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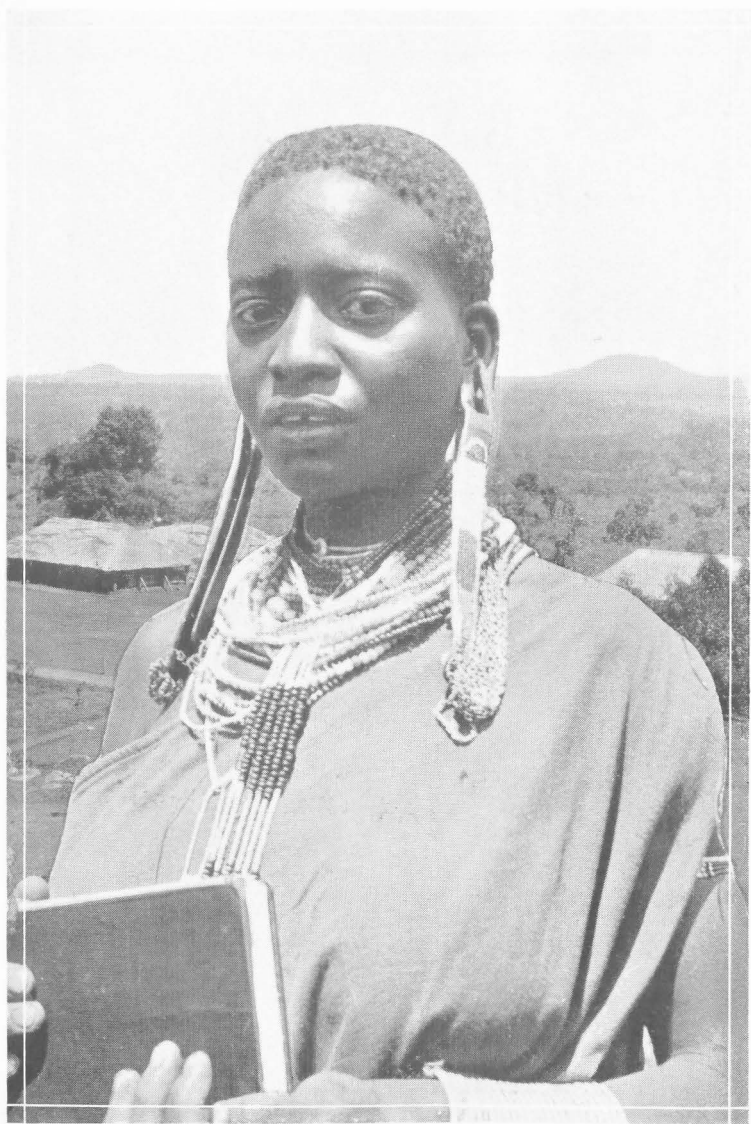


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A young convert of the Tuki tribe on our station at Kabartonjo. She holds in her hands a copy of the Nandi New Testament.

# CENTRAL AFRICA REVISITED

A 16,000 MILE TOUR THROUGHOUT THE  
FIELDS OF THE AFRICA INLAND MISSION IN  
KENYA, TANGANYIKA, UGANDA, CONGO,  
SUDAN AND EGYPT

By

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the Africa Inland Mission*

**Africa Inland Mission**

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## PREFACE

It is with a feeling of indebtedness that I offer this story of my recent tour in Central Africa.

My deep gratitude is due to the British Home Council who gave me the privilege of going out as their representative, and to those who by their prayers made the journey of over 16,000 miles prosperous.

That God had planned the itinerary I have no reason to doubt. It seemed almost as though the Lord of the harvest Himself had said:—

“ Let us go forth into the field :

“ Let us lodge in the villages.

“ Let us see if the vine flourish,

“ Whether the tender grape appear,

“ And the pomegranates bud forth”.

From the following pages it will be evident that a spiritual harvest of considerable magnitude is being gathered from among the tribes in Central Africa.

May “ Central Africa Revisited ” be an encouragement to all those who have helped by prayer and gift, and an inspiration for ever greater co-operation between the missionary and the home constituency as together we press forward to give the Gospel to those who still sit in darkness.

D. M. M.

## FOREWORD

By the REV. ROLAND SMITH, M.A.

*President of the British Home Council of the Africa  
Inland Mission*

After twenty-five years' association with the Africa Inland Mission, I am heartened that this remarkable survey of its work and activities should be available in the succinct form in which it is here presented.

It is no mean accomplishment to have compassed the very large area in Africa which Mr. D. M. Miller visited last year at the request of the Council of the Mission; but greater than the magnitude of the task, so efficiently performed, is the story of development and growth which these pages contain. That this undertaking involved a journey of more than sixteen thousand miles, is indeed remarkable, but more noteworthy is the fact that he had occasion to address more than twenty thousand people during his visit. Such figures may indicate the greatness of the problem, they must also be a convincing proof of the immensity of the opportunity.

In the face of the missionary position which this small book outlines, there stands out a pre-

eminent need, namely, the development of a Native Church which alone can touch the vast areas where there is still a welcome for the things of God and a desperate need for freedom from the tyranny of heathendom, with its terrors, its cruelties and its hopelessness. Civilisation marches on ; the African is feeling his way toward some measure of independence ; unless that independence is guided and inspired by Christian influences, Africa will develop a Christ-less materialism such as that which is working such bitter havoc in other parts of the so-called civilised world to-day.

The following pages contain more than a traveller's tale, they confront those who read them with a challenge ; is Africa to be left to the god of this world or to be won for Him Who gave His Life for the African ?

ROLAND SMITH.

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# CENTRAL AFRICA REVISITED

## CHAPTER I

### AFRICA THROUGH THE YEARS



IN ORDER to get a right perspective of the missionary situation in Central Africa to-day, we must look back and view the winding pathway of that continent during the past years. Tortuous and dark has been that way, bringing sorrow, pain and perplexity on the one hand, but on the other the first rays of that Light which "shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

"*Africa in the Market*" describes the present situation, almost as much as when the title was first applied to the newly discovered continent; and with the nations of the world bidding high for her territory, the description is at least suggestive. One writer observes that "Africa is no longer isolated; the peace of the world may hang upon the issue of a quarrel concerning the boundary of territory within her borders."

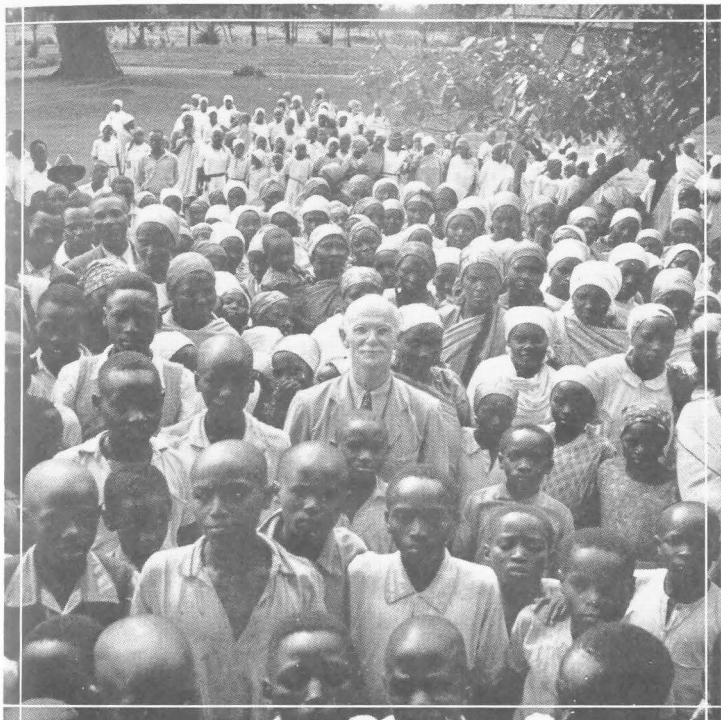
While the title remains unchanged, its meaning differs considerably in respect of the commodity attracting the bidders. To-day the *territory* is the

coveted treasure, while in those early days it was the defenceless *people*. Then, slave traders of all nations raided her lands, men of such shameful character and perpetrating such deeds of cruelty and violence that Livingstone was inspired to coin the vivid phrase: "*The open sore of the world.*"

A closer study by missionaries of the much abused continent has brought to light the religious beliefs of her peoples. These move in the mysterious realms of animism, where men and animals together with all the forces of nature, whether animate or inanimate, are possessed of spirits which have to be worshipped and appeased. So overpowering is the domination of this satanic obsession that the very organs of spiritual perception are blinded, and Africa is universally known by what has always been her most popular title: "*The dark continent.*"

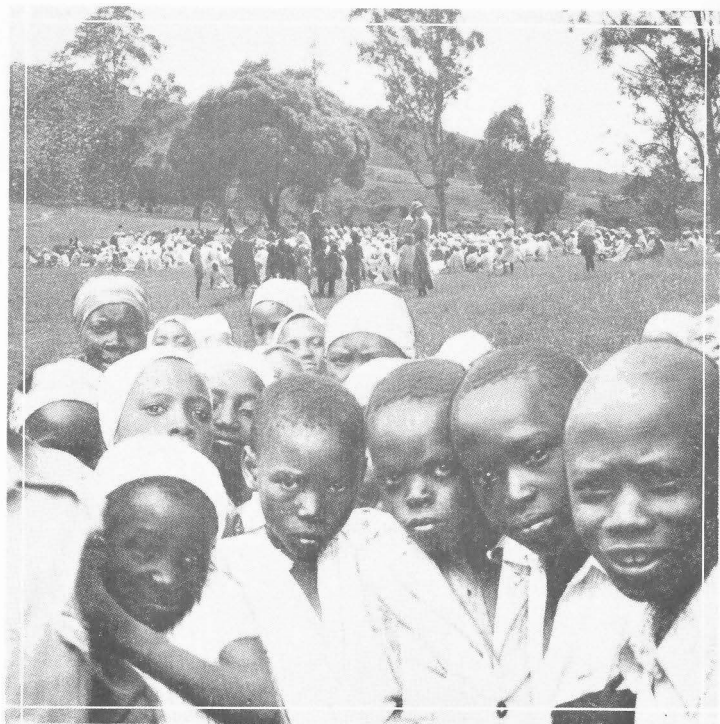
As tribe after tribe was entered, each one was found to be in possession of a code of customs peculiar to itself, diabolical in their cruelty, proving on investigation to be the very doctrines of animism. Thus in the name of religion indescribable suffering was brought on the people. It was the discovery of these things that caused Africa to be further known as "*The land of shadow and mystery.*"

Thus to the horrors of the slave trade was added her self-imposed suffering. Africa's cup was full



About 200,000 members of the Akamba tribe live in the Machakos district. The A.I.M. commenced work here in 1902 under the Rev. C. F. Johnston.

The Rev. W. J. Guilding is seen in the above photograph among some of the recent Akamba converts.



At Kangundo there is a prosperous Christian church supervised from Machakos.

The above photograph is of a native conference at which some 1,400 Christians gathered. The meetings were held in the open as the church building was too small to hold the crowd.

indeed! But yet another bitter sorrow was to be added, and the addition came through the advent of a merciless type of white trader, who, in his search for hidden treasure in Africa's forest and under her soil, exploited the negro. The word "atrocities" entered at this juncture into the story of Africa's history and was sadly descriptive of the sufferings inflicted on the people, who were just beginning to learn of salvation through Jesus Christ from the darkness and pollution caused by superstition and sin.

From the same "white" well there must have seemed to come forth both "sweet" and "bitter," for in those beginning days Africa had little opportunity of discriminating between trader and missionary. Perplexity filled their minds as apparently they were mocked by a promise of deliverance on the one hand, and mercilessly led into unspeakable suffering and death on the other. So the roughly handled continent had to be re-labelled: "*The continent of great misunderstandings.*"

Less than twelve years ago, one who had been watching the march of events in Africa said, "We are making a re-discovery," and he used the term "*The emerging continent*" as an interpretation of what had been found. In times past men have feared Africa's fabled monsters, they have looked askance at her mysterious jungles, have dreaded her miasmas

and malaras and been suspicious of her occult religions, and they were not without some ground for their forebodings. Now a new day has dawned, and out of the haze and gloom of the shadowed past can be discerned the clear cut lines of a promising future.

This "re-discovery" has brought about a better understanding, and as Africa emerges from her dark night, new longings are being kindled which, although inarticulate, are almost formed into the cry of "O that I knew where I might find Him." "Ethiopia's" hand is truly stretched out unto God, and this new attitude has brought Africa quickly to the cross roads in her history, there to find alas not one, but many sign posts, some of which undertake to direct the way to Him.

"*Africa at the cross roads*" presents a fresh challenge to the Christian Church, and herein lies abundant justification for the speeding up of our endeavours. The evangelical missionary has the key to the situation. The Book that he carries is infallible; the Saviour he offers is none other than Christ the Lord, the living and eternal Word and the gospel that he proclaims is the power of God unto salvation to all who believe. The boldness which characterised the early Church, must in no less degree be his, as he preaches the Cross of Christ wherein a new creation, a new man and

therefore a new Africa is made possible through the Blood of the Redeemer. The record of converts to Christianity during the past few years places the above statement in the annals of missionary enterprise as an historical fact and not merely a pious platitude.

Africa is now beginning to discriminate and to make her own choices. She made a great advance in this direction during the unfortunate "clash of colour" caused by the invasion of Ethiopia, and to-day she is embracing Christianity, not so much as the religion of the West, as heretofore, but as God's revelation for her own emancipation. It is this situation which presents the challenge for the speeding up of all our resources to train and develop a strong Christian leadership and to establish the Church among the Africans themselves.

One writer commenting on the present day situation says : "The growth of the African Church is the most notable fact of the new situation. The Church is still immature, being composed largely of Christians of the first and second generations. Young as it is, it counts its saints and martyrs. It will grow in numbers, in depth of character, in breadth of intelligence. It is almost entirely a literate community. Here in the hands of God, and largely in our own, lies a powerful instrument for the regeneration of Africa."



## CHAPTER II

### THE JOURNEY OUT



HAVING been away from Africa for some fifteen years, it was natural that in contemplating a visit to the field, I should look forward with much interest, and a good deal of curiosity, to seeing what changes had taken place during the intervening years.

The planning of the itinerary soon revealed great changes and improvements in travel and transportation. Many and varied means of travel were anticipated in visiting Kenya, Tanganyika, Uganda, Congo, Sudan and Egypt, yet the accuracy with which such a tour can be arranged to-day may be judged from the fact that the details of the trip made in London were carried out in almost every particular during a four months' journey of over 16,000 miles. More than fifty connections were made on rivers and lakes, by rail and by road, 3,000 miles of the journey being made by car.

Thus, after much prayer and preparation, the start was made from Tilbury Docks on the *Llangibby Castle*. From the Straits of Dover right through the English Channel we encountered heavy seas and there was a steady disappearance of the passengers until only fourteen of us showed any appreciation of the evening meal.

Having passed Ushant, the most Westerly point of France, we entered the much dreaded Bay of Biscay. By this time however most of us had found our "sea legs," and thanks to a lull in the storm, the 376 miles were crossed without much discomfort. The sight of the black cliffs of Cape Finisterre told us that we had left the Bay behind and were travelling due south along the coast of Portugal. The weather improved, and with a rise of five degrees in the thermometer we turned south east at Cape St. Vincent and headed for Tangier. Cape Trafalgar, with its historic associations and challenge to high ideals lay tucked away on the southern shores of Spain, which were just visible some twenty-six miles away.

Tangier was welcomed with its still waters and picturesque setting in the semi-circular range of low lying hills. Here we entered the sheltered harbour, and were soon surrounded by numerous small craft, laden with highly coloured leather goods, and manned by dark skinned Moroccan salesmen. With enchanting smiles they offered their wares, conveying the articles for inspection by means of a rope flung to the prospective buyers. The two hours spent there saw the price of leather hassock covers drop from 50/- to 10/-! Yet when we parted there seemed satisfaction on both sides that genuine bargains had been struck!

Steaming ahead at our average speed of about

fourteen knots, we entered the Straits of Gibraltar, and in two hours the pilot was climbing up the side of the ship to guide us into the harbour of this interesting, and perhaps most strategic of Britain's fortifications. On entering the town we were greeted by a Portuguese *colporteur* who presented us with copies of the "Silent Messenger," issued by the Christian Herald, and said in broken English: "Me Portuguese, you English, but if you love the Lord, we all go to Heaven through Jesus Christ, one country, where speak one language." His face shone for God, and one gave thanks for this faithful witness. The streets, policed with British "bobbies" in the familiar uniform, were crowded with peoples of all sorts, among whom were many Spanish refugees, and not a few widows.

The *Llangibby* swung at anchor until midnight; and from her deck we saw the Rock standing out against the background of a glorious sunset, and later illuminated with its own array of twinkling lights.

Travelling down the coast of Spain the next day, although some distance from the land, the snow-topped mountains of the Granada range stood out clearly against a dark sky to the East of Malaga.

Later, on entering the Gulf of Lyons, we again encountered heavy seas. There was a drop in the thermometer, a postponement of the usual deck games, an ominous lull in the conversation and

not a few withdrawals! Normal conditions however were experienced and welcomed on entering the harbour of Marseilles, France's most important seaport, having a population of 800,000.

The island of Monte Cristo with its granite base, six miles in circumference, looked like a coral reef in the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Our place of vision was the high hill where stands the famous church of Notre Dame de la Garde, crowned with a colossal gilded figure. As we stood there we saw the pathetic stream of pilgrims climbing up the hills, purchasing candles, and placing them before some image in the hope of a reward. Surely on such a hill did our Lord sit, and weep over the sin and folly of His creatures so blinded by the God of this world.

Leaving for our next port, we were cleverly piloted out of the harbour and through the dock gates, and, on reaching the open sea, a long rope ladder was dropped over the side, and soon the pilot's launch was running alongside, making a noble effort to keep abreast. Descending the ladder the pilot made a jump and landed on board midst a heavy spray, and soon his green and red lights disappeared into the darkness while we put on speed in the direction of Genoa.

Genoa's artistic horse-shoe setting of lofty hills, seems to have given inspiration to those who planned the city. Artists, architects and landscape

gardeners have been in close co-operation in its creation. The terrace and hanging gardens are specially attractive, and some 600,000 people are housed behind its latticed windows.

On leaving Genoa harbour, we set out from the birthplace of Christopher Columbus to "discover" our next port, passing many islands, on our way to the Straits of Messina. Before entering the Straits, I was roused in the middle of the night, as Stromboli had come into view, and I had expressed a desire to see it. Stromboli is a volcanic island, the crater of which is over 3,000 feet above sea level. It is constantly in eruption. In the darkness of the night the crimson red flames were leaping out in two distinct columns, and the molten lava was pouring down the side of the mountain into the sea. At intervals of about seven minutes there was a flare up, and then, what looked like a shower of bright red hailstones descended over the slopes.

Later we were sailing off the coast of Crete with its snow covered mountains. As we passed, we were reminded that among those who shared in the Pentecostal blessing were the Cretians and the Arabians. It was also here that the rejection of Paul's advice resulted in the shipwreck recorded in the twenty-seventh chapter of the Book of the Acts.

We reached Port Said towards evening, the pilot steering us skilfully into the spacious harbour, the

570 acres of which are maintained by constant dredging. A pontoon bridge connected us with the landing stage, and soon the ship's ladder down the side of the vessel was like the entrance to a bee hive, so crowded was it with coloured people coming up, laden with things to sell, and with the passengers going down, eager to have a few hours ashore. My brief visit to the town reminded me most forcibly that it was "night"; for this cosmopolitan centre, which although free from national prejudice, seems to have imbibed every international sin.

Some time during the night we pulled out of the harbour, and leaving Port Said behind, we began our 100 mile journey through the Suez Canal. Two pilots were taken on board, and on account of heavy traffic on the homeward way, we tied up five hours in all. Much of the country through which we passed, is absolute desert. The great ship towered above the long stretches of sand, and passed silently through a land which nature has rendered silent throughout the ages. Sometimes a few Arabs and their strings of camels were to be seen, but more often nothing but a vast expanse of sand.

As we entered the Red Sea there was a distinct rise in the temperature which varied from 90°F. to 95°F. degrees in the shade. A light breeze favoured us, and we were saved the usual discomfort of the humid heat which is commonly experienced on this

part of the journey. Many of the reefs and islands with which the Red Sea is studded are said to be composed of coral and, on reaching Port Sudan, we were able to see a good deal of this coral formation; indeed most of the houses there are built of it.

