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THE SOUTH AFRICAN PIONEER.

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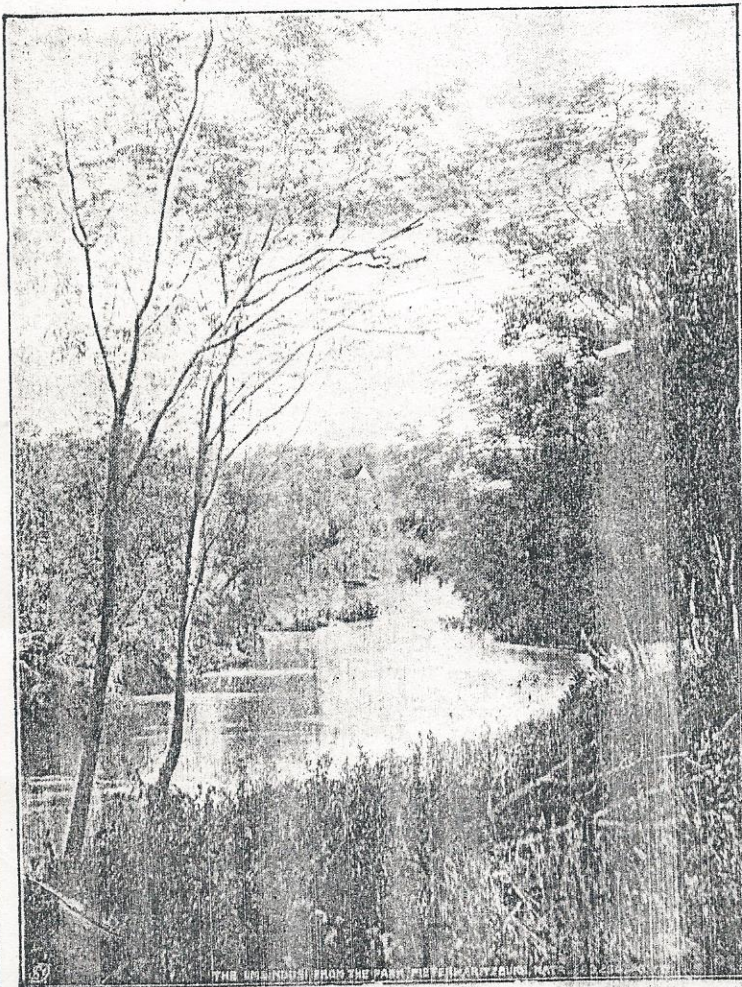
Jan

After Eight Years in South-Eastern Angola.

Muye, Portuguese West Africa. A. W. Bailey.

STAYING for a few days on the Kate Henley Memorial M.S. here, on the Ninda River, and seeing the mis-

very river, on his way to the west coast, told me beside our mutual camp-fire in Northern Rhodesia in 1910 by my well-beloved friend, F. S. Arnot, the heroic pioneer missionary of the Garenzanze. It recalls the pathos of his longing that the Gospel of eternal salvation might be brought to these tribes, though his broken health made it utterly impossible for him to attempt to pioneer another new field. It recalls the trying hunger-year trek that I made into this country in 1912, with its manifestations of the unchanging power and love of the God of Israel on behalf of His ambassadors. It recalls the crossing of the Zambesi on my way westward to begin the Gospel witness, so long prayed for, in 1914; and the shock of hearing there, on his latest pioneer station, that my beloved and honoured friend had just gone on from Africa's burning veldts to Heaven's golden pavements, and that his pioneer mantle was fluttering down seeking the shoulders of a worthy successor. It recalls those three years of struggle on the old, winding Luanginga; of single-handed endeavour to assimilate a mixture of native languages, and at the



AFRICA'S "QUIET WATERS."

sionary-in-charge, the Rev. Andrew McGill, baptise eight happy native converts in its waters, has induced a reminiscent frame of mind. It recalls the stories of his exploring trek along this

shoulders of a worthy successor. It recalls those three years of struggle on the old, winding Luanginga; of single-handed endeavour to assimilate a mixture of native languages, and at the

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same time the Portuguese language, and Portuguese pork and beans with cassava-meal porridge. The memory of wrestling the Muye station from the bare bush, of the losing struggle with pernicious malaria there until the day that my native elders flatly refused to let me die, and dragged me back from the gates of death with their black hands of faith, comes back vividly. Those days of trial, faith, and victory there on the Muye pass in vivid succession. Finally, in 1918, the arrival of Mr. Jakeman on January 1st, and the coming of Mr. McGill three months later, relieved the long period of single-handed struggling, and ushered in a new era in the work.

And now, the eighth year since my arrival has just closed; and what does a glance at the field reveal of the working of our covenant-keeping God? Then, when I arrived in 1914, there was not a mission station, nor a missionary, nor a Gospel witness in Southern Angola. Now, there are four stations, spread over an area some 200 miles east and west by 120 north and south, with a force of 18 missionaries—four of whom are on furlough—exercising their sacred ambassadorship for their crucified and risen Lord and Saviour among representatives of several native tribes, and having the joy of seeing hundreds of Africa's dark-skinned and dark-hearted sons and daughters turning from their age-long darkness to Him Who said, "I am the light of the world. He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but have the light of life." Wondering and rejoicing at what God has wrought, we find on the north-eastern station, founded by Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Lewis less than ten months ago, a little assembly of six native baptised believers witnessing to, and waiting for, their Lord. On this station on the Ninda we see another company of eight baptised believers holding forth the word of light, and waiting for their Lord. On the new westernmost station, the I. P. Huston memorial, founded a year and a

