

## News from North Rhodesia.

*(Taken from private letter of Miss Crowl, who had been ill but was better when she wrote.)*

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I MUST tell you something that happened when we came here. One of the men had an accident with his gun before we came and nearly shot his eye out; all was done that could be done, but he was blind in that eye. So we all gathered one morning for prayer with all the boys and with Kausa himself. We asked for his sight to be restored. The man believed God could do it, and the boys said that if God did then all the people would believe that Jesus was really here with us. We had the assurance given that God was going to do it. In a very few days he was able to see such things as a cup or a pencil at quite a good distance away. We are still praising for the complete restoration which we are assured is coming. Will you all praise with us, and pray much for this dear man; he is one of the most promising here and he has been through much trouble before. He lost his wife some time ago and yet he trusts on, and when he prayed for his eye he said he was quite willing for God's will to be done.

We were nineteen days on the trek, going out of our way to visit villages off the path. We had some very interesting experiences; we crossed the Mutanda once and the Lunga five times, mostly in

native dug-out boats. Once we were carried over in the machillas with the pole on the heads of the men and the machilla nearly touching the water. Both rivers are very pretty. At three villages we came to, they were having a death dance, but we only heard the beating of the drums; they will never let us see what they do. We went to three villages where they have never before seen a Missionary, but were only able to have a short service, which we feel is not much if any good, because it leaves them with only such a vague impression of the whole thing.

We saw the tracks of lions, hippos and elephants, but the real things are still things of books only to us: we have heard the distant roar of a lion since we have been here, but he was probably over two miles away over the river.

As we passed through Kasempa, the Native Commissioner and his wife entertained us for a day, and we slept in the empty police house. That night three storms combined from different directions, and there was a terrific storm for about eleven hours, so that we were very thankful not to be in tents. As we watched the lightning from the verandah of Mr. Woods' house it was a sight never to be forgotten.



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## Kaondeland.

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120 lines  
2 1/2 pages

North West Rhodesia.

Herbert G. Pirouet.

**K**AONDELAND is not marked on most maps, but it is that part of Northern Rhodesia which lies in almost the extreme north-west. It is a territory about the same size as the midlands of England, bounded on the north by the Belgian Congo border, and therefore on the watershed of the Zambesi. The greater part of the country is over 4,000 feet above sea level, and it is therefore never excessively hot. The whole country lies within the forest belt of Central Africa, and it is also within the tsetse fly area, so that no cattle live in it. On the whole, it can be called a healthy country.

The Vakaonde tribe numbers about 80,000 people, who are scattered over the whole of this area, so that you will realize that villages are few and far between. The villages consist of anywhere from ten to forty huts, and are often found in groups of three or four. They are mostly situated on the bigger rivers. The tribe is semi-nomadic in character. This is due to the fact that their system of agriculture is bad; they never rotate their crops, so that their gardens cease to yield sufficient produce to feed them after a few years, and they are compelled to move to a new site; this they cannot do until they have had the sanction of the Government officials. It may not be known by all that this country is under

the jurisdiction of the British South Africa Company, commonly known as the Chartered Company; the affairs of the company are supervised by the Governor-General of the Union of South Africa, who is High Commissioner.

To evangelize this tribe is the object of the S.A.G.M., and with this in view two stations have been established in the country, separated from one another by a distance of about 160 miles (Chisalala and The Blanche Memorial Mission Station at Musonwedzi). But, though these two stations are so far apart, the work is essentially one. The people are always on the move from place to place, and boys on one station are in constant communication with those on the other station, and compare notes with one another.

To man this field we have at present seven workers, four more being on furlough. We must always allow for that number being away from the field, therefore you will see that we are very short-handed, and our first need is reinforcements. But if reinforcements are to be forthcoming it is necessary for you at home to know something of the opportunities offered and of the people amongst whom we are working, and also something of the difficulties with which we have to contend. I think I will put the difficulties first, because I have an idea

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that English speaking people are far more likely to volunteer for an enterprise when it possesses a good many obstacles to success. (Vol. 33-1920)

I think you would like me to be perfectly frank about these difficulties and hindrances, so I will come straight to the point.

In this country the white population is very small, and consists entirely of officials, store keepers (of whom there are two), and missionaries in about equal numbers. A native has only to go to the magistrate and say that his wife does not do his work properly, and the officials will give him a divorce. Taxation is on the hut basis, and this means that the native pays a ten shilling tax for each wife that he has, so that the Chartered Company profit by polygamy.

The native is an apathetic individual in whom it is difficult to raise any enthusiasm; he is accustomed to having white men in his country, so that we are not even objects of curiosity to him. But I would say here that he is a gentleman; is seldom discourteous and has great powers of endurance (he can easily do forty miles in a day carrying a load of thirty or forty pounds). He is not a savage; his moral character is not one whit worse than that of many Europeans; indeed, there are certain sins committed by white men which the native does not dream of practising, and only knows of as he comes into contact with "civilization." He is ignorant, and he has not got a high standard of living, but he is no more dirty than a great many of our fellow countrymen. Personally, I do not consider he is idle; but it is only fair to state that some of my fellow-workers who have much more experience than I have do consider him so. My own idea is that it is wonderful that he works as well as he does, seeing that it was only about twenty years ago that white men came into the country; till then the native had no need of money, his wants being very few, and those easily supplied. His need of working was created by the demand for tax from him, i.e., a demand that he should pay tax for the privilege of having his country administered by the white man, a privilege which, perhaps, he does not altogether appreciate. The idea of

steady, sustained work is quite foreign to the native; he sees no need to get through with a job, for all his traditions help him to think that there is plenty of time; moreover, why should he hurry? The longer the job takes the more money will he get to buy cloth; and he will have no bother about getting a sufficiency of food, for it is up to his employer to feed him.

