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deed, it seems an appropriate name, as it is a very bad fever place. The evangelist here is Johannes Hlebela. On the way we were caught twice in a shower, and, not having a tent with us, sought shelter under trees. However, the rain did not last long and we soon dried in the sun. At this place the Church and the evangelist's house are built in one. At the afternoon meeting on Sunday we had the joy of seeing a woman backslider return to the Lord.

Posekufeni needs much prayer, as the people are hard and do not care for the Word. A former Church member left some time ago "in a huff," and now he warns the people from coming to our meetings and does great harm to the work.

And so the out-stations are visited one after the other, including Maputa with its three out-stations. The rainy season seems to have come to stay and it is increasingly difficult to get about. But we are praying and believing for the Spiritual showers which are so sorely needed here, and we have the Lord's promise, viz., "I will pour water on him that is thirsty."

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WANTING THE WORD OF GOD.

CHISALALA, N.-W. RHODESIA. E. HARRIS.

**F**RIENDS who pray for the work here will like to hear of answers to their prayers. Possibly most of you know that from the young men who have been won for Christ in the school here seven are devoting their lives to teaching and preaching the Gospel to their own tribe. They are here in training, and are known as teacher-evangelists. They go out "two and two" on tours, which last several weeks, to the more distant parts of our district. They then go from village to village, sometimes spending several days at a group of villages, or perhaps only one day—much depending on the reception they get. As a rule the people like to hear what they have to say and give them plenty of opportunities to answer questions! On their return to the Station they help with teaching in school, have their own lessons and time for study, besides helping in manual work on the Station and going at week-ends to the nearer villages. Two others then go out, sometimes two lots of "twos." On their return they come into school while others go out. In this way the Gospel is being preached among the Kaonde tribe, in addition to what is being done on the Station.

In one of the villages we hear of the Headman calling his people together morning and evening for prayer, he himself leading in prayer. We have known this man for over six years, and if we had been asked to judge we should have said he was a most unlikely person to be touched by the Gospel: he has not yet made a profession of con-

version, but surely he must be being "drawn" to Jesus. He welcomes the preachers to his village, calls his people together and listens well to their message. Two women in this village have openly declared before the people their determination to follow Jesus: they pray regularly and before others. In another village, several miles in an opposite direction, we know of two more women who have professed a determination to follow Jesus. The people at this village ask for a teacher to be sent to live among them to teach them every day, "so that they may know God's way well and not forget." From various reasons this village has not been visited for quite a long time until last week. When Chapitara returned, after spending a week-end there, I asked him about the people. "Yes, they were very pleased to see him and to hear God's message." "Had those two women forgotten to pray and seek to follow Jesus?" "Oh, no," with a very bright look on his face. "They have not forgotten; they continue to pray and try to please God."

In another village one of our ex-school boys, who had to leave school because he was needed at home, has started a school and daily service among his own family and others living near. God is blessing this effort. On Sundays large congregations come to the school-house, which he and some of the boys from Chisalala have built, with occasional help from the village people. Sometimes several of the Christian lads go over for the week-end, usually accompanied by one of the teacher-evangelists, and they tell of good services. We hear of a man at this place—a son of the Headman—praying daily in the services, and of much attention being paid while the lad reads God's Word and tells them what he knows about it.

God has also been blessing on the Station. There have been some hard tests come into the work, which caused us to draw near to God in earnest prayer, asking Him to show what was causing the trouble. When He gave the answer the thing had to be dealt with. For a time it looked as if defeat would come, but Hallelujah! He gave victory when defeat seemed very near. Since then there has been more power in the work. One meeting at which my husband was speaking on Acts i. 8 was filled with the Power of God. It was good to look on the faces of some of the Christians. Then, as we knelt in prayer, one after another prayed for themselves, "Lord help me," "I want this power, help me to give up the things which are hindering it in my heart." "Lord, bless me. I want to give up all my will to Thee," etc. Walalambaya "went a step further." When he got an opportunity to pray he said, "Lord, I thank Thee, for I know now my will is gone, and things which would hinder have been taken from my heart. Now I want Thy Power

that I may live to please Thee and be strong in Thy service to win others." p. 5

Surely God is answering the prayers of those who are asking for revival in the Churches of Africa.

Feb, pp 9-10

P. 9.

HERE AND THERE.

REQUEST FOR PRAYER.—Mr. N. W. Keyes writes from America:—"Nearly every night I am speaking in different churches of our work in South Africa, and two or three times on Sunday. Please remember me very definitely in prayer."

MR. AND MRS. MEDILL.—Once again our friends are in deep waters through the loss of a little baby boy, who only just survived his birth. Much believing prayer will be going up that they may be upheld in this further sorrow.

MR. JAKEMAN, now on his way to Portuguese West Africa to relieve Mr. Bailey, writes:—

October 22nd, 1917.

"I am so glad you advised a strong bicycle. The two journeys I have taken have shown me the need of such a bicycle. Mr. Wilson said the road we went over on our journey to see the Magistrate is a very good one. If it is good, I do not know what a bad one is like, and it has explained the importance of a strong machine. I am writing in a great hurry, so please excuse such a disconnected letter. Please kindly remember me to Mr. Gibson and all I know. We shall value your prayers for our trek."

On trek about 75 miles from Lusaka. October 28th, 1917.

"Just a few lines to let you know how we are getting on. So far everything has gone fairly smoothly, although at times it has been difficult to find water, as this is the end of the dry season, and there is very little water anywhere, and what there is is bad very often. We find it difficult to travel in the day owing to the heat; it is exceedingly hot, so we are travelling early morning and in the evening. To-day (Sunday) we are resting, and hope to leave about 1 a.m. tomorrow morning, and so get the trek over before 8 or 9 a.m. I am finding the bicycle most useful, and it saves much time and labour, although the roads are awful in places."

"This language needs to be reduced to writing and from my friend's lips it is done. I do not know if this is done or not."

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not see how much progress can take place. I think my Zulu will help me in Portuguese West. How I shall value your prayers, I need hardly say. What a privilege it is to work in such a country as this! I am writing this outside in the moonlight, as it is too hot in my tent for sleep. Everything is so still, and it is lovely out here after an exceedingly hot day. We hope to start our trek at 2 a.m. or so, so as to get it over before the sun is hot to-morrow. It was a lovely evening for a trek last night, and seemed quite strange passing through the forest, not knowing what wild animal may spring out on one.

"You cannot think how useful and helpful the tent, its furniture, bicycle, and gun are in such a country as this, and how the local conditions multiply the usefulness and need of such things. Therefore my thanks to the Mission for these things is very true, and I want to let you understand how I appreciate these things."

"The view from this house is very beautiful, as the light on the forest in the distance is wonderful."

"I am not sure but that it would be best for me to go on immediately to Mr. Bailey, as I fear Mr. McGill will not arrive till the end of December, and then the rains will hinder our going for some months."

Kasempa, November 12th, 1917.

"We arrived here yesterday morning after a safe journey, and we are very thankful for traveling mercies."

"I have been thinking a great deal about waiting for Mr. McGill before going on to Mr. Bailey in Portuguese West, and, after very much prayer, it seems to me that I should not wait longer than possible for him. The rains are just starting, and we should leave here as soon as possible, because there are several big rivers to cross. The Native Commissioner here, a Mr. Parsons, who has been here six years, says it is impossible to foretell the kind of weather before us, and the path may be all right during January, or impassable even at that time. The rains continue till April, so it means if we do not get through now, a wait till

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May or June. I hardly like risking such a thing in waiting for him. I feel I ought to leave not later than the middle of December, and by that time I hope Mr. Vernon will be here, and I shall know something definite about Mr. McGill's coming."

