stayed for two days, drying the meat of a zebra that I had shot on Tuesday afternoon, and on each day we preached the Gospel, and the people learned the true object of our visit. Thursday morning found us moving again, and this time our path lay through plenty of water and mud, and

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we were very glad when we came to the end of that day's "trek." The Word was preached to the gathered villagers on Friday morning, and on Friday afternoon we crossed the river to the last of the villages on our programme.

Near that village I was able to shoot an Eland, the largest of the Antelope species, much like an ox in size, and the meat of which is as near "beef" as it is possible for antelope meat to be. On Sunday we essayed to hold a meeting in the morning, but rain intervened and we had to postpone until evening, when we had a little trouble getting the people to gather, for the air was damp and cold and not at all congenial to semi-naked bodies. On Monday we turned our faces homeward and, owing to heavy rains on Saturday and Sunday, found at least seven of the sixteen miles of our journey to be across, and also through, water and mud, at times up to the knees. This part of the journey I found particularly trying; I saved my boys and pushed my own bicycle through the mud, and so was able to sympathise with the four boys who conveyed my wife all the journey in our impromptu bush-car. Sometimes it was a distinctly hard push for them. Home was reached in the afternoon, and we were thankful, not merely to be home, but to have enjoyed the preaching of God's Word to some of Africa's heathen sin-bound souls.

CHISALALA.

REPORT OF EVANGELISTIC TOUR BY SHAMENDE AND MASHEKA, TWO OF THE TEACHER-EVANGELISTS AT CHISALALA.

TRANSLATED FROM CHIKAONDE BY THE REV. E. A. M. HARRIS.

WE started on our journey on the 28th of May. Now listen and we will tell you how we went. When we arrived at the village of Kurina they gave us food and we ate; when we finished the people rejoiced and said let us have a service; they all gathered round us and we explained the Word to them. All the people said it is good, very, to follow Jesus. There were forty-nine at the service. Then early in the morning we held a service at Mukwamba's village; we found eleven who said it is very good to follow Jesus, our Saviour, and we said, "it is good." Then we returned to Chikunka's; in the evening we called the people; all came and we held a service; we counted forty-eight people. That night we returned to Chinkengili's and called all the people; we held a service and forty-four people said "it is good to follow Jesus, our Saviour," and we said "it is very good." Early in the morning we went to (chief) Kalilele's; it was a long journey and we arrived in the evening. We found people and they stayed to listen; Kalilele himself said,

"Oh, ye, leave off to preach lies," and the people heard him. We answered, "O chief, it is bad to speak in that way." Kalilele was very angry and went into his house, and immediately the sun set. We went to another village; we enquired of the people, "Do ye also refuse to hear the words of Jesus?" They replied, saying, "We want to hear very much;" so we preached. At Bulemo we found five people; we stayed there and early in the morning we heard Kalilele himself say, "Do not go." There were twenty-six people at Kalilele's. Then we went to another village, the village of Chifuma; there were thirty-eight people present. Next we went to Mutwale's and found eighteen people; then going to Chipake's we found twenty-six, and at Chauga's we found sixteen. They asked us to sleep there. Early in the morning we went to Chitambila's. We found there a woman who, hearing us, said, "It is lies and we shall all die." We said, "O woman, what is it you say, you speak very badly." Immediately the woman was silent, and we preached to fifteen people. . . .