On a visit to the Submarine Coral Gardens, we saw through a glass-bottomed boat, something of God's wonderful creation of the deep. Coral of every description was seen "growing" in great variety in many delicate tints and colours. Beautiful flowering sea-weed swayed gently from side to side as we passed over. Here and there were "rock gardens," each in its marvellous design giving evidence of the touch of God's perfection. The whole scene was further animated by the graceful movements of tropical fish of very great variety; the wonderful variety of their colour, shape and size defies description. On returning to the boat, a tall, smartly dressed coloured policeman stopped us at the gangway and questioned our right to proceed. Satisfied that all was in order, he stepped aside, and his face one big smile, he saluted as we passed on.

The Red Sea continued to be good to us as we sped on our way, passing numerous islands and on through the narrow Straits of Sab-el-Maneb to Aden.

Aden lies on a wildly distorted volcanic peninsula and has a scattered population of some 50,000. Soon after the *Llangibby* pulled into the harbour,

and shut off her engines, we were surrounded by small boats, laden with silk and cotton goods. The dark skinned occupants very cleverly threw ropes aboard by means of which they climbed up the sides of the boat, monkey fashion, and within a few minutes the decks took on the appearance of a busy native bazaar.

Leaving Aden at dusk, we were prepared for rough weather in the Gulf on account of the monsoon which was due, but again we were favoured, and, with nothing worse than a steady roll, we rounded the corner of Italian Somaliland and put on speed in the direction of Mombasa. Down the east coast of Africa we saw some very beautiful sunsets, and the Southern Cross became more visible in the wonderful star-lit African sky.

On the Sunday evening the upper deck was arranged for an evangelistic service, the holding of which was a very remarkable answer to prayer. The ship's band played the hymns for us, and during that hour I believe many thoughts were turned towards God. Afterwards in personal talks we learned that at least a few were giving serious thought to the things that matter most. One is more and more convinced that a sea voyage subscribes little to the making of a missionary, but to the one who is really called and fitted by God, the tests and temptations which present themselves in varied and subtle forms will do much to prove the worth of Christ's ambassador.



## CHAPTER III

### THROUGH MOUNTAINOUS KENYA



ISTS hung around us as we crossed the Equator, making East Africa's coast invisible ; then suddenly Mombasa began to take shape and finally came into view. The mists lifted as we steamed into the spacious harbour of Kilindini, the port of entry for Kenya Colony. We were reminded that although Mombasa is the gateway to East Africa, it is not in itself characteristic of Kenya. Here the people swelter in the heat, except during the cool season from April to June ; but inland it can be very cold in the higher altitudes. For the colonist, Kenya means the highlands, culminating in Mount Kenya with its perpetual glaciers and snow-capped summit right on the equator.

It was still morning, and the radiance of the rising sun surrounded by beautifully tinted clouds, added grandeur to the tropical scene, which had been enriched by recent rains. We turned reluctantly from the display of heavenly glory to answer the call of things more mundane. The first class saloon had, for the time being, been turned into a kind of custom's office, and here we queued up, waiting our turn to be interviewed by customs, police and medical officers. My papers being in

order and my health record satisfactory, I was allowed to land.

It was with mixed feelings that I stepped ashore, recalling as I did the beginnings of the work of the Africa Inland Mission nearly forty-five years before ; for it was here that the first party landed. Those early pioneers, led by Peter Cameron Scott, made their venture of faith without much human hope of success. And it *was* a venture ! For they envisaged a chain of mission stations right across Central Africa towards Lake Chad. That God was in it has been abundantly vindicated by the fact that the Mission has penetrated into some twenty-five tribes, many of which are hundreds of miles inland in the hitherto untouched areas of the Continent. This includes parts of Western Tanganyika, West Nile—Uganda, North-East Belgian Congo and French Equatorial Africa, as well as Central and Western Kenya, the latter now known as the Eldoret Area. Some fifty-five stations, and 1,500 outstations have been established as beacons of light, truth and healing ; they are the rallying points for thousands of converts, and from them tens of thousands of Africans are being reached.

As I thought of the beginnings and growth of the work through the years my mind pictured yet another scene, for was it not the *Llangibby Castle*, the boat I had just left, which only a few years

before arrived in this same harbour with flags at half mast, paying tribute to our late beloved Chairman, Mr. Laurie Walker, whose body was carried ashore and laid to rest in the quiet little cemetery nearby. An hour after landing I stood by the grave which is marked by a stone of quiet dignity on which is gracefully carved an eagle bearing a Bible on its outstretched wings. On the open page are inscribed the words: "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another." Significant indeed are these words for they constitute Mr. Laurie Walker's last public utterance before he was called to higher service. In the presence of death there is always room for reflection, and one could not help recalling God's mysterious dealings with this Mission. In its records, suffering and death have had a prominent place, but followed always by enrichment for Africa, and a going down deeper into God on the part of the missionaries left to carry on. Standing there that day I realised that another "seed" had been sown, and I left the cemetery fully assured of a harvest, for "from the ground there blossoms red, Life that shall endless be."

Boarding the train, which was an exceptionally long one, we began our journey inland. Here and there along the railway track, little groups of chocolate coloured children waved to us as we passed.

They made a most interesting foreground for the feathery palms and other tropical trees in the villages just behind.

The African night was soon upon us, and whilst still the golden glory of the departing sun was spread over the entire heavens, the day-slumberers began to awake. Crickets, frogs, mosquitoes and a host of other insects provided an endless chorus for the great variety of more articulate sounds from birds and beasts of prey. The blanket, which in the earlier part of the night had seemed unnecessary, was eagerly sought some hours later on account of the greater altitude and consequent cold.

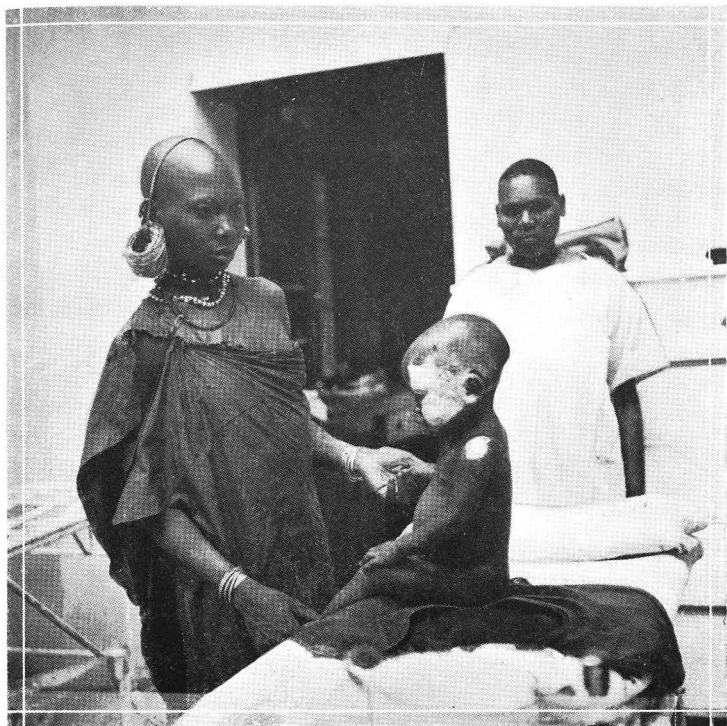
We were astir early, hoping to catch a glimpse of Mount Kilimanjaro, to the south on the Tanganyika border, but on account of the excessive rains during the night, the morning mists obscured from our view East Africa's greatest snow-capped mountain. On the journey I was reminded of the curious blend of anomalies to be found in Kenya; for within the compass of a few hundred miles there are both plague spots and health resorts; great heights and deep valleys; parts highly civilised and regions still pagan and as yet unaffected by the outside world; there are also extraordinary changes in temperature.

As great as are Kenya's contrasts so also have been her conflicts. In the early days Kenya was a

much coveted colony, and the "bone of contention" among the nations; until recently tribal unrest has also been fairly common within her borders. Descriptive titles applied to this colony have been *A land of changes* and *A land of controversy*. What affects missionary work most however is the fact that Kenya as a mission field is referred to as *a land of co-operation*. In 1913 when I first passed through the Colony, I was privileged to attend the Kikuyu Conference. The object of those gatherings was to consider prayerfully a federation among evangelical missions. All societies then working in Kenya were represented. The Bible Readings were given by the Rev. C. E. Hurlburt the former Director of the A.I.M. who from 1 Cor i. 10 led the delegates into a true spirit of unity conditioned upon absolute humility and surrender to the will of God.

It was in such a fitting atmosphere as this that the question of Church Federation was discussed. The Conference proposed as a basis of federation, the loyal acceptance of the Holy Scripture as the Word of God and belief in the Deity of our Lord Jesus Christ and in His atoning death as the ground of our forgiveness.

The intervening years have given ample time to test out the value of such a federation. Suffice it to say that the spiritual fellowship has been



The Kikuyu people have an unfortunate way of making their fires in a hole in the centre of their hut. Not infrequently in the night time sleeping children roll into them and are badly burned. One pathetic example is seen in the above photograph, taken in our Kijabe hospital.



On outstations our evangelists have the unique opportunity of dealing with the raw pagan. The above photograph, taken at Samuel's bush school, introduces us to some Nandi women in their native dress, adorned with charms and ornaments. They are just becoming interested in the Gospel.

maintained among like minded brethen in all societies and it is a constant source of encouragement and blessing. In recent years this intermission fellowship has been deepened and fostered by means of conferences both for missionaries and Africans ; in these the deep things of God are taught and a spiritual basis is maintained.

As our train slowly pulled into Athi River Station, some 200 miles inland, Mr. Guilding was awaiting me. Soon his little box-body car was loaded up and we were on our way through the fertile Akamba Reserve to the Machakos mission station. That same afternoon I was privileged to gather with 300-400 catechumen and later to find myself in the midst of a crowded church for a prayer gathering.

In the areas around Machakos and the sister stations of Mbooni, Mukaa and Kangundo, is a population of some 200,000 people. Machakos is the oldest station and it has had a wonderful record of evangelisation during the forty years of A.I.M. occupation. The late Mr. C. F. Johnston of blessed memory was the pioneer whose devotion and leadership have given character and inspiration to the work. Speaking by interpretation I was conscious of the help of God and of a most wonderful response from the people. In the evening Mr. Guilding arranged for a meeting with the elders and in the church vestry we conferred together



about the work of God. Nothing could have been more impressive concerning the transforming power of the Gospel than that little conference ; it also provided a powerful testimony to the possibility of establishing an African Church.

The following day Mr. and Mrs. Wepler came in from Mbooni, and two car loads of us started for Kangundo, some 30 miles distant, to attend a native convention. More than once on the way we were met with the challenge, "You cannot get through—the rivers are swollen and the road is impossible," but with God's help we got through, and I am glad we did. The convention, which had been going on for some days, was drawing to a close. On the Sunday, some 1,400 had gathered, but various duties had called some back, and the number was reduced to about 900. They were gathered under the trees as the church was too small to hold them. Shall I ever forget the welcome ; reverence of the worship ; the heartiness of the singing ; the part singing by the choir of girls and the spiritual atmosphere ? It was a native conference arranged by themselves, and we were the invited guests. Mr. and Mrs. Farnsworth and Miss Horton were also present ; Mrs. Farnsworth kindly helped me to speak to the people by interpretation.

The Lord Who so marvellously enabled us to get to Kangundo, brought us safely back, and

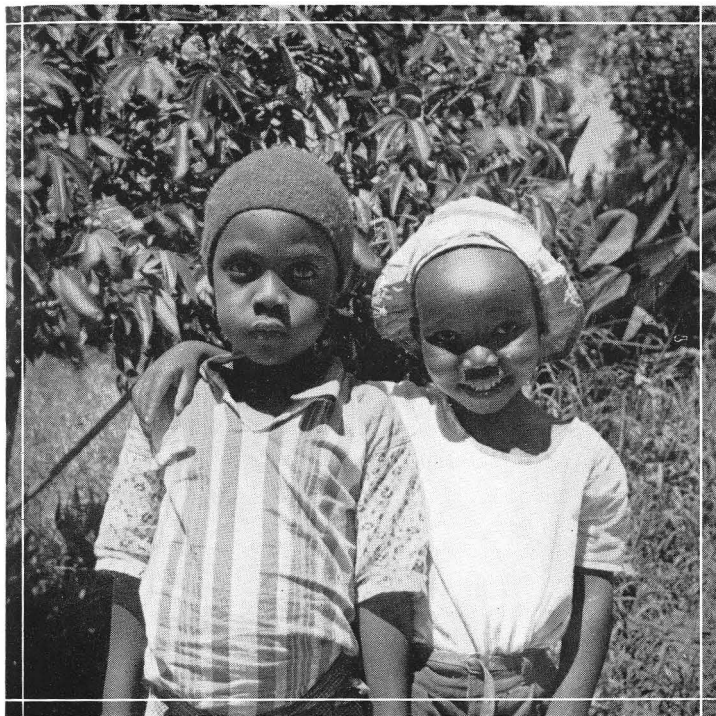
after a night's rest under Mr. and Mrs. Guilding's hospitable roof, we were astir early to take part in the Coronation celebrations. A morning service was arranged in the Machakos church, which was crowded. After giving some explanations of what was taking place in London, we turned the thoughts of the eager congregation to the King of kings, making reference to His crowning day that was coming and the need of preparedness. Later several prayed, asking that grace and blessing might rest upon our king and his subjects throughout the Empire. Afterwards there was an assembly of school children in the Mission's playing field, and a procession down to the Government Boma. Thousands of people gathered and it was not difficult to distinguish the Christians from the heathen multitude. One shared in Mr. and Mrs. Guilding's longing for widespread evangelism throughout the Reserve, and thanked God for the Bible School and outposts which are in operation for its accomplishment. The District Commissioner conducted the official coronation service which was impressive in its African setting, a Mission boy acting as interpreter from Swahili into the Akamba language.

While at Machakos I learned of the far reaching blessing which has resulted from the work there. In addition to the evangelistic efforts throughout

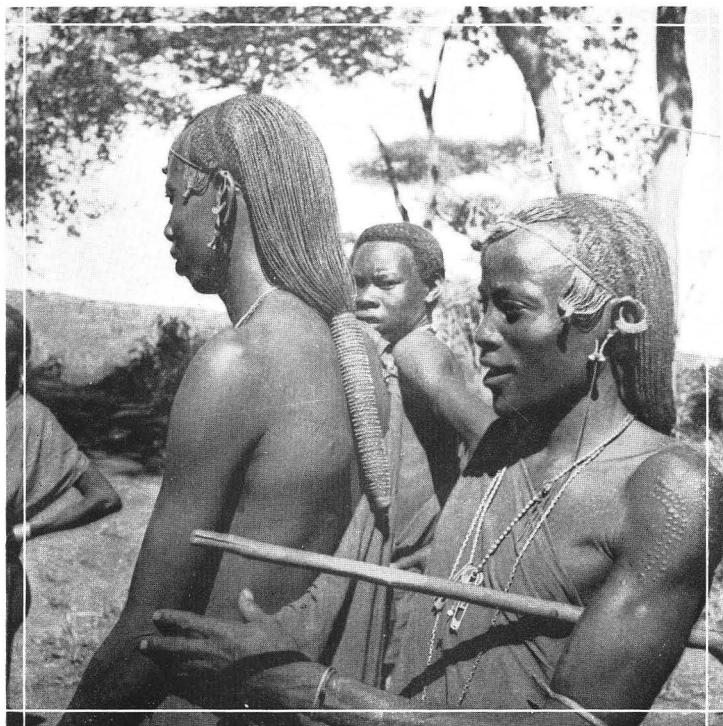
the Reserve, Mission converts are taking their places in Government schools, offices and dispensaries.

I cannot leave Machakos without making reference to the translation work. Mrs. Guilding with her team of native helpers was busy on the revision of the Akamba New Testament, with plans to complete in the near future the translation of the whole of the Old Testament. During my tour of the field I learned that the missionaries of A.I.M. have rendered valuable service to the African Church in the share they have taken of translating the Word of God into the native languages. Throughout the years some thirty of our missionaries have given efficient and patient labour, in reducing many languages to writing, preparing grammars and vocabularies, and, after much careful study, in translating the Scriptures. Statistics show that the Bible is the most coveted Book ; tens of thousands of portions are now in circulation in over 20 languages spoken by our people.

On leaving Machakos, two hours by train brought me to Nairobi, the metropolis of Kenya Colony. From being a comparatively small business centre as I remembered it over twenty years ago, Nairobi has become a "European" city of considerable size, with a strange absence of natives and a constant coming and going of white people.



When visiting the home of Joel and Jeni at one of the Nandi outposts, their little son Heskia came in radiantly happy and most friendly. A moment later he rushed out and soon returned with his chum. In the above photograph he is seen with his arm round him.



**The Elgeyo, or "Cliff-dwellers," live to the south-east of the Kerio Valley in Western Kenya. Their villages are situated among the high mountain ledges, and on this account are almost inaccessible.**

The above photograph is characteristic of this people with their greased bodies and well kept pigtails usually dyed with red ochre.

Nairobi is just over thirty years old. It is the creation of a lifetime. Many of the present citizens remember its beginnings, some of them stayed under canvas in the very earliest days before there was any town at all.

Miss Slater, who kindly met me at the station, invited me to spend the two nights in her Missionary Rest Home. This home is serving a useful purpose in connection with the work as it provides a congenial centre for missionaries who may be passing through or who may have come from distant stations to do their shopping.

From Nairobi Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Downing took me by car to Kijabe. On account of the muddy roads chains had to be fastened on the rear wheels and even then it required some skill to guide the car through the greasy mud and across the many streams. When we came near Kijabe we began to climb round and round, following the windings of the Mission road which is cut out of the face of the rugged cliff. Some information about the difficulty of cutting this road enabled me to appreciate the engineering triumph which it represented, the credit for which belongs to our early pioneer missionaries. The cold nights at Kijabe inspired me to be more active after the humid atmosphere of the coast, but the altitude limited my energies, with the constant reminder

that 7,500 ft. above sea level on the equator presented a twofold handicap which militate against heart and nerve.

Mr. Lee Downing's welcome back to Kijabe was most cordial and the fellowship over the week-end with about a dozen of our missionary brethren there will not easily be forgotten. To visit all the departments of work at this head-quarter station takes the greater part of a day. As we went round, there was abundant evidence of the revival of the past years. I could not help recalling the concern of the late Mr. Trevor Lingley of the British Home Council, when he heard of the backsliding at this centre some five years ago: he referred to it as a landslide. He called special meetings for prayer and was constantly reminding God of the dishonour that had been brought to His Name—asking Him for revival. Well, his prayer, together with those of many others, has been abundantly answered in the purifying of the church; the restoration of backsliders and in the ingathering of souls. It being vacation month I saw nothing of the schools, and as the greater number of the scholars were at home in their villages, there was only one church full of worshippers on Sunday. I learned that in term time the crowds are so big that they require three buildings to accommodate them. Hence the plans to erect

a much bigger building to be known as the Charles Hurlburt memorial. I was impressed with the girls' work under the supervision of Dr. Blakeslee, assisted by Miss Holman and Miss Truesdale. All the training there proceeds along a line that is possible for the people themselves to propagate in their own villages, the primary object being to train wives for evangelists and teachers; to prepare Bible women, and to give training in general for the establishment of the Christian home.

The hospital work under Dr. and Mrs. Davis is quite extensive and I was impressed with the great distances that patients travel to receive treatment. To all who come for physical healing the story of saving grace is faithfully proclaimed, and herein lies further proof of the value of medical work in the mission programme.

Having conducted me over the hospital, Dr. Davis introduced me to some of his notable patients who were waiting about on the verandah for treatment. Among them was an old man, named Gathanji, his face heavily lined and shrunken, a typical Kikuyu, dressed in his native-made fur coat. Gathanji had lived near Kijabe for thirty-five years, and was one of the first to hear the message of salvation, but little or no change had been seen, and he was described as a problem and somewhat of a hindrance. A short time after I had seen him,



however, he had entered hospital suffering from an incurable disease. There he heard yet again of the Lord Jesus Christ and of His power to save, and at last, in the place of suffering, this hardened old Kikuyu found the Saviour. On the Sunday following his conversion he asked to be carried to the church in order that he might testify to his faith in Christ, but, being in a very weak condition, it was thought that he should not be moved. However, he persuaded his son and some friends to carry him to the church. There in a weak voice he told his story of having rejected the Saviour for so many years, and now having come to believe on Him; he spoke too of the hope he had of soon going home to heaven. The next morning, with his hand raised to heaven and a radiant smile of joy on his face, he passed peacefully away.