March p. 17 + 23-24 (articles about missionary schools in the NWP)

**MR. A. W. BAILEY.** We have just heard of the serious illness of Mr. Bailey. "Am dying blackwater fever; come and take charge," was the message he scribbled on November 16th to Mr. Vernon, which reached Musonwedzi on December 6th, the carriers having covered the 450 miles in 18 days. Mr. Jakeman immediately packed up and left on December 7th, and when he last wrote, on December 15th, had travelled 168 miles in eight days, and was within 18 days' journey of Mr. Bailey's station. News of Mr. Bailey's need had meanwhile reached Mr. Suckling and Mr. Hansen at Chikoloki, on the way from our Portuguese station to Musonwedzi, and Mr. Hansen at once hurried off to give any possible assistance; he expected to reach Mr. Bailey before Christmas. Much prayer will be going up for our pioneer worker that God may raise him up and strengthen him for future service. As soon as arrangements can be made he will, we hope, make for the coast and take his over-due furlough. When Peter was in prison, constant

and earnest prayer was made for him. We are sure many will be glad to share in this chain of intercession for Mr. Bailey, for Mr. Jakeman, and for the work of God in Portuguese West.

March 17 & 23-24

(articles about missionary schools in the NWP)

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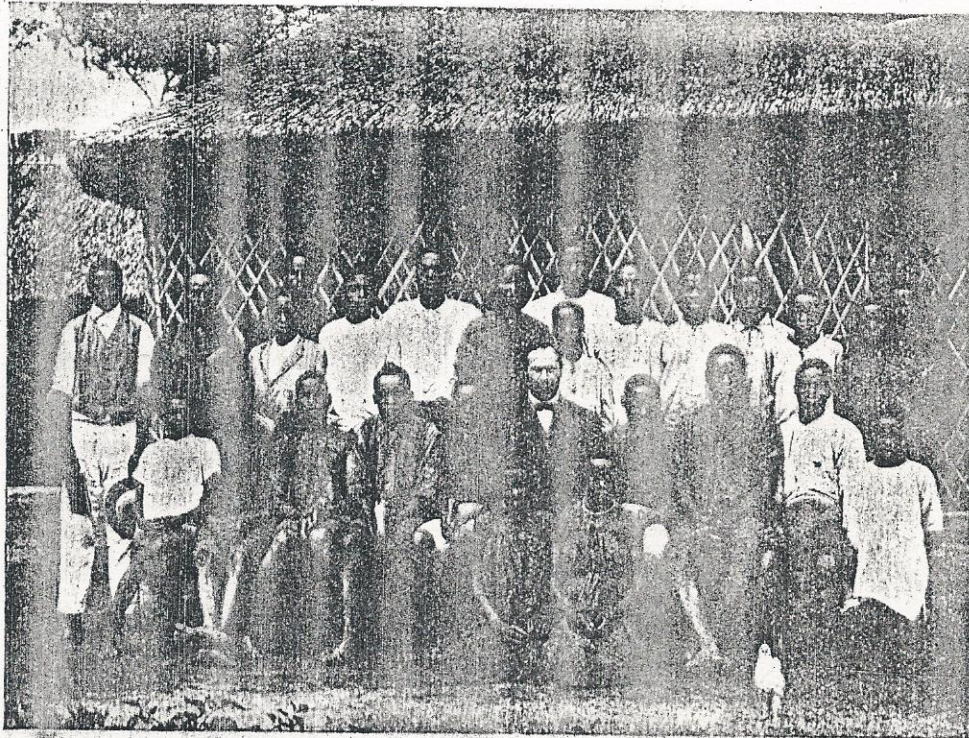
kraals. A policeman was here yesterday, who has been round inspecting the hut-tax passes, and he told me there were 96 kraals between here and Bangazi, a distance of 10 miles.

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

NORTH RHODESIA. ERNEST A. M. HARRIS.

TWO of our evangelists, Kansanshi and Karilanda, have just returned from a two months' preaching tour west and south-west of Chisalala. During this trip these two young men walked between four

strife." After this the people became quiet and said they would hear their message. All gathered round and listened well, treating them kindly, and next morning all gathered again to hear more of the word of life. On the return journey they reached Nyundu's on the 11th November. This is about 20 miles south-west of Chisalala and is Karilanda's home. There they were received with joy and preached the Word to willing hearers: On Sunday, the 12th, about fifteen people stood forth and confessed Christ; one of these was Chilewile, the chief woman of the village: All were to come (to Chisalala) for Sun-



MR. HARRIS AND FIRST-FRUITS AT CHISALALA

and five hundred miles visiting about one hundred villages. They report that in every village but one they were well received. In that particular village the headman was away, and for some reason the people got angry when they saw them, and gathered around them with sticks to beat them and drive them away. Kansanshi said, "Why are you angry with us? We have done nothing to make you angry; we come not to fight, but with a message from God to you, and even though you beat us we shall not strike back nor shall we run away; we are messengers of peace and not of

day, but one of their number being ill they sent word to say they would come another Sunday. This led to Kansanshi starting off for Nyundu's, accompanied by a few others. On their arrival the people quickly gathered for a service, then in the afternoon Kansanshi called those who had confessed Christ on the previous Sunday to come and form a class for instruction. They came, and others also. He had scarcely begun to read when a little girl stood up and said she wanted to follow Jesus. She is very fond of dancing, and when asked if she really meant she would leave

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dancing and all other heathen ways, she replied, "Yes, I want to leave all, I leave all for Jesus." The people were now filled with wonder and began to talk and say, "Oh! this young girl is ready to leave all she loves so much to follow Jesus, and we still go on in our sin." Again the Evangelist began to read, but had not got far when a young woman, whose husband had already confessed Christ at Chisalala, stood up and said she also would follow Jesus. Others followed in quick succession, Kansanshi dealing faithfully with them and showing them what following Jesus meant. In the evening all the village came together for the service. Very soon Nyundu, the district Headman, stood up and confessed Christ, other men and women followed, expressing their resolve to leave their old ways and to serve God. In eight days thirty-two people in that village have confessed Christ.

Then, on the same Sunday (the 18th November), Walalambaya and Chapitara were holding services in a group of villages about 20 miles eastward, on the Lunga River. Here too the people heard the Word gladly. At Kurima's, on the Saturday night, Walalambaya asked them to come together in the morning to hear the Gospel. "Oh!" they said, "We want to go to our gardens in the morning to dig." "Very good," said Walalambaya, "those who want to go to their gardens, go; those who want Eternal Life, come to the meeting." Next morning, Sunday, it was raining a little and cold, and the Evangelists were warming themselves by the fire, when one woman came up and sat down near them; then came others likewise, and Walalambaya asked them why they had not gone to their gardens, as they had said the night before. "No," they replied, "we choose Eternal Life, we want to follow Christ. Write our names and take them to the Missionary and tell him we believe on Jesus and are going to follow Him." Then old Kurima, who is a district Headman, said, "The end is very near; I am an old man, but I, too, want to be found following Jesus when the end comes." So twelve were added to the Lord at Kurima's on Sunday morning, bringing the number in that village to fifteen. From Kurima's they went to other villages, and at Mukwamba's they had the joy of hearing practically all the men and women in the village state their desire to be followers of Christ. It was thrilling this morning to hear the Evangelists give details of individual cases, when we held a prayer and praise meeting; it was good to be there. Thus prayer is being answered and the sheaves are being gathered in at Chisalala, where we are still without the much-needed European help. Will not you, who read, put into practice our Lord's command in Luke x. 2?

**MR. A. W. BAILEY.**—News has just come to us indirectly that Mr. Bailey is better and on his way to Cape Town, and our hearts are rejoicing in this confirmation of what we felt God's Spirit had whispered to us when we heard of his dangerous illness, and yet felt we could think of him as still alive. Let us pray for a double portion of the spirit of wisdom, of love and of faith to be given to Mr. Jakeman and to Mr. McGill, as they face a new situation and a new language, and let us ask that in their weakness and need they may prove that "I have strength for anything through Him Who gives me power."

