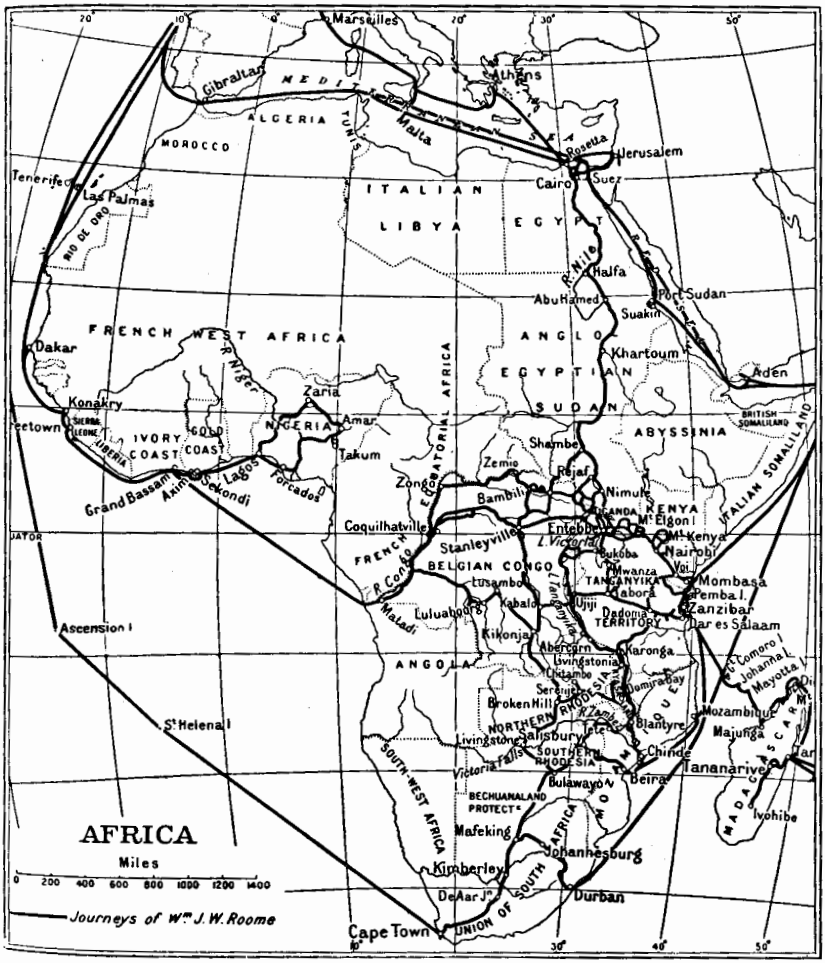
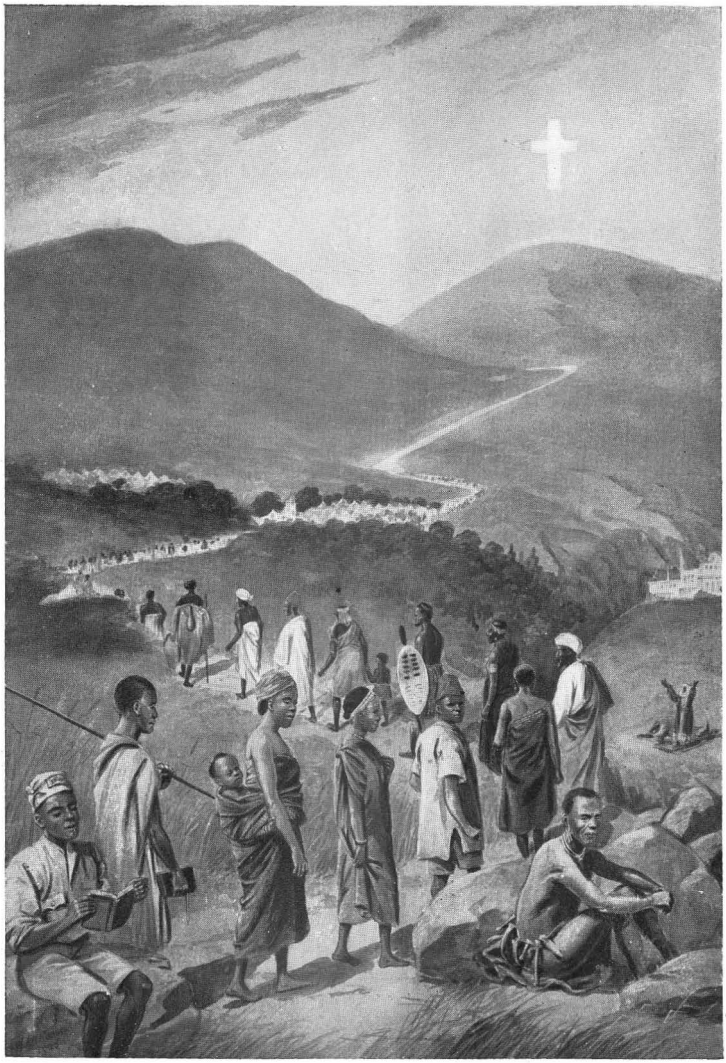
THROUGH CENTRAL AFRICA

A four thousand mile Motor Tour
for the Bible.



TRANSAFRICA FOR THE BIBLE.



From Original Painting by Wm. J. W. Roome.

"COMING, COMING, YES THEY ARE!"

"From the wild and scorching desert,
Afric's sons of colour deep;
Jesu's love has drawn and won them,
At His Cross they bow and weep."

Through Central Africa for the Bible

by

WM. J. W. ROOME
L.R.I.B.A., F.R.G.S., F.R.A.I.

Author of
"Can Africa Be Won?" "A Great Emancipation."
A map giving an Evangelistic and Ethnographic Survey of Africa.

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DEDICATED TO THE HANDMAID OF ALL CHRISTIAN MISSIONS, THE COMRADE OF EVERY SERVANT OF CHRIST, THE SOURCE OF SUPPLY IN EVERY CAMPAIGN FOR "THE KINGDOM" IN ALL LANGUAGES—THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

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(From Photographs by the Author)

FOREWORD

THIS is just a story! It is not a history, or a survey! It is the "Log of the Lingua," the Bible Society's motor that tours East and Central Africa. The story may give more of the sunshine than the shadow of missionary life, but is it not the joy after pain that gives the urge, the inspiration, the vision that carries the missionary on through the gross darkness of heathenism, and that more subtle darkness that comes from the impact of our—so-called—Western civilisation? That civilisation may have a refined centre. It has a very rough circumference. Africa is feeling that roughness in its intensity.

May this story from Central Africa kindle some thoughts of this wonderful land and its people around the firesides of those homelands where the delights of the African sun are only an imagination, or perhaps a memory!

WM. J. W. ROOME.

KAMPALA,

UGANDA, 1929.

CHAPTER I

Uganda to the Congo

"What languages are you learning?" "What a fine chance you must have?" "What varieties of dialect there must be in your district?" Such are the questions one has often been met with as one travels between the Nile and the Zambesi, the Central Congo and Madagascar, the range of the East and Central Africa district for the British and Foreign Bible Society. Such questioners do not stop to think of the difficulty of learning a language during what must necessarily be a flying visit to any particular tribe or people. Those who know what it is to go through the painful process of acquiring an African tongue know also that, to secure ability in any language, it must be necessary to spend a considerable part of one's serviceable lifetime in the land or the district where that particular tongue is the indigenous speech. As the writer has had some sixty-five languages within his district to keep in mind, and as he has been seeking information about some hundreds of others, he may be forgiven if he has not proved a proficient in any one of them. On the principle that "a rolling stone gathers no moss," little moss has been gathered!

On a single journey, occupying possibly six months, the writer has passed through tribes

probably speaking fifty or more languages. Sunday after Sunday, for months on end, he has joined in Christian worship in a separate language for each Sunday. During the journeying of the week he has passed through several others. The duties of a secretary of the Bible Society necessitate keeping in touch with language reduction and translation that the missionaries amongst the various tribes are doing. His part is to bring into closer fellowship the individual translators scattered over extensive areas; to carry from one spot to another something of the experience of those scattered units who may be working, perhaps unknowingly, in a kindred language or dialect. The writer has arrived at a pioneer missionary station and found that the language in that district had not even a primer prepared after five years of effort. Pioneering difficulties and sickness had made continuous investigation impossible. Knowing something of the people of that district, and their family relationship to a kindred tribe some two hundred miles away, he was able to let the struggling pioneer know that the Gospels had already been published in that kindred dialect. Thus the way was prepared for stabilising the orthography and the rudiments of that language.

The babel of divers tongues in the area known as Central Africa is probably greater than in any district of similar area, even in this great continent of Africa, notorious for its linguistic chaos.

For many years the British and Foreign Bible Society has rendered valuable assistance to the missionary societies working in this area, not only in the publication of translations actually made but in seeking to bring the representatives of the different districts and societies together for mutual help in the solution of this immense problem.

Two conferences have been summoned by the British and Foreign Bible Society. The first in 1918 was held at Arua in the West Nile Province of Uganda. The second was held in 1924 at Aba, the headquarters of the Africa Inland Mission in the North-eastern Congo—the Uele district. These conferences considered the problems involved in questions of orthography, and kindred dialects, very thoroughly. After the first conference a report was issued which laid the basis of the lines along which the solution of these problems seemed most satisfactory. The second conference considered the working out of the results of the first conference.

Not only is the area under consideration immense geographically (nearly a million square miles) but it is complicated by the fact that it is largely the meeting centre of the Bantu, Nilotic, Sudanic, and even some of the Hamitic influences. Within this area there are something like seventy-five tribal units, with differing dialects.

The forward movement for the advance of education in this area, especially in the southern area of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, made it

advisable for a third conference to be called, on a wider basis. It was, therefore, fitting that this should be held in the Sudan. Thus each country interested has provided hospitality for a conference.

This conference will be known as "The Rejaf Language Conference 1928." It was summoned by the Government Administration at Khartoum. Mr. J. G. Matthew, the Secretary for Education, Health, etc., to the Sudan Government, was the convener.

The date selected for the opening was April 9, 1928, and the objects of the conference were drawn up as follows :—

1. To draw up a classified list of languages and dialects spoken in the Southern Sudan.

2. To make recommendations as to whether a system of group languages should be adopted for educational purposes, and if so, what languages would be selected as the group languages for the various areas.

In this connection the following considerations would arise :—

(a) Whether owing to their kinship, two or more languages, or dialects, can share a single literature.

(b) Whether a local vernacular can be expanded, particularly in the matter of borrowing words from foreign sources, to convey new meanings.

(c) Whether any particular vernacular is worth adopting and developing on the grounds that there is a definite demand for education among the people speaking it.

3. To consider and report as to the adoption of a unified system of orthography.

4. To make proposals for co-operation in the production of text-books, and the adoption of a skeleton grammar, reading-books and primers for general use.

Through the good offices of the International Institute of African Languages and Cultures, this conference was fortunately able to arrange that Professor Westermann, one of the Directors of the Institute, should be present as expert adviser.

As it was advisable for the writer, as representative of the British and Foreign Bible Society, to attend this conference, the opportunity was taken, while passing through the Congo and the Sudan, of extending the tour to the north-western limits of his district in this direction.

Leaving Kampala on Monday, March 12, 1928, in the afternoon, a motor run of eighty-two miles, the night was spent at the camp of Kiboga. The next morning fifty miles completed the journey to Hoima, the capital, with the residence of the King of Bunyoro. Here the Church Missionary Society has been long established. We were kindly entertained by Miss Wright and others. An inspection was made of the large new church in the course of erection from designs by the writer. It promises to be one of the most useful churches in Uganda. Its erection has been taken up enthusiastically by King Tito and the Native Anglican Church of Bunyoro.

From Hoima the journey was continued to Masindi, the Government headquarters of the kingdom of Bunyoro, another thirty-five miles.

Here it was a privilege to meet old friends in the Rev. H. and Mrs. Bowers, and the Rev. A. B. Lloyd (the latter was to join the motor tour for the next stage into the Congo), and to see once again the work of grace in this central station, and the capable technical instruction under Mr. Bowers, the honoured superintendent of this section of the Uganda Mission.

The following day, after a run of forty-five miles, Butiaba, the port on Lake Albert, was reached, where motor and passengers embarked on the lake steamer, S.S. "Samuel Baker."

Next morning the delightful voyage across the lake, and down the first short distance of the Nile to Packwach, gave an enjoyable change from travelling by motor. To the west the great mountains of the Congo, the western escarpment of the great Rift Valley, showed up in sunny splendour. At Packwach transference was made to the new shallow draught river steamer, "Lugard," which next day brought us to Rhino Camp, the port for the West Nile Province of Uganda and entrance into the Belgian Congo.

A motor run of forty-two miles brought us to the administrative centre of Arua. A rise of some 1,500 feet gave extensive panoramic views on the way of the valley of old Father Nile, and the rising ground to the watershed of the Nile and the Congo.

A delightful welcome from the Rev. Fred and Mrs. Morris, of the Africa Inland Mission, awaited the party on arrival at Arua.

Preparations were made for entering the Congo the next day. In the morning Customs formalities were dealt with, and the Africa Inland station of Aru, across the frontier in Congo, was reached. This is the first point of contact with the tribes of the North-eastern Congo.

A very pleasant evening was spent with Mr. and Mrs. Kemptner and the other friends on this station. They gave us some idea of the difficulties to be encountered in these less civilised lands, also something of the great joy that the story of the Gospel has brought to the countryside. Miss Mabel Easton, B.A., is engaged in translation work in the Lur language, the speech of the main tribe of the people, though at present mission work is largely carried on in the Lingua-Franca "Bangala."

An early start and a run of a hundred miles brought us to the village camp of Ngoti. It was a most picturesque run through the hills of the Eastern Congo, passing several mining camps on the way. Next day another hundred miles through beautiful country, and amongst even wilder races, and we encamped at Bunia, where the wireless installation connects with Stanleyville across the great forest tracts. The following morning the journey was continued to the Nyankundi Brethren Mission, where Dr. and Mrs. Woodham superintend missionary effort in this farthest south area of the hill country west of Lake Albert. Nyankundi is beautifully situated on the

slopes of the great hills skirting the waters of the lake.

This district is notorious geographically as the locality where Stanley finally emerged from his six months' journey through the great tropical forests of the Congo, when he entered the plains and savannahs that represent the open country to the hills of the escarpment leading down to Lake Albert.

We met the chief of the district, Bilinyama, who told us the story of the fight between Stanley and his uncle, which he well remembered.

The principal tribe in this district is that of the Babira. Their language is only in process of reduction. Miss Jonge is at present making the first translation—that of the Gospel of St. John. In the meantime, the Lingua-Franca "Kingwana" is used in evangelistic effort.

The valuable services of a medical missionary in these wilder parts, far from the reach of civilised help, were indicated in the many victims of disease who were treated by Dr. Woodham. Not only in his immediate district, but far afield, he is continually travelling by motor cycle on his errand of mercy, white and black alike eagerly seeking his kindly offices.

Near this point our course left the main road as we made for Mboga, the station of the Church Missionary Society, about three days' march to the south of Nyankundi. Taking the motor as far as the road allowed, Irumu, the Government administration poste was visited. The road

having ceased, we motored some eight miles over a rough track to the village of Musezu. Further progress by car was impossible. Preparations were made for a two days' march to Mboga. Baggage had to be rearranged and made adaptable for porterage.

We also made arrangements for putting the car in the shelter of some trees, leaving one of our boys in charge till we should return. We then asked the chief of the village for twenty porters to carry our loads. A walk of forty miles lay before us. A quick messenger was sent off to Apolo to acquaint him with our approach. The next morning we plunged into the tangled jungle, following our guide along a path through a maze of tropical thorns and creepers. We had to scramble over many fallen tree-trunks, climb deep ravines and cross rushing rivers through beautiful tracts of forest which brought us to the village of Kalyamugole. There we were glad to welcome another porterage party which had come through by the short road from Fort Portal in Uganda, across the valley of the Semliki River, to bring Mr. Lloyd his camp outfit and escort him through the rest of the journey.

During the march we passed through several villages of the Walese tribe. In one of these we met a notorious witch-doctor, well known in the countryside for his evil influence. He escorted us to the boundary of his village, and Mr. Lloyd heard him tell the people he was watching that the "People of the Book" did not leave any

"charm" behind! He was indeed an evil-visaged character, distinguished by his feathered crown and other insignia of his dread office.

The next day, Saturday, March 24, we were to reach Mboga itself. Far out along the road we were welcomed by parties of boys and Christian congregations of the various villages passed through. The story of our coming had preceded us. Late in the afternoon, after a very hot and tiring march of nearly twenty miles, we were delighted to see the beaming countenance of our old friend "Apolo of the Pigmy Forest," who came out to meet us with a contingent of his Christian lads. Escorting us to the station, we found that he had made all the kindly provision for our hospitality that an African could think of. We were glad of a quiet night's rest after our heavy tramp.

Next day, being Sunday, we had the opportunity of seeing something of the marvellous influence of this Christian hero whose story has been so well told by his old friend and superintendent, Rev. A. B. Lloyd of the C.M.S., in "Apolo of the Pigmy Forest," and "More About Apolo."

This story is one of the finest records of the heroism of an African pastor that the Christian Church contains. Apolo continually wears the smile of victory! No difficulties daunt him. Of medium height and sturdy build, he is still as active and vigorous as ever. His silvered hair and beard give him the appearance of a halo

around his beaming countenance. For an African he has unusually penetrating eyes—a true index of his masterly character. He could never have won through as he has done but for grit and courage sanctified by grace.

For those who are unacquainted with his marvellous and heroic story, a few facts may be an inspiration. He is one of the outstanding men of the African clergy of the Uganda Church. He suffered persecution in the early days of conflict in Uganda when struggling to find the Light. He has since carried on for thirty years, first in seeking to open up the kingdom of Bunyoro for Christ, afterwards passing across the dreaded Semliki Valley, into the Congo regions, as the first messenger of Christ to the wild cannibal peoples inhabiting the mountains west of Lake Albert.

Immediately he began his effort to win these people he was met with bitter hostility by the local chief, inspired by the witch-doctor, who dreaded the advent of any one likely to interfere with his witchcraft. The chief sought by every means in his power to drive Apolo from his purpose. This witch-doctor persuaded the chief that the only hope of saving his country from ruin would be to drive Apolo away, and never permit a teacher of any religion to enter his land.

Soon after an attempt was made to take Apolo's life by firing the hut where he was living. In describing this attempt Apolo gives a vivid picture of the difficulties that faced him :

" It was night-time, and I was alone in my house. I was praying to God, for I knew that I was in great danger. I did not fear, because I knew God would keep me safe in the midst of all my enemies. Suddenly I heard whispering outside my hut; I could not hear what was being said, but I guessed that my enemies had come to do me harm. Very soon I smelt the smoke of a fire drifting through the walls. Again I prayed with all my heart, and asked God to protect me. Once more I heard a voice, and this time it was God's voice saying: 'Don't set fire to Apolo's house; he is My servant, he has come to do My commands.' It was all very wonderful, because the men outside heard the voice, and I heard them say: 'Who is that? Who tells us not to fire the house?' They were very frightened, for the flames were now roaring in the thatch of the hut. Then one of the men shouted to me from outside: 'Apolo, Apolo, are you in the house?'

" By this time the flames had burst through, and I should soon be surrounded. I shouted back that I was praying. Then the men broke down the door, burst into the house, and some of them seized me and dragged me into safety. The hut was a mass of flames and was bound to fall soon. I saw a great company of men with their spears poised and ready for use, and in the other hand many of them had firebrands; but no one touched me. They simply gazed at me in astonishment.

" Some of the men had dashed again into the

burning house and had brought out some of my possessions which they tied together with cords. Then, in great fright, they told me to take my things and fly for my life out of the country, for they were sure that the chief would be very angry when he knew that they had failed in their task. To this I replied: 'If you wish to kill me, here I am, you may do so. Am I not alone before you all, and have you not got spears in your hands?' But the hand of God protected me and they could not do me any harm, but they told me to go with them to the chief.

"When we got to his house he was waiting to hear the news of my death; and here I was, standing before him. He shouted to his men in great wrath: 'Why have you not done as I commanded you?' They could only reply: 'We were afraid because we heard a voice which said to us: "Apolo is My servant." We think it was the voice of Apolo's God, so we have brought him to you.' The chief was still very angry and commanded me to sleep at Semliki that night and go to Toro the next day. I told him that God had sent me to Mboga and that I could not leave unless He sent me. I then left the chief and went back to my burning hut, but found that nothing remained but smoking ashes. The next day I began to build another hut."

After this incident Apolo struggled on for some months with the assurance that God would direct him. But again the chief's anger was aroused by the interference of the witch-doctor.

A messenger was sent to Apolo. He was warned that if he did not go at once to the chief he would be killed. One day a bodyguard was sent to bring him forcibly before the chief. When he had been seized, Apolo said to his captors: "Let us sit down for a little while, because I am sure God sent you men to me to be taught. You do not know how good He is." At last he was brought before the chief, who addressed the prisoner: "I have sent several of my men to you telling you to leave my country; you have refused to obey me. Now tell me the reason why you have not gone." Apolo replied, "I also have a Master, and His word is my law. He sent me here to teach your people, and until He tells me to leave I will not go willingly." "Well," said the chief, "if I allow you to stay here will you give me your promise not to teach my people to read that Book, and that you will not try to persuade them to disobey my orders when I send them to raid the Balega?" But Apolo refused.

He was thrown to the ground, stripped of his clothes and thrashed with a hippopotamus hide whip, one of the most cruel of punishments. Twenty lashes were given before the chief stopped his men. Apolo, weak and trembling, was driven back to his house. There he lay for days suffering frightful agonies, still trusting that God would deliver him. When he recovered he returned immediately to his church. For a short time he was not interfered with; this,

however, was only a calm before the storm. His enemies increased. Again he was seized and taken before the chief. This time it was determined to kill him. Lash after lash fell upon the naked body until the victim became unconscious. Then the order was given to take up the body and throw it into the long grass, "For," said the chief with a sneer, "if life still remains, it will not be long before he is carried off by the wild beasts." So the poor bleeding body was taken into the jungle to be a prey for the hyenas and wild cats.

One of the first converts won by Apolo was an old woman of Mboga. She had witnessed this cruel scene. Her beloved teacher had been killed before her eyes and thrown into the jungle. She determined, if possible, to find the body and give decent burial to save it from the wild beasts. Secretly she sought him out and, to her surprise, he still breathed. She then went off in search of water and found a stream not far away. She bathed his wounds and carried him to a place of safety. It was a long way to her own home, but she dared not leave him in this desolate place, nor even make known his need to her friends. Discovering a deserted hut on the edge of the forest, she placed him there. For two months she nursed him and fed him secretly till he recovered. He had long since been given up for dead. When he had recovered, this woman implored him not to return, as his life would be sure to be in danger. Apolo, however, as soon as

he was able to, made a most dramatic appearance in the village church early one Sunday morning. He beat the drum which for weeks had been silent. The whole place was soon in a ferment; the astonishment was tremendous. When the chief heard the drum he was seized with apprehension and sent off to find out who was beating it. The messenger returned with the astounding news that it was Apolo himself, alive from the dead, who was calling the people to prayer. The chief would not believe this. He went himself to see. Nearing the church he heard the sound of voices, and recognised that of Apolo himself. Reaching the church he saw the faithful messenger of God surrounded with a small crowd of awe-stricken men and women. Apolo, with a smiling face, sat in the midst teaching them. On seeing the chief he rose and went forward to greet him. "Then there happened a thing that had never before been known in the country. The chief stepped forward into the building and, kneeling down before Apolo, begged him to forgive him the great sin he had committed against him. He declared before all the people that he himself would become a reader and henceforth would do all he could to help forward the work. Apolo took the chief's hands in his and, kneeling down by his side, called upon the people to join in prayer. Then he lifted up his heart to His Heavenly Father in fervent gratitude for this wonderful sign of His grace and love. There was indeed rejoicing in that little grass

sanctuary, and the praise rose up to Heaven, where the angels of God rejoice over one sinner that repenteth."

The chief and Apolo left the church hand in hand and went together to the chief's house. There the new convert declared, while the tears coursed down his cheeks, that from henceforth he would be God's man and serve Him to the end. God had indeed spoken to him and turned his heart to Himself. While he was bitterly persecuting the Church the chief had known that he was fighting against God. He knew that it was the love of sin that had kept him back, and he now determined to give it up and try and atone to God's servant for some of the injury he had done to him. From that day the chief went forward, striving to learn how best he might serve God. After weeks of strenuous effort he learned to read the Book for himself, and at last asked that he might be baptised. It was a day of great rejoicing for all Mboga when "Tabalo," the chief, became "Paul," the servant of God.

What a victory was won! Now we were to see, in this Sabbath service, conducted by Apolo, Paul the chief, the leader of his people in Christian faith, a strong supporter of Apolo in his great work. The impressions of this Sabbath Day service can best be recorded by the one who knows the people, their story and their language so well, their old friend, Mr. Lloyd:

"One of the joys I had during my recent visit to Apolo's church was to welcome between fifty

and sixty of the teachers who had come to their headquarters to see me. These men and women came from all parts of the great forest. Ten of them are spending their lives among the dwarfs, living in their tiny villages, partaking of the same food, and moving about with them on their hunting expeditions, ever trying to distribute the Bread of Life. Four of these young men had come in from a place far out in the forest, on the banks of the Ituri River, which is a tributary of the Aruwimi, which in turn runs into the Congo at the north-east corner of the great horse-shoe bend in that river. Here they had been working among the cannibal tribes of that wild region, and the stories they had to tell were thrilling in the extreme. One young fellow said that only a few days before he came in to see me he had witnessed a horrible scene of murder and cannibalism which he was quite unable to prevent, although at the risk of his life he had attempted to do so. He added that the feast of human flesh was more often than not a religious rite, and was usually ordered by the witch-doctor of the tribe. In spite, however, of these harrowing scenes that took place in the village where this young hero lived, many of the people were not only reading God's Word but were really trying to live pure lives to the glory of God.

"It was an inspiration to listen to the wonderful experiences of these young men who had dedicated their lives to the service of their fellow men. It was not the men only that were

thus working for God in these wild places, for among this small army of teachers were to be found some splendid women who were taking risks and suffering privations in just the same way as the men. Two very fine young women who were well educated and trained, one of them being the daughter of the chief of Mboga, who had been Apolo's persecutor in the years gone by, were working in a heathen village of the Bakonjo, fifty miles from their home. I visited them years ago and secretly wondered if it was wise for two young women to be working alone so far away from home. Here they were to-day, happy and bright, having passed through many terrible times of risk and real danger, with a wonderful story to tell of the crowds of women and girls that they had been the means of winning for Christ. I believe their apparent helplessness had been their real safety in the eyes of these savage people, who realised that there must be a very strong power behind, enabling young girls to place themselves in such a position. However that may be, to me it was sufficient proof that God had sent them, as I listened to the story they told me of the conquests of the Gospel.

"Passion Sunday, March 25, 1928, will linger for ever in my memory as one of the really great days of my life. It was my first Sunday in Mboga after an absence of four years.

"It was a glorious morning; the air was fresh and sweet after the close and stuffy atmosphere of the forest through which we had toiled

the two days before. The birds were singing as they will sing, in spite of what some have said of the songless birds of Africa; and there seemed to be a quiet hush of expectancy in the place. At about 7 a.m. crowds began to collect in the great church, and half an hour later it was packed. There came to us the subdued drone of voices quietly singing some of the well-known hymns, thus passing the time until service was to begin. Just before nine o'clock my two companions, Mr. Roome and the American, and I made our way to the church. Our first surprise came as we entered the churchyard. Here was a quiet and orderly crowd of people seated in rows; they could not find room inside the building, but were determined to enter into the service. All had their books, and many were quietly reading.

"I was led by Canon Apolo into the little vestry, where we had a few words of prayer together before beginning the service. I quite well remember the words he used: 'Our father has come back to us, and we thank Thee, O God; may he speak to his family the words that Thou hast given him, and thus lead many to our Saviour Jesus Christ.'

"With that prayer ringing in my ears I entered the crowded building. Apolo took the service, very simply, using parts of the Prayer Book and suitable hymns. Then just before I stood up to give the message he prayed again, and this time an earnest extemporary prayer asking for the Holy Spirit's power. I spoke for forty-five

minutes to an absolutely still and attentive crowd. We all realised that Apolo's prayer was abundantly answered.

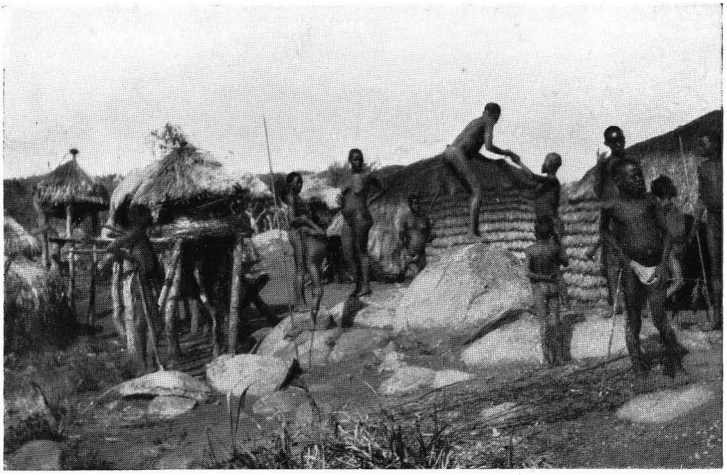
"After the address there was a Communion service, to which over three hundred people stayed. The service was beautiful in its glorious simplicity and was taken throughout by Apolo. At the rail knelt our visitor from America with the chief (Apolo's former persecutor) on his right hand, and on his left the chief's son; a little lower down came Mr. Roome, of the Bible Society; the rest were rich and poor alike, gathered in from the heathen ranks of Mboga. Something happened at that service that none of us who were present could ever describe. Undoubtedly there was the presence of One in our midst that made our hearts burn within us as we left that sacred place where we had once more met with the Lord Himself."

The joy of the people on seeing and hearing their old leader was wonderfully evident. What an inspiration for the retired missionary, whose days of service in the land have ceased, to come back once again to the flock that he had shepherded so long and faithfully, and to see the increasing evidences of the grace of God manifested in their midst.