The Bible School and printing press under the directorship of Mr. Teasdale are doing work of incalculable value. The press, from being very primitive, has grown into a most efficient and valuable department of missionary activity. The output of Christian literature is amazing; its ministry is now reaching into other areas outside the purview of the Mission itself. I was especially impressed with a monthly magazine, designed for the encouragement and guidance of scriptural

study, which has a wide circulation throughout Kenya and Uganda.

The time at Kijabe was all too short and I reluctantly said farewell. Passing the imposing building known as the Rift Valley Academy, which has been greatly improved and is now better fitted to cater for the education of white children, we made our way down to the Kijabe station, where I boarded the train for my next stop at Eldoret. On the way we passed Lake Nakuru. This lake is unmistakable on account of the wonderful pink colouring round the edge, indicating the presence of countless flamingoes. Ostriches, deer and zebra were seen feeding near the rail track as we sped along. Soon the sun which twelve hours before had bidden us "good-morning" now with even greater abruptness said "good-night."

The black night with its familiar sounds was soon upon us, and found us still climbing until the equator was crossed at an altitude of over 9,000 feet above sea level. "Next stop Eldoret," and with a wave of his green flag the black guard climbed aboard, and with effort the train pulled out of another stopping place and over the top of the highest point of railtrack in the British Empire.

The long African night in the seclusion of the railway carriage provided time for quiet meditation and prayer around the missionary situation. I

realised that it was one which constituted a fresh challenge to the church at home as well as in Africa. The gulf between the white and black races is widening, and if this continues the problem of propagating the Gospel across the chasm will become increasingly difficult. The obvious and only solution lies in the need for a closer co-operation with the African church, in which the function of the missionary will be not so much the winning of large numbers of converts by his own efforts, as the building up of a native church which will carry the light of the Gospel through the Continent.

In thinking of the chief instruments to be used for the most effectual presentation of the Gospel, the schools at once came to mind. These have, in the A.I.M. proved to be our most fruitful fields for soul-winning. But education alone is not an evangelist, and only as our education is used for the constant and progressive revelation of the Gospel, can it be of value in the ministry of evangelisation.

As for the school so also for the church, men of God are needed and to the missionary is entrusted the all important task of training.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE ELDORET AREA

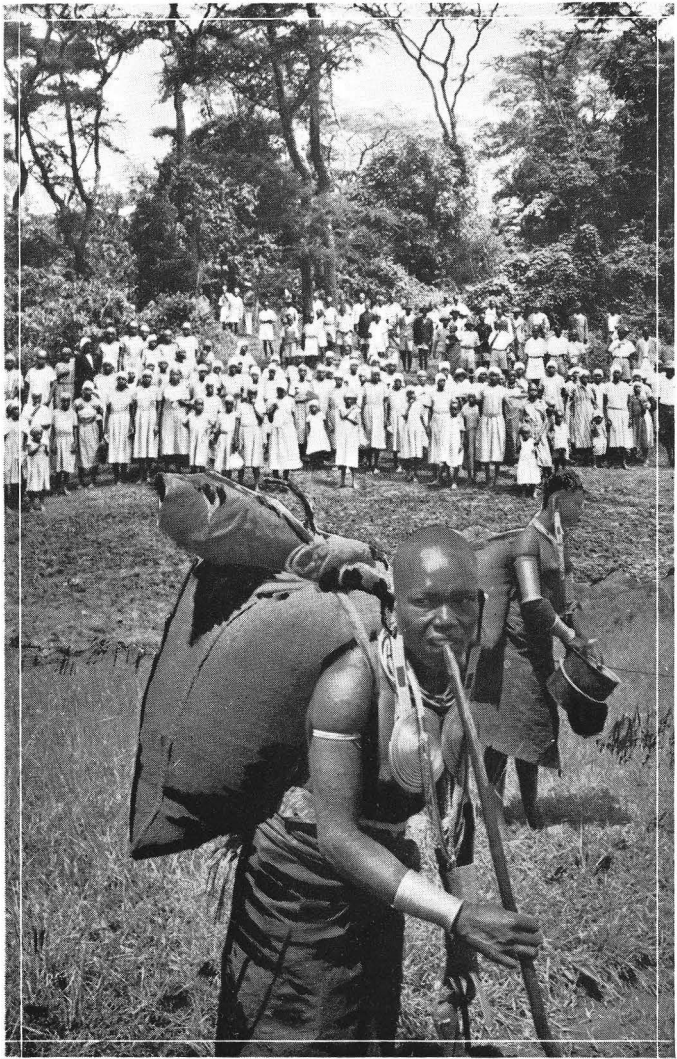


ALTHOUGH it was only 1.20 a.m. when the train arrived at Eldoret, Mr. Harry Lunn was there to meet me, and within an hour we reached Laboret by car, there to enjoy the hospitality of his home. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lunn are rendering a valuable Christian ministry both to the settlers in the farming area, and to the Christian community generally throughout the Colony.

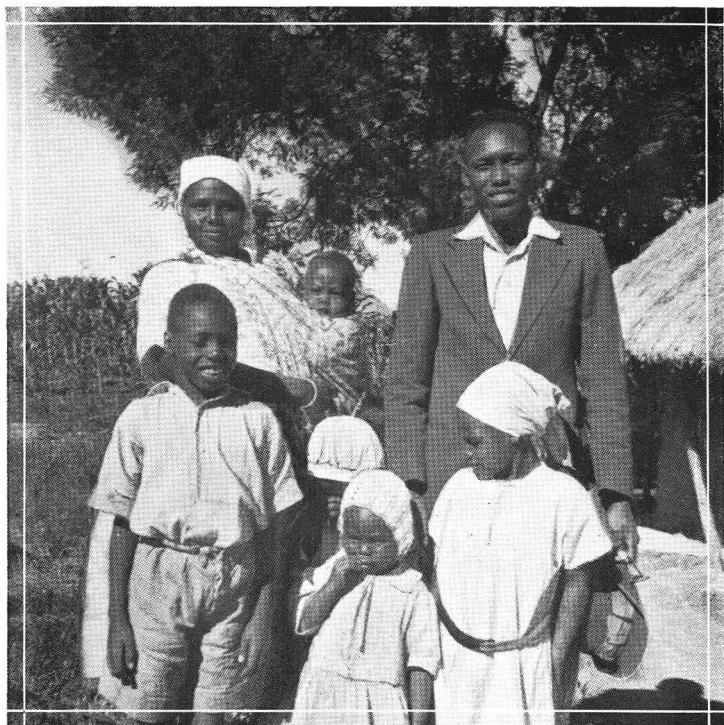
Two days later Mr. Stuart Bryson, our acting Field Superintendent arrived by car, and a tour of the A.I.M. stations began. Together we started out through the rolling farming country towards Kapsowar. At first, going seemed easy, but soon the wet red soil became so slippery that it was necessary to use chains on the wheels. Now with surer though heavier driving we left the open country to enter the forest. Here we encountered heavy tropical rain which continued until we arrived at "the top of the world", for so it seemed as the car panted up the Marakwet hills on to Kapsowar. It was late in the afternoon, and the clouds evidently decided to rest on the hill top for the night,—so the first impression of this

Marakwet station was not too good. Nevertheless the warm welcome that evening, and the glorious sunshine on the following morning began to interpret the true meaning of "Kapsowar". As the day wore on the morning mists rolled back revealing something of the grandeur of the mountain scenery which at times seemed almost overpowering; and there, in the distance, Mount Kenya with its glistening snowy top was pointed out. Then followed a trip round the station going from home to home, then inspecting the church-school, and the girls' work, and afterwards lingering at the Laurie-Walker Memorial Hospital. The dispensary patients were being treated and Doctor Marion Ashton introduced us to some of her grateful coloured friends. In all that we saw we recognised with deep thankfulness the beginnings of a work for God.

We had always realised that in undertaking work in the Eldoret Area, God had presented a challenge to our faith. The Area had been tackled before but, on account of innumerable difficulties, had to be evacuated. The character of the problems was borne in upon us as we walked and talked together and tried to visualise the entire situation: In the parts lying all around us were the uncivilised, somewhat indifferent Marakwet, living among almost impossible mountains. Further afield were the



Converts and two typical women of the Nandi tribe.



Samuel and Maria with their family photographed outside their bush church. Samuel is an evangelist, and has been one of the native translators assisting the Rev. Stuart Bryson with the Nandi Bible, which is now completed.

Elgeyo, a timid people hidden in the cliffs of Kenya; down in the hot waterless plains the nomadic Suk; and up in the hill country, cut off by well-nigh impassable mountain tracks the Tugin people. To these God has called us to carry the Gospel.

The early pioneer stages have given abundant promise of success, and one could only stand still and marvel that so much had been accomplished in so short a time. The problem however of evangelising the Marakwet, living as they do in the deep valleys and right up on the tops of the mountains can only have its solution in the broadcasting of the message by native agents.

We also recognised how that in the providence of God, He has made this the focal point for the co-operation of our own Mission and the South Africa General Mission. This "coming together" represents accumulated prayer and effort for the difficult task presented in this new advance.

Having come up the hills to Kapsowar, we had to go down again. The return journey however was all sunshine, and the Marakwet forest looked its best, except for one tree which had chosen to fall across our path. Leaving the forest we took another road leading East to the Elgeyo country. We readily distinguished the change of tribe by the terrace system of gardening to prevent soil



erosion. The great plains opened out before us, and then we came to what seemed the most beautiful stop along the road; I learned that this was the site of our new station called Tambach. Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Bryson had erected an arch of welcome through which we passed to their recently constructed galvanised house. The setting of this station is most attractive. Wooded hills just behind, divided by a waterfall, a river nearby, and the five acres of flat surface in a horse shoe formation constitutes the mission compound. The outlook is over vast stretching plains known as the Kerio Valley with the Kabartonjo hill in the distance. One hill marked by a special tree indicated the A.I.M. station bearing the name "Kabartonjo". A looking-glass reflecting the sun is used as a means of communication between the stations. Tambach seemed an ideal centre for work among the Elgeyo.

The Elgeyo are sometimes called "The Cliff Dwellers of Kenya" on account of the cliff formation of the ridges in which they live. The men of the tribe look on work as an unmitigated evil, and leave as much of it as possible to their women folk. The tribal system of the Elgeyo is not unlike that of most pastoral tribes of Kenya. They differ somewhat however, in that all Elgeyos seem to be of the same social status, and do not have chiefs

in the ordinary sense of the word. Men are chosen from among the people because of their outstanding ability or wealth and are appointed advisers to preside over certain areas with local councils to help in tribal deliberations. Personality, however, seems to count far more than wealth, and the visitor passing through cannot but notice the stately bearing of both men and women. Their tribal attire and ornamentation also are most impressive.

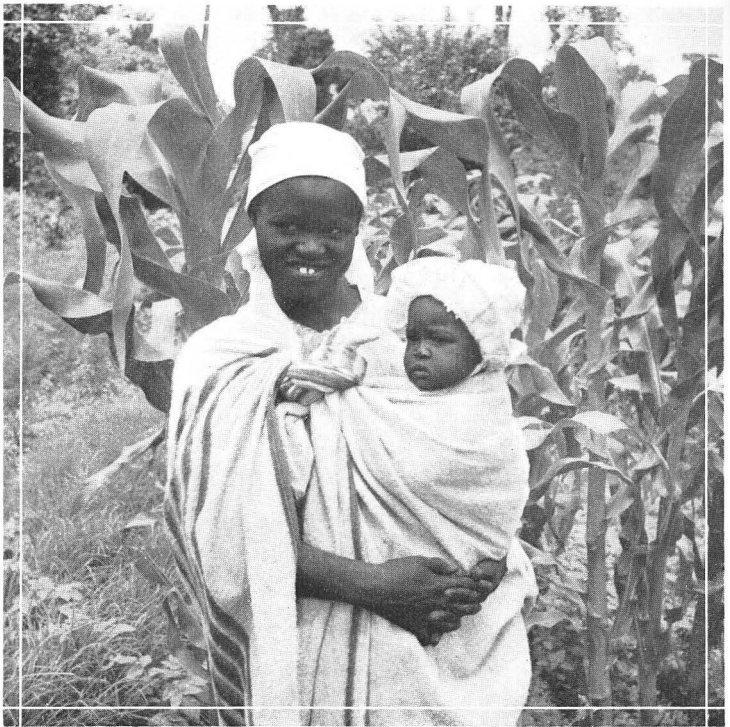
Mr. Edgar Bryson's "International" motor truck was ready for our venturesome trip across the "Kerio" the next morning. "Can we make it? Dare we try?" were questions asked as we contemplated going down into and across the valley to Kabartonjo on the distant hilltop. The rains had been excessive, and the District Commissioner on being asked about the road shook his head, and with an emphatic "Impossible" gave us no encouragement to attempt the journey. But somehow it seemed in God's plan that we should go, and so only one hour before we were due to start we definitely decided to venture. Had I known then what I knew later, I would have been fearful, yet full well did my colleagues know the difficulties, and praiseworthy indeed was their decision to set out.

The car was packed with safari kit, block and tackle, five native boys and four missionaries, and

down the hills we went. Someone suggested that we were doing sixty miles an hour,—twenty forward, twenty from side-to-side, and twenty up-and-down! We had no reason to question the side-to-side or up-and-down motion, although the forward estimate was doubtful, for not infrequently our back wheels spun round in soft mud with no forward movement at all. Undoubtedly the average speed was low, for the total journey of eighty-eight miles took us twenty-seven hours to do. The block and tackle were often in use, pulling the car out of holes and across rivers. On the journey we were reminded of the Irish pilot in whom the captain did not place entire confidence. Nervously he enquired as to Pat's knowledge of the dangerous rocks. "Well do I know them" was Pat's answer, and presently he bumped into one. Turning to the captain reprovingly he said, "That's the first one". No reflection must be cast on our "pilot", who by the way was an Irishman, and drove the car most skilfully, but at one place we were held up for some time by a land-slide of several tons of débris which had come down from the mountain and blocked the entire road. Our own boys, assisted by a crowd of natives that had gathered, began to remove the rubbish and to remake the road. Then with some twenty man-power added to the sixteen horse-power, the old "International"



Dr. Marion Ashton with the dispenser's wife and child of the Elgeyo tribe. Taken at Kapsowar.



Toroitch is one of the dispensers at the Laurie Walker Memorial Hospital at Kapsowar, his wife and child are seen in the above photograph taken among the native corn outside the dispensary.

crawled over the top, prepared for the next adventure.

The last three miles presented many problems on account of the steep rocks and soft mud, so we decided to leave the car and walk on to the station. This however was not necessary, as the night air seemed to put new life into the truck, and up over the rocks she wobbled, and through the muddy forest, until, long after sunset, she pulled up outside the mission house at Kabartonjo. One experience of this sort in a lifetime might seem enough, and yet this is the normal means of transport for our brethren in this mountainous region, and constant prayer is needed for their safety in their frequent journeys on the Master's business.

It was a great joy to meet Mr. and Mrs. Dalziel and their family. Their station is beautifully situated on one of the highest points of the Tuki reserve. Towards the north the Suk plains stretch for many miles ; looking eastward we got a splendid view of Mount Kenya with its snow top ; our southward view, back into the valley from which we had emerged the night before, took on an enchanting appearance in the full glow of the tropical sun, although to us it had been a veritable "slough of despond" on the previous day.

Meanwhile the people had gathered ; we were introduced to the girls, and witnessed a most

encouraging work that is being carried on among them. Later we gathered in the little thatched church with the Christians, and were impressed with the reverence of the service, and the sense of God's presence throughout.

The Tugin are a difficult people, and do not show any outstanding interest in the Gospel. In fact their disposition is such that any kind of innovation is looked upon with suspicion, and on account of this the work is small.

Mr. Collins had just come up from the Suk country, equipped with his hiker's knapsack. His homeopathic outfit seemed to have set the standard for his general equipment, which was put up in surprisingly small "tabloid" form. His work down on the plains is still in the early pioneer stages, and our brother is admirably fitted for the task. There being no rallying centre, the work has to be carried on with the individual, and the constant travelling, following up a nomadic people, makes big demands on physical strength. Mr. Collins was able to tell of some fruit, and the reception of God's Word part of which has been put in print. A suitable site for a mission station has been difficult to find, but at long last a possible place has been discovered, and already plans are being made for the establishment of a work in the hot plains where the Suk people live. In the course

of Mr. Collins's pioneering experience he had much to endure of difficulty and hardship, although his intimation of these facts was concealed in a con-straining love for Christ, a deep love for the people, and a true pioneer's relish for adventure, which together far outweighed any other consideration. On one occasion while in a wild game country, he had to take refuge in a tree, where he made his bed and spent the night. On waking the next morning he found that the "Tree Hotel" was more popular than he had contemplated, for there on the opposite branch was a large baboon. They looked across the "corridor," exchanged greetings, and then fortunately the hairy visitor departed.

Our brief visit to Kabartonjo ended all too quickly, and very reluctantly we said farewell to our friends working on one of the most isolated stations in the Mission. Leaving the hill top we soon entered the Tugin forest, and made good progress down into the valley for our next appointment, which was a conference arranged at Laboret.

The return journey was remarkably easy until half way across the valley; while riding over a stony river-bed one of the back springs snapped! So with the departing sun, but, fortunately, a rising moon, we turned the hot bush path into a garage, and after five hours had the springs sufficiently repaired to get us as far as Tambach

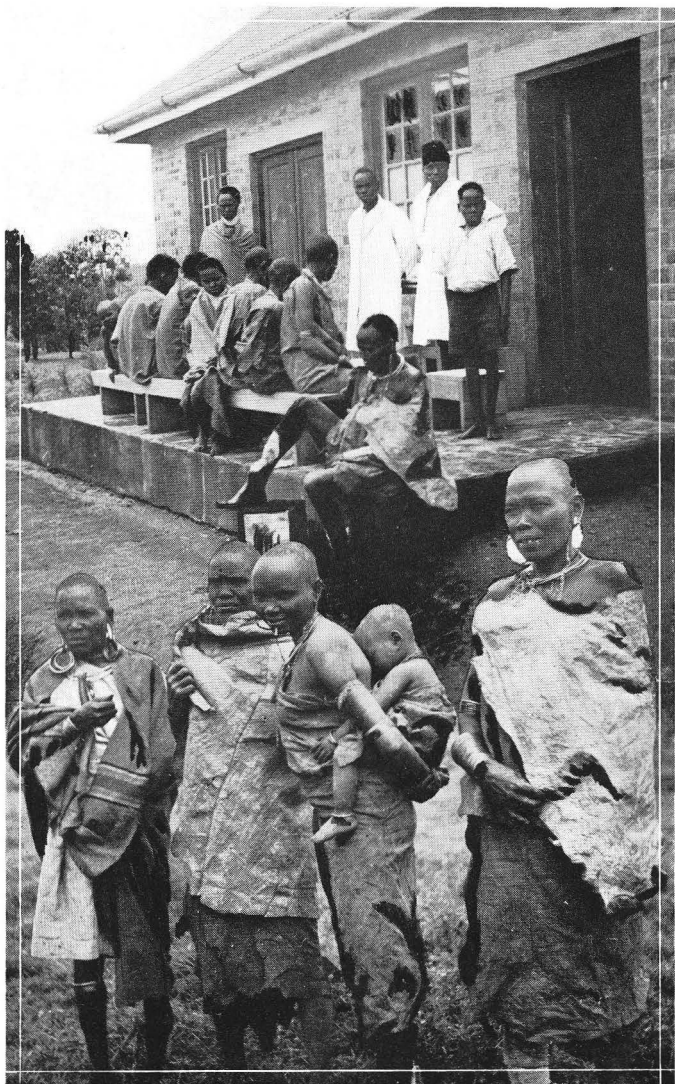


by 2 a.m., thankful to our Heavenly Father for His care and protection.