May (or June) pp. 39-40 (articles about missionary schools in the NWP)

May ~~or June~~  
JOURNEYING MERCIES. p. 39

NORTH RHODESIA.—JUNE V. FOSTER.

**G**OD has very graciously answered prayer in all our journeyings—on the train in America for over seven hundred miles; on the ocean, where in these times one would naturally be fearful, for nearly seven thousand miles; on the train again in Africa for a distance of two thousand miles, and on the "trek" overland for three hundred miles.

We accord praise to His name for His presence with us from New York to Cape Town—a journey of four weeks, with but one break at St. Lucia. The weather was fine, and the ocean reasonably calm. While on the trip we enjoyed the fellowship of other missionaries bound for various parts of Africa.

On arriving at Cape Town, our hearts were overjoyed by hearing that we were to proceed to Blanche Memorial Mission Station as soon as our business was concluded at the Cape. Again did we see how true is the promise, "He it is that doth go before thee," for we had thought we should have to remain at the Cape until the rainy season was over in Northern Rhodesia.

Our days in the train were especially full of joy, for we were nearing our destination, and, as we saw numbers of raw heathen at the various stations and sidings, our hearts burned with a longing to be able to bring the Gospel to them. Arriving at Broken Hill, we made ready to begin the last stage of our journey. We were met there by Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, for whose presence and experience in trekking we were thankful. After just four days of waiting, during which God sent us the needed carriers—about one hundred—we left the railroad behind us, to see no more white faces for the present, save those of a few Government officials and our fellow missionaries.

Four of us were able to ride our bicycles,

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while Mrs. Vernon was carried in a machila—a sort of hammock swung from a pole and carried by relays of two natives. Here again we record praise to His name for health and strength; but especially we shall never forget the way He withheld the rains, so that not once were our goods made wet during the whole journey. Often there was rain on either side of us, and heavy clouds overhead, but no rain fell where we were until our tents were pitched.

Just a little over two months from the day of our sailing we were met with shouts of joy and songs from the Christian boys at our station and a large company of villagers. We rejoice that we are here, and covet your prayers that we may learn the language speedily, and be able to bring God's message to this people.

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(photo)

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CARRIERS AT A MID-DAY REST AND FEED ON THE FIVE-DAY JOURNEY FROM CHISALALA TO THE CONGO RAILROAD.



June 1, pp 42-43

(articles about missionary schools in the NWP)

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June ?

### A SHAKING AMONG THE DRY BONES.

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PORTUGUESE WEST AFRICA.—A. W. BAILEY.

**A**T the close of the rains in May, I was led to shift from my old camp on the Luanginga River to a new site on a branch of the Kuti, which is in turn an affluent of the Kuandu River. I was influenced in this by several considerations. My native Christians from Bie' had for the most part been driven from their homes and dispossessed of everything in the revolt of last year, and I was anxious to combine relief work for them with the building of permanent buildings. Then, the camp on the Luanginga had never been intended for a permanent station, and the buildings were practically done for. Finally, I urgently needed to live in a central location to oversee the work of my one remaining outstation on the Lusa River and the projected outstations at points calling for schools.

The first of June saw me on my new site, some three days south-west of my old camp on the Luanginga. The first work was the building of a house, or *houses*, as I decided to have a 10 ft. by 10 ft. dispensary as well as a dwelling and school. We have had no more than the usual difficulties, I think, in putting up the dispensary, which is now in use, and a 14 ft. by 40 ft. house with an 8 ft. verandah all the way around, and one verandah alcove room for the fireplace. The latter building is nearly thatched, lacking only a few square yards of roof, but the thatch grass is finished—not only that in hand, but all the plains have been burned over. To-morrow I am starting all my crowd, including women and children, to cut the poor river grass to fill the

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(cut off)

grass to exchange for the swamp variety.

Our gracious God has kindly held back the rains while the thatching was in progress, until the villagers around us are urging me to rush the thatching through so that it can rain. We have yet to put up a simple temporary school for the school work and gospel meetings. I have over 50 professing Christians with me here, mostly Bie'an immigrants, and the meetings are well carried on.

The revolt has resulted in a large number of new villages being built at the Lusa outstation, so that they report as many as 500 in attendance on Sundays, and a good number of local tribesmen are coming out as Christians and being enrolled as catechumens. We have been prayerfully able to found an outstation among the Yauma people down the Kutu. Their chief, Kaliki, is determined that his people shall learn the new ways, in spite of some reluctance on their part about leaving the old customs. He and his prime minister, a sensible chap, round up the reluctant worshippers of the village on Sunday with sjamboks (hippo-hide whips). I confess to being a little in doubt as to the gospelicity of this method until I remembered that "The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence," etc. The Yauma are an honest, decent tribe, and I am very fond of them. Their language is almost identical with the Mbunda. Kasali is the native worker at Kaliki's village.

Kambeya is making a noble effort to get a foothold among the Luchaze and Mbunda villages on the Luchemba River, a day's trek back toward my old site. He has encountered many obstacles, both in sickness in his family and among the people, but he is there now, and writes encouragingly of the present outlook. He has a streak of stubbornness in his make-up, as his missionary has been accused of having, and does not capitulate as long as there is a shred of the colours left. His little boy, Abraham, has been critically ill with fever and complications, but is a bit better now. Shortage of quinine has been a serious hindrance in his case. A 6 lb. tin of quinine, shipped from New York with other drugs over a year ago, is still in transit. I last heard of it at Broken Hill Railway Station, in Northern Rhodesia, on its way here via Vernon's station. I have a few more tabloids as a bulwark between myself and malaria, which I am sharing with son Abraham. Ten grains of the useful drug per day prevents the recurrence of his daily attacks.

But as to the shaking bones! After the morning service to-day, a Mbunda man, dressed in three skins—his own and two duiker skins—brought forward an armful of posts, ring-streaked, like a Yankee barber pole, and stated

to the futility of such things, and had decided to forsake such vanities for the worship of the true God and Jesus Christ His Son. He specified each ancestral spirit represented by a particular post. One was so-and-so—a large one—and two little ones were so-and-so's children, etc. He was followed by a Nkangala man with a bunch of ancestral worship sticks from the Kuanda, with a statement that he had left the old ways for the new. Next came a powerful Luchaze man with his hunting fetish affair, which I am keeping for exhibition when I visit America in 1922. My powers of description are not sufficiently intricate in their working to admit of a description. He announced his renunciation of the old follies for the Christian way. I directed my lads to bring the fire, and the ancestral worship sticks went up in smoke with no audible protest from the spirits they represent. As the smoke ascended, the wife of the Nkangala man before mentioned came forward rather shyly with a small tortoise shell and a couple of little duiker horns. She offered them to me, but I told her to put them on the fire herself. This was her personal fetish affair for her protection, etc. This action on the part of these people may seem trifling to you, but it means a clean-cut break with the old system of religion which has dominated them all their lives with its dark reign of fear, and dominated their fathers for centuries, if not millenniums, before them. This action, to me, much resembles the shaking among the dry bones in the valley which was the first effect of Ezekiel's message to them. They were just as bare and dry after bone had come together to his bone, as they were before the message of God came, but their old disjointed condition was ended and they were re-articulated. These people have been disjointed from God these centuries, and now they are coming back. As the message goes on in the Spirit, they will be clothed upon with the sinews and flesh of new ways and customs and habits of thought; while, last of all and best of all, the Spirit of Life will enter them, and a great army of believers in Christ will stand up in this land. A person who has never faced the conditions cannot possibly imagine the wall of blank hopelessness that faces the Gospel Missionary at the beginning of work in a new, raw field in this part of Africa. But we know that no false religion can stand before the mighty Gospel message, and we sow in hope.