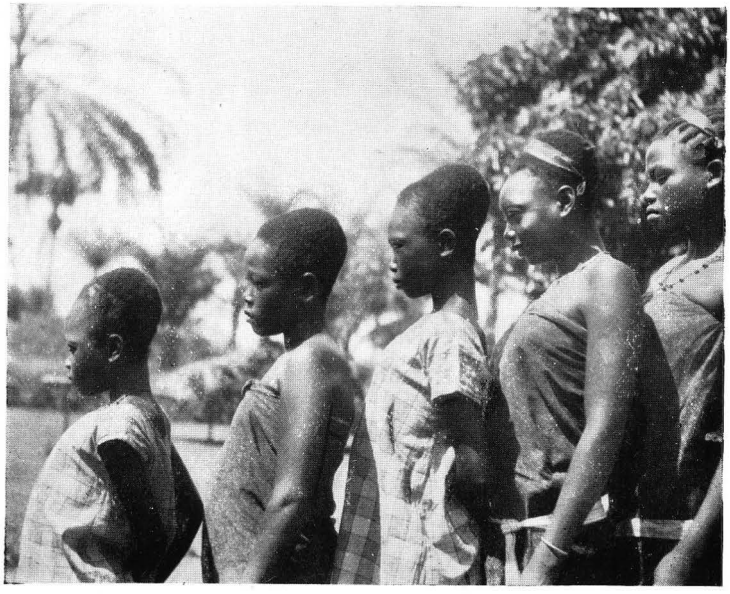
The afternoon service was addressed by the writer. The reverent interest of this Central African congregation was an inspiration—verily the Christ was dwelling amongst His own of these African races!

" Wherefore are ye come amongst us, from the glory to the gloom ?
Christ in glory breathed within us life His Life, and bid us come,
Here as living springs to be
Fountains of that life are we.
He hath sent us highest honours of His Cross and shame to win ;
Bear His light 'mid deepest darkness, walk in white midst foulest sin.
He hath sent us here to tell
Of His love unchangeable. "

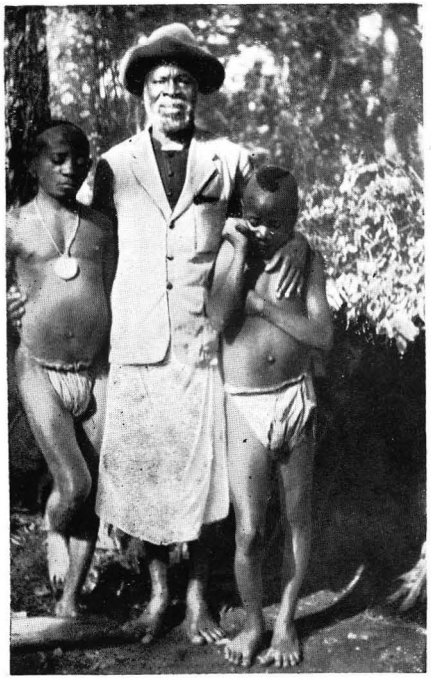
AFRICAN LIFE.



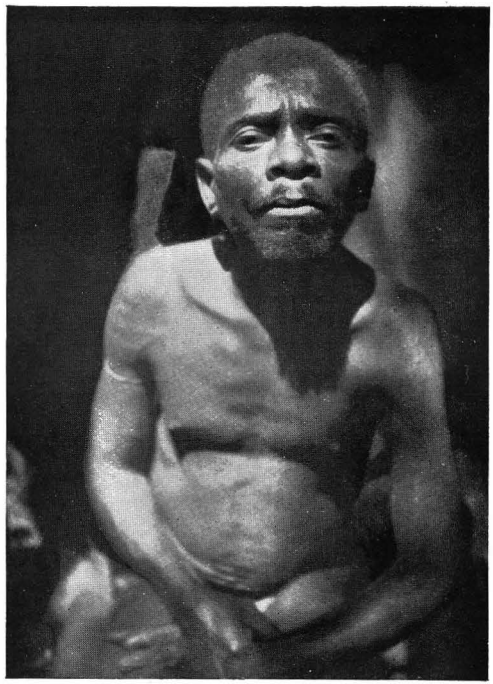
A NILOTIC VILLAGE.



MANGBETU GIRLS WITH ELONGATED HEADS.



APOLO AND HIS LITTLE FRIENDS.



AN ENQUIRING PIGMY.

CHAPTER II

In the Pigmy Forest

With the first rays of dawn next morning, our porters arrived. Kit was prepared, and we set off for the march into the Pigmy Forest. Crossing the hills rising to the west from Mboga, a magnificent panorama presented itself of the Semliki Valley, the boundary between Uganda and the Congo, and the mighty range of the Ruwenzori snow-capped "Mountains of the Moon"—the snows that eventually water the thirsty land of Egypt, three thousand miles to the north. After about ten miles' march, we entered the great forest itself, passing from the open sunlit panorama to the gloomy shades of this primeval wilderness. Another five miles' march brought us to the village of Bedo, where we were to camp for the night.

Near this village we saw the first of the little friends we had come so far to visit. We were standing at cross roads in the forest when we suddenly found a diminutive figure, who apparently appeared from nowhere, standing by our side. He was about four feet in height,

beautifully proportioned, and presented the appearance of a little gentleman of his race, though in nature's garb.

Showing us the way, we plunged for a short distance through the tangled undergrowth of the forest, and emerged at a small clearing to receive the welcome of the first little colony of Mbuti, the pigmy tribe of these forests.

Wild, weird wanderers through the recesses of some of nature's gloomiest regions, they exist on the results of the chase. Their weapons are bows and arrows, in the use of which they are so adept that they will hunt the largest, and wildest, of beasts. They live in a little clearing, well sheltered from the sun's rays, till the small game has been driven away. Then they move to another spot. There they wait in the dark for the dawn of a day which they cannot, as yet, comprehend. They are verily outcasts from society, representatives of former tribes driven into the dark forests by the coming of the Bantu, and other races, millenniums ago.

The writer has had several opportunities, when passing through this forest on previous occasions, of visiting the pigmies in their haunts. He has seen them under the wildest and most primitive conditions. Then they presented a problem in evangelisation that seemed almost impossible. Nothing had been done to bring them the news of a loving Saviour and a redeemed life. Now we were to have the joy of witnessing the marvellous influence of Canon

Apolo and his band of young men who have penetrated to the darkest spots in this dark area. They have so completely won the confidence of these, the shyest members of the human race, that for the first time in their history they were learning something of the great world beyond their forest, and of the coming of men of another race; who care for them, and are seeking their welfare. The main Bantu tribe in this area is the Bakonjo, with numerous villages scattered through the clearings of the forest area and on the mountain sides of Ruwenzori.

The next morning, escorted by our friendly little guide and Apolo, we plunged deeper into the great recesses of this primeval forest, visiting this colony of pigmies we had seen the day before, and others.

During the next two days, we were to live, literally, amongst our pigmy friends in their own forest home. We had the opportunity of seeing them in the natural life of their communities.

During the day we passed from colony to colony and met something like 250 representatives of this primitive race.

A number of the young Christian lads of the Bakonjo tribe have been trained by Apolo. They have learned the language of the pigmies, and are now actually living with them, travelling through the forests with them, seeking to befriend and teach them. We saw groups of these pigmies squatting on the ground, in the dark shades of the forest, around the little alphabetical chart

with one of these young teachers in their midst, seeking to expound to them the meanings of sign, symbol and sound.

In some of the pigmy groups, these heroic young men have so far won their confidence and succeeded in teaching them that we saw and heard these pigmies joining in songs of praise, and listening eagerly to the instruction being given. The message of redemption was being taught them in their own mother tongue. Probably one of the most thrilling visions one could have, even in this land of Africa, where so much is weird and romantic, was that scene where Apolo, standing in the midst, surrounded by one of the larger colonies of pigmies, was teaching them to repeat the Lord's Prayer. After such evidence of the power of the grace of God, we need despair of no community as being beyond the reach of His love.

On the last day, we visited another colony, where no teacher had, as yet, been placed. Apolo was bringing a messenger to them. As soon as our party came in sight of the colony, they crowded round us. No signs of fear! Apolo's presence was sufficient assurance! Sitting on a fallen tree-trunk, we listened and watched as Apolo, through the interpretation of one of his teachers, told them why we had come to visit them—told them something of the great story the teacher he was now to leave with them would explain more fully—spoke to them something of the wonders of reading.

Squatting on the ground facing Apolo was the chief, or colony father. Others crowded round him. His wizened face and sharp beady eyes gazed up into Apolo's face. He seemed to respond intelligently to every statement. Now and then he gave a nod, and a glance to his people as if to emphasise the point. He and his people well knew of the teachers that had gone to live with their kindred colonies. Apolo's fame has travelled far amongst these little people. He is known as their great friend. Now they were to have a teacher of their very own! When the chief realised that fact, his face beamed with a joyous smile.

It was getting late. We still had a long march before camping. We said farewell to these little folks and the teacher. Soon we were lost to each other by the dense undergrowth. The last vision we had was of this brave young teacher lad, probably not more than fourteen or fifteen years of age, gazing at us with the pigmy chief and his people around him. Here was a true missionary!

The Mbuti language spoken by these pigmies is quite distinct from Konjo, the language of the Bantu tribe, amongst whom they live. These Bakonjo lads have the Gospel of St. Mark, published by the British and Foreign Bible Society—a volume they greatly treasure.

Some of these lads are well acquainted with the Mbuti speech, and have helped Apolo to prepare a primer, with some Scripture portions,

the Lord's Prayer, the Creed and a few hymns. When the language is more fully reduced to written form, Apolo hopes to have a translation of one of the Gospels. This will be another treasure trove for the Bible Society! Who would like the joy of financing the treasure?

Opportunity was taken to photograph, and also to kinema, these pigmies in their haunts. The good friends in the homeland can have an opportunity of seeing, and hearing, picture and story, of these little races of despised and rejected humanity.

With hearts full of gratitude for all that had been accomplished, Mr. Lloyd and the writer returned to Mboga. Here we were to say farewell! Mr. Lloyd returned direct across the Semliki Valley to Uganda *en route* for the homeland; the writer retraced his steps for 250 miles to Aru.

At Mboga the writer was joined by his son Liam, who had crossed the Semliki Valley from Uganda to assist in the responsibility for the motor in these far away lands, so distant from any mechanical help.

THE CALL FROM THE FOREST.

" There is darkness still, gross darkness, Lord,
On this fair earth of Thine;
There are prisoners still in the prison house,
Where never a light doth shine.

There are doors still bolted against Thee,
There are faces set like a wall :
And over them all the shadow of death
Hangs like a pall.

Do you hear the voices calling
Out there in the black of night ?
Do you hear the sobs of women,
Who are barred from the blessed light ?
And the children, the little children,
Do you hear their pitiful cry ?
O brothers, we must seek them
Or there in the dark they die."

" Spread the light, spread the light
Till earth's remotest bounds have heard
The glory of the Living Word ;
Till those that see not have their sight,
Till all the fringes of the night
Are lifted, and the closed doors
Are wide for ever to the light ;
Spread — the — Light."

CHAPTER III

THROUGH THE EASTERN HIGHLANDS OF THE CONGO

THE superintendent of the Africa Inland Mission in the West Nile district of Uganda, the Rev. G. Fred. B. Morris, B.A., rejoices in answer to prayer.

"Our praise for answered prayer 'glorifieth Him,' and it also encourages those who have prayed together. One of the answers to prayer is the Boarding School for boys at Arua, now having over seventy boys. Some years ago, on seeing the splendid High School for boys at Mengo—seeing, also, the benefit of having the boys away from their home influence and village life—I strongly desired a similar school at Arua, where the need was much greater as there were no Christian homes from which to draw boys in the pioneer work of West Nile. We have now been enabled to put up the necessary buildings, and the school is well established. The first full year of school is nearly finished. The boys, of the Lugbara tribe chiefly, also Madi, Kakwa and Alur, form a splendid nucleus for future teachers and evangelists. They are full of life. At first they were mischievous and wanted to run off to their villages to see sick, or dying, fathers or

mothers, who seem to have the gift of dying whenever convenient, and as frequently as required! Now, however, they are getting an interest in school and games, and, better still, some have professed conversion, and show, by change of face and life, that a miracle has been performed. We want to see them all new creations in Christ Jesus, and built up in Him. I hope it may be possible to give them a nice swimming-bath like their more fortunate neighbours, the Baganda.

"As I write this, away from Arua at an out-school amongst the Alur, we have just had a service with about two hundred people. At least one has made a stand for Christ this morning. The place has an historic interest. I am camped where, in 1913, we were wondering how we were to get porters to push on to the Azande people. There was every chance of being held up by the old tyrant Amulla, who is still living a few yards off, but will not see a white man, because, old scamp, he had to be exiled by the British after taking over the district from the Belgians. We certainly prayed at that time that the people of that old tyrant might be evangelised. Another answer to prayer: we look round at the same spot to-day and see a teacher, and a crowd of people listening to the Gospel! We see the son of old Amulla, still resisting The Word, but his sons are converted and training for God's work.

"Another answer to prayer! One of this

man's (Amulla's) grandsons agreed to pray with the teacher for another of the grandsons, his brother, and to-day he has just yielded, and is sitting close by. He had been in the adversary's power, and has got out with a glowing testimony. The human instrument in this work was Mr. Harry Hurlburt, who has been faithfully preaching The Word through these hills. Fourteen years ago, there was a deep darkness on this lovely land, and now the Light has pierced it. We pray that the Light may spread through the villages around."

Mr. Morris's colleague, the Rev. A. E. Vollor, M.A., tells of increase, encouragement and fruitfulness at Arua :

" The number of rural schools is increasing by the healthy method of increasing the individual teachers. There were fifteen out-stations in this district four years ago ; thirty-three last year ; and to-day there are seventy-three. These again are spreading to new places, and bring more people under regular Gospel teaching. Many of these schools are in the Mohammedan area.

" Twenty months ago we had no opening in Terego. A teacher was sent, and half a dozen people only came to hear. The Sultan said they wanted schooling, but not the words of God. But, praise God, the Gospel makes its own way, and the school began to grow. When women and girls began to attend, taught by the evangelist's wife, the Sultan said that the school should be for men and boys only. Last week I visited the school ; there were 150 regular attendants, of whom about fifty were women and girls ! There was Gospel talk, with twenty minutes of catechism instruction.

Then the assembly broke up into groups to tackle the difficult task of learning to read, that they might have direct access to the Scriptures. I examined some twenty catechumens and was very pleased with the responses. Four boys have gone out from this out-station and commenced four new centres, between four and eight miles away. Do pray for these new teachers; they are young unbaptised converts. Pray also for the Africans who have been led astray to Islam. They have never heard the Truth.

" In the Yole district just on the edge of the Mohammedan area there has been a widespread response to the Gospel. We trust it will be an effective barrier to the false religion. At several rural schools, large numbers are attending regularly. At one, the Sunday attendance is over three hundred, and there are seventy catechumens. If quantity does not interfere with quality, when the converts from these schools begin to come forward for baptism, there will be larger numbers than usual available for definite Christian service. We pray for wisdom in view of this. There are already nine out-stations in this part, with several young men helping in each.

" It is very encouraging to see the enthusiastic crowds at many of the centres; they come irregularly at first, and then the living power of the Word is seen in the lives of those who continue. One of our house-boys, Sadaraka by name, baptised last year, said a couple of days ago: ' I first heard the Words of God from Musa, but I didn't understand much; then from Isaia, and they entered into my ears. Then I heard the words again for three years, and then I knew them with my lips. *But on a certain day—about three years ago—the words really entered into my heart.*'

" There is a fine bunch of youngsters in this term. They form a boarding school, living, sleeping, eating, playing,

learning and working together. It is a great opportunity. Some are raw and have not the slightest idea that when spoken to it is intended that they should obey. They are used to the native way of being shouted at several times, and beaten often. They have been subjected to no control whatsoever, and cannot control themselves. They are learning a little bit of real discipline now. Others have been there longer and are shaping well. They get an hour's religious teaching in school, besides special meetings and prayers. They are indeed subjected to healthy influences practically all day long, and we do pray much to be able to take full advantage of this grand opportunity—who would not?

"Another school which represents a unique opportunity is that of the evangelists in training. These are the older converts who are anxious to pass on the message. Many have already been working in the villages as teacher-evangelists. They have now returned for schooling, Bible instruction and doctrine, and to be helped in discipline, Christian life and service, in school management and teaching. There are more than thirty in this department at present, representing four tribes.

"The girls' work is going very well. There are about fifty in the home. I wish you could see their big, flourishing gardens. The rains have been very irregular this season, but there is more hope now.

"The printers are very busy; there are four machines of various sizes running, but there is enough work on hand for two years at least. This needs a great deal of supervision, but we sorely need the pamphlets and books. Since the coming of the Gospels of St. Luke and St. John the people are keener than ever to get hold of reading matter. Old Testament stories in Lugbara have been in my hands in

manuscript for months, waiting to be printed. Lugbara hymns were translated more than a year ago.

" Yesterday morning I was sitting quietly in a corner of the sitting-room when the door slowly opened. I did not look up at once, and evidently I was not observed. When I did look up I saw a boy tugging some hair out of the tail of a monkey skin that adorned a chair back. Naturally I objected, and then asked what he wanted the hair for. I learned it was the custom of these people to sew a hair from the tail of this particular species of monkey, with the semsem, to prevent the hail (with which the rainy seasons begin) from destroying the grain ! This from a boy who has heard and accepted the Word of God but has not had the joy of trusting all the way ! What a sad picture of our human ways. Trusting a hair from the tail of a dead monkey, when the mighty power of the living God is available for us."

In telling the story of Aru, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley O. Kemptner say:

" We helped in the opening of this station seven years ago, and in the meantime a large and flourishing work has been built up. How we wish that you in the homeland could see the great changes that have taken place here in the past few years. Many are now living fine Christian lives where not a soul had heard the Gospel seven years ago. I do not know of any place where one can see such changes in lives as we do out here, when these dark heathen are washed from their sins and become children of the Eternal God through our Saviour Jesus Christ.

" In connection with the school on the station we have over a hundred boys (most of them chiefs' sons or near relatives) who have been sent to us by the Government to receive training. These boys usually come to the mission very hardened and prejudiced, but they are given an hour's

Bible teaching every day. Many have made public confession of Christ, in spite of bitter opposition. On the station are many other boys (from six different tribes) receiving definite training as evangelists and teachers to their own people.

"About the country, over a radius of fifty miles, thirty-four out-schools have been opened in chiefs' villages. At each of these out-schools there are from twenty to sixty boys and girls in attendance. Every day they are given a Gospel message and Bible training. We feel very insufficient as we take up the supervision of all this work, but our trust is in the Lord of Hosts.

"Speaking of the effort to win the girls for Christ, Mrs. John G. Buyse calls it an adventure. 'An adventure of the soul, and it gets more adventurous as one goes on. At the beginning of this term there were no girls in the girls' home. They simply refused to come back. There were no boys in the industrial shop. There was so little food for the schoolboys (our gardens being new) that we did not know whether we would have a school or not. So we prayed. When you are up against a real need you really pray! Well, now it is the close of the term. There are eighteen girls in the home. "Prayer changes things." Would you not call that an adventure of faith? And it is such things that constantly challenge one to go from faith to faith.'"

The work at Aru is progressing rapidly. It is opening up as never before. God is giving His blessing in a very marked way. There are over sixty sons and near relations of chiefs living on the station. They attend the daily Gospel services, study at the school, and work in the gardens. Many have already confessed Christ as their Saviour, and are seeking training as

evangelists to their own people. There are seventy-five acres under cultivation here. All the work is done with the hoe.

The tribes being reached from this centre are the Lugbara, Alur, Dongo, Kaliko, 'Ndo and the Kakwa. Such a variety needs some common speech. The general work of the district is in Ngala, though some of the indigenous languages are used to bring the message of salvation home to the people in their mother tongue.

Miss Helen Mead, speaking of her contact with the people in their heathen surroundings, describes how " this helped me to realise afresh something of the superstition and fear that constitute the warp and woof of the beliefs of the boys and girls who come to us to hear the Gospel. The village of one girl who has been in our home off and on for a year, was reduced to just one small hut and a granary; the other buildings had been torn down. A little way off, across the plain, some new huts were growing up. Three tiny ' spirit-houses ' standing close by the one remaining hut told the story of three deaths in that village. The first was a father, then a sister, but my informants ' didn't know ' whose spirit the third house represented. Just what would have happened to them had they ' known ' I cannot tell. Perhaps the death was so recent that the spirit of the departed was specially fearful to them, and so they refused to admit that they knew anything about it. Three deaths in one village is enough warning

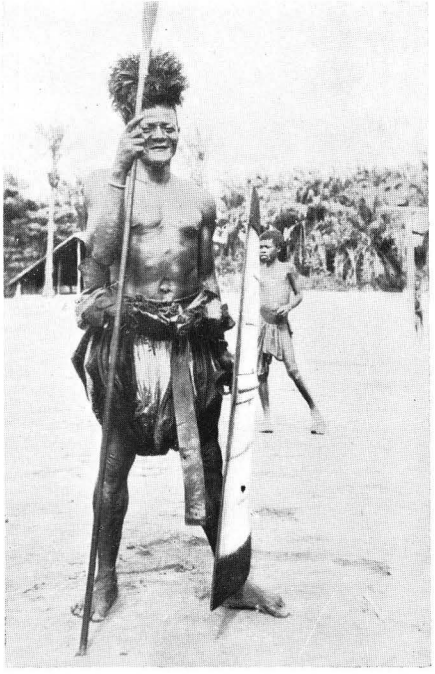
that bad spirits have settled down upon them, and the only thing to do is to move away and leave the place to the evil spirits."

As we came home we passed a deserted village where three children had died. A thriving garden and banana grove were left behind, but the owners of them come back every day to harvest their crops.

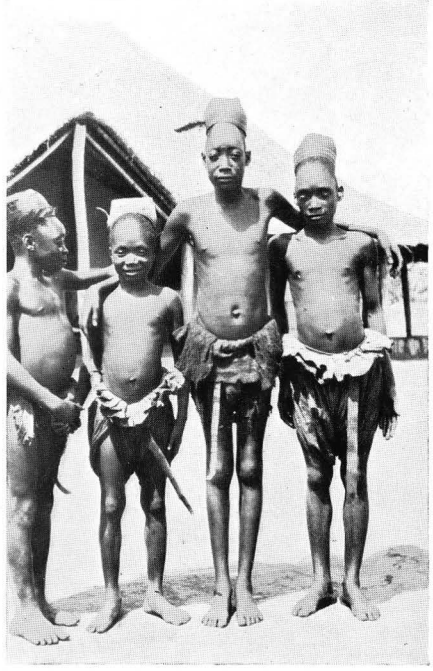
The representative of the Africa Inland Mission for the Kakwa tribe, at the Rejaf Conference, Mr. K. Richardson, is translating the Gospel of St. Mark into that language. This is the first book of Scripture to be prepared, and will be another language to be added, we hope, at an early date, to the British and Foreign Bible Society's publications.

Describing his station of Adi, Mr. Kenneth Richardson says :—

" There seems to be real cause for encouragement here. People are flocking to our services. We get an average of about nine hundred or more now, and one Sunday we had 1,275 to our Gospel services. Many make profession of conversion, but few, I think, have really left their heathen customs yet. Nevertheless there is a real desire after and interest in the things of God. We believe that before long we shall see definitely changed lives. We do need prayer. The enemy will not let this awakening go unchallenged, and we do not want any of these people to stop short of the real thing. Personally, I keep well and enjoy life out here. The Lord is very real. We are praying for further workers for Adi. We need them if we are to take full advantage of this opportunity."

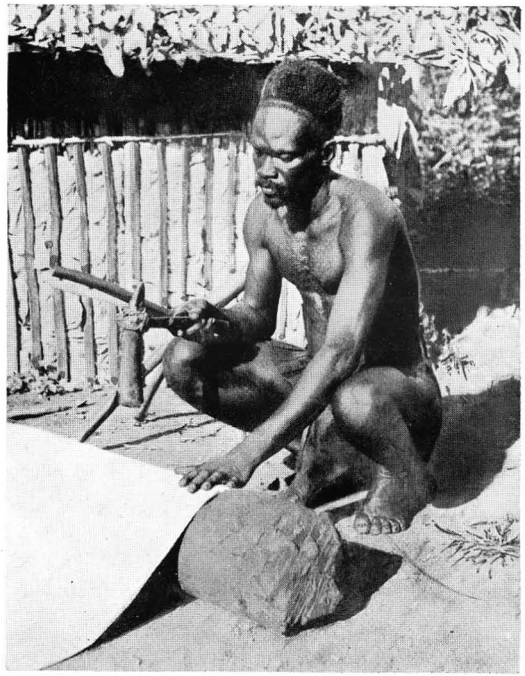


A MEDGE CHIEF.



ZANDE LADS.

A LUBA WITCH DOCTOR.



MAKING BARK CLOTH.

Speaking of blessing among the Alur people, Miss Sarah Stirton, of Ara mission station, A.I.M. says :—

" We need the prayer of friends in the homeland. We want you to praise God with us and share in the joy of this service for our Lord in Central Africa.

" We have over one hundred girls and boys to be fed, clothed and cared for ; sick people to be attended ; a school to be kept up ; villages to be visited ; patients at Government Sleeping Sickness Station (where there are always about forty people in the last incurable stage of the disease who are continually passing on into eternity) to be taught the Gospel, services and meetings to be taken, and a Sunday morning service of about four hundred people ; the affairs of the children and people to be listened to and settled when possible.

" With each varied service there is compensating joy from the Lord, for which please praise Him with us, and also because He is working here, and we are seeing young lives being saved and devoted to the same service."

" Hath not each heart a passion and a dream,
Each some companionship for ever sweet,
And in each saddest skies some silver gleam,
And each some passing joy, too fair and fleet,
And each a staff and stay, though frail it prove,
And each a face he fain would ever see ?
And what have I ? An endless Heaven of love ;
A rapture, and a glory, and a calm,
A life that is an everlasting Psalm,
All, O Beloved, in Thee."

CHAPTER IV

Peace after War!

It is some ten years since the writer first passed through these lands. What a change! Then it was a thousand mile tramp, tramp, over rough native tracks, and through forest swamps to Stanleyville. Now a fine motor road carries you in comfort the whole way.

Then war raged in this immediate area. The pioneer missionaries were venturing their lives. The news of a God of peace and love was utterly foreign to the tribesmen facing each other with spear and arrow.

Now the evangelist and schoolmaster are abroad throughout the land. Peace has conquered passion!

Yangarakata is still notorious for heathen customs and practices. Evangelisation here has been specially difficult, but recently a band of fifteen women have taken their stand publicly for Christ and against these evil influences.

The story of the writer's first tour may best picture the transformation in this comparatively short space of time. The following account is as written in those days. The writer had spent a happy week-end at the A.I.M. mission station of Kacengu, three thousand feet above the blue

waters of Lake Albert. The next visit was to be Yangarakata, over a hundred miles' march.

It promised to be a difficult journey. A box of slates and stationery had been waiting a year at Kacengu for means of conveyance to this mission station. No porters would go through singly, or in parties, without a " white man."

With the chief's help, we succeeded at last in getting up a good sized party to go with the " white man." Some lads were quite keen to accompany their seniors as helpers up the hills. When we all met for the start, no fewer than seventeen were ready. An all too brief stay at this interesting spot, and we had to say farewell. The first day's march to the Government poste at Mahagi was about twenty miles. All came through well and cheerily. Here I hoped to obtain an "Askari" (native soldier or policeman) to accompany the party, to give confidence to the men when passing through the Madi tribe, who were said to be unfriendly to the Alur. At the poste, the administrator was very kind and hospitable, and did all he could for me. The " Askari ", however, was impossible. Only ten were at the poste ; of these some were sick, and there were " two murder cases on."

At dawn next day, we started on the long tramp of twenty-five miles, over hill and dale, mostly amongst their own fellow tribesmen, but I soon realised that spirits were drooping. Some porters wanted to turn back.

We had three days' march from Mahagi poste

to Aru, the next Belgian poste. For the greater part of the way we travelled along the path that forms the boundary between British (A.E. Sudan) and Belgian territories, winding round two long sides of a triangle. The third side lay through the British sphere, but " trespassers " were not allowed, so the Englishman had to seek the hospitality of foreign soil, and do a day's march extra. That day I passed over thirty villages. About noon I heard a shout, and looking up the hill, saw a band of a dozen fully-armed natives swooping down from a village. They rushed past us, and another band followed! If there was to be trouble there would be no harm in having something to identify this particular village with, so calling a halt I secured a photograph of the scene. After this they hurried to their comrades. The path led up a hill through the long, golden grass that almost obscured a small village. Arriving at the village we saw these gentlemen indulging in a beer drink. Some came brandishing their spears, whether in welcome or defiance I could not be sure, but passed on.

About three hundred yards farther on, I heard the sudden burst of flame. Looking round, I found the whole hill-top being rapidly enveloped in flames. The long grass must have been fired in several places at once. My men were getting tired and lagging. Only three were between me and the fire. What if this had been a ruse to cut off the stragglers! I hurried back

through the smoke, glad to find them all safe on the other side. As soon as they were all gathered on the far side, a heavy thunderstorm burst. A quick piling of loads, covering them with a ground sheet, and all made for shelter.

As I crawled into the dark interior of a hut, a black hand pointed to a bundle of sticks on which I sat down. As my eyes became used to the darkness and smoke, I found the lady of the house had kindly offered me the seat of honour, the bed. Bule and Erika, my African boys, had followed me in, also the husband, and some of the porters. Bule was soon chatting away, and raking up the embers to boil water for some tea. As the roof leaked like a sieve, I put up my umbrella and sat, and listened. Word after word I recognised as those spoken in the Uele district. As Bule knew them so well, they were evidently Swahili in origin. He was getting quite used to the Bangala speech already.

I had hoped to secure an educated Swahili speaking lad to accompany me on this trip and help me in investigation. No one could be obtained. Perhaps, with his ready manner and wonderful smiles, Bule may help me through to some conclusions. The storm eventually quenched the fires, and the ardour of the "hunters." On resuming our march we had to wade through paths that were flowing streams instead of dusty tracks.