All rejoiced very much because of Jesus. Then we went to Kavango's; we found that he was away, but called the people; they were eight. His wife gave us porridge and fish; then we went to Sakai's; it was Sunday, and we preached to twenty-seven people there. They said, "It is very good of Jesus to seek us all." Then we enquired if there was another village near, and they said "Yes," but they lied to us; we went and found only women. Next morning we arrived at (Chief) Mudjimanzovu's, where we preached to thirty-eight people; then we returned to Chilobo and preached to eleven people, who said they wanted God very much. Going to Mutenge we preached to fifty-one, and next morning at Chikonke to thirty-two. Then we went to Munyuki; we arrived at Chingwa river; the bridge was very bad, but Jesus Himself saved us. Arriving at the Lunga river we called for a boat; the people said they would take us across, but they did not come. We slept at a deserted village and early next morning we called again, and the people answered, "Will you pay us?" We said, "Where shall we find it?" They took us across and we preached to thirteen; then going on to Kasanda's we preached to fifteen. Early next morning they took us across the Mutanda river in a boat. At the next village we found not one, so went on to Nyundu's, where we stayed two days, preaching in the villages near by, and then returned to the Mission.

It is finished,

SHAMENDE & MASHEKA.

NOTE.—You will understand something of what it means to evangelise this wilderness people when I mention that these two Teacher-Evange-

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(articles about missionary schools in the NWP)

(cont'd)

ON TOUR.

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N.W. RHODESIA. W. ROY VERNON.

IT is not an easy thing to begin any important letter when one is out in the bush travelling from village to village in the rainy season, but I must try and do my duty towards our helpers in spite of the hindrances. I wish that you could just sit down beside me to-night and listen to the strange words as I try to impart to the heathen around about me a knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. I left the Station something over a week ago and have been having services in all the villages as I go. So far I have preached in fifteen. Of that number only two ever heard the Gospel before. It seems to me that nearly all my letters have more or less in them about the work of preaching in the villages. This is, of course, due to the fact that for the last two years much of my time has been spent in this glorious work.

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preach to the whole village on the subject of preparation for the life that is beyond the grave. All admitted that they had left the God who in love had created them, but I fear few of them really understood what it meant to have the Son of God die, that by their belief in Him they need not suffer the results of their rejection of God. It is seldom that we know of these raw heathen accepting Christ as their Saviour at the first time of their hearing the message, but our great hope is that when our native Evangelists go to the same villages week after week, these heathen people will hear the same story that the white teacher told them, and will let that Truth find lodgment in their hearts.

We are thankful that God is raising up local men, who have accepted Jesus Christ as their Saviour, and who we have every reason to believe are really settled to follow the Lord throughout life. These men, whom we call boys, are now going into the outlying districts and to their

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Preaching to the many raw heathen in their villages is only one part of our work. Everything we do, with an ultimate idea of helping the native to God, has its fascinating or interesting features, but I believe no work could give the ambassador of Jesus Christ greater joy than that of telling the Gospel message to those who have never before heard it.

At one village I found a large crowd sitting aimlessly about, and found the reason to be the matter of a death in the village the night previous. The child who had died was as yet not buried, so that I was able, after comforting the mother with a few words of hope regarding the future, to

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own people, who know them as "changed men," and they are telling a story, which, although the villagers do not yet fully understand, is destined to change not only individuals, but communities. He who knew the end from the beginning knows what the future holds in store for the evangelisation of the Kaonde tribe. Will you not join hands with us by prayer in making this possible as soon as the Master would have it done?

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(articles about missionary schools in the NWP)

VILLAGE WORK IN N.W. RHODESIA.