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You will want to know something about his religious beliefs. Well! so do I! It is very hard to find out anything definite about them. They believe that the spirits of the dead are near them and are able to do them good and to harm them; they believe in the existence of God, but they do not seem to have any very definite ideas about Him. The people in the villages will tell you that they want to follow Him, and herein lies the great hope in this work. Already a very large number of men and women in the tribe have said that they "believe," or, to be more accurate, in response to the preaching of the Gospel, they have said, "Na itava," which may be translated, "I respond"; but these people are scattered throughout the tribe, and with our limited staff it is absolutely impossible to keep in touch with them and to give them constructive and consecutive Christian teaching. With our present staff I shall, in all probability, be the only one available for itinerating work this coming dry season, and that means that only a few villages can be visited besides those that are in the vicinity of the stations. We need young men who are willing to live an outdoor life, under canvas, for about seven months of the year; such, if they are good shots, which I am not, can live by their guns to a very great extent. What troubles me is this: The war has now been over for more than a year, and yet we have not had one man added to our staff. How is it that young men, at a moment's notice, could leave their occupations and go off to the front, and yet few are forthcoming for the service of Jesus Christ? What shames me is that whilst young men are clinging to their homes, young women are ready to come out and take up this work, which is crying aloud for men.

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# A Battle Fought and Won.

Blanche Memorial M.S., N. Rhodesia. Florence Alderton.

"THE Son of God was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil," and lately we have been privileged to see the manifestation of His power against the powers of darkness in this country. It has come so suddenly that one feels overflowing with praise, and yet very much humbled before God.

When Mr. Pirouet and I were visiting a near village, about three weeks ago, we entered into conversation with the headman, Mutumbwe, concerning an untidy arrangement of sticks (called "vipanda"), on which were perched horns and skulls of animals, and which were erected near the spot where we were sitting. These are to be seen in all villages and we had heard that in some way they were connected with the worship of ancestors; how, we did not know. In spite of our efforts we did not get all the information we desired owing to the difficulty of making ourselves understood, and the still greater difficulty of understanding what was said to us.

The following afternoon we were together for language study with an evangelist to help us, and we asked him to tell us the whole matter of these "vipanda." What he told us showed that when these people are sick, or desire rain, or are going hunting, they appeal through these "vipanda" to the spirits of the dead, who according to their idea exercise a supreme power over them for good or evil. Needless to say, the knowledge of such things coloured the thought life and the prayer life of us all.

A fortnight ago we heard of a headman (Mpara) sick in a village about 12 miles away, and Mr. Pirouet and I cycled out to see if there was anything

we could do for him. There was little to be done beyond showing sympathy, for he was beyond human aid, but we felt that this was an opportunity for our Christians to show love to one of their own people, a thing they are slow to do. We felt that it was *their* matter as well as ours, and that it would be good if we as a church went together to visit him again.

Last Wednesday we went, little knowing the big issues involved. Mr. Foster had a long conversation with Mpara, putting the truth very plainly to him once more. I say "once more" because this village is only a mile away from the old site of the Station, and the people had heard the Gospel story again and again; they had hardened their hearts, being unwilling to give up their evil customs. The old man now said that he believed, and wanted to follow Jesus. Kapandura, one of our boys, then addressed all who had gathered in the village and, as he concluded, the majority of the men of Mpara's village said they had believed long ago, and that it was the women who were slow to believe. Mr. Foster asked why, if that were so, were the "vipanda" still remaining in the village. A lengthy conversation followed, in which several other headmen who "chanced" to visit the village that day, took part. Finally, the sick man said that he was willing to burn the sticks, and throw away the horns and skulls into a bush. Shabwanga, the headman of a village 4 miles away from our station, agreed to do the same. We asked why they should not burn all, and found that they were afraid if they did so, they would in future be unsuccessful in hunting. Eventually Shabwanga said he

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was willing to burn all, telling us that the next time we passed through his village the deed would be done.

Two days later this headman came to the station to sell fowls, and while I was buying I asked him if he had burnt the "vipanda." He said that he had not because he had been delayed in returning to his village, but that when he should return that afternoon he would do so. I said that we should like to be present, and he agreed to await our arrival. We were, however, prevented from going on account of rain, so we sent a message to say that we would go and hold our Sunday service in his village.

Sunday (yesterday) came and we went accompanied by the evangelists, other boys and some of the women. The first sight which greeted our eyes was a heap of sticks and horns and skulls flat on the ground ready for burning. Shabwanga was not there. He had had to go to a Boma (government post), far distant, to take a letter, and would not be back for perhaps three weeks. He had shown his willingness, however, for the burning to take place, and had left messages about it. A service followed, a service in which we felt the power of the presence of God. At the end it was suggested that whoever wanted to follow the Lord truly should set light to the "vipanda." A relative of the chief immediately did so. Can you imagine our feelings?