My seventy or so Christians and adherents are facing the grim visage of hunger among other unpleasant things that Africa furnishes. The natives have a saying that war and famine always march together. The people who were not involved in the rebellion of last year, and the first part of this year, were frightened from

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(articles about missionary schools in the NWP)

Prayer guide (probably end)  
 listing missionaries June

13	NORTHERN RHODESIA	1898 Rev. E. A. M. Harris 1894 Mrs. Harris
	Obisalala Munonwedzi	NATIVE HELPERS: WALALAMBAYA, & OTHERS. 1913 Rev. W. Roy and Mrs. Vernon 1914 Mr. & Mrs. A. A. Wilson 1917 Rev and Mrs O Foster
14	PORT. WEST AFRICA	NATIVE HELPERS: JOHN, AND OTHERS
		1908 Rev. A. W. Bailey 1903 Mr. J. W. V. Jakeman 1917 Rev Andrew McGill AND NATIVE HELPERS.

HERE AND THERE. p 49

**ADVANCE.**—We have received from various parts of our Field stirring news, telling of further answers to our prayer for quickening, news which we believe is making God's Heart glad, as it gladdens us, and we know that our readers will rejoice in some of the details which appear in this month's magazine. We believe that many have, since the New Year, been giving themselves to continual prayer for S. Africa, that God's Spirit may be able to work unhindered, and we hear of some who are giving time to pray for their home centres in Great Britain, that God will visit them also with His quickening power. We are seeing God's answer to our prayer for Spiritual quickening, to our prayer for finance, to our prayer for the door to be opened for workers to go out to the Field, and the challenge that comes to us is that as God's thoughts are planning advance, we are being called to enter into fellowship with Him with all that this may mean.

As we have proved God, and are seeing these answers, shall we be willing for Him to prove us and test our whole life, as to the reality of our desire and purpose, so that we may not go back from what God has shown us of the possibility of seeming impossibilities, but press on till we see His Kingdom coming in power both at Home and in South Africa?

**MOVEMENTS OF WORKERS.**—We hear that Mr. McGill joined Mr. Bailey and Mr. Jakeman on February 15th, and that Mr. Bailey was probably leaving Portuguese West Africa on furlough sometime in May.

Miss Owen hopes to return to Swaziland in the late summer and will be glad to hear of any, specially interested in the work at Ezulwini, who may like to share in the meeting of some special needs connected with the work at this Training Station.

We have not heard what arrangements have been made for the furloughs of Mr. and Mrs. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Hatch, and our Nyasaland Workers, but we would ask special prayer for them, as they may be on the move, and for those on whom additional responsibility will devolve.

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(articles about missionary schools in the NWP)

for disobedience and deceit. His conscious baptism of the Holy Spirit took place on Tuesday morning after Mr. Holt had conducted the meeting.

If time and space permitted I would like to describe other scenes, the memory of which can never fade from the minds of those who witnessed them. But as we are hoping Mr. Howells will re-repeat his visit, and the people are longing for his return, I can reserve my report for a future occasion. Full as my heart is, I will content myself by quoting Mr. Howells's words in a letter written on his arrival at Nkanga. "I must say," he writes, "that last Sunday and Monday were the best two days I have spent in my life. It is more like a dream than anything else. When I sit quiet all the scenes seem to come back to me, and especially Sunday afternoon when all the people came up and Monday evening when the seven young men came to the front. Believe me if ever I witnessed Pentecost I did then."

The allusion to the seven young men refers to a striking incident. On Monday night Mr. Howells had spoken on the seven deacons in the Acts of the Apostles, and had suggested perhaps there might be here a Philip or a Stephen to lay down his life for Africa like Bishop Hannington. At the conclusion seven young men came forward to give themselves wholly to God. Mr. Howells always refers to them as the "seven deacons."

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

**EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.**

PORTUGUESE WEST AFRICA. A. W. BAILEY.

**I**N the work of building houses, we are finishing a stern race with the rains, which would ruin these sandy, sun-dried bricks. The bricklayers were slow; when they finally finished, a fortnight ago the day after to-morrow, I set myself to put on the plates and rafters in the terrific heat which prevails here just before the rains. I got on rather rapidly by dropping my school work for the time being, and putting in full days. As to spiritual work, there is the first sound of a stirring among the dry bones here on the Muye. I have outside my tent a small load of fetish sticks, by which the ancestral spirits are worshipped. There are more promised, and I hope to have a fair mess to burn next Sunday. This is their first step Godward, and it means a lot to them as these sticks are regarded as their only means of safety from dangers. They seem only to call on God in a case of extreme drought. He is the recognised rain-giver.

Daily needs are being met by our gracious Heavenly Father for my crowd of Christians and adherents. I cannot bear to see them suffer hunger, especially the "kiddies." As I wrote

before, they were despoiled of practically everything by the rebels. They are making large gardens here, and should get back on to their feet this coming year.

*A wanderer returned.* A man who was eager to learn in the school at Kangombe's, but who was swept into the rebellion by his compatriots, showed up a couple of days ago, and said that he was so haunted by the words of the Gospel that he could not sleep nights, and begged to be allowed to settle here with my Christians. After some indaba, we all consented, on condition that he only brings one of his wives with him. My Christians are very strong against polygamy and will not tolerate it in their village. Here heathenism has two legs to stand on—ancestral spirit worship and polygamy. Other things are optional, these are the two absolutely obligatory heathen customs. Not every man has plural wives, but all subscribe to the institution. I wonder if the same thing holds true in South Africa, and, if so, how any missionary can possibly favour the admission of polygamists into the Church.

*Calls to praise.* These are many. God's hand is graciously manifest in many things. For example, I have been subject to attacks of vertigo since my months of dieting on pork and beans given me by a trader in 1914. I have never gone so far as Dr. Livingstone in falling down with it, but frequently everything goes black for a few seconds, and I come to, finding myself hanging on to a tree or something.

Fine reports come from the Lusa. As many as 500 are reported at services, and school well attended. At Kaliki's the Yauma are clinging closely to their old ways of religion, but Kaliki and his prime minister round them up for service with "sjamboks." Kaliki is determined that they shall learn the new way. This hardly seems a Gospel method of winning men, but I recall John Robertson of Glasgow saying in New York, "A call from God consists in an open door in front, and a kick from behind." Muene Kaliki's method is somewhat along that line.

I am wondering how and where the Vernons and Wilsons are at present. I rather expect that Vernon will be sending my box of medicines across as soon as possible after his arrival on his station. I am very much in need of the quinine in the box for native cases, especially Kambeya's little boy, who is still bad with fever, and is keeping his father from going on with his work among the Luchaze and Mbunda people on the Luhemba River. He has a young man there gardening for him, and carrying on a quiet witness until he shall be able to go. The young chap is a Nkangala believer, and is to be my son-in-law, as he is engaged to my adopted daughter—a little Chowke ex-slave whom I freed. She is a great little party in her way, and I will try to send you

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 a picture of her one day. Naturally she does not live with me, but in the family of one of my Christian men. She is a believer—a catechumen. She bears the name Joaquina, and came here with the Bie' crowd as the slave of a Luena man. He is also a catechumen now, and lives in our Christian village here. Several small villages are being built close at hand, and it seems clear that God led us here, and intends to make this a Christian centre for the region. I have a very bright young Mbunda school-boy here, a son of the principal chief of this immediate section. The father professes to believe, seldom misses a Sunday morning service, and says he will bring his village fetish sticks the day after to-morrow. His name is NGONGOLA. The boy's name is KAPANGA. You might be led to offer a prayer for them. The chief has two wives to hinder him.

October 23rd, 1917.

