

# South Africa Missionary Advocate

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No. 1



Photo by H. C. Withey

## SOME FRUITS OF THE LAND

A heavy bunch of palm nuts being brought into a missionary's vacation camp near the Kuanza river in Angola.

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*In this number:*

The emerging native preacher

Ribyeni, The place of the Rock

Nothing to do!



## Directory of Missionaries

of the *Methodist Episcopal Church* in the  
Cape Town Area.

All missionaries on furlough may be addressed:—Board of Foreign Missions, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

### Angola Mission Conference.

In addressing missionaries of our mission in Angola, the name of the person should be followed by 'Missão Americana.'

- Crandall, Miss Violet B., (W.F.M.S.) Caixa 9, Malange Angola.  
 Cross, Miss Cilicia, (W.F.M.S.) Caixa 9, Malange, Angola.  
 Edling, Rev. & Mrs E. E., Caixa 9, Malange, Angola.  
 Gibbs, Rev. & Mrs A. J., On furlough  
 Johnson, Miss Ingle A., On furlough.  
 Kemp, Rev. A. H. (M.D.) & Mrs., Caixa 9, Malanje, Angola  
 Klebsattel, Rev. & Mrs. A., Caixa 68, Loanda, Angola.  
 Lindquist, Miss Marie, Sibyllegatan 18, Stockholm, Sweden.  
 Nelson, Miss, Marie (W. F. M. S.,) Caixa 9, Malange, Angola.  
 Shields, Miss Irene, Caixa, 9, Malanje, Angola.  
 Shields, Rev. & Mrs. Robert, Quiongua Mission, Pungo Andongo, Angola.  
 Wengatz, Rev. J. C., On furlough.  
 Withey, Rev. and Mrs. H. C., Caixa 9, Malange, Angola.  
*Mission Correspondent and Treasurer*, Dr. A. H. Kemp.  
 Retired missionaries.  
 Dodson, Rev. & Mrs. W. P., 445, Sacramento St., Pasadena, Cal.  
 Mead, Rev. & Mrs. S. J., 2232 Clifford Street, Los Angeles, Cal.  
 Miller, Rev. W. S., 710 Cumberland St., Baltimore, Md.  
 Shuett, Mrs Mary B., Alhambra, Cal.  
 Withey, Rev., & Mrs. A. E., 216 North Margurita Ave., Alhambra, Cal.

### Congo Mission Conference

To the Congo addresses given in this list should be added, Mission-Methodiste.

- Booth, Rev. and Mrs. Newell S., Kanene, Kinda, Lulua Dist., Belgian Congo.  
 Brastrup, Rev. J. E., Kapanga, Lulua Dist., Belgian Congo,  
 Brinton, Rev. & Mrs. Thos. B., Sandoa, Katanga, Belgian Congo.  
 Everett, Rev. & Mrs. E. I., On furlough.  
 Everett, Miss Helen, On furlough.  
 Hartzler, Rev. & Mrs. C. C., Kabongo, Lomani Dist., Belgian Congo.  
 Jensen, Miss C. Marie, Kapanga, Katanga, Belg. Congo.  
 Lerbak, Miss Anna, Sandoa, Belgian Congo.  
 Longfield, Rev. & Mrs. V. D., Box 522, Elisabethville, Belgian Congo.  
 Olsen, Miss Anna, On furlough.  
 Piper, Dr. & Mrs. A. L. On furlough.  
 Springer, Rev. & Mrs. J. M., Box 450, Jadotville, Belgian Congo.  
*Mission Correspondent*, Rev. J. M. Springer.  
*Mission Treasurer*, Rev. J. E. Brastrup.

### Rhodesia Mission Conference.

- Benson, Miss Mildred, (W.F.M.S.) On furlough.  
 Bourgaise, Rev. Wilfred, Mtoko, Via Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia.  
 Clark, Miss Grace, (W.F.M.S.,) Mutambara, Rhodesia.  
 Fuller, Miss Marjorie L., (W.F.M.S.,) On furlough.  
 Gates, Rev. & Mrs. J. R., On furlough  
 Gates, Rev. & Mrs. R. C., Old Umtali, Rhodesia  
 Gugin, Miss Irene P. (W.F.M.S.) Mutambara, Umtali.  
 Hansson, Miss Ruth, Old Umtali, Rhodesia  
 Hess, Miss Stella, (W. F. M. S.,) Old Umtali, Rhodesia.  
 James, Rev. & Mrs. H. I. Old Umtali, Rhodesia  
 King, Miss Sarah N. (W.F.M.S.,) Nyadiri via Salisbury S. Rhodesia.  
 Mauger, Rev. & Mrs. F. G., On Furlough.  
 Mullikin, Miss Pearl, Old Umtali, Rhodesia.  
 Murphree, Rev. & Mrs. M. J., Umtali, Rhodesia.  
 O'Farrell, Rev. & Mrs. T. A., On furlough.  
 Parmenter, Miss Ona, (W.F.M.S.,) On furlough.  
 Penney, Miss Oril, A., (W.F.M.S.) On furlough.  
 Jessie, Miss Pfaff (W.F.M.S.) Old Umtali, S. Rhodesia.  
 Quinton, Miss Frances, (W.F.M.S.,) Old Umtali, Rhodesia.  
 Ramsey, Miss B., (W.F.M.S.,) Mutambara, Umtali,  
 Reitz, Miss Beulah, (W.F.M.S.) Native Girls' Hostel Umtali, Rhodesia.  
 Roberts, Rev. & Mrs. G. A., Mutambara, Rhodesia.  
 Scovill, Miss Ila M., (W.F.M.S.,) On Furlough.  
 Sells, Rev. & Mrs. E. L., Mrewa, Rhodesia.  
 Shields, Miss Wilhemina (W.F.M.S.) Nyadiri Mission, via Salisbury, S. Rhodesia  
 Taylor, Rev. & Mrs. H. E., On furlough.  
 Tubbs, Miss Lulu, (W.F.M.S.,) On furlough.  
 Wagner, Rev. and Mrs. R. F., Old Umtali, Rhodesia.  
 Whitney, Miss Alice E., (W.F.M.S.) Nyadiri Mission, Salisbury.  
 Woodruff, Miss J. G., (W.F.M.S.,) On Furlough  
*Mission Correspondent and Treasurer*, Rev. H. I. James.  
 Retired missionaries:  
 Mrs. A. L. Buchwalter, Monrovia California.  
 Greeley, Rev. E. H., Old Umtali, Rhodesia.

### South-East Africa Mission Conference

To the East African addresses given in this list should be added, *Portuguese East Africa*.