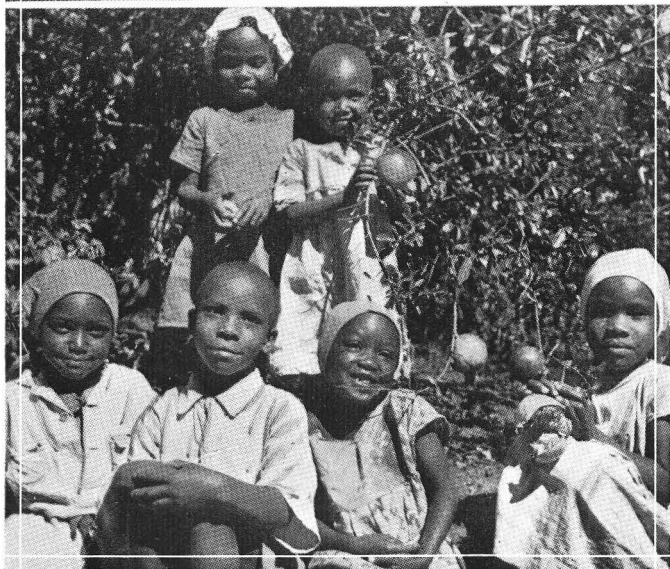
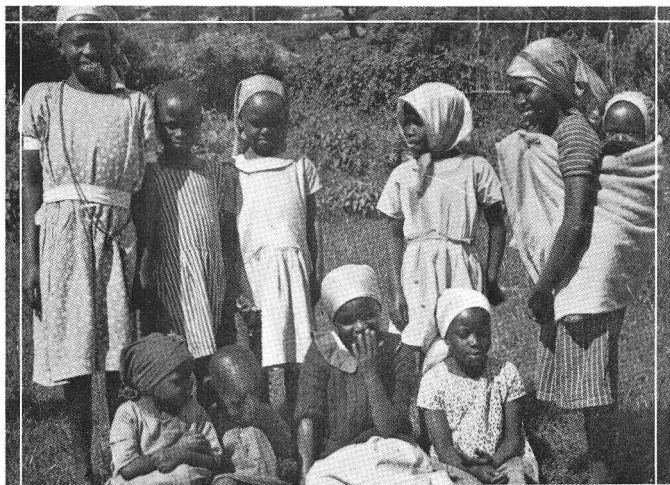
The next day we gathered with nearly all the missionaries in the Eldoret Area at Laboret; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lunn having invited us to hold our Conference there.

A conference in Africa is essentially one of intense reality, for it is held in the "foreign field", where stern problems are presented and await solution. There is no place in the programme for theory. All around is fallen humanity, having descended to the lowest depths of sin, until the very organs of spiritual perception have been destroyed by the god of this world. Neither education's instruction nor civilization's helping hand can deliver. "Can God?" may well be asked in the face of such depravity, and the Conference gave abundant assurance that through the Cross, and by the shed Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, God can.

The devotional services drew us near to God and to one another, and they were a wonderful preparation for the business sessions in which we were brought face to face with some of the missionary's problems. Problems of girls' work; the African church; discipline; heathen rites and customs and problems resulting from the wreckage of unrestricted sin. Some of these would be comparatively easy to solve if the girls were not



Patients outside the Laurie Walker Memorial Hospital  
Kapsowar, Eldoret Area.



Kikuyu children in the upper photo; in the lower one, Nandi children among the pomegranates at Eldoret.

the chattels of the clan; or if the African church had no rivals; if native customs were of an uplifting character and if the Fount for sin and uncleanness had been resorted to. Missionary problems are complex and delicate, but they have their solution in God to Whom the missionary has learned to go for wisdom in matters which baffle his own understanding. Mr. Ford of the Friends' Mission reminded us of our two-fold duty, namely to preach and live the Gospel—"Paul," he said, "defended the Gospel by his words and confirmed it by his life."

During Conference days there were many opportunities of reviewing the past six years of pioneer work in the Eldoret Area. From one and another I heard of the hardships and triumphs experienced, resulting in open doors into at least three new tribes. We went back in thought to February 1932 when our Superintendent the Rev. R. V. Reynolds had sent word to the British Home Council that the door had at last opened into the Marakwet tribe and that Joel and his wife Jeni, a couple from the Nandi tribe, were being sent there as the pioneers of the Gospel to a hitherto unevangelized people. As we talked together of those early days of work in this tribe, I learned of the hundreds of miles of foot slogging over rugged hills and across hot valleys undertaken by Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Stuart

Bryson and Mr. Lunn, before the present location at Kapsowar was selected as being the most suitable site for the station.

The Conference over, I went with Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Bryson to the town of Eldoret, where I saw something of Miss Clark's work. The station people gathered in the neat little church, and it was a privilege to speak to them. We also saw the boys' and girls' work, and were specially impressed with the affection that the people had for the one who, for Christ's sake, had come to live and work among them.

The pomegranates were growing in profusion, and it was very sweet to see the children playing about among the bushes, attracted of course by one of their favourite fruits, which some were eating with relish. The town of Eldoret is the capital of the Uasin Gishu Plateau, and lies between the Nandi and Elgeyo escarpments.

There was a feeling of "going home" as we travelled along the thirty miles of open country toward Kapsabet, for Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Bryson with whom I journeyed, were returning to their station. Miss Frances Collier and Miss Jean Baxter were there to welcome us, and one soon began to "tune in" to another situation as later on we saw something of a work more advanced than that in the rest of the area.

Sunday was a full day and indeed a happy one. The church was crowded and, judging from the large number that remained for communion, the greater proportion were Christians. At such a service I began to rethink indigenous work, and to ask myself: "What is meant by an indigenous church?" I came to the conclusion that the "indigenous" part could only have reference to a method for speedy and economical evangelization by the people themselves, and the adaptation of a form of worship suited to the local environment. It could never be taken to mean national or colour distinctions, for there at Kapsabet we had an illustration of the universal church as God had planned with a common communion table, the common Lord in the midst, and we, by virtue of the common Cross were one in Christ Jesus.

It was Dr. Aggrey, an African convert of outstanding character and ability, who used a parable of the keys of a piano to express a vision of the Africa of the future. "You can," he said, "play a tune of sorts on the *white* keys and you can play a tune of sorts of the *black* keys, but for harmony you must use *both* the *white* and the *black*."

In the afternoon over thirty converts were baptised in the river near-by, and a short service followed.

Miss Collier had the schools wonderfully well

organized, with capable teachers instructing the many classes in a most proficient manner. The system seemed well adapted even to the introduction of leaves and tins of water for the hygienic cleaning of slates ! Miss Baxter, who has just taken over the girls' work, showed me over the homes and gardens ; and here again I saw the sure and possible foundations of the African home being laid.

“ Would you like to see the translation of the Nandi Old Testament ? ” asked Mr. Bryson, and as I assented he opened a parcel, and brought out the carefully typed manuscript ; it was about ten inches deep, and as I saw this I realised what a gigantic undertaking it had been. After a little more careful revising, the translation of the whole Bible was finished and later presented to the Bible Society for their consideration. The Bible Society have since accepted it, and the proofs are now being taken to and fro by aeroplane between Kenya and London, thus speeding up the completion of the whole Bible in another African dialect. A big population representing nearly all the tribes in the Eldoret Area awaits its arrival, and none more than the Nandi people themselves.

While at Kapsabet I had the opportunity of visiting some of the outstations in the district. Shall I ever forget being entertained for lunch by

the Nandi evangelist and his wife, Joel and Jeni (well known for their pioneer efforts in the Marakwet advance), and afterwards meeting members of their bush church. Among them was an old blind woman, whose black face reflected the glory of God, her very handshake testified to the intense reality of her experience of regeneration. I was surprised to find her laden with charms, and her arms encased in metal, and wondered why these had not gone. I found the reason on learning that she was still the property of a pagan husband and was one of several wives,—yet she was radiant for God in her pagan setting. Samuel and Maria invited us to tea. To get to their outstation we had a long drive through the bush. After a warm welcome and some happy fellowship round the rustic tea table, placed in the middle of the mud hut, we had a meeting in their little thatched chapel. Samuel has been Mr. Bryson's chief language helper for many years; without his help the translation of the Nandi Bible would have been wellnigh impossible.

Contacts such as these with our outposts, here and in many other parts were among the most inspiring features of my visit to the field.

The next morning I had to bid farewell to our friends at Kapsabet, although Mr. Bryson accompanied me through the Nandi forest on my way to



Kisumu, there to take the Lake steamer for Tanganyika. The great variety of trees, interspersed with tropical palms and wild banana, and later the numerous thickly populated Kavirondo villages, made the trip a most interesting one. After passing many villages full of friendly natives, we turned off the main road to visit two more of our missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Skoda, who are working at Ogada. They gave us a hearty welcome, and from their verandah we had a wonderful view looking down on Lake Victoria. Eighty-three out-stations are worked from Ogada, and in addition to this Mr. and Mrs. Skoda are responsible for the work at Kana, a station down in the Luo plains.

After a time of fellowship over the Word of God, and of conference in our mutual interest concerning the work, we pushed on through the lower and hotter regions to Kisumu there to await the departure of the s.s. *Osoga*, which was to take me to Tanganyika.

During the trip through Kenya I had an opportunity of calling on the workers of another mission and seeing something of their work. Here I was made aware of an unfortunate phase of the missionary problem. These trusted and faithful workers have had to witness the rejection of the old fundamentals, for the introduction of a type of modernism,

which is trying to substitute educational enlightenment for the miracle working power of the Gospel. Education as a means of securing and training leaders for the church, and giving help in the development of Christian character, offers an opportunity which we cannot afford to ignore; but unless the extension of Christ's Kingdom be our ultimate goal, we fail in our purpose. I was not surprised to find that such a system, lacking the fundamental principles of the Christian faith, has been a source from which a pan-African movement has sprung, introducing an element of opposition against good government as well as missions. It was with rejoicing that we have since learned that prayer has been answered in that the faithful stewards are being allowed to continue and to propagate the old truths.

While on this subject I may add that I noted in other places that where a highly developed form of Western civilization was superimposed on the primitive setting of African life, confusion most surely resulted therefrom. And yet there is an ambitious endeavour among a section of the youth of Africa to leap the "rapids" from the lower level of African life to the higher level of European civilization, only to find their strength exhausted with no reserve to cope with the greater demands of the current above. One fears in these cases

that the backward pull will win in the end and a civilized paganism will bring its own sorrows. The problem thus presented can only be solved by that regeneration of heart and life which the Gospel teaches.

In this difficult transitional period there can be no question but that the missionary of the Cross holds the key of Africa's destiny. As one Government official observed: "The missionary, living as he does year in year out exclusively, and upon friendly terms, among the natives, having little contact with the non-native world to distract him, almost invariably speaking the local language fluently, must acquire a knowledge of native life which cannot be attained by the average administrative officer!" He added further: "I am glad to see that, as the years pass, relations between Government officials and missionaries continue to improve. The influence of missionaries is very great, and will become much greater when their hundreds of thousands of youthful followers reach middle age and tribal influence."



Kavirondo witchdoctors photographed on the way to  
Kisumu, on Lake Victoria.



**Mwanza Bay, on the southern shores of Lake Victoria. The photograph shows the out-board motor in which Mr. and Mrs. Jester, a Government official, two native boys and the writer travelled some thirteen miles across the Uzinza Gulf to the A.I.M. station at Uzinza.**

## CHAPTER V

### IN WESTERN TANGANYIKA



WITH the arrival of the boat at Kisumu there was the usual loading and unloading, and then the setting forth on this great inland sea. Lake Victoria lies at an elevation higher than the summit of Ben Nevis and is little inferior in size to the whole area of Scotland. This vast sheet of blue water is dotted with little islands, and both the shores of the Lake and the islands are covered with trees.

Musoma was our first call, and there quite a heavy cargo was exchanged for several tons of coffee. On the third day we sighted Mwanza, and were struck with the beautiful setting of this port of entry into Tanganyika Territory. For miles behind, the blue expanse of water lay undisturbed, save where white foam marked the track of the *Osoga*. Before us in the peaceful rock-bound bay were the picturesque sails of many Arab dhows, and the silence was broken only by the occasional flutter of water-fowl as they skimmed the placid surface of the lake. Mwanza lay in the background, its shores lined with date palms, beyond which was a most interesting white stone formation in a

setting of deep green waving grass. After pulling into the landing stage I soon saw Mr. Sywulka in the midst of a great crowd of Africans, Indians and Arabs. We were not allowed to land however until the doctor had examined most of the passengers, as plague was prevalent, and in Mwanza itself eighty-eight deaths had been recorded.

Mr. Sywulka gave me a hearty welcome to the Territory, and, on arriving at the A.I.M. station some two miles distant, where most of the missionaries had gathered with four members of another society for the Annual Conference, I received a further welcome into the Tanganyika fellowship. The days that followed were memorable, characterised as they were by a spirit of unity and a wonderful sense of God's presence. During the Conference I learned something of the missionary and political situation in this area. It was obvious that God had chosen His team of workers. Under Mr. Maynard's directorship all the departments of missionary activity are well developed, and everything seems to suggest readiness for a forward movement. The big problems that our brethren are facing are ;—the finding of suitable policies for educational work ; for the training of Christian leaders, and for the establishment of the African church.

At one of the business sessions Mr. Maynard referred to the need of getting to know the native,

and also the danger of being caught in the rush of modern civilization which so often interferes with a sympathetic study and understanding of our people. This view is shared by a friendly Government official who said: "The two greatest obstacles to the progress of native administration are the motor car and the railway time-table which hurry us through the country. I have spent years trying with very poor success, to convince my juniors that the human foot was not intended primarily to press an accelerator or tread the turf of a golf course." It is true of all parts of Central Africa that the pace is being speeded up, and the African, unable to keep abreast of the times, is in danger of being forgotten and left hopelessly behind. Hence the need for the exhortation to get down alongside the people in order that we may understand and win them, having as our main object the establishment of the Christian church in their midst, adapted to local circumstances and tribal life. This Conference was indeed a spiritual inspiration, and gave a clearer insight into the vast opportunities which God has opened out before us in Western Tanganyika among nearly a million people.

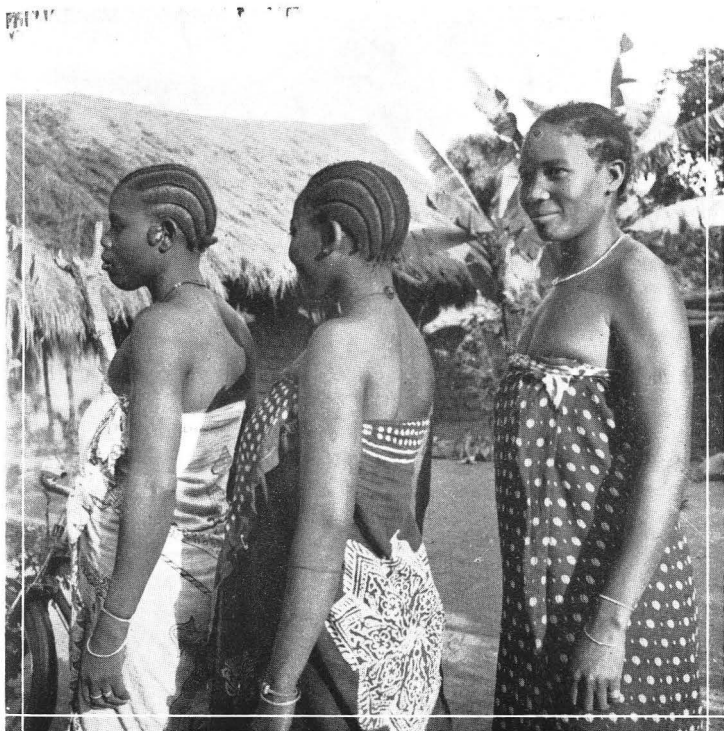
The Sukuma who number about 600,000 constitute the largest tribal unit in the Territory. They are closely akin in language and custom to the 350,000 Nyamwezi. The two tribes together



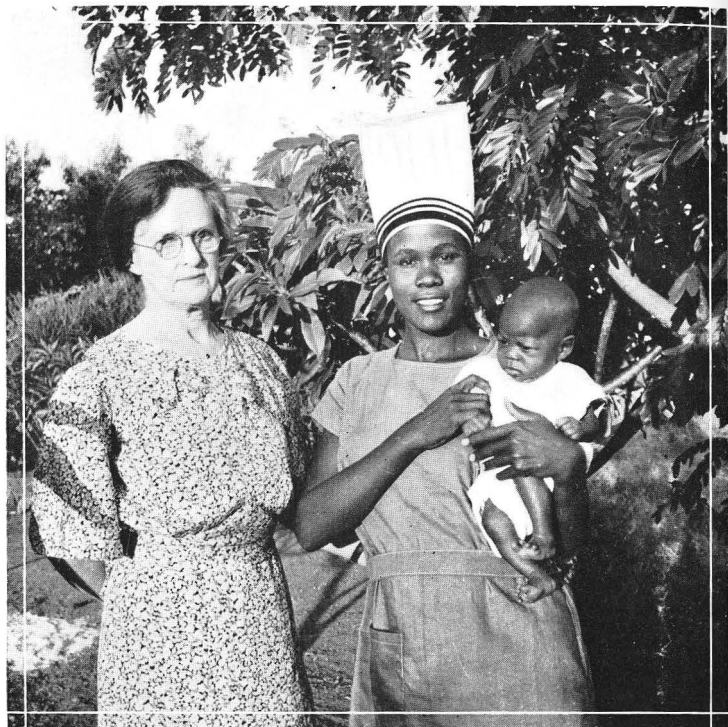
constitute about one-fifth of the native population of the whole of Tanganyika. Although the altitude is about 4,000 ft. the country is swampy, and malaria and blackwater fever are unwelcome but frequent guests. Leprosy is also prevalent, and in recent years sleeping sickness has invaded the country to a dangerous degree.

After the Conference Mr. Maynard took me by car to Nasa. The road lay through flat country with occasional clusters of rocks. These were strangely arranged, just as though some giant in bygone days had taken a delight in piling enormous stones on the top of each other, and there they stand in an acrobatic mood looking somewhat hilarious and most unsafe! The villages we passed looked prosperous, and the absence of any weapons of warfare emphasised the fact that the Basakuma are a peace loving and friendly people.

After we had travelled some fifty miles, Mr. Maynard pointed out two pyramid shaped hillocks; saying that at the foot of the near one lay the Nasa mission station. Following the rugged coast of Lake Victoria, we soon found ourselves ploughing through grass and scrub to this historic spot known to have been the last station opened by Alexander McKay. On arrival we were shown an old stone house which he had built, but it was well guarded by hornets which defied our entrance.



Ladies of Mwanza are seen in the above photograph dressed in highly coloured Indian garments. Being ladies of leisure they have considerable time at their disposal, much of which is wasted in the laborious embroidery of their hair.



Dr. Nina Maynard is seen in this photograph with her head nurse Edith. Under the doctor's supervision there is a large maternity hospital, a leper hospital and a very extensive dispensary. Nearly 100,000 treatments are given each year at Busia, in Tanganyika Territory.

One could not help realising how much loneliness and suffering must have been experienced by this early pioneer, and also, how, in these trials he must have been strengthened and inspired by a deep joy in knowing that the banner of the Cross had already been firmly planted on the Uganda side of the lake, although he himself had had to flee from that district because of the wrath of the king. Before leaving, McKay was privileged to see some of the first fruits of the seed sown during his fourteen years of service. Yet he could scarcely have imagined how wonderfully that little church on the Uganda side would grow. In 1882 the first converts were baptised; then followed a period of persecution under King Mwanza, who had succeeded Mtesa. Three years later three Christian boys were burned to death for their faith, Bishop Hannington was murdered, and many native Christians suffered martyrdom for their devotion to Jesus Christ. McKay was left alone. During this time Mwanza's heart was touched, and he sent, through McKay, his famous message: "I want a host of Christian teachers to come and preach the Gospel to my people." Then, just as the days of great ingathering were being experienced, McKay, feeling probably the urge of God for the people to the south of the lake, partly too through a change of attitude on the part of the king and the terrible

persecution which followed, set sail and landed near Nasa, where he began work in another tribe. It was not far from this spot that he died of fever.

The story of missionary enterprise in this A.I.M. section dates back to 1876. In those days, missionaries of the C.M.S. working in Uganda had to traverse the whole length of the Tanganyika Territory in order to reach their field, and they needed a rest camp on the southern shore of Lake Victoria. The place for this camp was changed several times, until 1887, when after the persecution referred to above, McKay was forced to flee; he settled at Nera, which afterwards became the half-way station. The C.M.S. held this station for two decades in spite of much sickness and death, but the Sukuma proved particularly unresponsive to the Gospel. Nera was transferred to the A.I.M. in 1909, and our missionaries have been privileged to see the beginnings of a harvest from the costly sowing of those early pioneer days.

Nasa is thus a place with a past; and during our visit we seemed to live over again those days with that great pioneer of the Gospel, and felt that indeed we were on holy ground. Yes, Nasa has a past, and, we believe, will have a future too, for our missionaries are steadfastly looking to God for a great ingathering. The station is attractively laid out with the church and school nicely situated, but

being holiday month, it presented a somewhat deserted appearance.