Late in the afternoon we reached Ngoti, a small village on a hill-top with a magnificent

panorama. To the south-east lay the range of mountains, that on the map were marked Emin Pasha, Schwinefurth and Speke, though their position on the map was not accurate. We had skirted them a good part of the morning. Other ranges appeared, and I tried to take compass bearings, but could not reconcile them with the maps. After the long, tiring twenty-five miles' march, the men were glad to find that the next day, being Sunday, was to be a day of rest.

Dawn broke magnificently! After the early glow and before the flaming strata of clouds was dulled, the men of the village went off with their hoes. I was watching the clouds rise on Mount Emin Pasha, and thinking of a quiet Sabbath rest, reading and writing, when there was a commotion just beyond my sight. The men came racing back with their hoes, threw them down, picked up their spears, and bows and arrows. The first report was a fight on the road; then, that a European was being beaten. Finally, there was a hunt. After a time, the remaining villagers, old men, women and children, stood on the rocks gazing at the neighbouring hill. We could see the cause of it all. An elephant was chasing around. Its great form frequently came into view. All day the excitement continued. About four o'clock, news came that the hunt had ended successfully, if tragically. The hunted had turned hunter for a time, and despatched one of the men and injured others, but, caught in a gully, had been overcome.

The day's adventure had aroused the villages around. Now came the " distribution " of the spoil. When I arrived on the scene, an excavation into the elephant's interior had already been made ! Several men were standing in it handling out portions of the contents to a seething mass of naked, perspiring, black humanity. About a hundred were struggling, shouting, digging with their knives into the huge carcase. Wild passions were let loose. As a man came out of the mass, all streaming and bloodstained (the elephant's, not his own) holding to a mass of meat, others would grasp him, and try to get their share of it. One with a couple of yards of entrails, came out of the scrimmage, and a tug of war ensued !

I stood with the chief watching the scene of fierce passion, savage looks, and blood-stained naked bodies.

Whether the scenes of the day had stricken awe to my men or not, they professed fear for the coming day. During the long march I kept a good look out. The men had no need to be kept in close file ; they followed me as near as possible. Bule and Erika brought up the rear. The country became more desolate, swept with fire, and the looks on the passing travellers less genial. After six hours' march we reached a burnt out hill-top, only to find a derelict hut, and no village, food, or water near. The guide in distress said " pilomako ngai ibi te " (" But I did not know "). The site of the rest hut had been changed since his previous journey. Here

again, difficulties brought language problems to the front. A lad from the shores of Lake Albert was using the exact words and expression in general use on the Uele, three hundred miles to the west!

It was short commons that night, but fortunately for the men, some of them had brought "chunks" of elephant, others went some distance back to a village. Another day's march and we should be safe in Aru, but that day was to be through the dreaded Madi people. Again the men followed me as closely as possible, till across the last river, about three or four miles from our destination, with the last of the Madi villages in view on the other side of the river. Then a good halt, the last halt with that band of men who had come one hundred miles with me. Little did we dream what was soon to happen. At Aru all spirits seemed to revive. I arranged for new porters with the Belgian official, who intimated, without telling the reason, that there might be some delay in getting them. I had previously been assured that once at Aru, all difficulties would be over.

Next morning, sitting on the verandah of my hut, I saw this official approaching with a dozen naked creatures; and four armed soldiers behind. It looked as if it might be a firing party taking a batch of criminals to execution. A brass farthing would have purchased their collective wardrobe, and left a balance over. In a few words he said these were my porters. After the loads were

settled and we were ready to start, he intimated that the four soldiers would go with me. He did not tell me why: and I did not ask. I knew that neither Belgian nor native nor any other soldiers, fully armed, go looking round for a stranger to take them a thirty miles' march under a blazing sun, merely for fresh air and exercise! Trouble was brewing somewhere. I arranged about the return of my Kacengu men. I told the official of their fears, and got the spokesmen of the men to tell him in my presence before I started off on the new trail. Again I took the place at the head of the caravan. I had no desire that the rifle and bullet, or the arrow, should get the start in settling any problem that faith and prayer could better accomplish. For two hours we marched on steadily, a silent, almost funereal, procession, except for the occasional rattle of a rifle. Then a halt was made at a village for rest and food. Another three hours' march brought us up to a rest house, with a number of soldiers at it. Soon the chief appeared with fifteen armed "gunmen." I learned that a big band of Lugware fighting men had passed through early that morning. He, the chief and his men, would help the soldiers to take care of me during the night. The mystery was deepening! Next morning we were off at dawn, taking the same order as on the previous day. By 9-30 a.m. we were safely at Yangarakata. The first sight revealed the village as an armed camp. I soon learnt the whole truth. The Lugware tribe had

risen in revolt, and were raiding and killing all around. I passed a burnt-out village on the way a few miles before reaching Yangarakata. Here eight men had been killed shortly before I passed.

The village of Yangarakata was strongly stockaded. The camp outside was all astir. Going up to the principal hut, I was met by a Belgian, a sub-officer, who told me that Mr. Ellson, the A.I.M. missionary I was in search of, was inside. Here I found him nursing the sick commandant who, it was feared, was developing typhoid, or perhaps cholera.

I was directed to the mission station on a hill a mile away. Arriving there, I met Mrs. and Miss Ellson. Soon the whole story was told. Ten days before they had all to fly for refuge to the village. The Lugware had threatened to burn and destroy the village and mission. One morning the fighting hordes were reported to be nearing. The village lies at the foot of a round-backed granite hill, two hundred feet high, like a huge turtle crawling over the country. As the warriors came round one side of this to the attack, the Belgian soldiers (native troops) appeared on the other. Though worn out with an all night relief march, they faced the attackers, who fled, threatening to come back. They shouted that they would come back in the morning with reinforcements. The missionaries were warned to be ready to go to the village. Next morning scouts reported an attacking force of one thousand. It seemed almost hopeless for

the small village and its twenty-five armed soldiers to be able to keep out the army. When the missionaries were sheltered in Chief Yangarakata's hut, and the attack was beginning, he came in and said to them, "If the Lugware break in we will all die together." He was a brave man, friendly to the missionaries, loyal to the Government, but the odds to him seemed too great. The Belgian commandant was ill. The human defence seemed weak indeed. Yangarakata and his men went to the defence. The soldiers opened fire. After the shots, the vast horde fled. Surely it was the prayer of the missionaries that won the day. That was a week before I arrived. The whole district was in the hands of the enemy when I got through. Picture the morning of my arrival—Mr. and Mrs. Ellson nursing the sick Belgian in the village, uncertainty all around as to what the Lugware were doing, or when they might appear. Five armed sentries out on the mission hill. During the day various rumours came in. After dark the sick man was carried up the hill to the mission house in a hammock to a room in the newly built, but not finished, mud bungalow, hurriedly furnished by Mrs. Ellson. Here, in a healthier spot, he could be better nursed, and it was hoped would soon recover. Though extremely weak, the change did immediate good. Of the three rooms of the bungalow—doorless and windowless —he had one, I another, and the central was occupied by the guard.

On Friday and Saturday fresh stories came along of villages raided, and people killed. One of the villages I stopped at on coming out from Aru, had been destroyed just after I left. The attackers must have been close when I was there.

Chief Yangarakata became very ill, and required nursing. On the human side, both leaders of defence were *hors de combat.* The mile long path between the village and the mission was not supposed to be safe without armed escort. Even the " milkman " passed to and fro with a soldier. Only the missionaries (on their errands of mercy) went unguarded. As I watched Mrs. Ellson's ministry to the chief in his hut, I thought how true it was, that, in savage Africa such ministry can do more to win the wildest heart than a regiment of soldiers. The Belgian commandant, even in his weakness, was most thoughtful for all. Quietly giving his orders, his men, few though they were, were evidently true and loyal. Some months before he had been wounded with a poisoned arrow. His life was saved by two of his men sucking at the wound for several hours. Some much-needed medicine from my small case proved beneficial.

On the Saturday evening after sunset there were some strange movements in the bush three hundred to four hundred yards away. Were the Lugware coming in the dark? The sentries went out to investigate, while Mrs. Ellson and

I watched results. Mr. Ellson was nursing the patient. The soldiers returned with the report that it was some men looking for strayed cattle. As we were returning to the bungalow, Mr. Ellson came out, and said "Have you heard the latest news? Some soldiers have just arrived from Aru, and have been reporting to the commandant."

"*The Lugware have killed all your Kacengu porters.*" Impossible; incredible; such staggering news could not be true. Alas! what could one do but believe under such circumstances, and from an official source. One's feeling may be better imagined than described—seventeen faithful men done to death a few short hours after I left them. We had marched five days together, long enough to establish a real friendship. Most of them were mission boys. In the first days of the march, before danger was thought of, snatches of song in hymn tunes came along the procession.

Have these men purchased that road for the Gospel and the open Bible with their lives? A later and more circumstantial report gave three as having escaped back to Aru.

The next morning was the Sabbath. I was trying to reconcile myself to being "shut up" perhaps for weeks. At breakfast, glancing down the long path to the village, I saw a small crowd of men approaching. Nearer they came. We could see they were friendly. Another brass farthing would have purchased their kit, *except*

their bows and arrows. Mr. Ellson exclaimed, "They must be porters for you!" Into the compound they came. Chief Yangarakata, faithful to his promise after my arrival, had sent a message to a friendly chief two days off, asking for men to take me to Faradje, and these were the men. When asked how they managed to get in so soon, they said they "came through the long grass." Knowing the dangers of the paths, they had wound their way to the help of the missionary through unpathed tracks. Why had these men, whose tribe had never been visited by a missionary, risked their lives for a missionary? It transpired that one of this band was taken ill when passing through this village on a previous occasion. He had been successfully treated by Mr. Ellison. Hearing that his old friend was in need, he had collected eleven other brave comrades and come to his help. That Sunday they rested. I prepared to march out on the day following. That was a memorable Sabbath with many conflicting thoughts and possibilities.

My road lay almost due north, four days to Moldisa, the next station of the A.I.M., but that was "closed." Another road, leaving by the south-west, was thought from all possible enquiries to be "open," but no one knew for certain. It would mean eight days' march round to Moldisa. I offered to try and take the ladies out to that station. No one could judge all the possibilities of going, or staying. We could only act in faith and trust.

The Lugware might give up any further attack on the village. If attacked, the village might hold out, or it might not! There were stories of reinforcements coming, but nothing definite. The "way round" road might prove open, or we might fall in with a horde of fighting men. In the latter case, they might pass us by unmolested, or they might kill the natives and leave the "white" stranded, or they might massacre the lot. If they happened to be just from a war-beer-drink, the last was quite probable.

After consultation with the missionaries, I made preparations for leaving. That evening we are not likely to forget. It was spent mostly in the sick chamber with the commandant. We sang many well-known hymns. Mr. Ellison hoped that we might find some that the sick man would recognise from boyhood days.

The commandant sent for some soldiers, discussed the road to Faradje and its possibilities. Selecting two men as they stood "at attention," he gave instructions to take me to Faradje. As I sat by the bedside of the sick man and watched them, I was aware that they knew the report of the fate of the men so recently with me. With a few words of response and a salute, they went out. Black though they were, I was conscious they were men to be trusted, yes, even to death, if necessary. I read the traveller's protection Psalm, the 91st, in French. The sick man followed intently! It was all new

to him. When I put down the Bible on the bed beside me, he quickly took it up and re-read it. "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday." How real that promise seemed! Here we were liable to the terror, the arrow and the pestilence at any moment! "I never read that before," he said.

"Do you know what those initials stand for —G.L.L.?" he asked, pointing to his baggage. "My mother was a Swiss Protestant. She gave me the name Gideon Levi—she taught me some of the hymns you have been singing. . . . I have not always been living as I have out here!"

We gathered round the bed for a final hymn:—

"Peace, perfect peace? With loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping, we are safe, and they.

Peace, perfect peace? Our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne."

What a depth of meaning this had under our circumstances! We knew not what an hour might bring forth—life or death? We knew HIM! I closed the evening with prayer around the bedside, commending all to His guardianship.

Preparations for the night were hurriedly made. We all retired. At dawn I was ready, and soon after the last farewells were said. The men lifted their loads—I was off on the march. Mr. Ellson came as far as the village. As soon

as I found the track I took the lead, one of the soldiers following me, and the other bringing up the rear. At the village I found the thoughtful chief had arranged for one of his "gunmen" to accompany the party. He was the only "armed" man. A rifle with a long barrel that might have done duty at Inkerman, or even Waterloo! Perhaps on the Chinese principle it might have been useful in frightening the enemy with its noise!

The soldiers, though in uniform, were to travel unarmed, as Government couriers. There could then be no excuse that we were an armed or attacking party. Thus was the preparation made through the kindly thought of commandant and chief. In two days we were supposed to be clear of the danger-zone. During those days' march not a sound was heard. We might have been a funeral procession. Often I looked round to see if I had out-distanced the men with the quiet footfall! If a voice was heard the soldier near me would call out "Kelele te"—"no noise"!—silently we passed bush, stream, and long grass that might have concealed the poisoned arrows of the dreaded enemy.

It was a beautiful country, hill and dale, one that under other conditions would have tempted one to linger. For five days the hills were so prominent I was able to take compass bearings to check an imperfect sketch map of the route.

Before turning in on the first night, I saw two fires to the south-east, that were too

stationary for bush and too large for camp fires. What were they? On the second afternoon we reached Tandia, a large and loyal chief's village. Tongues were loosened, spirits rose, all dangers seemed past.

The next morning, as the preparations for the start were being made, I was told one of the porters was too ill to go on. I went to see him. He was lying on the earth floor, as he had always lived, absolutely destitute of clothing, apparently in a quiet deep sleep. . . . Nothing would rouse him. He did not seem feverish, and might almost have been shamming to avoid another march, but his extremities were cold. A new porter had been found, loads were up, the sun was getting hot, and the caravan anxious to start. I could do nothing but leave the poor fellow in charge of the chief's head man, giving a tip for any needed help. With a sad heart I had to lead on. For six days I had marched at the head of three sets of men, not knowing what a turn in the road might reveal; this day, how different. But for the sad memory of the morning, it would have been most enjoyable.

This is Sunday. We are camped in a quiet spot. Not even a village at hand. We have had six days together with this band of porters, and now a day of rest. What a contrast to last Sabbath! To-morrow, we reach Faradje and must part. The men who have been so faithful go back to their own homes. God grant they may have a safe journey.

On the third day Bule came to me with the news that one of the soldiers could speak Swahili and read a little. Would I give him a Gospel? Every day in camp since he has been reading. Often I could hear him spelling out the words. Bule has done his best to help him. I have listened to them together with great joy. To-morrow, when this soldier, black though he be, and I must part to go on our respective duties, I shall feel I have lost a friend. He has constituted himself my personal attendant, has watched over and waited on me.

"These men, who are reported lost, may not have been 'Christian' heroes as we understand the phrase, but they have paid the supreme price. They have died as heroes. I do not yet know the spot where the tragedy is said to have occurred, but from all I can gather, the scene seems near a hill-top where I suddenly came upon a group of wild-looking, armed men, fingering their bows and arrows. I had stood by them till all the porters were safely past. It is possible these were the murderers, who caught the men on the way back." Such were one's thoughts at the time! Fortunately later, though not for many months, I hear better news. Though attacked, and having a rough time, I believe most of them escaped. Thank God!

"Here, in the heart of the world,
Here, in the noise and din,
Here, where our spirits were hurled
To battle with sorrow and sin.

" This is the place and the spot
For knowledge of infinite things ;
This is the Kingdom where thought
Can conquer the progress of kings.

" Stand not aloof nor apart,
Plunge in the thick of the fight :
There in the street and the mart,
This is the place to do right.

" Not in some cloister, or cave,
Not in some Kingdom above ;
Here, on this side of the grave,
Here, should we labour and love."

CHAPTER V

Into the Sudan for the Consideration of Babel

At Aru, the long motor run of some 350 miles to Rejaf in the Sudan was begun. The morning of the first day ushered in a truly tropical storm, with the result that the roads were soft and dangerous. The first forty miles of the journey across the plains presented no feature of interest but the blue hills in the distance. Then for fifty miles the road travelled hill and dale, crossing many a river and stream, often with bridges of a very unreliable nature. We passed through several of the gold-mining camps, where the African in these days is being pressed into the service of the mining companies.

Towards the end of the afternoon, when the worst seemed past and the track looked safer, the car was caught in a very soft, muddy patch of road. This resulted in an unexpectedly sharp skid to the left, and a plunge down a vertical drop of eight feet! In the making of these motor roads, huge pits have been dug close to the side of the road, the material having been used in road construction. These pits now serve the purpose of " sumps " for the drainage of the road, and, as we found, their proximity to the road-side is exceedingly dangerous when the road is soft and skiddy.

It was somewhat awe-inspiring to see the front wheels rush over a yawning chasm with water of unknown depth. When the front wheels were free in the air, the car took its bearing on the running boards. These, fortunately, held it up while it see-sawed down into the pit. The car came to rest almost as vertically as equilibrium would allow. The back wheels only rested at the top of the embankment; the front wheels were under water.

It was a miraculous escape! Three whites and three blacks were on board, and a full cargo of baggage. By a kindly providence, no one was hurt!

Darkness and rain made it impossible to do anything in the way of rescue that night, so erecting the small portable tents, which we carried, by the wayside, the party was soon safely under cover, and resting from a rather exciting day.

Next morning, we were indeed thankful to see that, apparently, there was no serious smashing of the car. How to lift that weight, almost vertically up the side of the pit, presented a very difficult problem. The nearest place for securing help seemed to be the Belgian Government poste of Faradje, thirty-three miles on. Obtaining a lift from a passing car, Liam went in search of aid. The following day, securing another car, he arrived with ropes, some tackle, and our old friend Fred Morris, of the Africa Inland Mission, who happened to be at Faradje.

After trying various expedients, we were

thankful to see that it was possible to lift the car, even if only an inch at a time at first. Then we began to progress by inches! At last, towards evening we managed the final pull. The "Lingua Franca" was safe and sound on the high road. It was still uncertain how far her internal economy had been upset by the shock. The smashed mud guards, front screens, etc., were minor matters if we could move forward on our road. Liam, testing the engine, found it responded faithfully. Moving forward, the steering was found to be safe, no wheels broken. We decided to try and make Faradje that night. As sunset glowed in the west, huge storm clouds blew up from the east. For two hours we drove through, facing the furious storm. The vivid lightning was most useful at times in showing us the road ahead. We were indeed thankful to reach the rest house at Faradje in safety. Here we received kindly help from Baron Von Zuylen, the Belgian administrator, a real friend in need.

From Faradje, forty miles brought us to Aba, the headquarters of the Africa Inland Mission, early on the Sunday morning. I had the joy of meeting the missionaries in their morning service, and of speaking to them of the work of the Bible Society for Darkest Africa. It was indeed an inspiration to meet face to face with some fifteen of those who have gone out from England and America to win this part of the Dark Continent for Our Emmanuel.

Aba is beautifully situated on a rocky crest

with a far-stretching panoramic view on either side. The main buildings and residences cluster round the huge cliffs and ragged kopjes. A striking situation this, for a mission station—a spiritual beacon, lighting up the land to the frontiers of the Sudan.

But a few years ago, Aba was a wilderness of long grass, regarded by the African people as the abode of evil spirits. To-day it is a mission station of throbbing life, radiating the Gospel message far and near.

Another day's run brought us the 135 miles to Rejaf, where, in the afternoon, we met the representatives gathered for the Language Conference.

Rejaf is the port on the Nile where the steamers from Khartoum, after a journey of over one thousand miles, come to rest, as the cataracts beyond make navigation impossible. From this point a fine motor road through the Sudan gives one of the main entrances to the Congo from the East.

There were forty-two conference delegates, representatives of the governments of the Sudan, Congo and Uganda, and the missionary societies of the district, the Church Missionary Society, the Sudan United Mission, the American Presbyterian Mission, and Africa Inland Mission; also the various Roman Catholic missions working in this area. All were hospitably entertained by the Sudan administration in the primitive mud bungalow that passes as "Rejaf Hotel." A special hall, thatched with grass, roof and sides, had been

erected for the sessions of the conference. The Governor of the Mongalla Province, in which Rejaf is situated, Major Brock, O.B.E., also took part in the conference.

In the opening session, the Secretary for Education at Khartoum, Mr. J. G. Matthew, read a message from the Governor of the Sudan :—

"It is a great pleasure to me to know that such a representative conference is to meet at Rejaf, and I take this opportunity of extending a cordial welcome to the representatives of the neighbouring territories of Uganda and the Belgian Congo, and also to Professor Westermann, who has come so far to advise us.

"The problems with which you will deal are admittedly difficult. The selection of the most suitable languages for educational purposes from the large number of dialects which are now in use in the Southern Sudan is no easy task. As regards orthography, there are, I know, many and varying opinions, but the adoption of some common system seems essential if there is to be a full measure of co-operation in the production of school literature. I hope, therefore, that the existence of individual divergences of opinion will not stand in the way of agreement.

"I wish the Rejaf Language Conference success in its endeavours to settle questions which are of such paramount importance to all engaged in administrative and educational work in tropical Africa, and look forward with great interest to reading the report of its deliberations."

He then gave a comprehensive statement of the reasons for the calling of the conference and the programme to be considered. The conference, containing, as it did, representatives of

the numerous different tribes and languages of the area to be considered, was constituted into a series of group committees. These considered the problems involved in each group.

These main groups were as follows, with approximate populations :—

Tribal Group.	*Approximate Population.*
Bari	140,000
Dinka	600,000
Latuko	73,000
Madi	370,000
Nuer	430,000
Shilluk	1,286,000
Zande	650,000
Western Group (small languages not related)	120,000
Total ..	3,669,000

The conference was most fortunate in securing the assistance of such a linguistic expert as Professor Westermann, Director of the International Institute of African Languages and Cultures, who had come out from the homeland at the invitation of the Sudan Government. The conference owes much to his clear and efficient guidance in the consideration of the many tones and signs involved in such a chaos of languages.

After full consideration by these separate committees, the conference met in full session to tabulate the respective reports.

The orthography as originally drafted at the conference at Arua, and subsequently revised at

the conference at Aba, was carefully considered in the light of the linguistic experience of the missionaries in subsequent years. With the help of Professor Westermann, some revisions and additions were made to the alphabet originally drawn up. This alphabet as now adopted will provide for all the signs and tones in the languages under investigation.

It was found that there was not much revision needed. The main departures from present usage are here given :—

For ñ use ny.
For ŋ use ŋ.
For interdentals use th, dh, nh.

To the uninitiated these may seem almost insignificant. To the veterans who have spent half a life time with the older symbols, the changes seemed like tearing one's hair out by the roots! To the knowing ones the following obituary notice, which appeared at the end of the conference, will be self explanatory :—

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
CANON ENNE.
Of the Parish of Sea-Eness,
who was abandoned in this life
on April 12, 1928.

Here also is INTER'D E.N.TAL,
of the Same Parish.

Also
SIR TANE PRINCIPLES, B.A. (sic !),
of the Parish of Native, or Thography.

A full report of this Conference, with all the decisions arrived at, has been prepared and published by the Education Department in Khartoum. This will prove a most useful document for administrators and missionaries in the wide area known as the Heart of Africa—the Mongalla and Bahr-el-Ghazal provinces of the Sudan, the Northern province of Uganda, and the Uele and Ituri districts of the Belgian Congo.

CHAPTER VI

The Redemption of the Sudan.

The week-end after the conference was spent at Juba, the Church Missionary Society station on the Nile, eight miles below Rejaf. The situation, for these low lands, is comparatively healthy, and certainly the most picturesque in the district. The Government has had envious eyes on it for some time, and has now taken over the hill of the mission site. They have commenced the lay-out, and erection, of buildings for the new capital of the Mongalla province of the Southern Sudan. When completed, this new town will take the place of the present capital of Mongalla, and the commercial and navigation centre of Rejaf. This necessitates the Church Missionary Society looking out for a new site.

The regeneration of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan under British administration during the last quarter of a century must be seen to be appreciated. The reign of the Mahdi, after the death of Gordon, reduced a thriving population of some 7,000,000 to a fear-stricken, famine-ridden race of helots, numbering fewer than 3,000,000.

In the Sudan we see British rule at its best. Not only the general administration, but the excellent steamer and rail services. The Welcome Research Laboratories, the building of the great irrigation dams, such as Makwar, the widespread

encouragement of cotton growing, and other agricultural industries, are rapidly enabling the Sudani to find an established place in the economic life of this country.

England had, perforce, to make a fierce entrance into the Sudan to save its life when that was being strangled by the grip of the Mahdi and his terrible fanatics. Once that danger had passed, England set about the task of rebuilding a ruined land and people. As Rudyard Kipling has so well expressed it, the cannon that cut down the thousands at Omdurman to save the lives of millions, had scarcely cooled before the work of salvation began.

"For Allah created the English mad—the maddest of all mankind.
They do not consider the meaning of things, they consult not creed or clan,
Behold, they clap the slave on the back, and behold, he ariseth a man!
They terribly carpet the earth with dead, and before their cannon cool
They walk unarmed by twos and threes to call the living to school."

The fire and sword of the Mahdi have been replaced by education and the ploughshare.

The task of the administrator, however, is not an easy one. In this land, three races, the Egypto-Arabian, the Sudanese and the British, have to live and work alongside each other.

There are three competing religions—Christianity, Islam, and Animism. Hitherto Islam has obtained power and prestige. There are

also three competing elements in the languages of the people, English, Arabic and the chaos of Sudanic-Nilotic dialects. It is estimated that there are over two hundred tribes in the Sudan, some of which, as the Nubas in the mountains on the border line of Islam and Paganism, use a score of dialects. It can be well understood that illiteracy is almost universal. The Northern peoples are entirely Moslem, the Southern mostly pagan. Islam is, however, rapidly marching south, with Arabic as the language of administration, commerce and travel. Where Islam penetrates amongst the pagan tribes it takes on a paganised form. The Koran is merely a fetish in place of the old village idols. Stone and tree worship still exists side by side with the mud built mosque. The Moslem-Mullam-teacher merely supplants the old witch-doctor as a better producer of charms.

As far back as 1878 Gordon advocated the evangelisation of the Sudan. In 1899 the Church Missionary Society sent out its first missionaries, but it was not till 1905 that the Gordon Memorial Mission reached the Southern Sudan, on the invitation of Lord Cromer.

The first station to be opened was Malek, one thousand miles higher up the Nile than Khartoum. This was started with a view to reaching the populous pagan tribe, the Dinkas. Later on, work was started amongst the Zande at Yambio, where, at the present time, there is the most promising response from any Sudanese

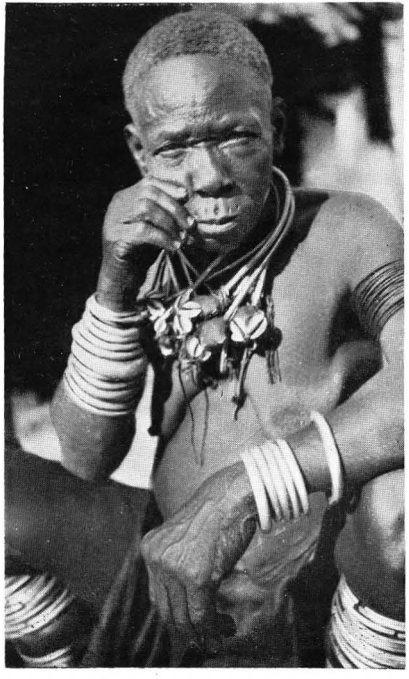
people. A few years later medical work was started amongst the Moru tribe at Lui. The other station is Yei, to be visited on return to the Congo.

The people of the Southern Provinces, the Bahr-el-Ghazal and Mongalla, have more affinity with the tribes in Northern Uganda than the Northern Sudan.

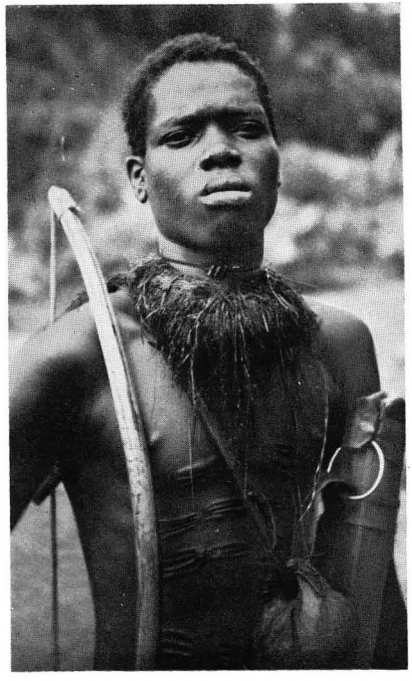
When the great Diocese of Uganda was divided a few years ago, this area was included in the newly formed Diocese of the Upper Nile, thus uniting the missionary efforts of the Church Missionary Society in both areas.

The new diocese was fortunate in securing as its first bishop an old friend of the Nilotic-Sudanic peoples. For more than a quarter of a century the Venerable Archdeacon Kitching had been pioneer evangelist, teacher and translator. His selection for the responsibility of administering this vast new diocese was a most happy one.

The educational work at Juba comprises the Normal School for the training of teachers for the Southern Sudan area of the Church Missionary Society. Among some sixty pupils resident on the mission station, thirteen tribes are represented—tribes whose languages are absolutely distinct in family relationship, not merely dialectically different. The great problem that faced the missionaries in the foundation of this educational institution was linguistic. No single language could reach the varied peoples of these tribes. Finally, it was decided to make English the



A MULESE WOMAN.

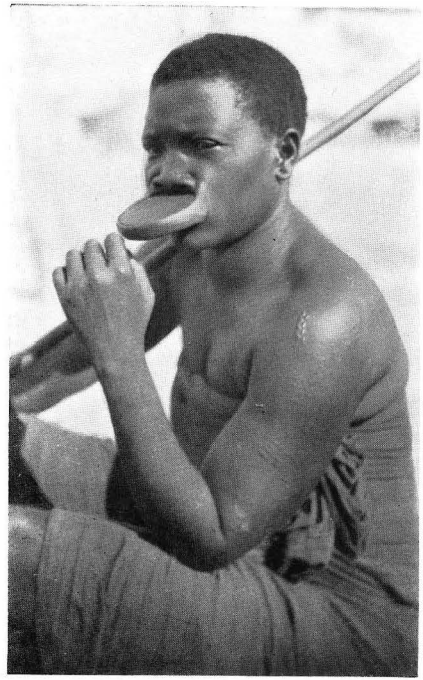


A MUNDAKA MAN.