- Adkins, Rev. L. E. Box 45, Inhambane.  
 Gillet, Rev. & Mrs. I. E., On furlough.  
 Keys, Rev. & Mrs. P. W., Box 45, Inhambane  
 Lang, Miss V. (W.F.M.S.) Box 41, Inhambane.  
 Longworth, Mrs. Alice E., Box 41, Inhambane.  
 Michel, Miss Mabel, (W.F.M.S.) Box 41, Inhambane.  
 Northcott Miss Ruth, (W.F.M.S.) Box 41, Inhambane.  
 Persson, Rev. & Mrs. J. A., 37 St. Amant Street, Johannesburg, Transvaal, South Africa.  
 Phillips, Miss Bess, (W.F.M.S.) Box 41, Inhambane.  
 Pointer, Rev. & Mrs. J. D., Box 41, Inhambane.  
 Rea, Rev. & Mrs. J. S., Box 45, Inhambane.  
 Stauffacher, Dr. & Mrs. C. J., On furlough.  
 Terril, Rev. & Mrs. W. C., On furlough.  
 Thomas, Miss Ruth, (W. F. M. S.) On furlough.  
*Mission Correspondent*, Rev. Wm. C. Terril  
*Mission Treasurer*, Rev. J. A. Persson.  
 Retired missionaries:—  
 Richards, Mrs. E. H., 270 E. College St., Oberlin, Ohio



# South Africa Missionary Advocate

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J. A. Persson, Act. Editor

## The Emerging Native Preacher

by Mrs. J. M. Springer, Congo

AT THE recent Kassai-Katanga Sectional Conference held in Elizabethville the question and discussion regarding the emerging Native Church had a large place. There was no disagreement among the thirty delegates from the eight different societies represented, as to the progress that was being made among the Natives toward a self-sustaining church and all were keen to discuss plans by which to help bring that about at the earliest possible moment.

Among these missionaries, one alone belonged to the second generation. Mr. Singleton Fisher of the Garanganze Mission was the son of Dr. Walter Fisher, who had pioneered as a contemporary of Frederick Arnot, who had married the Doctor's sister. Although Dr. Arnot has long since passed on to join the choir invisible, Mrs. Arnot is still in Africa and had the pleasure of attending the Jubilee in May, 1931. However, this is just incidental.

But having been born in Africa, learning a Native language before ever he learned his mother tongue, Mr. Singleton Fisher was able to make a valuable contribution from his own experience as youth and missionary in this country.

He gave it as his profound conviction that there would be a strong African Church in the future and that we were on the eve of tremendous things. Though himself born and bred among the Natives, he told us that he had been surprised of late to find the Natives reaching the people with illustrations far outside of his own ken. The Native still needs far, far more training than he now has in the Bible, Church history, and many other things, but given these he has the native background which enables him to present the Gospel message as no missionary can possibly do.

For example, they were having a service one day out in the villages and

one of the Natives was preaching on sin. The Natives did not seem to be particularly interested, for sin is something the Natives do not sense very keenly. All at once the young preacher startled his missionary teacher and the congregation at the same time by shouting "munyayi." It was a new word to the white man but the Natives at once sat up and took notice and it was perfectly evident that it had a particular meaning for them.

Later on he learned that the word was the name of a particular fungus growth which comes on trees. It finally goes rotten at the heart and often falls off of itself. It had been incorporated into a legend or parable. The *munyayi* forced itself onto the tree and held on for a long time in spite of all the tree could do to shake it off. But when it grew rotten to the heart and realized it must fall, cried out to the tree to save it but the tree retorted, "If you are so rotten that you cannot save yourself, neither can I save you." The substance of this story had been made into a proverb which was a part of the very woof and warp of native life. Therefore when the preacher called out "munyayi" as an illustration of sin, every Native in that village got the message without any necessary amplification.

On another occasion he heard a Native preaching to the people about their need of God. Any Native will acquiesce cheerfully that they do need God but it really does not mean anything in their lives and actions. So these Natives were listening with their usual politeness until they heard the word Sansambo when they quickened instantly and were all attention and alert.

Now Sansambo was, so runs the legend, a native hunter. A plague swept over his village and left him alone with no near relatives so he decided that he would go forth to some of the very distant ones of whom he had heard and find relatives with whom he could settle.

Native African life is based almost exclusively on the family, clan and tribal life so that it is the obvious thing that Sansambo should go in search of his own kin when smallpox or some other pest had taken all who were nearest to him.

But Sansambo was a shrewd man as well as hunter and he only wanted those relatives who were worth while. So he got a small boy to go along with him and help him to find out who was who. When he reached the first village where he had relatives, he made himself known to them and they greeted him with great joy and told him that they had heard of his mighty prowess as a hunter and begged that he would settle down and make his home among them.

He agreed but said that he had lost his gun and would have to borrow one before he could go out shooting. Would they let him have the best one they had? Sure they would and so he and the small boy went off alone onto the veld and he bagged his game. On his return, he stopped some miles away and told the boy to go to the village and tell the people that Sansambo had shot an eland and a roanbuck. But he had burst the gun and Sansambo himself was dead.

"Now listen to what they say, come back and tell me. I will hide at such a place and you tell me just what the people say before they come to the meat."

So the boy went to the village and told the people that Sansambo had killed an eland and a roanbuck and the people began to shout for joy and jump and dance. "But," he added, "He burst the gun and Sansambo himself is dead."

Hearing this the people were in a towering rage and cursed Sansambo up and down for breaking the best gun in the village and they said it served him right that he died as a result. So the boy carried the news to Sansambo who went to the place where the meat was and when the people saw him, they berated the boy soundly for telling lies and breaking their hearts. They assured Sansambo how greatly they rejoiced that he was not dead but still alive and would he always remain with his devoted relatives.

But Sansambo gave them back the gun



and told them to cut up the meat and eat it. He himself was going on for it was evident that all they wanted of him was what they could get from him. And he left them.

He pursued his search for relatives following out the same plan till at last he came to a village where the people when they heard the dire news, began to weep and say, "What do we care for the gun? And we can never eat the meat for our sorrow at losing Sansambo himself. Let us see where he died and we will bring him in and bury him and weep for him a month as for a chief. Show us where he was killed." So Sansambo then knew that he had found real relatives who would love him for his own sake. So it was with God. Such an illustration was obvious to the dullest old man in the village and to the most hardened heathen.

It was something like that which pierced the sodden brain of Ndakala who was an addict of hemp smoking till he had all but lost human consciousness. He saw a Native with a New Testament and heard a similar sermon. He had heard the white man time and again but "it was the white man's religion" and had nothing to do with him. But the Spirit smote him as the Native preached and he was brought under an agony of sin. He sought out Seveye, a native evangelist and they said that for two whole weeks, he scarcely ate and wept continually till his brother tribesman was able to show him how to trust in the Saviour and ever since, he has been a tremendous presenter of Christ wherever he goes.

Then there was the case of Lucy. She had been converted at the Methodist Mission under Mr. Brinton's preaching. But according to custom, she had been given to a man as his wife when she was scarcely more than a child. He was always on the move and she seldom even met a Christian much less attend a church. Finally they drifted onto the railroad construction camps where her husband did a thriving business for a long time.

Here she found an older woman by the name of Fotoma who was holding meetings with the women, some of whom had belonged to churches, some were backsliders and many had never heard the Gospel before. Lucy's love for Christ had become practically dead in the intervening years but as she heard Fotoma, she was touched to the quick and the dying ember became a blaze of flame for her Saviour.

She had learned to read and write at the Mission and Fotoma told her she must buy a New Testament which she did the next time the colporteur came

around. At the start it was hard to remember even the letters but little by little it all came back and Lucy fed the flame of her love on the Master's words. Her husband was so angry that he left the lucrative trade and went off where he said she would not mix with that ranting crowd.

But she immediately began to tell the story of Jesus to the heathen around her. They reviled her and jeered and sneered but she kept on. She worked hard in her garden as did the other women. Finally there were two young men who had also been at a mission and had learned to read but who had shamefully backslidden when they had returned to their village and as they heard Lucy they too were conscience smitten and turned to Christ and a stream of converts has followed.

"We must give the Natives the very best we have," said Mr. Fisher, "especially of the Bible, not so much as to what is in it but to enable them to get out what is in it. If we missionaries

are going to be of any use out here, we must be saturated with the Bible. The Native is trained in making deductions. It is a part of his daily life.

"For example he is walking along the trail and sees a broken branch or leaf of a bush from which he makes the deduction that a wild pig passed here a few hours ago. A touch of white clay shows that it came from a certain stream and was going away from it. She was headed for certain roots to be found on ahead, for he discerned that it must be a female and that she had five little ones with her. All this he deducts from a torn leaf which catches his eye first. Thus the Native needs to be led to make his own deductions in the Bible at first hand. He must be taught church history for his background and many, many other things by the missionary by example as well as by word of mouth. But it is the emerging Native Pastor and Evangelist who will and must eventually lead his own people and head up the emerging Native Church."

## CHRISTMAS AT OLD UMTALI

by Mildred Colcord Gates, Rhodesia

ABOUT 3:30 Christmas morning we were awakened by the singing of "Silent Night" outside our window. So soft and beautiful the Christmas hymns are in the Chimanyika. Six of the Pastor-Teachers went from house to house singing their carols. At 5:30 was the Christmas service at the Church. The Church was beautiful with plants and on the communion table was a white cross at the foot of which we were to place our "Gifts for the King." We do not have snow and holly and mistletoe, but we do have the same Christmas as our home people for the Christ of Bethlehem knows no limitations of geography or race.

There were not as many of us as usual, for school had closed three weeks before and many of the girls and most of the boys had gone either to their own kraals or to visit friends. A list was prepared containing the names of fathers, mothers, boys, girls, babies born since last Christmas. We found we had over one hundred men and women, about one hundred and ninety boys and girls, twenty-two babies, besides the boys and girls in the boarding department and in Fairfield Girls' School. About three hundred and fifty in all. If your shopping list appalls you what would you have done faced with that? And the place to get the gifts

was either from our shelves or from our pockets for no other fund presented itself. Due to the kindness of interested friends at home we found enough of mouth organs, balls, handkerchiefs, packets of needles, etc. for each child to have a gift, and enough baby garments (by searching through the trunks in which our own children's baby clothes are stored) for each new baby. For the women we used spools of thread and for the men and boys pencils. For the girls at Fairfield wash clothes, towels, pillow-slips made of samples of muslin, handkerchiefs. And for the teachers a pocket-book each.

And nothing, mind you, over ten cents. You really do not know the pleasure a nickel or a dime can give until you have seen a little native girl hugging a ten cent doll, or a group of little native boys playing "catch" with a five cent ball, or having a band with two or three mouthorgans, passing them from mouth to mouth. Yes, we know that it is not sanitary, but there are many things here that are not sanitary. Combs, tape measures, small looking glasses, pocket knives, sewing bags made from bits of cretonne, things that are inexpensive but useful. (not fancy pins, artificial flowers, broken beads, ribbon sewing bags.) One tiny tot was heart broken because she had recieved a



handkerchief instead of a doll, and the handkerchief was a sodden mass in her tiny fist as she tried to keep the tears wiped away. There had not been enough dolls. But a handkerchief is a poor substitute when you haven't any doll and the others are getting dolls.

The Christmas was entirely in the hands of the native people. There were committees for everything—tree and decoration, program, gifts, tea. And they did things as they wanted to. You would probably have been a bit confused (as were we) at the program for the first number on it was the giving out of the gifts, and that as you know is never too quiet a process. Outside a fire was being built and a line of buckets was arriving with water for tea. They had decorated their Location hall with greens and put some branches together for a tree which they had trimmed with chains of colored paper. Goats had been killed for the boys and girls and for the married

people. Their "feast" would consist of goat meat and corn mush.

The Missionaries had their Christmas, too. We had our dinner together the day before so that our native people might all be free together for their own Christmas. The night of Christmas Day we had our tree together (having each one had their own home Christmas on Christmas Eve.) A few nights before the neighbors had all come for an old-fashioned Christmas "sing."

We had nice Christmas season. We from a more northern clime longing for the snow, the snap and sparkle and tingle of the cold, the spicy odour of the ever-green tree. But everyone glad that there is a Christmas, everyone thinking how bare and hopeless life would be if there had not been that first Christmas when the angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will toward men."

he had gone up into the unoccupied north country and started a work for Christ. Joeli not only had the best record for self-support, but was able to inform us that his wife is approaching a cure in Dr. Stauffacher's leper camp and hopes soon to be able to come back to help not only in the home but among the people as well. Solomon gave a good report and then begged to be excused. That night he walked ten miles back to his village to see how his sick wife was, but was back early the next morning. That act, more than his statistics, show us that he was a good shepherd to his flock. Titusi was seemingly a marked victim of the white plague when I last saw him in October 1929, yet he has worked loyally on at Xilakwe. He did not remember to report it, but we learned from Elijah that he has besides his own scattered village four out-appointments or classes where weekly or oftener he gathers little groups of heathen together to tell them of the love of Christ for them. Elijah is the inspirer of much of this faithful service.

Sunday was a busy, happy day. No building there could hold the crowd, but there are always natural temples in this section of Africa, ready and waiting for worshippers; so we gathered in the shade of one of God's trees. Not long after sun-up Sunday School was called and ran thru several quiet morning hours. Mrs. Rea "reviewed the lesson" getting in her sermon while the people were fresh. My turn come at the end of several ritualistic services—baptism of infants and adults, reception of members etc. Still there was for me again that joy in preaching that Massinga has always especially afforded. In the hottest part of the day we took time for rest and lunch. Then we all gathered again for the Lord's Supper. Dr. Terril preached and led in a very worshipful service. At night we met again, the women in one hut and the men in another, for prayer. Although we had had fully ten hours of meetings that day there was no apparent desire to close, and I am sure many were disappointed not to have time to lead in prayer.

Before we were through breakfast on Monday morning reinforcements had arrived. Our W.V.M.S. nurse, Miss Lang, two of her associates at the Gikuki girls' school and a class of native nurses-in-training came. Thru clever dramatization and sketches these African students handed on the lessons they are learning. Not satisfied with merely stating that alcohol is a poison and that drinking it is a sin against society, they represent the drunken parents quarrelling, the mother sober enough to try to protect the half-wit daughter and weak

## Ribyeni, the Place of the Rock

by Rev. J. S. Rea, Inhambane

WHAT a place to put an African Elijah! There it was that we visited with him and his people last week. It made me remember the first time I ever went to Ribyeni and Elijah with me. That Sunday the Sunday School lesson was about the Contest on Mount Carmel, and it was he who suggested that instead of the regular method of study they should prepare to dramatize the lesson. So they did, and later in the day, before heathen and Christian, that striking event was again enacted.

The leading prophet of Baal had on an old army overcoat, and I can see him yet as he gave evidence of the futility of witchcraft, of calling on any but the true God. The others caught the spirit and clever and original were the suggestions as to why the heathen gods did not answer his prayer. His helpers pretended to cut themselves in despair as their offering remained unburned. Then came Elijah, God's chosen one. He not only succeeded in bringing down the fire to consume the water, altar and offering, but he made such an appeal for the true Christ way of life as to have softened the heart of even a vengeful Jezebel. The lesson was well received. Every one marvelled, but at the time no real turning from heathenism resulted. Still our Elijah was not discouraged, and instead of fleeing to Sinai he went back

to Kambini and finished his training in our Central Training School there.

Eventually the still, small voice came to him and in it he sensed God calling him to go back to Ribyeni, there to work out and live out the contest against heathenism. Thus it was that we found him the other day at "the place of the rock" with nearly two years of courageous battling and not a few victories to his credit. Instead of the handful of weak Christians we found on that first visit, we found a large neat village entertaining one of the largest circuit meetings that Massinga has ever had. There is still no church building, tho the logs are being assembled, so again we set up an altar in the open and called for God's blessing. And on each of the three days we saw how eager God still is to use Elias.

The Saturday meetings were more for the routine business of a circuit meeting or quarterly conference, but for me at least they were inspiring. Josefa told of the new church that he had built, mostly with his own hands. Johanni told how he and his people had moved their village to a new and better location. Gabriel told how his brother had worked hard to build a fine house and then seeing the need for a place in which to worship had given his house to the people for a church. Almeida, a little man with the build of pigmy but with the devotion and daring of Daniel, told how





**JADOTVILLE.** For several years the Belgian Government has planned to honor M. Jean Jadot who has had a long and intense interest in the development of the Congo and the Katanga Province with its immense mineral fields in particular, by naming some town after him. The general expectation was that there would be a very large town built near the Musonoi Mine about half way between Elizabethville and Dilolo and it would bear the name Jadotville. Lobito Bay is now the main port of entry for the Katanga.

But the slump in the copper market prevented the large development of Musonoi as had been anticipated; so when the Lobito Bay line was linked up with the Cape-to-Cairo and the great event was being celebrated, it seems to have been decided rather suddenly that the name should be applied to the large mining town of Panda-Likasi.

So on Monday, June 29th the official train pulled into the Likasi station which had raised a flower garden during the past week and was gay with banners and bonnets, and the fine copper tablet fixed in the large corner stone of the new station to be built as soon as there are funds enough on hand, was placed by Governor Tilkens and Vice Governor M. Heenan; the band played, the soldiers saluted, and the official train pulled out of JADOTVILLE.

*Helen E. Springer.*

sickly boy covered with vile sores. Of course the Christian nurse happened on the scene and explained how drink not only brings quarrelling and death, but causes parents to bring terrible punishment on their own children. Perhaps the most heroic act was the one in which a student who had supposedly swallowed poison meekly took the raw egg and the soap suds to demonstrate the proper treatment in such cases—it worked! After lunch there were separate meetings for the men and women and then a question review of the teachings of the morning.

Finally as the sun hung low in the west the climactic struggle between Christian health teaching and heathen witchcraft was staged. The victim was a tuberculosis patient. Her mother called the witchdoctress. One of the nurses made up in that role and came with her followers. To me it was a strange sight, but far too familiar, I

fear, to many others there that day. At the end a Christian nurse comes and saves the patient from further cruel deception and sets her on the true road to health, telling of the Christ, the supreme Physician of soul and mind as well as body.

So our three days with Elijah were

ended with essentially the same teaching that he had brought to them on the occasion of our first visit. We came on home confident that he would carry on the struggle and that eventually his Christ will triumph and on that rock build an enduring African Church.

## Faithful Lizzie

*by Miss Marie Nelson, Angola*

**L**IZZIE (Ford) is an automobile with four cylinders and an excellent engine. It will last longer and go farther than any other car. That may be a broad statement, but it is a true one.

Our W. F. M. S. Ford in Quessua

has proved this truth. For some years now it has had only one fault—it will not be cranked.

We all felt rather guilty and mean last year to lead out from the garage our good friend, Lizzie, to make room for the new Chevrolet. Yet, it had not

been easy or proper for us ladies to push her around in the streets of Malange before she would start, whenever we went shopping. In Portuguese territory the ladies must stay in the house all the time and only visit thru the open windows.

That new Chev. was a failure. It might have been that the good Ford had spoiled us. It had always been so willing, helpful and quick to obey except in that one point about cranking. It had seemed almost human to us. Not so with the Chev. There always was something wrong with it. For months we had to take it back and forth to the mechanics in town. We tried all the different ones. Not one of them could locate or adjust its troubles.

The Ford was brought out from the old carpenter shop and put into action once more. As soon as it had the chance it ran better and faster than ever.

At that time I was appointed to work

in the Quessua hospital. Ever since then Lizzie and I have been inseparable friends. For over a year now she has stood by me in sunshine or rain, night or day, heat or cold.

It would have been too far to walk back and forth two-three miles once or twice daily under the tropical sun. Lizzie is my solution.

She has also a number of other missions in this land:—

One of them is to hunt up the Chev. when it doesn't appear on time.

When the girls are sick or need medical examination I pack them into the Ford. There always is a smile of satisfaction on their faces even thru pains when they have the chance to get a ride with me down to the hospital.

At times patients are too sick to walk and no carriers at hand. How happy and grateful are they not when I offer to give them a lift either to their homes or back and forth to the church. No one

would ever suggest that the Ford is too good for carrying natives even though they may look pretty dirty.

The car itself is a "loud speaker." Every day all around the big hospital compound the patients hear it coming and know that it is time for devotion. They come quickly for they don't want to miss that morning meeting. Some come to the hospital before they ever enter either church or meeting house. We are glad for this opportunity to tell them of God's love to all mankind and to invite them to church.

On our way down we pass the Doctor's dwelling house. The Ford with its chuck-chuck—louder and louder reminds the Doctor that it is time to go. That must be the reason why our good Doctor has a grudge against Lizzie. He is the mission treasurer and has difficulty in finding time for his numberless jobs. It may be annoying to hear that "loud speaker" rattling by



when he is trying to make up a balance sheet. Just the same he never denies that it is a good car.

He has named it Bucking Bronco because it always runs even though all the other cars may be laid up.

One of the other missionaries calls it the Donkey. He sees it standing on the slope where I leave it so that it shall start by itself. It reminds him of a donkey in that stooping position with its head in the ground.

Even the natives think it a strange car and call it "Burro," the Donkey.

Yet, there never was a time but that it would trot away as faithfully as could be until a day in June when it would not move another inch.

Just before then we had held our annual camp meeting. The Ford as ever fulfilled its duties on that occasion, carrying a full load of people back and forth to the meetings several times a day.

That proved to be too much for the old Donkey this year. It is over nine years of age. There were two hills to climb every trip. It puffed, coughed and sneezed and had such a hard time of it towards the last.

Then came the fatal day. With all that puffing I concluded that there was something wrong with its heart and proceeded to regulate the carburettor a little. From earlier experience too, I have found out that the carburettor is a ticklish thing to monkey with unless you understand a lot about machinery. Well I don't. The Ford was done for. I grieved over my fallen friend. They pushed, kicked it, and I choked it but all of no avail. Finally I went and told my tale of woe to our neighbor, Mr. Edling.

Even though he had laughed at it many times and called it names I noticed then that he, too, was really fond of old Donkey. Right away he left his work and spent the whole day doctoring it. He informed us that there was something wrong with every one of its organs.

It still has a short circuit so that it cannot stop like other cars; it has no key, and it is almost blind.

Mr. Edling wanted to modernize it and put in some kind of instrument so that it could be cranked again. Then the Donkey showed that it had a mind of its own. Whenever anyone tries to turn that crank it kicks awfully until we know enough to leave it alone. No one wants to have a broken arm.

Ever since that day it goes beautifully and climbs any hill. That is four months ago. It has been used daily ever since.

We would not argue that it is in

perfect condition, though. The last time the Doctor drove it he informed me that it was hitting only on two cylinders. I answered nothing but firmly believed that he was mistaken, that he only was trying to find faults with my noisy Ford. How could it be hopping along as lively as it did if it were hitting only on two cylinders when it did not have but four altogether and all of them pretty well worn out?

Saturday afternoon one of the new girls came down with smallpox. Her home is eight miles away. Could the Ford make it? Very professionally I opened it up to examine the spark plugs. The Doctor was right about it hitting only on two cylinders. One of the wires was detached, and another of the spark plugs was flooded in grease.

We started off in good speed. Unfortunately we had to cross the Railroad track which was too much for the tire. There was a blow-out. The valve on my spare tire was out of order, nor would the pump work. We were only two miles on our way. One of the girls lamented that we would have to stay

there all night. It was beginning to get dark. My sick girl was burning hot with fever and hadn't much clothing.

Then I remembered having seen once in Rhodesia a man driving around on the rim in a flivver. He got on alright. Why couldn't I do the same? Sure enough Lizzie limped off on three legs as faithfully as ever. About twenty minutes later I left the sick girl in her father's arms. I reached home without any further trouble.

Our neighbor walked over in the evening. "You must have had some trouble with your Ford today," he said to me, "I saw the pieces as I came along."

Monday morning our black boy, who loves to work on that car, fixed it up in good shape. It works beautifully once more.

Poor, old Lizzie wouldn't appeal to the aesthetic sense of man. It is rusty all over and bent in several places. The top leaks badly, the back part of it is gone entirely. And I have to admit that it is noisy. Still, "It is not the ragged coat that makes the Ford."

## CONGO NEWS ITEMS

In the latter part of September, there was a group of thirty missionaries from eight different sections and societies gathered in Elisabethville where for five days they discussed plans and problems. This is the first time such a conference could be held and was only made possible this year by the opening up of new lines of railways.

The Benguella Congo Railway is now completed and every twelve days a boat train leaves Elisabethville for Lobito Bay. Practically all of the overseas mail and traffic for the Congo is now by this route which is also brings the Congo Mission to be close neighbors to the Angola Mission. Every boat train for Lobito is now crowded with passengers. The same train also meets the incoming boats but the business depression prevents the same number of people coming in as going out.

Rev. C. C. Hartzler's oldest son, James, has recently had a serious operation in Elisabethville but is on the way to a speedy recovery. The medical and surgical service in the Congo is splendid. The very best of doctors and surgeons are to be found in Elisabethville and Jadotville. The latter place has the

largest Native hospital in Central Africa and the best equipped.

The Dr. Chester A. Harvey Memorial Maternity Hospital at Kapanga is proceeding rapidly under the operations of Rev. J. E. Brastrup. It is the loving gift of Mrs. Harvey whose husband was especially interested in maternity work. Miss C. Marie Jensen is a certificated midwife of Bellevue Hospital New York and she has already done splendid work in training native girls to help in the maternity work. A clean, well-equipped hospital will be far and away better than the floor of a dirty mud hut such as Miss Jensen had to use for her first patients.

Mrs. Longfield has introduced some excellent improvements in the Sunday School at Elisabethville. In the main audience room of the Church, the largest group, that of Wemba speaking Natives, assemble. Another group speaking a lingua franca called Swahili, meet in a side room with Mrs. Longfield herself as teacher. Climb a flight of stairs and you will find two more classes under two Native teachers. Thus the leading language groups in the city are provided with classes in their own tongues or in something they can at least understand.



The Brintons and Miss Lerbak at Sandoa are making progress with educational, evangelistic, medical and social service work. When Miss Lerbak's dispensary fell down a total wreck, she pluckily rigged up an empty house herself and proceeded as usual.

At the same time removing the bricks of the fallen house to a new and better site and building a new dispensary. The orphans are getting fresh milk every day from Mrs. Brinton's cows. Mr. Brinton spends most of his time in visiting out-stations and in evangelistic preaching.

The Booths at Kanene get up at five, eat breakfast at 5.30 and then put in a full day teaching in the Bible School. They spend their evenings getting ready for the next day. Sometimes the retiring hour and rising bell almost meet. But what can they do? They are only two and must spread themselves out as much as possible. Young Booth, being as yet only three, spends his time largely in learning Luba and giving English lessons in exchange. Not too bad a start towards a missionary career.

*Helen E. Springer.*



## Howard Memorial Church

*Mrewa, Southern Rhodesia*

IT WAS in 1918 that the late Rev. H. N. Howard planned and began the erection of the above church. There being no funds with which to build, the native Christians came from the various circuits, bringing their food and spent many weeks in gathering stones for the walls of the new church. The white people of the community also helped with the work. Mr. D. F. Van der Merwe, (Trader) and Mr. W. Edwards (Native Commissioner) hauled the stones with transport wagons to the site of the church. It took many months before the foundations were laid. A section of the church was finished when Brother Howard, because of ill health, returned to America with his family in 1920. During the influenza epidemic the late Dr. Samuel Gurney used this section as a hospital.

The Rev. T. A. O'Farrell, who was appointed to Mrewa at that time, along with the other numerous duties of the

District continued the construction of the building, carrying on with the boys in the Boarding school and the voluntary help of native Christians and white people. The walls of the building were nearing completion when Mr. O'Farrell went home on furlough. The Rev. H. I. James was appointed to Mrewa. He finished what remained to be done, including the outside pointing of the stone and the inside plastering. In 1928 the church was formally dedicated by Bishop Johnson and became known as the Howard Memorial Church.

Although it was dedicated yet there was one part of the church as planned by Mr. Howard that was not complete. Mrs. Howard was anxious that the dream of her husband, who died in 1925, should be carried out. Thus she sent money and asked that the tower be finished. With this gift and the voluntary help of church members the tower was

completed in June 1931, and is ready for installing the bell.

The church is built of stone throughout and is in the form of a double cross. The walls are 28 inches thick and are pointed with cement. The roof is constructed of heavy native poles and is thatched with grass. It will seat about 350 people.

The fact that it took ten years of constant work before the building was completed gives an idea of the great amount of thought and labour that was put into it. The church is truly a sanctuary of rest and worship. Its massive walls and thatched roof are really inspiring to all who enter the building.

The message of "Good News" as preached and lived by this Church radiates into every part of the native reserve. It is the Mother Church of the district with its twenty-eight outstations. A great number of natives have knelt at its altar and have found deliverance through Christ from superstition and sin. Its weekly class meetings are times of fellowship and instruction for the people from the surrounding villages.

If you would like to have more information and pictures concerning the Howard Memorial Church write to Rev. E. L. Sells, Mrewa Mission, Mrewa, Southern Rhodesia, Africa.

### Congo Sunday-School Advance

At Kabongo, Congo-Belge we have been emphasizing the Sunday School, during the last year especially, with marked success. From a S. S. at the station of Kabongo the work has grown until now there are Sunday Schools in twenty-two villages, with our Pastor-Evangelists in charge. Most of these have an attendance of about a hundred each Sunday and the total enrollment is high, 2,210 according to August 1931 reports. Old people can get more out of these meetings and the interest taken in the Sunday Schools rejoices the hearts of the Pastors.

We started with the lesson subjects, Bible references and Golden Text but gradually have added questions and notes on special topics such as Temperance and Stewardship. Our first lessons were put out on the typewriter and the making of sufficient copies was quite a task, but now by single spacing, the two months lessons are put on one page and as many copies as needed run off on the lettergraph, sent as a Special Gift from N. Y.

No requirement further than reasonable quietness and regular attendance has been made and both young and old seem to attend these Sunday-Schools as a step towards being 'Beginners.' Most



## THE JUNIOR ADVOCATE

### NOTHING TO DO!

by Miss Cilicia Cross, Angola

LAST week I received a letter from America which contained this statement: "We find it so hard to interest children and young people in missions. They have somehow gotten the idea that missionaries are all a lot of old ladies with nothing to do." What a laugh it gave us! Old ladies, indeed! I am so unfortunate as to be the only one in our group that has reached the ripe old age of forty. But the amusing part was the thought that we poor old ladies have nothing to do. I here and now invite any of you that have that notion to follow any one of us around for a week and if you don't feel *old* at the end of a week, you should some day become a missionary yourself. You would thereby prove

schools has two classes, while our Station school has nine.

Our main school has doubled in enrollment during the year (240—480) and now both Men's and Women's classes usually have about fifty present in each. There is Training Class for Teachers on Friday, with substitute teachers attending. The Pastor-Teachers are also seen once in two months when they come in for Conference.

The Temperance instruction has shown results. There are now nearly 300 who have signed a pledge not to make or drink palm wine or corn beer. This may not mean much to most of you who will read this but it means a lot to folks who know the Congo folks and their love for drink. A playlet showing a family cursed with a drunken husband and father, and another with a sober husband worked out in African style brot a crowded church full of people and interest at white heat as a sober husband refused corn and palm trees to a drunken thursty husband while children cried in terror.

The Sunday-School we find fits into our other work easily and helps get folks into the observance of a Christian Sabbath instead of the *moon* sabbath prevailing here in former times. Build up the Sunday-School. Go forward with it for the Kingdom. C. C. Hartzler.

yourself to be the *never-tired* kind, that all mission fields are looking for.

Here we go off together any Monday morning. We rise at six and hurry down to the dormitories for morning prayers with the hundred-sixty boarding girls. While we are dressing there is a great scramble among the girls as they scrub hands and face, and most especially, *feet*. At seven prayers are over and the girls scatter in all directions with grass brooms to clean dormitories, dining halls, yards and school rooms. Those with sores, colds or other minor ailments go to the little school dispensary where one of the older girls and one of the missionaries give treatments. In the meantime, I give out the week's ration money to the six or eight men that we employ always to help keep this big mission plant and farm in order, and another missionary hands out food for the morning meal for the girls. Presently either a missionary, or one of the older girls who acts as monitor, inspects the yards and buildings to see that all is neat and orderly and then every one goes to breakfast.

The school bell rings at eight. Two of the missionaries go to the school rooms with half the girls. Another goes to the mission hospital a mile away from the girls' school to help Dr. Kemp treat the lame, the halt and the blind that come from all over the country each day. I take the other group of girls to the gardens, where with little short-handled hoes they raise most of their vegetables and grain, thus making it possible for us to house, clothe and feed a girl for two dollars a month. But as I start off with my hoe brigade there are the inevitable interruptions. Here comes the yard boy on the run.

"Senhora, the lawn mower won't work today."

"Take it to Domingos" (the school handy man.)

"I took it to him, but it won't accept to work for him."

"Then take it to the carpenter shop at the Boys' School and wait for it, for you must keep the mower going, or the grass will get so high you will have to cut it by hand."

The girls are waiting and again I start off. This time the boy who cares for the mission herd stops me.

"Senhora, Domingos must fix the corral this very day. Last night the cattle broke out and slept in neighbor Kabulu's (Little Burro) corn, and he wants to beat me."

"All right, go and tell Domingos to fix that bothersome corral."

I make a third start, but soon hear Domingos panting in his effort to catch me.

"Senhora, if I am to fix the corral, you must send the ox cart to bring a load of poles. All the old ones have rotted off in the rains."

"Yes? Well, tell José and Mufuma to take the cart and bring poles."

"But Senhora" he objects, "Mufuma is sick today with *mala* (stomach-ache) and wasn't it just now that you sent José to clean the hen-house?"

"Never mind the hen-house today, and tell Migedi to leave the work on the garden fence, where the white ants have eaten through, and go bring poles."

Finally I reach the gardens and give each girl her morning stint of work; and leaving the school matron to keep them on the job, I go to see what the boys who care for the missionaries' vegetable garden are doing. One meets me with consternation.

"Senhora the corn was all eaten last night."

Sure enough, the water buck had found our bed of sweet corn, just now ready to use.

"Never mind," I sighed to myself. This is Africa, the land of every known pest, from fleas to hippopotami, and we are well accustomed to have one or another of them get more of our vegetables than we do. I call the boy to leave his hoeing and comes to help me pick strawberries. I am busy over them when the cook comes with his tale of woe.

"Senhora, they sent me to get cabbage and butter beans, and look at the cabbage. Grasshoppers, Senhora. Now what shall we eat today?"

"What about carrots? Have they left any of them?"

Carrots there are and spinach, so I dispose of him. By nine-thirty the African sun drives me from the garden and I reach the yard tired, hot and in none too good a humor to find a long line of ragged, woe-begone looking men waiting to ask for work. How indeed, answers my heart, with a sympathy I dare not show, knowing well enough that most of them will not be able to pay and will have to give about six months free work to the government when they fail to pay by a certain day. (To be cont.)