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W. ROY VERNON. p. 94

I HAD reached the village shortly before dark on Saturday, and after pitching my camp and having a little lunch, I was ready for sleep. It was wet and dismal. The villagers were crouched about their fires in their huts. Of course, I never pitch my camp in the middle of a village. I always seek a clean place just far enough away from them to insure a quiet sleep for me. The people were quiet this night, and I had a good rest. In the morning, bright and early, I was off with some of my boys to another village just a mile away. The whole crowd of this place gathered and gave me their best attention. I had previously had hard times trying to preach to a drunken crowd in the same village. The people knew very little of the Gospel, so I began talking on what was to them a familiar subject. They have a theory concerning God as Creator, so I began my talk, which was to lead them away from their own ideas to the truth of God, using as a point of contact the story of the Creation. Everybody understood that part of my talk, so when I found that they were listening attentively I went on to the matter of sin and how man fell from the holy state in which God had first created him. Yes, they admitted that man was wrong, and had turned from the God who made him. The next thing was to show the love of the same God in sending a Redeemer to bring man back to the path he had once walked. This brought out the whole story of Christ's life and death and the power of God to forgive the past sins of those who would believe in the sacrifice of the Son of God. It was while telling of Christ's death that the natives enthusiastically told me of how their ancestors had heard of the death of the Son of God, and how they had "eried" or mourned over it. I allowed them to go on telling all they could remember about this, as I find that this is one of the best ways to get into the hearts of these childish people, letting them tell you something they already know. Of course, one must guide their talk, as they are nearly all born orators, and if the conversation turned from the path in which one wished to keep it, one would find them talking about anything and everything under the sun. I know their story of old--how that when Livingstone passed up the Zambesi River and preached about the death of the Son of God, these people heard of it, and thought that if God's Son had died, they would receive pay from God if they mourned for the death of His Son. As explanation, I should add that these people know very

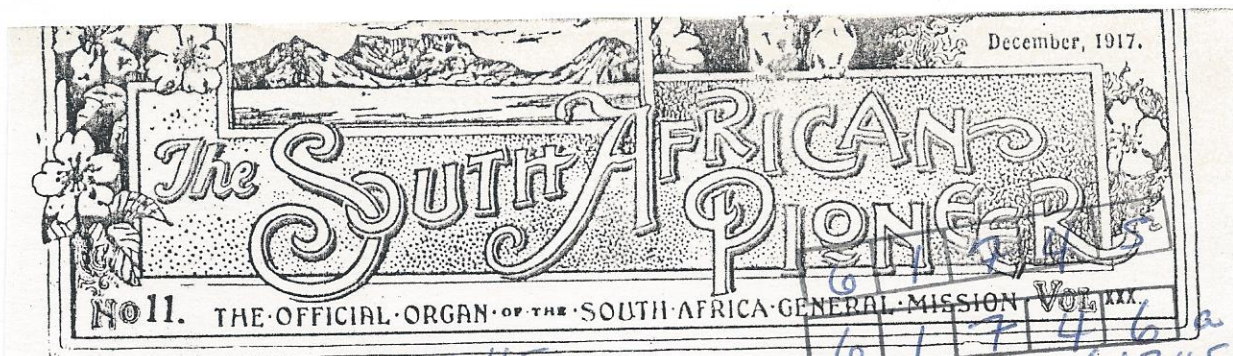
little of real sorrow over the death of loved ones. Their custom is that of the Jews of old to have hired mourners come and cry over the death. These people add something that probably the Jews left out. They have a big dance and beer-drink, which ends with a lot of trouble and immorality. Some of the old men to whom I talked that morning had away back in 1854 danced and mourned over the death of "Yesu," and as yet had received no pay for it from "Shakapanga" (God).

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MESSAGE FROM MR. FAITHFULL.

DEAR FRIENDS.—At the request of Mr. Hamilton, I gladly avail myself of this corner in the PIONEER to express thanksgiving to God for His goodness during these past fifteen months to us all as a Mission, both in the Field and in the Home offices. This includes very real gratitude to you all for your unceasing prayer on behalf of my wife and myself. Since January, 1915, we have been asking for spiritual quickening and advance throughout South Africa, and in faith we have called 1917 "a year of quickening," and God has given us to see this prayer also answered. Shall we dare to ask and expect from God *for ourselves each one*, before the close of this year some further quickening of the Holy Spirit, which will enable us to bear the burden of the present needs of South Africa with those in the Field, that they bear it not themselves alone?—Yours sincerely,

Edgar C. Faithfull

HERE AND THERE.

MR. E. C. FAITHFULL.—We heartily thank the many friends who have been helping by prayer during Mr. Faithfull's long tour in Africa. They will rejoice to hear of his safe arrival, and will unite with us in thanksgiving to God for a pleasant voyage and travelling mercies.

MR. & MRS. FOSTER and MR. MCGILL.—These new workers from America are now, we expect, on their way North to join the forces in North-West Rhodesia and Portuguese West Africa. Mr. McGill is accompanying Mr. Jake-man, thus giving relief to Mr. A. W. Bailey for his furlough. We are glad to print short testimonies from these friends. As you look upon their faces in this issue, pray fervently and continuously.

MR. CALOW, to whom we have been so often indebted in the past, has again helped us by sending a parcel of medicines, valued at £5 15s. 6d., to Mr. P. J. Hervey, Ntabamhlope M.S.

MR. and MRS. A. A. WILSON.—The interesting news has reached us of the arrival on the 6th September of a baby girl, who was named Grace Margaret. Our prayerful good wishes go out to her and her parents in North-West Rhodesia.



REV. & MRS. CHAS. S. FOSTER.

MRS. C. S. FOSTER. **JUST** a brief word to you as the Lord is being pleased to thrust forth three of us, who have been in the band of Home-Helpers, into the frontiers of His work for the salvation of the lost in dark Africa. It is He that doth go before us, He will be with us, He will not fail us, neither forsake us; therefore we will not fear, neither be dismayed (Deut. iii. 18).

For twelve years, just half of my life, I can testify to the power of God to save and keep one who has put her trust in Him. He has never failed, and what He has said He would do, He is able to perform. As a young Christian, Jesus

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spoke to me through His Word in Matt. xxviii. 19, 20, to go preach the Gospel, and be a witness for Him. At first I did not know where He wanted me. I thought perhaps it would be India, as I had read of the millions there who were in need of Jesus.

Time went on until I had nearly finished my training for a school teacher. God brought me in touch with the Moody Bible Institute through my Sunday School teacher, and I entered its evening classes that I might become better equipped to win precious souls for Jesus. But through two years of teaching in Chicago's Public Schools, I was constantly impressed that God would not have me continue teaching. It was only to be a part of my preparation for some other work which He had for me. I might say also that during this time God brought to my attention the need—the great need—of Africa with many tribes having no one to tell them of Jesus. He made it clear to me that that was where He wanted me. And so, for three years now I have been looking forward to service in Africa.

Often in that time I could not understand why our way was closed, but now I can see that I would not have been ready and fully equipped for that service. He has been leading me to utterly depend upon Him—first as I worked in one of Chicago's Italian Missions, and later among the Mountain Whites of Tennessee.

In Psa. lxxviii. 41, God says concerning Israel: "Yea, they turned back, and tempted God and limited the Holy One of Israel." I do want Him to have full control of me, that when He shall appear we shall come:—

"Bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in African sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing,
Bringing in Africanese."

and cast our crowns before Him for He is worthy to receive glory and honour and praise.

CHARLES S. FOSTER.

HOW often in hours of perplexity, of testing and of trial we have asked, "Why?" Our eyes were veiled. We could not see the purpose, neither did we know the plan. As I look back over my life, however, I begin to understand, in some small measure at least, "Why?" In all of my past experiences I can now see God's hand preparing me for the task upon which I am now entering—the task of carrying the glorious Gospel of His grace to those in dark Africa.

How my heart rejoices as I think of the wonderful privilege which is to be mine! Surely there is not a greater privilege on earth than to be an ambassador of the courts of glory to such a benighted land.

God first began to reveal His plan for me during my course of training for the ministry at the Moody Bible Institute. It was the realisation, resulting from the study of the Word, that the heathen are lost, that first caused me to have any serious thought of the foreign field. However, it was not until one day during my second year at the Moody Bible Institute, when talking with my room-mate about this truth, that it really became an impelling motive in my life. Until then, he, although preparing for missionary work, had entertained the idea that perhaps the heathen would be saved in some unknown or unrevealed way. As he began to realize that such was not the case, he turned to me and said, "If that's true, then it furnishes the greater reason why you and I should carry the Gospel to them." Those words, little as he may have been conscious of it, pierced my soul, and re-echoed in my ears time and again. From that time on I began to pray that God would direct me into that particular field where He would have me labour.

God answered. In course of time Africa was impressed upon my mind in many ways. Its need was very vividly brought before me. Later I came in personal contact with Rev. A. J. Bowen, our American Field Secretary, and at that time became a Home-Helper. My interest in the S.A.G.M. grew day by day, though it was still some months before I definitely offered myself for service in Africa.

One reason for my delay was I wanted to be absolutely sure that it was God's will for me. I realised that unless I knew this beyond a shadow of a doubt, there might come a time when I should become discouraged and turn back.

But, going forth as I now do, with the calm assurance that I am in His will, and that He will not fail me, nor forsake me, I know that no experience will be dark enough, nor any trial great enough, to cause me to give up my divinely appointed task.

ANDREW MCGILL.

I WAS born in Dumfries, Scotland, on May 26th, 1885. When about seven years old our family moved to Edinburgh, where I attended school until I was fourteen.

After leaving school I became interested in the wine and spirit business, in which I served until I left for Canada, in the spring of 1907.

On my arrival in Canada I went to live on a farm, being very anxious to get some little knowledge of farming. It was while on the farm that God began speaking to me about my need of a Saviour. I may say that, although I had attended school and church in my earlier years, I was quite ignorant of God's simple plan of salvation.

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On the 2nd of July, 1907, I was brought under deep conviction of sin, and seemed to have a very heavy load upon my heart, because of my sin. At this time I was led to read a little book which mother had given me when I left home, entitled "Early Piety," by the Rev. J. C. Pike, a Scotch minister. After reading it through several times and realising my deep need, and God's simple plan for saving sinners, such as I was, I there and then, on the 9th July, 1907, accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour. I then began reading His Word and testifying to His saving power.

Shortly after my conversion I was led to think of the heathen in all parts of the world, who had never heard of this wonderful Saviour whom I had found.



REV. ANDREW McGill.

At the close of 1907 I went to Vancouver, British Columbia, and became engaged in the grocery business, where I remained until 1913, when I went to India to get some general idea of what was being done for the heathen of that dark land. While there I was called to the Pastorate of an Anglo-Indian Church, where I remained until the close of 1914, when I was led to return, because of sickness.

At the close of 1915 I began to feel my need of further training for the work of the Lord. Hav-

ing heard of the Moody Bible Training School, and the wonderful work being done there, I had accepted, and entered school where I remained until April.

It was my privilege while there to see the work of the missionaries from all parts of the world, and the great need of "the message of Life" to the heathen. It seemed that every time I thought of the needs, that there was a great need to offer myself for that field. I was led to accept the Rev. Charles H. Johnson as my mentor. I had accepted candidates of the Mission, I was led definitely to accept the Lord for that field. In the above Mission, was accepted to sail on *The City of Launceston*. I cannot fully express my gratitude. I think that "The Lord of Hosts" honoured me in thus sending me to the Gospel. I feel deeply convicted of my insufficiency, but have learned that "our sufficiency is of God."

He has given to me the presence of His Spirit, which He promised to meet my eyes, and His riches in glory by Christ Jesus our Lord (Eph. iv. 19).

cut off

THAT DEEPLY

P. J. H.

HERE is a talent which is very deep, too.

That talent, in a very wonderful manner, is in a Christian woman. She can write, but she could use so one year to her reward next, to her sorrow.

When the men have done their work and ploughing, when the seed is in the field, and the ripening grain is ready, the women have to be in the field, for the birds do not come in to pick up the grain. To assist in the work, the heads of the fields are built, and the watchmen would find the watches late in the afternoon.

It is a tussle for our Christian women to do their duty in the field meetings. I am sorry that the meetings are really regular in the classes held in the mi-