PLATE V.

DEGRADATION OF WOMANHOOD.

A MUYENA WOMAN.



A MUBIRA WOMAN.

languagefor educational work. It would have been hopeless to expect the schoolmaster to have learned and taught a dozen languages! It was a bold venture, but has proved successful.

The Venerable Archdeacon A. Shaw, the Rev. H. G. Selwyn and their colleagues have worked wonders in the carrying out of this policy. It has been a test of faith and entailed much hard work, but the results have been happy.

It is surprising to find lads coming to this school, knowing little, or nothing, of the speech of their fellow pupils—and nothing at all of English—in a few months united in happy friendship with their comrades through the medium of our mother tongue.

On the Sunday morning, a united service was held in English. In the afternoon the lads separated into classes according to language, each with its own leader. It was, indeed, inspiring to pass from classroom to classroom, and see these small communities leading their own worship in their own languages in such a happy and reverential manner. It was the writer's joy to speak to some of these gatherings by interpretation.

The actual languages used at this particular time were Bari, Dinka, Kakwa, Moru and Zande.

On the Monday morning, one was able to see the progress made in industrial work. After this, we returned to Rejaf for the settlement of necessary business and preparations for the long run into, and through, the Belgian Congo.

Leaving Rejaf in the afternoon, a good run of eighty miles brought us to Yei, and the kindly hospitality of the Rev. Paul and Mrs. Gibson, of the Church Missionary Society. The first part of the journey passed through the country of the Bari people.

It will be remembered that these people were the murderers of Colonel Linant de Bellefonds, the bearer of Stanley's letter, with his memorable appeal for missionaires to be sent to Uganda.

Over forty miles was through wild bush country of the Southern Sudan, almost without human inhabitant, though often thronged with elephant, buck and other members of the African fauna. Towards the latter part of this section, the road wound picturesquely through the country, forming the rise from the Valley of the Nile to the watershed of that river and the Congo.

Before reaching Yei, clusters of villages indicated the more fertile and better watered region. Now that the motor road cuts through the country, the people of these tribes, the Kakwa and Fajelu, are building their villages more and more along the highway. They are thus becoming far more accessible for evangelistic and administrative purposes.

The change in the nature of the country and the population begins in the district of Loka. Once upon a time this was the administrative centre of the district, then constituting the Lado Conclave, under Belgium. Now the principal administrative centre is situated at Yei. Here

also is the concentration camp for sleeping sickness, which, unfortunately, for many years past, has prevailed in certain areas around. In order to pass through this country even by motor, a medical pass is necessary.

Missionary effort from Yei branches out amongst the surrounding numerous tribes, though each is numerically small. In the school, Mr. Gibson has a fine band of young men in training as teachers, representative of no fewer than five tribes—the Fajelu, Mondo, Makaraka, Kaliko and Kakwa. The perlexity of languages makes it necessary to use a lingua-franca. At present, that in use is " Bangala."

Our stay here was all too brief. From the elevated position of the mission station the mountains of Loka, Gumbiri, Hotogo, Karobei and Juakwei encircled the horizon at a distance of some twenty miles. As we surveyed these dark blue masses, clear cut against the early morning light, Mr. Gibson pointed out the many spots where schools have been established. He also spoke of the large masses of the population beyond these fortunate villages, at present quite outside the possibility of teaching by the existing missionary staff. They were waiting, waiting!

" My ambition has been all along to proclaim the Glad Tidings, not in places where Messiah's name, Jesus, was already known—I am not the man to usurp for my building another man's foundation—but to act on the principle embodied in these words of Scripture, ' They to whom no tidings of Him were proclaimed shall see Him ; they who have not heard of Him shall understand ' " (Isa. lii. 15 ; Rom. xv. 20, 21. Way's Translation).

CHAPTER VII

Back to the Congo

From Yei, thirty miles' run and the high land of Libogo, constituting the watershed between the Nile and Congo, was passed. Along this divide a range of rocky hills dominates the landscape. On a previous occasion, the writer has stood on these rocks during a tropical thunderstorm, when the water came down in a deluge. The dividing line of the watershed was plainly visible. Down one side of the rock the rivulets gathered in volume to streams that eventually entered old Father Nile, and so to the Mediterranean. Down the other side of the rock, the waters met for the long 2,500 mile flow through the Congo and into the Atlantic.

Another dozen miles, and Aba, the frontier station of the Belgian Congo, was reached, and Customs formalities were settled.

A forty miles' run from Aba brought us to the Government poste of Faradje. The next fifty miles was over gently undulating country, very sparsely populated, though in some parts there were considerable communities of the great Zande nation. Passing this night at the primitive rest camp, the next morning three miles brought us to Gangara-na-bodio, one of the elephant

farms of the Congo, situated on the beautiful waters of the Dungu River.

This farm is an offshoot from the original farm at Api, some three hundred miles farther west. The writer has several times described the marvellous progress that has been made in the domestication of the African elephant. The success of the farm at Api has led to the opening of this new farm.

On arrival, the herd of elephants was seen enjoying a morning trot round through the long grass in search of breakfast. Then their keepers summoned them to their morning duties. The older elephants that have become quite domesticated, and have proved efficient in their work, are made the custodians of the "totos," or juniors, that have recently been caught for training on the farm. It was interesting to see about half a dozen of these huge beasts placidly leading a youngster, tied on either side, down to the river, and into the water for a morning refresher, before beginning work in the hot sun. The intelligence shown by the seniors in their share of the training of the youngsters is remarkable. The gentle character of the seniors seems to indicate something more than mere instinct. There is no harshness in their training; in fact, harshness with such huge creatures would be useless. It is kindness that wins them. As the youngsters are being trained to walk in harness, a man in front carries a basket with such tit-bits as bananas and sweet potatoes. The

youngster is frequently encouraged by some morsel being passed over the man's shoulder. He does not take long to appreciate it.

We had the opportunity of seeing the seniors at work. After a period with the youngsters they went off to the farm. This morning their duties consisted of transport. When being harnessed to the wagon, they themselves lifted the heavy chains and gear, and assisted their mahouts in the process of harnessing.

There is an old story that dies hard, to the effect that the African elephant cannot be tamed and taught to contribute to the economic welfare of Africa. We need only to recall the story of the elephants in Hannibal's army. If they were used for military purposes, might they not have been used in civic life as well? At any rate, these farms in the Congo have proved conclusively that the elephant alive is a better asset than dead, as the storehouse of ivory. At the present day there are too many hunters—wild game hunters—about, who do not want anything to interfere with their so-called "sport"! It has been estimated that from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand elephants are slaughtered every year. These figures may be exaggerated, but the slaughter is tremendous, as any traveller in elephant haunts well knows. The elephant thrives where no other draught animal can live. It is immune from the dreaded tsetse fly, the carrier of sleeping sickness.

The elephants put in a good morning's work,

and are then entitled to freedom, and feeding in the afternoon. During the morning working hours an elephant will plough more than an acre of land. The cost compared with motor tractors has been given as one-fourteenth. In road transport a pair of elephants will take five tons twenty miles in a morning. The cost of maintenance in their natural habitat is very low. Their food consists almost entirely of leaves, twigs and roots. Maintenance on this farm, including the pay of two men for each elephant, harness, chains, food and extras, works out at an approximate total of ten francs a day, or slightly over a shilling for each elephant. Some fine day we may see the elephant taking the missionary round his district, where the motor cannot reach ! Perhaps also, the Bible Society colporteur !

CHAPTER VIII

Amongst the Wild Azande

The next call was at Dungu, a station of the Africa Inland Mission, where we were welcomed by Dr. and Mrs. Sturton and their fellow workers. Dungu is beautifully situated about three miles from the Belgian Boma on a prominent hill, with a panoramic view in every direction. A tributary of the Dungu river winds picturesquely through the wooded scenery below. This station is the main centre for evangelistic effort amongst the Zande people in the Congo.

The Zande are the largest and most important tribe in the north-eastern Congo. The tribe also stretches far into the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan and the French Chari-Chad territory. We find the tribe in the Congo stretching from Faradje in the east as far as Buta in the west, and mingling with other tribes as far south as the Bomakandi river. It is estimated that there are nearly 500,000 of this tribe in the Congo, 100,000 in the Sudan, and 50,000 in French territory, a total of 650,000.

They are a remarkable race, with many features distinctive from the Bantu. Their history probably takes us back to the times of the great tribal migrations, when the Hamitic

race came south from the Northern lands, gradually occupying the country south of the great desert. At present we find many words in the Zande resembling Bantu, indicating that for a considerable period the Zande have lived in close proximity with the Bantu races.

The people do not live in large villages, but are scattered over the country in families. Their family settlements consist merely of mud huts and grain stores. In their desire to cultivate their gardens near streams or swamps, we often find them situated in such low-lying areas. For mud and wattle erections their buildings are particularly substantial and well built. The hut is generally surrounded by a clean, hardened courtyard enclosed with a fence. In this courtyard, the grain is spread out for drying. It is also here that the moonlight dances take place. Around this courtyard each wife, where the man has several, will have her own hut. Such a courtyard is the outdoor home of the family. Outside the fence there will be a circle of banana, or plantain trees, constituting the food supply for the family. There may also be in the cultivated area beyond, sweet potatoes, peanuts and manioc. We are told by those who have made a careful study of the Zande language that although the tribe covers such a vast area, the language itself is not cut up by dialects, but is the same throughout the whole tribe.

" It is in itself expressive, and from it the people take directly their peculiar names. One

is called ' More words,' another ' You will die,' another, ' The spirits of his father,' or ' Father of the old man Sorrow,' ' Father of nothing,' ' We are two,' ' He will arrive to-morrow,' ' elephant tusk,' ' only us ' ; and they even have a name which means literally, ' What's his name.' This is used quite frequently in speaking of, or calling one whose name has been forgotten. The Azande have difficulty in remembering names. Girls are given similar names as, ' the mother of chalk,' or ' the mother of oil,' etc., but as soon as she is married and has children, she is known as the mother of her husband's favourite son.

" The manner in which they express themselves is in many cases as odd as their names. They refer to a key as the lock's son. A white man is called ' The father of cloth.' If a thing is lost in the house, ' Your house surpasses you.' A toothache is caused by ' ants in the tooth.' An emphatic ' yes ' is ' It is no lie.' On being asked the reason for not planting paipai trees in his village, the owner responded, ' Alas ! The seed of the paipai will not hear my words ! ' When some kinky, grey-haired man heard a little folding organ for the first time, he said, ' Spirits it is ' : another exclaimed, ' The thing talks angrily.'

" It is a great sight to see a group of old Azande fathers, men of mighty stature even in their bare feet, walking the narrow native paths, clothed with a big loin cloth of tree bark, a little rimless straw hat on their massive woolly heads,

a long spear on one shoulder, a folding chair slung over the other, all in single file, and, as a rule, joking and laughing as they go. Their possessions are few. One of their salutations is, 'I do not possess one little thing wherewith to greet you.' No word for 'excess baggage' mars the vocabulary of one of these natives. Five minutes to roll up his sleeping-mat, fill the food-skin, seize the long spear, or short throwing knife, give an indifferent, lifeless handshake to his people, and he is off, grunting in response to many farewells. His clock is the sun, his mile-posts the streams, and his calendar the moon, together with the height and condition of the grass. An injury or favour to him is an injury or favour to all his relatives—and they are many. When grateful, he brushes the ground with his hands about the feet of the benefactor. He converses most casually while sawing off the head of a chicken with a blunt knife.

"The Azande native presents some striking contrasts. He can carry a fifty-pound box fifteen miles without a rest, but is not able to throw a stone any appreciable distance. If he is asked to plant corn or potatoes in straight rows he is not likely to make a success of it, but he will hoe a path through the grass to a given distant point nearly as straight as if it were marked and staked out. While he is telling a flagrant lie he will look the embodiment of truth. In his dance songs he changes from one complicated rhythm to another just as difficult with wonderful facility, but in singing the scale from 'fa' onwards, the sounds would put a nervous music teacher in an asylum. And these are the kind of people that make up the great Zande tribe."

The ruling family of the Azande are the Avungura. "Azande" means "slaves," so the Azande are merely people conquered by the Avungura, who came from Lake Chad, and

forced the conquered people to adopt their language—Avungura is the name of their great ancestor.

In Zandeland the secret and dreaded society of Bili flourishes. The chief of the society is supposed to be able to create or cure diseases, to ensure good crops, or cause them to be destroyed. He also threatens to kill people by magic, lightning and other means. All missionary effort in these parts has to face this dread power.

A missionary, describing it as Baal worship in Central Africa, gives her experience. "Last night we could not get to sleep because of women wailing in a village near by. Within the forest, as we lay awake, we could hear the weird sound of a Bili drum, which was an indication to us that witchcraft was being practised, and that some one was being initiated into its awful practices.

"Recently I heard of a boy, who has escaped from the hands of the Bili people. Although, as a rule, no one gives away any secrets concerning it, the boy told me what happened. A woman sent him with food to certain people in the forest. When he was far enough into the forest he was captured by men who treated him with fearful cruelty. He was first of all beaten most unmercifully, and threatened, if he dared scream. After the beating, he was held over a huge fire until almost at the point of death, and then left alone for a few hours. The men came back, cut off his hair, threatening him if he ever attempted

to run away, or if he ever told any one about Bili, they would curse him, and finally he would die.

"However this little boy heard of the mission, escaped, and found refuge, first in the mission and then, best of all, found Christ.

"He was told that if he forsook his sin and trusted Christ, the power of Bili could have no power over him whatever. The boy did accept Christ, and he is still serving Him.

"Bili is no mere superstition; it has been known—time and time again—that when a curse has been put upon a certain people they have taken ill and died. There is no mistake about it, the power of Satan is very real. When one goes out on trek, and enters certain villages, one can feel the very presence of Satan.

"We have in our midst people who were not actually initiated into Bili, but who lived in dread, practically day and night, because of it. Now they have been washed in the blood of Jesus, and are proving in their daily life the power of the Holy Ghost."

For a picture of the life and work of a missionary amongst these Azande people, let us listen to Mr. J. W. Johnston:

"The morning service at 6.30 a.m. consists generally of a hymn, the reading of the Scripture and prayer. The school then follows till 8.30 a.m., with reading and writing, and arithmetic. One of the school periods is used on certain weekdays for the singing class. The less said about it the better!

"After school, the men are assigned to the various jobs for the day. Sometimes it is building a new house, re-roofing an old one, putting down a new mud floor, working in the gardens, or renewing falling down buildings. Because of the white ants, houses and things are continually going to pieces. A church on one of the stations had been up just one year when it collapsed from the posts being eaten away by these little ants. A coat hung unwittingly in a rest-house reminded the owner the next morning that it was time to give it away. Often the contents of wooden boxes set carelessly on mud floors are destroyed in a night. For this reason, among others, mission buildings should be of brick.

"Owing to the slowness with which bricks are made under Congo conditions, however, it is necessary to build houses of mud temporarily; and as many missionaries do not know the 'words of the brick,' and as some stations are so far away from an abundant wood supply, sufficient to burn them, and as one's first year on the field is spent in thinking about malaria, getting accustomed to living tabloidly and from a chop box, and as it is expedient to spend a little time in language study, etc., and as it is necessary to have money enough to build another brick house after you see your first attempt topple over, brick houses are scarce. And so the workmen are sent out to renew an eaten-off post in the school house.

"Seeing that milk and butter help the leucocytes a little bit in their fight against the red corpuscles expanding to the bursting point with the deadly malaria virus, it seems fitting and proper to have cows. Oriental cattle are not like home cows, for the supply of their milk varies in inverse ratio to the square of their number. Tinned milk could be used, but when one out of every two boxes reaches the orderer one year from the date of the order, there are times when mothers with babies would be without it. Because of this, where cattle can live, they are kept in places where there is grass enough to keep them alive by day, and high corrals are built to continue this good work till the morning. And so the men are sent off to patch up the hole made in the corral by a stray lion.

"Those in charge of the women's and girls' work—well, ask them about it. If they have not got their hands full, no one has. Since native homes are scattered at times, great distances through the grass, it is needful to keep on the station little boys and girls who come to hear the Gospel. This involves feeding them, giving them work sufficient for their food, and looking after their interests otherwise. The same is true of the single women. The little girls, for example, are sent out to weed the gardens, and do similar work. The best sight on the station is to see a group of these little darkies with their small hoes making the dust fly and singing a Gospel hymn. When the work settles

down and gets monotonous, the dust gets a rest and the song drags off into a high, soft humming of some Azande folk-tune repeated over and over again.

"The dispensary hour varies at different stations. The cases mostly are ulcers, burns, indigestion, malaria, colds, sore throats and headaches. The people have no warm clothing and sleep beside fires in their huts. At times when sleep is 'working them much,' they roll into the fire and wake up smelling of burnt flesh. Some of the little boys are fearfully burned in this way. At one of the stations the daily giving of food to the little boys just after the dispensary hour was found to render them more able to fight off ulcers, and to make them more susceptible to treatment when these did appear. If paid on Saturdays and told to buy their own food, the little fellows would gorge the first part of the week and starve the rest. Spear wounds and knife cuts are not uncommon. Then also, it is useful to be able to draw teeth. Many come for extraction, and when the work seems to drag, anything is a diversion and even a pleasure. Some of the teeth come out as if they belonged to the old stone age.

"Once or twice a week the market is held. The people come in from the little, one-family villages through the surrounding country, bringing native flour, bananas, plantains, eggs, an occasional chicken, and other odds and ends. Before the market begins, all take their food into

the enclosure, leave it under guard and go to the church or the place where the Gospel is preached, the men and boys to one meeting, the women and girls to another. At the Bafuka market there are those who are hostile to the Gospel, and will not come to this service. They are told to remain along the road till the meeting is over. We thus have those outside who leer, snarl and laugh as we preach to the others who are respectful and attentive. To these gatherings the men are forbidden to bring their spears, as when they do, there are some wounds to tie up. One of the characters of this big market is the giant "Gomoro" (hunger). It is his duty to stand by the gate of the fenced off area and allow only those with wares for sale to enter. He is armed with a blacksnake whip, and his friends like to say, 'Only Gomoro understands the wisdom of that whip.' Every now and then as the people enter, the crack of this famous whip is heard on the back of some too bold man, and looking around, one sees Gomoro smiling, or looking very bored. When the missionary finishes buying, the bugle sounds, and it is the natives' turn. The shouting and babble can be heard a long way, as those in the enclosure sell to those outside.

"Mission stations are not always places where the natives kiss the ground you walk on. Sometimes Satan roars around so that it is necessary to flee to the prayer meeting. There are times when the demons seem to look at you through

the natives, and you cry to God to sustain and help. Then there are times of great blessing. No one can know the joy, unless he be a missionary. The native character is a remarkable one. The longer one stays on the field and deals with them, the less one knows how to advise others. Methods of punishment must be used to maintain decency and order. The best one found for little boys and girls is the Bible method. For men, each case is a law unto itself, and only the wisdom that comes from above ever solves the difficulty. Then there are many cases coming up for trial. Some of these are complicated, involving one or two chiefs with a Government official. It means a close walk with God, or one is useless.

"The evening is the time appointed for talking with those who wish to enquire about the things of the Gospel, for confession of sin, and decisions to confess Jesus Christ. The reason that this opportunity is not given in the Gospel meetings is that many of the natives are so eager to get in the limelight that they revel in chances to make a public speech, even to the confession of sins. It is in the quiet, evening hour that the prayers are answered as they come in one by one and are born again, never to be taken from His hand.

"'Oh! But I thought all you had to do on an African mission station was to preach the Gospel!' Where are all the consecrated brick-makers, masons, carpenters, printers, foremen,

and farm hands? The reason why so many missionaries go home broken in health and nervous wrecks is due to the fact that others who should have been at hand to help were not there, because they disobeyed God's call."

Much of the effectiveness and happiness of the work at Dungu and the Northern stations is due to the fact that the tribal language "Zande" is used in all evangelistic efforts.

Away to the north-west and north-east, about sixty miles in each direction, stations of the A.I.M. have been opened at Bafuka and Yakuluku. The work has met with much opposition; but Professor Earl Winsor writes:—

"You know that both Yakuluku and Bafuka are now open again, but more help is needed at these stations. The chief who is Bafuka's heir has promised us a school, whilst his own son—a sub-chief, also came into the station, to see me about one. He wants to learn as well as his boys. They are rejoicing at Dungu because of the sending forth of four evangelist teachers, one man and his wife being located in the village of the paramount Azande Chief of that whole section.

"At Yakuluku the men were thankful that seven sons of chiefs had been with them during the preceding term. I was glad to be able to visit one of the rural schools as we went out to Yakuluku, to see the bright faces of the boys, and to hear their hymn singing. The Government and the merchants alike are pressing the Azande

to raise cotton. We saw a good many patches along the path, and a couple of ginneries, at one of which they have installed a couple of gasoline-driven gins. *We must possess the land quickly, or the spirit of commerce and money-making will rule this people as it has others. We do need more workers for that field,* not only for these three stations, but also for Dakwa and Gwane which are farther to the north-west."

Mrs. Batstone also pleads: "I would like to interest you in our young Azande chief, Nzaka, son of our big Azande chief whose name is Ngilima, and will most likely be his father's successor. As quite a youngster he came to our mission station at Dungu, and learnt to know the Gospel as well as to read and write—and made a definite profession of faith in Christ. Recently his father has given him a chieftainship, and he is now in quite an exalted position with many followers who run at his beck and call. He is living close to our station, and is very friendly, often coming to services. This, however, is as far as he goes, being thickly entangled with every heathen custom and superstition. He is very intelligent and anxious to learn all that the white man can teach him; *do* remember him in prayer."

CHAPTER IX

On to Stanleyville through the Forest

Next day, a start was made for the first station of the Heart of Africa Mission, situated at Niangara, another fifty-eight miles. On the way a call was made at the village of Ekibondo, the leading chief of the Mangbetu tribe, a very influential man in the district. His village is one of the largest and most picturesque in his tribe. A multitude of huts cluster beneath stately palms.

The Mangbetu were the ruling chiefs over the Medje, Bangba and Bakongo, under Munza, until Niangara revolted. Now the Bangba and Bakongo rule their own people, but they speak the Mangbetu language as well as their own.

The Mangbetu people have many curious characteristics. One of the most remarkable is their practice of binding the heads of their infant children, so that they cause an amazing elongation of the skull. This is one of the few tribes in Africa that adopt this practice. The operation of binding the head is performed by wrapping a piece of bark cloth round the head, and binding tightly over this. This binding is put on soon after birth, and remains for several months while the child grows. One effect of the stretch-

ing of the skin of the face and forehead is the straining of the eyelids. This entirely alters their appearance and the setting of the eye, giving quite a Mongolian look to the face. It is a remarkable fact that notwithstanding this malformation of the shape of the brain, the people themselves do not seem to suffer intellectually—in fact, they are some of the most capable in various handicrafts, such as black-smithing, pottery making and wood carving. The articles they make are in striking contrast to the crude attempts of the tribes by whom they are surrounded.

The peculiar characteristic of the elongated head is reproduced in much of their wood carving and pottery work. They make very good folding camp chairs. The arms are carved with these heads, and the cane backs are well woven with characteristic designs. The pottery jars which they make with the elongated head are probably some of the most striking specimens of pottery work made by any tribe in Central Africa.

The women adopt a novel feature in their head-dress. The hair, drawn up in a circular frame, gives the appearance of a black halo round the face.

Their huts are strongly constructed, and many of them are artistically adorned with black and white decorations, relieved with red and yellow. The intricate circular and geometric designs are most ingenious and carefully executed.

Ekibondo, the chief, is a striking personality —a sturdy figure in bark cloth and belt of the rare Okapi skin. The Mangbetu are said to number about ten thousand.

At Niangara, one felt like reaching an old African home! This was the terminus of a long journey from England to Central Africa in 1914, when it was the writer's privilege to take out the first party of missionaries of the Heart of Africa Mission to this centre that had been established by the founders of the mission, Mr. C. T. Studd and the Rev. A. B. Buxton.

We were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Davies, the latter being one of the surviving missionaries of that party of seven. It was refreshing to see the old station again, and walk along the bank of the Uele River where many a happy gathering had taken place in those early days. The Boma (Government poste) has grown considerably. A long range of new buildings, administrative and commercial, lines the fine new motor road. The whole countryside has changed. Alas! not for the better. It is now much harder to win the confidence of the people, surrounded as they are by so much of the worst influences of advancing "civilisation."

Still, the good work goes on. As the older scholars leave—too often forced to leave, to enter the ranks of the "employed" in the service of the white man—new youngsters come along. There is an encouraging band of both boys and girls resident on the station. It was

the writer's privilege to address the Sunday service.

The main tribe around the station is the Zande, but there is such a variety of other tribal folk that "Bangala" is the language in common use.

Niangara being the capital of the District du Haut Uele, with the poste and bank there, Mr. Davies has much of the business of the Heart of Africa Mission to transact. Mrs. Davies has won the confidence of the young girls in a remarkable way, and they are responding to her winning efforts for a higher life. She is teaching them :—

> "It is time to be kind, it is time to be sweet,
> To be scattering roses for somebody's feet.
> It is time to be sowing ; it is time to be growing ;
> It is time for the flowers of life to be blowing."

From Niangara we launched out for some four hundred miles to the next mission centre to be visited. Before leaving, it was necessary to lay in good supplies of petrol and oil, etc., as none were to be expected along this route.

We left Niangara with the machinery of the motor apparently working well. Some dozen miles out we were alarmed at an ominous scraping sound. On examination it was found that something was wrong with the "universal joint"! This had to be opened. It was seen that one of the screws had worked loose, and had been churned up in the gears. Temporary repairs by the roadside enabled a fresh start to be made.

After another twenty-five miles, heavy rain made it advisable to camp early for the night.

After some twenty-five miles' run next morning, the same trouble repeated itself, and a delay of two hours for repairs was necessary. It seemed almost as if we were likely to be stuck indefinitely by the roadside, hundreds of miles beyond reach of the nearest help. We had a spare part this time, but alas! the screws were different!

However, the machinery held together with only three bolts instead of four. It kept working for another 250 miles until Buta was reached, where repairs were completed. The greater part of this long run was over gently undulating country, with considerable lengths passing through the long northern antennæ of the great primeval forest to the south, already referred to. In these forest sections, one really felt that one was travelling through the African tropics. The arboreal scenery was truly magnificent. Huge forest giants were interspersed with the comparatively diminuitive, but stately, palms. Along the route clustered hamlets of the Zande, Mangbetu, Ababua, Mayogo and other tribes.

Buta is a large town situated on the Rubi River, which gives communication with the main Congo River at Bumba. It is the administrative centre of the Bas Uele district, and the principal commercial base for the whole of that area of the Congo. The town is well laid out, with central gardens, containing a memorial to the Africans

of those parts who fell in the Great War. There is no Protestant effort in this district, but the Roman Catholic Mission is very strong. It has organised one of the best industrial training centres in the whole of the colony; arts and crafts, carpentering, joinery, brick making and laying, black-smithing, and leather work are thoroughly taught.

There is also a very considerable farm. The transport and ploughing are mainly done by some of the trained elephants from the Government farm. There is quite a "Zoo" being formed of elephant, buck, ostrich and many minor specimens of the animal creation, including crocodile, and a most interesting aviary. Here also we were able to see a live Okapi, believed to be the only specimen of this rare animal in captivity. It is a beautiful creature, standing about five feet high, so tame that it followed through the farm. In appearance it is something between the ordinary antelope and giraffe, with a long neck, but not approaching that of the giraffe. The head is remarkably like the giraffe, the body a beautiful maroon colour, striped with white and black on the haunches and legs.

It was so tame that it would walk alongside the friendly human, licking his hand. With its strangely intelligent eyes and graceful body, it would be an ornament to any Zoo. It does not, however, like the climate of Europe, and there is no specimen in any Zoo. It lives away in the

dark recesses of the great forest, and is seldom seen by the white man.

We were kindly shown round the mission by some of the Fathers and Brothers. The Cathedral Church would accommodate some two thousand people. It is an evidence of the efficient workmanship of the natives of these parts, with white supervision and help. The altar and chancel were beautifully executed in ivory and ebony, representing a year's work by one of the Brothers of the mission. Supported as the work is by the Government, it has been possible to erect very substantial and useful educational buildings, probably some of the best in the whole of the colony.

A run of one hundred miles to the north-west from Buta, mainly through the great forest areas out into the comparatively open highlands, brought us to the main station at Bondo of the Norwegian Baptist Mission. Bondo is beautifully situated by the wide waters of the Uele River. The mission station is some three miles beyond, on rising ground, with a panoramic view of the river valley and forest.

One of the more recent missions to be founded in the Congo, it was encouraging to hear from Mr. Fotland and Mr. Iverson of the remarkable progress that has been made, both at this station of Bondo, and at their other centre, Monga, some eighty miles to the north-west, near the French frontier. This mission is reaching the peoples of the tribes occupying this

north-west corner of the Belgian Congo up to the Mbomu River, which forms the frontier of the French Shari-Chad territory.

Here again the multiplicity of tribes, including Zande, Mobendi, and Nsakara, makes it necessary to use some trade language, such as "Bangala." This forms the farthest west area of the Bangala (Uele dialect) that extends from Yei in the Sudan to this corner of the Congo, over five hundred miles.

In the six years since the mission was founded, over 1,100 souls have been won for Christ and baptised. In the sunrise service the morning the writer was there, about a hundred assembled for praise and prayer. The church was in process of renovation, necessitated by the ravages of white-ant.

From Bondo, the motor road is being completed to the French frontier at Bangassou. If time had permitted, the tour would have been extended to the French postes of Rafai and Zemio, just across the frontier—the farthest outposts *en route* for Lake Chad of the Africa Inland Mission. When the writer, on one of his journeys across Africa in 1917, passed through this district, he marched for three months on end through lands unreached by the Christian message. No witness for Christ for 1,200 miles! Now three societies have commenced work. Seven stations have been opened in the localities indicated by the writer as likely strategic points.