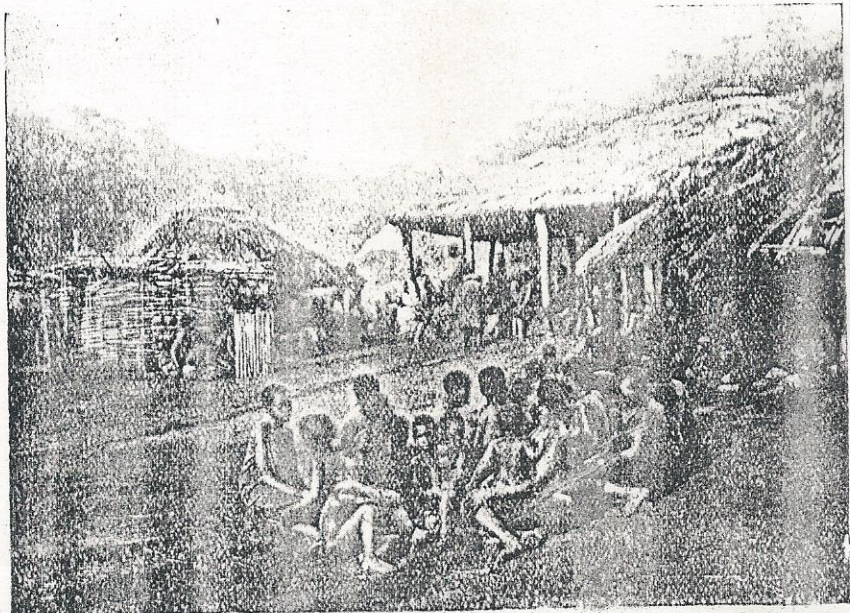
The dwelling is thatched—boys are putting on the ridge thatch now. Not a shower got here. Praise be! We are ready to begin praying for rain now.

The food problem, from a human viewpoint, is acute, but we are looking Godward. Last Sunday, just at the minute that I wanted to begin giving out the weekly ration to my fourteen boys and my adopted daughter, a bunch of Va-Mbunda from the Chikulwi' hove in sight with bags of cassave meal to sell. I did not have a kilo of it before they came, and only a bit of spoiled masangu meal in any case. The loads that they brought rationed the youngsters and left me a few kilos. I eat a good bit of it myself. I cannot at all concur in Dr. Livingstone's poor opinion of cassave meal porridge. Dr. Fisher considers it the most healthful and digestible of African foods, and my experience tallies with his.

The Chikulwi' District. There is much in favour of the location as an out-station. The population is heavy, for this region, and the chief is an amiable lad, and might develop well. Your remarks *re* praying the obstructions off the field have stirred me. I will be one to pray. The chief has called on me a couple of times here. He is a very easy lad to deal with. His parents and many relatives lived very near my old camp on the Lunaninga, and they had good reports to make of patients cured at my place, etc. Our Commandante has not yet returned, and the future of the little post on the Chikulwi' is not yet settled.

Prayer for rain. We prayed that it might not

rain until our dwelling was thatched, although the corn was turning yellow along the river. The thatch was finished on the Wednesday, and I called the people to gather on the Sunday to pray for rain. Not a great crowd came, but one man brought his fetish sticks with him—a headman. I spoke on Elijah's sevenfold prayer for rain on Carmel, and suggested that seven of our Christian men offer prayer in succession, which they did; the last being a young convert, Nkangala—my prospective son-in-law, by the way. When we left the place the sky was black, and we had a sprinkle in the P.M., but a steady rain set in next morning early. We have had plenty of rain since, in fact, up the river it came down nearly solid, and the water was reported thigh deep in the bush. The people were much moved by the clear answer, and say that God assented. I have



"Give ye them to eat."—Mark vi. 37.

notified them to come and thank God to-morrow. It looks good to see the miles of corn, beans, potatoes, rive, etc., stretching along both sides of the river where all was a barren swamp last May. God grant that the spiritual transformation may be even more striking. I fully expect it to be so.

Hunger. God is feeding us with a teaspoon, as it were, but I had sufficient to ration my family of fifteen this P.M. for the coming week. Praise be! The crowd in the village find difficulty in getting all the food they want, but none seem to be suffering much. I have no reserve at all, except the sweepings of my grain bin for my chickens. Quite a number of my little chicks have, conveniently, died of chicken-pox, kestrels, etc., and do not need to be fed, but I have some

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twenty adults, and over forty chicks up to broiler size. I have a finely graded flock of large colonial fowls, and am proud of them. My boys who have just returned from the Fort, carelessly told my good friend, Senhor Garcia, that a hyena had put a full period to my swine raising. He instantly responded by giving me a pair of pigs, which I can send for any time. I shrink from adding any kind of mouth to my many, but if God gives me swine He will send swine-food also. The amount of pork we chaps in this country can eat and digest is a wonder. It seems somehow to suit the climate.

Sunday P.M. Service was large for here. Nearly two hundred. Quite a lot of new material showed up. There seemed a general spirit of thankfulness for the rains, and expressions of satisfaction that God had kept the fall of hail from doing any damage. It passed over their bush gardens before the grain had come up, and did not touch the river gardens. It did not reach here at all.

While not a great number are now attending the services more are coming here to build all the time, and there are several hundreds of people, perhaps above a thousand, within easy reach. The Mbundu men are planning to dig an irrigating canal after the rush of work is over for them, in order to bush garden the year around.

\* \* \* \*

My attack of malaria, which I mentioned in a previous letter, developed quickly into a brilliant attack of blackwater; I had great spiritual joy, but no liberty to pray for healing. Pulled myself off the bed to write a cheque to square accounts with Senhor Garcia—mostly teachers' money, forsooth, but better than leaving unpaid, perhaps unpayable debts. Had life left sufficient to scrawl a few hasty lines to "Mambenka," otherwise Vernon, asking him to come across and fill the gap, also a letter to the Bank to turn my account over to you in case of my death. I thought I was ready to go, but the Christians were not content with the arrangement. The elders gathered here in the P.M. and prayed for my healing. I was led to direct the boys to dig out my old hot-water bottle (two years old and never wet) and load it. I had been taking approved blackwater medicine. The pains ceased, the temperature became normal—God had answered their prayers, and I had missed heaven again, for a season. Am weak as a cat to-day, but otherwise O.K.

Hark, from the toms a joyful sound! Yes, I'm coming back, what's left of me. I do not look much like anything I've seen before, nor feel much like a man I knew in the flesh above ten days ago (name of Bailey), but some glimmer of consciousness within tells me that this wavering wabbling bag of bones is one and the same

with that husky, hard muscled Bailey, whom unseen forces hurled headlong into that ante-chamber of hell called "Blackwater fever." A week ago last Saturday, just as I was contentedly crawling out of that awful hell of agony into my restful grave, my native Christians interfered, grasped me by the heels with their black prayer-hooks, and hauled me back to life and service. Their only excuse for such high-minded interference with the plans of their betters seems to be, "We object to the arrangement! What will become of us and the work if we let our missionary go?" I smiled and assented, as did the Head of the Mission. Last paroxysm came on Saturday P.M. (17th). My good friend Senhor Garcia was the human agent, by sending me a bottle of medicine, which reached here Saturday eve, and for which I had not asked him. I stuck out to inform you that, rumour notwithstanding, I am not dead, and am recovering. You are likely to get some scare lines from Vernon, whom I sent a letter across country, Sunday, 18th, when I was still bad. This document is official, and supersedes all others. Senhor Garcia is all kindness—sent me quinine and alcohol for bathing, mustard, etc. I had a modern remedy, "Bipalatinoids," for blackwater, which seemed to work finely, but I could not remember during the paroxysms whether I had taken the tabloids or not. The attack came on every day about (watch is dead!) 4 p.m., and lasted 24 hours. It would be more than awkward to have things left long with no white man in charge. It seems to weary me little more to sit in my easy-chair and write in this careless, dreamy fashion than to do nothing. My blankets are out in the glorious sunshine drying. I perspired amazingly. It is supposed to be the hemorrhage of the kidneys that cuts down the strength with such almost incredible rapidity. I am taking solid food now. I have a strange freak always that I keep bitter and bilious on slops, but right up at once on solids.