Leaving Nasa we set out for Buduhe. Our pathway lay through the flat sandy plains studded with occasional rocks, some of which rose like young mountains in the midst of an arid country. Driving in comparative comfort provided a striking contrast to the weary tramping of long exhausting miles which was so common an experience in the early days. Mr. Maynard described the beginning days as we went along. As I listened to the narration of these tests and triumphs, which never could be fully shared or adequately appreciated by people at home nor printed in any book to draw forth the admiring sympathy of readers ; I gave thanks that they are all rightly assessed and carefully recorded in God's Book of Remembrance. There have been tests from famine and disease, from sleepless nights and great loneliness with often long vigils over sufferers ; encounters with hostile natives and wild animals to say nothing of the struggle with a difficult language and in a climate none too healthy. Then there were the war years with food shortage and sickness among the missionaries, and a long drawn out silence from the outer world. These and countless other tests from the devil whose kingdom had become endangered through the presence of the missionaries of the Cross were

triumphantly endured by the early pioneers. But not only have there been tests, there have been triumphs too. In abundant measure has come the "nevertheless afterward" of much fruit, and of this it was my privilege to see samples everywhere. The lives of the missionaries have been enriched by that deeper knowledge of God gained only in the furnace of refining. As we talked I realised that the reaping of a spiritual harvest may be comparatively easy, but the harvest reveals the type of seed that has been sown.

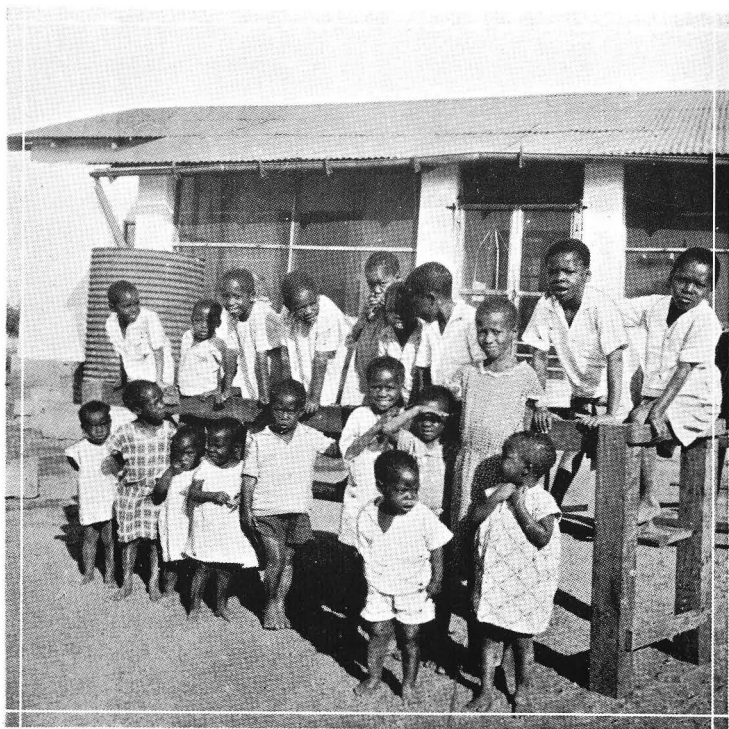
"By the way, that's a boabab tree," said Mr. Maynard, and for a moment we turned from missionary history to botany! One could hardly have failed to see this particular tree, as it was close to the path and measured ninety-three feet round! Being square in shape it looked rather like a house, with seemingly leafless branches stuck promiscuously in a flat roof. We got out to see this massive product of nature. Its "cabbage" growth makes it worthless as timber, although the fibre taken from the bark provides a good material for string, and cream-of-tartar can be extracted from the fruit.

After walking round this big "cabbage", we continued our journey to Buduhe, which lay several miles ahead. It is one of the newer stations, and serves as a useful evangelistic centre for a wide area around.



King Paul Wamba and his wife are members of the Busia church. When he comes he usually brings a wagon load of his people with him. The above photograph was taken in the grounds of his palace.





Orphans are seen in the above photograph. Their prayers for a new and bigger home were abundantly answered in the provision of the building in the rear. By way of welcome to the writer they sang in English, "Everybody ought to love Jesus."

As the land around is flat and sandy, there does not seem to be any need for roads, and making a bee-line for the station we had no difficulty in getting there. The mud church building provided the right kind of meeting place, and here we were introduced to some of the Christian families. From Buduhe the missionaries are endeavouring to make the Gospel known throughout a wide parish where, until recent years Satan held undisputed sway. They were able, however, to report progress, and gave instances of a growing desire among the village people for the things of God.

Leaving the Mission compound, which was nicely laid out and enclosed with its own hedge, we drove through flat scrub land in the direction of Lohumbo. On the way we spent an interesting hour with Dr. Carson, who is in charge of a sleeping-sickness laboratory, which has a fascinating zoological extension used for experimental purposes. In the interests of his research work the doctor had inoculated himself with this dread disease in order to make a further discovery concerning its symptoms and possible cure.

Tanganyika Territory is three times the size of the United Kingdom. Two-thirds of this huge area is tsetse ridden, and the fly is said to be making advances every year. "The malaria mosquito is bad enough, but malaria does not drive cultivation

out of a country like the fly disease of cattle, nor does it kill wholesale like the tsetse of human sleeping-sickness." (Africa View). Dr. Carson and his staff have accomplished much in the reclaiming of vast areas from this dreaded scourge.

The Lohumbo station, which we reached towards evening, is well developed. The printing press and girls' work have recently made considerable advances, and are being used of God in their important ministries both to the African church and to the native Christian home. Being holiday month we were unable to see anything of the school or church work, both of which are extensive. Mr. Whitlock, the superintendent at Lohumbo, has plans for the widespread preaching of the Gospel by natives, and for the discriminate distribution of suitable literature for the development and guidance of Christian life. Since my visit we have heard of remarkable blessing principally among the girls at this centre.

Going into the bush by car after nightfall, we encountered three huge hyenas. They were blinded and confused by the glare of our headlights, and we were thus afforded a wonderful opportunity of seeing these creatures in their natural setting.

For the next part of our journey towards Busia, the car seemed to put on speed. And no wonder, for Mr. Maynard was going back home after his

long trek round the stations, and I was longing to see the work there, for which we have so long prayed and have so often tried to visualise. Just within sight of Busia, and right in the middle of a stream, we suddenly ran out of petrol! However, the tank was soon replenished, and we drove on through the long avenue of trees which leads to the station. Here we received a warm welcome from Dr. Nina Maynard, and later from the other missionaries of this headquarter station.

After tea we went to see the orphans. There they were, a happy little crowd in their night-dresses, ready for bed. This Orphan Home is a comparatively new department of the work, and while it is meeting a great need, it presents its own problems, which will become more acute when later on these fascinating little "chocolate drops" will have grown up and will have to fit into tribal life. The next morning the children took me round their Home, which has been given largely in answer to their own prayers. The story of how it came was very touching. The old house was cold, draughty and leaky and withal much too small for the growing family of orphans. So one day a little deputation of tinies came to the missionary in charge enquiring if they might ask the Lord Jesus for a bigger and better house. Permission given, off they went to their room and

kneeling down with upturned faces and tightly closed eyes they began to pray. "Dear Lord Jesus" they said, "when it rains the big drops fall on our little beds through the leaky roof, and without proper windows the wind blows through the open spaces. Please, dear Lord Jesus, may we have a better house, and a bigger one so that other orphans may find a home too, Amen." Well, needless to say the Lord, the Lover of little children, heard their cry and some £300 was soon after received with which the better house has been built, and which the orphans themselves had just taken me over. When I left, they enquired of Miss Bowyer, the missionary in charge, whether I was a believer!

Sunday at Busia was a memorable day, and one which I shall never forget. The church, a grass roofed building was crowded; there was deep reverence throughout the service and the singing had a gracious sense of worship in it. The communion service which followed found me sitting between a black king and an Indian convert, surrounded by hundreds of Basakumu all of whom had learned to love the Lord. All the missionaries of course were there, and in the quietness "He came". Yes! it was one of those experiences when the Lord Whom we had been seeking came and stood among us. Here was abundant proof of the power of the Gospel, and an added testimony

to the fact that it meets the need of our African brethren.

In the afternoon Dr. Nina Maynard showed me round the hospital. I could only marvel at its growth. It started with just one simple building and now it is a "medical colony" where hundreds of sufferers find relief. The secret of its growth and maintenance is found in a steadfast trust in the unerring faithfulness of a Heavenly Father. The native dispensers and nurses are carefully selected and trained, and the utmost responsibility is placed upon them. Wonderful results are being obtained in the leper colony; some three hundred patients are housed in its eight buildings, which are models of neatness. There are no luxuries but the cleanliness and efficiency throughout is most marked, and a wonderfully happy spirit pervades the whole compound.

Our next visit was to the Maternity Home. I was surprised to see all the patients sitting out on the verandahs and the beds in the wards empty and neatly made. The Basakumu evidently do not like to be thought ill, and they avoid bed if they possibly can. So there they were basking in the sunshine. "Bethesda" as this Home is called, has meant blessing to thousands; well over a hundred little lives are brought into the world here every month. The value of such a work can only be fully appreciated when it is contrasted

with the high infant mortality under native conditions; the spiritual value of the work too is incalculable. From here we went on to the dispensary where thousands of sufferers find help and sympathy every year. As we went from place to place I marvelled at all that God had accomplished through one missionary doctor who, with Miss Jorgensen and Miss Tilley who are her right and left hands, and her trained native staff, carries on this extensive work. In conversation I learned something of their constant dependence on God, as also of their well-ordered programmes with due regard for rest and quiet.

Ideals however cannot always be realised, and of this we had evidence at lunch time on Sunday. We had no sooner sat down than a car arrived with an official and two natives who had been mauled by a lion, the car being driven by the official's wife.

Apparently the previous night a lion had killed a zebra. The people near by tried to chase it from its kill, but instead of running away the lion seized a boy from the crowd and carried him back to where he had left the zebra. Throughout that long night the little fellow lay there, often brushed by the lion's tail. Three or four times the hyenas crept up and tried to seize him, but each time the lion drove them off. At dawn the lion withdrew a little distance, and the boy, in spite of the fact that he

was injured, was able to creep back to his village. His call to the villagers not only brought his father, but also the lion who again attacked him. The father in an attempt to rescue the boy shot at the lion with a poisoned arrow, but this only enraged the beast who then attacked the father and broke his thigh. The District Officer was fortunately in a tent near by and he came and fired, but only wounded the beast who then left the father and turned on him. The old man, crippled though he was with a broken thigh, sat up and shot a second arrow which killed the lion.

These were the circumstances which led to the arrival of those three patients on that quiet Sunday afternoon; so the doctor and her assistants were soon busy dressing the claw wounds and setting the broken thigh. Thus our friends at Busia live to serve so that by any and every means Jesus Christ may be glorified.

There is so much more that one could tell of the work on this station. There is Miss Thompson's work in the school and the outstation work,—but time and space will not permit. The missionaries at Busia all expressed warm appreciation of the prayer help of friends in the homeland and asked that we should continue this co-operation with them, which means so much to the work.

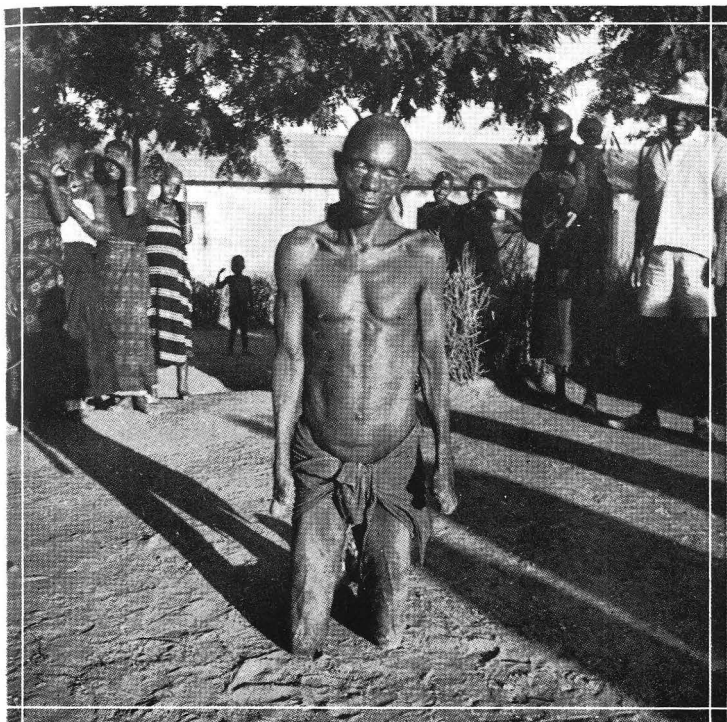
Leaving Busia we journeyed north to our



station at Nera, passing more of the "fantastic" rocks on our way. As we approached Nera I could not help thinking of the late Mr. Thomas Marsh. His burden for Tanganyika has somehow become ours and it is encouraging to know that many of its unevangelised places, for which he had a concern, are now being opened to the Gospel. It was Mr. Hess who piloted the car over the rough road up to the station, which was reached after nightfall. Preparations were being made for the native conference at which some 3,000 were expected. I heard later that their expectations were not disappointed; not only did great crowds of Christian natives gather, but there was also exceptional blessing among them.

Mr. and Mrs. Hess did everything to make my visit to their station pleasant. Among other things they arranged for me to meet the students at the Bible School and also the church elders, with whom I had a most encouraging time as I learned from them something of their concern for their people. In addition to this I also attended the station service in the V-shaped church.

Nera station, which has been opened twenty-eight years, is nicely situated above the surrounding country. It has a background of interesting white rocks which being piled on the top of each other in a most irregular fashion might prove an interest-



Tanganyika is full of leprosy. The A.I.M. is doing all that is possible with a limited medical staff to help the sufferers within her territory. Three hundred lepers are being cared for at Busia under Dr. Maynard's supervision. A sufferer is seen in the above picture.



Luhumbo is another A.I.M. station where a useful work is being carried on among Basukuma girls. In the above photograph some of them are seen pounding grain in wooden mortars.

The training is intended to prepare suitable wives for our evangelists and teachers.

ing field for archaeological research. They are also full of conies. Some of us climbed to the highest point near the station, and there saw part of the boiler which had been in Alexander McKay's boat, and which is now used as a bell to call the people to church. From this elevation we looked over the extensive area which is reached from Nera.

After a happy day spent in seeing the many departments of the work, and meeting some of the people who have been won for Christ and transformed by His grace, Mr. Hess kindly drove me back to Mwanza. During this journey I had a further opportunity of hearing more about his plans and prospects for the work.

Mr. and Mrs. Jester were waiting for me at Mwanza, and after lunch with Mrs. Sywulka, we were taken by a young forestry officer in his small out-board motor boat across the Uzinza Gulf. It took us about three hours to cross the thirteen miles, but when we finally arrived among the reeds and frogs, we received a great welcome from scores of natives who had come from the Uzinza Mission Station. During the short walk of about a quarter of a mile to the mission station, the natives sang hymn after hymn by way of welcome.

Mr. Jester has built an exceptionally fine church where a growing spiritual work is carried on. He arranged that the foundation stone of the new

Aggrey Training School should be laid during my visit. I was impressed with the vast opportunity which there is among these people, especially for wayside evangelism among the constant stream of travellers on the main road which runs through the station. Mrs. Jester has charge of the medical work which is growing; the teacher-training school also promises well and is the outstanding feature of the work. It is no small responsibility to mould the lives of those who will be the future Christian leaders among their own people, but Mr. Jester is definitely called to and admirably fitted for this task. He shares the ambition so wisely expressed by Dr. Aggrey, in whose memory the school has been erected, that in Christian training the missionary should endeavour to produce first class Africans and not third class Europeans.

The next day found us back at Mwanza. Here we saw Mr. and Mrs. Manning off in a small motor launch for the new station on the island of Ukerewe on Lake Victoria where they will have a vast field for evangelisation among a population of some 80,000 people.

These happy and memorable days spent in Tanganyika were now over, and bidding farewell to Mrs. Sywulka who kindly came to see me off, I again went on board the s.s. *Osoga* bound this time for Uganda.

## CHAPTER VI

### ACROSS THE WATERWAYS OF UGANDA



**D**URING the three days crossing Lake Victoria, I learned something of the occasional and sometimes terrifying water spouts which are to be seen on this part of the journey. I found also what a plague lake flies can be, for at one point on the voyage myriads of them invaded the ship. Calls at Bukoba, Bukakata and Entebbe made the trip along the western side of the Lake most interesting. We met natives of the Ankole and Buganda tribes at all these places. We disembarked at Port Bell and then travelled by train through miles of banana groves to Kampala.

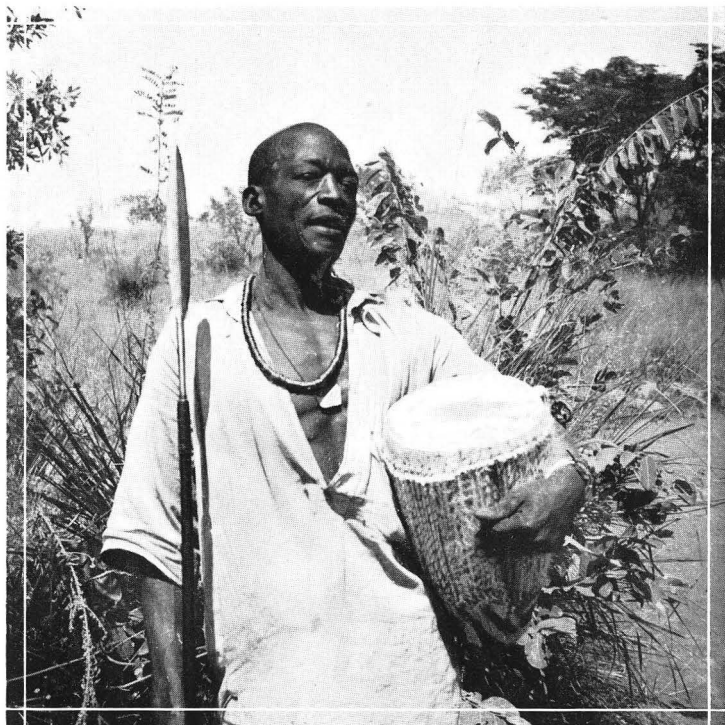
Kampala is a sacred spot round which the missionary history of Uganda gathers, and from which the Gospel has spread to all parts of the Protectorate. Stanley, already well known for his relief of Livingstone, visited Uganda in 1875 and told the Christian world of the opening for missionary enterprise that there was in Mutesa's dominion. In response to this, missionaries went forth and have been there since the seventies, and to them, and their successors under God, the Protectorate owes to a very great extent its undoubted progress, a pro-

gress which is characterised by a happy and successful method of co-operation between the African and European in political and religious administration.

While at Kampala it was a great joy to renew my acquaintance with Archdeacon and Mrs. Bowers, who had given us much valued counsel and help when we were about to enter the Congo some twenty-six years before. From them I learned a little of the wonderful movement of the Spirit of God in Ruanda, and shared their longing that this movement might spread throughout Central Africa. Later on, meeting Canon and Mrs. Gibson and Dr. and Mrs. Joe Church one felt further inspired to join in fervent prayer for a great ingathering of souls from among those Central African tribes whose destinies are largely determined by the missionary.

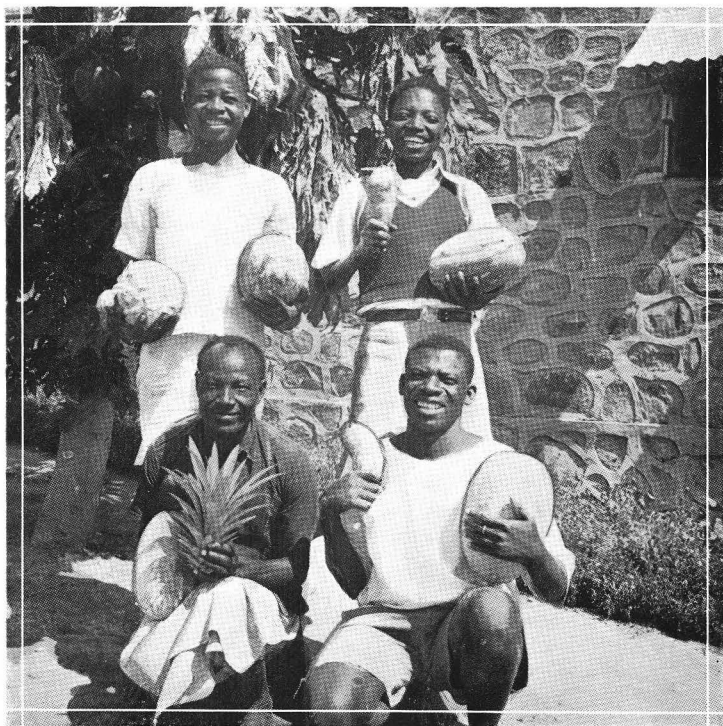
While at Namirembe, which is the C.M.S. centre near Kampala, I visited the graves of Bishop Hannington, Alexander McKay and George Pilkington; men who by their lives and witness have made history for God. Dr. Harford-Battersby in his biography of Pilkington gives us the clue to his power and success as a missionary, and indeed provides a modern illustration of the Divine equipment demonstrated at Pentecost and made available for every ambassador who is called to the spiritual ministry of extending Christ's Kingdom.