Returning to Buta, the run of 235 miles to

Stanleyville was begun. As the start from Buta had been made late in the afternoon, and a heavy storm threatened, we camped some twenty miles out. Next day we left early for a quick run to arrive at Stanleyville before night. After some sixty miles, an ominous sound was heard. On looking out we found that the left front wheel had almost come off. It was just hanging by a worn nut to the axle. All the bearings had been churned away! As we had been travelling over good roads at a comparatively high speed, it was most providential that there was not a catastrophe. On examination we found that the mechanic in the garage at Buta had put the bearing on "reverse way"! The marvel was that our car had travelled thus far without mishap.

On such journeys, far away from hope of help, it is advisable to carry many spare parts. We had a considerable collection of these, but unfortunately, no bearings for the wheels, these being amongst those things that normally would never be called for. However, in Africa, it is, indeed, the unexpected that happens! When the car had been overhauled some few months previously, at the last place where spares could be obtained, the question of what to carry had been carefully considered with the agents of the Chevrolet car. Assurance had been given that all spares likely to be needed had been put into the locker. In Africa, it is frequently found, especially in mechanical affairs, that it is just the thing that normally could not happen that does

happen. The parts that in ordinary civilised life should not be wanted are just the parts for which double spares should be carried! In a Central African garage, the white takes the order, which he promptly passes to the brown. The brown sees that the black does as much of the mechanical work as he can possibly impose on him. This mechanic in his turn will try to avoid doing anything that he can get his junior "mate" to do! Thus the African mechanic in this case had put in the bearing in a way that to ordinary mortals would have seemed impossible, with this unfortunate result. He must have driven it on by sheer brute force.

Thus we were hopelessly stranded on this long forest road. The outlook was blue indeed! Without this bearing we could not move. There seemed to be no hope in Buta. Stanleyville was some 150 miles away even if help could be obtained there. In Buta there was an agent for the Chevrolet cars, who, however, had neither car nor spare, neither bolt nor nut of any description. He was "agent" in name only. We had simply to camp by the roadside, and wait patiently and prayerfully.

The following morning, a passing lorry took Liam to Buta, where he was promptly informed that such a spare was not to be obtained in West Africa, probably nearer than Europe! However, he persevered, going round to the various workshops, and finally was rewarded by finding just one bearing that seemed to fit. It was the only

one, we gathered, that there was likely to be in a radius of one thousand miles! It was purely providential that this was discovered. Two days after leaving, he returned with this spare. It was nearly dusk when he got back, but before the daylight faded, he had safely put it on—"the right way" this time. Just after dark, we started off, and managed to cover some forty-five miles, till we reached the north bank of the Aruwimi River. Here we had to halt until it was possible to secure the ferry across the following morning.

We camped by the river-side. Immediately after dawn, we looked over the wide expanse of the river which is some three quarters of a mile across. The farther bank was enveloped in morning mist. As there was no ferry our side, we concluded it must have "slept" on the southern side. After waiting an hour, the mists cleared. We obtained a glimpse of the dim outline of the buildings of Banalia and then the ferry. The crossing takes about forty minutes, with the primitive pontoon, placed on half a dozen dug-out canoes. It was nearly two hours before we were safely across. The ferry had to make the double journey. Safely over, we started for Stanleyville, a run of eighty-eight miles.

Most of the road led through the forest. For a very considerable distance it was decidedly bad. The shade of the heavy forest had prevented the roads drying after the heavy rains of

the previous day. Often it was hard to keep on the narrow track and avoid skidding into the deep ditches on either side. In a few places where the road was under repair, or in the course of re-making, the car stuck axle deep, involving a long pull before we could move ahead.

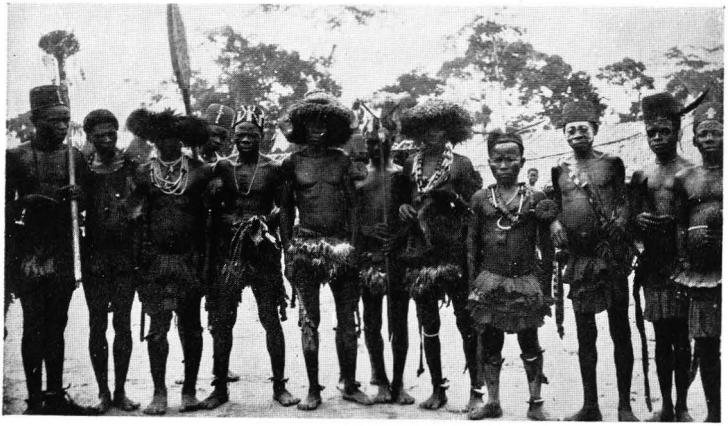
The forest scenery was some of the most beautiful we had passed through. Mighty monarchs on either side towered skywards, festooned with creepers and parasitic ferns. Several crossings had to be made over the rivers Lindi and Tshopo with ferries of primitive dug-outs.

We passed through numerous villages increasing in size towards Stanleyville. The main tribes represented were Bangalema, Turumbu and Bamanga.

Late in the afternoon, we reached Stanleyville, the capital of the Eastern Congo, the Province Orientale, the city of palm avenues, beautifully situated on the north bank of the Congo River, here about a mile wide.

River steamers, including the largest running, a three decker, the *Likoma,* lay alongside the bank, where most of the commercial houses are situated. Across the river, the station of the Grand Lacs Railway looms up with its huge sheds. From this point, rail and steamer connect with Cape Town, over four thousand miles to the South. Graceful palm avenues lead up to the Residency and the Government offices.

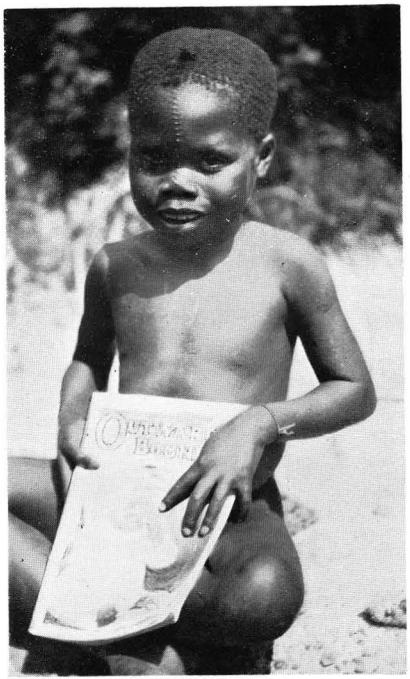
HEATHEN INTERESTS.



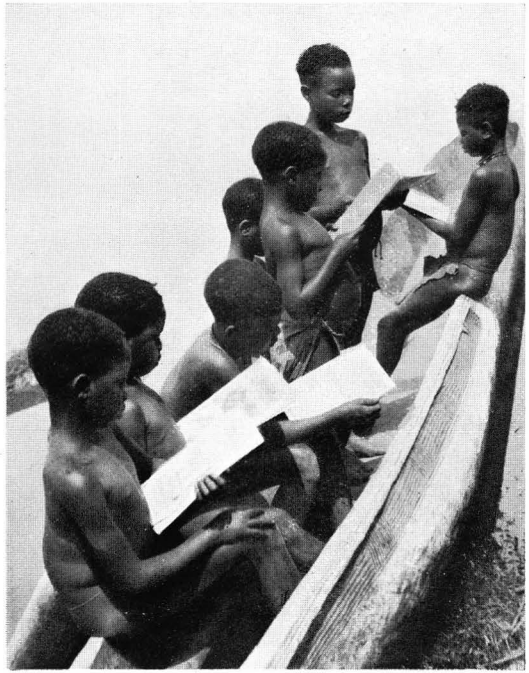
A BAKUMU DANCE.

A WALESE BAND.

BUDDING IDEAS.



ME AND MY PICTURE.



"OUTWARD BOUND."

Looking up river the rushing waters of Stanley Falls glisten in the sun between the islands. Down river a panoramic view of river and village clustered banks is visible for miles.

Two miles from the Congo River, beyond the suburbs to the north, the magnificent Falls of the Tshopo River form one of the finest sights in Congoland. The waters are about fifty yards across and drop some fifty feet. In the rising spray a double rainbow increases the beauty.

CHAPTER X

YAKUSU ON THE CONGO

WE could not proceed by road to Yakusu, the mission station of the Baptist Missionary Society, so a dug-out canoe was secured. In two and a half hours we dropped down stream for the ten miles. The pilot of our crew turned out to be an old Yakusu boy. As he stood with his paddle in the bows, he carried on what must have been some witty conversation with his pals, interspersed with Christian songs in the Lokele language. It was long after dark when we received a warm welcome from our old friends, the Rev. Wm. and Mrs. Millman. We were, indeed, thankful to be at the farthest point of our long journey. From here we were to return to Uganda, partly by another route, to visit other mission stations.

Yakusu is beautifully situated some forty feet above the water on the north bank of the Congo River. It has been the writer's privilege to visit this delightful " home from home " on four occasions. Each time he has arrived after dark, at the end of a long and tiring journey of weeks or months, thankful to be able to look forward to a few days' rest and happy fellowship. If such cheer meets one who is a passing stranger,

or may we say friend, what about the return to those who call Yakusu " home " ?

Such a story is worth telling for the cheer of friends in the homelands.

" Yakusu at last ! Two eager travellers stood on the deck of the *Duc de Brabant* one beautiful sunny Sunday morning, straining their eyes to catch the first glimpse of Yakusu. ' Another few minutes and we shall see our station ; we shall see our HOME.' ' We shall arrive during the Sunday morning service,' said Basila, our boy. It seemed almost impossible that we had actually come to the end of our journey. ' Yes, we are nearly there ; look, there is the steep bank ; why, there's the dear old *Grenfell* lying on the beach under repair, and see, there are streamers flying.

" That's our house ! See the new hospital building ; why it is nearly built ! One, two, three, four hoots from our steamer as a signal to send out the iron boat, and in a few minutes we saw it pushing off from the beach ; then one, two, three, oh, how many brown-faced children appeared on the station bank, all in clean, white clothes. They are lining the steps cut into the bank, clustering all around the top of them and, see, there is a white man, and another, and another.

" How lovely the station looks on this wonderful Sabbath morning ! The stately palms gently swaying in the breeze, the happy children, the gay streamers, and . . . Home ! at last, after three months and three days.

"The steamer drops anchor, and the iron boat draws near. Good-bye to the captain and one remaining passenger, and the 'Bopalie! Bopalie!' and several brown hands grasp ours. How glad we are to see them, and we believe they are glad to see us. Into the boat we jump and pack ourselves among some of our baggage, the rest to follow on the second journey, and we pull for land. 'There's Mr. Millman and Doctor at the foot of the steps! And, look! there's Mrs. Millman, and Mrs. Chesterman, and the others.' As we drew near, the children burst into song, 'Praise my soul the King of Heaven!' . . . Crunch! we ground on the stones of Yakusu beach. Mr. Millman greets us as he extends his hand to help us out of the boat. 'Welcome Home at last!' 'At last,' yes, for everything comes to those who wait! And what happened next? So much happened at once that it is difficult to recall. Many hands were stretched out to greet us. Mrs. Millman and Mrs. Chesterman led us up the steps, we greeted our fellow-missionaries, and with the cry of 'Bopalie! Bopalie!' still ringing in our ears, we went forward to our house, the one lately vacated by Mr. and Mrs. Pugh. As we crossed the threshold a prayer of sincere thanksgiving ascended from our grateful hearts.

"And there before us, piled on the table, were the letters we had hungered for! For with the exception of an odd two or three we had had no news from home since we left in October.

The morning service, which had been interrupted so abruptly, was continued in the afternoon, and became for us a service of thanksgiving and welcome.

"What an inspiration to see this wonderful church building filled with men, women, boys and girls who have learned to know something of Him whom to know is life eternal.

"And now one month is passed and we are already engaged in the work we love, and our prayer now as before is :—

"Accept our hands to labour,
Our hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above."

G. C. E.

It is about thirty-three years since this station was originally founded by George Grenfell. From that time to the present, the Millmans have seen its growth from infancy to a native church established in some four hundred villages around, each with its trained teacher evangelist.

This single mission station has planted the Gospel in almost every village over an area nearly as large as England south of the Thames.

The present statistics, in round figures, are a splendid testimony to the triumphs of grace in this sphere :—

Native teachers and evangelists	400
Church members	3,300

Native Church offerings—year	£120
Baptisms during the year	300
Attendances at Hospital	30,000
Girls in Boarding School	30
Pupil teachers in training	20
Hospital assistants in training	20

The European staff is only fifteen, and six of these are engaged on the medical work.

It will be noted that more than ten per cent. of the Church membership have dedicated their lives to the extension of the Kingdom amongst their own and other tribes.

Glad has the writer been to rest in the cool of the evening on the grassy cliff of the Congo River, looking down Africa's mightiest waterway, the most picturesquely beautiful of them all. He has recalled the stories of the first contact of its people in these parts with the great world outside. Alas! These influences were those accompanying the terrible slave raids of Tippo Tibb and his army of ruffians. Many a victim was carried off to the Far East—black ivory carrying white—driven by the lash. Those waters below, pacing down so peacefully now, flowed where in those days massacred humanity had dyed the water red, and ruined homesteads had drifted down stream. Many of the villages on the banks of the river at present are inhabited by descendants of the tyrants of those days. It is to the credit of Belgium that she smashed this iniquitous trade. Those were the days of darkness and terror. With the coming of the

ambassadors of Christ, a new era was to open for these people.

Another picture passes before the writer. Christianity has gained a solid footing amongst the Lokele on the north bank. Schools and church have been established. The Light has begun to spread East and West from Yakusu. Away on the southern bank there is sullen opposition. The people belong to the wild cannibal tribe, the Bakumu. No white man has been allowed to land on their shores. Administrative officials have failed to reach them. No attempt could be made to rule the country.

The European missionaries have tried in vain. Time after time they have been driven away by the warlike attitude of the people. Prayer is made for them unceasingly. Prayer calls for faith, and faith for fresh courage.

An apparently dying woman was found one day on the river beach by some Lokeles, who carried her to the mission. She was a Bakumu woman who had been driven away to die of some strange disease. Cared for at the mission, she recovered her health. She learned to love the missionary's wife and her babe. She went back to her people, grieved at the stubbornness of the unfounded suspicion in which they held the white man.

After a time she returned to visit her friends at the mission and suggested to the missionary's wife that those suspicions did not include her,

nor her baby. Would she not go and see the women of her town? So one day the white woman proposed a plan to her husband. She offered to go alone with her little white treasure and her faithful black lads. The guiding hand of God was seen in this. Surely, savage though they be, they will respect absolute helplessness! The day for carrying out the plan arrives. A canoe is prepared with a faithful crew—with a drum and a drummer on board. The remarkable facility of these Congo folks in speaking with such an instrument is to be made use of. The river is a mile wide. Long before the other side can be reached, the feeble craft would be lost to sight. The drum could speak across the waters in an instant. The venture of love and faith starts. White and black on the north bank stand praying and watching. Gradually the canoe becomes a speck. It is lost to sight. How anxiously the watchers listen for the first drum beat across the waters. At last it comes! Peace! The messengers of Christ, a feeble mother and her helpless babe, have won the wildest of savages! Where military force had failed, the highest courage of Christian men had been defeated, a little child and her mother, Mrs. Millman, had led to victory! Once a breach was made on that crowded southern bank, it rapidly widened. Village after village opened to the messengers of the Gospel. To-day, for over a hundred miles, village crowds on village, the largest building in most of them is the school or church. On a

Sabbath day along that hundred miles, the songs of grace pass almost without a halt. No one is better qualified to tell the story of the growth of the Christian Church from those days to the present than the one who, under God, has led the way all these years.

He has had a noble band of comrades—Walter H. Stapleton, who wrote *A Handbook of Congo Languages;* H. Sutton Smith, who wrote *Yakusu, the very Heart of Africa;* Charles H. Pugh, now the secretary of the mission at Kinshassa; Henry Lambotte, who gallantly laid down his life after pioneer toil in the great forest; Ernest H. Wilford, who died in 1914, the acknowledged Father of the Turumbus; A. G. Mill, who now fathers the wonderful developments along the Lomami River. With these, we cannot forget their generous-hearted partners who have done so much for the womanhood of the land, young and old.

Mr. Millman's story of the native church at Yakusu is one of faith triumphant:—

"The work at Yakusu was begun towards the close of 1895 by the Rev. Harry White. He died in 1897, his colleague, Albert Wherrett, having predeceased him by several months. At the end of 1899 the staff numbered three men and one woman, though seventeen different people had been sent here for periods of varying length.

"So many changes in the personnel could not but help to retard the establishment of the mission. There were other causes, too, at work. The hold of the European upon the country was at that time anything but assured. Several

times it seemed as if the Arabs might regain ascendancy for a time. The native peoples had no reason to love either and would have been content to let them occupy themselves with each other.

" By the end of 1899 we were preaching and teaching in the native language, Lokele. Five years passed from the commencement of the mission before there was any open enquiry about salvation. Two more years had gone when the first three converts were baptised. One was a girl of fifteen who had been handed over to us by an Arab. The others were two boys, stolen from their homes a few years previously.

" The girl afterwards married one of her own people and is still a Christian. One of the two boys is now an ordained native pastor. The other is a carpenter, working for a white man three hundred miles away.

" Nine years after the coming of Harry White the Native Church was formed with thirty-nine members.

" During the next ten years the membership increased by an average of about one hundred per year. The increase for the second decade is a little over three hundred per year.

" There were very few losses by death of members in the first ten years, but since then, owing partly to the increasing age of the members and of the converts, as well as to the rapid spread of tropical disease facilitated by improved means of communication, the death roll has grown very seriously.

" At present the Church membership for this centre is 3,300. This figure does not include the members of the church at Yalemba, a new station opened in 1906 and having now a membership of 500, nor of Wayika nearly two hundred miles to the south-east, opened in 1912.

" During the twenty years of the church's life over two

hundred names have been removed from the roll for polygamy. Some of these have been recovered, but they are very few. Public opinion with regard to polygamy is far from satisfactory. A Church membership of 3,300 and a catechumenate of an equal number, out of a population of a quarter of a million, will surely make some difference in this respect in a generation or two. This native Christian community is but loosely organised; Baptists are suspicious of organisation imposed from without, but some small amount of system has evolved.

"To promote a live indigenous Church it was necessary that every Christian should be able to read, and to use, the Scriptures, especially the New Testament. School work became the requisite adjunct of the Church work.

"The schools combined in small groups, corresponding with the subdivisions of the tribes, and each group came to recognise one of the schools, or one of the teachers, as leader among them and as their representative to the white men.

"Reports of the work in the group had to be scrutinised and discussed, before being sent to the Central Mission Station, so the few Church members held meetings and appointed one of their number to preside. In a very few years certain men—either on grounds of seniority or ability—became practically presbyters.

"As the Church grew and only representatives could be invited to the Central Mission Station, these men were called to confer together, and with the missionaries, on all general Church matters.

"At present they number thirty-two. Twenty-three of of them have held the office over ten years. They have made themselves responsible for the promised gifts of the Church members, keeping a record of them, and forwarding them to the mission once a month along with short reports of Church

and school work in their group. They meet with the missionaries twice a year, and all new Church and school rules are referred to them.

"The monthly gifts of the native Church members furnish the funds from which the small salary paid to the evangelists and teachers is drawn. The members of each group undertake to see that their teachers are also housed and fed.

"We have only one ordained native pastor. He might be termed more justly an 'aide-missionaire.' He receives ten pounds a year from the native funds. Being a fairly good carpenter, he adds to his income by serving the mission in that capacity at such times as he cannot itinerate.

"Among the converts there is a valuable willingness to serve as teachers and evangelists in other villages, rather less so, however, among the Christians living at, or near, big trading centres, where the good prices prevailing of late years for native products have tempted some of the smarter teachers to leave their work and engage in trading, and to look with contempt on the poorly paid work of church and school.

"In the neighbourhood of the mission station, and in villages where the work has been established more than ten years, women average about one-third of the membership. In the distant forest villages, where membership is of more recent date, there are very few women and girls in church or school. In one tribe living in over a hundred villages where we have been working about six years, we have baptised sixty-two men, but no women. It is a remarkable thing that out of those sixty-two, fifty-five have become teachers since their baptism.

"In a few places women occasionally hold their own meetings, but as all the married women of a village have been

brought from other villages there is very little union among them.

"Education is very elementary at present. In the four or five hundred villages, which we are accustomed to visit once a year, probably ten per cent. of the population can read a little.

"Of the chiefs, only one in a hundred can be called Christian. The monetary gifts of the native Church members must average, I think, about one-twentieth part of their income. This year (1927) the sum sent is over twenty-two thousand francs. This is paid out again to the teachers and evangelists. The Home Board takes no share in payments made to the native Church workers, apart from such expense as is incurred in the training of teachers and evangelists at the central station.

"The district which we set out to evangelise from the Central Post extends over a hundred miles in each direction, from Banalia in the North to Opala in the South and from Yalemba, our next station on the West, to Maganga in the East. In this area three sub-stations have been opened where white men can live at least six months each year. In that part of the district lying west of Stanleyville there is no village where the Gospel is not being preached and lived. We are now directing our attention more fully to the Eastern section."

Looking once more on these mighty waters, the memory of the writer goes back vividly to a journey down the river on the useful little mission steamer the *Grenfell*.

As he passed down the Congo River in company with the Rev. J. H. and Mrs. Marker, it was possible to visualise to some extent the far-reaching influence of Yakusu. For a hundred

miles, the most thickly populated length of the great river, as we passed village after village, one building in each long row of huts on the river bank stood out prominently. It was the village school; the product of Yakusu. As the steamer passed, even far off, for the river is more than a mile wide in parts, there was a glad recognition—the beating of the village drum, or shout, if near enough.

Nearing Isangi, the mouth of the tributary the Lomami, there was a sudden alarm on board. We had run on a sandbank and were firmly secured. Neither driving ahead nor astern would move us. After a few moments, drums beat out from the villages on the bank a mile away. We had been seen and recognised, and our condition also. In a few minutes we could see canoes in the far distance starting off in our direction. Nearer and nearer they came, till we could distinguish a teacher, with his scholars in each. One of the first canoes to reach us, and the largest, had no fewer than twenty-five on board. When about thirty yards off, the canoe halted. All jumped overboard, except one poor lad who was left to keep the canoe near at hand. The two dozen pushed and pulled at the steamer, but could make no move. The one lad left in the canoe, not to be out of the fun, leapt into the water with his paddle, made it fast in the sand, and tied the canoe to it. Rapidly other canoes surrounded us till there were fifteen. Over ninety blacks were struggling in the water,

nearly half the number tugging at the anchor chain, which had been put overboard. What a striking line they made—heads and shoulders out of the water, tugging and straining, shouting and gesticulating as if their lives depended on noise and exertion. What a row of faces gleaming in the sunshine, every cut and tribal mark showing. White teeth, some pointed, the old cannibal trait; others with two front teeth missing, another tribal custom. It was a fit subject for a cinema picture. At long last the steamer began to move, the signal for a great shout. A long pull and a strong pull on the chain, with the others on either side of the steamer pushing, and we were once more afloat. A few of the strangers evidently thought to make "salvage money." They began to clamber on board, asking for a "matabise"—"gift." They were soon hauled down by their comrades. "We are God's men, we have not done this for money." Could there be a more striking testimony to the value of the Christian mission in their midst?

Some of the rescuing canoes appeared from behind islands. Their villages could not be seen. They could not have seen the steamer, but the call of the drum had been well understood—even the fact that it was the missionary boat that was in difficulties. The Congo man's skill in speaking with the drum is really marvellous. I have seen many evidences of it. As we moved off, this black multitude swarmed

through the water to their respective " dug-outs." One recalled stories of very different endings to sandbank or rocky bottom tragedies. Farther down, and not long since, among people not then reached by missionary influence, crews and passengers alike have disappeared in the " pot," or a heavy indemnity in bags of salt has had to be paid, or the victims have wandered on one of the thousand islands of the Congo, far over the watery waste from human aid till death has overtaken them.

Half an hour later, we passed Isangi, and soon reached the beach at Yalikina. We had been recognised in the distance, and as soon as it was seen we were turning inshore, a crowd gathered to welcome us. It was, indeed, a Christian welcome! The teacher and his scholars were delighted. Crossing the plank for shore, we were greeted by many dark hands. The crowd escorted us to the fine school building, by far the largest erected in those parts. It even had clerestory lights! About a hundred and eighty had gathered inside with the chief, a fine, though barbaric, Hercules, still unredeemed, but quite friendly. Every window opening was crowded with the overflow.

Other schools were visited—all living witnesses of the extension of the Kingdom of Christ along the upper reaches of the Congo River.

Let us return to Yakusu, for some pictures of life on the central station. It is Sunday morning. The church is crowded with an attentive con-

gregation. "Mokili," as Mr. Millman is lovingly known by the people, is giving an address on David and Goliath, using David's bag with five small stones as points in his sermon. How keenly the people grasp the meaning as each point is emphasised on the blackboard.

The Communion Service follows. Faces, old and marred by sin and tribal cuttings, now show forth the glory of their new life. What a transformation, what trophies of grace, what a witness to the power of resurrection in this life! New creatures in Christ Jesus! What a gathering of young folk, their faces will never bear the scars of their fathers and mothers. With them is the hope of the Church.

In the afternoon, we meet "The Babies" with Miss E. L. Head, who tells us :—

"Fifty, sixty, seventy, and still they come. These little dark-skinned tots, directly they hear the church bell ringing for Sunday School for the older boys and girls, hurriedly leave their homes, and make their way along the various pathways to a secluded spot a little way back from the church, where they too can have a meeting.

"The ages of the majority of them vary from two to five years. They come scampering up the hill, anxious to be among the first to arrive. A few wee mites are carried by father, or mother, or sister. I cannot help giving them a hug as I help them to their places. They are so sweet.

"Sometimes they pretend to be quite grown up, proudly carrying a brother's or sister's hymn-book, which they hold upside down generally, but as they know all the words of their hymns perfectly it makes no difference to the singing.

"Three prim little maidens timidly request a mat to sit on as they have dresses. But they soon forget whether they have a Sunday dress, or only their birthday garb on, when the meeting commences. How heartily they sing.

"The babies love to take their part, and although the tune varies, and the words are not perfectly understood perhaps, yet it is good to hear them.

"How attentively they listen as one seeks to tell them in simple language something of the great love of 'The Friend for Little Children!'

"My happy Sunday afternoon hour with the little tots passes all too quickly. They are now on their way home, singing as they go :—

"'Jesus called the children near Him,
For his blessing long ago;
And He wants them in His Kingdom,
All because He loves them so.'"

Then we come to the Girls' School, for whom "Mama Mokili" has done so much in days gone by. We will see them with Mrs. Ennals in the morning school :—

"Long before the school bell is rung, the girls begin to gather in the road outside the church where the school is held daily.

"When I come along I usually find a goodly number talking, laughing, or playing their favourite clapping game. At a given signal, the ringing of a handbell, the girls form up in lines near the church door, and as one looks at them one dreams of the hidden possibilities in each girl's life to uplift and influence in later years other girls and women, and to make Christian homes which are the foundation of a strong and upright people.

" The station girls in their clean, smart dresses, the town girls clad in differently coloured garments, what an animated scene! what an opportunity they present!

" The class teacher, or helper, stands at the head of her class, and so the girls enter the church building for prayers, perhaps eighty girls. We have a hundred on the register, but often many are away on trading, or fishing, expeditions.

" In a few moments passers-by will hear the opening hymn in their own language set to an English, or French, tune, and very heartily the girls sing it. Then follows the reading from the New Testament, or a section from our little book of questions which deals with the essential truths of the Christian life and religion.

" Perhaps one girl will re-tell a Scripture story read the previous day, and another girl will pray, every one joining in the Lord's Prayer. Any matters of school discipline, or any notices, are dealt with immediately after prayers, before the girls go to their classes, which are held on the two wide verandahs of the church building.

" Each teacher calls her register, and is then given her work for the day; reading, writing, arithmetic, French, drill, games and sewing comprise the curriculum.

" The reading includes Old Testament stories, the book of the Stories of Jesus, the book of Tropical Hygiene, the book of Agriculture for Tropical Schools (in which the girls are particularly interested, for they are the gardeners). Æsop's Fables, Pilgrim's Progress and a book of Stories of Heroes. Arithmetic here, as in schools at home, is a difficult subject, and I have not yet mastered the mystery of the science as practised by our girls. They use fingers and toes in a very clever way for addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, but they arrive at the answer to the problem by-and-by.

"Drill, games and sewing are regarded as 'reward lessons.' At present we are busily making dresses for girls' and infants' departments ready for the annual prize giving at Christmas time. When I can speak more easily I hope to introduce other oral lessons, especially geography.

"How is it that a white man can go home to Europe by travelling eastwards, and yet return by coming from the west is a great problem to the minds of these people. It is often pathetic to see big girls, perhaps from a distant village, sitting down to master the rudiments of reading. Their joy knows no bounds when they discover they can spell in syllables, and read correctly a fairly long word. When they begin to read the book of the Stories of Jesus their keenness is exemplary, so delighted are they because at last they understand the signs the white man brought from the land of learning. Some of the girls become helpers in the infants' or girls' school, some helpers in the women's schools of the surrounding towns. All of them will marry some day, and we have already proved that a mother who has herself been to the mission school, will send along her children to learn the 'wisdom' of the school.

"School closes at 10.30 each morning, when all reassemble in the church building; and in the afternoon, school is held for the helpers of girls' and infants' departments, when they are instructed in the art of teaching, and also given opportunities of continuing their own education.

"Thus we hope to train a goodly company of girls who will be able to take their places as intelligent wives and mothers, able to read and write, able to enter fully into the religious services on the station or in their town, able to teach others the elements at least of reading, writing and arithmetic, and able also to inspire other girls and women to seek for the higher way which they tread; above all to seek

for Him whom they have learned to love, and serve, while enjoying the privileges a B.M.S. station can offer."