More was to follow. Mutumbwe, the headman whom I have previously mentioned, was present, having followed us along the path from his village, and he too expressed willingness to burn the "vipanda" in his village on his return.

This morning we cycled to his village and there we saw the remains of the burning. Most of the people were away in their gardens and we sat and talked to the few who remained in the village. What we heard filled our hearts with joy. The burning had taken place yesterday. All in the village had been willing for it to happen.

The proceedings had been followed by prayer to God. The man who was giving us this information had been out hunting this morning and had killed an animal.

All this means much to those of us who are new comers. What does it mean to Mr. and Mrs. Foster, who have been working here for two years? Still more, what will it mean to Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, and Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, the two latter on furlough in America, the others filling the gap at Chisafala after nearly five years here? They have been patiently working these long years. I wonder, too, what it means to those in Heaven. This thing is unique in Kaonde land. A big battle has been fought and won, and what is going to follow? Terrific attacks on the part of the powers of evil, and surely, further manifestations of the power of the One who said, "I have given you power . . . over all the power of the enemy."

Do pray that we may be kept very humble at the feet of our Lord and very close to Him, so close that we shall not miss any whisper of His voice, and that we may be in such harmony with Him that He may be able to work out His purposes through us. "He is able to deliver magnificently," and our hearts rise up in praise to Him to whom all power is given.

Since writing the above, we have again visited Mpara's village. We found Mpara, whom we had felt to be beyond human aid, sitting outside his hut apparently very much better in health, and looking round the village we found to our joy that not a single "vipanda" remained. Truly our God doeth wondrous things! Swamps and swollen streams now make it impossible to reach any of the villages except Mutumbwe's until the end of the rainy season. May God teach us how to go to their aid in intercession, and may the very fact that we are unable to go in person mean that they will learn to get help straight from God Himself.



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# A Time of Sowing.

Chisalala, Rhodesia. A. A. Wilson.

THE Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister." "I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done unto you." To each of us is given a sphere in which to minister, and each sphere has its own peculiarities. Some spheres are productive of rapid results whilst others eventually bear precious fruit, but demand much patience in waiting for it.

It has been my privilege during the last few months to cover some six or seven hundred miles, sometimes in the company of others, and for two weeks alone, endeavouring to minister to the inhabitants of about seventy villages. The toil of the road has at times been heavy, at times decidedly damp, but there has always been the joy of service for Christ.

In August, 1919, my path was to the North-west of Chisalala through some very fine scenic country, but though the power and glory of the Lord was evident in nature, the power and subtlety of the devil was manifest in the villages that were hidden at intervals in the vast shady forest. The distance between villages varies considerably, sometimes one comes across a group of three or four, distanced a half to three miles of each other, and others, single villages, with ten or even twenty miles between them. In one instance we travelled twenty-seven miles from one village to another. Then again, these villages when reached are not what one could term large—perhaps fifty souls, perhaps a hundred; and when one is reached at the end of a day's tiring "trek" the audience is usually small and indifferent. As a general rule the reception given to the Word is anything but hearty; at one village they refused a hearing. But there are "mercy drops" given, as for instance the Headman of one of the villages

running after the missionary to make known his desire to follow the Lord. At one village in the extreme north-west corner of the district where they had not heard the Word before, the idea prevailed that the white man had some peculiar medicine to give away that would bring everlasting life. At another place the people had been up all night celebrating one of their most evil customs, with the result that the hearing given to the preached Word was anything but an intelligent one.

On our return journey we went out of our way to an isolated village and were rewarded by hearing eight women profess a "belief" in Jesus. Later we came to a village that had been frequently visited by the boys, and occasionally by the European workers, but the reception and attention given while the Word was being preached was anything but inspiring. It was quite clearly seen in those villages, as was borne out by the testimony of a chief who came to me at the Station, that the idea prevalent in the minds of the majority of these people is purely materialistic, "belief in Jesus" being some new cult that they are all keen to join. The chief referred to came and said that he wanted to follow God, and upon closely questioning him, I learned that his desire was not actuated by sense of his guilt of sin and his consequent lost condition, but that he didn't want to be left behind; many of his fellows "believed" and he didn't want to be left "bunke" (alone) as he put it.

Our trip south in October, as a party of five workers, took us to districts very rarely reached hitherto, and we found the same evidences as are invariably found, that where they had heard the Word previously there was a distinct carelessness, and where they were hearing it for the first time, a certain amount of eagerness. At places during



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that trip we had some good audiences; it was a time of sowing, and if workers are forthcoming speedily there may soon be a time of reaping. We do what we can, but our limited numbers curtail a lot of important itinerary work. We visited one old chief, Mujimanzofu, a most pathetic picture, and spoke to him about our errand, but when we had our Gospel service in his village he did not attend. Another chief, Nyoka, showed a very keen interest when we arrived at his village, and the three or four services we held there were well attended, he himself only missing one of them. Word has just come to us that Nyoka is dying—perhaps without God and without hope in the world, who can tell? We were only able to sow, perhaps the seed fell on good ground—God knows!

It was on our return journey from Musonwedzi that we had a well-attended service at Ingwe's—another chief of the district. There we learned that the chief wanted to follow God, and he being absent we left word for him to visit us at the Station that we might learn more about him and his desires and do what we could to help him. He came about a month later and we discovered, as we have mentioned in the earlier part of this letter, that so far his seeking is actuated purely by his desire not to be left out of the "fashion."