It was on Kome, one of the islands which we



While at Uzinza I was introduced to a witchdoctor, who was just becoming interested in the Gospel. When the camera was presented to get the above snap, his superstitious mind was filled with terror. On being offered a few cents, however, he stood still for the twenty-fifth part of a second.





The name Aggrey is held in high esteem, for he was an African of outstanding Christian character. While the writer was at Uzinza he was privileged to take part in the laying of the foundation stone of the Aggrey Training School, at which the boys in the above photograph are students.

had passed on Lake Victoria, that Pilkington's search for the indwelling power of the Holy Spirit began. Referring to this struggle he himself said : " If it had not been that God enabled me, after three years in the Mission field, to accept by faith the gift of the Holy Spirit, I should have given up the work. I could not have gone on as I was then. A book by David, the Tamil evangelist, showed me that my life was not right, that I had not the power of the Holy Ghost. I had consecrated myself hundreds of times, but I had not accepted God's gift. I saw now that God commanded me to be filled with the Spirit. Then I read, ' All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe that ye have received them, and ye shall have them,' and, claiming this promise, I received the Holy Spirit."

On December 7th, 1893, when Pilkington returned to Mengo from Kome, everyone noticed the wonderful change in him. His very face told of the reality of the change. His boys noticed it, the Christians of Uganda were conscious of it not only from his words but in a thousand little ways which speak more forcibly than the most eloquent sermon. But it was not only Pilkington who was thus blessed, others of the mission party had been led to seek a special blessing from God, and thus they were able to rejoice together. The results which followed gave abundant proof of the

reality of their experience. For instance, one man, a genuine native of Kome, stood up and said, "You see me a native born, not a Waganda, but a native of Kome, do not call me any longer by my old name, for I have been born anew." Later Pilkington wrote : "We are in the midst of a great spiritual revival. To the Lord be praise and glory and honour ! Our joy is beyond expression. After the morning service fully 200 stayed to be spoken to, and I believe the majority went away rejoicing in the Lord."

The twentieth century with its improved methods of missionary administration can add nothing to the spiritual efficiency which the Holy Spirit alone can impart. This is being experienced in several revival movements now in progress in Central Africa both in our own and in the spheres of other missionary societies.

The persecution which followed in Pilkington's day is likely to follow any such movement to-day, for spiritual work is directly opposed to the kingdom of Satan with its sin, disregard of God and licence for wrong-doing ; or as one of the Ruanda proverbs puts it : "He who leads the attack against the leopard gets the wounds."

Those who have at heart the deep spiritual and eternal interests of Africa know something of the price which must be paid in snatching brands from the burning. During my tour I was constantly

reminded of the costliness of real missionary work. Not only is this true of the price which is being so willingly paid by the missionaries, but also that which is shared by friends at home, who by costly giving, costly praying and unwavering sympathetic interest are taking their share in the triumphs of the Gospel in Central Africa. Miss Carmichael expresses this side of missionary suffering in the following words :

Hast thou no scar ?

No hidden scar on foot, or side, or hand ?

I hear thee sung as mighty in the land,

I hear them hail thee bright ascendant star,

Hast thou no scar ?

Hast thou no wound ?

Yet I was wounded by the archers, spent,

Leaned Me against a tree to die, and rent

By ravening beasts that compassed Me I swooned :

Hast thou no wound ?

No wound ? No scar ?

Yet, as the Master shall the servant be,

And pierced are the feet that follow Me :

But thine are whole : can he have followed far

Who has nor wound nor scar ?

Leaving Kampala by train we were soon alongside the s.s. *Speke* on which we embarked ready for the twenty-one hour sail across Lake Kiogo. This lake is of curious formation, and characterised by

floating vegetation. In shape it is like an enormous octopus, for it has numerous tributaries coming in from every direction.

I found many friendly, and a few unfriendly critics of missionaries among my fellow passengers crossing Uganda. Those who were friendly expressed interest and appreciation, and invariably mooted the hope that missions would refrain from making "Europeans" of their converts; a view that we also most strongly hold. A Christianised Africa with its indigenous church must surely be the goal for which we run. The destructive critics expressed many views, mostly of a selfish character. On the whole it is a cause for thanksgiving to God, that we have among the settlers and officials of Central Africa so many outstanding Christians who are sharing with us in the evangelization of her peoples.

Leaving the boat at Port Masindi, we boarded a bus which took us to Masindi Town; and two days later we continued our journey by bus to Butiaba. Then came the Lake Albert trip on board the s.s. *Corindon*, but at the mouth of the white Nile we transhipped to the s.s. *Lugard*, a flat bottomed boat which took us on to Packwach, where Mr. Garner met me and gave me a warm welcome to the West Nile. As there is no hotel at Packwach, we had our evening meal together on the boat, and after dark, went ashore to the little

mission rest house, where to the song of many mosquitoes we slept, safely protected under our nets. The next day we travelled on in the new mission car, which being a bright mustard colour is known as "the yellow peril"! The country through which we passed is of the jungle type with long waving grass interspersed with small trees dwarfed by frequent grass fires.

Goli was our first stop, and here a hearty welcome awaited us from a big crowd of Alur Christians. This work is superintended by Mr. and Mrs. Cole, but unfortunately they were absent from the station, as they had had to go to the Congo so that Mrs. Cole might receive medical treatment.

Soon after our arrival we had a service in a packed church followed by the communion service. Goli is most beautifully situated, and the houses are well built. The compound is planted with a variety of trees, and white stones jut out from among the soft Uganda grass. The station is also strategically situated for the Alur work and some thirty-five outposts and two evangelistic centres have been established throughout a wide parish in this southern area of the West Nile District. There is obvious need at Goli for a bigger staff of missionaries for the development and expansion of what is undoubtedly a real and growing work of God.

Leaving Goli in brilliant sunshine, we soon

encountered a bad thunderstorm with heavy tropical rain. After many hours of unpleasant and difficult driving, we reached Arua after dusk, there a further welcome awaited us from Mrs. Garner, Mr. and Mrs. Field and Miss Quelch.

Twenty years have made a big difference in this place; from being a small work with but one house near a big tree (the latter being a land mark in those days,) with a few disinterested natives living nearby, Arua has become one of our largest stations teeming with activity, within its own miniature forest of tropical trees, principally of the blackwattle and mango varieties. I was at a loss to know how to see all the work in the short time at my disposal. The church building had just been enlarged as a memorial to our late beloved Council Member, Trevor Hope Lingley, and here we lingered for some time. I did so earnestly wish that the donors, the friends at Christ Church, Bournemouth, could have seen how admirably it is suited for the work. The opening of the extension on the Saturday found the building packed with over a thousand people.

“The Sabbath drew on” and again we resorted to “Emmanuel”, starting the day with a communion service for the Government officials and missionaries. A crowded native service followed, with the communion service afterwards. The taking of the offering was touching, for in addition

to the gifts of money, there was a stream of worshippers making their way up to the chancel with eggs, chickens, fruit, rice, sugar cane, potatoes and grain of many kinds. The chickens took advantage of their comparative freedom, but were soon recaptured and tethered to the legs of the table. In spite of this diversion it was a most solemn offering made to the Lord. In the afternoon we gathered with the outschool evangelists and teachers. Shaking hands with them at the vestibule as they passed out, I was impressed with their obvious reality, and from what I gathered later, money had certainly not attracted them, but constrained by the love of Christ they have, in true apostolic fashion, left all to follow Him.

Their presence, and the fact that about 145 outstations are scattered throughout an area about the size of Wales, brought home very forcibly the need for some system of short-term Bible School work for their further training and development.

Behind all that one saw of these Lugbara Christians in church and at communion, there had been the careful training of catechumens and the sifting out of unsuitable candidates.

In addition to the extensive church work, there was Miss Quelch's girls' home, where the girls are trained both as Bible women and also to become suitable wives for our evangelists and teachers. The printing press is an important department of



work at Arua where hymn books and many Scripture portions have been printed. All who attended services seemed to possess copies of these; it was also evident that their production represented a considerable amount of language work. The little press was, during my visit, busily at work producing the parish magazine for the development of Christian truth both in the schools and rural churches.

There was abundant evidence of Mrs. Field's dispensary work in the numbers of bandaged sores which I saw everywhere. A visit to the schools came next, and I was only sorry that Sister Helene, who takes such an active part in the educational side, was not there to show us round. At the time of my visit she was at Rethi convalescing after an attack of blackwater fever. The educational work in this area presents a challenge, and there is urgent need for qualified teachers to take advantage of it for God.

In all that I saw on Arua station, I realised how wonderfully Mr. and Mrs. Vollar have been owned of God in the building up of this Lugbara section of our work.

Before leaving England I suggested meeting Mr. Richardson at Aru near the Congo border at 10 a.m. on the 6th July, D.V. ! And with Mr. Field at the wheel we arrived to the minute, having spent about half an hour seeing the outstation at Vurra, which is one of the biggest and most promising in the district.

## CHAPTER VII

### BACK IN THE BELGIAN CONGO



TRAVELLING along the remarkably good roads towards Rethi at forty miles an hour was surely rapid progress compared with twenty-five years ago, when it took us a month to do 400 miles on foot. Many changes have taken place since then. The lines of huts along the road are quite a new development, and the extensive cotton crops part of a new régime. The whitened harvest fields suggested prosperity, although the unclad condition of the Lugbara in particular showed little advance from the early days.

The lines of huts mentioned above were interesting, and from an administrative point of view, convenient. Sometimes as many as 1,000 people are gathered together in one "piki", as these native settlements are called. The advantages for missionary visitation are also considerable for greater numbers of people can be reached at one time. But, the old village life has gone and thus the difficulty of establishing Christian centres and Christian family life has become more acute. Some climbing had to be done before we reached Rethi, which is over 7,000 feet above sea level, and lies some forty miles to the west of Lake Albert. Mr.

Richardson took a short cut known as "Camp's new road" which reminds us that at times missionaries have to take their part in the engineering tasks of road making. It was a joy on reaching Rethi to renew my friendship with Mr. and Mrs. Camp and to be their guest for two days.

Rethi is essentially a medical station to which Europeans as well as Africans resort and find Christian sympathy and medical skill at the hands of Dr. Trout. Being high and reasonably healthy, it is proving to be a good centre for a white school, which has grown under the supervision of Professor and Mrs. Winsor. The church building is a very good one and is capable of holding a large number of people. It is the fervent prayer of the missionaries that it may be filled with seekers after God. It was good to meet many of the Alur converts, and to recognise among them some remarkable trophies of grace. Calling at the neat little thatched, white-washed cottage on the hill, it was a special pleasure to meet Miss Halstead, who with her native helper has completed the translation of the whole Bible in the Dalur language, this is now in circulation among the people. Mrs. Kemptner showed me over the white school, which is a brick building with glass windows, well planned to accommodate some thirty children. She withdrew for a moment to speed up the movements of her

water-boy who was leisurely moving towards the river carrying two empty oil tins. Her words worked wonders, for he took to his heels and ran. Coming back Mrs. Kemptner remarked, "That's our running water supply!"

Twenty-five years ago Rethi was but a landmark. As I looked eastward towards Kasengu I recalled the beginning days of A.I.M. work in the Congo, for it was at Kasengu that, after much prayer and conference, a party of six of us, Mr. and Mrs. Stauffacher, Mr. G. F. B. Morris, Mr. J. Batstone, Mr. F. Clarke and the writer, decided to investigate the then unevangelised interior. Ploughing our way through long grass, we came in a few days into open country in the valley;—this very valley that I now looked into from the Rethi hill.

While great are the contrasts in present-day travel with those of early days, yet greater and more wonderful are the changes among the peoples themselves. From the little handful of natives who gathered at Kasengu in 1913, to-day there are twenty-two stations among some thirteen tribes, hundreds of outstations, and thousands of converts. By no means the least remarkable feature is that now there are over 1,000 evangelists and teachers giving the Gospel to their own people.

Leaving Rethi with its lovely air and mountain scenery we went back into the Lugbara country

and spent one night with Mr. and Mrs. Pontier at Aru. I was sorry to miss seeing Miss Sturrock, who had gone to Uganda and was delayed in returning. I saw her medical work, however, and was impressed with the skill of her native helpers. The head dispenser is not only wonderfully competent but a devoted Christian, and in his love for the Lord and His work had recently given as a thankoffering the sum of 1,000 francs towards the supply of drugs. When I met him he was dressing the wound which an elderly man had sustained through being gored by a buffalo.

At Aru I attended an evening service, and this was quite a new experience, for the services are mostly held in the day time. The church-school was packed, and in the lamp light the congregation displayed a vivid contrast of ebony black and ivory white; the dark skinned bodies of the Lugbara providing the background for an exhibition of shiny white teeth. They sang the praises of God with a note of real thanksgiving, and there was a hunger for God which we felt was being satisfied as the bread of life was broken to them during the service.

Having taken part in the opening of the Lugbara work some twenty years before, it was all the more inspiring to go round the Aru station and see the wonderful development that had taken place. There was the school with its bamboo walls and grass

roof; inside, Miss Groat was supervising the many graded classes of Lugbara women and girls. (The men and boys gathered at another time.) All were eager to learn, the mastery of the Bible being their chief ambition. Mothers, babies and all were present, and it was truly a homely scene; they were so happy and from the fluent repetition of Scripture it was evident that they were "getting somewhere". Miss Groat stole a few minutes from her school to show us her girls, who were standing in a long row behind the cactus plants, just in front of their mud-and-wattle home. Their black faces shone as they sang one of their Lugbara hymns by way of welcome. Going round the station with its many activities, one was reminded that throughout the vast parish attached to Aru, were numerous rural church-schools carried on by African converts who have now become evangelists to their own people.

The difference after twenty years was truly inspiring. In those early days there was nothing, in fact the very building of the first house on the present site seemed a waste of energy; for, could anything be expected from so backward a people? Yet it was for them that concerted prayer was made. It was through the sickness of one of our missionaries while on a journey that a halt had to be made at the government post nearby and a number of missionaries congregated in the vicinity,

(at Vurra in fact which is now an outstation on the West Nile border and which has already been referred to) to await allocation. The selection of a Headquarters station was also under consideration, and in the providence of God, Aru was the base from which investigations were made, and prayer offered. It was not difficult to see how wonderfully prayer had been answered in the harvest of souls being gathered by those now privileged to reap.

By the way, while at Aru I was introduced to "Micah", the suggestive nickname given to an old Ford car, by Mr. and Mrs. John Buyse, the proud possessors. This car has been instrumental in enabling the owners to carry out an extensive evangelistic ministry through our Congo field. Mrs. Mabel Easton Buyse is the journalist of our Society and her missionary cameos from time to time have given illuminating glimpses into the work; not only have they revealed the triumphs but also the patient plodding work of Christ's Ambassadors. Mr. Buyse is the map-maker of the Mission. He has given much of his time and skill to allocate the fifty-three stations in their respective spheres, and has even tried with some success to place many of our 1,500 outstations with a view to finding out those areas which are as yet unevangelized. So "Micah" has been engaged in important business.

With the back of the car well laden with potatoes, Mr. Richardson and I were again side by side pursuing our way to his station among the Kakwa. This was new ground to me, off the beaten track from the early days, and my curiosity was aroused. The country was similar to that of the Logo, and at first sight the appearance of the people suggested a cross between the Lugbara and Logo, but there is evidently no connection. Before taking the last turn which was to lead to the station, the car stopped in a chief's village outside one of Mr. Richardson's many out-schools. We went in; all were doing their best, tiny tots, big men, mothers with babies, all were reading the Kakwa translation of part of the Bible, and again I was reminded of the progress of indigenous Christianity. There it was in evidence, having taken root in the once pagan hearts, and producing fruit unto God, where until recently "weeds" of the most poisonous sort had been brought forth in the name of animism. The uniform was certainly indigenous! And being distinctly black in colour needs no further description!

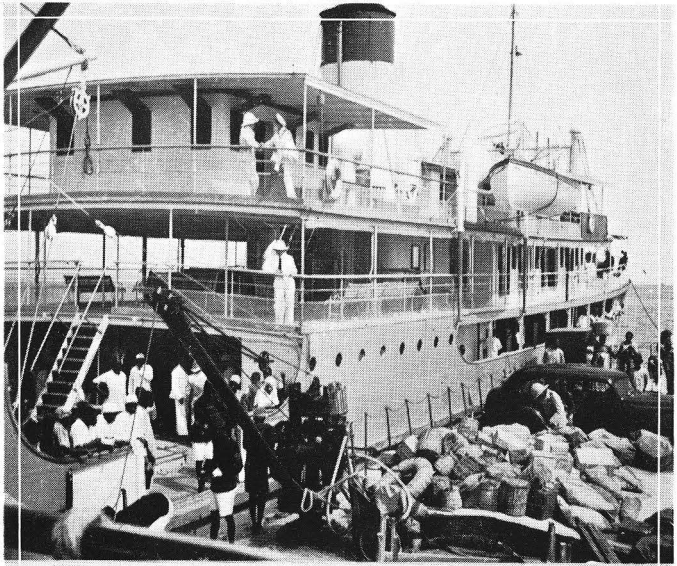
A few more photographs and then into first gear, which because of its noise the natives like best! With a shout of farewells we departed to be greeted an hour later with the greatest enthusiasm yet experienced on the tour, from hundreds of Kakwa converts, who, from the early part of the day had



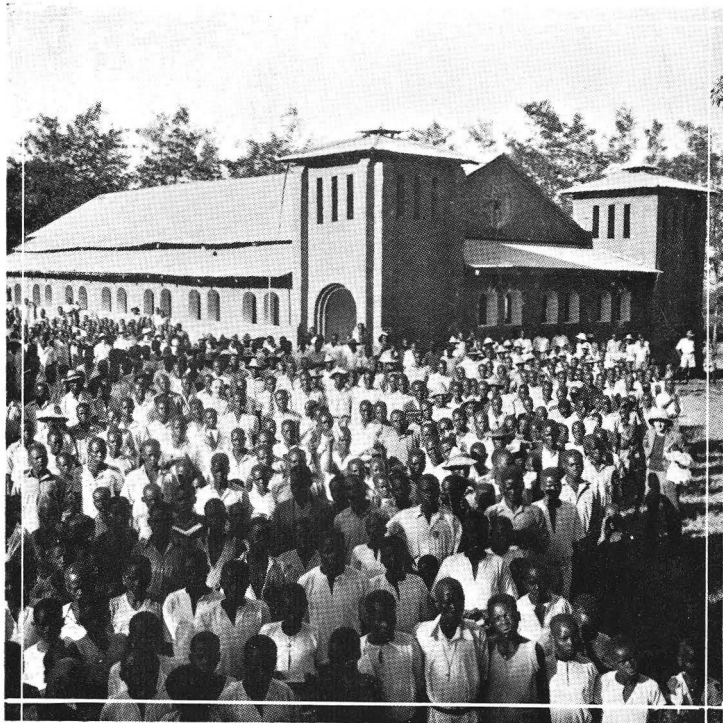
been waiting to sing us on to the station at Adi. Their welcome back to Mr. Richardson, their Bwana (Master) was touching. I could feel the thrill of love between missionary and native, as I stood with Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, Joyce and David while the multitude marched round the station compound singing the songs of Zion.

The short Uganda grass, and neatly kept hedge surrounding the attractive brick house with its grass roof and chimney made a homely setting for this occasion. Soon we gathered in the church, and would have found seating accommodation difficult had not chairs been provided in the brick rostrum. The impression of that service was unforgettable. In it there was deep reverence, sincere worship in the singing and praying, and a hunger for spiritual things which made speaking, even by interpretation, a joyous privilege. After a time the service stopped, but I cannot refer to it as being over for the spirit of worship continued during the breaking up, and the songs of joy went on without much interruption.

While we stood among the crowd outside, one man impressed me, and I soon learned that he was both deaf and dumb, and yet in spite of these infirmities, he was an evangelist! Yes, saved, but how did he hear? How was Jesus Christ revealed to him? To my question there was but one



Trans-shipping from the S.S. "Coryndon" to the S.S.  
"Lugard" at the entrance to the White Nile.  
Lower picture: The S.S. "Llangibby Castle."



The Trevor Lingley Memorial Church, Arua. Evangelists and teachers are seen in the lower picture.



answer ; " The Holy Spirit " and there it remains. I stood watching him act the Gospel, and one could follow the process of his thinking and the unfoldings of divine revelation from his own experience as he described the miserable sinner, covered from head to foot by sin, then his meeting the Lord, coming to His Cross, having the Blood applied, his sins taken away, then the choice of the narrow way in preference to the broad one, and his upward look, in joyous expectancy for the coming again of his Lord Whom he so dearly loved. " What a wonderful Gospel we have," I found myself saying, as I stood among the crowd watching the Gospel being described eloquently without the use of words.

We could have continued at Adi, but the friends at Todro had invited us there for the week-end, so a start was made after a terrific hail-storm had ceased. To get there before night-fall meant, as our American brethren put it " stepping on the gas " ! This at first presented little difficulty as the roads were good, but on leaving the main road for the Todro path, there were some awkward bridges, and soft patches which required careful negotiating, yet before the tropical sun, with its halo of glory had set behind the Lugbara hills, we were pulling up through the avenue of oil palms towards the old familiar white rocks which have always characterised Todro. Miss McCord and Miss

Wightman were there to welcome us, and later quite a contingent of missionaries arrived from Aba, and we had a kind of week-end conference of happy fellowship together. Old Kabase, an early Logo convert, greeted me in true African style with a chicken, and asked so affectionately after his Madamo Miller and our children. Others too came, and I was touched by the faithful loyalty and warm love of old friends. Medical work, girls' work, school and church, with the usual outstations constitute the activities of this station, and there was much to cause thanksgiving.

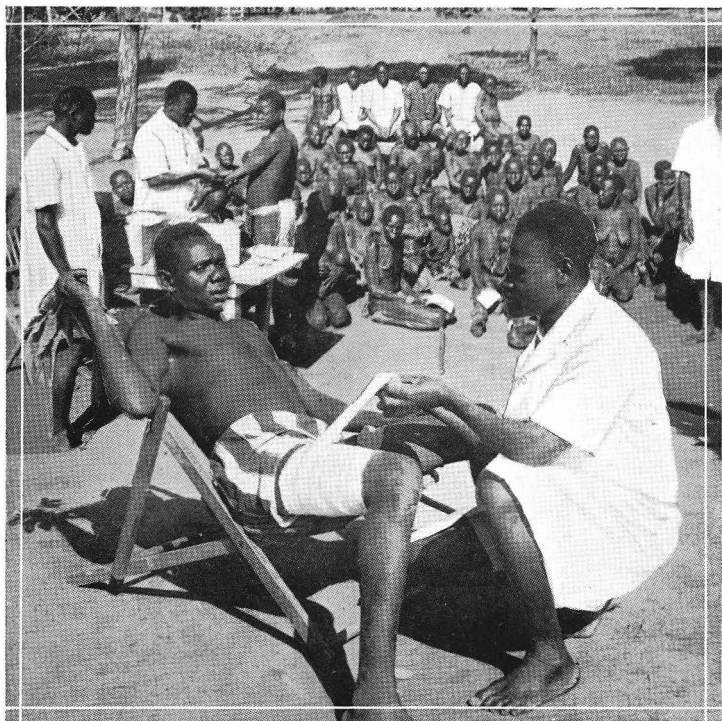
Native leaders of strong Christian character are needed for our Logo work, and in asking prayer for these, we are confident that they will be raised up. The service in the brick built church was well attended, and towards the end of the service Mr. Van Dusen our Congo Field Director made reference to the recent death of Daniel, a little African orphan, whom he and Mrs. Van Dusen had brought up. His words found a ready response, and a sense of sympathy and love filled the atmosphere. The day ended with a meeting among ourselves, and God drew near, as He so often does in those foreign parts. We then scattered to our various houses. On entering mine I was met by a snake winding its way out. Fortunately I was able to kill it with a piece of hippo hide which I found hanging on the wall.

My last glimpse of Todro was in the morning, as the mists were rolling off the hills in front. Miss Wightman was busy in the dispensary, and one of her helpers was gazing through the microscope at a blood slide seeking to detect the specific germ in the blood of a patient, while Miss McCord was getting the wheels of station routine on to the rails again for another week's work. It was still early and we were packed and on our way to Dungu by way of Aba. The road was exceptionally good, and bridges of a most professional sort spanned the many rivers. On the way we called in to see the elephant farm, and had the unique experience of seeing some forty elephants, young and old, each with an Azande rider on its back. They marched in perfect order to the river, where they lined up, and at certain words of command, went in; went under; stood upright; came out; and then returned. While in the water one old fellow very playfully filled his trunk with water and squirted the contents into the mouth of the baby elephant by his side. While we witnessed the bathing exercises from the bank, a curious hippo shot his head up on the further side of the river. He looked around interestedly but quickly disappeared under the water with a disapproving snort.

On reaching the Dungu Poste, we passed through old familiar ground to the river, where instead of

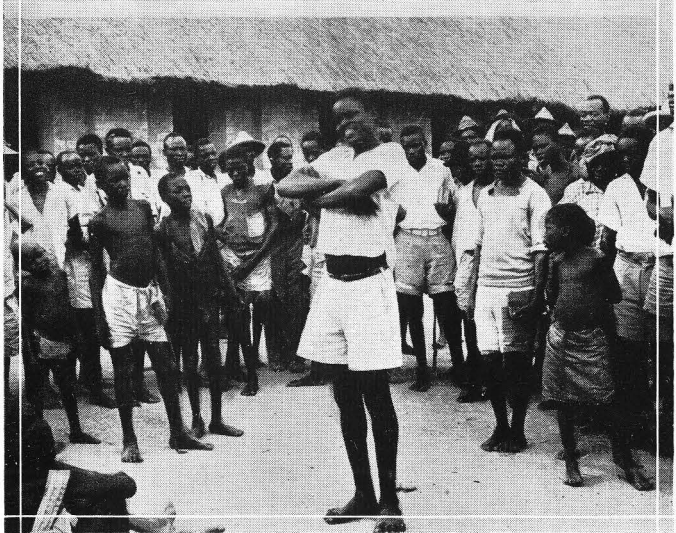
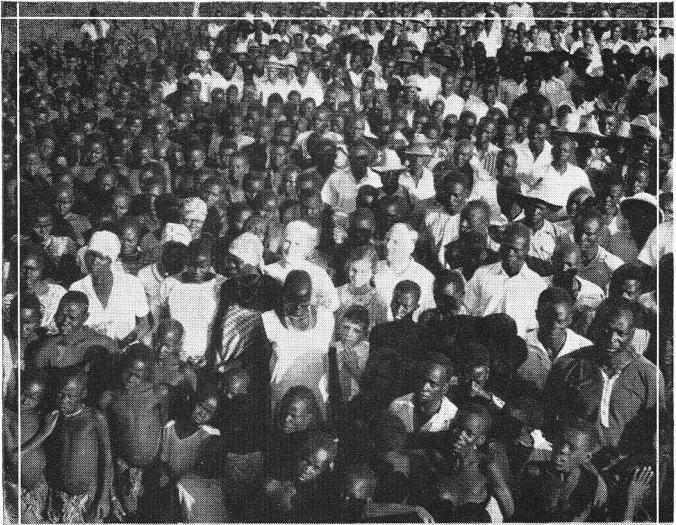
the old dug-out canoe for passengers only, we found a number of dug-outs formed into a pontoon upon which the car was run, and brought safely to the station side of the river. It was dark when we arrived, and after a welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Hodgkinson, Miss Utting and Miss Wilson, and a happy re-union round the supper table, we then, to avoid mosquitos, went off to bed.

Next morning at dawn I looked around for the old Dungu, but the intervening thirteen years have brought a change. Instead of the old mud-and-wattle houses, there are nicely built brick ones. In the hollow, looking down from the hillock where the Hodgkinsons' house stands, is the new brick church. Two palm-lined roads lead in from the south and the west, both terminating at this thatched building, which has been dedicated for the worship and service of God. The Azande work has been hard, and I was prepared for small gatherings. On the contrary however the church was well filled, and there were many indications of the boundless grace of God among the people. The little girls were a fascinating band in their new dresses which had been sent to them from the friends of the Cheam Baptist Church. Here as at Todro old friends were met, and it was encouraging to see them going on for God in the midst of much to distract. There must be a future of great blessing



Under the supervision of Miss Melvill Sturrock, quite an extensive medical work is being carried on at Aru, in the Belgian Congo. A dispenser is seen in this photograph dressing a wound inflicted by a buffalo. Other dispensary cases are seen in the background.





The Rev. and Mrs. Kenneth Richardson, Joyce and David among the crowd at Adi. The lower picture is of a deaf and dumb evangelist.

for this Azande tribe, considering the sacrifice and prayer that have been put into the work.

As time did not permit me to visit Bafuka, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Stauffacher came over to be with us, and we were able to learn of the many indications of blessing on that frontier station.

With the passing of thirty-six hours, our brief visit was over, and we returned to Faradje through torrential rain which fortunately had spent itself by the time we reached Aba. It was less than twenty years ago that my wife and I opened this station, hoping at long last that we might have the opportunity of settling down, as our Congo experience seemed to be one of opening stations and moving on. But here again our part was but to open the door through which others might enter, and in this we have reason to rejoice. Aba had proved a valuable centre where the usual activities of a Headquarter station are in operation. A Headquarter station however is not without its difficulties, in that the very organisation for which it exists tends to militate against the greatest freedom for the development of the native church. The missionaries are looking to God for a fresh breath of revival to quicken the Christians, that they, as burning lights, may go forth and radiate the Gospel in the villages around.

The Bible School and Printing Press under

Mr. and Mrs. Stam and the Leper Asylum and Hospitals under Dr. and Mrs. Kleinschmidt are special features of this station. The contribution that these departments are making to the missionary cause in Congo is very great. Thousands of treatments are given each year at the hospitals, from the press printed messages are distributed far and wide among many tribes and in many languages, and the instruction given in the Bible School pre-supposed the establishment of the African Church with its own spiritual leaders.

Aba, on account of its attractive layout, thatched houses nestling among white rocks, and soft Uganda grass, pleasant for situation and hospitable in its accommodation, is a much frequented centre for rest and conference. On the quiet hillside, under the graceful lilac trees, is the cemetery. As we passed from grave to grave, among which were those of Mary Mozley and Elizabeth Morse Hurlburt, we were again reminded of the strange but providential dealings of God with this Mission. Our best had been taken, but, with their going, there was abundant testimony that blessing had come to Africa. When applied to the missionary the dictum is ever true that "The white man's grave is the black man's resurrection".

## CHAPTER VIII

### THROUGH EGYPT VIA UPPER AND LOWER SUDAN



**B**R. TROUT offered me a seat in his car, for he and Mrs. Trout with their children Marjory, John and Jean were also travelling to Juba and so together we said farewell to Aba. Half an hour later we were passing through the Customs at the boundary of the Belgian Congo and a few miles further on received permission to enter the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. The car found it difficult at first to get accustomed to the left side of the road, but with the coming and going of a considerable number of native driven vehicles the British usage of the road was readily acquired. The drop in altitude and the persistent glare of an overhead sun reminded us that we were in the Sudan. As we travelled on, the grass became browner, shorter and more sparse, and at Juba it had almost disappeared. Our boat had not arrived and we soon learned that it would probably be very late because a barrage of sudd was lying across the river. Not infrequently masses of this floating vegetation accumulate and block the entire channel, and, as it takes a long time to cut a way through such a barrage, boats are often delayed for hours, and

sometimes even days. During the waiting hours we were invited by a friendly Greek merchant to occupy his mosquito-proof verandah and there we remained until late into the night.

With the arrival of the boat we bade farewell to our kind host and went on board the s.s. *Omdurman* ; a flat-bottomed stern wheeler, with comfortable sleeping accommodation but somewhat restricted deck space. Several barges were attached, soon to be occupied by a crowd of Sudanese and several Asiatics, Arabs and representatives of other nationalities. In addition to this large number of somewhat cosmopolitan passengers, a great assortment of cargo was taken on board, including some evil smelling skins, elephant tusks, coffee and fruit. The departure in the early morning was a great ordeal for Dr. and Mrs. Trout, for they were bidding farewell to their children who were homeward bound for their education. For the children too it meant leaving their parents and their much loved African home, to step out into the big world outside. Words cannot describe the parting ; its cost is best known to those missionary parents who for Christ's sake and the Gospel's have made similar sacrifices.

Together we made our way down the winding course of the White Nile for 1,300 miles to Khartoum. The graceful movement of masses of tall papyrus grass, the appearance—or rather

disappearance of hippos and crocodiles together with the constant flutter of birds of a very great variety made the trip most interesting. There were occasional bumps into the banks, but these did not cast the slightest reflection on the navigating officer. Some were caused by the wind, and others were necessary to facilitate the steering of the ship round sharp bends in the river. Nevertheless the bumps were awkward when they did come.

The boat itself with five barges attached, three pushed in front and one on either side, carrying in all some two hundred passengers, provided an unique opportunity for the study of comparative religions. The Mohammedan was there, easily distinguished from the others by his mechanical, although diligent reading of the Koran and frequent devotional exercises facing towards Mecca. Hinduism was represented by more than one caste, each group being partitioned off, and with certain ceremonial washings and a strict aloofness for fear of contamination, respectively practising idolatrous and fetish worship. Animism had many black skinned adherents. Their beliefs and religious observances were difficult to discover owing to the absence of any ritual or outward form of worship. The presence of charms however, with supposed power to protect from evil spirits and sickness, provided the clue. These charms were of great

variety and were attached to ears, lips and noses, and hung round the necks, or were attached to the wrists and ankles of men, women and children who were adherents of this occult religion. In addition to these there were also one or two outstanding figures among the passengers; men who perhaps were priests of some eastern religious order. They were dressed in flowing oriental garments of highly coloured silk, and during the voyage were frequently engaged in doing obeisance before small idols of brass. Except for the few who held atheistical views, all on board seemed to have some conception of God, and one could not doubt that there was a deep longing on the part of many to approach Him, to seek if haply He might be found.

It was forcibly borne home to me that in the range of comparative religions Christianity must not be included. For while Christ has many rivals He has no alternatives. He is the *One* and *only* Mediator between God and man. Our passengers therefore divided themselves into three classes namely:—

1. Those who tried to put God out of their thoughts,
2. Those who were seeking after God and,
3. Those who had found Him in and through Jesus Christ.

To all of us Christianity is a discovery, the culmination of the soul's search for rest and forgiveness,

the inner assurance of salvation and the conscious deliverance from fear and sin. Any contacts with our fellow travellers were used to reveal Christ as the embodiment of all these and to uplift Him as the Light and Life of men.

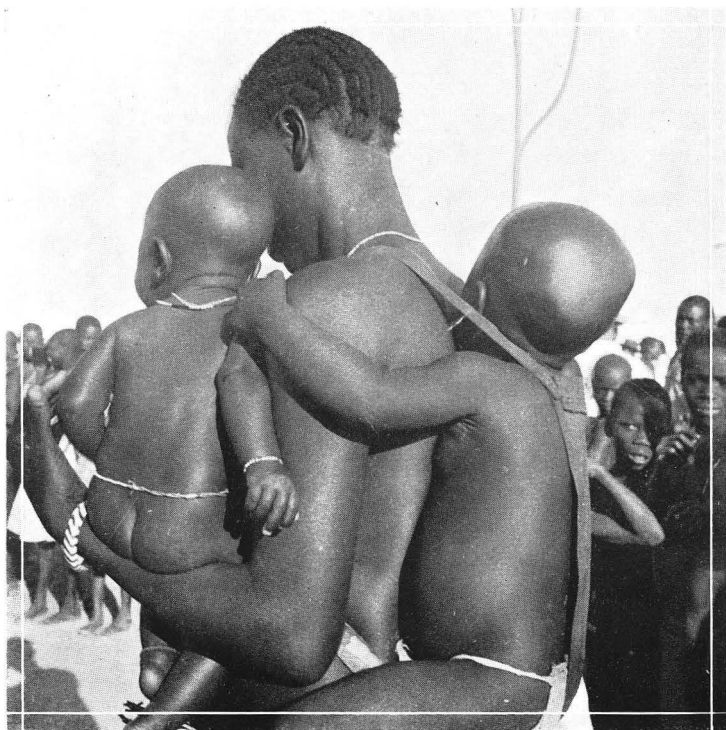
The Cross where sin and Satan had been dealt with made its own challenging appeal; while the mention of the resurrection, revealing Christ in His supreme glory as the true and only Saviour of the world was convincing. But how? Why? What? When and where? were the stumbling stones which barred the way to Him;—reminding us that the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, Who is the image of God, should shine unto them.

At Bahr-el-Jebel we were brought into the main stream of the Nile, a part which has been completely cleared of sudd. Villages of the Shilluk tribe were seen on the banks. These people live mostly by fishing and hunting, and in appearance they are tall and graceful. The Shilluk are happy in disposition and are usually in possession of spears or other weapons of defence. They are not unlike our Lugbara tribe in Congo or the Masai in Kenya. Further down the stream the papyrus reed disappeared, to be replaced by thick forest. By this time we had left the negroes behind and entered

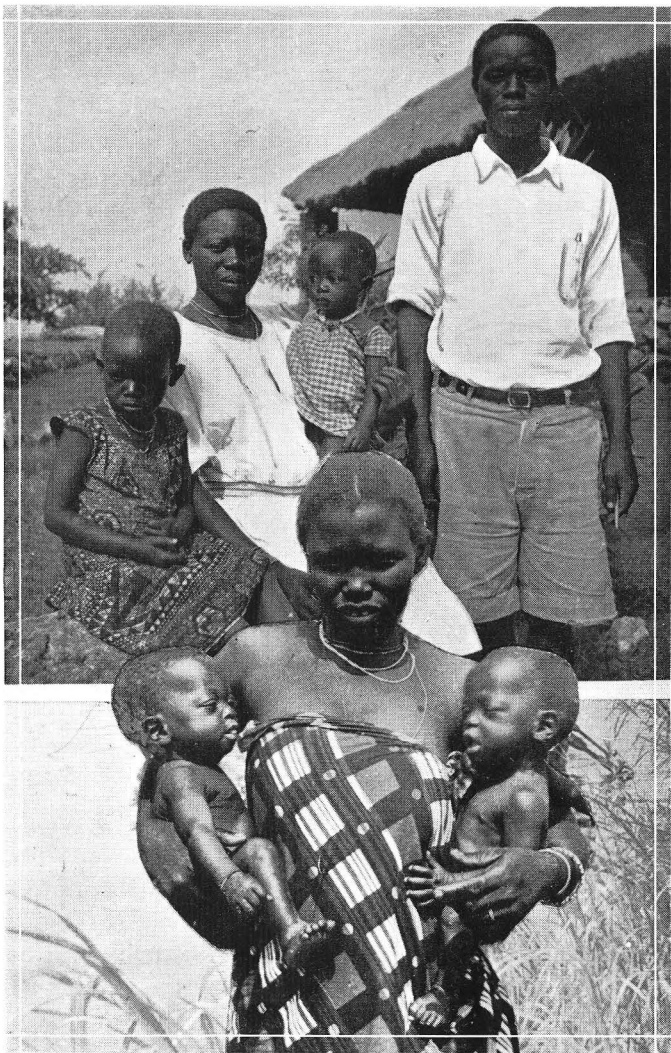


the country of the Arabs and Mohammedan mosques were in evidence at every landing place. Soon we were passing through the swing span of the new bridge connecting Khartoum and Omdurman and later arrived at the scene of General Gordon's martyrdom.

It was only a little over fifty years ago that the Dervishes entered Khartoum and before the break of day killed Gordon on the steps of his palace. The Mahdi who was then in Omdurman, on hearing of General Gordon's death was far from pleased, for he shared the view expressed by the natives that :—" Had Gordon been a Mohammedan he would have been a perfect man." It was the Christian however in Gordon that so appealed to those who knew him best and even to-day among the older inhabitants of Khartoum he is spoken of with reverence. The fate which befell General Gordon in the failure of our country to send relief in time is somewhat illustrative of the missionary situation in Africa, specially in Mohammedan areas. The missionary is too often left to " hold the fort " alone, and has, not infrequently, to wait in vain for reinforcements, being oftimes deprived of the spiritual armaments of faith and prayer which are in the hands of the Christian church to administer. In Khartoum stands the statue of General Gordon in which he is seen on camel back looking toward



Some 1,400 people crowded into the church at Adi during the writer's visit. The Kakwa mother and her two children seen in this photograph are representative of the tribe among whom Mr. and Mrs. Richardson labour.



A Todro Christian family. The lower picture is of a Logo mother with her twins.

the desert and the vast Sudan. One day a traveller paused long before the bronze lifelike figure, and then he wrote thus :—

“ The strings of camels come in single file,  
    Bearing their burdens o’er the desert land ;  
Swiftly the boats go plying on the Nile,  
    The needs of men are met on every hand ;  
    But still I wait  
For the messenger of God that cometh late.

I see the cloud of dust rise on the plain,  
    The measured tread of troops falls on my ear ;  
The soldier comes the empire to maintain,  
    Bringing the pomp of war, the reign of fear,  
    But still I wait  
For the messenger of God that cometh late.

They set me looking o’er the desert drear,  
    Where broodeth darkness as the darkest night ;  
From many a mosque there comes the call to prayer,  
    I hear no voice that call on Christ for light.  
    But still I wait  
For the messenger of God that cometh late.”

What of the Christian message to the Moslem ? This seemed to present itself as a challenging question during the twenty-four hours in Khartoum. I was not altogether surprised to find a strong element of hostility in the attitude of Islam toward

Christianity. But is it not also true that a similar attitude exists among the average Christian toward Islam? The challenge of Islam to Christianity is fundamentally a challenge to demonstrate the true Christian spirit, the Spirit of Jesus Christ himself. Our visits to various branches of Christian activity in this desert city gave abundant proof that the patience, love and ethics of Jesus Christ were being bestowed on suffering Moslems in hospitals, to travellers by the wayside and on children in schools. The missionaries' part is being carried out but it seemed hampered by the widespread disbelief in the possibility of Moslem conversion. Few people seem to have faith in the power of Christ to win Moslems. A revival and a quickening of faith in the power of the Gospel to save our Moslem brethren would give added strength and encouragement to missionaries called of God to this the most difficult of all fields.

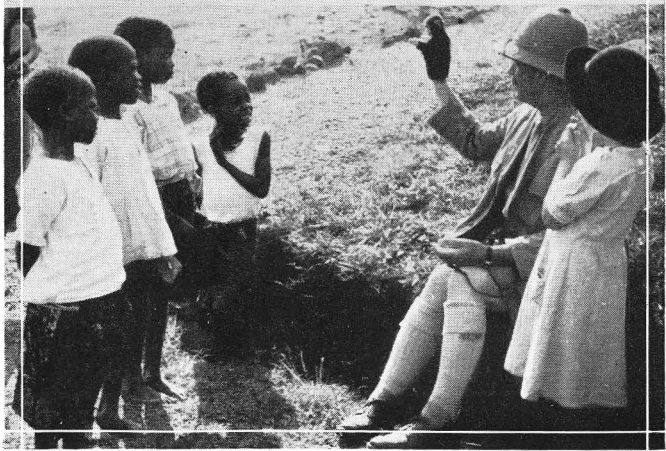
The long cream-coloured desert train looked very imposing, and at first sight almost too luxurious in contrast with the donkey cart which bore our luggage down to the station. The platform was thronged with passengers of every shade of black, chocolate, tan and white. Half an hour later when the whistle blew, the crowd with its great assortment of baggage, cooking utensils and food stuffs had completely disappeared into the train, only the

station-master and a few porters being left behind. Although the train was the acme of comfort, being fitted with electric fans and well protected against both sand storms and the reflected glare of a tropical sun, this was the most trying part of the journey. The hot air was stifling ; on either side of the train were long stretches of drifting sand and the skeleton remains of camels and donkeys spoke of the merciless Nubian desert which takes its heavy toll of these faithful creatures of burden. The fact of travelling thus in comparative comfort but emphasised the strenuous task undertaken by Kitchener's expeditionary force in the building of this desert railway, laying, as we were told, a mile of rail track a day and bringing the train right along with them as the line was laid. As we approached Halfa the desert was relieved by rocks rising sheer from the plain, reflecting their massive heights in the mirage that played beneath them. Surely it was of rocks such as these that the Bible speaks when it tells of the weary and distressed traveller finding " a refuge from the storm and a shelter from the heat." As I looked at these mighty rocks the old hymn came to my mind :—" Jesus is the Rock in a weary land, the Shelter in the time of storm." We learned that some of the Nubians had found refuge in His Cross, although it is to be lamented that to the great majority of the natives

of this wandering desert tribe He is still an unknown Stranger. We were now running near the river and the waters of the Blue Nile were refreshing. On reaching Halfa we found we had just missed a shower of rain, the coming of which was a great occasion for such an event occurs not more than once in seven years.

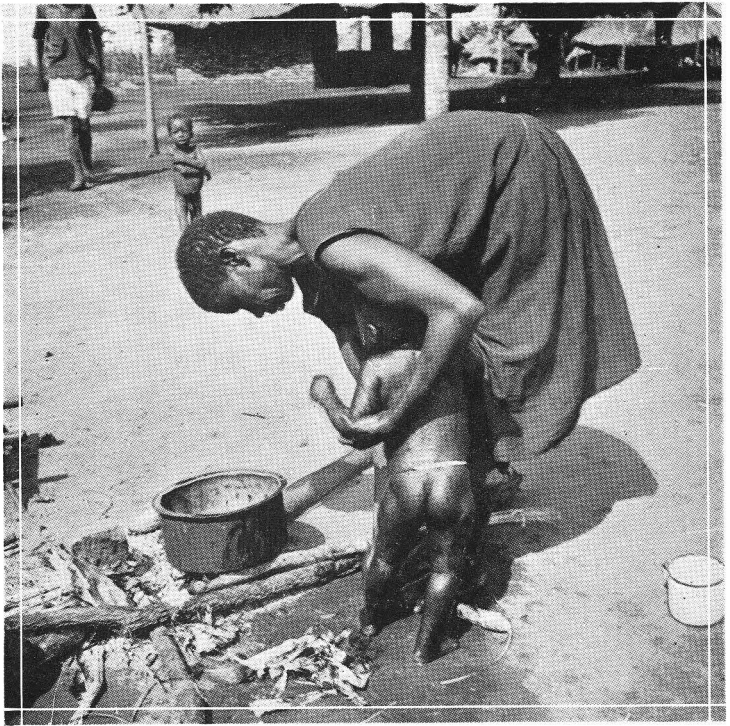
The Egyptian Customs were passed through and in exchange for a porter's number plate we handed over our luggage to a Nubian native, who, in his anxiety to get back for another hire quickly landed us on the spacious river boat. On the journey to Shallal we passed some ancient Egyptian temples, the ruined remains of Coptic churches, the famous temple of Philae and the great Assuan Dam, which emits millions of gallons of life-giving water to Egypt. Rain fall is unknown in the region round about Shallal and here the barren hills took on a bronze appearance through reflecting a scorching sun which drove the thermometer to record 117 degrees in the shade.

A night and the best part of a day in the Egyptian State train, along a hot, dusty rail track, brought us to Cairo. Mr. Roe of the Egypt General Mission kindly met me at the station and took me to Zeitoun where I was made the happy guest of the E.G.M. for the week-end. After seeing a little of the work at the girls' home and church there, Mr. Roe took



Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hodgkinson and Miss Wilson among their Azande people. The writer is seen in the lower picture with some of the children.





The morning scrub in the leper compound at Aba, Belgian Congo. Here, as at Busia, Tanganyika, the lepers are being cared for. Dr. Kleinschmidt has, in addition to this camp, an extensive hospital and dispensary work principally among the Logo tribe.

me some twenty miles by train to see the hospital at Shebeen. Leaving the railway station we found the roadway which led to the hospital compound thickly lined on either side with donkeys, camels, cars and a great variety of other means of transport which had been used to convey sufferers to the hospital.

On entering the yard we found crowds gathered round the doors of the dispensary; and on all sides, sheltering under the date palms, were mothers with their babies, and old and young Egyptians leisurely waiting to take their places in the queue. There was a sympathy, an atmosphere of love, yea a human understanding which attracted them, and in addition to the medical skill and drugs which were given, the secret and main attraction was doubtless in the Name of Jesus. His very Presence permeated the compound, where many faces gave evidence of the rest and satisfaction which are found in Him alone. Although here the preaching of the Gospel has to be tactful, the response to its message of love and salvation was nevertheless obvious. In no part of my 16,000 mile trip did I see such a hive of industry packed into such a small space. For in addition to the extensive dispensaries, there were hospitals for men, women and children. The neat little church was cleverly sandwiched in among the missionary dwellings, and

there at Shebeen I saw concentrated missionary effort ministering to physical suffering and dispelling the gloom of Mohammedanism with the light and knowledge of the Gospel.

From Cairo to Port Said we travelled by one of the fast diesel trains and through the carriage windows saw a surprising amount of Egyptian industry in the fields and in the date plantations. The ploughing was being done by water buffaloes and every conceivable device of irrigation was employed to capture the waters of the Nile and to direct them into life giving channels for the benefit of the crops. On reaching Port Said preparations were made for the last lap of the journey, and after one night in the unpleasant sticky humid heat of this Port we were taken by small boats to the s.s. *Yorkshire* lying outside the harbour. She proved a most seaworthy vessel, the voyage was pleasant, and in two weeks we reached London; here I completed my journey of 16,300 miles since leaving London four months before.

My thanks are due to the many friends who through their prayers and gifts made the trip possible, and to our Heavenly Father for His many mercies, not the least of which was the privilege of again visiting that much loved wonderland of Africa.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE GOAL



**S**T. PAUL, that great missionary to the heathen world, had an objective in his ministry. He had a Gospel to preach, and in the gathering out of converts, a pastoral duty to perform. The success of his ministry gave abundant proof that on his labours rested the approval of the God Who had commissioned him. The extension of Christ's Kingdom was ever before Paul as the supreme task of his life and the end for which he laboured. Our goal is the extension of that same Kingdom; and in an endeavour to respond to the undoubted commission of God, the Africa Inland Mission has, for over forty-three years, been carrying the life giving message of Christ to Central Africa. Tribe after tribe hitherto ignorant of the Name of Jesus Christ has been entered, and through the preaching of the Gospel, thousands of converts have been won. The training and directing of these have been along lines carefully adapted to local requirements, ever keeping in view the establishment in their midst of the Christian Church.

The task is pre-eminently a spiritual one, and as in Christ's Name we go forth with a message

opposed to Satan, sin and superstition, we invariably meet with strong resistance. Indeed there is nothing new in this, for indifference on the one hand, and persecution on the other, have been the lot of the Christian Church down through the ages. Since Paul's day the Church has passed through bewildering vicissitudes. Never has she been popular on earth, but yet never has she lacked the presence and protection of her glorious Head, the Lord Jesus Christ. St. John in the unfoldings of divine revelation portrays Christ in His resurrection glory in the midst of the Church, present there, lest the light should fail, to give grace and to replenish with fresh oil. So at the close of the Church age, in the gathering out of a people for God from among the tribes of inland Africa, we encounter the fierce opposition of our adversary whose captives we, in Christ's Name, come to deliver; a deliverance which is only possible through the promised and realised presence, protection and power of Him Who said: "Lo, I am with you always".

Religions other than Christianity are apt to be very accommodating in their compromise with evil, and adapt their doctrines to the depraved tastes of fallen humanity. Christianity is unique in its imperative demand for a new birth, wherein old things pass away, replaced by a new creation in Christ Jesus.

Fearful as he saw the growth of apostacy within the Church, a Christian leader of less than a century ago made this statement: "I consider that the chief dangers which will confront the coming century will be, religion without the Holy Ghost; Christianity without Christ; forgiveness without regeneration; morality without God and heaven without hell".

Fully aware of this trend of things, the Africa Inland Mission was in the early days led to declare its wholehearted belief in the power of the Gospel to make regeneration of heart and holiness of life possible in all who believe. The very basis of financial support which the founders adopted, depends upon the loyal adherence of the missionaries to those fundamental doctrines of the Christian Faith which emphasise the Deity of Christ, the atoning value of His Cross, the supernatural inspiration of the Bible, and the empowering commission of Him Who said:—"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness *and all these things* shall be added unto you."

A superhuman task is therefore before us as we strive toward our goal, and in response to the challenge which it involves the Mission is speeding up its resources for the accomplishment of God's purpose. There can be no doubt but that the work is of God, and that the Church of Jesus Christ,

which this society is endeavouring to establish in inland Africa, is of divine origin. As one writer says: "It was God Who first conceived the idea of the Christian Church, Who realised what it might become, Who counted to the full the cost of building and Who resolved to build". In God's ideal there is neither Jew nor Greek, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bondman nor freeman, because "Christ is all and in all". It is no more easy for black and white to unite to-day than it was for Jew and Gentile to come together in the first age of the Church. It marked a triumph for Christianity when Paul could proclaim that "the middle wall of partition had been broken down", and that Jew and Gentile were now one in a united effort for the furtherance of the Gospel. Experience has taught us that Africa will best be evangelised by the sympathetic co-operation of missionary and native, and that we need to be careful lest a wrong emphasis be put on the "African Church" as though that were distinct and apart from the Church of Jesus Christ as a whole.

As the pioneer stage of the work passes it falls to the missionary's lot to teach and train the African. During my recent visit to the field I found most of our missionaries addressing themselves to the task of consolidation. The Bible schools are preparing

African leaders for rural church-schools, in our girls' work wives for our evangelists and teachers are being trained, the catechumen classes are giving careful instruction concerning Christian life and doctrine, and dispensers are being trained for out-post dispensaries.

From the lips of missionaries, and from observations made during visits to the bush churches and schools carried on by African Christians, I was given abundant testimony as to the value of the rapidly increasing Christian Church in Africa which is becoming more and more indigenous. The African Church as we regard it and long that it should become, may be defined as "A living Church, spiritual in its origin, practical in its outworking, deeply rooted in God through Jesus Christ and through His inspired Word, an integral part of the universal Church, and capable under the guidance of the Holy Spirit of bearing its own fruit in its day and generation". The development of such a Church calls for the highest qualities of Christian sympathy and leadership on the part of the missionary, to bring the infant community as early as possible to the consciousness of its inherent spiritual privileges in Jesus Christ.

"It should always be remembered," runs a statement made at a Congo Conference, "that the Church is the all important factor in missionary



work, and that the Mission is an institution to which has been entrusted the task of bringing the Church to the consciousness of its own inheritance.”

In reviewing the present day situation and the circumstances in which the Christian Church has to grow, it is important to remember that the work of Protestant Missions in Africa must be carried on against a four-fold front:—The rude paganism of the passing age; Mohammedanism which is a most active and restless competitor in large parts of the continent; Non-Protestant religions which are spreading with alarming rapidity; and modern civilization which is transforming almost every phase of African life.

What then in this critical age is the task of Christian missions as they seek in Christ's Name to evangelise a continent three times as large as Europe, and particularly those 4,000,000 souls in Central Africa who have been entrusted to the Africa Inland Mission? We re-affirm our conviction that Africa will best be evangelised by her own children. It is therefore of the first importance that we should search out and train those of our converts whom God has called to this work. When searched out and trained,<sup>1</sup> we find hidden treasure in our dark-skinned brothers, for in them there is

<sup>1</sup>There are 2,000 native evangelists and teachers in the Africa Inland Mission doing valuable work for the Kingdom of God.

remarkable material which awaits full discovery. One of their own proverbs says: "Any fool can tell how many apples there are on a tree, but no one can tell how many trees there are in an apple." In the continent there are the "seeds" of a far-reaching indigenous work if carefully selected and cultivated by the missionary.

The African is a born propagator. His energy when roused is unbounded. His powers of endurance are remarkable. His cool courage and apparent indifference to danger are outstanding traits in his character. His memory and powers of logical reasoning are exceptional. It is these natural gifts and qualities that we want to capture and use for the propagation of the Gospel. We would linger on the word "capture", for our present staff is inadequate to amass all the "material" necessary for the opportunities which the situation offers; a situation which calls for more men, men of God, the right kind of men. It has been said, "The church is looking for better methods, but God is looking for better men, for man is God's method".

The challenge is therefore directed to the individual, for it is to the individual that God speaks when He says: "Who will go?" But there is also a challenge with which the missionary society is confronted, namely: "Whom shall (we) send?"

The essential requirements necessary in Christ's ambassadors are ably suggested by our old beloved friend and former Director of the Africa Inland Mission, the late Charles E. Hurlburt:—

*The power of leadership.* “A leader is one who knows the way, keeps ahead, and is able therefore to get others to follow. The African is a keener discerner of character than most college professors or even committees for examining missionary candidates; and he cannot be induced to follow a man who lacks leadership.”

*The ability to conquer.* “There are in Africa thousands of slaves to self, sense and sin, who await the freedom made possible through the Cross, declared by men who are themselves real conquerors.”

*The courage of conviction.* “We need men who love the truth and abhor all that is false. A missionary may be very sound in doctrine and method, and yet, after years of toil, find his life fruitless through trifling with the truth. God has not given to many, if to any, the double gift of toiling fruitfully and of talking about it. It is more often possible for humble, fruitful toilers to tell effectively of the work of others.”

*The discipline of thinking.* “Nothing proves so conclusively an indolent disposition as thoughtlessness. Men who will work, or run, or play, or act

for endless hours are often too indolent to think, and so spend their strength in vain."

*The transformation of character.* "We need men whose lives are transformed by the realised presence of God. Souls are won, not by what we say about Christ, but by what our lives reveal of His indwelling presence and power."

*The passion to win souls.* "We must have men to whom soul-winning is a master passion. Not those who want to, but those who are actually winning souls, should be sent as missionaries."

*The power of endurance.* "We must have men who so know God that they realise the value of souls. To such, long years of language work seem short; prolonged pioneering does not discourage. To such the endless teaching, healing, building, studying and giving out are all worth while."

*The definite call of God.* "We must have men who are called of God, and so cannot and will not be turned back. He who really hears God's voice will be humble and will go, not because of stubborn desire, but because God has spoken to him and no other voice has authority."

So we repeat, the situation is a challenging one; challenging for the African Christian; for the church at home; for the Councils to whom the administration has been entrusted; and by no

means least, challenging to those who give and those who pray. Our response as a Mission can only be adequately made as our stewards and intercessors at home co-operate whole-heartedly with our missionary brethren in Africa.

As we look back over the past years and see the steady progress that has been made,—progress in spite of the bitter opposition of the enemy, sickness and death,—we realise how richly God has endowed the Africa Inland Mission with those men and women who truly know how to prevail with God. Such progress could only have been achieved by steady, faithful, believing intercession.

Some of those on whom we counted most are no longer with us, and the call of God is as necessary for their places to be filled, as is His call to the forefront of the battle. Who then in the noise, rush and strain of life will hear that call and respond? In the place of prayer, “hid with Christ in God” intercessors may, by the hand of faith, bring into the work a spiritual enrichment which gives inspiration, courage and strength to our brethren in Africa.

#### EPILOGUE

We have endeavoured to tell of a journey taken in the year 1937 and, as far as possible, to concentrate upon “Africa as it is”. But we cannot close this short account without harking back in memory to the early beginnings

of pioneering days. For it is only a realisation of conditions as they were that can give the true proportions to the work as it has now developed. Such comparison shows how great is the fellowship of missionary endeavour into which we have been drawn, how blessed have been some of the unlikely ministries in our story, how close is the tie between the Home-land and the Field and how unspeakably gracious has been the good hand of our God upon us. It must be that most of those who read this book will never have the opportunity of giving of themselves in the fore-front of the battle in Africa ; but the battle cannot be maintained without the " ministry of supply " at home. We thank God for the self-sacrificing faithfulness of many who have poured into His treasury their much or their little. These gifts have carried life and blessing to Africa and we humbly count on God to touch the hearts of His stewards to offer willingly of their prayers, their time and their substance, as they are called to be fellow-workers with Him.

In looking into the future, we pray that as the work still grows, God may add to our numbers, both at home and in Africa, those who are called of Him to take their part in making Christ known in the dark continent. With the goal ever before us, let us by God's grace press on until we join that great multitude " redeemed out of every kindred, and tongue, and people and nation ", who worship and praise " saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing ".

THE END