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half ago by Mr. and Mrs. Pearson and Mr. Proctor, we are introduced to an entirely different phase of God's working in Missions. All the powers of opposition, human and demonic, have seemed to converge against that Gospel citadel on the Kunjamba-Kuueiu confluence. Soon after the arrival of the missionaries the black soldiery of the Government practically depopulated the region. The population had begun to return and settle about the mission once more, when the Government decided to build a fort and establish a huge military training centre within five miles of the station. The people, terrorised anew, have fled, except for a very few near the station. Mr. Muir—a member of our latest in-coming party of new workers—is holding the fort there single-handed, preaching to natives and Portuguese the unsearchable riches of Christ, and awaiting the next phase that may develop in the kaleidoscopic series of experiences that have made up the brief history of this most interesting Gospel outpost. If aught else were needed to add interest to this spot, our first grave on the Andrew Murray Memorial Field is located there, holding the precious dust of the firstborn of Mr. and Mrs. Pearson. In the Crusades, after the death in battle with the Moors of the heroic Douglas, the Crusaders have been said to have used as a battle-cry, "The soil that drank the Douglas blood shall never bear the Moor." May we not hope and pray that the soil that embosoms the dust of that wee martyr to Africa's deadly climate may refuse to harbour longer the heathen horrors that have so long polluted it? There is no thought of abandoning the station. We are simply waiting until the return of the population may warrant the increase of the personnel, and open the way for a more aggressive work. Already several have been won to Christ there and baptised and received into fellowship in the native church at the Muye station.

Feb, 2, p. 24

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Young People's Page.

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P. E. T. S. P. Cowl.

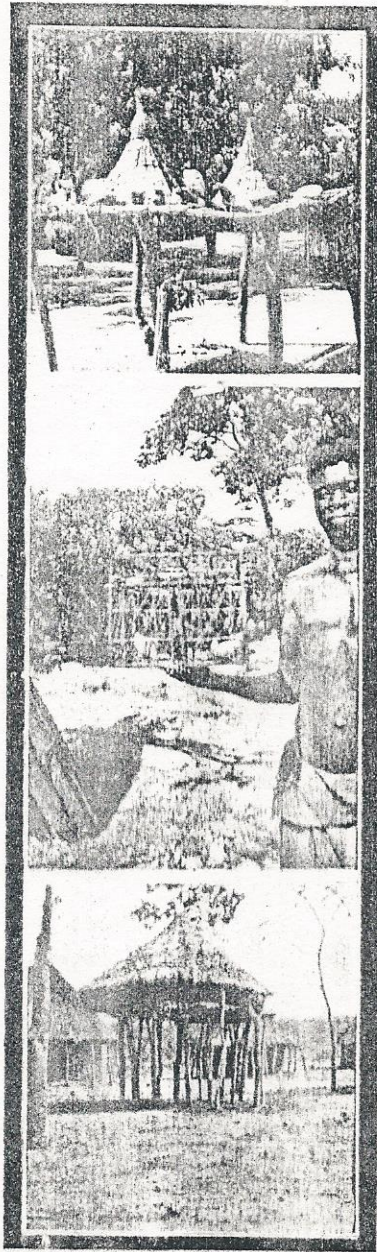
Who is Daddy's Pet? How often this question is asked and just as often answered by a wee baby hand tucked in Daddy's big one and baby is lifted for a kiss!

I want to tell you about other pets in S. C. Africa. In the pictures you will see some of the pets and how they are kept by the "Brown" people of N. and N. W. Rhodesia. Both the Kaonde and the Lunda are fond of the wild wood-pigeon or dove, and have two ways of keeping them. I do not know how they catch them, probably in traps, which the men and boys are so clever at making and setting. When the wild dove, whose pretty cooing makes the forest echo, is caught, some people build nice little grass houses for them on the top of sticks to protect the doves from wild animals. Others pull out their tails and keep them in their huts just walking about free; but when I found two of our Christian men had done this, I told them how it hurt the poor birds and how much better it would be just to cut the feathers of their wings, which did not hurt them. They had never thought of this and were willing to do so.

Other people build a proper little mud hut for doves (also on sticks) with a grass roof, just like a miniature house of their own. (See picture 3).

But by now, I'm sure you are wondering in the centre is! In N. Rhodesia, where Dr. Fisher and his family are at work, the Lunda people find a great many dear little canaries in the forest. They are such sweet little songsters, and the people are very fond of them as pets. They make very pretty little cages for them of split bamboo, and often in their villages you will see one hanging from a tree, or see a man carrying one on a journey with him. The canaries like to eat a special kind of small grain that grows in the bush there. (The man in my picture did not at all see why "a wee bird in his wee cage" should be photographed alone! and so stood as to get himself enlarged). These cages they make with "an upper room," into which they put grain and use as a trap. The bird inside sings away and another from the forest comes to join it, enters the "upper room" and is caught! Would it not be nice if we could all be such happy little songsters for Jesus that others might be attracted and caught too? As you think of these pets, will you think of and pray for those who keep them, that they who are now Perishing may know that they are Purchased by the Precious Blood of Jesus.

You can finish the Acrostic!



BIRD LIFE IN NORTH RHODESIA.

March.
month, pp. 37-38

Note from ed. for

Northern Rhodesia.

Through the great kindness of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Gospel of Mark, translated by Mr. Foster, is now on its way to Africa. The first bit of Gospel

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ever given to these Kaonde people in their own language. Who can measure the effect in days to come? What a privilege to be able to say, "We have given them Thy Word!"

By the blessing of God the work in this sphere is spreading, and native helpers go

forth to live and tell of Christ in distant villages. Schools—not necessarily for the young only—afford one way of approach. A Kaonde Primer has been prepared, but about £30 is required for printing and binding.

D. C. H.

April,

pp. 42-44 (articles about missionary schools in the NWP)

For several of Pirouet's well written articles (retyped)
See The E-book, Appendix E. They can be downloaded

"The Gates of Hell Shall Not Prevail."

April 1923, p. 42

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Chisalala, N. Rhodesia. H. G. Pirouet.