Boys are putting up the stick and grass school-meeting house on their own. I just got it staked out on Saturday (10th) and collapsed. Got up and preached Sunday, but attack returned Sunday evening. I do not know how they will make out, but cannot hold up, as the thatch grass will rot. Great crowd reported last Sunday. Many new strangers. Teachers will come in to stand by me. Lilunga has gone to Vernon. One Luba-speaking man went with the latter. He went before, in April, and can talk with Vernon freely. It is about a six-weeks' round trip—three weeks of hard trekking each way. We are in a bad state of hunger here in this country. God is simply sending in week by week my supplies for my family of fifteen. I have no reserves. But they tell me that the

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 Va-Yauma already has good ears, and that they will be eating new corn in less than a fortnight. My people also have maize in stock. God is good! The regular harvest is at least three months ahead. I have had excellent care from my personal boy Chisapa—a Bic'an Mbundu. Night and day they have been at my bell-call. The "wee bit Hoosie" is fine, cool in heat, warm in cold, dry and airy. These houses do not leave iron-roofed, "wood and iron" houses an inch of ground to stand on. Dear Vernon will find a half-acre (perhaps a bit less) of good, thatched roof, and forty odd yards of brick walls awaiting to shelter him, but only eyeless sockets for doors and windows. He can very quickly get a room ready for himself in the dwelling however, and can pitch his tent on the verandah in the meantime. A kind, nearby headman—Sakapanga—is allowing my boys to milk a quart of fine milk out of his goats daily. He brought in his fetish-sticks to burn, the Sunday we prayed for rain. By the way, it has rained so steadily since, that I prayed for sunshine yesterday, and it is all sunshine to-day. Praise be! Chisapa carried on the native school finely. He is a born teacher. I have taught him to read Portuguese, so that in my weak days he is able to read the Portuguese Testament to me. He is learning to speak it rapidly also.

\* \* \* \*

I am practically restored to health, and intend to go to work seriously to-morrow. I only missed one Sunday's preaching during my illness, but had been holding back on the daily preaching and school work, which I hope to resume to-morrow. Mr. Hansen could not remain over Sunday, so I called in the people for a week-day service. They gathered well, and he gave an excellent message in English from the text: "Christ died for the ungodly." I interpreted. At first, the unfamiliar English tongue caught their attention more than the message, but they soon settled down to listen well!

\* \* \* \*

*Mr. Jakeman's Arrival.* This is the great event here at present. He arrived on the 1st instant. He has taken to the conditions up-country here like a duck to water. He got a trek knowledge of the Kaonde language in N.R., and proved himself an AI trekker by coming through in the rains and hunger time without any trouble and in fast time. The people here, both Christians and others, are delighted at his coming.

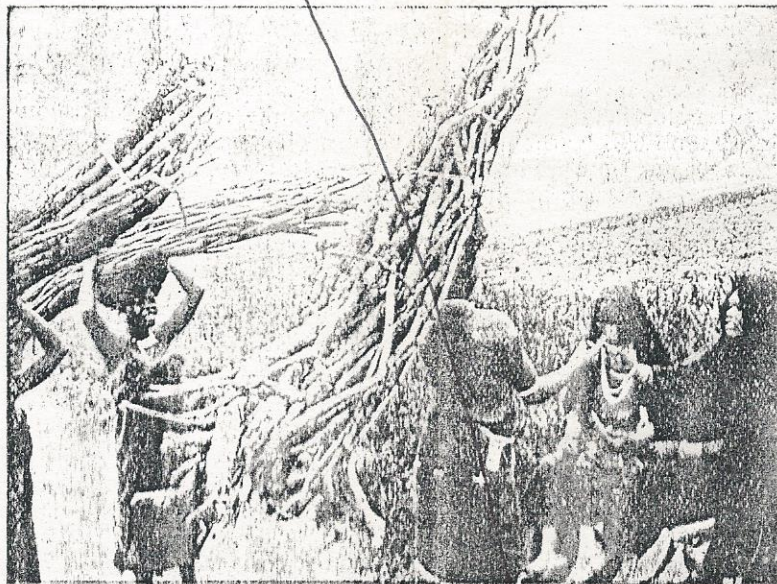
*Spiritual Matters.* There was a touch of

blessing here at the close of the old year, and we hope for better things in front. There was a touch of the confession idea, of which I am very shy, but which seemed to go in the Spirit with no shocking and unnecessary disclosures as a rule.

### "TALKING WITH JESUS."

MT. HERMON, SWAZILAND. ROBERT MEDILL.

**W**E desire to thank all our friends who have so kindly sympathised with us in our recent sorrow. Many letters have reached us, for which we are very grateful. I think our readers would be interested in one received by my wife from our native teacher, Josephine. She says: "I have just



A Roadside Greeting.

heard from Joshua about your great troubles while you were away. Oh, God has done His will, He does not choose our will, but His own will. So we ought to thank anything He is giving us, good or bad.

"Job is a great picture for us when we are in troubles. So we may always remember him.

"I don't forget you in any time while talking with Jesus, because I remember that you were a great help to me. Though I am not near you that will not make me forget you. God is Love. Sometimes it is very hard to understand what God does to His people, but we have to trust Him at any time, like Job did."

Her reference to prayer as "Talking with Jesus" is a very beautiful one. Do we have such intercourse with HIM? And, if so, do we enjoy it?

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N.W. Rhodesia.

CHISALALA.

ERNEST A. M. HARRIS. P. 72

VERY much has happened since we wrote our last annual report of the work at Chisalala. I wonder what you understand when you read of work at Chisalala? When we write of the work at Chisalala we mean the work in a district of between twelve and fifteen thousand square miles, in which trees are many and people comparatively few. The villages are mostly hidden away in the forest near the rivers or their smaller tributaries, in some the huts are square, while in others they are round, but whether round or square they are all inhabited by "those for whom Christ died."

In the earlier part of the year 1917-1918 the work passed through a time of very severe testing, which threatend to shake to its very foundation the work of seven years. Threatened, did I say? Nay, it was shaken, violently shaken; but glory be to God, that which survived the shaking was very many times greater than that which fell away. Then was the arm of the Lord made bare and His glory manifested in our midst. In that time of testing we urged our teacher evangelists to surrender all to God, to let God have their will and to seek His will only. We promised them

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they should see the glory of God in the villages. in that many would receive the Gospel and be converted; for had not God said, "The heathen shall know that I am the Lord, when I shall be sanctified in you before their eyes?" (Ezekiel xxxvi. 23). God gave the victory. One Wednesday, in the senior class, the power of God came upon us. We were all with one accord in one place and He was in our midst. Never, in over thirty years of Christian experience, had I been in such a meeting, yet all was quiet! There was no excitement; we were melted in the presence of the Lord. It was as though Christ was being formed anew in our hearts. We were in His glorious presence with "nothing between."

Soon after this seventeen people turned to the Lord in one village and fifteen in another far removed from the first; on the same day. In another village a little girl stood and confessed Christ before the whole village assembled for service, others followed; the preacher gave out his text, but could not preach; one after another people rose and confessed Christ, including a sub-chief, in whose village the service was being held. That was in November, 1917, and from then on

village after village received the Lord into their midst. In one large village the headman and all his people are Christians. In many villages most of the people have confessed Christ, and still the work goes on; week after week sees more and more added to the Lord. Up to the time of writing over eight hundred have been enrolled in over forty classes for help and instruction. These classes are scattered over an area of several thousand square miles, and all of them have to be visited regularly by a European missionary or else be abandoned. This reminds me how in past years we have told you of "a harvest to be reaped in Kaondeland." We have appealed to you Christian people in England, Africa and America to send reapers into the harvest. How many have come to the help of the Lord in the Chisalala district? NOT ONE. Think of it as you read this; pray about it. Oh! the shame of it! We plead with you in Christ's stead, let not many months pass ere this great need is met. Men and women are needed, needed now; don't let the war or any other thing keep you back. God needs you, Christ your King needs you, and shall He call in vain? Will you not answer, "Here am I, send me"?