The Yakusu Hospital is one of the most flourishing medical institutions in the Congo. It was started some six years ago by Dr. C. C. Chesterman, who has won an international reputation by his scientific investigations into the prevalent diseases of the African tropics.

The hospital has been well built on the high cliff above the Congo River by Mr. Arnold Chesterman, the doctor's brother. The writer prepared the designs for the original building. The administrative block (42 feet by 70 feet) accommodates the following departments, all easily accessible to one another :—

Waiting Room and Preaching Hall.
Consulting Room and Laboratory.
Treatment Room and Pharmacy.
Dark Room and X-ray Room.
Drug Store.
Operating Theatre, and adjoining Sterilising Room.
Nurses' Sewing Room.

On the first floor above the waiting room :—

The Lecture Room.
Doctor's Office.

The arrangement has been specially planned to facilitate the supervision of all activities by one member of the white staff, a situation which, though undesirable, exists in the mission hospital.

Thus, from the consulting room desk can be observed "Elèvés-Infirmiers," engaged in interviewing and sorting out patients in the waiting

room, others in a laboratory examining pathological specimens; another at the counter, serving out the prescriptions from the stock supplied by the acting pharmacist; others attending to the more serious of the daily dressings, or in minor surgery, and others in the preparation and administration of injections.

The majority of the dressings are done on the leeward verandah, while the near verandah serves as a waiting room for special patients pending further investigation, or suspects of infectious disease.

Water is laid on from elevated rain water tanks supplied from the roof. It supplies six sinks in the building, while hot water can be readily obtained from the bricked-in copper, heated by a wood fire in the sterilising room. Electric light is installed.

A covered way, continuous with one verandah of the main building, leads to the two wards, each 80 feet by 22 feet and accommodating in its main portion twenty-one patients, with two private wards of two beds each at its further end.

One of the most encouraging branches of the medical work has been the attack on sleeping sickness, so prevalent in these riverine areas. Dr. Chesterman says :—

"Our success has meant hard work. In some regions we had found one-third of the inhabitants infected. Every year, and sometimes twice a year, from five thousand to ten thousand people have been examined in their villages, over ten thousand injections have been given to seven

hundred cases, delinquents have been searched for, unhealthy villages removed, and breeding places of the fly have been cleared.

"Two treatment centres have been instituted, one fifteen and the other forty miles from Yakusu, attended by trained boys. A camp for the reception of patients, who preferred treatment at Yakusu, has been built and maintained.

"Careful records have been kept of all patients, and of about ten different forms of treatment, which have already furnished valuable scientific data, published in four articles in current medical literature.

"We still treat patients at Yakusu, but practically entirely from the region supervised by a Reverend Père of the Roman Catholic Mission, for the fame of our cures attracts from a large area around us.

"We have received generous help from the Government, as was to be expected, and encouragement from many sources, but we regard all this sort of work as the payment of a debt of honour to these people. It is the civilisation to which we belong which has brought them to the state where fifty thousand die annually of this foreign disease imported by us, and no amount of protesting that we are citizens of heaven can negative the fact that we are also citizens of earth, and possess corresponding duties to our neighbours.

"There await us many other scourges which we shall hope to tackle with equally successful results with the aid of our new hospital buildings, soon to be completed, and we ask nothing more than to be counted good and faithful servants of these people and as such to receive the 'well done.'

"And there seems no reason why you who read this should not share in that 'well done.' There are many already, and we hope many more will join us."

Medical work in Central Africa is exhausting for head, hand, and heart. Few "laymen" realise the claims on each. Medical reports do not often make attractive reading for the missionary subscriber with leisure at home.

Yet for humour and pathos there are few spheres of missionary activity to rival the stories as told by doctors and nurses of hospital incidents. Yakusu has had its share of these.

"Most of our operations are performed under 'stovaine,' a powerful local anæsthetic. One day, just as doctor was getting towards the end of a fairly long case, he asked the patient if he could feel anything. We expected him to say that he could feel a little, but instead of that he began to shout, 'Oh! Doctor you are doing your work beautifully; go on, go on, get it finished.'

"One day I heard roars of laughter coming from the ward. I went in to join in the fun, if possible, and there I saw an old man sitting on the locker at the side of his bed. He was rocking to and fro, and the tears running down his face. 'Whatever is the matter?' I asked. 'Well, Mama!' said another patient, 'this new man has never had clothes like this to wear before, and he doesn't know how to put them on!' There he was, helpless with laughter, trying to put his feet into the arms of a shirt.

"Some days our dispensary is quite a medicine shop. We allow patients, who live a long way, to buy medicine so that they will be able to have treatment at home.

"One day a man came in looking very important in a winter coat—(it was a very hot day). He asked for medicine for scabies, and produced fifty centimes.

"The ointment was weighed out and given to him on a leaf which he had picked for that purpose. On his way

out he met some friends, and there was a good palaver going on.

" In a few minutes he returned. ' Well,' I said, ' what is the matter? ' ' Look here,' he replied, ' I want this medicine changed for chest medicine, because you get more of it ! '

" So we go on from day to day; sad things and amusing things all together, and with it all we are getting to know the people better, and our hospital work is growing, and we believe that many are putting more faith in the white man's medicine, and, we hope, faith in God, too.

" A few weeks ago, Nurse Lofts and myself had been experiencing rather a busy time. The doctor was away itinerating. It just seemed at that time, too, that certain people in Yakusu town were in a fighting mood, for hardly a day or night passed without some wound to be stitched. When asked the reason for such a wound, the patient would usually reply, ' Oh ! my mother and another woman were fighting, and in trying to separate them I got hit with the knife,' or, ' Somebody's teeth went into my arm,' and so on.

" Besides this, we had two very sick children in the ward who needed a lot of attention, one child being so ill that it was necessary for us to watch by him at night for a few nights, to help the little fellow over a critical part of his illness.

" Most of our accident cases would arrive in the middle of a meal, or at night; they never seemed to be able to arrange these palavers at the proper ' out-patient ' times.

" One night, nurse and I retired to bed a little earlier than usual, hoping to get a good night. About midnight a rap came at the door. Very sleepily I called out, ' Who is there? ' The senior hospital assistant replied in a sad voice, ' It's I; please can you come? ' I went to the door. ' What,

another accident?' 'Yes, Mademoiselle, it's a woman with a big cut in her leg. I have cleaned it, and stitched it, and bandaged it, and put the woman to bed, and I am very disappointed to have to disturb you because I know you are tired, but the woman won't stay in and I had to call to ask you to come over to persuade her to stay, because she simply can't go back to the town with stitches in her leg. Oh, I am so disappointed, so very disappointed, at having to call you. I wanted to give you a surprise, and let you know that I really do care when you are tired, and that I am able to attend to an accident case in the night.

"I went to the ward, and there I saw a woman with a bandaged leg holding a baby in her arms, and sitting on the edge of the bed with determination written all over her face. Her husband, and some children, stood looking on.

"'Well,' I said, 'what is the matter?' 'Oh,' said she, 'I want to go home. And I mean to go, so there! I know you will agree, Mademoiselle, and give consent for me to go.' 'Well,' I replied, 'I am afraid you cannot go just now, because, you see, you have stitches in your leg, and if you try to walk, they come out, and then you would only have to come back, and have them put in again.'

"'Well,' she said, 'what am I to do? I have nobody who can look after my home and my children.' Turning to the husband and family, I asked, 'Can you not look after things at home while your wife is in the hospital for a week?' But before the man could answer, the woman said very definitely, 'He is not able to.' So that was that! Then turning to a nicely dressed girl of about fourteen, I said, 'And are you not able to help in the home while mother stays in hospital for a little while?' The girl replied, 'Of course, I am able; am I not the sister of Tokwaulu and Mangubu, two of the infirmiers?' Until then I did not

know that this family was so closely connected with the hospital, so I said to the mother, 'Well, since you have two sons who are here training to become infirmiers, surely you would never refuse to stay here and receive a little attention at their hands. You ought to feel a very proud woman.' At that she grinned and said, 'I will stay.'

"Next morning the two hospital boys were very surprised to see their mother in the ward. I was surprised to find Tokwaulu dusting beds with one hand, and carrying his little baby brother round on the other arm! A nice professional way for ward work to be carried on!

"I hope mother enjoyed her little stay in the ward, and I hope too that she carried back to the town some desire to know more of the Lord Jesus Christ in whom her two boys are trying to trust.

"If you could do the night round of 'Bristol' ward, you would believe in 'bogey men' again.

"Or bogey-women! Under 'Pill' bed are two black creatures who give the alarm as you—a white bogey—come in. They turn out to be the wife and daughter of 'Pill's' new case, a man for operation to-morrow.

"At 'Ryde' bed you stop to ask how it is there are three women under it, all as black as pitch, with hair done like golliwogs; Yaokenge, the 'Lewisham Road' infirmier, tells you, unless you know the four languages in use in and under these beds. 'Wives,' he says, so you point out that two wives are better than three, at any rate in hospital.

"'East Cheam' patient has pneumonia, and has chosen to sleep at the foot of his bed to-night; his helpers stare at him from the lockers on which they are sitting, and the whites of their eyes follow your lamp as you pass.

"But where's 'Shoreditch,' the kiddie with the bad chest? Not taken home, you hope. No, only outside!

There, under the moon, with only a fire for warmth, she is lying with baby 'Woolwich,' whose affectionate granny is curled between it and the fire, letting it freeze. You wonder whether they think it unlucky to wear clothes at night.

"That can't be true, for the father of 'Broadmead's' little girl, a bad hookworm case, has taken her blanket for himself, quite the bogey-man touch; he shows all his white teeth in an awful grin as you turn him out. And in 'Leicester,' curled round the little patient, is a devoted black mother, who has not only taken half the clothes but has broken her half of the little cot!

"Do you wonder that we are glad to have them so that we can introduce them, as well as the patients, to the Lord of service and sacrifice.

"I looked up from my work. What does this mean? There is a little procession of seventeen babies from the Infants' School, not one of them more than four years old, each carrying a lovely bunch of double marigolds which I know they planted themselves in their little school garden. I have seen them water the flowers, pull out the weeds, and here is the beautiful harvest! 'Where are the babies going with their flowers?' I watched them go along towards the hospital, and I followed. Nurse welcomes them with a glad smile, and ushers them into the ward. Each wee child goes to a bed, gives his or her bouquet to a sick man or woman lying there. The flowers remaining are put in a bowl on the table. Do you wonder that a lump came in my throat, or that the fervent 'Kele Kele' (Thank you) from the sick people was rather huskily spoken? Then the babies stood in a group and sang a hymn. Afterwards, with a happy 'Lelengo' (our Lokele greeting) the little visitors departed."

Such a thriving mission organisation as

Yakusu presents calls for our heartiest support. The names of special supporters of hospital beds are printed on the cover of the "Yakusu Magazine."

"The Government assists in defraying the expenses of training boys as hospital assistants, if they undertake to enter the State service at the end of their period of training. Two or three others are paid for by friends in England.

"Some other friends who are keenly alive to the need of continued effort to train native girls and women in Christian living and service do their best to raise the five pounds required to board and teach a girl for a year. Any one wishing for details can get them.

"There is also a group of native young men and boys who have entered for a full three years' course in preparation for ministry in Church and school work. That course will cost the society about twenty-four pounds a man, or eight pounds a year.

The ups-and-downs of work in seeking to win a primitive people often bring times of severe testing, both for the white missionary and the black convert. The Yakusu Church has, indeed, had its periods of testing. A few years ago, the powers of evil sought hard to crush the young manhood of the Church. Mr. W. H. Ennals has given us an insight into this time of trial in "Swirling Waters":—

"Among Bantu races the unit is the tribe. It is true the general mix up of 'the whirlpool of the races,' characteristic of the age, has done much to break into the old tribal customs, even in Africa. Education itself, along with religious instruction, has broken into many tribal restraints

and removed many barriers. However, the fact still holds good that the tribe is the unit.

" Now and again the subtle authority of the tribal spirit asserts itself strongly, perhaps in the revival of ceremonies connected with the initiation of youths of a generation into the mysterious fellowship of the tribe. Such was the case among the Lokeles some years ago, and most of our friends at home have realised in some measure the ravages that the Libele movement made upon our Church.

" It will take a long time for us to reach the numerical strength we were able to report before the movement broke our ranks, but we pray and believe that the Church will for ever be the purer, and the stronger, because of the uncompromising stand that was taken at such cost at that time.

" Up river from Yakusu, round about the fast-growing Government centre of Stanleyville, is a fishing tribe called the Baena, or Wagenya. They are an interesting people, who undertake very daring exploits in the pursuit of their craft of fishing among the swirling waters of the Falls.

" One of the things that have made us of the mission wonder greatly is that in the midst of so much that is essentially Roman Catholic in the life at Stanleyville, there have been, in so many of these Baena villages, little companies of people who steadfastly assert that they belong to the B.M.S. and are Protestants. Their loyalty has at times been almost amusing, as one recalls one B.M.S. schoolhouse made on the modest plan of a mud-wall and leaf roof on a framework of wood ' in the round,' yet bearing a painted board with the alluring inscription, ' B.M.S. Maison de la Premiere Classe.'

" When these people knew that the mission was building a house in Stanleyville, and that there would soon be, it was

hoped, a resident missionary who should be their guide, philosopher and friend,' there was great excitement and much joyous anticipation. But the Yakusu staff have gone as often as possible to visit these villages, and to hold services among them during the week-end, or even gather the Church members together to the mission house. Alas, it is not yet possible to spare a worker to reside there and visit in the directions which so sorely need supervision.

"So these Baena people have received less than they hoped of our attention. That may have something to do with the Tribal Movement known as 'Libeli,' which reared its head some few months ago, and promised to sweep all the youths of the tribe, who had not been initiated into its mysteries, into the forest for a period of two years. There they would learn all sorts of deceit and inhuman practices, and return at length believing that they had power to command any one not initiated, and especially women folk, to do their bidding under penalty of a heavy fine.

"It was Mr. Chesterman who, on one of these visits to Stanleyville, discovered that there was little hope of saving the youth of our schools from this degrading experience, which they believed was going to make 'men' of them. The teacher in the village of the chief who was promoter of the ceremonies, had already fallen before the insidious thing, and had sent his two sons to the forest. Things looked black indeed. A two years' break in the boys' schooling, and that time spent in their minds being poisoned, was a depressing reflection. These folk would dare the dangers of the rapids: would they be able to stand against the strong current which threatened them, and their all-too-slender faith?

"A hastily-called meeting of the missionaries at Yakusu determined to put the matter before the Yakusu Church at

the Lord's Supper to be held the following day, and to ask for a message of warning and exhortation from the Church assembled around His table. This was done and also petitions prepared and signed by members of the Baena tribe, asking the State to step in, in the event of any youth being forced to enter the society against his will, also declaring it to be based on falsehood.

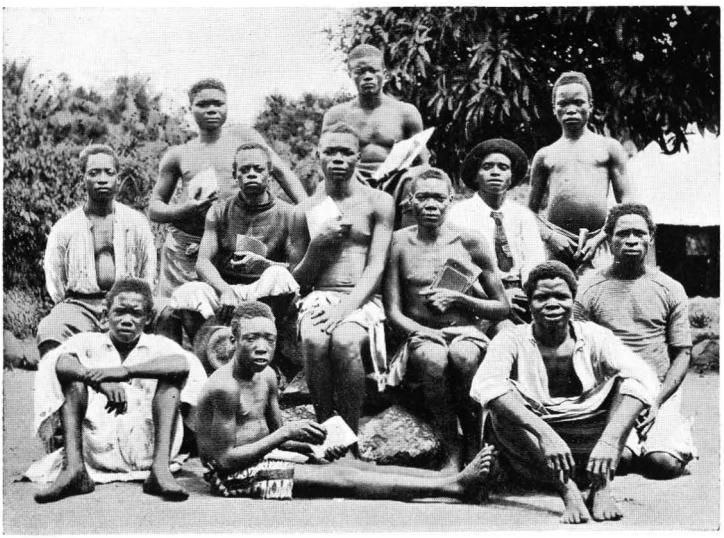
"These papers were signed by a number at Stanleyville, and sent to the State, where one thinks that the idea of a petition for protection, signed by a number of native Protestants, was an idea entirely novel! However, this petition, and a letter from the mission telling of the nature of the happenings we were anxious to forestall, received careful and grateful attention from the administration. The desired promise of protection was freely given, together with a promise that the ceremonies should not be allowed to extend six months.

"The whole story is too long to tell here, but Mr. Arnold Chesterman made several visits and exhorted the Baena people to dare to do the right thing. This exhortation was enforced by visits to the boys in the forest by Dr. Chesterman, and a regular barrage of letters from Yakusu, mainly addressed to our late schoolmaster at Yakusu who is now in a bank at Stanleyville, and who has been a guiding light to the Baena Christians in this sore trial of their faith.

"Reports of meetings held by Church members up there, in the absence of the white missionary, are among our treasured possessions, and are evidence of the fanning into a flame of the spark of spiritual life which seemed to be almost quenched. Here is a sentence: 'Then Masuwa, teacher of Lesale, got up and said, 'Sons of the Church, it is our duty to show to others that the things of God are more important than anything else; it is not right for us to say

AFRICA'S LINGUISTIC TANGLE.

TRANSLATING THE LOKELE NEW TESTAMENT.
Rev. Wm. Millman, Basuli and Balati.



REPRESENTATIVES OF THIRTEEN TRIBES, EACH SPEAKING THEIR OWN LANGUAGE.

Damaris, v. p. 208.
THE CHRISTIAN HOME.

FETISH CHARMS.

'Let us trust the power of the State to arrange the matters of the Church, while we Christians have received the right to trust in God to protect us.' When we heard this word we were glad indeed.

"That brave word probably marked the turning point, for from that little meeting there went forth a resolve that the right thing should be done. One and another of the Church members dared to do the hard thing and actually brought their boys back from the forest, and broke with the ritual of tribal society, amid the scoffs and sneers of the main body of the tribe. Among the first to do this was the teacher who had been among the first to fall.

"As soon, however, as he had made his stand again for righteousness, he began to 'strengthen his brethren.' Largely as a result of such timely repentance, something like fifty others brought their boys out of the forest, until the bad old chief, who had engineered the whole thing, said the spell was broken, and brought all his own village boys out, too. To make sure that the break with the ritual was complete we have had about a score of the B.M.S. school-boys, who have been recalled from the heathen ritual, here with us at Yakusu. We have been thankful to observe no trace of anything which shows their adherence to the practices they have professed to relinquish.

"It is hardly likely that these boys and their fathers and brothers, who were the means of 'breaking the spell,' will be exempt from persecution, but we can join in the prayer that our Master prayed over Peter, 'I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not, and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren.'"

One of the strongest features in maintaining the spiritual life of the evangelist teachers is that known as "Lisongomi." It is the

annual period when each teacher comes to the institute at Yakusu for a month's fellowship and instruction.

Mr. W. H. Ford gives some account of this :—

" Those teachers who have their own canoes often arrive a few days before the main body come on the *Grenfell*, which is usually commissioned to collect those due to attend. Forest teachers often have to walk for several days, in order to get to the nearest point on the river, where they are picked up by the *Grenfell* and given a lift up to Yakusu.

" To the last session came teachers from Maganga, our eastern outpost ; one of these was formerly teacher at a town half-way between Yalikina and Yalemba, that is at the western limit of our district. He volunteered to go into ' the regions beyond,' and has gone back with his wife, and child, to a town three days beyond Maganga. Another teacher had walked from near Opala, over a hundred miles to the river. Yet another travelled over 120 miles in canoe down the Lomami from Yaisule to Yalikina, thence on the *Grenfell* to Yakusu.

" So they gather from East and West, to seek a little more wisdom. We do our best during these few weeks that they are here to pour in as much knowledge of the three R's, the New Testament and preaching as we are able. A few days ago, one teacher, speaking for the others, asked : ' Do you have to learn as many subjects as we do in a month ? ' I tried to indicate the usual college curriculum. He replied, ' Well, you have several years in which to learn all that.'

" We do, indeed, keep them busy. From 6 a.m. till midday and from 2 till 5 p.m., besides reading, writing and arithmetic, we endeavour to teach the elements of agriculture, French, homiletics, ambulance and, not least, the study of the New Testament. On Sunday afternoons they go off in

parties of four and five to the adjacent towns to conduct services in the school-churches or under some shady tree.

"So we are striving to create a native ministry which shall be able to interpret to its fellows the Saviour, not merely of the white man, but of mankind. The task is no easy one, for minds with an ancestry totally unused to study and close reading find it difficult to concentrate for more than a very short time. But we are now in the second generation of those who have heard the Gospel story. The task is becoming easier. May we ask for your prayers that these teachers may become more eager and instructed pupils of the Great Teacher and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

THE NATIVE PREACHER.

"When the missionary's touring in his district, here and there,
Giving counsel to the Churches, sharing all the people's care,
Holding forth the Gospel Message to the heathen as he can,
He is sure to be attended by a native preacher-man.

"And it's tramp, tramp, tramp, as he trudges through the dust,
While his eyes are nearly blinded by the rushing, whirling gust;
And it's splish, splash, slump, as he struggles through the mud,
While the rain that falls in torrents sends a chill into his blood.
For he's working for The Master, and not for mission pay,
With his apostolic labours and his paltry pence a day.

"He's a map and a directory, a walking gazetteer;
He's a Daniel come to judgment, he's a constant source of cheer.
No fatigue, and no discomfort are too great for him to bear;
Call him late or call him early, when you call you'll find him there.

"And it's tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.

"We have travelled through the jungles, he and I, these many years,
And I hope to keep him with me till he leaves this vale of tears;
Then, when God sums up the records that are written down on high,
I shall not begrudge it if he wears a brighter crown than I.

"And it's tramp, tramp, tramp, etc."

PROF. DAVID GILMORE.

CHAPTER XI

Forging the Chain!

A few happy days spent in such genial surroundings, and we decided to visit the farthest outpost to the East—the village of Maganga, nearly one hundred miles away. Returning to Stanleyville in a canoe, with Mr. and Mrs. Millman, we started on the motor run as far as the road permitted to Kilo. 132. Here we spent the night at the far end of the road, beyond which a yawning chasm made motor progress impossible.

The next morning the Millmans and the writer walked through the forest along the route for the new road. The making of this road necessitates a new site for the mission station. Maganga village crowns the summit of one of the few hills that exist in these parts. The rise is too much for a motor road to be made over it, so the survey passes round the hill. When this new road is complete, the village will be transferred to it. Maganga is one of the strategic points along the direct line of the chain of mission stations across Africa from East to West.

A few years after Ludwig Krapf landed at Mombasa on the East Coast, about 1844, he gave expression to his vision of a 'Chain of Mission Stations' across the continent. Under the palm trees on the sandy shore of the mainland, across

from the Island of Mombasa, a low wall encloses the spot where lies all that is mortal of his wife and helper in those first days. From that spot he sent home an appealing message for reinforcements to enter the great continent from the East :—

"There is now on the East African Coast a lonely missionary grave. This is the sign that you have commenced the struggle with this part of the world, and as the victories of the Church are gained by stepping over the graves of her members, you may be the more convinced that the hour is at hand when you are summoned to the conversion of Africa from its Eastern shore."

Another historic spot on the West takes the story back to the days of the first missionaries who landed at the mouth of the Congo about 1875. The ocean port of Matadi, although a hundred miles from Banana point and the Atlantic, is now the landing place for all who enter the great Congo regions by ocean steamer. In those days of the first landing, there were no residences. The hill now is crowded with a busy city. A spot is still pointed out, under a shelf of overhanging rocks, where those pioneers for the Gospel made their home, and slept their first nights on African soil. From East and West, since those days, the march of Christianity has reached right to the heart of the continent. But there still remains a gap on the direct route of over three hundred miles. Krapf's dream is not yet fully realised.

From the Indian Ocean to Mboga, already

referred to, and from the Atlantic to Maganga the chain is complete.

North of Mboga the Africa Inland Mission is established at Bogoro, overlooking the blue waters of Lake Albert. One day's march farther on, the Brethren Mission has also opened up work at Nyankundi among the Babira. From Mboga and Nyankundi, the last outposts on the East in the direct line for the chain of stations, there is one of the largest unevangelised regions in tropical Africa. For forty miles the road lies through mountainous district west of Lake Albert, on to the rolling plains round the Belgian post of Irumu. Eight miles beyond Irumu the great Congo forests begin. The road continues through them for 450 miles to Stanleyville.

Between Mboga and Yakusu, a gap of just over five hundred miles, there is a teeming population of many tribes, located principally in villages along this main trade route. When this gap was passed through a few years ago by the writer he was able to map down 203 of these villages. Many of them are small, containing only ten or a dozen houses; others comprise some of the largest towns in this area of Africa. The main divisions of the route would be from Mboga to Irumu, forty miles, Irumu to Mombasa, eighty miles, Mombasa to Penge, eighty-three miles. At this point the Ituri River forms a valuable route for sixty miles to Avakubi. At Avakubi the land road passes through the forest

to Bafwasendi for forty-eight miles. The next post on the road is Bafwaboli, ninety-five miles. From Bafwaboli to Stanleyville is another seventy-five miles. The tribes through this great area are numerous; some of them with a sparse population, others with considerable numbers of people.

In the Ituri district there are twenty-two tribes, with an aggregate population of about 600,000, many of which are as yet unreached by missionaries; in the Stanleyville district, seventeen tribes, some still unreached; in the Lowa district, nineteen tribes, most of them unreached.

While there is no mission work along this route from Nyankundi to Maganga, at the distance of a week's march to the north of Penge the Heart of Africa Mission has opened up work at Wamba and at Bomili on the Aruwimi. Along this great forest route there are considerable centres of population, originally founded by the Arab slave raiders, which now constitute the main centres of trade, such as Mombasa, Penge and Avakubi. The great wave of Arab invasions, for the purpose of slave-raiding, entered Africa from the coast lands opposite Zanzibar. It crossed Lake Tanganyika and passed down the Lualaba River, through the present district of Stanleyville, to the populous centres along the Aruwimi and Lindi Rivers, into the forest itself, the last and most easterly of these stations, apparently being Mombasa. This curve of

invasion thus makes almost a horse-shoe bend, first going west and then returning east. At the present day Mombasa is a town of about three thousand people, with a street and houses on either side for about a mile and a half, in striking contrast to the scattered homes of the greater portion of East Africa. Penge comprises three large towns, two of which are situated on either bank of the Ituri, and the third about two miles inland. These constitute another large and concentrated population. Many of the other towns on this road likewise consist of streets of houses a mile or more long, thus bringing considerable numbers of people to one spot, and making missionary work among them comparatively easy.

At Mombasa, between two main divisions of the town, there rises a high ridge which passes into the forest, forming an excellent spot for a mission station that would be in close touch with both districts of the town. It is comparatively healthy, and well situated for the work of reaching the people. At Penge, the high cliffs rising forty feet from the river bank would form an ideal spot for a mission station, from which the people could be reached by river canoe, or inland march. Beyond Bafwasendi, at the first camp, Boyulu, is another large town of almost similar dimensions, with a ridge passing through the centre where a healthy spot for missionary premises could be found. This town is the largest centre of the numerous Babali Tribe. The next strategic point is Maganga, where the

great tableland, on which the forest is situated, begins to slope down to the plain through which the Congo River system passes. Here was another town more than a mile long, with crowded rows of houses on either side. At the western entrance to the town are splendid hill sites overlooking the plain, and here the B.M.S. have established their station. These four centres, if well occupied, would be sufficient to complete the chain across Africa. With other out-stations they should reach all these forest peoples. If the Church Missionary Society, the Baptist Missionary Society, the Brethren Mission, and the Heart of Africa Mission could only stretch out hands and join across this gap, Krapf's dream would at last be accomplished in a direct line.

On the completion of the march through this gap of five hundred miles, and arrival at Yakusu, the writer put the proposal before the friends of the Baptist Missionary Society. After careful consideration, a tour of investigation was undertaken. A wonderful welcome was experienced on arrival at Maganga. A site was secured and work started. Thus the western link of this chain for a hundred miles was forged. Mr. W. H. Ennals describes the reception of the missionaries on their first arrival at Maganga on this tour of investigation :

" The Baptists were asked to stretch out to Maganga, over one hundred miles from their main station at Yakusu, as the first link of the chain across this gap from East to West.

"During the first part of our journey we found that the priests had established a number of Roman Catholic schools. We began to be fearful lest the opportunity had been bought up by them, and we had arrived too late.

"But long before we had reached Maganga, we and all our company realised very fully that the One who was guiding us was none other than the One who said to the first Christians 'Go ye into all the world, and lo, I am always with you.'

"The second half of the outward journey carried us through hilly country, the like of which our native companions had never seen. Some way on the road, we entered a large village, or rather two villages separated by a stream, the name of the head chief being Milambo. In all the villages where we halted we held a service. Here one of our company preached to them in their own language, for the people of this part have a section of their tribe who live opposite us at Yakusu, and we had brought an ex-teacher from one of those villages with us; the service was therefore conducted partly in Lukumu and partly in Kingwana, which is the lingua-franca from Stanleyville to Zanzibar. The usual questions were asked, and it was with joy that we learned that they had no Roman Catholic work going on amongst them. How was it that the priests had left so important a village unoccupied? In friendly conversation, the question was put by the old sawyer, our foreman, and once a slave in this district. This was the reply of the chief. 'Yes, the priests came and they said, "We want a school in your village." "No," I said, "we have heard that there are other white men, who have taught the section of our tribe that live away on the great river. We are told that the wisdom they teach is greater than that which you bring." But the priest said, "We have schools in front of you and

schools behind you." 'That may be, but *I and my people will wait* till these white men bring us their learning!'"

"And wait they did, till that very day. It was with full hearts that we gave God thanks that here in that great field He had preserved for us a foot-hold, from which we might reach out to the greater districts beyond. On our return journey we left the above-named ex-teacher as their temporary teacher-evangelist. A month has passed. We hear that their school-house is now finished. They began it just before we left.

"When we reached the State poste at Bafwabole, we were cordially received by the administrator, who, hearing our plans, took the line that the time was not opportune for the starting of a mission, seeing that practically the whole population was away working on another great road, which is to meet the one referred to at Maganga. The prospect of Maganga being the forking place of the roads was in itself helpful, but it was obvious that the administrator was not ready to give his recommendation for immediate missionary occupation. This was not very encouraging. We wondered what we should see at Maganga itself, the place upon which we had set our hearts, and longed to claim for Christ.