The latter part of January our little family took a six days' trip to the villages south-west of Chisalala, which is one of the most thickly populated parts of our district. We visited sixteen villages during those six days, covering ninety miles by the time we returned to the Station. We had a very busy time, and thoroughly enjoyed our privileges, being made glad on one occasion by the clear testimony of the headman of one of the villages.

One wonderful thing about that little trip was that although taken in the midst of the rainy season we were not once caught in the rain, at times it seemed as though the Lord was holding back the rain just until we had our camp pitched. For these and many other mercies that are continually bestowed upon us we praise our Lord.

We are now settled down to the common daily round of Station life, sending out our native helpers weekly, and visiting near-by villages as opportunity offers. We have a unique happening here. The chief of this immediate vicinity, Kapijimpanga, has accepted our invitation and has come to the Station for medical treatment. We don't know how long he will stay, but pray that the Lord will touch his heart to receive of the ministration of the Great Physician to the healing of his soul.



# An Urgent Need. <sup>p 75</sup>

Chisalala, N. Rhodesia. A. A. Wilson.

At the end of my last *Pioneer* letter, I think I mentioned that Kapijimpanga, our local chief, had come to the Station for a little medical attention. He stayed with us for two weeks and returned with his foot healed. We endeavoured to attend to his spiritual needs also, but with no apparent results. Still, we learned to know him better and perhaps a way has been paved for results later; we have faith to believe anyway, and he is made a special subject of prayer at Chisalala. Why not also among Home Helpers?

Coming in contact with the villagers and village life during my travels round this district, I have been impressed by the lack of any evidence of a genuine turning to God, except in a few individual cases, for in the large majority of the villages that I have visited one would have thought that the people thereof had never heard the Gospel. It seems quite clear that they have as a whole got hold of the idea that belief in Jesus necessitates not seeing death, and consequently many have forsaken their faith because their children or other

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relatives have gone the way of all flesh. We had a little experience on our trip in January that impressed this fact upon us

Nyundu's village is about 15 miles from the Station, and we made it our first stay. After settling our camp we all gathered in the village for a Gospel service, and after the Missionary had

spoken for a short time our evangelist, John, spoke to them about back-sliding, and called upon them to return to God. In the middle of the discourse a man

interrupted with the remark, "I believed in Jesus, and soon after I did so my child died; if God is a God of life as you say He is, He would not send death." Then came a splendid testimony. "I have lost three children," replied John, "they were all that I had, I don't know why God didn't allow me to keep them, but this I know, He is able to keep them better than I could; He has all wisdom, and I know that some day I am going to see them again." From this he went on further exhorting them to trust in the Lord, and explaining again what belief in Jesus really meant and what eternal life really was. Now let me tell you more about John's losses and you will the better be able to appreciate this testimony. John is a man who is particularly fond of children. Each of his little ones have been

John  
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taken very suddenly, and during the first year of their lives, the last, Paul, being taken at that interesting age when he was just learning to walk. The news of his death reached us as we were returning from Musonwedzi last November. It seemed at the time as though poor John would never get over it; he seemed so hard hit. In fact, soon after our arrival here in the early days of December, he came with his wife, Kurimbwa, the only baptized Kaonde woman, to say that they could not take Communion because their hearts were so heavy; they couldn't understand it all and were almost doubting God's goodness. We were enabled to establish them in the faith again, and the next day they attended Communion, their whole attitude being changed. Their perfect trust in the Lord was confirmed by the testimony given that night at Nyundu's. Since then some from that village have confessed their back-sliding and asked for prayer to be made on their behalf.

The "flu" epidemic that swept this way during the latter part of 1918 was also a means of sifting; because in some villages the death toll was exceedingly heavy; many turned back, declaring that the Missionary was telling them



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some fable. On the other hand many others took up the messages that were delivered from time to time as indicating some new fashion to be cultivated, as in the instance of the headman, Ingwe, of whom I wrote in my last letter. There seems to be sadly lacking in the majority of cases the necessary conviction of sin.

From these facts then you will readily perceive that there is need of extensive itineration work in order to effectually follow up the good work that has already been done. All round they are falling away: they are getting farther and farther away from the light that they once had, and we are totally insufficient (humanly speaking) to cope with the task of helping them. We need reinforcements, and that need has been urgent for the last three or four years. The writer of this letter will shortly have to leave with his wife and child for a rest. Then there will be five white workers and about a dozen native workers to manage the work on two stations, 170 miles apart, and to evangelise 30,000 square miles, with a population of about one person to the square mile. We are continually hearing that new workers are not available. Why not? If God's people are willing to believe and be used, all things are possible with God! Facilities for travelling

will be provided; restrictions made by the world's governments must be removed if we believe—who then is willing? Are these 30,000 odd people to be for ever left in their spiritual squalor, neglected, because those who bear the name of Christ are wavering in faith? Let us take up this challenge, for we cannot expect those who are recently out of the darkness of heathenism and more or less newly experiencing the marvellous light of the Gospel of Christ to put "God first" and "seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness," if we who are more enlightened and supposed to be stronger in the faith are seeking our own interests first!

The task here in Kaondeland is a very heavy one and we need to be "Facing the foe *together*." If this part of Rhodesia is included in the S.A.G.M. "Forward Movement" then let the message of the hymn spur us on to more energetic and faithful effort on our Lord's behalf.

"Encamped along the hills of light,  
Ye Christian soldiers rise,  
And press the battle ere the night  
Shall veil the glowing skies;  
Against the foe in vales below  
Let all our strength be hurled;  
Faith is the victory, we know,  
That overcomes the world."



p. 103 Northern Rhodesia.

BLANCHE MEMORIAL M.S.

CHARLES S. FOSTER.

THE past year began, owing to the severe illness of Mrs. Harris and their consequent inability to return to the field, with the transferring of the Wilsons to Chisalala. This left Mrs. Foster and me alone at Musonwedzi until September, when we were joined by Mr. Pirouet. During that time we were kept very busy, as with school work, building work and medical work, together with the ordinary routine of Station life, there was more than

enough for us to do. It might be of interest to state briefly the duties which fell to my lot during that time. I had the building work to superintend, which included brickmaking, brickburning, bricklaying, carpentry work and sawpit work, besides the necessary sharpening of saws and other tools. Together with this there was grain to buy, meat to shoot, men to employ, wages to pay, books to keep, lessons to teach, letters, many, to write, and few to read, reports to send, sermons to preach, "mambo's" to hear, disputes to settle and

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of the most important steps forward that has been taken, and as a body of workers we are longing for the time when we shall have completed portions of the Word of God in this language.

On the whole we feel that, in spite of the

shortage of workers, this year has been one of real progress, and we trust that there may be an abundance of thanksgiving ascend to God on our behalf for all the blessings which He has so abundantly bestowed upon those of us who are labouring in Kaondeland.



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a dozen and one other things to do that only a missionary knows anything about. It was then that we erected our permanent green brick school and chapel building, containing one large assembly room, with seating capacity of two hundred, and three fair-sized verandah class rooms.

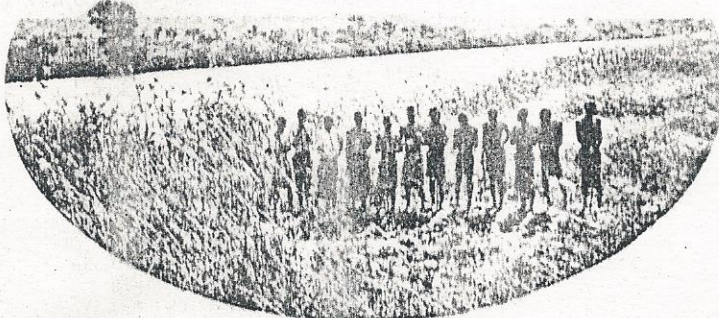
Busy as we were we crowded in one trek to the Lufupa River, which is about a hundred miles distant, partly for a rest and change, and partly for the purpose of preaching in the villages on the way. This proved to be a very profitable trip, not so much from actual results in the villages,

in one village and make an adequate presentation of the Gospel than to visit a dozen or more villages in the same time and present the Gospel adequately in none. Accordingly we adopted that method of village evangelization and have since then proven the value of it, as the readers of the Pioneer undoubtedly know through reading our previous reports concerning trips to some of the nearer villages and the consequent decision of the people to burn their "vipanda," and to give up "death dances," which we feel is the biggest victory yet gained in Kaondeland.

As the Misses Alderton and Cowl were compelled, on account of the illness of the latter, to remain at B.M.M.S. at the close of our District Conference for the rainy season, our staff was greatly augmented. This enabled us to do a great deal more medical work than would otherwise have been possible. Not only were numerous cases treated on the Station, but a number of sick persons were visited in some of the nearer villages, which deeply impressed many of the people. In all this work, whether in the villages or on the station, we seek to make Christ known, not only as the healer of the body, but of the soul.

Last wet season, in accordance with another of our District Conference decisions, we held a three-months Bible school for all who cared to attend. The subjects taught were Old Testament History from the Creation to the Flood, and some important Christian doctrine. Many who attended were very interested, and we believe that much good was accomplished. This has been very manifest in the fuller and richer preaching of some of the evangelists in training since that time.

Another important decision of our District Conference last November was that tentative translation of portions of Scripture and hymns should be undertaken as soon as possible. This has been begun and a number of hymns and the first four chapters of the Gospel according to Mark have been completed. We feel that this is one



A FAIR SPOT : Andrew Murray Memorial Field.

but from the understanding it gave us of the task that lies before us as workers in this field. We saw that the time had come when our method of village evangelization should be changed, as long itineration trips in order to reach many villages (which served a purpose in the past) resulted in no one, except those who afterwards came to the Station, getting an adequate understanding of the Gospel. We came to the conclusion that concentration was necessary if effective work was to be done, and this opinion was confirmed by all the workers of this district who gathered at B.M.M.S. for District Conference last November. We then decided, as a conference, that it would be far better to spend two or three weeks



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## From a Circular.

Blanche Memorial M.S. Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Foster.

SOME weeks ago we had a wonderful manifestation of the Lord's power to heal in answer to prayer, which we believe has greatly strengthened the faith of many of the boys. One of our boys in training was out hunting, and when firing at a buck his gun burst and injured his right eye, so badly that, humanly speaking, we believe that it would have been impossible to save it. As he had violent pains in the other eye, we wondered if the optic nerve had not been affected, and whether he would also lose the sight of that eye. What should we do? Should we rush him off to the doctor at Kelene

Hill, over 200 miles away, or should we pray? We felt that we must pray the matter through. We called the boys together for special prayer. God heard, and answered. The eye which was so badly damaged is almost as whole as the other. On close examination one notices a slight scar, but standing at a distance of two or three yards one can see practically no difference. The eye is not yet as strong as the other, but he can read the print in our native Testament with the other eye closed. We do praise God for this manifestation of His love and power.

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## News of Angola Party.

From Miss C. W. Mackintosh, Lealui, Barotseland.

WE have had a great event on this station, viz., the arrival of Mr. Bailey with his reinforcement for the Angola Mission (Andrew Murray Memorial). Mr. Jakeman, who came to meet them with 800 porters, was in and out several times lately on his way to and from the Government Station at Mongu to arrange formalities and facilities for entering Portuguese territory, clearing baggage, etc. And then the vanguard began to visit us—in ones and twos, and very pleased we were to see them. Friday was a great day of arrivals; at lunch we had Mr. Procter, Mr. Pearson, and Dr. Martyn Watney, whom I had seen on board ship. At 3 p.m. the Paramount Chief, Yetta, returned to his capital after being away three weeks hunting. We expected the rest of the S.A.G.M. party on Saturday, but they did not come. Instead, they arrived on Sunday in the middle of church service, and we were so glad to have them with us. They stayed to lunch at M. Jalla's, and to the afternoon service for Chris-

tians. The Paramount Chief, who had been at morning service, returned for the afternoon one. Mr. Bailey, Mr. Procter, and Mr. Lewis all spoke a few words, which M. Jalla interpreted (the other gentlemen were not there that time), and Yetta III. and two of his chiefs made speeches of thanks and welcome to their party. Afterwards Yetta came to tea with us all, and they seemed to have been much impressed by him—favourably impressed, of course, I mean.

But we were impressed on our part, and I must relate how. While we were all taking a cup of tea after lunch we heard beautiful singing; we all ran out, and found about 60 or 70 of Mr. Jakeman's porters, who had just arrived from the forest with loads of firewood, and were squatting under a tree in the open space which forms the middle of this station. When we came out to them, they caught sight of Mr. Bailey, whom they had not seen for two years, standing under another tree. At once they advanced towards him, dropped



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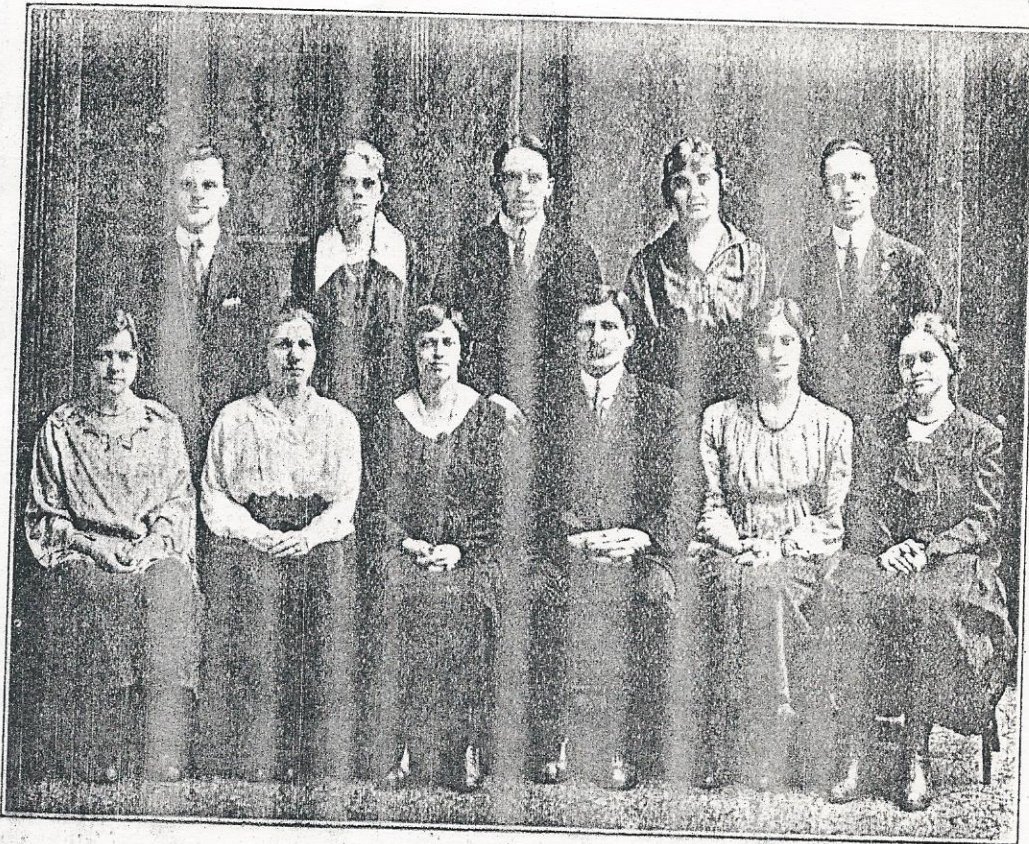
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into their sitting posture, and clapped their hands for several minutes with such expressions of delight in their faces, it was touching to witness! Mr. Jakeman was with them, and had tea with us, but had to leave before Yetta III. arrived. It was a wonderful sight to see these porters winding in single file over the plain. But a much more wonderful sight awaited us this morning, when, after

invited them to come in and have tea before going on. Before long we had the whole fourteen in the parlour of the Chalet Coillard, and after three-quarters of an hour's rest and refreshment, the rearguard of the Grand Army finally left the station—viz., Mr. Jakeman and Mr. Bailey, and their boys carrying the guns, loaves, bottles of milk, and lemons which M. Jalla offered them. It was truly a



Upper Row—Rev. A. J. Lewis, Miss Jennie Jacobsen, Rev. Emil Pearson, Miss Martha L. Moors, and Rev. J. C. Procter.  
Lower Row—Mrs. Emil Pearson, Mrs. A. J. Lewis, Miss C. L. Neilsen, Rev. A. W. Bailey, Miss Metha Dickenson, and Miss Jennie Jensen.

breakfast, the vanguard of the 800 porters began to pass through on their final start for the Portuguese border. The road from their camp by the river lay direct through our station and on to Lealui, so I was the first to see them passing my door, and the single files went on passing from 8 a.m. till 9.45, when the first machilas arrived with the ladies, and we all ran out, and M. Jalla

wonderful sight to see this great expedition winding along the plain, and filled one with joy to think of all these young people, so full of energy, devoting their best years to the best of causes. We were very favourably impressed with them all, and I only hope and pray they may accomplish a great work, through the power of God, and be kept well through their long journey.



In Appendix E of the E-book on this website, this article is retyped for scholars' use.

## In Praise of the Vakaonde (b)

Chisalala, N. Rhodesia.

Herbert G. Pirouet.

I HAVE just come in from a visit to a near by village, and feel that I must sit down and write nice things about the Vakaonde; not that anything very particular happened in that village. I

merely sat and talked with the people for a short time, but every fresh contact I have with them makes me like them better. You all know Proverbs viii. 30, 31, "I was daily His delight, rejoicing



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always before Him; rejoicing in the habitable part of His earth; and my delights were with the sons of men." I think those verses are delightful in every way. Certainly I rejoice in this "habitable part of the earth"; and so would you, if you could see its beauty. It is just putting on its spring coat. Hundreds and hundreds of trees are putting out their new leaves, and these are red; the effect is beautiful beyond all words to describe. Then I can truly say that my "delights are with the sons of men" in this "habitable part of the earth." Not only has God set me in a delightful part of His world, but He has set me amongst a specially delightful people. I have only been in the country fifteen months, it is true, but in that time I have never experienced anything but courtesy and kindness, with one or two very trifling exceptions, which it would be ungenerous to think about. From the first trek I took I have found travelling with carriers the most delightful way of travelling. I should imagine I have done as much trekking as most people in a similar length of time, and not once have I had the smallest bother of any sort with the carriers; they have done their tiring work cheerfully and uncomplainingly, even when we were short of food, as was once the case. I am writing this because I want you to know how very well worth while work amongst these people is. Let me give you an example of their thought for us.

Last year I was on my way down to Musonwedzi with 20 carriers. One day we went a 22-mile journey to reach the Luma River. I had gone ahead with my cook and an evangelist, and one or two boys who had very light loads. We arrived at camp some hours before it was possible for the bulk of the men to arrive. I found my cook had forgotten to fill my watersack, so I had no boiled water to drink, and it was a very hot day, moreover my kettle was miles behind. The evangelist disappeared, he was gone two hours, and then turned up

again with my kettle and all the necessary things for tea making. He had run till he found the man who was carrying these things, and then back to me again. The result was that I had tea two hours earlier than I otherwise should have done. The people are always thinking of things of that sort. But do not run away with the idea that they are saints. I want you to be thoroughly enthusiastic over them, but I want you to realise that the devil is doing much work amongst them. We see the very best side of them. I am very glad we do, because we see the side that God delights in. But there is a very bad side to them. It is not that they are more cruel than Europeans, they are not. These people are *not* savages. They are no more savages than Europeans. Perhaps not so savage as some! They are not living under any dirtier conditions than exist in many a so-called English "home." I have never been into huts here that are so dirty as many English houses. They are not as dirty in their bodies as many English are. They are not more superstitious than the English, for though they go in for appeasing the evil spirits and those of the dead, a large number of them do not believe in their rites, any more than a large number of English believe in Spiritism. Their spirit worship, if it can be called worship, is exactly as poisonous as spiritism in England, not a bit more so and not a bit less so. The only difference is that they have not the advantages of education which English people have, and are therefore not so culpable. They are not as avaricious as Europeans; for they learned the love of money from them, and they have not mastered the lesson yet. True! they always want a "reward" for work done. But have you never found your own countrymen dissatisfied with what they receive? Have you never heard the railway porter say, "'Ere, Lidy (or Guv'nor), what do you call that?" Then I do not know that they are any lazier than Europeans; they have reduced the art of sitting still,



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doing nothing, to a very fine one, but they are no worse than the bricklayer who accused his mate of having so distracted his attention from the job in hand that he had laid four more bricks than his Union allowed him to (vide *Punch*). All these things they share in common with their European brother. All these things are the work of the devil, who is doing all he knows to corrupt and destroy those sons of men in whom the Son of God takes His delight. But just as there are special sins amongst the more civilised peoples, so are there amongst the Vakaonde. And just as it is not the most gross sins, but the most subtle, that it is difficult to make the European see are sin, so it is amongst the Vakaonde. There are with them certain things which make it difficult for them to become Christians. Certain customs which are inimical to the Faith, which the devil has introduced. These have in some cases a show of good which makes them all the harder to combat. For instance, women will not speak in front of a lot of men in school, neither will they listen at a meeting in the village where there are a lot of men; so that it is impossible for a man to get a proper hearing for the Gospel message from them. It would be a matter of "Bumvu" (that is "shame") for them to listen, or to lift their eyes to the speaker. It was a difficulty to get the only baptised Kaonde woman to come to the Lord's Supper with men, and sit on the same bench with them; certain of the men she might not sit next because she was connected with them by marriage; to do so was a matter of "Bumvu." One can understand how such laws tended to combat immorality in a community where there is little privacy and scanty clothing, but they are a barrier which requires breaking down and which must be broken down with care lest the doing so destroys the restraint there is in them. Then take another matter. It is a sign of weakness in an individual to confess that he is guilty of any offence. It may be quite well known that a particular person is guilty, but he will not confess, though

he knows that all know his guilt, lest he be thought to be weak: another clever piece of work on the devil's part. Now consider another thing. A man may help his relations in cases of sickness but it would be weak of him to help any member of another family. The other day a man arrived here having carried his younger brother, a full-grown man, on his shoulders for twenty miles, in order that we might treat his ulcerated leg. He was pretty well done up when he arrived. The other side of the picture we saw a short time ago, strikingly illustrated, though I only tell you this instance of what is common. I went to a village and was asked by the headman to see a man who had a bad ulcer. I went into the hut and there I saw the poor fellow sitting with blood and matter slowly oozing from his leg, and as he sat there he groaned with pain. Of course I could do nothing for him there, but I went outside to where about a dozen men were sitting, and told them that if they would carry him to the Mission, a distance of about 50 miles, we thought we could cure the leg. They replied that there were no men to do it. I said to them, "But what about you? You have nothing to do but sit still." Oh! they belonged to another village, and all the men of his village were away, they could not possibly help him! I told them something of what I thought of them and only wished I knew the language a little better so that I could put it more forcibly. That man will probably die in agony because of the devil's plan that they should only help their own relatives. I need not point out what hindrances such things are to the acceptance of all the teaching of Christ and how hard it is for them to break away from such customs. I could tell you of the poor old woman in another village who was too old to work in the gardens and had no relatives, so only got food occasionally. It is not "the custom" to waste food on the old. It simply "isn't done." Let me tell you how we tried to combat that custom. It has been the white man's custom to give meat to any headman whose village he



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(articles about missionary schools in the NWP)

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 happens to be visiting should he kill a buck. The men and the headman always come off well. I instituted another custom when I found out their plan. I gave instructions that, when my hunter killed, first of all the old, the sick and the poor were to receive meat, then the women and children and those who could not fend for themselves, and then, if any meat was left over, the headman could have some, and I made my Christian boys the almoners. It was quite a new idea to all, and not exactly a popular one with the headman and other men of the village!

I have tried to show you some of the many good qualities of these people, and I have tried to show you how the devil is tying them down and making it hard for them to become Christians. I should like now to try to show you what they can become when Christ comes into their lives and rescues them from the power of the devil. We have amongst our evangelists here one of Mr. Bailey's earliest converts, by name John. If you want to meet the perfect type of Christian gentleman, then come out here and get to know John. He is not deeply taught in the doctrines of the Bible; he would pass no examination in theology; but he walks with God. I am sure it is no exaggeration to say that he has one desire only, and that is to be a good servant of Jesus Christ. I wish some people we all have met would take a lesson from John in the way to pray in public. His prayers are never long, but every word comes from his heart and is uttered with the deepest reverence. In two minutes he says more than lots of people say in twenty, and you know he has spoken to God and not to the other people present. John is probably the

John  
 best educated Kaonde there is, but he is absolutely minus "side." He is humble without being "oily." He never steps out of his place. He has a most delightful twinkle in his eye which betrays his keen sense of humour. With the sick he is as gentle as a woman. I saw him with a dying man the other day and was lost in admiration, and the dying man was one of another tribe. I should like to tell you of Mukangwa, another delightful evangelist; of our Peter, for he is always "butting in"; and of Karilanda, a charming schoolboy, who is in dead earnest if any one ever was (none of them are, to use Rudyard Kipling's expression, "plaster saints"); and of Kilemberu, whom I baptised the other day. To my mind, Kilemberu always prays as if he was holding God's hand; but I must stop. Please become very enthusiastic about my Vakaonde. We want a "forward movement" here, as Mr. Wilson said in his article in the PIONEER a short time ago. I am very jealous for my Vakaonde. If you don't know them you don't know the tribe in Africa. What are you going to do about it? They are worth saving, you know, and there are not a crowd of us here. We don't want to rob other tribes, but we do want enough people for the work. There are lots of you quite available at home who think you must not leave England. You are making a great mistake. No one is indispensable at home who has not got a definite work for Christ to which he or she is personally called. Perhaps your work is to attack the indifference at home, and then we shall see the reinforcements. At any rate, begin being enthusiastic about the Vakaonde to-day.