### Portuguese West Africa.

Ed.

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**C**OMMUNICATION with this part of the field has become increasingly difficult, owing to conditions brought about by the War. For months together we do not get any word from our workers in that part,

and the Rev. A. McGill from America. Readers of the PIONEER will have learned of the serious illness of Mr. Bailey and of his recovery in answer to prayer; doubtless also of the arrival of the two workers named.



Mr. A. W. Bailey and some of his boys.

and then six or eight letters will arrive at the one time.

Since our last annual report number Mr. Bailey has been joined by Mr. J. W. V. Jakeman

The new site on the Muye River, chosen as a probable centre for our work in the Province of Mossamedes, has answered the purpose thus far, but it is doubtful whether it will prove to be a

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618316 suitable site for a permanent station or a base for the evangelising of the numerous tribes scattered throughout that Province.

Mr. Bailey has had a very great deal to encourage him in the work during the past year. His Native Evangelists and teachers have proved themselves worthy of their vocation, and reports come to hand every now and again of this one and that one turning to the Lord. The attendance at the meetings is excellent, and altogether the outlook is most promising. The removal to the present site and the erection of a suitable building as a Mission House, together with a church and school, has occupied a great deal of Mr. Bailey's time, but there have been multiplied opportunities of making known the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, to the heathen who have come into touch with him through and during the itinerations in the country.

Oct, p. 82

CHISALALA, N. RHODESIA.

E. A. M. HARRIS.

THOSE who have read our annual report will not be surprised to hear that after such a gracious work of God as we have witnessed in this district, we have also seen the forces of evil let loose, which has resulted in much harm being done and many young converts being drawn back to the old things they had left for Christ's sake.

Last week word came that a whole village had gone back to beer-drinking. We took the matter straight to God. It was arranged that Kansanshi and Walalambaya should start off in the morning for that, and other villages. Walalambaya says, "When we reached the village we found the people all gathered together drinking. When we saw it we stood and wept. They

together and sang a hymn. This you have done; having started to follow the Lord are you now turned back to the things you had left? Don't you know that no drunkard can enter the Kingdom of God? Then the people answered and said, 'Truly! we have sinned.' We showed them what God's Word said about the drunkards. I also preached to them from Revelation xxii. 12, and as I preached the people began to shake, then stood, one after another, testifying and confessing their sins before God, also testifying to their true repentance."

After that Kansanshi went to Nyambe's and Karara's, while I went to Ntura's and Chimbwama's. At Nyambe's some were drinking beer and others were making it. Here, too, the Holy Spirit was present in power, convicting of sin, and when the service was over the people upset the beer pots and said, "We will follow the Lord." At Karara's, too, the power of God was manifest. At Ntura's the people all came armed because of the lion, so I told them about Daniel, and how God shut the lions' mouths (it was from this village the boy was taken and eaten, who had confessed his faith in Christ when I was there not many weeks before).

Thus God, in the course of three days, answered prayer and delivered nearly two hundred people from Satan who, "as a roaring lion walketh about seeking whom he may devour."

A "TREK."

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PORTUGUESE WEST AFRICA. J. W. V. JAKEMAN.  
PART I.

**I**N preparation for trekking I tried to reduce my baggage to the smallest proportions possible. This was a matter of difficulty. I proposed to be away from Muye Mission Station for a month and should need to take

a sufficiency of food for that time. A camp-bedstead was not needed—such nice beds can be made on the ground with grass. At first I thought four carriers would be sufficient, but in the end I found I needed seven, and most of the time I had nine.

On May 13th, 1918, I left Muye M.S. Traveling through an unknown country, such as this, is very fascinating at times. So many things may happen. The future is full of the unknown. Each day is commenced with the thought that perhaps dangers unthought of may be encountered; new tribes may be reached, and new possibilities for the future development of the work of the Lord may be revealed.

The people have not recovered from the late rebellion and consequently the country is very unsettled. Most of the villages are away back in the forest and few people live on the open plains near the rivers, although they have to send to the rivers each day for water. On seeing me they would run away. It took the persuasive powers of my carriers to convince them that I was a Missionary and a Britisher. When they understood this they became friendly, and were willing to sell food for my carriers and do any other little thing I needed.

I was away from Muye for 26 days, and from rough calculations we travelled some 380 miles. We experienced much of the Lord's presence and were very conscious of His help and power. We travelled some distance down the Cikulwi River, a fine valley with many villages on its banks. After spending two nights near that river we crossed over through the forest to the Kambuli. Both these rivers flow into the Kwandu and run parallel to one another. The Kambuli is a pretty river of beautiful, and clear water, running over a white sandy bed. One day we had a long journey of 28 miles and that night stayed at a large Valuchaze village. The people were most friendly and listened attentively to the Gospel message at our camp-fire service. On the sixth day we reached the Kapwi. This river flows mostly underground and only appears at intervals as ponds. The river valley is well defined, but for the most part only grass and swamp are visible. On its south bank there are many villages of Luchaze, Luena, Mbunda, Luwi, Mashi and Yauma people. I spent my first Sunday there, and on my return spent three nights on its banks; trekking 50 miles or so up to its source. Many people came to see me and were urgent in their request that I should return and build amongst them.

From the Kapwi, on the Monday, we trekked some 14 miles to the Kwandu River. This is one of the big rivers and rises away in the north-west, after a long journey it enters the Zambesi

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River some distance to the north-west of the Victoria Falls. We arrived on its eastern bank as it flows through a flat country, and it was hidden amidst swamps and islands. I knew from an old map that these islands were inhabited by a tribe called the Vamashii. I hoped to be able to cross that day, as our trek had been a short one, but on arrival I found, much to my disgust, that I could only obtain a boat by permission of their King. With difficulty I at last obtained a man from their tribe to go to the King for a boat, which he said he would bring on the following morning. In anticipation of its arrival I had breakfast at my usual time, but alas! it was 10 a.m. before he returned and then there was no boat. In a most leisurely way he commenced to ask me questions, as their King wished to know who I was, where was I going, why had I come, and many other questions. Everything they did seemed to be as if time was of no value to them. I tried to impress him with the desire for an immediate crossing, but this seemed beyond his ability to understand. He said he would return to the King and on the coming day I should have the boat. I consented to wait till the following morning. There were many rumours of what I should find on the other side of the Kwandu. It was said the people were most restless and would shoot every white man. The people were starving and I should need to take sufficient food for many days for my carriers. As they brought much food for sale I considered it wise to buy sufficient for two extra carriers to carry. The lights on the river at eventide were wonderful, and reminded me of the Karroo in South Africa.

Early next morning a messenger came from the King, asking me to wait, as he himself was going to pay me a visit. While having breakfast I could hear the drums beating and the natives shouting as he ascended the river in his boat. He arrived at about 8 a.m., surrounded by about 150 people, clapping and shouting and drum-beating—a rather amusing sight. Evidently he thinks himself of some importance. Probably he reigns over 3,000 to 5,000 people, but as, up to the present, they have never had to pay taxes they behave in a very independent manner. He brought me a present of meal and I gave him a present in return—the usual custom here. He said he had called his people to come and hear what I had to say. All the morning they were arriving, and about midday I had a meeting and explained the Gospel to them. But where was the boat? No one could tell me, and at last I went to the King myself, and asked him for one. But he could not give me an answer that day. After prayerful thought I came to the conclusion that it would be best to give up the idea of

going on to the Kwitu River, and I should not now have time to do so. Early next morning I made preparations for leaving. We could manage to carry the extra food, but it would be better to have two more carriers. The King would not give me these, and although men were willing they were afraid to come if he did not tell them to. Just as we were leaving he consented, and so I left in comfort. He wants me to return and teach his people. We trekked down the Kwandu all that day, leaving behind all signs of human habitation, and towards evening the foot-prints of large game were everywhere visible. There must be much game, but as the grass was not yet burnt it would be difficult to see. I hear there are elephants and lions on the Lomba River, a tributary of the Kwandu, flowing in from the opposite bank.