"Next day, having left Bafwabole some six miles behind, we were nearing the top of a steep hill, when we learned, with a little surprise, that the village above us was called Maganga. Could it be that we had reached our destination? While we were questioning some natives, our boys came running to us saying, 'Come and look on the other side of this house.' We hurried to the spot, and there, all unexpected, awaited us the most wonderful view that one had ever seen in this country. Below us the great forest stretched away at our feet, like a mighty carpet, till in the distance it mingled with the clouds. The flatness of the landscape was broken by two ranges of hills, indicating the watersheds of

the unseen Lindi and Aruwimi Rivers. To our right there was yet higher ground, and to our delight, we found that the large town of Maganga was situated on this high ground some two miles farther on. In the larger Maganga we found few people, as the administrator had warned us, but no fewer than five chiefs. We discovered who was the head chief but we were unable to see him through 'indisposition'! We had determined to stay some four days here to formulate our plans for an outpost of the mission, with a native built mud house for a missionary to live in. The people received us well, but said, 'We do not yet know whether we shall agree to your coming among us.' This cautious attitude was so new that we were a little surprised. There was no Roman Catholic work; why the hesitancy? Sunday was the day of the market at Bafwabole, and while we were holding services, doing medical and other work, three of the chiefs went to Bafwabole and saw the administrator.

"What would be his word to these men? It seemed as if the fate of our expedition lay in his hands. Our confidence was in a Higher Power. We learned afterwards that what he said was:—'These white men have come to do you good. Welcome them cordially among you; do what they want, and their work, and teaching, will do you good.' How mean had been our fears! And so all the plans were made for a missionary's house, and for a school-house too. Once again we saw before us the open road! This new opportunity had come so wonderfully that we now felt it would be almost unfair to leave these people with nothing more substantial than a promise that we would send teachers. Yet we had none with us to leave. On the night before we left Maganga to return homewards we asked if any of the workmen, teachers or boys, would volunteer to stay behind for a month to preach, to teach, and to help in the building of the new school-houses in the neighbouring villages.

"To our great delight, two of our house boys, the cook and another, came and said quite simply, 'This is the work of God; we will stay.' It was a moment when one's emotions seemed to get the upper hand. Here these two lads, more than a week's journey from their homes and from their friends, were offering to trust themselves to a strange people in a strange land. Yes, but it was to trust themselves to God, to do His work. To us who know these people's dread of distances, "this is the Lord's doing and it is marvellous in our eyes." So another link has been forged in the chain across Africa; another stretch of the road has been claimed for Christ. Our vision and our faith have been strengthened. We rejoice in the prospect of some of these long-neglected tribes finding Him who is Himself the Way, and the OPEN ROAD by which men may find the Father."

To continue the story after a few years :—

"Since these early beginnings in 1923, we have seen very interesting developments. The old chief who said his people had 'been waiting for their own white men to come,' has had the satisfaction of seeing the youth of his village growing up in the teaching which was denied to him and his fathers. Several of them have spent a year or more at Yakusu, thus sharing in a larger life, and gaining new influences.

"Maganga village now has its new school and house, and among the senior boys are several who are looking forward to baptism and hope to become teachers among their own Barumbi people, south-east of the road.

"The mission house at Maganga is only built of trees and leaves, though it is spacious and comfortable. No one would grudge the ten pounds it cost to build in 1924, or the month that was spent building it. Missionaries who have made it their centre for a few weeks at a time, for work among the Barumbi people, have found them to be attractive

and teachable folk, while a stay among the mountains would be worth a much more tedious journey.

"Now, however, it is known that the motor road being constructed by the Government will avoid the hill on which the Maganga villages and mission houses are built, and the new route for the road is across the base of Maganga Mountain itself.

"It will be remembered, however, that the opening up of Maganga as an out-station of the mission was with the idea of meeting the unreached, and doing our share in making real the 'Chain of mission stations across Equatorial Africa,' of which Krapf, Arthington, Grenfell and Mackay, and a host of others, dreamed. Maganga is situated on the edge of one of perhaps the most widespread and populous tribes inhabiting this unoccupied field. The Babali folk are intelligent, strong and very receptive of our message.

"From the beginning of our Maganga work we have had schools working among these people at villages beyond Maganga, and we have felt proud of our teachers who were ready to go so far from home for the sake of the work.

"Recently, Daniel, our teacher superintendent at Maganga, was away on a preaching tour in the great forest south of the road, accompanied by some of the Maganga youths who were anxious to preach the Good News to the main body of their tribe. They found the people very interested, and keen to welcome our teachers. This journey, however, was interrupted by a messenger from Maganga telling of the death of one of our little band of teachers, east of Maganga.

"They turned back to find that the teacher, Andrew, was very ill. When he felt that he was soon to die he said to his helper, 'I am going to die soon; now I want you to carry me to the B.M.S. at Maganga. And now,' he added, 'Jesus Christ is waiting for me over there.'

"Then he said, 'To us who serve the Lord, Heaven is never far away. I can see many people who are all wearing white garments, and Jesus is in the midst of them. Give my love to Daniel.' And so he died, and the people of the town and the boys of his school to whom he had brought 'The Light,' carried the body of their beloved teacher the ten miles to Maganga to fulfil his dying request.

"Surely this simple incident has something to tell us. The grave is never the end. It was Krapf who first inspired the Church to think of girding Africa with a Chain of Light. From the graveside of his wife and child he wrote his memorable appeal, not only to his Church, but to the Church of all time. To-day that appeal is strengthened by the graveside of young teacher Andrew, away in the great Congo forest."

"Blessed Lord, accept my *Thought*,
I would give the mind to Thee;
In the universe is naught
On which intellect can pour
Its God-given mental store,
Like the Heavenly mystery
Of Thy love to me."

"Blessed Lord, accept my *Heart*;
Its affections are my debt
To Thee, Who for me didst smart
On the Cross of Calvary,
Bearing sin and wrath for me;
Since my law-claims Thou has met,
Can I Thee forget?"

"Blessed Lord, my *Life* accept;
Body, soul, surrendered now;
Loved, redeemed, and called, and kept,
All I am take for Thyself,
All I have of gifts or pelf—
Favours from Thy throne which flow,
I on Thee bestow." WILLIAM OLNEY.

CHAPTER XII

Back to the Forest

A quick run back from Maganga to Stanleyville, and preparations were made for the return journey to Uganda. We said farewell to our friends the Millmans, on the river bank, as they started down stream to Yakusu in their "dug-out."

Passing through Buta, we made for Bambili, the next mission station to be visited, a run of 350 miles from Stanleyville. After two nights camping, we arrived at the Uele River towards the end of the afternoon. We managed to get ferried across to the north bank where the old poste of Bambili used to be situated. This has now been abandoned. So rapidly does the forest growth in Central Africa cover man's handiwork, it was difficult to recognise the place as one knew it some years before. A new motor road to the North had been made. We travelled some five miles along this, looking in vain for the mission station. We could get no information as to its location—every enquiry met with blank ignorance. Knowing that we must be beyond it we returned towards the river again. At last we found a lad, apparently more intelligent than the rest, who seemed to understand what we were after. We promptly placed him on the

front seat. After a few miles, under his direction, we reached the end of our tether, so far as the road was concerned. He did not seem to be able to help us further, but we found another lad who really seemed to know where the mission was!

Leaving the car camped for the night, the writer trudged off some 2½ miles to find the mission station after dark.

In the earlier days it had been one's privilege to help in the laying out of the mission station, so one quite expected to find the way easily. The good road which used to exist in the times when Bambili was an administrative poste had long since become grass grown. However, "all's well that ends well." We caught a glimpse of a light, and were soon happily greeting Mr. and Mrs. Fripps, of the Heart of Africa Mission. An enjoyable evening was spent together. The difficulties encountered by the missionaries here seemed even greater, at the present day, than those experienced by the first missionaries when the station was opened in 1915.

The main tribe around is the Zande, but there are remnants of many other tribal units, ex-soldiers and policemen of the Government—about the hardest community to seek to evangelise. They have acquired the vices of the white man, and none of his virtues. So difficult is the district from the point of view of missionary effort, that even the Roman Catholics, who once had a strong centre here, have

abandoned it. Mr. and Mrs. Fripps are plodding on faithfully in spite of these difficulties. They have a fine little band of youngsters resident at the mission, some of these of a really promising character.

Early next morning we had to be on the way. Returning to the motor we re-crossed the river, and started for Niangara, a run of 150 miles. We should have been in well before dark but for minor mechanical troubles on the road. Thus delayed, we needed good headlights for the last half-dozen miles. For some cause these failed. We had to crawl along with the aid of a hurricane lamp. At last we were safely resting with our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Davies, in Niangara.

A day spent here to clear up sundry business and overhaul the car, and we started off in another direction to that along which we had come, so as to pass through the main sphere of the Heart of Africa Mission. We hoped to reach Nala that night. We had been told there was a good motor road all the way. Alas! about two-thirds of the way there was an unbridged river. The water was too high to get through. There was no alternative but to start on a circuitous route that meant nearly seventy-five miles round instead of forty.

A heavy storm was threatening, so we camped that night at Rungu. Next morning we set off for Nala—a good run for the first fifty miles. Then very heavy going over the newly-made

road—so heavy indeed that we had to drop all the cargo by the roadside. Leaving it in charge of two boys, we got into Nala safely.

Nala is situated on what was an old Belgian encampment in the early days of occupation. The station is quite surrounded by a palm forest. This, the second of the mission stations of the Heart of Africa Mission to be founded, has always been one of the most encouraging. There is a considerable population around of the forest tribes, mainly Zande, Mabudu, Mayogo and the Mangbetu. These tribes have more intelligent characteristics than many of their neighbours.

When we arrived, the big weekly market was just closing. The motor had a great, almost tumultuous, reception. It was, indeed, a joy to visit this mission station after some ten years, and to see how the good work had extended. The mission staff comprised all new friends, and one was glad to have a happy afternoon with them.

Returning to the spot where we had left our baggage we went on long after dark, looking for a suitable place to camp. We had been told of a certain village, but apparently it was far beyond the mileage we understood it to be. However, at last we reached it, just in time to shelter from an approaching storm.

The next day being Sunday, we motored a short distance till we came to the nearest point on the road to Deti, the next mission station of the Heart of Africa Mission.

This station is situated on one of the few hills of the country, some four miles off the main road. Leaving the car, and securing a guide, we at last arrived at the mission station, just in time for Sunday service. Long before crossing the top of the last hill, songs of praise were heard. The little shed which serves as a church was crowded out with a congregation of about 150. The service was being conducted by Miss Rees, the only missionary on the station. It was certainly one of the brightest of the African congregations one was privileged to meet in these parts. The singing was heartiness itself. When the time of prayer came, one after another of the congregation led, till at least a dozen had taken part. There was no waiting, no hesitation—the Spirit of God was manifestly moving over the people. As one sat listening, one could not but recall the days, some twelve years before, when one had been there. The writer had then selected one of these hills as a most suitable spot for a mission station. It would be a healthy contrast to all the flat forest country around. Later, it had been adopted by the Heart of Africa Mission, and now one was to have the great privilege of seeing the Gospel story proclaimed from this hill-top to village after village in the plains around.

How gladly one listened after the service to the story of Gospel triumphs around Deti. Recently, one of the principal chiefs of the neighbourhood had come on his own initiative

to the mission, bringing with him his old fetishes and witchcraft paraphernalia, including his smoking pipes. In earnest conversation with the missionary he stated that he wanted to follow the "Way of the Book," and that he believed the story that the missionary had been telling the people of Christ as a Saviour. He was anxious to bring all the implements of his old life, and to have these publicly burnt. We can appreciate the joy of the missionaries as they watched this destruction. We can gather something of the influence around the countryside of such a sacrifice.

One also heard of another earnest Christian old man, a regular attendant at the mission services. In the old days he had charge of the chief's "larder." He was responsible for keeping a fresh supply of meat always on hand! This meat was secured by raids on neighbouring villages and the bringing in of the human victim. What a change—now a humble learner at the feet of Christ, and a friend of every one.

One is frequently asked whether cannibalism still exists. On this journey one heard of a number of instances that indicated that away in the forest recesses, off the beaten track, cannibalism does exist.

Miss Rees tells her story :—

"On the 6th, two believers came in with three folk who wanted to give up their sin and follow God; they arrived late in the evening. We talked to them, read the Word, and all prayed; then we burnt a witchcraft whistle which had

put two folks in the grave; a bow, many arrows (two steel-headed ones), dawa, and an old hide case; and around the fire we had a time of thanksgiving. The next day another man from the same village came to hear about God.

"The name of the Bili man is Margi. He was such a bad case that the chief, Indumbi, said, 'Go up to Deti and burn your "dawa" and follow the things of God. Praise God for Deti Hill hospital for sinful hearts.'

"On Tuesday, the 8th, off I set with Tamoma, five men and my boy. Arrived at Indumbi's and received a good welcome from the chief, stayed there two days, and dear old Bargi came to the meetings too; he really wants to follow God. He just seems fed up with sin. Indumbi did not come to the meetings, but I got in a good word with him from time to time. He has a son who goes to a school. This fellow would hang round at a distance, or in the dark, to listen to what I had to say. I asked him one morning if he could read. He said, 'Yes,' and brought a book with pictures from Adam to the Ascension; so I got hold of it, heard him read, and did not loose it until I had given them a talk on every picture. So through his book I was able to get a word here.

"Indumbi gave me a hearty invitation to return any time, always a house ready for me; told me I could go to all his villages and preach to all his people. Hallelujah!

"Thursday we left and walked along the road, arriving at Matangorna. The old 'kapita' was very angry when we arrived, and said, 'I have no house for you, you cannot stay,' so I told him Indumbi said that I could come. He repented and became my friend; he even prayed before we left and said, 'We shall be glad to see you any time, and we will give you a house.'

"Thursday evening we visited the leper camp. My! they were glad to see us, and after it was over, Tamoma said,

'Did you see the pigmies hiding behind the trees?' Many have been listening. Praise God!

"On Friday we made up our minds to visit the pigmy village, and before we started, Bargi turned up with a pot full of poisoned fat to burn, so we had a bonfire. Then we set off, Bargi leading the way. Through fields of elephant grass we followed the winding path. A storm broke, so we all started to trot! We got soaked through, but on we went. The women were nearly scared stiff to see me, but because I had about nine darkies with me many of them listened to what I had to say. We read and prayed together, so I told them to ask the 'kapita' to get a hut built for me.

"On Saturday we left. A storm broke out; we sheltered in a house and sang, and I prayed with a good number there. One man said, 'I am not refusing God altogether, but some other day I will accept Him; when my chief believes, I will believe.' So you can imagine what he got from Tamoma and me. On we went, soaked with joy and water, when out ran a man to meet us with a painted face, and a medal around his neck. He said, 'I am a child of the——.' I said, 'Therefore if you are a child of the—— you are a follower of God?' 'Oh, yes,' said he, 'I am a follower of God.' So I said, 'Well, your face is more like a follower of the Devil; you had better run home and get it washed.'

"We arrived at Bunza's, a village called Batonbua, at about 5 p.m. Bunza was away with his chief Abiangama. Abiangama is the chief of chiefs around here: Bunza's son gave us a fine house, also one for the men, then at about 6.30 up strolled Bunza.

"Sunday morning he came over to escort me to his house so that I could speak to his merry men, and twenty-six wives! They were 'some men' painted from head to

foot, women as well. Some were painted all over with representations of rats. Such painting I have never seen.

"Bunza gave a hot lecture to some of his men for not listening when I was speaking. I went in the afternoon to speak to him again and to his wives. After the afternoon service he asked me a question, 'Are you a man or a woman?' I said pretty stiffly, 'You know I am a woman; why do you ask such questions?' He said, 'You have a face like a man!' It was the straight eye, I think, that he could not understand. Tamoma said, 'They cannot make you out, for women don't give commands in Congo.' They say to Tamoma, 'That person is a man that you are travelling with.' Tamoma says, 'No, she is a woman.' They say, 'Who has seen a woman walk around before? Women ride in "mandalas," and women don't walk fast like she does; women walk slowly.'

"We arrived at Abiangama's, a village that we are able to see from Deti. It is near to the cotton works. We saw the chief; He came to the service, but not many of his people. Tamoma went to his wife's house for a bed and saw the chief; so she told him many people wanted to follow the Lord but they feared him. He said, 'I won't stand in their way to believe.' So Tamoma said, 'Sultani, they say when you believe they will believe.'

"On Tuesday morning I left, for I was not supposed to stay longer than one night in the big house there, so, before I left, the chief came to see me and said he wanted his people to believe in God and all his children. I said, 'Make a house for Tamoma and me, and I will come, and stay for a few days.' He said, 'I will, with pleasure, and when it is finished I will send word.' So I told him of many who were waiting for him to follow Jesus first. Do pray for Abiangama.

"Asked a leper what my name was. He said, 'Risasi' with a bang. Risasi means gunpowder."

That night we returned to the motor to camp. Next morning we motored past Pawa to Ibambi, the headquarters of the Heart of Africa Mission. Here one had the great joy of meeting the veteran, C. T. Studd, the founder of the Heart of Africa Mission and many of the gallant band of missionaries gathered round him. C. T. Studd—as he is so well known—was, I am thankful to record, looking better than reports indicated. Aged, indeed, as who would not be after a dozen years without furlough or rest in such a climate? But what a change he has, by the grace of God, been able to witness in—to use his old phrase—such a Devil's den! The mission site covers an extensive area, with palm trees clustering round the buildings.

It was on the original journey referred to that the writer first visited Ibambi. What a change! When he arrived towards the end of a hot afternoon, after some thirty miles' march from Medje, he could obtain no food supplies for himself or his porters at the village. It was necessary to go another fifteen miles on to Pawa. In that day the whole countryside was wild. There was little desire to help the white man in any way. Now we see a flourishing mission station, the centre of a district where the story of redemption has been preached in nearly every village for probably a radius of fifty miles. Well may C. T. Studd and his band rejoice that the

whole countryside has heard the message preached.

Ibambi is a pivot from which some half-dozen other stations a day's march away radiate. Each of these has its own missionaries. From these again outstations, where settled teaching is given, branch off. Beyond this, evangelists have travelled far, spreading the good news, south to the River Aruwimi, and even beyond. As one heard of the triumphs of grace and thought of the days a few years ago, when, travelling through these very regions, no ambassador for Christ had passed that way, how one rejoiced! All was dark without even the ray of an out-school or itinerant evangelist.

Mr. Jenkinson gives us a picture of a harvest festival in these days :—

"On Sunday, August 28, 1927, we had our harvest festival here at Nala, and I thought I would like to write and tell you about it. This is only the second time that such a festival has been held here, but we felt that it was good to repeat it, for it gives an opportunity to the people to give back to God a little of what He has bountifully given them. It also brings all together to thank Him unitedly, for the ordinary blessings of this life, which are often overlooked. We sent out word to all the Christians living within one day's journey, and asked them to come in and bring their gifts. It was made known that everything that was brought would be sold, and the proceeds given to the hospital.

"On Saturday, about nine o'clock, the first outside people came, and they continued to come throughout the day. I wish you could have seen them arriving. All carried

something, for, apart from their gifts to God, they had to bring their own provision and bedding for the week-end.

"The first meeting with the natives was at noon on Saturday. At that hour we get a good crowd of outsiders to a market on our concession. The school boys marched into their midst, singing hymns, which brought a few of the people round. We continued the hymn-singing, and accompanied it with appropriate actions, to get as many around as we could. Then we gave them the Word. I can assure you that it is a warm job speaking at mid-day in the Tropics in a crowded market place. However, the good seed was sown and the people invited to the rest of the week-end meetings.

"Saturday afternoon was taken up with arranging the people's gifts in the church, and preparing for the evening lantern show. At the entrance to the church we put in large letters, 'Osifi Nzambe,' that is, 'Praise God,' so that nobody who could read could forget why we were assembled together. A splendid lot of gifts came in. These were all arranged in the front of the church. There were sugar cane, monkey nuts, eggs, palm nuts, palm oil, tomatoes, plantains, chickens, safety pins and money. These all made a very nice show, together with ferns and creepers which we were able to get out of the forest. Over the platform we stencilled the words, 'Merisi na Nzambe pua na matabisi mokuru na Ye, Yesu,' which is, 'Thanks be to God for His great gift, Jesus.'

"The largest gathering of the week-end was at the lantern service on Saturday evening. I should think we had about five hundred people present, which is quite a good number for this district just now. The screen was fixed up between two palm trees. The audience sat on the ground in front. A large number of outsiders were in, so it gave

us the opportunity of preaching the Gospel to them through eye-gate as well as ear-gate.

"On Sunday we had an early morning prayer meeting; a service in the forenoon; one in the afternoon; and in the evening we had big fires put on the cleared space in the middle of the concession and all sat around. We had a testimony meeting at which a number of the natives spoke. Some of the testimonies were very good indeed, and may be of interest, so I pass on one or two.

"Meteremembe told how he was out in the bush among pagans; his wife was taken ill, and continued so for five weeks. The pagans all around urged him to do witchcraft in order to heal her. He told them boldly that he had finished with all that, and trusted only Jesus. Baragweni, who is about the oldest Christian on this place, went out to see him. Meteremembe told him of his wife's illness and its long continuance. The two believers went into the sick room and prayed together that God would prove to the pagans around that He was, and had power to heal. Two days after the P.M., Mrs. Meteremembe was well and out again and able to do her housework.

"Pamutu was in a village teaching and got a small school together and a few believers. The chief's advisers were all hostile to the Gospel, because righteousness was being preached. They went to the chief and advised him to burn all the Christians out. The teachers, Christians and school boys, were all arrested and their houses and church destroyed with fire. Ropes were put round the Christians' necks. They were made to carry heavy burdens to the Government poste. They were afterwards liberated. The Government official heard about the burning, and compelled the pagans to renew, with their own hands, every building they had destroyed. The pagans took this extra burden of work as a

judgment from God, and have now ceased to oppose. Hallelujah!

"Likula went to teach the things of God in a village. The first night he was given a head of plantains for food. Next morning he saw that eight of them had been 'bewitched' to kill him. He at once gave them to his wife, and told her to prepare them for eating. When they were cooked, the two made a meal of them to prove to all that they had no fear of witchcraft. Needless to say, they did not die. So once again it was proved that 'Greater is He who is in you, than he who is in the world.'

"Badieli, his wife and two children went to visit some relations up north of the Bomakandi River. When they came to the river, they went to the village where the ferry was, and found that there was a great scare there. A dangerous crocodile was around, and had just caught one of the women of the village by the arm, but she managed to escape. Consequently nobody would venture into any of the canoes at the riverside, let alone cross. The crocodile could be seen in mid-stream resting on a rock waiting for its prey. Badieli and his family asked the people of the village to ferry them across, but they all refused, saying they were afraid of the crocodile. In the end Badieli turned to the people and said, 'Well, if you will not ferry us across we will do so ourselves. We trust in God and He will protect us from danger.' The villagers remonstrated, saying it was like killing his wife and children, but the Christian family stepped into the canoe. The wife took one paddle, the husband the other, then, in front of all the pagans, Badieli prayed to God and pushed off. The crocodile watched them. They had to pass fairly close to it, but it never moved or threatened to molest them in any way. They reached the opposite bank in safety. Thus once again we have proof

that, 'The God who lived in Daniel's time is just the same to-day.'

"Such are some of the testimonies to the power and presence of God. We pray that they may ever be remembered by those who had the experience and those who heard them.

"On Monday morning we had a large united farewell meeting. Then the visitors returned to their different villages all looking very happy.

"The sale of goods which followed realised about fifty-four francs; not a terrific sum, but still, money goes further out here than at home, so it will be quite useful in the work.

From Ibambi we went to Wamba, the next mission station of the Heart of Africa Mission, some forty-six miles further on. Arriving after dark, we had some difficulty in finding the place. But at last, with the help of a local lad, we discovered it hidden away under the palms. We spent a happy evening with old friends and new, Mr. and Mrs. Staniford and Mr. Evening. Next morning the writer had the privilege of addressing the sunrise service with about one hundred present. The school was flourishing, with basket and chair making in full swing.

"Was it a dream, wherein he heard
Deep whispers and a piercing word—
Wherein his very soul was thrilled
By a great mandate, now fulfilled?"

"Wilt thou endure the pain, the toil
Which many worldlings dare for spoil,

And patriots for their native soil?
The solitude of men who roam
To find their race an ampler home?
Wilt thou for ME?" the whisper said:
The youth bowed low a loyal head."

"Go then! Thou fool in this world's eyes,
To whom its vast and glittering prize
Most empty and inane doth seem,
Because of joys it deems a dream;
Because there holds thee by the hands
The Lord of those forsaken lands;
Because their souls for whom He died,
Are more to thee than gold or pride;
Because thy well-contenting bliss,
Thy day-dream and thy life are this—
To fight the foes whom Christ hath fought,
To teach the lessons Christ hath taught,
To toil for those for whom Christ wrought.
To buy them back whom Christ hath bought—
Thou fool!"

"Whose wisdom shall endure,
Whose dreamy reckoning stand sure
Amid the thunders of that day,
When the great world shall flee away;
And all the glamour in its eyes
Die utterly, as the fool dies,
Thou fool! Thou dreamer for Christ's sake!"

. . . . .

"Who else is wise? Who else awake?"

GEO. A. DERRY AND RAPHOE.

CHAPTER XIII

To Gombari and on to Kampala

From Gombari, we had a run of ninety miles to Botongwe, the farthest outpost of the Heart of Africa Mission to the East. We had to camp for a night owing to a storm. Next day, on reaching the village, we left the motor, went for several miles' walk through the bush, and discovered a fellow countryman from Belfast, Mr. Finlay. His station is quite a pioneer one. Mission work is in the very early stages. He has gathered round him a band of youngsters, who are responding to his kindly efforts.

In the afternoon, we set off for Gombari, the headquarters of the Assemblies of God Mission, hoping to reach there that evening. Alas! for well-laid plans! Further motor trouble compelled us to camp for the night some twenty miles before reaching there. The motor had been travelling splendidly, when all at once it gave out. We found another spare, unfortunately one we had not got, was needed. With temporary patching we reached Gombari the next morning safely. Here repairs were again made that we hoped would last us through the rest of our journey.

This mission is a comparatively recent one,

and occupies a strategic position near the Government poste of Gombari, with a considerable population around.

We were welcomed by old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Mr. Leader and Mr. Barney. The latter is one of the translators of the New Testament into "Bangala." We had a happy conference together on this language.

Another branch of this mission lies far away to the South. On a previous tour the writer enjoyed the kindly hospitality of Brother James Salter, who gives the following story, showing the keen desire amongst many to hear the Gospel message :—

"There is a village called Kabenga in the heart of the Belgian Congo on the Dark Continent of Africa. Among the inhabitants of this village was one splended fellow called Shambello. Hearing that a white missionary had come to settle in a village some five days' journey away, that is, about one hundred miles distant, Shambello set out to induce this missionary to visit Kabenga. Arriving at the station, Shambello presented himself to the missionary.

"Who are you, and where have you come from?" asked the missionary. 'I have come from Kabenga to take you back with me to tell my people about your God and His Son. My people want to hear of Him. I promised them I would bring a missionary who would tell them all about my lovely Jesus.'

"'Then you know Jesus?' said the missionary. 'Oh, yes, sir, I know Him.' 'Where did you hear of Him?' asked the missionary. 'Oh, sir, when I was a boy some

Portuguese traders took a number of us boys away into Portuguese West Africa, where they held us as slaves. I was taken to Angola. Some missionaries passed through, and told us God loved us poor black slaves so much that He gave His only Son to die that we might be free from the awful weight on our souls. I gave this Jesus my heart, and I know He accepted it, for all the load went away; I became light and happy. Deep down in my heart I had a desire to go back to my own people and tell them about this Jesus. At last I was set free, and I could return. I had married, and we had three little children. Between us and Kabenga was a long journey. We were very poor, and so had to start out on foot, travelling as far as we could until our little money was spent, and then working to earn a little more money for food. After eighteen months of hard travel, we reached Kabenga. I have told the people all about the white man's God, who makes men's hearts happy through His Son Jesus, but I can't tell it like the white man can. I have prayed, and prayed, and longed for this God to send a white man to us to teach us about this Jesus. Now, sir, I have come to take you back with me to tell my people about your God.'

"The simple earnestness and directness of the appeal touched and gripped his heart. Here was a native who had pleaded with God to send a missionary, and now he felt that God had answered his prayer. So it was not without considerable effort and a choking back of hot tears that Brother Salter turned and said, 'My good fellow, I would like very much to go with you, but I cannot now. I am alone on this station, and I have all the work here to look after; and besides, this is the rainy season, and it is well-nigh impossible for a white man to make that journey. You will have to wait.'

"Over Shambello's face came such a look of keen disappointment that the resistance of the missionary against his pleading was almost broken down. Was this not to the native an answer to his prayer? Could God have made a mistake? Was not his village to have the Gospel story? Then the look of disappointment was replaced by one of determination, as he said: 'Sir, I shall not leave this camp until you go with me.' With dogged persistence Shambello kept on pleading day after day, without giving the missionary any rest. After several days, Brother Salter's co-worker returned, and Shambello pressed his case with renewed fervour. Brother Salter said 'Yes, Shambello I shall go with you.'

"Almost overcome with joy, Shambello began to pack the luggage for a journey that promised to be difficult, and even dangerous."

That afternoon, we started off on the last run, through the Congo to Aru, two hundred miles distant, hoping to reach that frontier poste without delay. We were now running against time, for the weekly steamer on the Nile back to Uganda. Alas for the best of plans! We had done less than forty miles when fresh trouble developed, which continued the whole of the way to Aru. We were continually held up for temporary repairs. The road lay through the extensive gold mining districts of Moto and Watsa. We had been assured that at the latter place there was a good garage, where we should be certain to secure the help we needed. Alas, nothing could be obtained there. The Chevrolet car had no friends! No one could supply any-

thing in the nature of a spare. We had to patch up and proceed as well as we could, till, long after dark, reaching Adranga during a heavy storm, we camped for the night. Here the Africa Inland Mission has a school with thirty-two resident boys.