# Designated Gifts for Angola

## Angola.

### November 1930.

Mr G W Mitchel, Cleveland, O	15—
Union Church, Heath Mass	25—
Lillian Hinds, Cedar Grove Ind	6—
C B Wainwright, Lawrenceville Pa	10—
E L Embury Church, Brooklyn N Y	30—
S S Woodside Church, Indianapolis,	30—
Philip Clapp, Cottonwood, Ohio	30—
S S Monroeton, Pa	6—
S S Blodgett Mills, N Y	50—
Misses Dorner, Syracuse, N Y	20—
Mr Vanbuskirk, Cent N Y Conf	20—
Mr C Greenman, Cent N Y Conf	25—
Miss Delia Jones, Dundee, N Y	70—
Mrs L A Wood, Indianapolis, Ind	25—
Miss Iva Guiler, Upland, Ind	5—
Friendly Class, Gilead, Ind	15—
Happy Hour Class, Mason City, Ill	50—
C S Dopp, Akron, O	30—
Mary Yockey, Rockwell City, Iowa	20—
W T Nichols, Dickinson, N D	30—

### December.

S S East St Church, Buffalo	30—
Friendly Class, Scranton, Pa	30—
H W Mitchel, Tipton, Ind	60—
Church, Vassar, Mich	100—
Prim Dept Bismark, N D	15—
O C Friess S S Class, Bismarek N D	15—
Miss H Salem S S Class, Bismarek N D	15—
Mrs F Register, S S Class Bismark N D	15—
G M Register, Bismark N D	15—
Mrs Spohn S S Class, Bismark, N D	15—
Church, Decker, Mich	50—
Delta Alpha Class, Rome, N Y	10—
J C Peck, Cazenovia, N Y	60—
Altruria Class, Wayne, Ind	20—

### January 1931.

Miss Alta Enyart, B F M New York	5—
G I Johnson, Burnside, Conn	250—
C E Ebert, Pasadena, Cal	25—
S S Fairmount, N D	50—
S S Port Washington, N Y	30—
Mrs F G Norris, Mandan, N D	15—
Rev J S Wilds, Bismarek, N D	15—
Mrs Flora Matheson Bismarek N D	15—
Mrs W P Broden, Mandan, N D	15—
S S Erie Ave Church, Philadelphia	30—
J E Dawson, Sharpsville, Ind	25—
F W Warner, Clifton Springs, N Y	15—
J B Furst's Sons, Lock Haven, Pa	50—
Alpine Church, Monroe, Oregon	25—
Mrs John Iredale, Fayette, N Y	5—
Rev Henderson, Dunellen, N J	10—
S S Crafton, Pa	100—

### February.

Rev Susie Herrington, Benedict, N D	5—
J A Beers, Watkins Glen, N Y	25—
Mrs B H Dickinson, Fairmount, N D	15—
Epworth Class, State College, Pa	7.50
S S Monroeton, Pa	27—
E L Embury Church, Brooklyn, N Y	30—
Rev A J Gibbs, Barnesville, Ohio	55—
T A Johnson, Maxbass, N D	15—
S S Benedict, N D	7—
Austin Church, Chicago, Ill	48—
Miss Nettie L. Jones, Oak Park, Ill	156—
Mrs Lewis Evans, Lee Centre, N Y	20—
Miss Sadie L Miller, Upland, Ind	20—
E Meier, Fort Wayne, Ind	25—
Berean S S Class, Fort Wayne, Ind	60—
Chas Crouse, Fort Wayne, Ind	20—
C P Steiner, Fort Wayne, Ind	3—0

Junior Church (Calvary), Johnstown, Pa	60—
Memorial Church, Phila, Pa	50—

### March.

Mrs Johnson's Bible Class, Morristown	50—
Mrs Margaret Gillies, Phila, Pa	60—
L A Guiles, Wellsburg, N Y	25—
Philathia Class, Rome, N Y	60—
Baraca Class, Rome, N Y	50—
S S Church of Advocate, Phila, Pa	30—
W P Bair, Philipsburg, Pa	25—
Memorial Class, Troy, Pa	10—
John Koehler, Troy, N Y	25—
Beginner's Class, Pontiac Mich	10—
E L Embury Church, Brooklyn, N Y	30—
Wm Kruschwitz, Lawrence, Mass	106—
Miss Clara Mathes, Lawrence, Mass	10—
Ellis S S Iowa Falls, Iowa	7.50
Austin Church S S Class, Chicago, Ill	5—
L A Wood, Indianapolis, Ind	25—
W D Gates, McGraw, N Y	50—
Lydian S S Class, Clarks Summit, Pa	100—
Doreas S S Class, Upland, Ind	12.50
Church, Decker, Mich	46—
Sadie L Miller, Upland, Ind	40—
II W Mitchel, Tipton, Ind	60—
W S Mathew, Berkeley, Cal	5—
H W Henderson, Dunellen, N J	25—

### April

Mrs M A Keller, Bismarek, N D	15—
Rev J S Wilds, Bismarek, N D	15—
G M Register, Bismarek, N D	30—
Mrs Flora Matheson, Bismarek, N D	30—
C M Herbert, Bismarek, N D	15—
S S Montclair, N J	50—
Primary Dept. Dickinson, N D	11—
Primary Dept. Bismarek, N D	15—
G I Johnson, Burnside, Conn.	250—
C E Ebert, Pasadena, Cal	25—
S S Fairmount, N D	30—
Paul H Seay, Cincinnati, Ohio	30—
S S Elmira, N Y	100—
Miss Davis, Northwestern, N Y	5—
Harris Hustlers, S S Bismarek	100—
Church, Canestee, N Y	89.85
Leohrke S S Class, Bismarek, N D	15—
Church, Maxbass, N D	16—
S S Robinson, N D	10—
Church, Vassar, Mich	50—
Parkside Circle, Chicago, Ill	50—
Friendly Class, Gilead, Ind	15—
Luther Brokow, Upland, Ind	100—
Miss Dolly Fulton, Summitville, Ind	60—
Misses Fulton, Summitville, Ind	20—
Church Canistee, N Y	2.50
Church, Decker, Mich	40—
Miss M Troutman, Tipton, Ind	15—

### May.

Clarksburg, Md	225—
S S Monroeton, Pa	21—
Paul Seay, Cincinnati	50—
A Freeman, McGraw, N Y	50—
S S Classes, Elmira, N Y	175—
S S Faithful Gleaners, Pa	12.50
Alta M Enyart, B F M New York	3.10
Emily Frutiger, Toledo, Ohio	10—
G Ruck, Phila, Pa	550—
Elmore, Ohio	5—
T Whiteside, Guilford, Me	10—
Alpine Church, Monroe, Or	25—
C A Tushingham, Merchantville, N J	50—
Church, Decker, Mich	63—
L G Martin, New Hartford, N Y	20—
Baker Class, New Hartford, N Y	50—
Beginners, Pontiac, Mich	4—

Philathea Class, Norwood, N Y	50—
Ladies Class, Barnesville, Ohio	60—
Rev H W Henderson, Dunellen, J J	25—
Litchfield, Neb	30—

### June.

S S Indianapolis, Ind	30—
Primary Dept Long Beach, Cal	60—
Junior Dept Erie, Pa	25—
Rev Susie Herrington, Benedict, N D	5—
C M Herbert, Bismarek, N D	10—
G M Register, Bismarek, N D	26—
Mrs F Runyan, Bismarek, N D	1—
Miss Ruth Gardner, Bismarek, N D	15—
Mrs Flora Matheson, Bismarek, N D	20—
G S Register	15—
H C Beal, Bismarek, N D	3—
Mrs H G Hageman, Albany, N Y	25—
E J Burtonville, Md	10—
20th Century Class, Logansport, Ind	30—
Dena Smith, Sharpsville, Ind	10—
Delia Jones, Dundee, N Y	25—
Daughters of Dorcas, Dallas, Tex	50—