(To be continued.)

### VILLAGE WORK.

W. HAUPT.

**S**YDNEY-ON-VAAL is a pretty little place on a hill, with a Post Office, Bank, Library and Hotel, but no Church of any kind. If favoured with a service the Library is used. This only takes place once a month to one denomination. The water being laid on and electric light makes it as up-to-date as any place on the River diggings.

The visiting and meetings (the latter being in the school-room) are full of interest, as soul-saving work generally is. A middle-aged man was once dealt with at the Paarl, who said he had such a sight of his lost condition, that it was not possible for God to grant him the full assurance of faith. In spite of Rom. v. 20, he stuck to his unbelief, so the Devil robbed him of the greatest blessing the Lord Jesus purchased by His Blood. Just recently another man had to overcome this temptation. He said he was not sufficiently convicted to get full assurance. Does it not prove to us that no stone will be left unturned to rob Christians of His favour of life and victory? We find 2 Thess. ii. 11 lived out here as well as elsewhere, "And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold." No wonder our Lord said, "When the Son of Man cometh shall He find faith on the earth?"

### THE WORK GOES ON.

NTABAMHLOPE, NATAL. PERCY J. HERVEY.

**A**S I am writing the snow is falling fast and the barren and black country is now covered with God's white table-cloth. As in Nature so in the realm of the Spiritual. Many hearts a month ago were as barren as the burnt "veld" around us.

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"A TREK."

Dec

PORTUGUESE WEST AFRICA. J. W. V. JAKEMAN.

PART II.

SOME three to four days further down the Kwandu I believe there are people, but as I wished to visit some of the many rivers to the North, between the Kwandu and Zambezi Rivers before returning to Muye, early next morning we turned North-east and made for the Kapwi. About 11 a.m. on the following morning we reached this river. After ascending the Kapwi for two days I crossed over to the Mulie River and camped that night on its northern bank, at a village of the Valuchaze. The following day we reached the Ninda (of the Nengo; the other Ninda is an affluent of the Mushuma River) about noon, and trekked east down it that afternoon and all the following day. Both banks have many Vambunda and Valuchaze villages. A chief came across the river the first evening to my camp to ask me to return and build amongst them. He came back next morning and led me still further down, to a place where the soil is hard enough for brick-making. We crossed over to the Luati River and spent the night at one of a group of Vambunda villages. This river also has quite a population of Vambunda and Valuchaze. After careful consideration I consider either the Ninda or Luati an excellent situation for a new mission station, and the people are eager that we should return and build amongst them. It would be about 100 miles from Muye Mission Station, on the Zambezi River. There is a Portuguese-made road from the head of the Luati to near Muye. It would be a good centre for evangelising the tribes on the following rivers:—Luanginga, Mushuma, Nengo, Lushu, Luati, Ninda, Mulie, Kapwi, Kambuli, and parts of the Kwandu, besides many smaller ones.

Think of it! Ten big rivers without a missionary! It was time for us to return home so, after trekking some little distance up the Luati River, we spent the Sunday at a Vambunda village. We trekked Monday and Tuesday up the river, and that evening camped near the source of that stream. Next day we crossed over to the Luwe River, one of the hardest treks, as the road was thick with sand. That night we slept at a Chokwi village—one of the last two villages near the source of the Luwe. We were nearing home now and were eager to reach Muye. The following night we camped at some big Vambunda villages on the Chikulwi River. Unfortunately

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then Christ was in Carthage, Gregory desire

us to place an out-station amongst his people. The last sixteen miles from this river were done in record time and I arrived at Muye about mid-day Friday, June 7th. I have said very little about the camp-fire services we held in the evenings. It was easy to get the villagers to attend. They listened most attentively. This may have been due to the novelty of seeing a white face and the newness of the message. It was a great joy to me to tell them of the Saviour who died for them. Our audiences were composed mostly of men; the women were not so willing to attend; perhaps they thought such a message was not for mere women such as they.

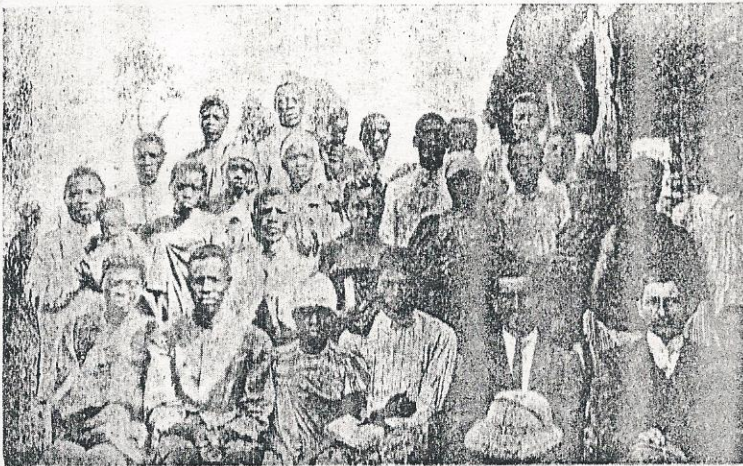
This is the best time of the year for travelling in these parts. The days are not too hot and there is no danger of rain. Each day is one of bright sunshine. Sometimes the nights are cold; one night the water froze in a dish near my tent.

people here have been baptised since I arrived in January. All of these were old Christians, some of many years' standing. There are quite a number waiting for baptism; some 28 here, and 29 at the Lusa outstation. Please pray for all these and many more who have started the Christian life. At the Lusa outstation there has been quite a movement of the Holy Spirit and many have given up their fetish sticks, etc. Before you read this we hope to commence school again and expect quite a number of new boarders.

News from Europe is many months old before it reaches us and how glad we are to hear from friends! Our Post Office is some three days' journey away and carriers take from five to eight days for the return journey.

You may like to know of the number of weddings we have had—six since I arrived—some being old couples who had never been married by Christian rites and so wanted to be united in a proper way. It was amusing to see some of these "old" brides as fearful and timid as a blushing young one.

Many people come for medicine each day. There is quite a village of sick people, some of the ulcers are exceedingly large and need a good deal of medicine; but with proper treatment it is surprising how quickly they begin to heal. Prayer is needed that these people, some of whom come from far, may know the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour.



The sandy nature of this country is the worst thing. The roads are thick with sand, which is very trying to walk in for six, seven or eight hours a day.

During my absence robbers had broken into the house and stolen some things, a few of mine being amongst them. Fortunately Mr. McGill's returning had disturbed them, so they did not do as much damage as they hoped.

Mr. Bailey had been ill with pneumonia, but was nearly himself again. He was in great need of a furlough and has since left via Bié and Benguela for Cape Town and New York. Please pray for him! We also need your prayers. There is much to do and so little time to do it in. How I would like to spend three or four months each year visiting the people in their homes. My trek has shown me something of the vastness of the field. Many whom we met will never have another chance of hearing the Gospel. How little can be done in one visit! Yet that is all the chance countless numbers will have.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

B. P. HEAD.

DURING these four sad years of war, people have been "denying themselves" in innumerable ways—some compulsory and some voluntary—and amongst other bits of the so-called sacrifice, we may have denied ourselves the pleasure of sending the usual Christmas gifts to our friends, and have confined such gifts to the children or those who specially needed remembrance. Now that in the gracious and wonderful over-ruling of God, we expect to have Peace signed between the belligerents, we may possibly feel free in the joy of our hearts, to express it by once more sending some little love tokens at Christmas-tide. It is not the material value that makes such tokens of friendship precious, but the loving thought that lies behind them in the heart of the sender, and as we recollect that all such gifts were originally offered and received because we