SOME few months ago one of the headmen under Kapijimpanga, our biggest chief, died, and the election of the new man has just taken place.

ask for
clear
When a man succeeds to a headmanship, there are many customs with which he has to comply; for instance, he inherits his predecessor's wives, whether he is married already or not. You will at once see that a Christian could not become a headman without cutting across tribal customs of very ancient standing, or committing sin. We were, therefore, very interested when John told us, a few weeks back, that the man who would probably be asked to take this headmanship was a Christian, by name Kimengwa; he added that the elders were making things difficult for Kimengwa.

One day we had a talk with Kimengwa, and told him that we would back him up with prayer, and with any other help we could give him, for a missionary cannot deliberately interfere with tribal custom. He told us that one thing was hindering him; the elders wished him to place his gun at the crossroads, then to invoke the dead man whom he was to succeed, asking him to give the gun power to kill animals (the

clash
killing of meat comes into the ceremony of succession). This he refused to do, saying that if he could kill in his own strength he would, but he would have nothing to do with invoking the dead. We just mentioned these things to Kapijimpanga, but it was impossible to do much as the name of the successor is supposed to be a secret till the actual day of his installation. Kapijimpanga made promise that when the day came he would send a messenger to let us know.

Three days ago the messenger arrived, saying that all the local men and many people had assembled at Kapijimpanga's village, and the chief would be glad if we would join them. I went out accompanied by Mr. Rhinehart and two native teachers, Mukangwa and Maluva. We found a great crowd assembling. There must have been by sunset some 150 people, which is a crowd here. Ten headmen and all the most important people in the country were present.

At sunset Kapijimpanga called the headmen and elders together, and said they wished to hear why I had come. On his invitation I addressed them, saying that, as we had assembled to appoint a headman, it would be right to pray to

April

pp. 42-48 (articles about missionary schools in the NWP)

For several of Pironet's well written articles (retyped) See The E-book, Appendix E. They can be downloaded

Pironet influences the choice of an African leader: 1923
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God to guide the minds of those responsible for the choice, that they might choose one who was worthy. After prayer, Kapijimpanga gave me further opportunity to address them. I spoke briefly, pointing out that if they chose one who was a Christian it would be impossible for him to follow their old customs, that for him to marry the widows

come here with God's message to you; it is for you to hear and to choose in the fear for Him." Thereupon much discussion arose. These are some of the arguments which were put to us, and which were tackled admirably by Mukangwa and Maluva, who throughout were splendid. One said, "If a man marries a woman, a widow, whom he inherits, it is



EVERYDAY SCENES IN NORTH RHODESIA.

would be adultery, if he was a married man. I said that as a Christian it would be his duty to see that the widows were never in want for food, clothing, and all the necessaries of life; but that they could not become his wives. I further urged them to choose a Christian.

When I had finished speaking, Kapijimpanga said to me "You and Mukangwa may choose whom you like." I said, "Oh! no; it is not for me to choose. I

a public act, done with the approval of all; therefore he does not commit adultery. Adultery is that which is done in secret." This was answered, and another question brought up. "If the man does not inherit the wives there will be difficulties later on; people will say that it was not a real inheritance, because he did not inherit the wives, and the customs which we learned from our forefathers have been broken." Then it was

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pp. 42-48 (articles about missionary schools in the NWP)

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said, "You are asking us to do a hard thing in breaking these ancient customs of ours; why should we do so?" It was pointed out that their forefathers had broken away from God, and we were only asking them to go back to God, and to that which was in the beginning. Then it was urged that the man might be allowed to inherit one wife, a proposition which was at once turned down.

At this stage Kapijimpanga said he was willing to let the customs go, and the others agreed. They then chose Kimengwa. Once he had been named, there was nothing more that we could do, so Mr. Rhinehart and I returned to the station, leaving Mukangwa and Maluva in charge of the situation.

These two boys put up a splendid fight. As soon as we were gone some of the headmen began trying to make Kimengwa consent to follow their customs. They told Kapijimpanga that it was very bad that he had consulted the missionaries and Christians, and that we should wipe out all their customs. Some of these men had themselves made profession. Mukangwa and Maluva debated with them, but made no impression. They then went aside and prayed for power; when they returned Kapijimpanga yielded, and from that moment he was their ally. The fight went on all night. At one time Kapijimpanga saw a headman talking to Kimengwa, and he told Mukangwa to go and help him, saying, "Sandanombe will talk him over."

(Kimengwa is a young Christian with very little knowledge.) For the rest of the night these two boys stuck to Kimengwa. Kyombe, Kapijimpanga's heir, backed them up, and one other man supported them. Curiously enough, this last man has never made any pretence of being a Christian. The rest either were active in their opposition or kept silence. The morning came, and the hour for publicly making the appointment. Kapijimpanga over-ruled all the others, and it was decided that Kimengwa should inherit, and that he should not marry either of the widows. The old woman he will look after, and Kapijimpanga has decided to look after the young one himself. Kimengwa said, "There is one thing, if you want me to invoke the dead I will not do it; I will throw away the headmanship before I do such a thing." Kapijimpanga replied, "You shall be made to follow no other customs but those of God." So the matter ended, all agreeing in the end that, as he was a Christian, the customs of the people might be dispensed with.

Our boys are delighted, for they have seen in operation the power of God to deliver. No such thing has ever before happened in the villages. This is the fruit of the faithful witness of John. It is, we feel, a big thing, and we have much to give praise for. Every effort will be made by the people to turn Kimengwa back to evil, and we know the fight is not yet near an end.

Ap ~~at~~ pp 47-48 (articles about missionary schools in the NWP)

The Way of Extension.

Musonweji, N. Rhodesia. E. M. Shoosmith.

EARLY in December Miss Bartling and I paid the first visit to our new out-schools. They are situated 27 and 21 miles from the Station respectively, and each school is in charge of two boys.

In the one village, Kabuka's, the people were indifferent to the Gospel, and it was difficult to get them together, though there are some believers who are, we think, learning more of the Lord. In the mornings upward of 50 children gather for school. The session begins with Scripture and prayer, the lessons at present being taken from the first chapters of Genesis. Afterwards, these are divided into four classes for reading and writing. The adults' school is held in the afternoon, and some of them are making rapid progress.

After four days we moved to Kape-shi's, the other centre, and there we were greatly encouraged. The village is not

large, but nearly everyone attends school regularly. Since it was started by Mr. Wilson in November, 15 people have confessed their belief in the Lord Jesus Christ. This profession may mean much or little so far as conversion is concerned, but it shows a willingness to hear and a desire to understand the Gospel, for which we praise God. The boys in charge are striving to lead these into a further knowledge of the truth, and hold a class for Christians on Sunday afternoon.

Another encouraging feature of the work here is the way in which Kausa's wife is helping him. She is evidently a leader of others, and does her best to help the backward ones. When the teachers come in to join us at the Lord's Table, this girl herself preaches in the village. One incident impressed us during our stay. The headman, who has four wives, was telling us that "he had

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believed of old," and she immediately said, "Oh, if that is so, why do you do so and so?" naming things which she knows to be inconsistent with Christian life. It is good to see this fearlessness in denouncing sin, and we pray that she may be greatly used of God. She is asking to be baptised, and is to be instructed with two other women who have also expressed this desire.

Kuyena and his wife are to be baptised shortly. These have been on probation for a long time and show signs of spiritual growth, and quite lately have given a splendid testimony. Their baby girl died in the village, and their relatives wanted to "cry" and perform the usual death ceremonies. These two refused, saying that they were Christians, and that their baby should have a Christian burial. The father buried the body, and preached to the people at the graveside. The villagers were astonished to see a

Kaonde man and woman so quiet and calm; yes, even rejoicing in the presence of death. They said to the mother, "When you go to bed and miss your baby, then you will call us and want to cry," but for three weeks they remained there preaching, their lives showing forth the power of the Gospel to save and to keep. Then they returned, bringing us the names of 23 who had professed to believe, as a result of what they had seen in the lives of these two.

Thus, the Gospel is being sounded forth in services, village visitation, and, most powerfully of all, in the lives of those who are proving that we have a Saviour Who is mighty to keep even in "darkest Africa."

"Keep on praying, the Lord is nigh,
Keep on praying, He'll hear your cry,
God has promised, and He is true,
Keep on praying, He'll answer you."

July "Shadows and Sunshine."

p. 78 Musonweji, N. Rhodesia. A. A. Wilson.

THE experiences of the last few months may well be likened to Shadows and Sunshine, but in the taking of the retrospect we once more find that by the sure mercies of God the shadows that came have been followed by the sunshine.

We were perplexed when scarcity of food visited us, and when at the same time funds were low, so that from two sides we were compelled to close down our school. True, we managed to struggle along and finish the new dwelling house to the completion of the roof; but, when the new year came, instead of being able to open school, we had to send nearly all the girls and boys to their villages to relieve the feeding proposition, even to the depleting of our little domestic staffs, and then things seemed bad. It was right there that the Devil gave us one of his characteristic thrusts. When the number of church members is less than twenty, after a number of years of patient endeavour, it is no easy thing to see one relapse into oldtime confidence in native quackery, and then another flagrantly dishonour his Lord. The joy that came as a palliative in the latter case was occasioned by the fact that the whole matter was shown up by the delinquent's fellow church-members, after they had lovingly but vainly endeavoured to help him in his weakness. They knew that many of their fellows would not correctly estimate their motives, but they were willing to face the criticism. The after-effects are now being evidenced in some villages: "Look at —; how can we believe?" But the Lord has met and overcome that kind of thing all down the ages; hence we have sunshine after shadows.

Now for these rifts between the clouds. Whilst visiting her relatives, one of our Christian women lost her

baby. As speedily as possible the father covered the forty miles between the station and the village. He found his wife quietly grieving and the villagers wondering that a Kaonde woman could be so quiet. Why was she not wailing, beating her breast, throwing herself down in abject misery and despair, as is the custom, and calling upon her ancestors in her grief?—Surely she would wail in the night, when the darkness gathered, for then she would miss her child! But what was the actual experience? No relatives were permitted to wail; the mother prayed at the graveside and led in the singing of a hymn; and, when the father arrived, he held Gospel meetings, and together husband and wife witnessed for the Lord of Life, and their fellows saw parents sorrowing, yet full of joy in the hope of the resurrection. The outcome is that many in the villages are asking for teachers, and we had the joy of baptizing husband and wife on New Year's Day.

Recently a short trip was made by eight evangelists, two to each of the points of the compass. From the South-west, the district in which resides the dismissed native worker, comes the news of distinct opposition to the preaching of the Gospel and the sound of "there is nothing in it." From two other points "some believed," and from the other, "why don't you come oftener? Send us teachers."

One of our three baptised women has gone to her rest, but three others, wives of teachers, may be baptised on Easter Sunday. The husband of the translated one testified to wonderful peace when the departure took place, whilst her believing parents in this, their new trial, stepped farther forward in practical faith.

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And now we have reopened school, and next week start out to recommence our two out-schools, and to open a third. The "cloudy," rainy season is almost

finished; soon the ripened harvest will be gathered in, and then follows the "sunshine" season.

Pray for us!

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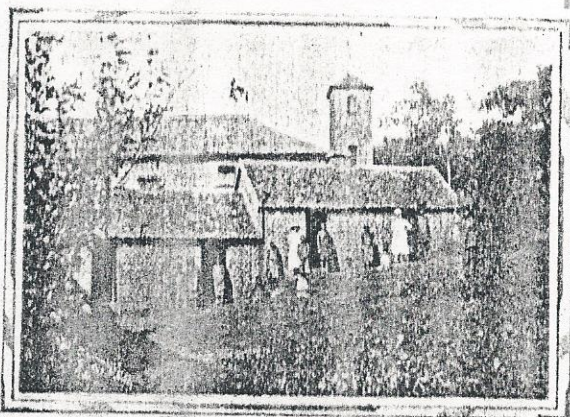
(articles about missionary schools in the NWP)

p. 103 MUSONWEJI.

A. A. AND M. L. WILSON, E. M. SHOO-SMITH, I. BARTLING, AND P. MABEN.

ANNUAL Reports usually call for facts and figures; but, as these are mostly at the station, they are beyond the reach of one who is on trek.

Mr. and Mrs. Foster and Miss Cowl have been on furlough, but the coming of new workers early in the year brought some of the needed reinforcements, and those same workers have given of their best. The visit of Mr. Bowen was a time of great refreshing to all, and helped to strengthen us



CHIDIDI GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL. The Dormitories.

for the testing times that came later, with the food and funds stringency and the consequent closing of our schools. It was not until March that we were able to open our boarding school, but in God's grace all needs have been met and the attendance has been good. The daily Gospel services, the Sunday meetings, and the other regular meetings have been maintained, whilst a women's Bible class and a children's Sunday school have been organised with profitable results. The neighbouring villages have been visited regularly on the Sabbath and very frequently during the week.

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From one of these requests have come to us to conduct burial services. More distant villages have been reached by the native Christians and good reports brought in, though in some cases indifference has been manifested.

There have been a few baptisms, and splendid testimony has been given in individual cases. Our first two out-schools have been opened, and a third was commenced recently in the centre of a group of four villages, where we hope for improvement after a poor start. The poor attendance is another result of the shortage of food that prevailed a short time ago, and our teachers are still having great difficulty in procuring their food supplies.

The medical department report shows a busy year, for over 8,000 treatments have been given for various ailments, such as ulcers, sore eyes, coughs, etc., whilst cases of sickness necessitating constant visitation number 49. Each morning the dispensary is opened the patients are gathered for prayer, and such of them as live on the station are expected to attend the daily Gospel services. It is a joy to know that some are led to Christ whilst here for the treatment of their physical ailments.

Four or five marriages have been celebrated amongst our native Christians. Conforming with certain tribal customs and registration in person at the Government station constitute the legal bond. But we are glad when request is made for a religious ceremony, for in this way they learn to promise before God their mutual fidelity, and we are enabled to bring more definitely before them the sanctity of marriage.

Progress in the spiritual life at Musonweji is indicated by what took place on Easter Sunday at the morning service. Our school-church building was in great need of repair, and during the rains the roof leaked badly. The question had been put to some of the Christians whether such a condition

was worthy of the house of God, and whether we ought not, as His people, to keep it in good repair, and it was decided that an opportunity for a thank-offering should be given at the conclusion of the service on Easter Sunday. It being a season when the repairs could not be executed, the majority made promises, some men to bring poles for the rafters, bamboos for lathing, or bark rope for tying, the cripples to cut this rope into suitable widths for use, the women to bring grass for thatching, and the children's class to tie the grass into

proper-sized bundles. Other women promised food of various kinds, and in addition five pounds was received in cash at the service. We have set aside a time for the repairs to be done, and look forward to real blessing when the promises are fulfilled.

At the close of this service we adjourned to the river and baptised three wives of native teachers. It was truly a testimony to the resurrection power of the Lord Jesus Christ in heathendom. To Him be all the praise and glory. Brethren, pray for us.

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Chisalala.

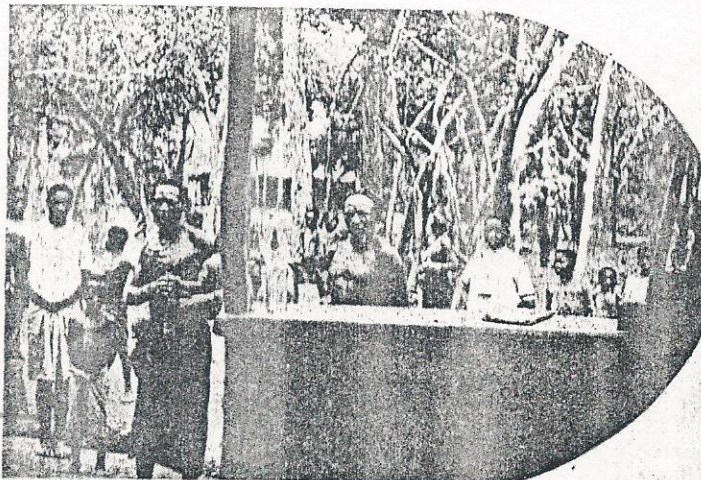
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H. G. and F. Pirouet and J. A. and M. Rhinehart.

SEEING that we have been away from the Station for six months of the past year, a report is not an easy thing to write. The main aim of the year has been to prepare pupils in the village schools for their coming to the station school for a course of two or three years' training. The village schools have been under the charge of native teachers; three have been open, and have served eight villages. The teachers have had it urged upon them that their main work is to present Christ to their pupils, and that all they teach is to that end.

At the present moment a selection of pupils is being made for the station school, not necessarily those who have made most advance in learning to read and write, but those who appear to show some desire for the things of Christ; and it is hoped to bring in twelve, of whom some will be girls.

The standard of learning in the village schools is not high, but a daily Bible lesson is given, and the elders hear the Gospel regularly. The teachers have



HEALING THE SICK.

given us satisfaction, and their Christian testimony, under difficult circumstances, appears to have been steady. We regret that within the last ten days one of them has been taking part in a heathen cus-

tom, and that we have been compelled to suspend him; we ask prayer that this suspension may not be a means of hardening him.

Little itineration work has been done. Two separate tours were undertaken, and some fifty villages visited. In some of them people who were known by the others as Christians were found, but the knowledge of these people was practically nil, and it was difficult to find out what standard of living they had. There was some difference, however, between their lives and those of others; they require teaching, but can seldom be visited.

During the last twelve months little progress can be reported. In the previous year over one hundred persons professed conversion, but their lives do not show much change, and many of them are said by the teachers to have backslidden. Still, there have been many encouragements, noticeably in the growing desire of the teachers to understand what their attitude should be towards heathen custom. We find them more ready to consult us and to tell us

their difficulties about these things than was the case formerly. Some of them have just returned from a Convention at Bunkeya, a station in Congo territory to which they accompanied us, and we believe that they have had a real spiritual uplift.

We have great hopes that the whole work in the district is going to become easier now that we have a proper supply of New Testaments (Mr. Crawford's translation of the New Testament into an allied dialect), and of some literature in Kaonde. Up to the present we have been working with one Testament between two teachers, and no other literature of any sort, and in the absence of the Scriptures progress can hardly be expected. Four Testaments have been our maximum number, and these sadly tattered copies from much use. Thanks to the generosity of friends, we shall shortly have an ample supply of Testaments, a Reading Primer, the Gospel of St. Mark in the local dialect, and a booklet of stories from Genesis, also in Kaonde.

H. G. P.

The "Go" and the "Lo" in Modern Missions.

Muye, Angola.

A. W. Bailey.

"WHEN they persecute you in one city, flee to another" (another city, not another country, as a veteran missionary of the C.I.M., now Secretary for that Mission in Canada, interprets the passage). When our eleven native evangelists, holding Government permits, were forbidden by the Governor of our district to continue out-station work in the Cangombe sub-district, they immediately set out to itinerate over all the territory east and south-east where our languages—Mbunda and Luchaze—are spoken. Soon after their departure the Governor gave directions to the writer to tell them, when they returned, not to go out again; so, knowing that their time to evangelise legally was

short, we set about praying that special power might attend their preaching on this trip. Hitherto, natives in this region have been shy of braving the sjamboks (hippo-hide whips) of the black soldiers, and the unpleasantness of the Government prisons, by preaching contrary to Government orders.

For some days past these young men, ten of them converts from the local tribes since the beginning of the work in this country in 1914, have been coming back to this station overflowing with joy, and telling remarkable tales of blessing through the promised Presence (Matt. xxviii. 20). They have the useful habit of writing on a sheet of paper the name of each river valley evan-

6 2 3 4 1 a
 "When He Putteth Forth . . . He
 Goeth Before."

Un-Named Mankoya Station, N. Rhodesia. E. M. Jakeman.

I WISH I might make real to you the life, the place, and the people of this station, which is so new that it has not yet been christened. We want it to have a name that will mean something to the natives, but we have but the merest acquaintance with the native language, as we have been here less than four weeks, and it has not yet been written, as up to the present time the sole white inhabitants of the Mankoya District—about 20,000 square miles in extent—have been the Native Commissioner and his wife; so there are no books to study.

Perhaps I should go back a little and give you a resumé of our coming here. From Mt. Tabor, Zululand, we went via Durban to Johannesburg for a two weeks' holiday, thence to Livingstone, where we saw the magnificent Victoria Falls, and onward up the Zambesi. Almost a month was spent on the river, travelling by barge in the day and camping by night on the banks.

At Mongu, the magistracy for Barotse-land, which was the end of the river trip, we were delayed some days, as it was necessary to interview Government officials and to get from Yeta, the Paramount Chief of Barotse-land, permission to spy out the land. We were most kindly received by all of them. Then Mr. Jakeman set out with a few native carriers to go over the whole district in order to find the most suitable site for the station, whilst I waited at Mabumbu, a station of the Paris Mission, near Mongu. Mr. Jakeman was away nearly five weeks. After seeing practically the whole "field," he selected this place, and called all the headmen together to ask if they wanted a missionary to come among them. They, in turn, talked

with their people, and came next morning to say that they did want a missionary and a school, and that they would build a camping place for us free of charge. Mr. Jakeman then returned to Mabumbu, and we came with our goods a delightful six days' trek to our new field of work.

It was so nice, after almost four months of journeying and waiting, which at times had seemed very long indeed, to feel we had come "home" at last and to our own people. As we came near, the grown people came out to greet us in the native way, which is very pretty, kneeling and clapping their hands in unison. The children, who are very shy, might be seen just inside the village enclosure peeping through the cracks. The words which kept coming to my mind over and over were the words of the Israelitish spies when they had returned from spying out their promised land, "We came into the land whither Thou sentest us and surely it floweth with milk and honey." If those two last words may be interpreted to mean opportunity, that would be my testimony regarding this land.

The people had been as good as their word, and had built a very nice camping place, consisting of a double enclosure connected by a doorway and surrounded by a "wall" of millet stalks. At one end was a rude little hut, where we made everything quite cosy in a short time. As soon as the place could be made habitable Mr. Jakeman began looking round for the exact location for the station; two days after our arrival the workmen began clearing ground, and a week later we moved to our present abode, just about one mile from our first stopping place. We moved

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the first hut and all the material of the enclosure, so the natives do not feel that their work was wasted.

This is a beautiful place. Just now spring is coming, some of the trees are already decked in their fresh green leaves, whilst others are red, pink and yellow with their baby foliage; it seems to us an ideal site for a station in every respect. Five minutes' walk from us is the Luampa—a clear, perennial river, furnishing abundant water supply. Some beautiful evergreen trees will serve as a "shadow from the heat." The soil is comparatively hard, and suitable for gardening as well as for brick-making. There are many people just here—15 villages with at least 500 people within easy walking distance; and though the population of Mankoya is scattered, there are many people in every direction, and we believe this will be a good centre for reaching the whole field.

Our house for the present is a little thatched room about 12 feet by 12, with dry grass on the ground for a floor. It serves as dining-room, kitchen, and sitting room, our tent still providing our sleeping apartments; it is very cosy in its way, and seems almost palatial after the first one. Although we have been here a little less than four weeks, God has sent all the workmen we need, and abundance of food for them. This is a forest country, and the work of clearing the ground and building the station is not a small one, and the rains may be expected after next month, so there is need of haste. The frame of our house is up, and we hope in three weeks' time to move into it; ground is being cleared for the church. At present services are held under the trees. The people have been asked to contribute to the building of the church by bringing grass for thatching, bark rope and poles, and we are very much interested to see what response there will be.

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There are now 26 boys in school; we began with an attendance of 18 on

August 13th; the workmen asked for an evening school, so that they also might learn, and 20 began this week. At our first women's meeting last week, 27 were present; a sewing-class is followed by the meeting, at which we shall study Luke's Gospel. The services on Sunday are well attended—about 300 in the morning and 200 in the afternoon this past Sunday, our third here.

Our difficulty at present is the language. Our school represents eight tribes, and there are others. They all understand one another, but this condition complicates the acquisition of one language. Where everyone speaks the same dialect it is easy to learn words, once the grammar is understood; but where there are so many different words for the same thing, it is a bit confusing. Fortunately, the native teacher understands English as well as the languages of the people. Teaching is made possible by the fact that all native languages are written phonetically: vowel sounds and syllables are the first steps in reading, and as the children learn these we shall be learning their words. They learn English numbers, and writing is not subject to language limitations; we are using type-written sheets and hand-made charts at present, and we have school also under the trees.

It is a place full of opportunity. We feel it a great trust from God. The people are as yet wholly untouched by missionary effort and unspoiled by civilisation, for education and civilisation without Christ do spoil the native. A few nights ago one of our men came to tell us he "wanted to believe." How much or how little such a confession means on the part of one who has not been enlightened no one except the great Searcher of hearts can know; we think of it as meaning a desire to know more of Jesus; but even that is much, and we praise God for it.

Since the beginning of the year, when

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we had the first intimation that we might be coming to this new field, we have been much in prayer that God would prepare the way for us, and truly He has done so. It seems the "harvest truly is plenteous," and the people are waiting and receptive. We realise that those things which are done in the energy of the flesh are vain, and only those things shall endure which are done

in the power of the Spirit. As God lays it on your heart, please pray for us that we may have vision to grasp all our opportunities in this new field for Him, and that we may have freshness of interest for His service day by day, and so we may build, on the eternal foundation which has been laid, those things which shall abide in that day when our work shall be tried in the fire.

AND AT PLAY.

(last page) of Nov

6 2 3 4 4 E. M. Shoosmith.

Since I last wrote you, Miss Bartling has taken over the Sunday School, and has grown to love the boys and girls as much as I do. Yes, I do miss them, but you see as I have them in school all the week, it is good for them to have a change.

On Sunday afternoons now I have a class for the mothers and young women, and we are getting to know each other better. We have some good times. The women love blackboard talks, and sometimes I have a suitable picture to show them, which helps them to understand the story that is being told.

Last night we took our lantern and started out to visit the married quarters. As we neared the village Miss Maben called out with her clear voice, and in a minute the woods seemed full of children, who were all coming to learn to pray.

Would you like to gather with them? Come along then to that "Kinzasa," a kind of round shed, where there is a bright fire already burning. A stump of wood or a small stool is brought for the teacher to sit upon, and the children sit in a circle on the ground. Often the only light is that caused by the flicker of the fire, and twenty or more pairs of bright eyes, and as many rows of white teeth, are about all that you can see. Singing a hymn for a beginning, they get right down to the business in hand, and every child takes part in prayer, unless there is a little stranger present.

They pray first for food, as a rule (they are very human you see), and then remember to pray for the Holy Spirit to fill their hearts, and for Jesus's precious blood to make them clean. Then nearly every time they remember Mr. Bowen and Mr. and Mrs. Foster, for they love them. They also remember their heathen parents. Do you not think God hears the voices and reads the desires of these little ones? I do. God's book says "A little child shall lead them."

Yes, the children are very good at their weekly prayer meetings, but at times they can be very naughty too. It would never do to tell you all the good about them and none of the bad, would it? One day I found that, instead of doing their duties well, they had left them and gone off to catch fish! They were very troubled when they knew they were found out.

I asked if they thought the Lord Jesus was happy when His little ones were untruthful, and they all hung their heads with shame. They seemed so very sorry that I asked if they wanted to be forgiven. They all answered "Yes" at once. I

said that it was all right, I had forgiven them, and they must shut eyes quickly and ask the Lord Jesus to forgive them too. That day they had to do a double task for punishment, because, you know, wrong doing must be punished, even if it is forgiven. Most of them have been good since, except Kimena.

I was so sorry to have to give him what is a big punishment in the eyes of these people, viz., he was made to stand out by himself in front of the class. You see, he disobeyed three times in

two days, so something had to be done. His heart was filled with "bumvu" (shame), and I believe he will really try to be obedient in future. Will you pray for him?

Do not think it is all school and punishments! Oh, no! We have some great fun together, and they can run so fast it is no good trying to play "tag" with them. I get all out of breath and never succeed in catching one. You should hear the laughter and happy voices on Saturday, when, after Drill and Chigger Inspection is over, Miss Bartling is teaching them some English (or as she would say American) games. Last week they learned "Drop the Handkerchief," and next Saturday it is to be "Oranges and Lemons," I believe.

Some of you may wonder what "Chigger Inspection" is! You do not have any such thing in England, do you? A chigger is a cute little chap that loves to burrow his way down under the skin of your feet or hands, preferably under the toenail, and he does this so slyly that at first you do not

know he is there. After a day or two you find he is busy making a little white sack, from which many more little chiggers will come if he is allowed to remain. We find it necessary to look at everybody's feet once a week, even of the grown-ups. Many of the children lose their toes, and feet too, as a result of neglect in this respect.

Left to themselves the children would never learn to be clean. It is a rule of school that they bathe every noon-tide and come to school clean. On Monday last they all turned up with such dusty bodies. They seemed to think it was a big joke, and laughed so heartily when I examined them. You should have seen their faces straighten when I said, "To-morrow if any one comes to school with a dirty body I will take him to the river myself and wash him." They all cried, "We shall see shame," and they knew I meant what I said, for they came next day just as clean as could be; I only hope they won't forget again too soon.



REAPING TIME IN AFRICA.

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"No Hope and Without God in the World."

Musonweji, N. Rhodesia. Pearl Ross Maben.

"DARK, dark indeed the grave would be had we no hope, O God, from Thee," but "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according unto

His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead"—"wherein we greatly rejoice!"

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Spurgeon once said to his congregation, "Oh, I do pray I may hear more news of saved ones! Oh, that some spirit, that has wandered out into the dark moorland, may spy the candle in my window and find its way home." This is the cry of our hearts at Musonweji, and you, our prayer helpers, are praying too to hear more news of saved ones. We rejoice to tell you that the Holy Spirit is working in our midst and that souls are being saved in spite of the mighty forces of the evil one. Every day or so our hearts are gladdened by someone answering to God; some are those for whom we have been especially praying. Do pray on that we may have a mighty visitation of His salvation here. Many little children have been coming to the Saviour, and it would touch your hearts to hear them pray for their heathen relatives. A little boys' fight the other day resulted in a prayer meeting, when seven gave themselves to the Lord.

For about three months three women were on the station alone, whilst Mr. and Mrs. Wilson journeyed to Malene Hill. During this time the school term was brought to a close and the out-schools visited. We need much prayer for the out-school work, especially for the teacher boys.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson returned to us on August 4th, bringing a new little son, Gordon, and on August 29th, Mr. and Mrs. Foster and family arrived from furlough in America. Now the Wilson family are leaving to assume their new work with the printing-press in Angola.

The days ahead are full in preparation for the re-opening of school. In this connection there are many problems for which we desire your prayers. A real victory has been realised in the way of giving to the Lord, for our people have this to learn as yet. The school needed a new roof; in response to Mr. Wilson's invitation for a thank-offering, our station folks and a number of chiefs and villagers gladly brought grain, chickens, sticks and money. Most of the station boys gave labour, and the roof was quickly finished. A praise service followed.

A cosy new dwelling-house has just been completed, and we three girls enjoy it! we thank God, too, for a gift of fifty pounds to build a new dispensary; this is a definite answer to prayer. We praise Him for healing power these days.

"Praise belongeth to our God!"

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The Diary of a Day.

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Chisalala, N. Rhodesia. Herbert G. Pirouet.

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HERE is the true story of Sunday, August 5th; it represents a sample day at Chisalala.

9.30 a.m. Gospel Service. The workmen on the station do not put in appearance, and are sent for. Only one turns up, the rest have all gone off into the bush and are out of reach.

10.30 a.m. Our wood-and-water-boy comes to me, hands me the shirt and shorts which are provided for all in our employ who attend school, and announces that he wishes to leave at once as his mother has just died. His mother has been a consumptive and in a dying condition for years, but till now he has not bothered about her.

10.45 a.m. Interview Shamende, one of our teachers, telling him that we hope to open a school at his village, and asking him if he will be willing to go there as a teacher. He replies, "Truly my Lord is leading in this matter, only yesterday my people asked me to come to them and teach them. I told them that I had my work to do, and it was not for me to choose; now I hope to see many of my relations saved." He is told that he will have no other teacher with him, as he will be so near another school (only a mile and a half away), and replies, "But I shall not be alone, for I shall be with Jesus."

11 a.m. Communion Service.

2 p.m. John comes to consult us. What is he to do? A fortnight ago his wife gives birth to a child, the child dies the next day. The elders come to John and tell him that he is now bound to follow tribal custom, which is as follows:—If a woman gives birth to a child and it dies before it

is a month old, or before the father has nursed it, the woman is called "Kafunga," and is taboo. She may not cook any food except her own, and then only if there is no one to cook for her. She may not light or even make up a fire. Her husband and she may not share the same hut. Should these rules be infringed, those who partake of her food will be liable to swellings of the chest, or to a particular form of ulcer. The taboo can only be removed by following out the appointed ceremonial. The elders bring the husband medicine, and he must that night share his wife's hut. Early the next morning the wife lights a fire. The medicine is brought and placed on the ground near food. The wife cooks food. All the people of the village gather. They have small incisions made on their chests, and some of the medicine is rubbed in. They then partake of the food cooked by the wife, dipping it in the medicine. The wife is then free of the taboo. To John is pointed out 1 Peter, 1. 13 to 21, particular stress being laid on "from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers." John says that the two principal elders are willing to be guided by him and us in the matter, and returns to his village to tell them what he has heard.

2.45 p.m. Sunday School. The little girls who have been given permission to see their relatives in their village, provided that they come back in time for Sunday School, are absent. They have heard of the death of the wood-and-water-boy's mother, a very distant relative of their own, and have decided that it is important that they should go to the village to mourn. So even in Africa the office boy's

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"grandmother" dies and gives him excuse for asking for a holiday!

4 p.m. A schoolboy comes and says he has had a row with another, and wishes to leave the next day. Told to go away and sleep on it.

4.30 p.m. Interview with Kalilanda, another teacher. He is told that, owing to the fact that many children have left the village where he is teaching, we no longer feel justified in carrying on school there. In other villages there are very many without a teacher. Will he go to help Munguya, so as to relieve Shamende for another school? He replies that it is very hard, only two years ago we asked him to leave the station to become a teacher, and that he went to a village fourteen miles away at our request; now we want him at one only six miles from us but twenty from where he is. He does not

know that he can take it on, it is moving so often, besides who is going to carry his bed and his chickens and his cupboard? He is told that, if we do God's work, we may have many moves and must not expect to be left in one place for ever, that we must be ready to go wherever God wants us. He says it is not a matter of the work of God, but of moving, and he really thinks that it is asking a lot of him to make the move. Incidentally the Kaonde think nothing of moving their whole village every few years. He is told that we cannot regard his attitude as doing him much credit, and he is given a week to think the matter over. He thinks it very hard that he should have to pay us another visit in a week.

So end the problems of the day, problems which are of frequent occurrence.