### July.

S S Mt Hope Church, Detroit	11—
Sweden Conference	12.51
C E Ebert, Pasadena, Cal	25—
Raymond Knapp, Cortland, N Y	50—
Church, Decker, Mich	25—
S S Benedict, N D	10—
Church, Monroe, Or	50—
Mrs A C Raine, Seattle, Wash	50—
Kemble Class, Greensburg, Ind	30—
Rev H W Henderson, Dunellen, N J	20—
Mrs G C Lewis, Fairbury, Ill	750—

### August.

Cridersville, Ohio	37—
Coleman and Anderson, Franklin, Ohio	7—
Miss L D Wincher, Wheeling, W Va	25—
Miss Anna W Noll, Canfield, Ohio	10—
G I Johnson, Burnside, Ct	250—
Mrs E A Mang, Richfield Springs, N Y	6—
Rev I F Andrews, Cridersville, Ohio	75—
Miss Jennie Meyers, Pittsburgh, Pa	60—
Miss Mary Yockey, Rockwell City, O	10—
S S North Balt Church, Baltimore	100—
Esther Armitage, Hartford City, Ind	30—
Edna Avery, Logansport, Ind	5—
J Brosey, Shannon, Ohio	5—
Floyd Woods, Lima, Ohio	5—
S S Iowa Falls, Iowa	7.50

### September.

S S Monroeton, Pa	18—
Church, Decker, Mich	35—
Miss J Baker, Delaware, Ohio	4—
Various Donors, Delaware, Ohio	20—
F K Johnson, Bowersville, Ohio	25—
Mrs McCormick, Miss Lewis, New Mat.	56—
Church, Decker, Mich	25—
Mrs I. M Webb, Cleveland, Ohio	15—
Miss E Avery, Logansport, Ind	5—
Mr Floyd Woods, Lima, Ohio	5—
L A Curry, Cridersville, O	5—
Ruth Cordner's S S Class, Bismarek	15—
Mrs Wild's Class, Bismarek, N D	15—
H C Beal, Bismarek, N D	15—
G M Register, Bismarek, N D	15—
Mrs Alice Lomax, Phila, Pa.	16—
Miss E Frutiger, Toledo, O	25—
S S Fairmount, N D	20—
S S Iowa Falls, Iowa	7.50
S S Reading, Pa	48—
C G Decker, Elmira, N Y	100—
Beginners Class, Pontiac, Mich	5—
Mrs Iredale, Fayette, N Y	25—
Church, Tyrone, N Y	15—
C D Milnes, Perm, Inc	27—
Arthur Stearman, Perm, Inc	18—
S G Hilen, Perm, Evenue	56.55
Patton Fund	1312.50
Church Tyrone, N Y	15—



## The Old and the New

THERE is so much that is good in the customs of the least of us, and so much that is bad in the customs of those who consider themselves the best of us, that it doesn't behoove any of us to belittle the customs of the rest of us.

This perversion of the old saying is as true as the original one. It is the recognition of this very fact which is making it possible for Christian teachings to get a grip on the hearts of our people here at Inhambane in a way that never could be accomplished otherwise. That is why the farewell service at Xikokotsa last Sunday night was so satisfactory.

We had been having a District Conference. All the pastor-teachers from Inhambane District had been gathered to gether for four days for a chance to talk over common problems, for an opportunity to get new ideas, to gain a new impetus for their work, and for a spiritual refreshing. They had been filled to overflowing, and were now anxious to get back home. Some went, and a good many stayed for that final service. We could simply have said "Farewell, and God bless you. Take with you all you have learned and use it." Their ears would have heard and their minds might have consented, but the chances are that their hearts would have remained untouched. But thanks to Mr. Gillet's planning we revived and re-used an old custom which they all understood.

In the days when a chief was a chief and not an instrument for a government, his fire was not only a means of cooking corn meal and greens and peanut gravy, but was at times a symbol of power and strength. When a man wished to settle in a certain territory, it was from the chief that he gained permission to build. When he was ready to light the home fire it was from chief's fire that the live coals were taken. Sometimes their custom demanded that at planting time all the village fires should be extinguished for a day, while they made their offerings and sought the blessing of the Gods on their planting. Each family then started its fire afresh from the fire of the chief.

So Sunday when we were ready to separate for another year of endeavor for Christ, we used a part of that symbolic ceremony. The evangelists and Jeannes men had prepared a song during their school hours here at Kambini the week before. There were only a few notes in it, and the words were as simple, but that, too, is in keeping with African native life. The people came forward by

circuits and said good-bye. As they passed by the fire which was burning at the entrance of the church, each one stooped and plucked a brand from the fire, and set off on their way in the African darkness. All the while their hearts were keeping tune to the song their ears were hearing:-

Take the fire you get from here,  
Light the path both far and near.  
Make it burn to show the way  
For Africa to walk to-day.  
Go and show her girls and boys  
How to find life's greatest joys.  
Light their lives, for you know how  
You have the fire, oh take it now!

—: o :—

## The Clash of World Forces

BASIL Mathews has given us another book and it is titled as above. It is from the Edinburgh House Press, London, and costs two shillings. There are 160 pages and Bibliography, with chapters on Men and Nations, The New Map of Europe, The World Programme of Bolshevism, "The Revolution is not Complete," The Arena of India, Jesus and Nationalism, The Clash of Values.

In these chapters are sketched swiftly and clearly the rise of nationalism in various countries and of Bolshevism. The main leaders in all of these movements are pictured for us in such a way as to help us to understand the forces that drive them forward.

If you want to read in small compass what is at once the strength and weakness of these movements, their limitations and the reasons for their existence and in what relation they stand to the rest of the world, you should read this little book.

And what is the Christian Church to do about all this? The challenge comes out plainly. Jesus and His way only is sufficient. "... The Jews had the richest treasure in the world, far more precious than either the Greek's philosophy and sense of beauty or Roman order and peace. That treasure was the knowledge that the Creator is one, is personal and is good."

"Jesus gave His good news of the Kingdom of God to the disciples to carry primarily to the Jews so that the Jews, as Isaiah had foreseen in his picture of the suffering servant of God, might reveal Him to the world. In a word: Jesus saw national gifts as things not to be hoarded by one nation, but to be held in trusteeship for the world... Thus Jesus blended the highest patriotism with the completest internationalism." I. E. G.

## Inhambane Personals

The Editor of this magazine will be in America by the time this number reaches our friends. Most of the articles in this number of the "Advocate" were collected and edited by Mr. Gillet, but those who have been reading the paper for some time will miss his masterful touch of planning the paper. The reason is that the publisher of the paper is trying to do duty as editor in the absence of our brother. We make no excuses, but assure our friends that we have the same fervent desire as they, namely that Mr. and Mrs. Gillet many soon return, once more to carry on the burden of editing the paper. There is hope of their returning, as we understand they left with return tickets in their pockets! A very wise precaution these days.

The Rev. Dr. William C. Terril, superintendent of the Inhambane Mission, is on his way to the United States with his family. Mr. Terril being member of a General Conference Commission appointed to investigate present workings of Central Conferences and to prepare a report on the subject for the coming General Conference, it was considered wise that he and his family take a furlough at this time. It is none too early, as nine years have passed since they visited in the homeland. This is their third furlough during twenty-five years on the field. The many friends of the Inhambane Mission will do well by getting into touch with Dr. and Mrs. Terril during their stay in America.

J. A. P.

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