Arriving at Aru, we were again kindly entertained by our friends there.

Settling with the Congo Customs, we were glad to be once again on British soil. At Aru, we met our old friends the Morrises. Here a makeshift spare was secured that enabled us to complete the run into Kampala.

We reached the Nile at Rhino Camp, in good time for the weekly steamer. Two pleasant days were spent going up the Nile, and across Lake Albert, reaching Butiaba the port towards the end of the afternoon. From the steamer we had good views of elephant and buck. A forty-mile run by motor, and we were safely lodged with our old friends of the Church Missionary Society at Hoima for the night.

Another inspection of the church in process of erection, and on the following morning we made for Kampala, the last run of 125 miles.

Here we found two months' mail awaiting us. The long delayed news of home, family and the society's business—thankful, indeed, to be safely back after a tour of 3,850 miles by motor, and 150 on foot.

Such a journey, with all its vision of appalling spiritual darkness, of ignorance and of shame,

cannot but add to impressions already received of the great waiting throngs still to be won for Christ. Across the forest and swamps, the mountains and plains, they cry for help!

"We are those who went astray, but the Lord did not leave us; He sought us with perseverance, and we heard His call and answered. Now we are His slaves, having no other Master at all. Behold, we tell you a word of truth. We had three teachers. One is in Europe; another has gone to Ikung, and this one who stays with us, his furlough is due, and his works are many. If he goes to rest in Europe, with whom are we left? . . . We have a desire to hear your teachings in the teachings of the Jehovah God, and we have a thirst to see you in the eyes; but we have not the opportunity. . . ."

[From a letter written from an African tribe, addressed to "the teachers of Europe."]

CHAPTER XIV

The King's Business

"All are intently listening, and gaze toward the missionary. The atmosphere is anything but devotional; it is rather one of dense spiritual darkness full of deadly superstition and fear. The missionary unburdens his heart, but is soon reminded that he is in the enemy's land, where demons cry out against the intrusion of Christ, and the rulers of the darkness of this world hold undisputed sway. When sin is spoken of, there is a looking about on the part of the listeners, whose curiosity is aroused by the suggestion that there are sinners present, so little do they realise the pollution of their own heart. A few seem concerned, and ask questions about the village of God, and here the missionary begins to make his points of contact. They are impressed as he speaks of the certainty of the gospel message, contrasting it with their own uncertain ideas about religion. Their interest grows as the missionary tells of the Gospel's claim to be a revelation from God, and by the Christian offer of a personal living God. They gaze with astonishment as the missionary assures them of the possibility of deliverance from fear of evil spirits, of the fact of a God of love, and of the promise of eternal life.

" Thus the seeds of the Kingdom are sown in the soil of the pagan mind.

" The meeting ends, the natives scatter to their huts, the missionary to his. The latter not to sleep, but to experience something of travail in prayer for those benighted souls around. He finds comfort in the words, ' They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.' He has looked into their faces, and felt the anguish of their terror-stricken souls, and now his whole soul goes out Godward ' to win them.'

" The lapse of years has but increased the burden, and has given ample cause for praise in remembering that ' He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.' "

There has been much sowing of seed in these Sudan and Congo soils, but the greater part of the soil is still virgin, rank and wild. There is much land yet to be possessed.

The area we are now considering is about 1,000,000 square miles, and the population 4,500,000.

In the southern section of the Sudan under present consideration there are only the stations of the Church Missionary Society already noted at Yei, Juba, Yambio, Malek and Lui. This sphere of the Church Missionary Society embraces the Provinces of Mongalla with an area of 55,000 square miles and population of 325,000, and the Bahr-el-Ghazal with 1,750,000 people

scattered over some 115,000 square miles. Here there is very much land to be possessed. Multitudes waiting in the dark. Help is sorely needed if Islam is not to run rampant through the tribes.

Tribal divisions add seriously to the difficulty of reaching the people in a speech they understand. We shall deal with the language problem later.

Let us note the occupation of the country for the Kingdom of Christ in this north-east corner of the Belgian Congo.

There are six Protestant societies at work. The Africa Inland Mission occupies the whole of the eastern section from Bogoro in the south to Bafuka in the north. Most of the main centres of population have a mission station, though several tribal units may be comprised in one group.

The headquarters of the Mission are situated at Aba. To the north-west from there, lie the stations of Dungu, Bafuka and Yakuluku. To the west among the mines is the station of Moto. To the south, in sequence, those of Adi, Todro, Aru, Kacengu, Akara, Rethi and Bogoro, with Nyankundi in association with the Brethren mission.

From these main stations there range a multitude of village or " bush " schools. It may be estimated that the Africa Inland Mission covers an area of about 20,000 square miles.

What proportion of the population has been

reached with the Gospel story in a speech understanded of the people it is impossible to say, but it will be a small one. Those who hear such a strange, but wonderful, message in a speech they only partially comprehend, long for that message to be given them in their mother tongue. As the trade languages, Bangala and Kingwana, are necessarily so much used at the present stage of knowledge of the indigenous languages by the missionaries, there must be much lack of comprehension.

The Heart of Africa Mission has found its strongest centre in Ibambi, and has reached out some fifty miles radius with a good bunch of mission stations at Nala, Deti, Imbai, Adzangwe, Badua, Bakondongama, Adzoka, Botongwe and Wamba. Bomili has been opened on the Aruwimi River; Poko on the Bomakandi River; with Niangara some hundred miles to the north on the Uele River, and still another hundred and fifty miles down that river we find Bambili. Beyond these points evangelistic tours have been undertaken for a considerable distance. The area of occupation may comprise some 10,000 square miles.

The Assemblies of God Mission has recently been established at Gombari. So far this is the only station, but the mission has carried its influence into a considerable area beyond, say, 1,000 square miles.

In the far north-west corner the Norwegian Baptist Mission is strongly established at Bondo

and Monga. Its work has now been carried to the French frontier to the north and west, and to the east to the limits of the Bondo district, some 5,000 square miles.

In the south-east area the Church Missionary Society has established the wonderful work under Apolo, as an offshoot from the central station at Kabarole in Uganda. Apolo has established thirty-three schools and churches centering around Mboga and is rapidly expanding the work. About a thousand have been baptised over an area of about 750 square miles.

The other society at work in this section of the Congo is the Baptist Missionary Society with its marvellous expansion into more than 400 villages with their schools and churches. The sphere of this society covers an area probably more than 25,000 square miles. While Yakusu still remains the central station, the superintendence of such a vast network of schools has necessitated opening other stations, where missionaries can reside for a few months at a time. These have been placed at Yalakina in the west, Stanleyville, and now Maganga, in the east.

The area occupied by these societies, that is the district within which definite work is established, probably covers 60,000 square miles out of the total of 135,000 square miles in this section of the Congo. This leaves an area of probably 75,000 square miles at present beyond the reach of existing missionary effort—from which we gather that rather more than half the area, and

probably a similar proportion in population, is quite beyond the reach of existing missionary effort. This by no means indicates that there is space for another society. What it does call for is the rapid strengthening of the existing societies, that they may reach out till they join hands of comradeship with their neighbours.

There are still many central points for occupation by " White " mission stations.

In the southern area there is the final completion of the direct line of the chain of stations already referred to. From the east the strategic points would be Mombasa, Penge and Boyulu with possibly Bula and Djombo to the north. If these were occupied and the new Maganga established, all the links of this chain would be forged. The plan that the present position of the missions suggests is for the Church Missionary Society to open a white station for Mboga, the Brethren Mission at Mombasa ; for the Heart of Africa Mission to occupy Penge, and the Baptist Mission to make Boyulu the centre for the Babali tribe.

The next waiting area lies to the north-west, at Panga on the Aruwimi, and north to Niapu. This district lies between the present spheres of the Baptist Missionary Society and the Heart of Africa Mission. Kole between Banalia and Buta might also be a good district for opening up.

The next waiting area is around Buta. Probably the town itself might not be profitable to occupy, but Djamba or Ibembo to the west

should be more hopeful. Then Titule or Dembia, with Bili or Gwane, would provide for the unoccupied area towards the French frontier, and east of the Norwegian Baptist Mission. There still remains the area around the poste of Doruma to fill in the gap to the frontier. This would naturally connect the Africa Inland Mission at Bafuka with their station of Zemio in the French territory.

The main Moslem population in the Belgian Congo centres around Stanleyville, where it numbers about 30,000. They are known as Arabisè, being largely descendants of the slave raiding fraternity of Tippo Tibb. The Baptist Missionary Society has established a few schools amongst them, but there is a field for some enthusiast with a good working knowledge of Islamic thought and customs.

We thus see that while the field under consideration cannot be called "neglected," it is certainly one that is crying out for reinforcements.

The present mission staff in this Congo area gives seventy-five for the Africa Inland Mission; forty-five for the Heart of Africa Mission, seven for the Norwegian Baptist Mission; six for the Assemblies of God Mission and fifteen for the Baptist Missionary Society; and with Apolo for the Church Missionary Society, this gives a total of, say, 150. Allowing for furloughs, sickness and new-comers who do not yet know the language, we must deduct twenty-five per cent. from this for the active membership on the field at one

time. Thus with a probable population of 2,000,000 we find the ratio of available missionary to population is one to 17,500! If we give to each missionary a full staff of native teachers and evangelists, surely we might look for a missionary for each 10,000 of the population. Such a proportion would indicate an immediate call for one hundred more missionaries for this area alone.

Having made five tours through the country during the last fourteen years, one is tragically impressed with the increasing difficulties of reaching the hearts of the people. A savage cannibal may be far more easily won than a case-hardened victim of latter day commercial and administrative demands.

As one travels in comparative ease over thousands of miles of motor road that did not exist a few years ago, one is continually faced with the terrible price the African has had to pay in the making. The virile manhood of one tribe or district compelled to go to a distant scene of labour, spells tribal, family and economic loss of a tragic nature. The increasing demand also for the mines and railway construction, perhaps hundreds of miles away from the village home, is playing havoc with the welfare and goodwill of the people. There is such a thing as forcing too much speed in the feverish desire to bring a country up to so-called modern requirements. As far as the spiritual uplift of the people is concerned many a missionary would sooner carry on

his evangelising as in the old days, rather than the new; even though there were no motor roads or cotton plantations.

Belgian administrators and commercials need to take heed to the wise words of their own good King Albert:

"The Congo and its inhabitants have produced largely, and brought much money to the home country. Let us never forget that colonisation must find its justification in the moral progress and material welfare of the native population. Is not this moral and material progress the necessary condition of the future output of colonial undertakings? We have a moral responsibility towards the native populations whose Government we have assumed."

There is also another force in antagonism with the spread of evangelical Christianity. Rome was never more active. For long she was content to sit quietly in strategic spots, doing little for the education or social welfare of the African. With the advent of so much virile Christianity into these parts she is stirring herself with a vengeance. She has no scruples, and uses political and social pressure to the utmost. In every direction the writer heard instances of this pressure. Many of them would not bear the light of day. One Roman priest has boasted that he had secured fifty copies of the Bible books used by the Protestants, and had burnt them all! Financed by the Government, Rome has resources that the Protestant community cannot possibly secure.

If we are to make the most of the limited resources available in attempting widespread

evangelisation, we must use modern means when they are available. Missions are now actually being cramped in their work for want of adequate transport. The day has gone when a missionary had only to express a desire to visit a district and ample volunteers were available for porterage. He may have travelled slowly, but he could go anywhere, and he got to know the people. When motor transport arrives, the old form of porterage automatically ceases. The missionary is practically stranded, as the writer often heard on this tour. The good folks at home seem to think they are being generous in providing for some old lorry that can transport a missionary when it is necessary to move from station to station. If the world is to be won for Christ—even this small part of it—the Christian mission cannot afford to lag behind commerce and administration in aids to service.

Each society should be amply fitted out with such motor transport as will enable the most to be made out of the human and spiritual resources available. There are hundreds of villages along these motor roads. A well-equipped caravan car, say for each 250 miles, would make it possible for them all to hear the message of Life. Each society should have one for each of its main districts. This would probably mean some half-dozen for present needs. Is not Christ's Kingdom worth the cost? Missionaries thus equipped could live on the road for a month at a time, conducting an evangelistic campaign from village

to village. They would also have a base for launching out into the bush.

The writer could not possibly carry on his extensive journeys throughout East and Central Africa without such provision. The caravan car he has designed is quite simple and inexpensive, but makes it possible to travel independently of rest-house or village. It is indeed a travelling home! Such provision actually makes for economy as well as efficiency. It automatically multiplies the opportunities and powers of the missionary. The human machine, even though spiritually empowered, cannot do its best in these days without using modern facilities to the utmost.

To judge by the remarks one sometimes hears at home it would be imagined that missionaries should carry on—on bread, beef and blankets! —or the African equivalents of bananas, goat steaks and mosquito nets!

There was a dear old lady who was a missionary enthusiast at home, and much interested in a Miss Watsername going to the mission field. After a time she received the usual enthusiastic letter a young new-comer to Africa writes home! She promptly informed the missionary committee in which she was interested that "the missionaries have bananas and pineapples! What more do the dear missionaries want?" Did that dear old lady live on potatoes and strawberries herself?

A missionary on deputation is hospitably

entertained by a friend of his mission. The host soon informs the missionary that notwithstanding "these hard times" he is "keeping-up" his annual subscription of three guineas! Later on, discussing other topics, the good host explains how much he is looking forward to his coming holiday. He had chartered a motor car for six weeks at £5 a day, which sum would probably be doubled by the time the total expenses of running the car and entertaining the family were added. The missionary heaves an inward sigh! He makes a mental calculation—£3 3s. a year from the whole family to carry the Kingdom of God to the uttermost ends of the earth! £400 for family pleasures for six weeks!

Can we wonder that missions are cabined, cribbed and confined at every financial turn! Sometimes the greatest problem the missionary has to face, far harder than winning the cannibal from his favourite menu, is that of trying to make 20/- do the work of £5! Oh, if we could only see Africa's need with the vision of Christ, with the heart of Christ, with the passionate longing of the Christ, how our lives and our gifts would be transformed!

CHAPTER XV

Spreading the Word of Life

The day has passed when doubts could be expressed as to the African's need of the Bible, or as to the advisability of giving the Bible to the African. Not merely are African tribesmen learning from its pages, but some African Christian rulers are realising more and more that the Bible is the secret, not only of England's greatness, but of the possibilities of their own nations. Recently the Bible Society lost, by death, one of its staunchest friends—an African king. His name was Anderea. He reigned in Bunyoro, one of the four native kingdoms in the Uganda Protectorate, through which this tour commenced. "No nation is strong that is not established on the Bible." This message did not come from the League of Nations, nor from any of the kings and statesmen of Europe, nor from the wise men of America. It was the expression of this African ruler's conviction, based on his own Christian experience. Anderea, King of Bunyoro, gave heartfelt utterance to these words in an interview the writer had with him, at his capital, Masindi. He was a fine type of Christian gentleman, kindly, courteous, an example and inspiration to his subjects. He is

one more proof that the African, by the grace of God, can rise in the moral, social and spiritual scale, even as the more privileged European and American have risen. The Bible was his guide in his private and state affairs. Over the door that led into his study was inscribed the text—"Niwe hi Mukama ndukwesigá"—"In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust."

When the Bible was first published in Lunyoro, the Bible Society presented a specially bound copy to King Anderea. The king was much delighted with the beautifully-bound book, which he showed to all his visitors. In this way he had an opportunity of speaking to all his guests about God, which he did on every occasion. A neighbouring tribe sent an embassy to visit him in order to ask the secret of his kingdom's remarkable progress. He replied that God alone had made him wise and powerful, and besought them to inquire after the "Words of God." The result was that this tribe again sent messengers, with the request that he would send teachers to them. In his reply of thanks to the Bible Society he said:

"To my friends in our Saviour Jesus Christ I send greetings, together with very much love; and I thank your committee for your great grace in giving me the very beautiful present of a Lunyoro Bible. I am delighted at receiving it, a gift of great glory, which excels everything in goodness, and in value. For the Bible is the inheritance of God, the King of kings. This

Book is of greater value than all the dominions and crowns of the kings of the earth.

"A country that does not put its trust in the Bible is not to be accounted of, but the kingdom that believes in the Bible shall endure; it shall stand, for all authority is in God's hands, as St. Paul writes in Romans xiii. 1.

"In my own kingdom of Bunyoro, through faith in the Bible, we are progressing, and now there are many who believe in Christ.

"Farewell, my friends, may God abide with you. I remain, he who loves you in the truth and grace of our Lord."

"KING ANDEREYA B. DUHAGA III.
OF BUNYORO.

Anderea took a keen interest in the work of the Bible Society and its spreading to the regions beyond his own kingdom. When he had conducted a missionary and the writer through his residence, furnished in simple and quiet European style, he led to a large glass case containing many interesting trophies. Here we were shown a vase and glasses that in 1864 had been given to his grandfather by Speke, the first white man to visit his country. Amongst the numerous curios, there was an old ox-horn decorated with cowrie shells and blue and green beads. This he took out of the case and told us its history. When Speke arrived in his country this was one of the national fetishes. He spoke of its power in the old heathen days, and contrasted that with the

Bible, and the knowledge of the Christ that the Bible had brought to his people. His nation had started on the road towards Christianity. Again, bidding farewell, he spoke earnestly and enthusiastically of the work of the missionaries in translating the Bible into their Lunyoro language, and the great gift of the Bible Society in publishing and supplying it to his people. The society had given his nation the Bible, and he presented the writer with the old national fetish, an exchange one is only too anxious to make anywhere and everywhere throughout the great lands of Africa.

The Bunyoro nation mourns the loss of Anderea—the Christian monarch. His successor, King Tito, follows in his footsteps. He, too, is a lover of "The Book." Recently he sent the following message to the writer for the Bible Society.

"The Bible is being read by most of my people all over my kingdom. I trust that the Bible will be of great value to all the people all over the world."

The first attempt at translating the Scriptures in Lunyoro was made by our old friend Apolo; now the Rev. Canon Apolo Kavebulia, of Mboga. A remarkable record of his faith and perseverance, even in those early days, has come down to us. "Apolo felt the need for the Word of God for the people. Night after night, with some sheets of paper, a piece of blue pencil and his Luganda Testament, Apolo lay on the ground —for chairs and tables were unknown in the

land—and translated St. Matthew by the smoky glimmer of a fire of sticks." The version prepared in such romantic circumstances was never printed. Later on the Rev. H. E. Maddox was set apart for the special purpose of translating the Bible into Lunyoro. This he completed in twelve years.

BARI is the only language in the area just visited in the Southern Sudan that enjoys a book of the Bible. The translation has been made by the Rev. H. G. Selwyn, of the Church Missionary Society, of the Gospel of St. Mark. It was against this tribe that in 1871 Sir Samuel Baker had to make war, while he was engaged in putting down the slave-trade, for they had allied themselves with the slavers.

SUDAN COLLOQUIAL ARABIC, is another language in which the Gospel of St. Mark is available for those who know that language. It is spoken by groups of Arabs whose fathers took part in the fighting around Omdurman thirty years ago. Two ladies of the Church Missionary Society, Miss L. V. Jackson and Miss K. A. Moor, have prepared a version of St. Mark's Gospel in this form of speech. It is in Roman script. The Sudan Government is using it in its schools. We reproduce Mark x. 14, in this speech:

"Wa Yasū' zi'il lamman shāfhum wa qāl, Khallū assughār yegū lēya wa mā tehaggiruhūm, fi shan malakūt Allah tekūn hīl an-nās el yekūnū mitil aṣ-ṣughar."

In the area of the Belgian Congo under consideration we have the following languages with some book of the Bible published.

LUR has St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, St. John, The Acts, 1 and 2 Thessalonians and Titus and 1 John, 1 and 2 Peter.

The Alur tribe numbers about 135,000 and is located to the north-west of Lake Albert and the Nile. It inhabits both British and Belgian territory.

LENDU-BATHA has St. Mark's Gospel. The tribe lives to the west and south-west of Lake Albert and numbers about 50,000.

LOGO has St. Matthew's and St. Mark's Gospel. The tribe lives along the British-Belgian frontier and numbers about 60,000.

LUGBARA has St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, St. John, The Epistles of James and 1 John. The tribe numbers nearly 200,000 people on both sides of the frontier.

ZANDE has the Gospels of St. Mark, St. Luke, St. John, the Acts, Romans, and the Epistle of Galatians, Ephesians, and 1, 2 and 3 John. This is by far the largest tribal unit, and indigenous language area, in these parts. It occupies a district about 300 miles east and west and 150 north and south, stretching across the Congo, the Sudan, and the French Chari-Chad territory. There are nearly 500,000 people in the Congo, 100,000 in the Sudan and 50,000 in French territory, a total of 650,000.

There are two languages in which the first attempts are being made.

BIRA is the language of the Babira tribe, numbering about 35,000 and they live around the Irumu district. Miss C. Jonge has commenced the translation of Ruth, and the Gospel of St. John.

KAKWA, a dialect of Bari, is the language of the tribe of that name, and has the Gospel of St. Mark in preparation by Mr. Kenneth Richardson. The Kakwa inhabit the district where Uganda, the Sudan and the Congo meet. They number about 15,000.

All these languages in the Congo area are the work of missionaries of the Africa Inland Mission. In the Zande language, the Church Missionary Society which uses this across the border in the Sudan, has united with the Africa Inland Mission for a common version. All these languages are naturally limited to their own tribal units. They only represent seven such. There remain about fifty-five units—excluding the sphere of the Baptist Missionary Society—for whom nothing is being attempted at present.

The books of the Bible in the foregoing languages that are now in course of translation include, in the Lur language the Epistle to the Romans, with Miss S. Stirton as translator, and James, by Miss L. M. Halstead. In the Batha language St. Mark and St. Luke are being prepared by Mr. H. E. Grings. In Logo, Miss Elizabeth Mozley is preparing St. Luke and St. John. In Zande, Mrs. G. F. B. Morris is preparing Genesis; Mrs. J. Batstone, St. Matthew; while the late Rev. W. Haddow, of the Church

Missionary Society, had the Epistles of Romans and Ephesians and 1, 2 and 3 John partly in MS. at the time of his death. These await completion.

MBUTI—the language of the pigmies, as we have seen—promises soon to have some part of Scripture produced in it.

For the tribal units unreached by their mother tongue, the only hope lies in the extensive use of a lingua-franca. In this direction the Heart of Africa Mission has translated the two versions of the New Testament. This Congo area has evolved two distinct trade and administrative languages or dialects, Bangala and Kingwana.

NGALA, or Bangala, extends from the Sudan frontier, and even over that line as far as Yei, right across to the French frontier along the Mbomu River, a distance of five hundred miles. It is used by the Church Missionary Society in the Sudan, the Africa Inland Mission, the Heart of Africa Mission and by the Norwegian Baptist Mission. Various books of the New Testament have been issued from time to time. At the present moment the entire New Testament is being printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

KINGWANA meets the need correspondingly for the southern area. It is an offshoot of Swahili and has been used for administration and commerce. Into this dialect the whole New Testament has been translated, mainly by C. T. Studd himself. This has now been published by the Scripture Gift Mission.

LOKELE, or Kele (Congo), is spoken in the area of the Baptist Mission, including the Stanleyville district and away to the Aruwimi. The New Testament has been translated by the Rev. W. Millman, with the assistance of two loyal and efficient native colleagues, Basuli and Baluti, and published by the B.F.B.S. Books of the Old Testament are in course of preparation.

The Lokele was originally the language of the riverine tribes. It now reaches the Turumbus, Topokes, Bamboles and the Waenya, a total of probably 250,000 people.

We give the message of John iii. 16 in the Lokele language: "Nyongo Mungu aniyaka eba bienda la losamo loeta, la eok'ao afaka Wana omwitoto wande mbo oyatolendelo Inde achase-eseleke, kongo ko eoloko liwawi lia loiko."

The two lingua-franca in use in this area, Bangala and Kingwana—do help to get over the multiplicity of languages and dialects, though they can never take the place of the mother-tongue of the people. All who use them are thankful to those who have produced these translations of the New Testament. Their best friends, however, would agree that it would be well for all the missionary societies using them to get together in conference and compare notes before new editions are issued. A few years' experience will be most valuable in standardising these forms of speech now used over so wide an area.

Such a conference might also prepare the way for a central training institute for each

language, in which all the societies using that language might join effort.

The friends engaged in the work of translation in the Africa Inland Mission report :

" By the great goodness of God, excellent progress has been made this year by the completion of translations of part of the New Testament into Duo-Lur and Logo. This work has been done mainly by Africa Inland Mission lady missionaries, with the essential help of converted African young men.

" Nine years ago, Miss Lillian Halstead began translation work with a devoted African Christian, Kaveve. She has had the joy of entrusting the manuscript to the British and Foreign Bible Society, of St. Matthew, Acts, 1 and 2 Thessalonians, and Titus, which has generously undertaken to see the volumes through the press, and to print the first editions of five thousand copies of each book at their sole expense.

" The Duo-Lur Language Committee has given much concerted prayer and thought to this important work. It has demanded patience and plod to the extreme, but now the manuscript is complete, and before the end of the year the missionaries may say with their Lord : ' I have given them Thy Word.' That surely is any missionary's *opus magnum*. The other members of the Language Committee were Dr. C. L. Trout, Miss Halsey, Miss Sarah Stirton and Kaveve, who also knows Mombasa-Swahili and Ganda besides his own language. Other translations into Duo-Lur are in hand and will be issued when revisions can be completed.

" The stations which will use these new portions are Ara, Kacengu, Ter Akara, Rethi and Rabu."

Miss Elizabeth Mozley has completed the translation

of St. Matthew's Gospel into Logo, continuing the work of her sister, the late Miss Mary Mozley, who gave the Logo people St. Mark in their mother tongue.

All the missionaries give thanks to God for His help in carrying through this work under exacting missionary conditions. They also pay tribute to previous translators and African helpers. Concerning her work on St. Matthew, Miss Elizabeth Mozley has written :

" I do not think we can ever realise down here how much it owes to the great power of prayer that went up for this work from those praying at home so definitely for it. I was conscious again and again of it, and often felt I was only an instrument being moved by the prayers and desires of others—such as a pen is in a writer's hand.

" It would not have been possible for me to do it either, but for my sister's previous work on St. Mark. That was the strong, solid foundation, and this other Gospel has rested upon it. At the time of her home-call a few lines occurred to me and this was the last verse :—

" With trembling hand we take the task laid down,
Be ours such grace as unto thee was given ;
And yet not ours, beloved, but thine the crown,
We yield our Lord in Heaven."

Does the sacred Writ speak to these people ? Yes ! The following incidents amply confirm this. They indeed obtain comfort from the Word of God, says T. G. Marsh, of the Africa Inland Mission.

" In 1919 one of our native teachers died ; another teacher in writing of his death said, ' We have no fear because of his death, because we hope in John v. 28, and John xi. 25, 26.' Another, replying to his letter, said to him, ' We are sorry

because of his death, but we rejoice because we will see him again.' "

One day, a Christian was being buried, and another believer was standing by the graveside. Instead of the gloom, the fear and wailing, that accompanied such in Africa, this man was singing, and his face expressed the joy he had in his heart. This contrast to that which he had been accustomed to see, so impressed another man standing near, who was not a Christian, that he sought the reason, and it was not long before he accepted Christ as his Saviour. For several years now he has been a teacher and evangelist in the Tanganyika Territory Field. When asked one day concerning his earnestness in seeking others, he replied, " When I was a trader, I had to work hard if I wanted to do any business; and now I work hard because I want people to come to school and find life."

A woman who had been refused baptism, because she did not show much earnestness in seeking the things of God, lay dying; a native teacher during a talk with her, asked if she feared death. She looked up with a joy in her face, and said, " No, I am anxiously waiting to go to Him."

A native Christian, who had been bitten by a snake, said to those with him, " I haven't much peace in my body, but I have much peace in my heart; do not fear, Jesus knows all about it."

One of the teachers, Filemona, in praying, likened himself to a house left unoccupied. You need to know how quickly weeds grow in these

parts, to understand the meaning, both inside and outside the house, and how soon the thatch rots and falls off, and to what extent hornets build in an unoccupied house, and the number of rats and snakes that find shelter therein, and how utterly ants eat up both the wood and grass, leaving only the unsupported mud to tumble down. He prayed that God would clean him, and make him fit for His habitation and use. The same young man prayed on another day that he might be filled with the Holy Spirit as full as the bicycle tyre is filled with the breath of the pump.

We are reaping much from Mrs. Gibson's labours in the school. The attendance is very much higher and more regular, also the behaviour has wonderfully improved. Many of the younger boys and girls are showing much keenness, not only in the school, but in spiritual things. This has been seen especially in the Scripture Union class which is held each week; the keenness of some is wonderful. Some of them went right through the Gospel of St. Mark, picking out all the instances of healing wrought by our Lord; this they did in one week, with no concordance, or reference Bible. It meant that they had to read the whole Gospel—not an easy matter for a boy who has just learned to read.

How soon some young Africans learn to read and understand the Scriptures. The writer appreciates the friendship of a little lassie, who at the age of four was fluent in her Lokele reading. At Yakusu there is a delightful Christian African home. Neli, this little one's

mother, has grown up in the mission under the fostering care of Mrs. Millman. A bright Christian girl, she married the foreman printer of the mission; a man of like character. Their little daughter Damaris, when four years old, could read the Lokele New Testament fluently and intelligently. At one time, when she was at that age, Mrs. Millman was very ill. This little maid sought out a companion of her own age who could read as well as she could herself. This was little Noel, so called because she was born on Christmas Day. She was the daughter of Baluti, the first convert baptised at Yakusu. Day after day, these two bright and capable little maidens would come and sit by the bedside, reading to the invalid from the New Testament. One day they came in with beaming countenances, and the news that they had found something wonderful in the Bible—"How to heal the sick!" They had been reading together, and found James v. 14, "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the Church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord." After the greeting they went over to the dressing table and took a bottle of scent. "Now, Mama Mokili, we are going to make you better." They poured some of the scent over her forehead, then knelt by the bedside. In the sure and certain faith of a child they prayed over her! Soon the fever abated. Health returned in answer to the prayers of these little four-year-olds . . .

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM!