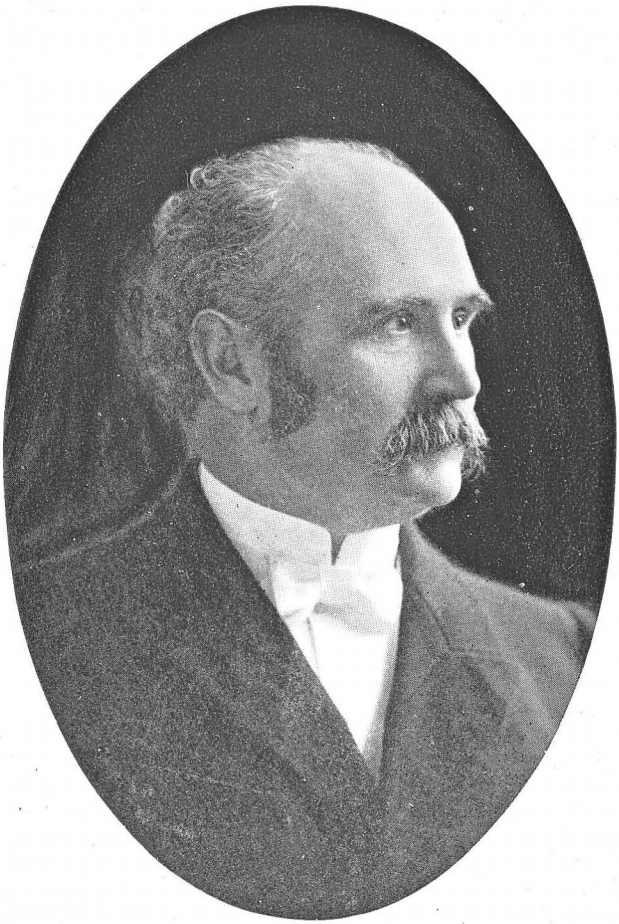

THE REV. WALTER T. CURRIE, D.D.
Canada's Pioneer in Angola.
Died April 7th, 1915.

DRUMS IN THE DARKNESS

By

JOHN T. TUCKER, D.D.

THE STORY OF THE MISSION OF THE UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA IN ANGOLA, AFRICA

COMMITTEE ON LITERATURE, GENERAL PUBLICITY AND MISSIONARY EDUCATION OF THE UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA

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DRUMS IN THE DARKNESS
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TO THE PIONEERS:

Some of whom
Remain unto this present,
But some
Are fallen asleep

INTRODUCTION

This book is a remarkable record of the power of the Gospel as a redemptive force. It is also a tribute to the unremitting industry, infinite care, unfailing goodwill, and tactful leadership of the Christian missionary in dealing with primitive people, full of fear and prejudice.

The writer is possessed of unusual qualifications for his task. For fifteen years he has laboured as a missionary of the Canada Congregational Foreign Missionary Society (now in the United Church of Canada), working through the American Board in West Central Africa, and is the Principal of the Currie Institute at Dondi, Angola, which position he has held since its establishment in 1914. He was appointed a member of the Phelps-Stokes Commission investigating educational needs in West and South Africa; a member of the special commission of the American Board to negotiate on missionary matters with the Portuguese Government in Mozambique; and is Secretary of the Angóla Evangelical Missions Conference, and Treasurer of the Angola Mission of the United Church of Canada.

Dr. Tucker has done a large amount of literary work in the vernacular, and is a member of the Translation Board.

Readers will be enlightened by the very large amount of information which the book contains, and their enthusiasm will be fired for the splendid work to which its writer and his associates are giving

their lives. That knowledge and enthusiasm must find expression in service.

E. C. WOODLEY,
Last President of the Canada Congregational Foreign Missionary Society.

P. M. MACDONALD,
Chairman of the United Church Committee on Literature and Missionary Education.

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Chapter I

MOTHER AFRICA

A.D. 1482.—The drum booms forth through forest and across river long into the night. The moon is full, "the shape of a mush-basket," and its silvery light invites to pleasure. "To revel underneath the moon and sleep beneath the sun" is appropriate to tropical climes, and natives to-night are in specially joyous mood. The simple harvest has been gathered, days of cruel, pinching hunger are forgotten, and anxious thought for the morrow is drowned with ample portions of beer. "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined!" Their mouths wide open in deafening shouts, the dancers with regular beat of hands keep rhythm with the drums and shake the ground with the thumping of their feet. Dance follows dance without apparent pause. Faces and bodies are dissolved in sweat, and shaking bodies, almost naked, glisten in the moonlight.

What matters such exertion? Thirst may be slaked at one of the immense pots of beer. The beer must be finished, for to leave any would be an insult to the providers and involve fetish complications, for the dance has ceremonial aspects as a harvest thanksgiving.

The old chief, surrounded by his counsellors, sits in the palaver house talking of tribal matters and discussing the points of the dance. Into the midst

of the old men rushes a youth, breathless with excitement. Strange-looking craft have appeared down the river. Before these ships their dugouts, made from forest trunks, were as insects! Great skins, too, were hung above the ships. . . .

"If the intruders are who? If they are who!" exclaims the lad.

The dance ceases. The chief calls his drummer. "Order out the warriors from the villages," he commands him. Another drum of far-sounding tone peals forth. The signals are heard. Obedience is instant. Fighters armed with spears and shields swiftly pass along the winding paths to the chief's village. Positions are assigned and watch kept until the morning.

In the light of dawn a spectacle wholly new to these Africans presents itself. No dugouts these, but great village-like hulls surmounted with sails on which marks are inscribed. It is the Portuguese Cross they see, but they understand not what it signifies.

Diogo Cão, who set out from the Tagus in his hundred-ton ships some months before, has ploughed through unknown seas and now weighs anchor in the Congo—the great "gatherer of waters."

The Portuguese are welcomed. Presents and greetings are exchanged. Diogo Cão returns to the Tagus taking with him sons of the Congo chief and leaving Portuguese sailors as hostages. A new era for Africa has opened, destined to witness the transformation of the great continent from end to end.

The Lure of Africa.—Why did ages pass before Africa's mysteries and treasures began to be unfolded? From earliest times Africa lured men who sought to unravel her secrets. The ancients talked of the "mountains of the Moon," supposed to cross from East to West of the continent. They debated the source of the Nile, that river-mother of ancient

peoples and civilisations, but all attempts to penetrate the continent by way of the Nile failed. Travellers could not cross the great masses of floating vegetation which blocked the river above Khartoum, turning the flat country into expansive lakes and morasses.

Those who sought to enter Africa on the West by the "Ocean stream" were held back by various causes. Fearful dry-season bush fires with huge flames running to the tops of the mountains along the coast led the superstitious Carthaginian mariner-explorers to regard the country as an annex to inferno. The native populations, too, were thought of as being sub-human or supernatural. Othello, the swarthy African immortalised by Shakespeare, held Desdemona spellbound with tales of his own continent:

". . . of antres vast and deserts wild,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven,
And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders."

The vastness of the African continent was a further barrier to exploration and development. Its total area of 11,835,155 square miles more than equals the combined areas of Canada, India, Europe and China. Vast stretches of desert like the Sahara and the Kalahari; far-stretching vistas of veldt dotted with kopjes; great mountains like Kilimanjaro, Kenya and Ruwenzori—snow-capped heights of the tropics; great rivers like the Congo, Nile, Niger and Zambesi; great water-falls like the Victoria, higher than Niagara; the Great Rift Valley, stretching from Mozambique on the East Coast to the snows of Lebanon in Palestine, in which valley are found great lakes like Tanganyika, Nyassa, Victoria Nyanza and Albert Edward; all indicate the variety

of climate, scenery and elevation of the pear-shaped continent.

Three vast patches of colour and four great rivers suggest a general outline of Africa's topography. The yellow north—the great deserts of Egypt and the Sahara stretching from sea to sea; the dark green heart of the continent—the forests and bush of West Africa, the Congo basin and beyond; the light green of south and east—lands of veldt and plain, covered in many places with long grass. The four great rivers: the Nile, rising in the blue lakes on the Equator and flowing for some 4,000 miles through the yellow deserts to the Mediterranean; the Niger, winding a tortuous course of about 2,600 miles from near the Western Coast to its delta in the Bight of Benin; the Congo, 3,000 miles in length, watering the vast forests of the equatorial region; and the Zambesi, flowing for 1,600 miles from Angola in the West to the Indian Ocean in the East.

Africa has also been compared to an inverted dish. The flat region along the coast corresponding to the lip of the dish, varies in width; where the coastal region is narrow, the country is comparatively healthy; where, however, the coast lands broaden out before the ascent to the interior begins, swamps make possible the description of the coast as the "white man's grave." Behind this low-lying coast rise, like a natural rampart, with varying steepness, the slopes which encircle the inner uplands and plateaux.

Images of God Carved in Ebony.—The Bantu people who received Diogo Cão were not the original inhabitants of "the continent of surprises." Wave after wave of varied immigration had swept through trackless forest and over pathless veldt, across river and stream, peopling the great continent and opening it up from its primeval condition. The aborigines of Africa appear to have been races of yellow-

skinned PYGMIES, scarcely three feet tall, who dwelt in caves and secured their living by snaring small animals and birds. These tiny people spoke a language of clicks, using only nouns and verbs. At a somewhat remote period the Pygmies felt the impact of the BUSHMEN who, probably, entered Africa from Arabia by way of Abyssinia or Somaliland. These Bushmen, a race of some artistic ability, spoke a more developed language than that of the Pygmies and were better equipped, using bows and arrows to bring down game. Pushing down past the great lakes they fought their way through the Pygmy tribes to the southernmost extremity of the continent till at last they settled in Southwest Africa, between the River Kunene and the Kalahari desert.

Another migratory stream was that of the HOTTENTOTS, probably descendants of the Hamites (themselves a blend of Semites and some darker race) who dwelt originally in the northeastern section of the continent. Being driven farther and farther to the south as other tribes pressed behind them, they settled among the Bushmen, with whom they intermarried. Their physique, habits and speech all became modified by this further intermixture.

Next comes on the scene the NEGRO proper. From his original home somewhere in Asia this race spread to the Malay Archipelago, New Guinea, the Philippines and Fiji, Arabia and tropical Africa. The race must have lived in Africa for thousands of years, for there was a Negro element in the population of ancient Egypt, and the Negro, like the Pygmy, is depicted on the walls of ancient Egyptian buildings. From Egypt, the Negroes spread due west through Nigeria to the Atlantic, and at a much slower rate into the Congo forests and down the centre of Africa. At the present time the Negro races

inhabit a relatively small area of the continent, being almost confined to the country between the Senegal and the Niger.

The last thousand years before the birth of Christ was an important era in the history of Africa. This period comprises the first determined attempts of Arab, Phœnician, Persian, Greek, Carthaginian and Roman to penetrate Africa. How far traders in those distant historical times penetrated the remote African jungles may be a secret forever hidden. An indication that seekers after gold, that "scarlet woman" of Africa, established themselves in the depths of the continent is found by some in the colossal stone ruins at Zimbabwe in Rhodesia. Defence works and traces of an ancient temple indicate the importance of the settlement. In and near these ruins are to be found implements of the ancient gold-seekers, picks, crucibles, gold-wiring presses and tools for engraving metal. Many of the old workings remain to-day as they were centuries ago. Who were these prospectors and whence came they? Commerce between Arabian ports on the Red Sea and the East Coast of Africa flourished even when the West was wholly sealed to the outside world. It has been suggested that modern Sofala, a seaport in Mozambique, is identical with the Ophir whence Solomon's ships fetched the gold for the adornment of the Temple of the Lord Jehovah in Jerusalem. African tribes readily confuse L with R, and the prefix "So" in the native language of that country signifies nothing more than "at the." Hence Ophir in native idiom might become So-fa-la.

This same millennium probably also witnessed in Africa a remarkable internal convulsion which left an ineffaceable impression on the southern half of the continent. Hamitic tribes of the Galla type intermixed with their Negro pupils and serfs. From this stock seems to have arisen the BANTU race which

later split up into hundreds of tribes such as the Zulu, Xosa, Barotse, Matabele and Ovimbundu. Differing in tribal customs and in words used, the general structure of the languages used by these tribes still remains the same, hence ethnologists apply the term Bantu (from A-bantu, i.e., the people) as a general term to cover the race. Bantu physical types show every variety between Hamite and Negro, some resembling the Negro, whilst others, more Semitic in feature, have prominent noses and comparatively thin lips. In color the whole gamut of African tints is found—tea, russet, coffee, chocolate and licorice.

Urged by some extraordinary race impulse from within or without, such as famine conditions or war, this people invaded southern and southwestern Africa, spreading over the country, absorbing or exterminating Hottentots and Bushmen. A tendency to cleavage and the setting-up of independent communities is a feature of Bantu life and the spreading out of the race was natural. From time to time a genius, able to express himself only in terms of conquest and pitiless subjugation, would arise and push Bantu occupation beyond previous limits until the whole of the east and south of the continent was brought under their control save for a few isolated communities of Bushmen and Hottentots. One of these Bantu hordes may have exterminated the gold workers at Zimbabwe.

Bantus in Angola.—The inhabitants of West Central Africa from a point north of the Congo to the mouth of the Kunene River on the south belong to this great Bantu stock. During the period which marked the Bantu migration from the northeast of the continent to the south, one stream turned westward into what is now known as Angola, subjugating the native Bushmen, killing the men, but keeping the women as slave wives. A few Bushmen aborig-

ines still live in Angola on the Okavangu River, being known to the Bantu as the Va Sekele.

Of the authentic history of the Bantu tribes in Angola little is known until about the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries of our era. Andrew Battel, a fisherman of Leigh, in Essex, England, engaged in a piratical expedition, was captured by the Portuguese in 1589 and sent to Angola as a prisoner, where he dwelt among the fierce Jagas for twenty-one months. These Jagas, who hailed originally from Sierra Leone, were not so much a tribe as a miscellaneous horde of ruthless cannibals who lived by plunder, and, when they had devastated one district, moved to another. Once when raiding, the Jagas reached the Congo district hundreds of miles to the north and meeting Portuguese traders they actually offered them choice portions of human flesh as food. Battel adds that the Jagas killed all their own young children who were unfit to march with them and recruited their numbers by absorbing the youths of both sexes captured in their raids. The chronicler says, "They make war by enchantments and take the Devil's counsel in their exploits." This devastating horde, somewhat changing their mode of life, became the forefathers of the present Ganguelas and the Va Chokwe (the Ba-jok or Va-Kiokue). Through a royal romance,[1] descendants of these Jagas contributed to the stock which went to build up a portion of the great Ovimbundu peoples with which this book deals.

When Livingstone passed through Angola, he encountered much difficulty from the Chokwe, whom he considered the fiercest tribe in Central Africa; to this day the Chokwe retain their reputation for ferocity and churlishness. Their sharp pointed teeth, the invariable sign of the man eater, give the

1 See ch. II., p. 34.

owner a ferocious appearance; a Chokwe's smile reminds one of a crocodile, a shark or a pike.

Europeans in Africa.—The opening up of Africa to modern civilisation was due in large measure to that wonderful people, the PORTUGUESE. Portuguese explorers took up the work which had been abandoned since the days of Hanno, the Carthaginian. Between A.D. 1446 and 1506—sixty years—the Portuguese had delineated the coast of Africa from the Senegal River to the Cape of Good Hope and from the Cape of Good Hope to Cape Guardafui, and had discovered the Island of Madagascar. They named for European geography nearly every important point, cape, island, river and town along the coast of Africa. Their accomplishments aroused the admiration of the entire world and, if equalled to-day, would do credit to a modern fully equipped scientific expedition. "Men who sailed out into the unknown oceans, mocking danger in their little cockleshells, must have been big enough within to make up for their scant equipment." The carved record of their exploits on the rock cliffs below the Yelala Falls on the Congo still remains as an imperishable testimony to the greatness of their achievement. The Portuguese have been among the greatest benefactors of Africa in material things. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries they introduced sweet potatoes, maize, wheat, ground nuts, sugar cane, manioc, the pawpaw, orange and pineapple—substantial items to be placed to their credit.

The DUTCH were the great rivals of the Portuguese and took advantage of the absorption by Spain of the Portuguese kingdom to possess themselves of the Portuguese colonies, seizing their holdings in Senegambia, the Gold Coast, and actually holding Loanda, the capital of Angola, from 1641 to 1648. For a period they were in possession of

Mozambique on the East Coast. But their greatest achievement was the founding of Cape Town in 1652, leading gradually to the European settlement of South Africa.

The BRITISH, partly as allies and partly as rivals, followed the Portuguese to West Africa in the sixteenth century. Their landing at Cape Town in 1795 led Dr. Lacerda, the famous Portuguese explorer, then preparing for his great journey on the Zambesi, to predict that this occupation would lead to a British dominion stretching northward from the Cape across the Zambesi to those great Central African lakes of which Lacerda had begun to have a glimmering knowledge. The occupation of Cape Town by Britain was one of those strategic moves which changes the current of history and Lacerda's prediction has been literally fulfilled.

The FRENCH also occupied countries in the north of Africa, the nucleus of a vast colonial empire.

The Journeys of Speke, Burton, Serpa Pinto, Livingstone, Stanley, Chapman and Cameron in the nineteenth century acquainted the white races with the hidden treasures of Africa and led to that "scramble for Africa" which resulted in the appropriation of nine-tenths of the continent by European powers. The Conference of Brussels in 1876, which recognised the spheres of influence of European powers, is a milestone in the history of the opening up of Africa. One of the results of the Great War of 1914-1918 was the elimination of Germany as an African colonising power which led to the readjustment of boundaries, leaving France in possession of an African empire greater in area than that of Britain. Portugal ranks third as an African colonial power, followed by Belgium, Italy and Spain.

"Black Ivory."—A deplorable phase of the opening up of Africa was the slave trade. From time

immemorial domestic slavery, that is, the owning of slaves by native masters, has been common among African tribes. It remained for Arab and white traders, however, to systematise the traffic and ship the captives overseas. This iniquitous traffic was justified by some on Biblical grounds, passages being cited to prove the permanent inferiority of black-skinned folk whose function it was to serve the lighter-coloured race. Others enlarged on the benefits which accrued to the slaves through their being brought under "Christian" influences. Quoth the King of Portugal upon being presented with some fifty-four slaves, "I have much joy in them because of their salvation, who otherwise would have been destined to perdition." Such sentiments led the Portuguese Government to require that slaves should be baptised before being exported. "On the wharf at Loanda in 1870 there could still be seen a stone chair in which the Bishop had sat and baptised by boatloads the poor wretches as they were rowed on board ship. The Government collected its tax, the pious ecclesiastic received his fee, and the slaves had their first introduction into "the white man's religion." No nation has a clean escutcheon in regard to slavery. Sir John Hawkins, a Devon sea-dog of Queen Elizabeth's day, fitted out slaving expeditions and on their return thanked heaven for success. When the shackles and the shootings, the distress and death suffered by millions of Africans are remembered, the debt of the oppressor races is seen to be almost unpayable.

Added to the traffic in slaves, came the rum trade, bringing demoralisation to whole communities; some tribes were decimated and others almost entirely wiped out. A cartoon of "Punch" shows a steamer in one of the West Coast ports. The captain leans over the rail. A trader from a small

rowboat hails him, "Much cargo this trip, captain?" "A couple of hundred kegs of rum and a couple of missionaries!" comes the laconic reply.

The Christian Church in Africa.—Christianity in the north of Africa had a glorious dawn and a bright sunrise, all too soon eclipsed in the darkness of the great Mohammedan storm of the seventh century which wiped out great churches and left, for later ages, only two remnants in the Coptic and Abyssinian Churches.

Tradition says that six of the Apostles were missionaries in Africa — Matthew and Thomas in Ethiopia, Peter and James the Less in Egypt, Jude and Simon in Cyrene. Mark, the Evangelist, is reported to have been Bishop of Alexandria. Missionary zeal and a heroic martyr spirit marked the early African Church. More than half of the twenty greatest names of the early Church, from 150 A.D. to 400 A.D., and a like proportion of the Christian writings of the same period were North African. Athanasius, at least partly Negro, was one of the greatest of the Church leaders.

All the coast of Northern Africa was evangelised and Christian communities established. Africa's noonday brightness seemed to be already coming. But the early African Church neglected to translate the Scriptures into the language of the common people, offering instead the Latin Bible, which few could read; hence the laity remained in ignorance of the Scriptures. Leaders of the churches on the Nile and its tributaries, however, followed a different policy. A Coptic version of the Scriptures was made, and so the Coptic Church survives in Egypt. There was an ancient Ethiopic version and so the Abyssinian Church still remains.

Later centuries repeat the story. Prince Henry the Navigator, son of the Portuguese King John and his English wife, had a pure strong enthusiasm for

the spread of the faith. The sails of his small expedition were emblazoned with the sign of the cross, and wherever the sailors landed they erected a padrão, a stately pillar of stone, surmounted by a cross, thus claiming the lands for the faith. The heroism and devotion of the early Portuguese missionaries who accompanied Prince Henry's expedition did not suffice, however, to build a permanent Church. Again the Church failed to translate the Scriptures in the vernacular and again the Church failed. The flock could not feed in alien linguistic pastures. Dissensions between the rival Jesuit and Dominican orders who followed in subsequent centuries, and improper practices by members of these orders completed the ruin of the Christian cause. To-day, in parts of Angola where these orders worked, crucifixes are used as fetishes, their original significance having long been forgotten. A similar result was seen in Mozambique, East Africa. Livingstone writing of the ruins at Zumbo says, "The chapel, near which lies a broken bell . . . is an utter ruin now, and desolation broods around. The wild bird, disturbed by the unwonted sound of approaching footsteps, rises with a harsh scream. The foul hyena has defiled the sanctuary. . . . One can scarcely look without feelings of sadness on the utter desolation of a place where men have met to worship the Supreme Being, or have united in uttering the magnificent words, 'Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ,' and remember that the natives of this region know nothing of His religion, not even His Name."

Protestant Missions.—With the awakening of missionary enthusiasm among the Evangelical Churches in the latter part of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, attention was directed to Africa. In 1742, the Moravians, whose missionary zeal is unsurpassed, sent the first Chris-

tian missionary into the unbroken heathen darkness of South Africa.

Time would fail were we to tell the story of missionary-explorers who opened up Africa; of Ludwig Krapf, on the east coast, pressing inland until the snow-capped Kilimanjaro came into view; of Moffat going north into the wilderness to the country of the Bechuanas; of Livingstone, like Moffat sent out by the London Missionary Society, tracing with his weary footsteps a cross whose arms reached from the east to the west coast and from the Cape north to the head of Lake Tanganyika.

To the explorations of Livingstone and to those of Stanley who sought him in the depths of the continent, is due the wave of missionary enthusiasm for Africa from 1850 onward. Livingstone's travels pointed the way, and in his footsteps missions from many churches and diverse lands were planted.

Livingstone on his journey across Africa from east to west reached the Atlantic shore at Loanda, the capital of Angola, a town some seven hundred miles south of the Equator. Here at Loanda, Livingstone's knightly character was specially manifested. The Makololo chiefs had hesitated to give their sons to the white man for his long trek from east to west, for though they loved and trusted Livingstone personally, they feared for the safety of the party on the return journey when no missionary explorer might be with them. Livingstone held that "the end of geographical achievement is the beginning of the missionary enterprise," and anxious to make the transcontinental journey he gave his word of honor that if sons of the Makololo would accompany him, he himself would return with them. The carriers were given. Passing through the forest perilous, suffering privations untold, smitten with the awful malarial fever, opposed by

cannibal tribes and held up by the savage Chokwe,[2] Livingstone arrived in Loanda with worn limbs and fever-stricken body. In Loanda Harbor lay a British cruiser. The captain pressed Livingstone to come with him to Britain. "You are ill," he said, "you have worked and travelled without rest for fourteen years; all Britain will cheer to see you. Come home with us and rest, and see your wife and daughter and your sons again." Ill, tired and lonely, the invitation tempted him, but not for one second did he hesitate. Knightly chivalry shows itself in loyalty to plighted word. The prospect of prolonged trudging over unnumbered miles of blistering plain and through tangled forest, across fetid swamps and through crocodile-infested rivers did not move him from his resolve. His promise to his faithful native carriers must be honoured. Livingstone turned his back to the sea and Britain and bored into the bush. No wonder his Makololo called him "father." The Portuguese helped Livingstone, and near Pungo Andongo, under the shadow of gigantic rocks three hundred feet high, the great explorer received gracious hospitality at the hands of a Portuguese trader. While there, news came that the ship in which Livingstone's journals were placed had been wrecked in a storm. Three months of steady grind were necessary to re-write all those diaries, but, nothing daunted, the task was accomplished. Livingstone then pushed on, passing slave caravans bound for the West Coast, assailed by warriors armed with bows, arrows and spears, and, at last, delivered his boys to their father-chief at Linyanti.

Various British Churches had planted missions in the east and centre of Africa, in the districts there opened by Livingstone, but an American Society—the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign

[2] See p. 22, Jagas.

Missions—seeking a place in Livingstone's footsteps, started in from Benguela, an ancient coastal trading town in Angola, somewhat farther south than Loanda. This Society, through which the Congregational Churches of the United States express their missionary passion, has a great record of pioneer service in all parts of the world. With it the Canadian Congregational Churches were priviledged to co-operate in the work of evangelising a part of Angola.

Angola.—Named after Chief Ngola, an ancient Blacksmith Prince, Angola, the great Portuguese colony on the West Coast, extends from the Congo River on the north to the Kunene River, 1,300 miles south, and from the Atlantic Ocean, 800 miles eastward to the borders of Rhodesia and the Katanga Province of the Belgian Congo. The Angolan coastal line for the greater part is narrow, and the ascent to the highlands abrupt, rising thereafter until an elevation of from 3,000 to 6,000 feet is reached. This well-watered interior plateau forms a great West Central African Divide, from which issue rivers flowing northwest and southwest into the Atlantic; southward into Lake Ngami and the Kalahari Desert; northward into the great gatherer of waters, the Congo; eastward into the Zambezi and so into the Indian Ocean. The rivers in Angola, though large, are not navigable beyond a relatively short distance from the coast, but the large waterfalls and swift rapids which form barriers to navigation offer possibilities in the development of hydro-electric power. One of the chief assets of the colony is Lobito Bay, "the finest harbour on the West Coast of Africa," where begins the Benguela Railway surveyed to reach the copper mines of Katanga in the heart of the continent and there to link up with the Cape-to-Cairo system. When completed,

this railway will reduce the journey from Europe to Central Africa by many days of travel.

For Classes and Further Study

"Guerreiro e Monge," by Campos, is a great historical novel in Portuguese describing the exploits of the early Portuguese discoverers.

. . . . . .

Make either:

(a) Map of Africa showing its relative size. For such a map see "Livingstone the Pathfinder," by Basil Matthews, page 167, or "Africa and Her Peoples," by F. D. Walker. p. 9.

(b) A map showing the three great patches of colour and the four great rivers.

. . . . . .

On the Lure of Africa, the following may be quoted:

(a) There are millions who know nothing of your spell,
And revile you for your cruelty and pain,
"Out in Africa," they say,
"Men are lost and thrown away."
We know better, Mother Africa!
Your children come to stay
And they never scale the city wall again.

(b) Mother Africa, though she often punishes her children, can always call them back to her again.—Colonel Stathem, "Through Angola," page 7.

(c) "What is the seductive element in this continent and people which lures men and women on and ever on until at last they gladly lay themselves on the beloved altar of the African continent?"—Sir Sidney Olivier in "Africa, Slave or Free," page xi.

. . . . . .

Gold diggers at Zimbabwe: read the stirring novel by H. Rider Haggard—"King Solomon's Mines."

. . . . . .

Theal's History of South Africa in "The Story of the Nations," series has interesting material on the Portuguese, Dutch and British.

. . . . . .

For Slavery—See William Canton's "The Slave in History." What passages were cited from the Bible to justify slavery? How would you answer such arguments? A discussion centring around the theme, "The Growth of the Christian Consciousness," might be interesting in this connection, dealing not only with slavery but serfdom, labor and war.

. . . . . .

Some Biblical references to Africa:

"Our Bible links us with Africa in many ways. Joseph was sold into Egypt and out of Egypt came, by a great deliverance, the children of Israel. Solomon's gold and his visitor, the Queen of Sheba, both come from Africa. The Kings of Israel and Judah had intimate relations with Egypt. In a later day, Africa gave shelter to the infant Jesus, when Herod sought to destroy His life, for it was into Egypt that Joseph and Mary, being warned in a dream, took the young child."

. . . . . .

"Hypatia," a novel by Charles Kingsley, is a story of early Christianity in North Africa.

. . . . . .

An interesting exercise for a Missionary Summer School would be to make a sand or clay model of Africa and describe thereon Livingstone's cross. Place the foot at Cape Town and the head at the upper end of Lake Tanganyika.

The transverse piece begins at the Zambezi and ends at Loanda.

. . . . . .

"Livingstone's Knightly Chivalry at Loanda," would make a stirring scene for a summer school pageant. Loanda Harbour, looking toward the sea, is flanked on the right by high red standstone cliffs, and, on the left, by a great sand spit. The ascent to the interior at Loanda begins almost immediately from the sea, the town itself being largely built on high ground.

. . . . . .

Other references to the Blacksmith Prince in this book are found on page 30.

The word "King" originally signified "the man who can do things." He was the leader in work. Ngola, if measured by this standard, was a worthy king.

. . . . . .

Literature for Further Study:

"The Opening up of Africa," by Sir H. H. Johnston.

"The Golden Stool," by E. W. Smith.

"Race Problems in the New Africa," by W. C. Willoughby.

"Africa and Her Peoples," by F. D. Walker.

Chapter II

THE ELEPHANT HUNTER'S PEOPLE

A Royal Romance, Circa A.D. 1776.—From the land of the Northeast came the beautiful Kahanda. Likened to the graceful sable antelope which grazed by the banks of her native Loando, she was the light of her father's eyes, more to him than much cattle and many slaves and more beloved than all his people, though he himself was Parent-Chief of the Zambos, bearing the name of Boma, symbolic of authority and law. Kahanda was to visit her royal aunts and uncles among the Ganguelas, and with a large retinue of serving maidens, carriers and soldiers, set out on the long journey. Her coming was desired by her relatives as the early showers which tell that the rainy season is at hand, and the day of her arrival was given over to drumming and dancing, eating and drinking.

In the southern land of Humbe, distant from Loando four hundred miles, lived a mighty hunter called Viye. With a band of fellow-hunters he pressed up the Kunene River in pursuit of elephants. Reaching the headwaters of the Kunene, Viye pushed on through the Dondi country across the great Bulu Bulu plain and one day arrived at the very Ganguela village where Kahanda was being honoured. Viye wooed and won Kahanda. Her father hesitated. Could he give his child to an unknown adventurer? His consent was finally won. Kahanda (little foundation rock) became the wife of Viye and later his queen when he built for himself an ombala (capital village) and founded a

kingdom among the Ganguelas he had conquered. Viye brought with him from the South selected Humbes, and Kahanda's father, Chief Boma, sent Loando people to help his son-in-law "build his body" (country). These two stocks, Loandos and Humbes, mixing with the original Ganguelas, produced the race known to natives through Central Africa as the Va Viye, and to whites as Biéans or Mambari.

Viye governed his people wisely and well. His capital-village, named Ekovongo (place of calling), appropriately reminded his people of their diverse origins and their centre of unity in him. Viye spread his influence far and wide. His Kahanda, coming from the northeast and he himself from the south led him to cast his eyes on far-off fields. Trading in the far interior was begun. Elders from Bié settled in Galangue and ruled the backward peoples inhabiting those regions. Treaties were made with his "brothers" of Bailundo, Ondulo and Chiyaka, three other great divisions of the Umbundu-speaking peoples.

On the death of Viye enmities between his sons manifested themselves. The ruling chief, jealous of a brother's popularity, sold him into slavery. Accidentally falling into the hands of the Portuguese at Loando, the slave-prince was used by them to extend their influence. Dissatisfaction breaking out among the Biéans because of the unjust measures of the reigning chief, messengers were sent to Loanda to the exiled brother. The Portuguese, hearing of the circumstances, freed the slave and assisted him with black soldiers to secure control of the kingdom, in this way establishing a trading centre at Belmonte, now known as Vila Silva Porto. Between Dondi and Bailundo at a point called Sa-viye (Father of Viye) there are remarkable stone fortifications with first, second and third walls of defence strategically ar-

ranged and crowned with a central fort. Local tradition in regard to these fortifications harmonises with the story of the despatch of native troops by the Portuguese from Loanda, 500 miles northwest, to help the brother sold into slavery gain the throne of Bié.

Homes and Hearths.—The smoke of a thousand villages curls slowly upwards. Let us visit one of these Ovimbundu[1] villages. The men are friendly and the women will show us their huts. We pass through the village gate at one side of the tall stockade, built of tree trunks to keep out raiders and wild beasts. Walking through a narrow passage flanked with high posts we enter a compound containing a number of wattle-and-daub houses oblong or square in shape, without window or chimney, the smoke issuing through the thatch which is coated with shining black soot. The domestic fire on the floor in the centre of the hut is derived from the sacred hearth fire of the chief. Bend your head as you pass through the low narrow door or you will get a knock. The furnishings of the house are simple. One or two small stools, a few wooden dishes, platters and spoons, some grass baskets for food and work, some clay pots of various sizes for cooking and for beer, a sleeping mat or two, and the hut is furnished complete.

You will notice that the house is one of a group fenced off within the village. Each compound belongs to a sekulu (elder or headman), who lives there with his slaves, dependents and wives, each with her individual hut. That miniature house is a spirit hut dedicated to the "patron saint" of the family. Yonder are the olosila (granaries), circular affairs built on platforms raised on stakes about three feet from the ground to protect the contents

1 The name Ovimbundu means "the foggy ones," the tribe regarding their colour as resembling fog.

from dampness and the ravages of rats and white ants. These granaries range from eight to ten feet high with a diameter of six or seven feet, the only means of access being by the removal of the conical roof of grass. The other low round thatched structures made of sticks are pens for pigs, sheep or goats. The compound opens out into a central yard. Here will be noticed the cattle kraal and the *onjango* or palaver house, round in form with tall pointed thatched roof; in this onjango the men gather to recount their dreams, to gossip and to hear petty cases affecting the life of the village. More important cases go to the Paramount Chief in the central ombala which is the centre of the life of the community.

We may enter the onjango. Within is the sacred fire which is never allowed to go out. Around the fire are blocks of wood chopped off at convenient lengths for seats, and perhaps a stool or two. The call-drum stands on one side against the wall, and under the roof of thatch, black and shining with its coating of soot, a number of bones are seen suspended to a stick projecting laterally from the roof. Meat is rarely used except by hunters and rulers. When, however, a pig is killed for meat, the jaw bone is thus preserved, the number of jaw-bones indicating the wealth of the men who "sit" in the onjango.

To this onjango in the early evening come the women carrying high on backward turned hands finely woven baskets full of corn meal mush, and small earthen bowls containing greens or beans for relish. Passing through the low opening of the palaver house and bending down, they lay the food before the men, immediately returning to their own huts to eat their meal alone or with their children.

"The Weed."—One of the pleasures of life to an Ochimbundu is the use of tobacco which, smoked in

long, hand-made pipes, gives off a strong pungent odour greatly acceptable to the users. To light the pipe live coals lifted with bare hands serve excellently, and the pipe passed from mouth to mouth becomes an emblem of fellowship and good will. The women prefer a small pipe with shorter stem, and "passing the pipe" is not so common among them as among the men. Tobacco is most acceptable to the Ovimbundu, however, in the form of snuff. Snuffing is held to clear the head, to clarify thought, to enlighten the eyes, to sharpen the hearing, and to comfort the heart. "The ordinary way of taking a pinch of snuff, between the forefinger and thumb, is unknown . . . and would be considered a very unsatisfactory method. They pour the snuff into the palm of the hand, and, burying their nostrils in the peppery mixture, snort it up loudly, aided by a rotary motion of the half-closed hand."[2] Snuff boxes are carved out of wood and variously ornamented.

The Glass of Fashion.—Africa with its blended tissue of races presents various facial types, ranging from Bushman to Egyptian or Semitic. The different stocks which during millenniums have blended to produce the Bantu races are all reflected in Angola, both in features and in shades of colours.

If it be true

> "That Beauty ought not to be tried,
> But by its native power to please,"

then, judged by this standard, Ovimbundu women stand high. Their erect bearing, their graceful carriage and the hospitable spirit which beams from their eyes are most attractive. Fashions vary even in Africa. In any group of women you will find variety in headdress and in the arrangement of the simple cloth worn. Sometimes little attempt is made

2 Monteiro, Angola, Vol. 2, p. 271.

to dress the hair and it is left in its native frizziness and used to hold small articles. More often, however, it is dressed in a series of tiny tight plaits, lying close to the head and having the appearance of miniature plough furrows. Others twist their hair into innumerable small strings, allowing them to fall on the sides of the face. Some shave the greater part of the back of the head and train the unshorn portion in a large cushion-like mass in a heavy loop at the back, the final touch being given by the application of oil in which red earth has been mixed. The striking effect produced is enhanced by cowry shells or brass tacks inserted in designs in the loop, or by a band of cowries or small beads across the forehead. Two or three days are required to dress the hair in this fashion, but once done it may remain undisturbed for many months. Naturally numerous fauna take up residence meanwhile.

As ornaments the women wear coiled bracelets of brass wire, bangles of iron, brass and copper around their ankles, and bands of cowries or small beads around their necks and heads. Sometimes the upper part of the forehead is painted in bands of red, white or black, and cheeks are tattooed. The usual costume consists of a square of trade cloth wrapped around the body under the arms, and knotted at the front a bit to one side. On dress occasions a second cloth is worn over the shoulders, falling in graceful folds and not knotted in the front.

What children can excel the African with their winning ways and bright open faces? Naked, or semi-naked though they be, they make an irresistible appeal. Sometimes in spite of the dripping braids, one is charmed by a child's face, its dark beauty enhanced by a band of bright grasses round the head and a necklace of tiny coloured beads round the throat.

The men vary greatly in dress. Nothing comes amiss, from a monk's cowl to a petticoat. It is

usual, however, to wear a simple loin cloth, a long flowing shirt being an additional garment much prized but not a necessity. Poorer members of the community wear skins or produce a cloth from the inner bark of trees, which after being softened and made tender by water, is tapped gently with mallets until it is supple and suitable for wear.

Birth Rites and Birthrights.—Around the birth of children the hopes and fears of the Bantu revolve. Childbearing seems a matter of little physical consequence to a native woman, for within a few hours she may be about again. The religious aspect of birth, however, is recognised by significant ceremonies. In some tribes the father squirts beer over the face of the child, thus acknowledging his offspring. To kindle love in the father's heart for his child, the mother, unknown to the husband, mixes something from the child with a portion of mush prepared for the father. To ensure future success a trader's child when a few days old is made to eat special food obtained by the father at great cost. The special dish consists of the eye of a fish, a piece of elephant's ear and the diaphragm of a lion; the eye is believed to confer clearness of perception for future business dealings; the elephant's ear prevents deafness, earache and noises in the head, the future trader thus being guaranteed keen hearing; the lion's diaphragm imparts invincible strength whether on the path or in overcoming other traders.

"What's in a Name?"—"No work to-day! Nafalaku (Mother of weakness) has given birth to twins. To-day is consecrated." Mother and children, regarded with a certain awe, absorb all interest. Work on such a day would bring untoward events such as destructive hail. Do not parents and twins have special significance in regard to the weather? Njamba and Ngeve (the Elephant and the Hippopotamus) are the names of honour given the twins,

for as the elephant and the hippopotamus among animals are greatest in forest and stream, so is it with twins among people. If the twins are boy and girl, the boy receives the name of the larger animal, Njamba, the male sex always having precedence. More auspicious still is the birth of triplets, the honour names being Hosi (lion), Njamba (elephant), and Ngeve (hippo). The mother's name now changes and she, formerly known as Nafalaku, the "Mother of weakness," becomes the "Mother of twins," Nonjamba (literally the Mother of elephants). To change the name in this manner follows the general lines of native custom. A woman does not take her husband's name on her wedding day, but she and her husband both change their names on the birth of the first child. Thus if a first-born child be called Ngamba (carrier), the father becomes Sa-Ngamba (father of Ngamba), and the mother Na-Ngamba (mother of Ngamba).

All Ovimbundu names have significance. The baby following twins is called Kasinda (little pusher). Kasova (little mixture) is the name bestowed upon boy or girl who comes after a series of the opposite sex. "A little mixture is a very good thing," say the grateful parents. The first child born in a new village is called Kanganjo, (little brush fence); one born when the village is well established with a stockade firmly built may be named Lumbo (fence); one born in a camp, Sachilombo (father of the camp); one born on a journey, Kangende (little traveller). The name Lusati (cornstalk with flower but no ear) given to either boy or girl signifies that the father died before the birth of the child.

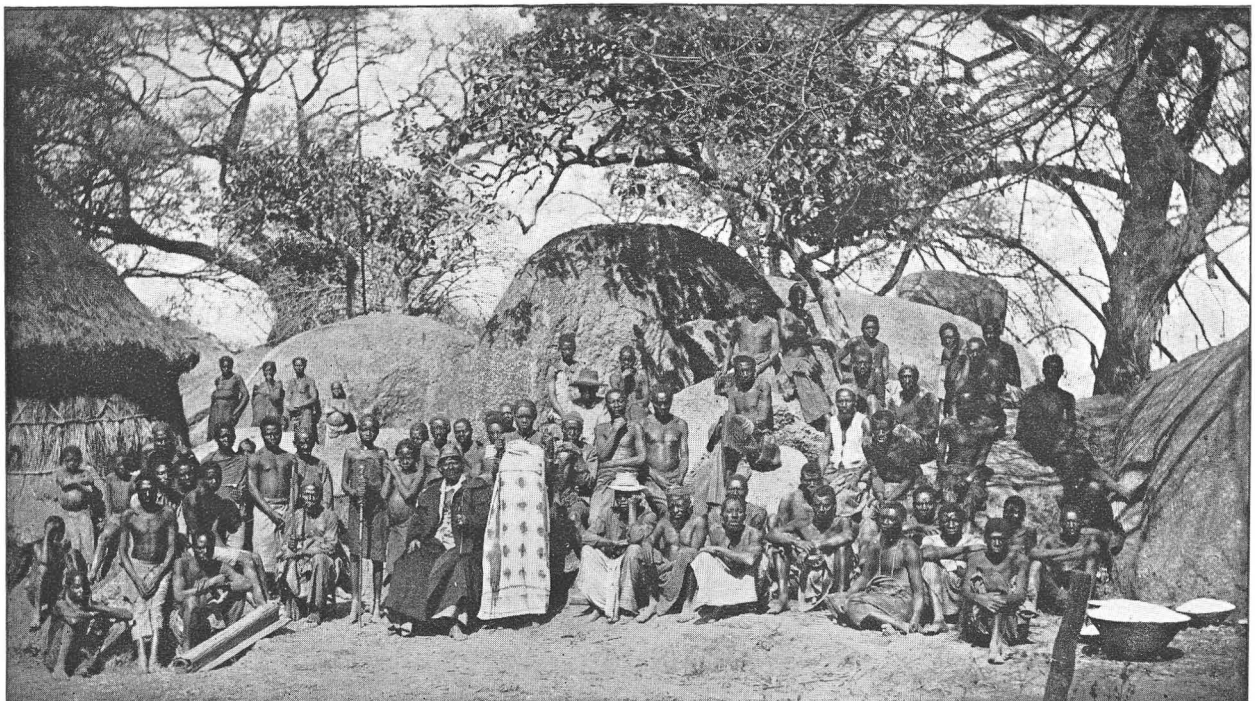
Other names illustrate one of the sad aspects of native life. A child born after a series of deaths in a family will be called Chivi (evil) or Chivimbi (corpse) or perhaps Eniña (dung), the parents so

naming the children to deceive the devouring evil spirits, who, hearing such names will pass the little ones by.

Many fetish rites are connected with birth and the protection of babes. The little ones, like their mothers, wear charms to ward off evil spirits. Little wonder the mothers think the tiny ones are a special object of desire on the part of the spirits, for six out of every ten "go away" during infancy and are seen no more. The baby body is usually buried on the soft banks of a stream, the parents in the tenderness of their hearts believing that although no mother is present to feed the little one, it will find it easy there by the river to obtain sustenance for its life and so be at rest! The tenderness, however, is allied with self-interest, for the baby, not knowing what real food is like, its spirit, if the body is buried in "hard" ground, would be forced to wander far in search of food and might eat anything, even the "lives" of other little ones in the village.

Burial ceremonies for adults are various. In the case of chiefs some are buried in caves, others amid rocks, others in a cemetery, others in the hut in which the person died, whilst in the case of a great chief, river burial was practised. It was customary to divert the course of a stream and in its bed to dig an enormous pit, and place therein the corpse, accompanied by suitable human sacrifices placed in the grave and covered, after which the river was allowed to resume its course. An explanation of river burial is that as all rivulets continually contribute to the river, so the chief, being buried in the river, receives contributory gifts from all parts. As a fish in the river lives and lives well, without tiresome effort, so is it with the chief therein buried.

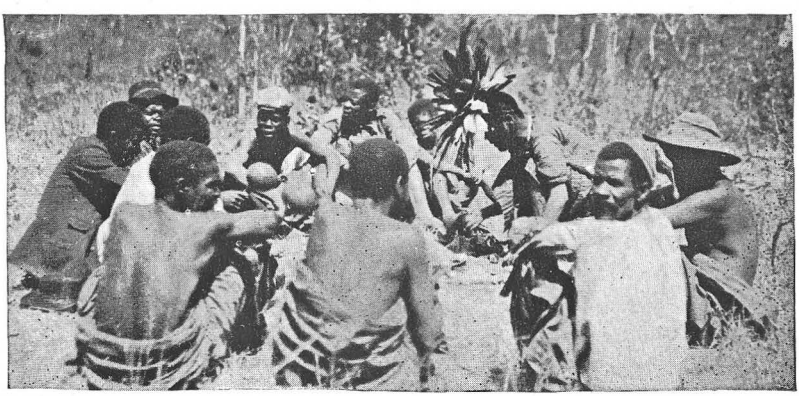
A curious attitude to death and burial is noted by Miss E. B. Campbell: "In the Chiyaka country it



GROUP OF OVIMBUNDU—INTERIOR OF OMBALA (HEAD VILLAGE).

THE TOWN CRIER.

A NATIVE DRUMMER.



A WITCH DOCTOR, SMELLING OUT A CASE.

is not said: 'The Chief is sick'; that would be awful. But when he gets better then it is said: 'The Chief was sick.' The chief dies, but it is not said, 'The Chief died,' till one called Kambata (whose office is to bury the chief) goes into the house and ties a cord on the neck of the body and fastens the other end to a rafter. It remains there many days till the body falls from the head. Often he goes in and twists the rope. While the body is not yet detached, he tells the people, 'The Chief is sick with a bad cold.' The day the body falls from the head, the elders of the village tell the people 'The Chief is dead.' But if he is 'very sick a long time' (i.e., if the head does not drop off quickly) and death does not come, Kambata enters the house and 'finishes' him. To bury the chief publicly, all seeing it, cannot be done. The important old men of his country bury him at dead of night, not in the ground but in a cave. The head they lay away in a box which remains with his children to be carefully preserved and cared for in the capital."

In all cases great care is exercised in choosing a site for a burying place. The departed must rest well in body and soul. Graves are often thatched as a token of honour, whilst lying around on nearly every grave may be seen old plates and pots with perhaps a low seat made of sticks and grass or an old stool, usually small. Food will be brought to the grave and beer offered, thus lessening, or entirely avoiding the possibility that the hungry soul seeking food may "eat" a living person who consequently dies and is lost to the community.

The Smeller Out.—Beliefs about death and the after life give enormous importance to the witch doctor or "smeller out." All sickness and death are believed to come from evilly disposed or discontented spirits or from witchcraft wrought by living people anxious for revenge. The witch doctor is not

regarded by his fellow tribesmen as one who bewitches people but as a protector, a sort of trained detective, an essential element of native society.

With headdress of porcupine quills or feathers, with horns and bones hanging around his neck and with face decorated with red, white and black paint, he is a picturesque figure. His divining basket held with both hands contains a variety of bones, claws, coins, a miniature gun, an axe, a basket, a small mirror, a bell, small models of domestic utensils and tiny images of people. Two pieces of chalk, white and rose, are used at the opening of the ceremony to mark the faces of the witch doctor and those concerned in the trial, who sit in a semi-circle before the witch doctor. Vigorously shaking his rattle made of tiny calabashes and hard round seeds, he begins the divination ceremony. A small animal skin is placed in front of him, possibly to secure the co-operation of animal spirits. Intoning certain cabalistic words, repeated by the people concerned, his voice becomes more tense, his body twitches, his eyes gleam, his body glistens with perspiration and heavy drops of sweat trickle down his head, neck and back. Seizing an antelope horn he sniffs at it vigorously. As his "smelling out" comes nearer and nearer to the supposed culprit those sitting before him call out "Kua ta! Kua ta!—You're getting it!" Ordinary people may hear spirits at night; the advantage of the witch doctor is that he can both see and hear them at any time and therefore "spot" the culprit. The appearance of the contents of the basket is then "read" and a decision announced whether it be man or spirit who is responsible for the sickness or death. If a spirit is responsible, a sacrifice such as a chicken or goat is offered. If a person be "spotted" by the divining basket, a fine is imposed. Should the accused protest his innocence a simple and decisive test is at

hand. Mixing a powerful concoction of poisons derived from roots and the bark of trees the witch doctor hands the poison cup to the accused remarking casually, "Drink it. An innocent person need not fear. Only the guilty die." Death indicates guilt; vomiting the poison shows innocence. Among the Ovimbundu, old and renowned witches were burned alive at the stake, cast into some river, or bound hand and foot and thrown to the army ants to be devoured alive by the myriads of these fierce insects.

Play and Work.—Two delusions persist about the people of Africa. "They never work," say some: the "lazy nigger" (hateful phrase) is a byword. "They never play," say others, "in this regard they are lower than animals."

Do they play? The children have numerous and very amusing games. Girls play with girls and boys with boys. Girls imitate mother. Boys imitate father. Bright and witty remarks, jokes and merriment flow on unceasingly during the process of a game. Boys love to shoot, to build tiny huts or to tie up little loads as if for transport. Regular cycles of games are followed. This is the moon for the home-made whip-top, bark string being used for twine. Pop-guns, also home made, next appear, and tops are forgotten until the cycle of another year comes round. Various group games are popular, a great favourite being the "ochitinga." The boys take sides. A certain tough root resembling a turnip in shape and size is dug in the woods, and a goodly number of bows and arrows are brought out. One side rolls the root along the ground, while the other side seeks to pierce it with their arrows. The old men encourage this game: it teaches the young idea how to shoot—and the elders have to think of the family larder.

The girls are no less fond of play. They play

house, cooking "mush" which is dished up in broken shards or bits of gourds that the imagination of childhood turns into baskets to hold a tasty supper. An ear of corn or a piece of fibrous root tied to the back serves for a doll. For older girls "the squash game" played in the bright moonlight is fascinating. The girls form a rough line, squatting close to the ground. The leader approaches one girl and challenges her. "Wa lia atila a male —ndo likalay," meaning "you've eaten the squash of another, deny it if you can." At the same time she marks in the ground a very zigzag line which the challenged one follows with froglike jumps, at each spring clapping her bare arms against her sides with an indescribably funny motion. If she succeeds in hopping along the crooked line without a fall, she acquits herself of the charge, but a fall proclaims her guilt, and she is greeted with shouts of derisive laughter.[3]

Young men and elders play a game called ochela in some respects resembling checkers. Two sit on opposite sides of a "board" which has a fixed number of shallow holes scooped out, in four parallel lines. Small hard seeds are used as "men" and of them each player has an equal number. The motive of the game is by moving these seeds or stones in certain directions fixed by rule, to get them into positions relative to your opponent's and so sweep him off the board. The skill lies in selecting your move so as to bring your men into the required position.[4]

Dancing and Drumming.—But dancing to the rub-a-dub-dub of the drum is the typical pastime of the natives. Nothing is more characteristic of Africa than the drumming heard on all possible occasions. Drums are to a native as a gramophone,

3 Acknowledgments are made to a MS of Mrs. T. H. Hill.
4 Cf. Smith and Dale, "Ila Speaking Peoples," vol. 2, p. 232.

an orchestra, a radio, a telegraph, a telephone in one.[5] The natives love to "sing with the feet," the cadence of the drum being sustained with a rhythmic chant and the regular beat of hands and feet. Dances imitating the snake in its sinuous course, the crocodile as it lies in wait and snaps at its unsuspecting victim, or representing tribal fable and proverb are all found.

Other dances, ceremonial rather than social, are accompanied by obscene songs leading to immorality. The drumming heard at the beginning of the dry season, the time of harvest, betokens beer drinks when whole communities spend day and night in drinking, dancing and carousing. Such periods are followed by brawls, stabbings and fightings leading to law cases. Feasts and dancing in honor of ancestral spirits are interwoven with immorality, the worship itself in some cases requiring such practices.

Do They Work?—The absurdity of the charge that native men do not work is manifest to any who know native life. It is true that travellers of good character sometimes fail to obtain carriers at important moments and "laziness" is believed to be the reason. "Once bitten, twice shy" comes to mind. As we judge primitive tribes by poor specimens encountered, so the native on his side judges all whites alike. Having been cheated by one he is suspicious of the other. He is also able to appreciate the difference between working and being worked. The traveller in pursuit of big game and the planter who seeks gain also have the unpleasant habit of demanding helpers in the planting season when the native needs to be in his own fields or gardens. A month away at a particular time on a hunting trip with an Ochindele (white man) may mean a year of hunger for the Ochimbundu.

[5] Powell, "The Map that is Half Unrolled," p. 28.

There is a well-recognised division of labour between the men and the women, though both do their part in producing the food supply.

The women in addition to their work in the fields done with a native-made hoe about the size of a hand, bring home firewood from the bush, fetch water from the stream and care for the hut. The laborious work of pounding the corn into meal is ever present. Early in the morning, long before dawn, the sound of the pounding song is heard, the voices of the women keeping perfect rhythm with the beat of the heavy pestles, as the corn is reduced to meal. In some villages the pounding is done on the rocks using a heavy mallet but whether pestle and mortar are used, or whether the pounding is done on the rocks, the work is exhausting. When the pounding and sifting are finished, the fine meal is spread out on the rocks or on great reed and bark trays to dry. Cooking is done over an open fire on the floor, and mush will not be good or tasty unless well stirred; beans need all-day cooking over a slow fire. Clay pots for household use and grass baskets for mush containers and field work must all be made, the grass and dyes being prepared by the women themselves.

Housekeeping in Central Africa is complicated by the scarcity of salt. Seasoning must be obtained and when no salt is to be had the women burn a kind of marsh grass or corn cobs to obtain a substitute. The craving for salt is intense among Central African tribes and the special word (esase) used to describe it is pronounced with drawn mouth wringing pity from the passing traveller. Man, beast and insect alike share the craving. At Chilesso (the name means "Great Salt Lick") hundreds of animals congregated under cover of darkness to lick the salty soil. Writing of this salt hunger, a traveller in Angola says: "Salt attracts all insects. I

laid sugar, condensed milk and a bag of salt side by side. A few bees came to the sugar, a few more to the condensed milk, but the bag of salt was so thickly covered that I could see no spaces between the bodies of the bees and could stroke them down as one can stroke them when they swarm."[6]

A traveller passing through Bié over thirty years ago "observed hundreds of women and children wandering about among the young grass and weeds that were just springing up after the annual fires. They were most of them in a stooping posture, as if looking for something and were gathering the object of their search into calabashes and baskets. Leaving the path and approaching the group I heard them making a peculiar noise by protruding the tongue and moving it rapidly between the lips from side to side, meanwhile keeping up a high pitched monotone in a minor key, like lu-ra-lu-ra-lu. My curiosity was excited. What was it all about? They were harvesting the August crop of caterpillars, which they dry in the sun, stew and eat as a relish with their cornmeal mush, considering them a great delicacy. But why keep up that peculiar cry? Well, the insects being of the same colour as the grass it was difficult to see them, but no sooner did the harvester bend to his work and commence the "lu-ra-lu-ra-lu" than there was an instant commotion among the green blades, the creeping things standing up on their hind legs and swaying their bodies to and fro, when they were easily captured."

The tastes of the Ovimbundu are not confined to caterpillars as relish, but locusts, rats and every kind of hawk and buzzard would be included among their luxuries—anything in the form of flesh, no

[6] Nevinson, who adds: "Where we give a bun to children at a Sunday School treat, a good kind missionary in Angola gives a pinch of rock salt on a leaf."

matter what, so great is the meat hunger (ohatu) which rivals salt hunger in its intensity.

The men make pestles and mortars for pounding meal, make stools and sleeping mats, erect houses and corn bins and clear the land for new fields, using axes purchased from the local smith.

"Help my neighbour" is a feature of native life. Does the newly-engaged young man need a house? Twenty volunteers are ready to help. Is the harvest ready? Forty women go with their sister to her field and in graceful procession, lustily singing, bring home the precious baskets of corn. All, men and women, boys and girls, join in digging and planting the chief's field, it being regarded as bad form to commence one's own work before the chief's field has been done. The reward of all such willing work comes at sunset when ample portions of native beer are served by the one who has received help.

Work for the community also must be carried on, such as cleaning up the head village and building simple bridges.

Tubal Cains.—Or take a look at the village smithy, a rude shed of thatch outside the village stockade. The art of smelting iron has been known for generations among the Bantu and is entirely a native art. The smiths form a guild, and believing that the art was revealed by God to their fathers, who had previously cultivated with wooden hoes, no smelting is begun without ceremonial rites and the work is accompanied by continual singing of choruses and intervals of dancing. The ore is dug annually from the mountains and brought home to the village where it is smelted outside the village stockade. During the period of work certain strict regulations must be followed and infringement involves a serious fine.

The fire for smelting or for smithy work is kept

going by bellows hollowed out of a single block of wood consisting of two chambers with an elongated tube having two openings. The projecting tube of the bellows is inserted into a baked earthenware tube, the base of which is in the fire. Sitting on the ground the blacksmith's assistants with a vertical motion work alternately the two sticks attached to the skin over the chambers of the bellows thus producing a continual current of air. Hoes of Egyptian pattern having a groove down the centre from the base of the spike to the lower edge and long pointed axes are produced, whilst nails, bracelets, etc., are effectively made.

To make blacksmith's tools another significant ceremonial rite is necessary. After welding a sledge hammer beer is brewed by the women, a fowl is killed and its blood sprinkled over the hammer. A young girl then carries it, tied to her back, to the owner, who will have given a big pig for it. The procession which accompanies the girl joins in choruses, and the tool itself (onjundo) is called "osoma" (chief) for like the chief it is regarded as the sustainer of life. Without it there would be no axes to cut down trees to make new fields, no hoes, no cultivation and therefore no food. To enter a village en route with a new hammer is not permissible; it would be "defiled," and "unclean" rain (hail) would result. Further, native etiquette forbids people to go to their work if a chief sleeps overnight in their village. Not to interrupt the daily routine of village life an honourable compromise is effected by the onjundo "sleeping" in the bush.

Chief Ngola, far-famed blacksmith, from whom the name Angola is derived, is the patron saint of native blacksmiths. An apt proverb is derived from the quality of the hoes made by this prince blacksmith: "Atemo a Ngola tu limbukila vulengo" —a hoe of Ngola is recognised by the way it lasts;

a person's character is recognised by his staying power.[7]

Keeping the Path Hot.—Trading in Central Africa is onerous work and merits reference. The Ovimbundu, a race of medium physique, possess great powers of physical endurance, having few equals as carriers.

Their trading ability received a great impetus from the incoming of the Portuguese. Two Bié natives between 1801 and 1811 crossed the entire continent to the East Coast, a remarkable achievement which brought fame to Bié. Serpa Pinto, the noted Portuguese explorer said, "I have visited many places in Central Africa where white men are unknown, but I have never passed through a district where the Biéans had not come as traders." The path to the interior was "kept hot with the walking of Ovimbundu feet." Stay-at-homes were mocked with the taunting proverb, "Kandimba omangu yimuamue wai mola lowima"—Sitting in one place cost the rabbit his life.

A headman organises a caravan. He sends his men to the coast, distant twenty days' march, purchasing salt, gunpowder, beads, cloth and copper-wire. Returning home the trader adds from his own supply tobacco for trade and food for the caravan and despatches it on its long journey to the interior, domestic slaves acting as carriers, freeborn leaders going as the family representatives. The heavily laden caravan of porters, in form resembling a long human serpent, passes along the narrow paths singing a native song, pushing on to the camping place. The leader knows the path and the band keeps together for safety and mutual help. Should a few

7 Of the importance of the blacksmith's art among primitive African races there can be no doubt. "I feel convinced," writes E. Torday, a noted French authority, "that we are indebted to the Negro for the keystone of our modern civilisation and that we owe him the discovery of iron." (See paper by F. W. Read in "Journal of the African Society, 1902," pp. 44-49; Smith and Dale, "The Ila Speaking Peoples," vol. 1, p. 211; Smith, "Golden Stool," pp. 80, 200.

fall behind, the leader "writes the path" at cross roads by plucking a few leaves and throwing them into the forbidden trail. If a chief goes with a caravan, he will have his own tepoia which is a kind of palanquin or hammock, suspended from a palm pole; four or six porters are the complement for a tepoia, two carry it for a short period when it is transferred to two others and so onward. During the individual shift the tepoia is swung from shoulder to shoulder or to the head with only a slight slackening of pace, and twenty miles are soon covered. The porters although heavily loaded will outwalk most white men going empty handed.

The carriers may find the path hard but encouragement is at hand. One cites the proverb "Ka ci vala ka ci nganyala" (no pain no gain), another answering "Ka ci nyeha ka ci pepi" (if the meat doesn't smell bad, it isn't tasty). Or, if the heart sinks in view of hardships suffered they say, "Life is sweet, gain is sweet, which shall I choose?" After spending months or years, according to distance covered, the caravan homeward wends its way. Great is the rejoicing at the homecoming. Guns are fired, beer brewed, drums beaten and days given over to dancing. The "gain" consists of ivory, wax, rubber, and slaves also, purchased from diverse races among whom these dauntless and tireless traders journeyed. Bié has been aptly called "the mixing bowl of Central Africa."

Why the Ovimbundu?—The fame of the Ovimbundu as traders was a factor leading to the choice of the tribe for evangelisation. Such a people, it was anticipated, if brought under Christian influence would produce leaders ready to go far afield preaching the "Good Words." The tribe speaks a virile language, the lingua franca of a large section of Angola, Umbundu being understood in remote parts, and with dialectical variations used by a million people.

How the Ovimbundu were regarded by those who knew them in their ancient state varies according to the individual. Silva Porto, the first Portuguese colonist in Bié held that "the best of them are incorrigible." Serpa Pinto, the traveller says, "Notwithstanding many high qualities, great pluck and readiness to undergo fatigue and danger, the Biéans have many grave defects; and I do not know in Africa a race more profoundly vicious, more openly depraved, more persistently cruel and more cunningly hypocritical, than they."

On the other hand Mr. Nicholls, a pioneer messenger of Christ in the early days of the mission, gives his impressions thus: "The work of Christianising this people will be slow and tedious, but one well worth all the labour. A fine race, intelligent, brave, full of poetry, worthy to give birth to a powerful Christian nation by and by."

But only a Divine passion and confidence could sustain the early workers. Another missionary, W. W. Bagster, wrote: "When the real, live, dirty, naked savage comes before you, not in book or letter, not in fancy or passing notice, but under your own eye; when you place your hand upon his shoulder and feel the dirt and nakedness; when you turn that man's face toward you and there you read —'no good thing'; when words . . . fail to show him as he is, then . . . you have to go to Jesus for faith to believe that for such He died; then you need to be very humble to look upon this poor creature and say, 'My brother.'"

Having been sent forth by Christ, each pioneer missionary was sustained by the consciousness that:

> Christ the Son of God hath sent me
> Through the midnight lands;
> Mine the mighty ordination
> Of the piercéd hands.

For Classes and Further Study

P. 34. Background for Viye, the mighty Nimrod may be obtained in any book on Big Game hunting. Could you write a short story based on Kahanda and Viye?

P. 40-43 What would you do about the appalling infant mortality?

P. 50. *Tubal Cains.* Look up Exodus 31:1-5. The Lord said: "See I have called by name Bezaleel . . . and I have filled him with the spirit of God . . . in all manner of workmanship . . . to work in gold and in silver and in brass. . . ." How should we regard skill in the arts as coming from God?

Literature

"Through Angola" by Colonel Stathem.

Chapter III

ROLLING BACK THE MAP

Bayonets or Bibles?—Bayonets burst no bonds nor do swords solve social problems. So realised Major Malan, a British officer in Africa helping to bear the military end of "the white man's burden." This Christian soldier concerned over the condition of dark, sobbing Africa, resolved to awaken Christians to the need of the natives. Visiting the American Board Zulu Mission in Natal he was impressed by its system of education—an all-round training, embracing agriculture and industries, as well as academic and Biblical courses. So deep was his feeling that he made a special journey from Natal to Boston to lay before the American Board his convictions and hopes. He brought with him letters of commendation from the Natal missionaries, one of whom expressed the hope that the visit would "rouse the churches to take part in the work in Central Africa, and lead them to help us not with cheers and hats aloft and promises, but with prayers and hard cash," and further added, "We want the sinews of missions. To be victorious we must be enterprising, and enterprising warfare upon Satan's kingdom needs money." Malan had also the abolition of the slave trade in mind. Speaking of this he said, "It is hoped that before long legitimate trade with Central Africa will entirely replace the abominable traffic."

Malan made his appeal. The American Board, conscious of the privilege and responsibility, decided that if funds were forthcoming over and above

the regular income, a new field should be opened in Central Africa.

"Get your man, all else will follow," and a man was found to meet the situation. Dr. J. O. Means, one of the Secretaries of the American Board, during a period between his college and theological courses had visited the West Coast of Africa as purser of the U. S. Brig "Dolphin" engaged in slave patrol. He thus gained first-hand knowledge of Africa and understood the needs and possibilities of the native population. Not content with seeing the "beach" natives from the decks of the ship, he sought out dwellers in the "bush" amid their primitive environment. Mountainous and fever-stricken Principé, a tropical cocoa island, he crossed on foot, a remarkable achievement. Dr. Means, as Secretary was thus able to draw on his early experiences of Africa and to direct the rising tide of enthusiasm for the redemption of the Dark Continent which followed the travels of Livingstone and Stanley. He availed himself especially of the counsel of Commander Cameron, who had recently crossed Africa from the East to the West Coast completing the journey at Benguela. With masterly skill Dr. Means presented to the American Board eight suitable fields in the interior of Africa open for occupation; among these eight his heart was clearly set on the great Bié plateau in Angola, a home of the Ovimbundu.

Much interest was aroused in the venture, donations coming from as far afield as Nova Scotia, Austria, India and the Sandwich Islands. Denominational barriers were overcome. Among the first to offer contributions was an Episcopalian of Boston, who wrote, "I am so deeply interested in Major Malan's account. . Should you alone, or in conjunction with the Presbyterian Board—which seems to me delightful—conclude to establish this

Mission, I will gladly give $500.00." A further challenge came in a conditional offer of £1,000 from Mr. Robert Arthington, of Leeds, England. These amounts, however, were inadequate for a task so great, involving heavy pecuniary cost and much physical hardship, and the Board was pledged to its work already established in other fields.

In addition to this, the two years, 1877 and 1878, were ones of great financial stringency. It appeared that heavy retrenchment must be made heavier. The depression on the field and in the Home constituency was intense. The question of abandoning certain missions was being considered. Then on a day in March, 1879, word came to the American Board of a legacy of $1,000,000 from Asa Otis of New London, Connecticut. The reaction at this news was tremendous. The word "retrenchment" was no more heard. At the annual meeting in 1879 it was decided to enlarge the work already existing and to establish new missions giving first place to Africa. Thus in 1880 the West Central Africa Mission was opened in Angola.

Pathfinders.—The way was open for advance. Men were needed, exceptional men, men of lion heart and eagle vision. Workers were sought, "men of good, sound health and vigorous constitutions, with round-about common sense; men who have a purpose to accomplish, with large, warm hearts, ready to deny themselves and to make any sacrifice for the good of those around them." Quick-tempered or hasty men were not wanted; they would mar the work and spoil the labour of others.

Three men were selected from among the volunteers: Rev. W. W. Bagster, from California, one of the Bagster family of London Bible House fame, Rev. W. H. Sanders, son of an American Board missionary in Ceylon, and Mr. S. T. Miller, "born in slavery in the United States, set free by the results

of the great Civil War, and the first of the freedmen to carry to the land of his ancestors the Gospel which makes all men free indeed." Hope was expressed that Mr. Miller might be "the first of many of his race who shall go forth for the redemption of that wasted but still opulent continent."

These three were sent forth in 1880 on their difficult apostolic mission, which was entered upon with "caution and prayer, under the call of Providence, for if successful, it would have relations to the future of the grandest character." Dr. Means also wrote to a candidate, "those who now go are to lay foundations of what we all think is to be one of the most important missions of our Board."

Just Christians, That's All.—From the beginning the West Central Africa Mission has held out the hand of co-operation to all workers. Being the first Evangelical Mission to penetrate the interior of Angola, it has held a unique position. Writing to the Secretary of the French Mission which had received initial financial aid from Congregationalists in Boston to open work on the Zambezi, Dr. Means said, "On the western side of the great continent we are commencing a mission eastward of Benguela, in Bailundo and Bié. It will be extremely gratifying when they and your missionaries in northern Zambezia shake hands together in Central Africa."[1] Denominationalism has always been at a minimum in the Angolan field. Home sectarian battlefields were not shifted to Africa; enough to proclaim the "Gospel of the blessed God." The word "Congregationalist" has no meaning to the thousands of Christians in the hinterland of Benguela. They call themselves and all other believers Vakua Yesu (Those of Jesus) or Vakuandaka (Those of the Word) or perhaps Vakua Kristu

1 Fulfilled when Chief Kanjundu went to Barotseland with a Christian caravan, see p. 104.

(Those of Christ). From early days the West Central Africa Mission has been a united and a uniting mission and the co-operation existing among the evangelical missionaries who followed the pioneers and who now[2] are working in various parts of Angola, is a carrying forward of the spirit manifested both in the sending forth of the first workers from the homelands and in the pioneer workers themselves.

Afric's Golden Strand.—The pioneers left Lisbon in the small steamer "Benguela." A journey of thirty-nine days, mainly through tropical seas, brought the historic party to the open roadstead of Benguela, twelve degrees south of the equator. A heavy Atlantic swell prevented the passengers from disembarking that day, but on the 13th of November, 1880, the first Protestant missionaries to Central Angola set foot on "Afric's golden sands." Some Portuguese traders welcomed them warmly and showed the party much kindness. Others looked askance at the newcomers, reasoning that, as some African Chiefs acting on the advice of British missionaries had placed their countries under the Union Jack, so these Americans, "a mesma coisa" (the same thing) as the English, cherished ulterior designs on Angola. Further, did not these missionaries represent an heretical faith? All knew the punning taunt, "Os Ingleses são herejes" (The English are heretics). A Moroccan Jew took a sympathetic interest in the new arrivals and a house was secured at Catumbela, reached from Benguela over a dozen miles of blazing sands. Catumbela was a small place consisting of "about a dozen houses . . . a square fort with a few honey-combed guns propped up on stones, a market place and some smaller buildings, such as grog stores."[3]

[2] 1927.
[3] Cameron, "Across Africa," vol. 2, p. 266.

Here were seen "the white paths behind the town which had been the main slave tracks for centuries and were so still, for they lead to the Interior by the shortest and easiest route."[4] "I saw a thousand slaves in one caravan," says Monteiro a trader of Portuguese descent who was there in 1870. This scandalous traffic common to all nations in bygone days was well called "the open sore of the world."

Fools for Christ's Sake.—A tedious wait of weary days followed, giving the new missionaries an opportunity to practise the three essentials of African missionaries, patience; more patience; still more patience. Donkeys and a riding ox were procured. Carriers were at last secured for indispensable loads and through these carriers there is said to have arisen a name for the missionaries, *afulu*, which has remained to this day. With that keen curiosity inborn in every native, the carriers enquired who these new white men were who planned to go into the interior, carrying neither gunpowder nor rum. A surly white answered, "Fools; they think to convert the blacks." Everywhere they went, the carriers spoke of their charges as "afulu," ignorant of course of the original meaning of the word. To-day in Angola the word "afulu" signifies a person of upright sterling qualities, or as the Roman Catholic Bishop of Angola states in "Por Terras d'Angola," it is a "term of endearment, pronounced lovingly by the Africans with their soft voices." In a real sense, however, the missionaries were "fools for Christ's sake," but with a foolishness stronger than the wisdom of men. Nevinson, writing of Angola in 1900 says, "Few though they were, the missionaries exercised some influence for good. Amid traders and planters whose very existence depended on violence, deceit and slavery, here were white men who kept their

[4] Nevinson. "More Changes, More Chances," p. 58.

word, dealt honestly and put the native's gain before their own. From end to end of Africa a white man's honesty is rarer than diamonds or gold, but missionaries maintain a tradition of its existence."[5]

All Aboard.—"Kua cha" comes the cry from the the native leader of the caravan. The day of departure for the interior has arrived. Native porters, greatly excited, talk incessantly. The loads are brought out and placed on the ground: the carriers make a rush for the food loads, as these will become lighter and lighter day by day. Loads are tightly fastened with bark-string between two long sticks which the carrier grips with one hand and uses on occasion for resting the load against a tree or ant-hill. "Kua cha" the cry rings out again. The caravan "throws itself into the path," following the guide who knows the path to the interior. The caravan breaks into a song; a leader in a high voice takes the solo part, giving some description of the path or of the country to which they go. The other members of the caravan respond in unison in a lower key, repeating the last words intoned by the soloist. Such singing adds joy to the journey and lightens the load. Another of their songs usual on such occasions is a description of the ovindele (white men) based on the native belief of their origin. White men are supposed to come out of the sea. Do they not emerge from the deep in their smoking barge? Do they not find their riches in the depths, which form their native habitat? Some believe that the ovindele compel the spirits of captured black men to manufacture cloth for them beneath the sea, which cloth the white man with infinite impudence brings back to sell to the black folk. Tinned meats are suspected of being the flesh of those same black captives who were carried away in the steamers to the white man's

[5] "More Changes, More Chances," p. 59.

home in the ocean. What a commentary on the horror excited by slavery in the native heart! Phrases descriptive of the appearance and peculiarities of the white men in the caravan are interwoven to add spice to the song.

The Baboon Step.—The road is a mere track no wider than a man's bare foot, worn deep by countless feet, so that in walking one foot must be brought round in front of the other like a baboon. Song dies as the steep ascent is reached. Carriers slacken speed and sigh, for the going is hard and hot sands blister the feet and the burning sun wearies the body, threatening fever.

For the first one hundred miles the country is wild and mountainous. In places the ascent is so precipitous that it is necessary to go like goats, jumping from stone to stone. This is followed by rough and waterless plains, then by precipitous hills formed of limestone intersected by ravines and dry watercourses, up and down the sides of which the party clambered. Sheets of steep and slippery granite are passed, divided from one another by patches of thorny scrub, with rills draining down to join the stream heard murmuring below. At times they are obliged to clamber over huge masses of stone on hands and knees; at others to descend into the gorge to avoid some giant block jutting out beyond the path, and then to clamber again to the level with the assistance of the creepers which grow in the crevices. At last the travellers find themselves overlooking other ranges the crests of which pierce the clouds.

Along the path are seen grotesquely shaped baobab trees aptly called the elephants and hippopotami of the vegetable kingdom. Their uncouth appearance, big in trunk and spare in branch, is however toned down by the tender green of their foliage and by their beautiful white flowers which

form a large ball of pure white about four or five inches across, exactly like a powder puff with a crown of large, thick, white petals, turned back on top of it. Before dropping from the tree, the flowers become tipped with yellow, and are succeeded by the long pendant gourd-like fruit, resembling hanging notes of admiration, and giving the gigantic, nearly leafless tree a most singular appearance.

Robbers, alert to plunder weak caravans or capture isolated members thereof infest the road, but the party passes on without incident. Fast-flowing rivers, some eighty feet wide and waist deep, are crossed. On through jungle, up and down they go, pushing toward the goal. Signs of human habitation begin to come in view, with huts corresponding so exactly with the red sandstone that they would be unnoticed but for the curls of smoke rising into the morning air.

Ekuikui: King of Kings.—Weary with their journey the party arrived at Bailundo and was forced to halt by the soldiers of King Ekuikui, self-styled "King of Kings" and so regarded by his officers and soldiers. Ekuikui's ombala (king's fortress or capital village) was a lofty pile of precipitous rocks, looking like a mediæval giant's castle. . . . At the summit was the king's throne of three great rocks and also the beheading stone where his enemies suffered; the stone of refuge to which a runaway might cling and declare himself the king's slave; the royal tombs, with patterned walls, and the large flat rock where the women dance in welcome to warriors returning from the slaughter.[6] According to the "dash" system which obtained throughout Central Africa presents were offered by the missionaries and accepted, the missionaries having to pass through various stockaded passages before reaching the royal presence.

[6] Nevinson.

The missionaries had Bié as their goal. The chief of that country had sent his Secretary of State to the coast charged with the duty of offering the missionaries all necessary help and of placing himself at their command. All this was carried out with most elaborate perfection. But Ekuikui was adamant and would not suffer them to proceed beyond his kingdom. "If any one is to have white children or white slaves, I am that one," growled the old chief. Bad feeling between the chiefs of Bailundo and Bié had become chronic. The king of Bié once despatched a group of his braves to Ekuikui at Bailundo to tell the "toothless old dog on the hill" that he was of no account. Shortly thereafter, this so insolent ruler of Bié sent to the coast a caravan loaded with ivory and wax. The path from Bié to the coast passes through Bailundo, Ekuikui's territory, and Ekuikui promptly ordered the caravan to be plundered, sending the carriers back to their chief with the grim message, "Tell your Chief that the toothless old dog can bite."

Thus the jealousies between these two chiefs led to the enforced establishment of the first station of the Mission at Bailundo. Ekuikui would hear of no going farther inland. "Build here," he commanded, indicating a site. A drenching tropical thunderstorm soaked the missionaries as they pitched their tent, adding misery to disappointment. They were in Ekuikui's power for good or for evil. The tent served as their first home and in it they placed their beds and a few boxes and hung from the ridge pole a gun or two, a couple of lanterns with an umbrella and a few pieces of rope. Workers from the king's village, eager to gain cloth, helped to erect plain wattle-and-daub houses; a hastily improvised hut built behind the tent served as dining room and another at a little distance did duty for a kitchen. The grass-thatched roofs which the

natives declared waterproof did not prove so. A lady missionary who arrived later thus described the quality of the thatching done, "Since the daily rains have set in, our waterproofs and overshoes are essential inside the huts as well as out." The damp, steaming earthen floors and the dripping overhead,—dripping in the intervals of drenching,—together with the impossibility of drying wet sheets out-of-doors in the short snatches of sunshine which the rainy season supplied, did not conduce to comfort of body or mind.

An African Milking Machine.—Happy were the workers in their task and humour helped in many a difficult situation. "One of our luxuries," Sanders wrote, "is about a gill of goat's milk night and morning. The little creatures are not accustomed here to give milk to any but their young hence our goat is not very generous. The native style of milking is novel. One able-bodied man holds the head; another, standing astride and grasping the hinder legs, lifts the goat into position for the third, sitting behind, to milk. The sighs and despairing cries of the goat make a very ludicrous affair. It is equalled only by two pigs which had not enough fat to fry their own meat. Tallow had to be added. I could not look at the bony carcasses without laughing at the idea of their being pigs."

Ekuikui sent frequent presents of sweet potatoes and corn, expecting the customary return gift. He secretly hinted that specially personal gifts apart from the "dashes" or tribute should be sent to him under cover of darkness and passed through a private gate, which would ensure its reaching his royal hands directly without obligation on his part to share with his counsellors.

Every Man in His Own Tongue.—How shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall the preacher preach in an unknown tongue? For no

literature was available even for a start. Africa was the bookless continent, and the Ovimbundu had neither grammar nor reader, neither dictionary nor vocabulary. From the carriers the pioneers picked up a few words and using these as a lever opened up the Umbundu language, revealed its richness and variety and reduced it to writing. Pointing to a tree they would ask "What do you call that?" "Uti" came the reply. "Water? Ovava. Food? Okulia. Sleep? Oku pekela. Ox? Ongombe. Corn? Epungu. Rain? Ombela. Moon? Osai. Stars? Olombungululu." Thus to reduce a language to writing demanded almost superhuman toil. Within a year they had acquired a vocabulary of 1,300 words later to be expanded into a vocabulary printed on the mission press of six hundred pages containing thousands of words. The language was found to have an intricate grammar with ten classes of nouns each requiring a different prenominal prefix for the subsequent adjectives and verbs, and a system of verbs capable of expressing all moods and tenses.

Then came the work of passing on the meaning of the "marks" to the people who had never seen a printed word. Take a good look at a group squatting there on the ground before the teacher. It is historic in the life of the tribe, marking the close of the old epoch and the ushering in of a new. Scantily clad pupils, mostly boys and a few men, gather near the missionary's hut, having learned the day of school opening by seeing a white flag hoisted for the purpose. Their teacher displays a piece of white cloth on which he had with much patience printed by hand in large black characters the vowels and first combinations of letters, ta and wa. At first the pupils are convulsed with merriment at the idea that these strange marks can "talk." Some among them make rapid progress, while others, possibly

more advanced in age and duller of intellect, think they need a fetish similar to that of the white man, which they supposed enabled him to decipher the curious signs, or perhaps spectacles might help perform the magic trick!

Meanwhile precious Bible verses were translated: the love of God to all as in John 3:16; the Good Shepherd in John 10; the Shepherd Song in Psalm 23; some of the parables such as the Lost Son; the account of the Wondrous Birth as in Matthew and Luke; and the story of One who hung upon the Cross. All these "Words" came home with awakening freshness to the people; never was heard a story so sweet, and thrice blest were those privileged to tell it for the first time. Sadness is a constant companion of the heathen heart and the new Word brought happiness beyond words to describe.

A little hand press came into use. Crude work was done, but the day of small things is not to be despised. The beautiful edition of the Gospel and Acts published in 1923 by the British and Foreign Bible Society in Parallel version (Portuguese-Umbundu) is a product of constant revision or re-translation of those early attempts, enabling every one to hear in his own tongue the marvellous works of God.

"Her Price is Above Rubies."—Other missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Walter and Mr. and Mrs. Nicholls, came to join the ranks of the first arrivals. These wives, the first white women to settle in that part of Africa, excited much curiosity in the community, especially among the native women. They were the forerunners of many devoted women who have contributed greatly to the upbuilding of the Church in Central Africa. Norton de Matos, a distinguished High Commissioner of the Portuguese Republic, speaking in 1913 stated that one of the finest contributions of Protestant Missions in An-

gola was that of the Christian home. A native woman entering a missionary's home and seeing the peace and harmony which prevailed and the children playing, asked, "Is this the heaven that we hear about?"

Paying the Price.—Disaster overtook the Mission. Mr. Bagster, weakened by the hardships of pioneering, contracted the so-called Coast fever and passed to his reward. It was a grievous blow to the work so recently begun, and complications with the Chief were sure to follow. Relatives of an outsider who dies within the territory of a chief are required by native law to pay a heavy fine. Ancestral spirits are supposed to be disturbed by such an event and the country defiled, hence atonement must be made. Thus if a person journeying through alien territory falls sick and death appears imminent, his friends arrange an improvised hammock made of a palm pole and a blanket in which they place the sick one and haste with all speed to their own country so that he may die there. A heavy fine is thus avoided and the mourners console themselves with the thought that the soul of the departed will be among the spirits of its own tribe.

The Fetish Mule.—Chief Ekuikui quickly applied the native custom in such cases. He demanded the large mule which Mr. Bagster had ridden. The mule was deemed specially valuable by the Mission and the request was firmly refused. The messenger sent by Ekuikui returned and stated that Sandele (Sanders) had reviled the King. For daring to refuse the request of the Chief, the missionaries were threatened with a spoiling of their goods. What could be done? The fierce nature of the mule was known, but the chief coveted the animal and was not willing to lose such an opportunity of acquiring it. In vain the character of the mule was set before him; even Mr. Bagster, accustomed to horses

from childhood, had been sometimes an hour or two in mounting him. Atonement must be made for defiling the country, and the mule must be the atonement. An additional charge was now brought forward. Sandele was charged with killing Bagster by fetish so that he might be the head of the party, and an ultimatum came from Ekuikui saying, "You shall give me Sachikela's (Bagster's) mule or you and your associates shall leave the country." After prayer and consultation it was decided that the mule be delivered up and that Sandele go personally to see the King, hoping that he might be able to redeem the mule, as the thought of much journeying on foot or by tepoia was not relished. Next morning the Chief's messengers were on hand to take away the mule. What happened is humorously described by Dr. Sanders: "Knowing our mule, we simply delivered him over without fixing him up. The saddle, etc., were put down in a heap. At Chikulu's special request the bridle was put on without putting the curb chain into its most effective adjustment. Off we went. The first brook was passed easily. Reaching the second I was glad to see it worse to pass. I pushed on lest they should desire my help. . . . and then make my refusal to give it the basis of a new stock of lies to the king. Shortly before reaching the war camp we came upon one of the men who had been with the mule. . . . He was lying down and looked very tired. . . . It appeared that they tried to pull it across the brook by might and main and could not. All efforts failed. They declared that the beast came for them, open-mouthed and rearing. He reared and kicked so fiercely that the men feared for their lives. . . ." Hearing this vivid description Ekuikui sent the mule back to the Mission saying, "Keep your mule; he is the fetish that killed Bagster." He added an-

other message, "Thirty pieces of cloth will settle the fine for defiling the country."

New recruits, Rev. and Mrs. W. E. Fay, valiant workers, and Rev. and Mrs. Wesley M. Stover, brought sunshine to the depressed workers. Mr. Stover, a born scholar, did much literary work, publishing a grammar of the Umbundu language within a couple of years of his coming, and carrying forward translation work. Dr. and Mrs. Stover during their long years of service deeply and permanently influenced the whole work of the Mission.

The Plunder and the Return.—Ekuikui received the cloth but did not forget the mule. The disappointed old man became susceptible to insinuations against the missionaries made by a mulatto who had built a distillery in the neighbourhood. Ekuikui was told that these white men planned to secure a diversion of trade northward to the Congo as Bula Matadi (Stanley) had done during his recent journey across Africa. The credulous chief was even led to believe that the missionaries plotted to tunnel under the rock capital and blow it up with gunpowder. On May 15th, 1884, the king informed the missionaries that they must leave his kingdom within nine days, handing over all property to him. Dr. Sanders was deputed by the missionaries to visit Ekuikui, then in war camp four days to the north, and expostulate. It was a risky experiment. The messenger took his life in his hand, having to walk through a line of warriors daubed with war-paint, and with spears in hand, past witchdoctors, befeathered and bepainted, with divination bones and baskets beside them, past the royal bodyguard until he was face to face with the King, who with angry threats renewed the order to quit the country telling him that not only would all goods be plundered but that if they stayed the lives of the

missionaries themselves would be taken. Hurriedly bundling together the little they could carry, the missionaries started for the coast. Three women and two children, both sick, were in the party, but God brought them through all the dangers, fatigues and exposures of that forced march. Senhor Coimbra, a Portuguese trader of better type and character, succored them on the journey, and the coast was reached in safety.

Ekuikui's warriors swooped down upon the defenceless Mission station and plundered unsparingly. Imagine the spectacle. The Mission houses and stores were bespoiled and sacked. There lay a heap of valuable books being devoured by white ants. Here the contents of the drug store were piled up, giving off strange odours. In every village of the district traces of the plundered Mission Station could be found. At this time Mr. F. S. Arnot, a pioneer missionary of the Brethren, coming from the Zambezi, arrived in Bié and hearing rumours of the plight of the missionaries went with all speed to Bailundo. Ekuikui was still in his war camp and when the new visitor arrived Ekuikui was greatly surprised and had many misgivings. The visit, together with the good offices of the Portuguese Governor, who was approached by Mr. Walter, resulted in Ekuikui's sending one of his head men and fifty carriers to the coast to bring back the missionaries, some of whom again took up residence in Ovimbundu-land. Mr. Arnot relates an incident following the return of Mr. and Mrs. Sanders: "I was so glad to see them that it did not dawn upon me for some time that my clothes were hardly respectable. An old coat of Senhor Porto's buttoned up to my neck betrayed the fact that I had not a shirt to my back. Just then a young native came bouncing along with a flowing white shirt on his back that Mrs. Sanders recognised as part of their stolen be-

longings, and it was a clear case of 'stand and deliver.' The shirt came over his head and through a bath of soap-suds and on to my back ere the sun set that day."

Notes for Classes and Further Study

P. 56. A Christian soldier. Compare examples in the New Testament (Mt. 8:5-10, 27:54; Acts 10:1, 22, etc.), and such men as Cromwell, Gordon, Havelock.

P. 59. An interesting fireside story could be woven around the history of Mr. Miller. His forefathers torn from their native land, shipped to America, and now one born in slavery, but set free at the cost of Civil War, goes to the homeland of his race as a missionary. "Ye meant evil against me, but God meant it for good" (Gen. 50:20), sums up the story.

P. 64. The journey inland and the arrival at Bailundo with reception by Chief Ekuikui offer materials for a presentation of the founding of a mission and of a native chief's outlook and habits.

P. 68. Women and Missions. For the heroic devotion of women workers see "Mary Slessor"; "Christina Forsyth of Fingoland."

P. 69. Sanders' venturous visit to the old Chief is a story which would appeal to boys.

P. 71. It is of interest to record that one of the two babies carried over that weary way to the Coast returned with her parents a year later and grew up at Bailundo. In womanhood Miss Helen Stover headed her class in the University of Southern California, winning the gold medal.

The description of the journey inland is derived entirely from contemporary letters from the missionaries, Cameron's "Across Africa"; Monteiro's "Angola"; and Nevinson's "More Changes, More Chances."

Chapter IV

BUBBLING SPRINGS IN BIÉ

"Cha popia Ñala upika ka leñiko—What the Master speaks the slave does not question," said old Ekuikui in bidding Sandele (Sanders) be content at Bailundo. "Nothing venture, nothing win," thought Sandele and asking no leave of the Chief, set out for Bié, leaving others at Bailundo. But Sandele had reckoned without his host. Drum taps from the head village were heard. That rub-a-dub-dub meant something. Carriers began to desert the missionary, who, nevertheless, pressed forward. The taps continued and sounded out a message to the local chief at Bíhéle: "Sandele must not cross the Kutatu; hold him; threaten him; send him back." So return was necessary.

The caprice of the king, and the very great jealousy of the people, one against another, made it difficult to reach new places. "We may not journey five miles unless the old despot on the hill, (Ekuikui of Bailundo), gives permission," wrote one of the pioneers. The Chief of Bié, at first friendly toward the missionaries, was enraged by communications received from traders at the coast demanding payments of debts which he denied or repudiated, declaring in his anger that he would have nothing more to do with white men, nor did he desire any more in his kingdom. Two months later, however, he sent asking that one of the missionaries come to Bié to see him; that they were praised by some and reviled by others, so that he

could get at no certainty and wished to see one face to face. Hence, in 1882, a preliminary visit was made to Bié. Dr. Sanders wrote: "I am in a hut to-night that belongs to the man who came down to Bailundo with the message that we would be killed if we entered Bié. How is this for a change in the aspect of affairs?" This Chief of Bié was a notorious character. The natives called him Chilemo, "Heavy One," a dig at his heavy oppression—but he informed visitors that he was greater than any other king in Africa, for besides his African name he had a European one, and that his full style and title was Chief Antonio Kangombe, and that his picture, the picture of Antonio Kangombe, had been sent to Lisbon.

A pen picture of "Little Ox" (for such his native name, Kangombe, means), brings the "Heavy One" before us: "He was clad in a battered plug hat and an old military coat. It has never been cleaned since given unless appearances are very deceitful. A filthy shirt and a large cloth from the waist to foot completed his attire. His appearance was that of an old toper." Nor was Ekovongo, the ombala (capital), any better. It was large, having a circumference of about three miles, but as "slattern in appearance as a neglected barnyard with an ancient barn attached. The nettles are so rank that they stung my hands as I went along the regular paths," wrote Dr. Sanders. Men wearing red waistcoats and carrying spears and knives guarded the chief's enclosure. A ghastly sight was the great fetish place of the Chief, decorated with the skulls of all the chiefs whom the Biéans had conquered, surrounded by the heads of leopards, dogs and jackals. At one side of the village was the burying place of kings with graves lying east and west, all grouped around a great spirit hut to which offerings of food and drink were brought regularly for

the ancestral spirits. Kangombe's rule was capricious and barbarous and death or mutilation was ordered and carried out at the nod of the drunken despot.

Kangombe accepted the tribute paid in cloth and indicated a place where the missionaries might settle. The location, however, was not regarded as satisfactory, and a more convenient site was sought. Camundongo was chosen as a desirable spot. There, in 1884, a spring bubbled forth its living water which has satisfied many souls.

Africa is the land of surprises. Kangombe's death, so unexpected, led to anxious days. The new Chief took the name of Njambā-yē-mina, expressive of great strength and ferocity. A slave was killed and eaten by the king and his headmen at the installation ceremonies, the human flesh being mixed with the flesh of animals, also sacrificed for the occasion to ancestral spirits. This ceremony over, the skull of the slave and the bones of the animals were exposed on a stake at the main gate of the capital. Violence begets violence, and Njambā-yē-mina's reign ended in a drunken brawl. His successor's name-motto was Chindunduma-wa-ndumisa-ofeka, which, being interpreted, means, "The Terror Which Makes the Earth Tremble." Beginning to play the part, the "Terror" announced that all the white men were to be cleared out of the country, were they Putukesi or Ingelesi. His attention was first directed to the missionaries, the "Ingelesi." Charging them with building a fort, the chief despatched a plundering party, but, happily, the Mission was spared, the warrior leader declaring, "It is only your God who has thus saved you." The plunderers then planned to lay siege to the village of Silva Porto, the Portuguese veteran at Belmonte, about fifteen miles from Camundongo. It was a terrible moment for Porto. To think that

he, a representative of the historic Portuguese nation, after sixty almost solitary years in Bié, should be thus insulted! But this was not the bitterest drop in the old man's cup. The Portuguese authorities knew through Porto of the barbarities of the "Terror." Porto urged them to intervene, but delays were interminable. At last, an expedition of Portuguese and Boers was organised. Porto considered that he, an officer of the Portuguese army and pioneer resident of Bié, should have been given command of the force, and when he heard that a young captain had been appointed to that position, the poor old man could not bear the reproach of it. Wrapping himself in the Portuguese flag and lying down on a litter of a dozen kegs of gunpowder, he blew himself through the roof of his house, his body falling some distance off. He was treated by the missionaries, but the case was hopeless. What a dramatic end to a pioneer's life!

The war was now on. Chindunduma, the "Terror," took every precaution to secure victory to his arms. Special fetishes and enchantments were prepared and one specially important ceremony was arranged at the Kukema river, which divided the native warriors from their attackers. The great fetish doctors ordered that "something" be put in the river which would cause instant death to any enemy who might be so foolhardy as to attempt to cross its waters. The "potent spell" was placed in a gun, and, with much ceremony, fired into the river. Taking the shot to be a signal for a general attack, the Boers who were helping the Portuguese at once rushed up, firing on the naked warriors, dropping a dozen of them on the banks of the river. The deadly fire of the Boers continuing, panic seized the Ovimbundu warriors who retreated. Chindunduma's big town of Ekovongo was attacked on the fourth of November, 1890, and after a feeble resistance the

Ovimbundu fled precipitately, Chindunduma taking refuge in a dense forest to the southeast. The punitive expedition burned villages and camps, demanding the surrender of the Chief. Innocent natives, especially women and children, were the chief sufferers. The missionaries, anxious to prevent further bloodshed and loss, interceded with the commanding officer. "We want Chindunduma," the officers peremptorily told Dr. Sanders, who then sought out leading natives and persuaded them that the best way to save the country was not by arming new bands, as they planned, but by surrendering their Chief. To find the "Terror" was no easy task. Finally, the "Terror" who was to make the earth tremble, was found trembling like a leaf himself, although surrounded by his braves. He gave himself up and the Portuguese despatched him to São Tomé, the Cocoa Island on the Equator, where he was kindly treated. Thus ended the old Bié dynasty, so romantically founded by Viye.

Currie, Canada's Courier.—Stirred by the exploits of Livingstone and Stanley, a young theological student with muscles strengthened by self-appointed toil and with the colour of health on his face, offered himself for work in the Dark Continent. Fellow students of the Congregational College in Montreal were not a little surprised at Walter T. Currie's choice, and few understood its purport or realised the influence both at home and abroad which would result from his going forth for the sake of the Name. Following his ordination, he set sail for Africa in 1886 with his bride, Clara Wilkes Currie, of Brantford, Ontario, a niece of Rev. Henry Wilkes, D.D., who for many years was Principal of the Congregational College. A stay at Bailundo, the pioneer station, for study of the native language, Umbundu, was necessary. Here his wife, worn out with travel and sick with fever, added an-

other life to the list of those who yielded all that Africa might be redeemed.

With dauntless spirit Currie penetrated untrodden districts of Bié, and, encouraged and counselled by Mr. Sanders, looked for a district in which to found another centre which would be a refreshing oasis to weary souls. Picture the two heroic missionaries sitting on the banks of an African river, the Ukolongo, debating as to the best location for the Mission Station. Health considerations indicated the Kapoko district, situated high on the eastern limit of the Bié plateau, overlooking the valley of the Kukema and Kuanza, with the vast interior plain extending like an ocean beyond; density of population and receptivity of the people, however, called for Chissamba as a centre. The desire to win the greater number was the deciding factor for the Chissamba site and here, about 400 miles inland from Benguela, the first Canadian station was started in 1888.

Here then is Currie, a lone white man, living in a mud hut beside a typical African stream. In front of his hut lay a swamp and a river difficult to cross. Beyond the river, looking upstream, were native fields studded with huge ant-hills, eighteen to twenty feet high with a diameter at the base of thirty feet, on any one of which a tree or two might be found. Downstream, looking left from Currie's hut, the rising ground was thickly dotted with native villages, in the centre of which a circle of tall, spreading sycamore trees indicated the Chief's ombala (capital). The missionary prepared his own food, following mainly the native diet of mush and beans, although unable to appreciate every item esteemed by his coloured friends. How about a cooked mouse for a specialty? Or a pot full of fat caterpillars? Or even a slice of hippo meat? Or a few queen white ants as a delicacy?

The missionary is the object of much curious wonder on the part of the natives. Why is he here? What does he want? Will he go away again? Will he bewitch us if we approach him? For a time he is given a wide berth. Who cares to run the risk of being bewitched, transformed into a leopard or devoured by a stranger? Little did the primitive people understand their visitor, or the grief of his heart over the loss of wife and child; little did they understand that he sought their deepest and eternal interests, and for the sake of the Name, had gone forth from home and friends to bring glad tidings.

The Fence and the Roarer.—But the awakening came. God's Spirit was moving in the hearts of the natives. Across the swamp and river, near the ombala of Chissamba dwelt Sanembelo, a man greatly esteemed in the community. To Sanembelo's home had come two sons. The one was given the name of Lumbo (fence), "for," said the father, "he shall be a fence to protect both family and village." The other he called Kumba (roaring as of a lion) in the hope that as the boy grew up he would be able to roar like a young lion against the enemies of the family or village. Sanembelo, by placing his son Kumba in Mr. Currie's hands for training, was a pioneer in a great movement away from heathen darkness to God's glorious light.

The two boys lived to exemplify their names, although in a wider sense than the father had in mind at the time of their birth, previous to the coming of the missionaries. Lumbo, the pastor of the Chissamba Church, has been a true "fence," a protection to the Church of God, a man loved by all for his steadfast character and solid counsel. Kumba, more eloquent, has proved to be an orator among the native elders and evangelists—a man who heralds forth the Gospel and rebukes any deviation from the highest standards of Christian life and conduct.

Kumba delights to relate the story of his first night spent in the hut of the Ulongisi (Teacher). "I slept with one eye open and both ears," he relates, "I wasn't sure of the white man. Father bade me go. I obeyed. But my uncle said to me as I left our home village, 'White men eat boys.' I trembled. Morning light came. I was uneaten. The dawn was gladsome." Lumbo, in later years, told what held him back longer than his younger brother Kumba. "I loved raiding expeditions," he confessed, "and to seize gun or spear to attack the Va Luimbe was my delight."

In the early days of Chissamba, Currie had to be evangelist, doctor and industrial missionary all in one. Although he had had some training in medicine, he felt himself unable to cope with all the cases which presented themselves. The medical work was heavy. "Jamaica" Johnston, who visited Chissamba on his tour across Africa in 1892, said that while he was at the station a larger number of patients came daily to the dispensary than he had seen at any other Mission Station in Africa. Dr. Currie, writing of his medical work said: "I had to be physician, druggist, and, for the most part, nurse, and I am sure you can have little idea of how severe a strain such work is in addition to all of one's other duties. You know not how great a trial sickness and death are to the faith of a young Christian convert from African superstition. I am growing more and more convinced that we can never build up a strong intelligent Christian faith in these people without the help of a wisely conducted Medical Department . . . that will seek intelligently to heal the bodily ills of the people in the hope, and largely with the direct object, of strengthening their faith in God and destroying their confidence in idle, foolish superstitions!"

Dan Crawford in "Thinking Black" has this to

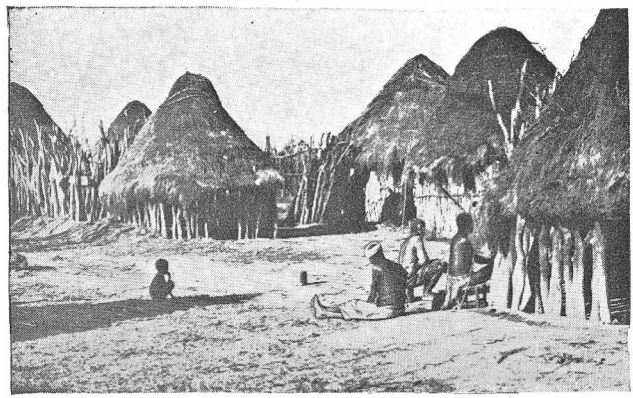
say of these pioneer days at Chissamba: "Mr. Currie kindly gave me sanctuary in his little mud cabin at Chissamba, and many a happy day we spent together. Dieted on native mush and beans, this good man (by calling a missionary, but by necessity everything) . . . camped on the edge of a wood making a beginning by felling tall trees and roughing out of the thick bush a clearing for his future site. Soon the songs of the wind whistling through the woods were answered by the songs of Zion, and thus at last the story of long centuries of heathendom was ended and a new chapter begun. The large modern Chissamba of these later days was long ago cradled there in that tiny mud hut in the woods, and I should be insolently ungrateful were I to forget those early days of promise." And again he says, "Often when lonely the very thought of noble Currie trimming God's lamp at Chissamba comes in on us like a whiff of ozone from the far Atlantic."

The Chissamba of to-day grew from that single grass-thatched hut. Now we find a Christian village, with straight roads, houses of burnt-brick, the larger buildings with tiled roofs, a fine hospital, carpenter shop, blacksmith shop, day schools and boarding schools for boys and girls and a "Temple," built by the natives at their own expense, capable of holding a thousand worshippers. The forty out-station schools, centres of light amid the darkness of heathendom, indicate the extension of the work.

For the upbuilding of this station other devoted workers made valuable contributions. The Rev. Wilberforce Lee came to help in evangelistic work. Later, in 1891, with Mrs. Lee, he helped Rev. T. W. Woodside found a new station at Sakanjimba, which station, owing to the depredations of slaves belonging to white planters was later moved four days north to Chilesso. Miss Minnehaha Clarke, the first single lady missionary in that part of the world,

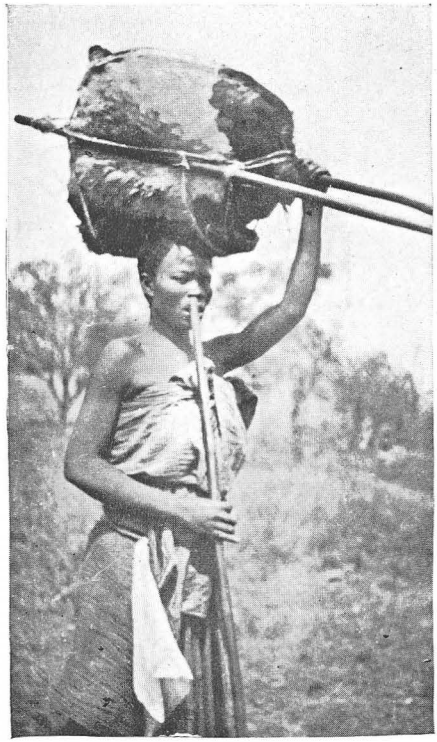
brought joy like "laughing water." Greatly beloved by her pupils, who craved the privilege of touching her golden-brown hair, she won all hearts. The strain of the work was too heavy, and she passed on, leaving a fragrant memory. Rev. and Mrs. Frank W. Read rendered fine service at Bailundo, Chissamba and Sakanjimba, coming to know the inner feelings of natives in an unusual way. Mr. Read's sad death in Montreal after ten years of unbroken service was a profound loss to the work. God buries his workmen but carries on His work. Miss Clarke's death led to the appointment of two other lady workers, Miss Amy Johnston, a teacher, who later became the wife of Rev. W. T. Currie, and Miss Helen Melville, a trained nurse. Both these noble women, still engaged in the work, have exerted influences which reach deep and far. Miss Margaret W. Melville, stirred by the appealing letters of her sister, volunteered to teach the little ones. She had heard of a lad roaming about the station seeking one to teach him, but all were too busy, and gladly she exchanged her teacher's position in Canada to spend thirty years of enriching service in dark Africa. Later recruits were a beloved physician who built the first hospital in Bié, Dr. Alfred Yale Massey, a direct lineal descendant of Jeffrey Massey, one of the Pilgrim Fathers, and Mr. R. G. Moffat, who came first for industrial work, but later returned to the field as a physician, doing fine service at Sachikela and Chissamba. Dr. Moffat's retirement, owing to Mrs. Moffat's ill health, was greatly felt.

Other sister stations, distant from Chissamba fifty, one hundred and two hundred miles, received recruits from American sources. To Camundongo came Miss Sarah Stimpson, whose strong love for individual girls produced worthy results, and Miss Nellie Arnot, afterwards Mrs. Darling, whose organisation of a Girls' Boarding School at Camun-

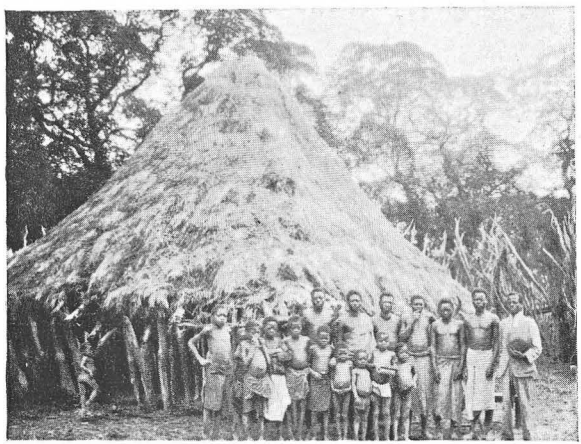


A Native Village near Chissamba.

The Open Door—A Stockaded Village.



A Native Woman Carrier.



A Native Onjango, (Palaver House) near Chissamba.

dongo marked a forward step in the policy of the Mission. The founding of Sachikela station in the beautiful mountainous district of Chiyaka, by Rev. and Mrs. Merlin Ennis, opened up a new section of country. Dr. and Mrs. Ennis have seen the miracle of the widow's cruse repeated; from a mere handful of meal a family of souls have been provided for. To these names here gratefully recorded, must be added those of Miss Emma C. Redick and Miss Janette E. Miller (Chilesso and Bailundo), workers who have valiantly wrought for the Kingdom, devoting their ability and love to African girls and to school work, ensuring a rich harvest.

Pinpricks.—In the early days of the Mission, before gardens were started, food was an ever present problem. The native girl who was to pound meal for the corn bread failed the Chissamba ladies on one occasion so that for Sunday's dinner they had only sweet potatoes to eat. Sometimes no salt was available and food could not be eaten. Canned goods were short, but a caravan from the coast bringing relief supplies was expected, and a happy hearty dinner had been planned in the expectation of its arrival. There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip! The agent, instead of sending up cases of food stuffs and flour, forwarded loads of cloth and beads for purposes of barter. It was famine time; what could cloth and beads avail? The missionaries hastily gathered another supply of carriers for the long journey to the Coast. On the return journey homeward the caravan was plundered by robbers, and a case of butter, their year's supply, disappeared, the carrier not giving up the case of butter, however, until he had received three gun-shot wounds. Their nearest post office was at Benguela, distant twenty-five days' journey, to which place carriers were despatched for the precious letters.

One month the agent omitted to take the homeward-bound mail out of the bag and sent all the letters back. This was matched by the return of all letters to the Mission because they had too much postage, the rate of postage having been reduced! White ants, which will devour the driest theological work or the most thrilling detective story with like avidity, made their contribution to the joys of living. Dr. Currie wrote, "Most of your letter reached me by last mail. The white ants ate the rest of it on the journey from the coast."

The army ants, those black six-leggers, eating man or mouse with equal indifference,[1] were frequent visitors. Here is an account of a raid: "We had such an attack from army ants a few days ago. We saw them out in the yard, but as they often pass we did not pay any more attention except to put a little coal oil on the door-sill. During the night I was awakened by something on my face, then another and another. It did not take long to recognise what it was. I lighted the candle and looked on the floor; they were there by the thousand, up the walls, all over. I opened the food box, and saw at a glance that it was past all redemption; so I shut the lid on the food I had taken so much care to prepare for our Sunday dinner. By this time I was covered with ants; I rushed into the parlor, and, in my haste, the candle went out. I tried to strike a match and then in my haste to get at the ants, it would go out. At last I made my way back to bed, but found that we could not stay there; so we got up

1 A Portuguese trader, helpless with fever, was brought by his native servants to Chissamba for treatment. After treating him Dr. Currie retired bidding one of the natives sit up and watch, and to report immediately any change in the patient's condition. The native, weary with the long journey carrying the hammock, left the sick man and slept. The missionary, anxious for his patient, could not sleep and rose to visit him again. To his horror, he found the trader covered with teeming masses of the Ovisonde, which doubtless would have killed the helpless patient before morning. Dr. Currie, himself, was badly bitten while engaged in rescuing the patient.

and made a rush for the spare bedroom, where we found the ants were content with just passing from one door to the other, and seemed to be considerate enough to leave the bed alone. Next morning, we took what breakfast we could find. We fought the ants with boiling water, hot ashes, hot coals, fire and burning paper, but they were very loath to take their departure, and it was not until they had been in the house a day and part of two nights that we saw the last of them. We have had many visits from them, but never before have we been forced to give up our beds to them."

Under certain conditions the visits of these ovisonde, "the bloody ones" as the natives call them, are welcome. They are excellent scavengers and well repay the owner of the house for their brief lodging. No vermin escapes the unnumbered host; rats, mice, lizards, centipedes, spiders, cockroaches, are all consumed, while, should a snake be resting in the thatch, he is as eagerly and as surely devoured as his smaller aforementioned friends.

At "Kole" [2]—Let us take a walk over Chissamba Station. We may see army ants marching along with military precision with officers flanking the file and scouts spread out. Perfectly harmless are they in the open when on the march, unless you happen to stand in their line of march which foolish action they take to be a challenge to battle!

Beginning at the Ukolongo river, a typical African stream with bordering swamps in which breed the death-dealing anopheles mosquitoes, we come to the ruins of the first adobe houses built by Currie on the original site previous to moving to the healthier higher levels across the Sanjasonde tributary. The native gardens, on land reclaimed from the swamp, arrest attention; "among the best

2 "Kole" is the native name for Chissamba Mission Station. "Kole" was Dr. Currie's native name.

in the country," is the verdict of the Phelps-Stokes Commission to Africa in 1921. On the uplands is Pastor Lumbo's irrigated garden wherein are found all manner of fruits and vegetables; pineapples and peanuts; grapefruit and guavas; oranges, lemons and limes, with nesperas and pomegranates and strawberries; potatoes, both sweet and white; corn, native and imported varieties; beans and peas, lettuce and radishes and onions; custard apples and cabbages and quince; pimpernella and pawpaw and squash; carrots, mangoes and turnips; beets and bananas; figs and artichokes; greens and garlic. A well mixed list, is it not? But just so was Lumbo's garden as we saw it in 1913. Evidently Lumbo had learned well from Kole and his mind had been freed from the ancient superstition common to all Ovimbundu that sowing "foreign" seeds would blight the crops, causing starvation, and that to plant a tree was an audacious act sure to bring premature death to the irreverent young man.

To the right, as we ascend the hill are native houses; "Toronto Avenue," the row is called. On the other side of the street stands one of the earliest adobe school buildings bearing the honoured name of Clara Wilkes Currie, which building for many years served as school and church, later to be transformed into a kindergarten wherein the tiny tots received their first notions of letters, handcrafts and educational recreation.

Again crossing the street, we reach a fine school building erected under the supervision of Mr. L. G. Cattell, during his period of effective service; a building covered with tiles, among the first to be made in Bié. This is the Peden Memorial School, commemorating the memory of a relative of the Misses Melville, who themselves are descendants of Peden the Preacher, of Convenanting days. In the Peden School we may meet Miss Campbell or Miss

Elizabeth Read who have general oversight of the native teachers carrying on instruction in Portuguese with explanations in Umbundu. You will notice the good discipline of the scholars. They respect their teachers. Miss Campbell has a long record of fruitful service, whilst Miss Read, herself born at Chissamba, is called Ndona Chissamba, and is affectionately regarded by the people as one of their own.

At the left stands the native Temple, having capacity for a thousand worshippers, built by the native Christians at their own expense. Chissamba native carpenters have been justly famed for many years, and these men trained in the mission workshops contributed the windows, each taking special pride in his production. The carpenter-pastor, Lumbo, with his own hands made the front entrance door out of dark brown mahogany lumber sawn by himself in the bush. Special care was devoted to the communion table, the pulpit and chairs.

Beyond the church, farther up the hill, stands the Savage-Dearborn Home and the Carter Lee Dormitory, where a great work for girls and women has gone on for many years under the care of Miss Melville who in recent years has been so well aided by Miss M. L. Wightman. Next comes the residence for missionaries of the Woman's Board and the Moody Hall Dormitory, all covered with mission-made tiles, the buildings set amid beautiful trees serving for shade or fruit. The walls of the ladies' house successfully stood the disastrous fire on that windy day in August, 1912, when forty thatch-covered buildings were destroyed in a few minutes. Opposite this residence, previous to the fire, stood the carpenter shop and near it the blacksmith and machine shop.

The two-storied building farther along is the Allan and David Gunn School Dormitory, a

memorial to two Canadian lads beautiful in their lives and in their death not divided.

Within the adobe wall fence, opposite the Gunn Memorial School, formerly stood the Currie home, picturesque with its vines and flowers, roses, dahlias, chrysanthemums and carnations, begonias, hydrangeas, ferns and geraniums. There overlooking the pleasant Ukolongo valley, a mile below, now stands a fine structure of burnt brick and tile, erected by the Rev. J. Arthur Steed, upon whom the responsibility for the work of Chissamba has rested since 1920. Mr. Steed has worked with characteristic enthusiasm, and the great gathering to welcome him and his family, in 1926, after furlough, speaks of the love borne him and Mrs. Steed.

Returning to the Mission street again we see a prayer hall used also in turn as school house, as residence for Senhor Raposo and family, and latterly by the Rev. J. E. Lloyd, who, after a fruitful year at Chilesso, following a period of work at Camundongo, had charge of Chissamba Station during Mr. Steed's absence on furlough in 1925.

A few steps farther up the street on the opposite side from the prayer-school-home building, we come to the doctor's residence from which may be seen the old hospital ruins now substituted by the fine new six-sectioned hospital across the Sanjasonde, which was built by the Woman's Board of Canada to commemorate the memory of Ella F. Williams. Dr. Hall had a noble task at Chissamba, and he availed himself of the opportunities presented to open people's minds and hearts. As Dr. Hall has been forced to resign for family reasons, no doctor is in residence at present (1927) and the work of treating the twenty thousand patients who came yearly to Dr. Hall devolves upon Miss Sybil

Hosking, a new arrival, who already is making her influence felt throughout the community.

What a variety of cases present themselves among the crowds which come to the hospital! Here is a man suffering from "utue unene" (swelled head), as it is called by the natives, a frightful disease having as its main symptom bleeding from blisters in various parts of the body, nose, mouth or internally.

The aid of the magic foreign doctor is also sought for a salve for sorrow. Albinos are not uncommon among the Ovimbundu. Dr. Cammack, who with Mrs. Cammack, laboured so devotedly at Chissamba and Sachikela, wrote: "One baby was brought that was very near the colour of a white baby with blue eyes but yellow kinky hair. They wanted the doctor to change its colour. . . ."

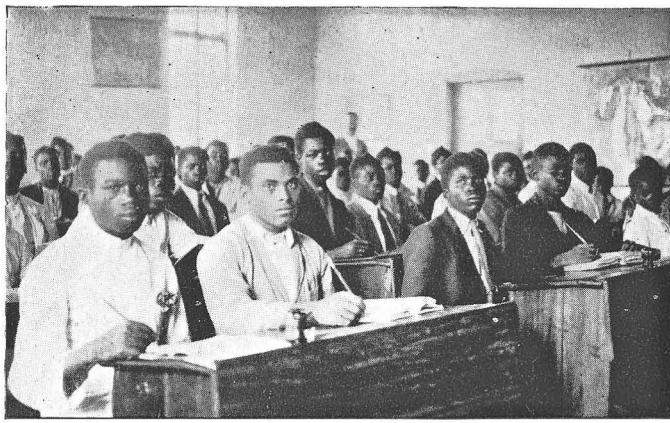
The next case is a baby dying of starvation, the usual fate of babies whose mothers die. . . .

Emergency cases of unusual character present themselves. Here is a woman with limbs torn by a crocodile as she was dipping the family water supply from the river. Fortunately, she was able to escape with her life and with her baby, carried, as is customary, on her back. . . .

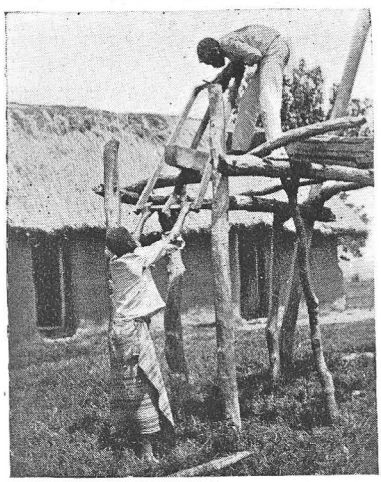
Here comes a man holding his nose. "Let me see your nose," says the doctor kindly. The effect was startling. As the man withdraws his hand, most of his face almost drops off! A leopard, wounded by a set-gun and pursued by villagers, pounced upon one of the would-be slayers tearing his face frightfully; a fellow hunter, however, escaped with a few scratches. The badly injured man, immediately set out through the bush for Chissamba as fast as his feet could carry him. Sixteen miles lay before him. The wound bleeds furiously for a little while, but the blood begins to clot. His entire nose and upper lip, except one small corner of each, are torn off in

one big flap which hangs, bone and flesh, whenever he lets go of it. Besides this, he has a great furrow ploughed under one eye and two great ugly gaping scalp wounds and, in all, sixteen wounds on his head and scalp alone, in addition to numerous scratches and cuts on his chest, arms and back. Mrs. Cammack, herself a graduate in medicine, with skilful hands stitched up the wounds, earning the undying gratitude of "the leopard man," as he came to be known. The other hunter, who suffered a few scratches from the claws of the same leopard and thought them so trifling that they needed no attention, died four days later of the blood poisoning which they caused. . . .

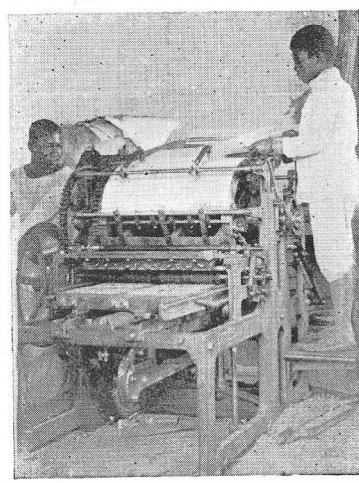
The Leaf Which Talks.—The all-round work of missions in Angola has already been indicated and the description given of the general work of an individual station applies, with variation in details, to work carried on at all other centres in the Mission fellowship. Carpentry, tailoring, building and agriculture are all necessary parts of an educational programme for African missions, but there are other factors that greatly matter. Christian literature is an absolute necessity if Evangelism is to be effective. Africa, the bookless continent, needs the enlightening page. Under the direction of Mrs. W. H. Sanders who trained native printers, the Mission Press, located at Camundongo for many years, exercised a far-reaching ministry. The Sarah H. Bates Memorial Press has printed all text-books used in the schools, primers, readers and arithmetics, in addition to various portions of the Scriptures, applying in this way not only the needs of the West Central Africa Mission but those of the Brethren Mission in North Eastern Bié. The first Scriptures for the South Africa General Mission, eastward from Camundongo two hundred and fifty miles, were printed on this press. Relief came to



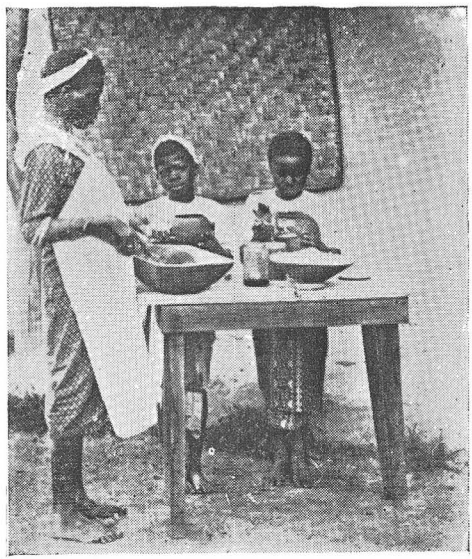
A Class of Students.



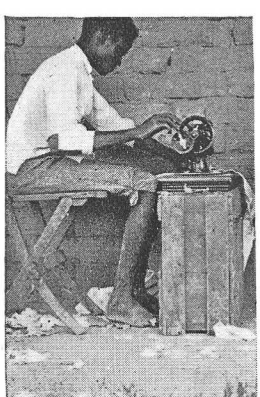
Pit-Sawing at Camundongo.



The Press, Dondi.



A Lesson in Domestic Science: Camundongo.



A Student Tailor.

Preparatory School Girls.

Mrs. Sanders by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Hunter. Mr. Hunter, a printer by trade, threw himself enthusiastically into the work and sought to adapt himself to new conditions. During the war, it being impossible to obtain glue for book binding, the printer set out to obtain a supply from hippopotami and embarked in a dugout to seek his prey in a hippo-infested river. A hippo rushed at the lumbering dugout and Mr. Hunter disappeared. Not a trace of the missionary, his rifle or the dugout has been found. It was a grievous loss to the Mission and a terrible blow to Mrs. Hunter, who bravely took up her husband's work in the pressroom and carried on until her furlough in 1919. Mrs. Sanders again resumed the responsibility but after long years of service she was unequal to the physical strain of continuing the printing, proof-reading, binding and despatching, hence the Press was removed in 1921 to Dondi with Mr. C. J. Swaddling in charge.

Camundongo, through the Printing Press, was the publication centre of the Mission for many years and, as such, greatly helped the whole work. Other factors have also contributed to Camundongo's influence. The unrivalled length of service rendered by Dr. Sanders, who was one of the first three pioneers, and worthy contributions made by the Rev. and Mrs. W. E. Fay, also early comers, have given tone to the station activities. Dr. Hollenbeck (Dotolo he is affectionately called by the natives) is beloved from end to end of Bié for his medical work and for his ability to lead the native Christians into new fields of endeavour. Recent years have witnessed noteworthy development of the Camundongo schools under the leadership of Miss Elizabeth S. Mackenzie, whose deeply spiritual nature linked with unusual teaching ability, has given Camundongo schools a foremost position, whilst Mrs.

Hunter's present work as Matron of the Girls' Boarding School is helping to create a new African womanhood.

The outreach of the Mission during the first decade of its history had in view the geographical occupation of the field. At Sakanjimba, on the edge of the great Bulu Bulu plain six thousand feet above sea level and famous for its gorgeous sunsets, the Rev. T. W. and Mrs. Woodside, devoted and aggressive workers, founded a station which later was moved to Chilesso. Chilesso "the Great Salt Lick" is situated in the iron country of Ondulo where blacksmiths ply their art and where hot medicinal springs are found. The Rev. H. A. and Mrs. Neipp have also rendered conspicuous service at this station and in recent years have been aided by Dr. Mary Cushman who has developed a renowned clinic running into thousands of treatments annually, making effective use of native helpers. Miss De Morais, recently arrived to take up school teaching, makes an important contribution to the work in view of the requirements of the Portuguese Government.

In the Chiyaka country, more toward the coast, the Rev. and Mrs. Merlin W. Ennis opened work among the mountain-dwelling Ovimbundu, a task demanding great physical endurance allied with mountaineering gifts. This station, called Sachikela after the pioneer missionary, Bagster,[3] is beautifully situated at the foot of Elende mountain and commands a far-reaching view of an immense valley studded with great kopjes and bare rock. With slender material resources Dr. and Mrs. Ennis have accomplished a great work and have seen the miracle of the loaves repeated. With them have been associated at different times two medical families, the Moffats and the Cammacks, whose influence abides

[3] See p. 58, Pathfinders.

in the hearts of grateful patients, while recent years have brought them valuable reinforcements in the persons of Mr. and Mrs. Allen E. McAllester.

The pioneer station of Bailundo experienced a period of expansion which resulted in over one hundred outstations being started. The Bailundos are a haughty race and point proudly to the meaning of their name. "We cannot be beaten," they say. The Rev. and Mrs. D. A. Hastings of Jamaica during their years of noteworthy service have shown that even if these people cannot be beaten they can be improved. The organising ability of Miss Una Jean Minto has found a rich field at Bailundo, and new recruits, the Rev. and Mrs. Gladwyn M. Childs, have recently arrived to help forward the work.

A Sabbath Well Spent.—Early morning bell calls the Christian community whether in Mission Stations or outstations to worship in the home and reminds kraal dwellers that the day of worship has come. Groups wend their way from the native villages. "Kálunga! Kálunga!" they are greeted by the Christians. Catechumen classes, led by a missionary or native elder, precede the general service. A group of old grannies arrests attention. Africa needs a new generation of grandmothers more than anything else, for they hand down the tribal traditions of the women to succeeding generations. The class sits on the grass listening earnestly to Miss Maggie Melville who, seated on a low stool, talks with them of the new life in Christ and its effects in daily living. Another group interests us—old men, staffs in hand, wearing skull caps, long loin-cloths and flowing shirts. With a missionary and native elders they have a brief season of conference and prayer, asking the divine blessing on the service to be held in the Temple.

The morning service expresses the life of the

Christian community. The call to worship, the responsive sentences, the psalm, the gospel, the hymns, produce an atmosphere of reverence before the King Eternal. The sermon may be an earnest appeal to forsake sin and turn to God, or an exhortation to brotherly love, or again, the work of the Church may be presented, or still again, what Christ has done and what He will do if we allow Him. The afternoon is shared between sectional meetings for boys and girls, and village-work groups of men and groups of women walking to the villages for informal services. At the evening service, the morning service will be referred to by various speakers and reports of the afternoon's evangelistic parties will be given. "We went to Kamuhumbu," reports one. "The people received us gladly, both men and women. The chief wants an osikola (a school)." Another group reports that they found a beer drink in progress and that preaching was impossible. Another reports how doubts were laid, the old men asking, "If we believe, will our crops grow? And what about our ancestors, will they be in God's village?" Others inquired about slaves and plural wives, also was it a fact that the white men killed children to give strength to a new building they wished to erect?

Bush Schools.—In addition to these evangelistic groups who go forth Sunday by Sunday, extended evangelistic tours are made by missionaries and native evangelists. It is of the utmost importance to found outstation or bush schools. African Christians permanently on a Mission station under the eye of the missionary or native elders tend to become hothouse types. The new Christian spirit must express itself amid village life, where native customs prevail. Failure to do so is an admission that the new faith cannot overcome hostile surroundings. The conversion of Chief Kanjundu of Chiyuka was

an important factor in opening up new fields for outstation work.[4]

Miss Diadem Bell, of Milton, N. S., a vigorous, independent personality of the Mary Slessor type, did much to forward the outstation work in the Chissamba district. Connected with all central mission stations, directed by missionaries, are groups of outstations, led by native workers. Susua, belonging to Camundongo, the Epanda group, affiliated with Bailundo, are fine types of such work. Here are found well-laid-out streets with houses of three and four rooms, vegetable gardens and orchards of oranges, lemons and limes, and fields of rice and wheat. Crowning all, these Christian villages usually have worthy Temples for worship and for school purposes, erected by the native Christians.

At the Table.—The Communion Service is held tri-monthly and after days of conference together, fittingly gathers up the entire work of a Mission. Around the Table gather those redeemed unto God, brought to the new life in Christ and the Presence of the Master is realised in a special manner. There sits a converted witch doctor, who has just received baptism and who burned his fetishes and divining basket confessing the while his trickery, cruelty and fraud. Yonder sits a poor old soul, scantily dressed, but clothed with beauty divine. Youth and girlhood are there, eager for the new day to dawn, expressing in their own way their resolve to follow the Lord Jesus. Devoutly and humbly sitting among the participants is one Kanjundu, a royal convert, whose story occupies the next chapter. All these members of "the Tribe of God" feed on the hidden manna and drink of the life-giving water flowing from Heavenly Springs.

[4] See Chapter 5, "The Blacksmith's Hammer."

Chapter V

THE BLACKSMITH'S HAMMER

"Alupolo luiye
Kanike Kanike
Ka njokele
Ku ka lie"

"Let the story come
Little finger, little toe,
Go roast me some
But don't you eat, oh! no!"

So runs a nonsense rhyme used by Ovimbundu story-tellers to introduce folk-tales of rabbit and hippo, of tortoise and elephant,—tales dear to successive generations of Ovimbundu children. Little Kanjundu listens enthralled by the recital.

Nganji, the story-teller, passes to days of long ago when the country was covered by immense forests abounding with big and small game, and wild animals were never far distant from human habitations. "That," said the story-teller, "is why such high palisades of trunks of trees are erected to guard the village and why Sekulu closes the gate firmly at night." "Lion comes (the word was spoken with bated breath) and takes his prey. Leopard likewise. Wolf waits his chance. Hyena sneaks and laughs."

"But tell us about our forefathers."

"Ah! those were people of renown," says Nganji. "Kahanda and Viye, founders of our tribe, excelled in peace or war. How our people raided the Gentiles round about! Chimbanda and Chitunda were witch doctor priests indeed! With magic oil they anointed shields and spears. Our blacksmiths are the best in the land, no one denies this. But fetish rites insure victory." Thrilling beyond compare was the story of the recovery of the chief's hat

during a raid; of how the Captain of the Guard carried his chief's hat and threw it over the stockade of the village which they intended to capture; and how the soldiers leaped or climbed over the stockade in a tremendous rush to recover it and how the fortunate one was considered the hero of the day, and for reward the Chief gave gifts of slaves, concubines and liquor.

The lad, Kanjundu, grows up in his uncle's village near the ombala of Kalende. He plays the games beloved by all boys.[1] His two upper front teeth are filed to make the tribal mark resembling an inverted V. The day of his initiation comes. He is initiated into the tribe with traditional rites. The preliminary rites having been fulfilled, two lines of stalwart men stand with whips and rods in hand. The youth, worthy of his royal blood, walks slowly and deliberately between the lines. His bare back receives stinging lashes, but never a trace of wincing or flinching or of haste. To-day he is showing that he is a "person," one ready to pass from childhood's irresponsibility to manhood's stature. He is an initiate. Youthful toys and games will be forgotten. His shooting at the round root in the *ochitinga* game gives place to real work with large bow and arrow. Instead of shooting small birds with bow and arrow he will go far afield in search of big game. His snares of cunningly poised ant hills with corn underneath to trap the unwary rat or bird are now abandoned for a match of wits with wild beasts and the digging of great game pits, covered cleverly with leaves and sticks to deceive the prey.

Henceforth he may sit in the council of elders hearing discussions of the numerous cases which come before the chief in the native court. He absorbs native proverb and fable used so effectively to clinch a point or to confound an opponent. Cases

1 See p. 9.

of ancient days he hears cited—how his elders can "cut" cases with incisive wisdom piercing to the heart of a matter!

He watches the ordeals. Men and women accused of witchcraft, haled before the tribunal, protest their innocence and appeal to the ombulungu test: others perhaps more loath to take the ordeal are forced to do so by the Chief. He sees men and women roll over dead after drinking the poison cup —an indication of guilt; others he sees who drinking thereof suffer no harm—revealing beyond question their innocence. Others he sees who walk barefooted over hot coals without hurt and some who place their hands in a bee-hive without receiving a sting, others, however, burned or stung are deemed guilty and fiercely derided by the onlookers.

Kanjundu, in spare moments fashions conical fish traps cunningly contrived to allow fish to enter but never to escape. Going to a maternal uncle living in Ondulo he learns the blacksmith's art and joins the guild of that order, becoming an expert in the art, and appreciated accordingly by a powerful section of the community. His education is completed in a journey with a caravan of carriers to the far interior for trade. He has made "the grand tour" and returns home to the praise of the women and girls of the community.

By the banks of the Quito a native community grew up strong and vigorous with a mighty urge always present to raid the Luimbe and pass beyond their territories for further trade and plunder. Chiyuka, a decendant of Viye, ruled over this community and gave his name to the country. Beer drinks, days and nights of drunkenness, with drumming, dancing and carousing, were the order of the day. Passing moons saw Chiyuka's splendour fade and the country was "not well." Bitter quarrels

afflicted the community which was threatened with self-inflicted dissolution. Old Chiyuka was gathered to his fathers.

The elders assembled in anxious palaver. "How can we save our country? Our condition makes shame. We are destroyed!" they say. One suggests a name known to all. "What about Kanjundu in the Kalende country? He is of our stock and he has the blood of our chiefs who sprang from the loins of Viye, our forefather."

"Is he not an otter—Kanjundu—the little animal famed for its beautiful skin which only royalty may use? Will he not beautify our country?" states one.

"Ewa," added another, preparing to pun on the name, "is he not a blacksmith too, one of the craft? Kanjundu (otter) is also our 'Kanjundo' (a blacksmith's hammer). With that hammer hoes and axes will be made and food abound. Hearts will be restfully content like birds picking up seed in the fields."

So a deputation is sent to the distant village to invite the young prince to come and rule the Chiyuka community. After consulting his uncles and eliciting through divination the mind of the family spirits, he consents. Three days of travel along winding paths bring him on the fourth morning to Chiyuka, with its great sycamore trees encircling the round ombala. Within the stockade all is dark and dank, the heavy foliage of the trees acting as a thick curtain to keep out the rays of the tropical sun.

Although Kanjundu has royal blood flowing in his veins and has been invited by the people, he deems another test to be necessary. The spirit of the dead chief must be consulted. The corpse of the dead chief believed still to contain his soul is interrogated. Wrapped in the skin of a newly-slaughtered ox and suspended to a palm pole, borne on the shoulders of two counsellors the corpse

"answers" the questions, causing the bearers to lunge forward or backward indicative of the will of the spirits—forward signifying "Yea" and backward "Nay." The omens are favourable; Kanjundu is installed as chief and enters the line of succession becoming the incarnation of the soul of the people.

A bunch of heavy iron keys is hung around the neck of the new chief serving as the insignia of office. Keys symbolise authority; the new chief promises to follow the tribal ceremonies, even to the unlocking of the heavens at the opening of the rainy season in October thus ensuring "pure" rain, not "impure" (hail), and to keep the sacred hearth fire ever burning. Within the village spirit houses abound, for Kanjundu has need of them,[2] and daily washings, using specially consecrated water, are not neglected.

Wrapped in a blanket worn somewhat as the ancient Romans wore their togas, he is a picturesque personality, tall, almost gaunt, of figure, with long arms and long fingers, such fingers being esteemed as an evidence of royal blood.

The first-born child is a boy, a favourable omen indeed, and Kanjundu named him Ngola in grateful praise of the great blacksmith prince of ancient days. Alliances with other royal houses such as that of Ondulu are made, and Kanjundu waxes strong and his fame spreads far and wide.

He is wise in administering tribal law. He knows how difficult it is to keep the community in peace and harmony. Kanjundu has his hands full. Law cases are numberless. How to keep the peace is a task indeed.

"Ondalu hokuluko lovava ciyo wa pitiko pokati.
Fire is not superior to water, the pot stands between them."

2 See p. 7.

So says a sage proverb of the Ovimbundu. The chief is as the pot which, standing between the fire and water, makes them work together and cook the food. To maintain harmony devolves upon him who is the embodiment of traditional tribal law, as well as the soul of his people.

Speaking to his young men Chief Kanjundu would say: "Follow the 'white path.' Avoid fines. Don't get yourself sold as a slave. Your parents may sell you if you commit offences. Your crimes come on them. Our law holds the family responsible. Don't you remember old Sangeve selling his son into slavery? That's hard. But it was just. He rightly answered Muoyo, 'Do you want us all to become slaves because of that child? Better sell one than all be sold.' "

Kanjundu's people honour him. "Hosi" (Lion), they call him in reverence. His kingly authority corresponds to the King of Beasts, whose "brother" he is. A leopard skin serves as a rug and upon it the Chief's feet rest. Never upon a lion's skin will he sit nor place his feet thereon, for such would be an insult to his "brother" the lion. The leopard, however, corresponds to counsellors and people, and kingly feet resting on a leopard skin show how the owner of those feet is superior to his subjects, whether counsellors or commoners.

He is stern and severe indeed in discipline, and severity serves but to heighten the respect of his slaves, wives and subjects. In his elombe (chief's quarters), hanging against a wall he keeps a huge sjambok (hippopotamus-hide whip) with cruel metal rings on the lash. If asked why he kept such a barbarous instrument of punishment justly dreaded by all, he would reply, "Oh! that is for flogging my slaves. If one displeases me I tie him up to the limb of a tree by his wrists and then give him a good flogging. There he remains overnight. In

the morning I flog him again. Then he will know how to behave."[3]

Kanjundu as Chief, following native customs, delights all, old and young, men and women, with the annual fetish fire hunt held in the okuenye (dry season, May to September). Following the ondombo (rainy season, October to April) the grass attains a height of from six to ten feet and quickly becomes as dry as tinder. What a day of tense excitement! Young and old join in the fun. The tall grass is set ablaze at strategic points with fire from the sacred hearth, and burns with startling rapidity, the advancing flames terrorising game and wild beasts, which, bewildered and trembling, rush to escape. No outlet is possible save only a narrow opening where men and boys with heavy sticks, knobkerries, spears and flintlocks stand awaiting the panting creatures. The success of the hunt is due to the goodwill of the ancestral spirits and the feast which follows is of a ceremonial nature. But best of all is the fact that the craving for meat so common in tropical Africa, that hunger so afflicting that it is known by a special name, *Ohatu,* is for once satisfied. After offering choice cuts to ancestral spirits the crowd proceed to gorge themselves to satiety and quantities of beer make wit sparkle and the feast a memorable one.

News comes to Kanjundu of the ochindele called Kole who was building at Chissamba three hours away. "Who is this man who thinks he can improve on the wisdom of our fathers? The well-beaten path for me!" laughs the Chief.

He smiles contemptuously at the "Word" of goodwill among men, which spoke of purity and temperance. Sickness comes and the medicine man prescribes treatment. "Build a hut outside the

[3] Kanjundu presented this whip to Dr. C. H. Patton when he was in Chiyuka in 1911.

stockade, put a brush fence around it, for the spirits of departed chiefs will not permit you to get well while in your own hut," orders the witch doctor. So a hut is built and the fence erected and special fetishes are strung about the chief's neck and placed under his temporary bed. But no cure comes. A nephew leads the Chief to Chissamba to Kole who was becoming his friend and his heart begins to soften. He attends services, critical, however, of what he sees and hears. No one imagines he will believe the new "Word." But in 1898 the miracle happens. Kanjundu takes the great adventure in individuality. With an evangelist at his side spirit houses are torn down and his fetishes committed to the flames. His priests and witch-doctors flee from him as from one demented. The foundation of native life in that community is shaken. Had not Kanjundu promised at his installation to keep faith with the ancestral dead? Here now he is changing customs dear to generations. Surely the spirits will "eat" him! One of Kanjundu's caravans returning from the interior is acquainted of the change which has taken place. The leader drops his load of rubber from sheer fright and runs off into the bush, refusing even to enter the capital village with such a renegade and traitor there.

Kanjundu becomes a catechumen, a learner, and shows that his resolve to surrender all, speak true and follow the Christ, is no idle one. To give up his many wives means a sacrifice of wealth, for in addition to forfeiting the bride-price paid, he gives each of his plural wives a dowry. Following this he sets free one hundred slaves, an action which appears to his unconverted tribesmen to be nothing less than fanatical financial frenzy.

. . . . . .

The change at Chiyuka was almost startling in its completeness. Witches, witch-doctors and

magicians were bidden repent or leave the country; idols and fetishes and secret things of darkness disappeared; the district was cleansed as by fire. Then came the up-building. A fine central school serving for lessons and for worship was erected, Kanjundu himself making the nails for the building. Branch schools were started and the order went forth:

"Everybody to school, from the youngest to the oldest, those who do not wish to learn, may not remain."

The result for a time was a strange jumble of old grannies, little children, young men, and mothers with babies on their backs. So far as we know Kanjundu was the first chief to adopt compulsory education. . . . He was short on pedagogy, but his ideal of an educated community has not been surpassed in Africa.[4] Those were memorable days. Kanjundu himself became one of Mrs. Currie's pupils at Chissamba and so close was his attention to his reading and writing lessons that he ran the risk of a nervous breakdown. Mrs. Currie was rather astonished at his rapid progress until she discovered that he took private lessons from the herd boys. In his quiet observation of the life of the station he saw that those who were tending the cattle had most time on their hands and in his intense eagerness to learn this proud chief condescended to ask help from the despised cattle herder!

The social change in the community which followed Kanjundu's conversion was of great significance. One-roomed mud hovels were replaced by solidly built homes of from three to five rooms, and most remarkable of all, indicating the thoroughness of the change, the Chief vacated the old dark and dank ancestral village and moved to a higher and better site, leaving the old quarters to the moles and bats. Straight streets replaced the higgledy-pig-

4 "Lure of Africa," Patton, p. 156.

gledy arrangement of the old stockaded quarters and gardens with fruit trees were laid out and many eucalyptus trees planted to adorn the village streets. In youth Kanjundu had been taught that to plant tree or shrub would insure the death of the planter before he came to maturity.

Messengers went forth to the surrounding villages, bearing the message of light and hope, and hundreds believed in Christ. Soon after his decision to follow Christ, Kanjundu's home was blessed with the arrival of twins. This was regarded by the Chief as a mark of Divine favor and instead of calling the children "Elephant" and "Hippopotamus" as is customary, he gave them prophetic names indicative of the new path he had taken. The boy he called Songuile (I lead) and the girl Ñuame (I follow).

Like other chiefs, Kanjundu frequently sent trading caravans to the remote interior. After his conversion he twice took long trips into the interior for cattle and rubber, and on both occasions asked Chissamba station to allow him to take some preachers and teachers along. With him went twelve Christian lads called the twelve apostles, and books and slates were carried to teach men to read and write. Medicines to help the sick were not forgotten. More than this, knowing that in the interior they would often be weary and that natives would press rum and strong drink upon them, the wise chief took with him plenty of coffee and sugar, so that in case they were tempted they would be able to refuse, having a safe drink of their own. The caravans were gone for over three months. Every day began with a hymn and ended with a prayer. Kanjundu was "buying up the opportunity,"[5] gaining something more precious than gold and more beautiful than ivory.

[5] Eph. 5 : 16.

On another occasion Kanjundu went with a caravan of Christians a journey of forty days to Barotseland where he pled with the great Chief Lewanika to embrace the Christian faith. The French Evangelical missionaries whose apostolic labours in that country have secured a rich harvest, warmly commended the behaviour of the Christian Ovimbundu and above all the sterling qualities of Kanjundu. M. Coillard said, ". . . their testimony both in speech and walk has been a faithful and powerful one, and I do hope that the impression made on our people may be lasting and blessed. The Chief Kanjundu was faithful with King Lewanika, I know. I have often thanked God that He permitted a Christian Chief to come and visit us, and show our people that a man could be a Chief and yet a consistent Christian. The influence in this respect of the few white people who come to this country is deadly. We generally opened our meetings with a hymn, sung by your young men. That in itself was an eloquent preaching, which astonished the Barotsis. 'Why,' said our Barotsis, "those Biéans whom we despise so much have become Christians, and they come to preach to us!' "

A storm of persecution broke around Kanjundu. Near his village a trader had done a flourishing trade in rum but with the changed moral condition no such gain was possible. The incensed trader waited his chance. His black woman upset a kerosene lamp and the house and its contents were quickly reduced to ashes. "It's that cursed Kanjundu," shouted the trader. A warrant for the Chief's arrest was secured. Imprisoned and threatened with banishment for life, Kanjundu remained steadfast in his faith. At Benguela on the coast, hundreds of miles distant, he awaited further trial, faithful subjects caring for him with assiduous devotion, content to earn their living by working

for traders and thus providing food for their prisoner Chief. The prison was dark and the Chief was not allowed to see any one but the man who brought him food. Later he was moved to another prison, damp and musty, and there the Chief suffered much from bronchial asthma, an old trouble which had first led him to visit the missionary in the early days. The warden of the jail, impressed by Kanjundu's character, entrusted him with the keys. Fellow prisoners taunted him as he sung his morning hymn. "What kind of a God is yours? A fine God He Who leaves his worshippers in prison!" They had a fetish performance supposedly efficacious to break prison bonds. Dig a hole through an ant hill and worm through it so many times and you similarly will be able to pass through prison bars should you ever be imprisoned. Kanjundu knowing their thoughts replied, "God can release me if He will. If He does not, it is for some good purpose." Not magic but the Divine will was his lodestar.

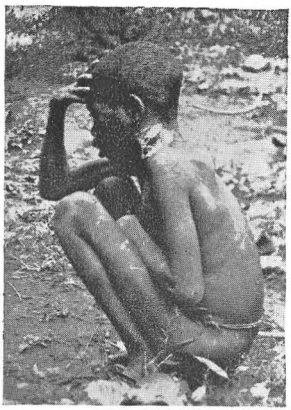
During his imprisonment the roof of the fine new church at Chiyuka was set on fire and his own home narrowly missed destruction during the blaze. A counsellor's house was destroyed. When the Chief heard of this he said: "They can take away our earthly goods but they cannot take away our faith." His people at once replaced the church roof.

Legal action made possible by contributions from friends in Canada secured Kanjundu's return to his head village. One thing which counted greatly in his favour with the Portuguese judge was the fact that during the native rebellion of 1902 Kanjundu had proved himself to be a wise Chief and had succored white traders and their families threatened with death at the hands of the native fighters or by starvation. His return home was an amazing event to the natives. Okalunga in Umbundu has a double significance of "ocean" and "deep abyss of hell."

Kanjundu had gone to the shores of the ocean (okalûnga) and had come back from hell (okálûnga). "What do we see to-day? A vision! One raised from the dead!" were the exclamations heard on all sides. Bells were rung for half an hour. Kanjundu's ex-slaves came and rolled in the dust at his feet, people crowded from distant villages to see for themselves a chief who had really returned from the dead. A meeting for prayer and praise was held. The chief kept his quiet, humble attitude throughout, saying to the people gathered, "Christ has called me to life again. God has brought about my liberty." But best of all was the spirit of forgiveness manifested by the noble Chief. "Let there be no revenge against the trader," he said, "we will all pray for him." Such words uttered at the great service of thanksgiving held at Chiyuka revealed a rare personality.

Kanjundu will forever remain an outstanding character in the history of the evangelisation of the Ovimbundu. To be the first Chief definitely to break with old paths is a glory in itself. Some personal traits illustrate the character of the man. Take his baptism. It is the first Sunday of the new century. Two candidates for baptism kneel in the Chissamba Temple. One is a Chief, the other is a person over whose unwilling body that same Chief has passed "money" making him his slave. The bought-one is now a freed-man, freed by his Chief from the chains which gripped his body, and now like his Chief freed by Christ the Emancipator from the sharper shackles of the soul. Both together reverently kneeling receive the one baptism and together partake of the one food, feeding on the same Christ in their hearts with thanksgiving.

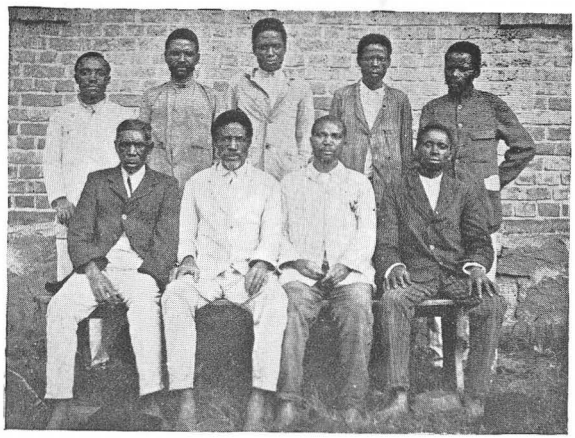
The same humble spirit is seen in a conversation with Dr. Massey. "Do you know, I have been thinking over what you said to me last night. You said



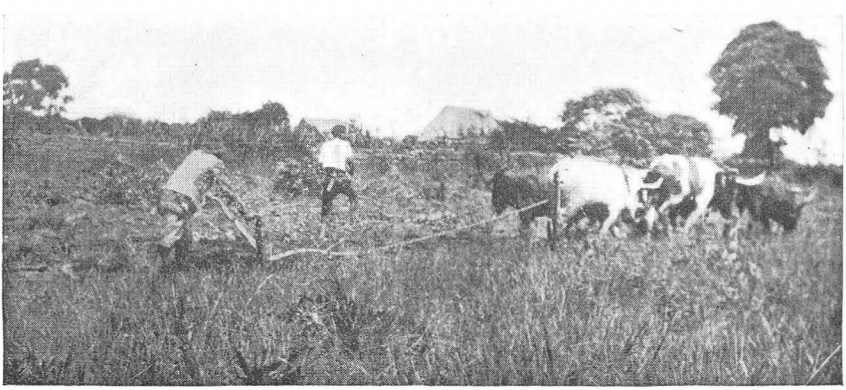
A Medical Case.

Chief Kanjundu as He was.

Chief Kanjundu with some of his People and Liberated Slaves after Conversion



NATIVE CHRISTIAN ELDERS.



PLOWING AT CAMUNDONGO.

I was so comfortable with my three-roomed house and good furniture; but you know it is from nothing that I have done; it is all on account of the mercy of God."

Two adobe cottages Kanjundu built in connection with the Women's Board Hospital at Chissamba expressed his sense of obligation towards others. His courteous help was never lacking. When the disastrous fire took place at Chissamba in August, 1912, destroying about forty buildings, Kanjundu called his people together and sent five hundred bundles of grass gathered from the Quito valley for re-thatching, and large quantities of the bark string used in thatching. As the women missionaries had lost all their possessions, he spontaneously sent his imported bed, mattress and chairs to Chissamba for their use.

Kanjundu's confidence in the power and suitability of the Gospel for the Ovimbundu people is illustrated in a conversation he had with Dr. Patton. In Angola few, if any, Mohammedans are found. Dr. Patton told Kanjundu about the Mohammedan advance in the north and asked if he was afraid for his people. A gleam came into the old Chief's eye as he replied, "Let them come. We will take care of them."[6]

Some personal impressions of Kanjundu may be recorded. In May, 1913, he was at Chissamba among the throng gathered to welcome the newcomers. Little children with leaves and flowers, bigger ones carrying palm branches, numbers of men with guns filled with blank shot which were fired into the air at close range, shouting, rejoicing, seemingly endless greetings and cheering—it was a wonderful testimony to the missionaries who had blazed the trail. From among the crowd one man, tall and spare of figure, stood out—Hosi Kanjundu.

[6] "Lure of Africa," p. 157.

When the greetings were over he came forward and quietly said in Umbundu, "We are thankful you have come. We knew of you in Canada. Dr. Currie told us of you. We followed you in Lisbon. We prayed that you would readily learn the foreign language. The little chicken expresses our thanks."

"Better go outside and receive the chicken," suggested a missionary.

The "chicken" was found to be a fine ox. Kanjundu had spoken of his gift with characteristic modesty.

A few weeks later the new missionaries had the honour of entertaining Kanjundu in their home; a gracious guest the Chief proved himself. Communion service on Sunday came. Kanjundu was not that day one of the serving elders; instead he sat among the company of believers and the emblems were passed to him by his ex-slave Kangoi, who later returned to his homeland far away in the interior.[7] The captured one thus ministered to the spiritual good of his captor.

That Sunday evening meeting in Chissamba Temple can never be forgotten with the figure of Kanjundu rising to exhort and testify. His quiet voice sounds through the Temple and his long outstretched arm lends peculiar emphasis to his words. All listen earnestly.

A visit to Kanjundu's country in September, 1913, revealed him too as gracious host. A sense of orderliness permeated the head village; streets were clean and houses well arranged; oranges, lemons, limes, pineapples were there; the avenue of eucalyptus trees typified the new day. Again came the gift of a "chicken"; this time the ox was dressed and ready and the missionary was in the happy position of being able to dispense bounty to headmen and leaders and their families. Daily a tepoia would be

[7] See p. 159, 2nd paragraph. "A further test is . . ."

ready for journeys to the outstations; one remembers the carries—Poloto, Katumua, Kachava and Ngungu, all anxious to show the changed community. Kanjundu himself was happy over a new bridge he had just built over the Quito, excellently done, leading to orders for two more from the Portuguese Government.

Kanjundu died in October, 1913, of pneumonia. The body which had endured such privations at the coast did not have strength to resist the attack. Thousands of natives attended the funeral. The successor of the white trader who had had Kanjundu imprisoned unjustly also came and was warm in his appreciation of the late Chief. After the crowd of visitors had dispersed to their several villages, a group of believers gathered for the usual evening prayers in the Temple. "Moses my servant is dead, now therefore arise . . ." was the telling theme of the sermon that night. Kanjundu, a Moses indeed, had led his people out of the bondage of sin and superstition into the glorious liberty of the children of God; his people should arise and not seek again the wilderness leading to Egyptian bondage. His hymn book, his "Psalms" and his copy of "Proverbs" Kanjundu bequeathed to the community wishing that they be handed down from chief to chief and that on the installation day of his successors the sixteenth chapter of Proverbs be read.

Some anxiety was felt about a successor. Reactionary elements await a favoring moment. Kanjundu's brother, Epalanga, was not a Christian, and some wanted him as Chief. Old Epalanga, his head streaked with silver said, "No! this is a country of books. I am unable to read. I am not a 'one of the Words.' How can I guide this people? We look over all the possible ones and name Chikosi, Kanjundu's nephew, as Chief."

Whereat all the people said, "Chikosi is our Chief! He is our parent!"

Chikosi's installation followed a new form. Gone was the divination of the corpse of the late chief. Gone was the doleful drumming for the dead. Gone were the vigils of bitter wailing on the part of the widows for five nights and five days. Gone was the slaying of a dog and a chicken to honour the egress of the late chief's spirit. Gone too the slaughter of a slave to mark the occasion. Gone were the witch-doctors and priests with their weird incantations. Gone the feast accompanied by drunkenness. Something new is seen. The Christian Church is there. The Temple is filled. The sound of praise is heard. An elder of the church, Sikatu, the former magician who had advised Kanjundu to go to the Mission for medicine, reads the selection from Proverbs as bidden by the late Chief:

"The Lord weigheth the spirits . . . Commit thy way unto the Lord. . . . It is an abomination to kings to commit wickedness . . . the throne is established by righteousness. . . ." New sentences these on such an occasion!

Chikosi was the first Christian Ochimbundu Chief to be so inaugurated and on his death Kachava, trained in Chiyuka and Chissamba schools and a member of the first class to enter Currie Institute at Dondi, maintained the tradition established. Kanjundu, "the blacksmith's hammer" had wrought a new pattern.

For Class Demonstration

A Pageant—"Kanjundu: From Fear of the Enemy" could well be produced using material from the life of Hosi Kanjundu.

Chapter VI

DAYS OF DEVELOPMENT

Pioneering.—Back of the African's mind lies an unplumbed depth of thought and mystery; no outsider of whatever nationality or colour he may be, wholly measures it. To enter into the native's viewpoint, to look at things with his eyes, to know the tribal customs and their meaning,—how important this is and yet how difficult! The Christian mission in Africa is not to de-tribalise but to evangelise, enabling the new message to shape itself into forms which express and answer the deepest longings of the African heart.

From early days individual missionaries in Angola have sought to train native leaders. Of such workers, Ngulu of Bailundo, Fumiga of Camundongo, Satombela of Chilesso, Lumbo, Chipilika and Kumba of Chissamba, Samosi, Sanji and Wongulu of the Brethren Mission, stand out as fine specimens of Christian leadership. But no definite united efforts to train such leaders were made. Being convinced that more can be done by preachers raised among the people than by foreign missionaries moving up and down the country, the Mission voted that a Training Institute should be established. Native workers can enter into the life of the people, travel successfully through the hardest country, and preach from the vantage-ground of one born amid the same scenes, raised on the same fare, and trained to the same thoughts.

Dr. Walter T. Currie was the first to broach the

idea of a training school for native pastors, teachers and workers. Difficulties blocked the way for a long period but the idea won support. In 1903 Dr. and Mrs. Currie made an extended tour eastwards to the great lakes district journeying by tepoia through the far-reaching distances of eastern Angola. Crossing swamps and jungle and veldt, they visited parts of the Belgian Congo and Northern Rhodesia and planned also to journey down the Zambezi and through Barotseland if possible. But first in importance was the training school idea hence Livingstonia and Blantyre in Nyasaland were special objects of their exhausting journeys. The work accomplished by these institutions was widely known, and everything the travellers saw confirmed their resolve to push forward a similar Training Institute for Angola. Dr. Laws, the founder of Livingstonia, and Dr. Currie held identical ideals in regard to Africa and the African Church.

"If Dr. Currie's extended trip to the interior bore no other fruit than this, the journey was worth while," wrote the Deputation of the American Board to West Central Africa in 1911. The Mission had voted that such an institution should be founded in Angola, but the sinews of war were lacking. A campaign of information among the Congregational Churches of Canada largely inspired by Dr. Currie, led to the awakening of interest, and funds sufficient to make a start were secured. But at what point on the field should the new training centre be built? Already five mission stations were in being—Bailundo, Camundongo, Chissamba, Chilesso and Sachikela. Should a point central to these stations be looked for or would it be better to push farther into the interior beyond the Quanza River making the stations already founded just the Western section of a Mis-

sion which would extend across Angola linking up with the French Evangelical Mission on the Zambezi? Such was an ideal of Dr. Means at the founding of the Mission in 1880.[1] Such was the aspiration of Walter T. Currie who longed for the regions beyond. Cut your garment according to your cloth. Barely sufficient funds were available to start the new Institute, hence more stations in the interior were impossible, and it was decided that a site central to the five stations already founded should be sought.

A suitable location, however, was not easy to find. Several characteristics were desirable: the location should be central, it should have water falls for power, and water for irrigation during the long dry season from May to September, it must be healthful while the soil should be average, not too rich or too poor so that the agricultural demonstrations given would be of practical service to the graduates when they settle among their own people. Where could a site to meet such requirements be found?

Dr. and Mrs. Currie spent several months prospecting, whilst the Revs. H. A. Neipp and W. C. Bell were on the path for long periods. The journeys undertaken by Dr. Currie in 1909 marked a new epoch in the style of travel. Travel in Central Africa has gone through various stages: the first was that of the donkey and Shanks pony; then came days of the tepoia, a sort of palanquin or hammock carried on the head or shoulders by two carriers, from four to six men making a complement for the journey. Afterwards came the bush car, a vehicle which illustrates the proverb that necessity is the mother of invention. The Rev. H. A. Neipp of Chilesso invented and built a monocycle

[1] See p. 58, "Writing to Paris Secretary."

such as Dr. Currie used on his prospecting tour. The home-made conveyance is thus eulogised by Dr. Currie in his diary: "The monocycle . . . has a light frame work with handles in front as well as behind—the seat being over the one wheel, and is in many respects the best thing yet invented for travelling in this part of the world. Two small boys can run along with me on anything like a smooth road for several hours, whereas three times as many stout tepoia men would grumble at my weight. Then a monocycle eats no corn, catches no horse sickness and offers no stiff opposition to crossing streams and marshes. It is another triumph of missionary ingenuity for the good of the country."

During the tour new country had to be prospected and guides were not always reliable making it necessary for the searchers to blaze new trails guided by sun or compass. Camp was broken by six o'clock soon after daybreak, and the early dew of morning was a "refresher" for the day's tramp. "This morning," records the diary, "the heavy dew on the grass and scrub by the roadside wet through boots, trousers and coat as thoroughly, if not as quickly as a heavy thunderstorm."

Early morning marches did not always bring evening repose which is the due reward of energy well expended. Eight hours hard going through bush and scrub with the fording of deep rivers lacking bridges, crossing sandy stretches and open plains thickly studded with olongoti, a honey-weed root which grows above and below the surface brought Dr. and Mrs. Currie with aching feet and tired bodies to their camp pitched near a stream. The diary states: "We crossed the Catombela River again and camped on the eastward side in Kasoko. A bee hive was noticed in a tree close to our tent when the camp was pitched but the men said it was

empty; soon, however, it proved to be very far from that. The smoke from the camp fires was regarded by the bees as a call to war. Mrs. Currie was stung twice and some of the men were going about with swollen faces. The tent had to be kept closed and consequently was as hot as an oven. Some of the boys proposed to move the hive. I did not object. It was a dangerous job. The bees were aroused. In native law no one can remove a hive from any tree in the forest without the consent of the owner, unless willing to risk incurring a heavy fine. When, however, one has felt a few stings he is liable to be quite ready to discuss the rights in bees with their owner should he appear. The hive was removed. We could then sit down to supper and by killing a number at intervals to prevent them lighting on one's nose or flying down one's throat, we managed to satisfy our hunger."

Wild animals added their quota of excitement: "We are in the Chikuma district. It has a bad reputation for lions, so our men have built their huts very close together. The spoor of large animals is much in evidence. . . . While at supper some of the small boys went to the river. Soon they raised a wild cry of distress. The camp was quickly deserted. All hands to the rescue! It appeared that the lads had seen, close to them, two jackals about to bring down a reed buck, and thinking that the beasts were about to devour them for intruding they raised the alarm."

Native chiefs invariably were friendly and warmly greeted Kole[2] "the Old Man from Chissamba" as they respectfully addressed him. Some, however, were not so sure who the white man was and what were his motives. At the ombala of Valundu the only man in sight for a time shook with fear and could scarcely be induced to give any information.

2 The native name for Dr. Currie.

Preaching along the way was a regular feature of the caravan. Ready response in one district was matched by indifference in others. "The chief of Kayanjula impresses me as being a weak and timid person, with few of the qualities which go to make a strong native ruler. The boys sang for his entertainment some of the more easily understood hymns. I tried in simple childlike language to give him an idea of the Gospel we preach, while my wife endeavoured—with what success we shall probably never know—to make known to the women present the love of God to them and to all people. They listened quietly, yes! but with an appearance of respectful indifference and scarcely a sign that they understood or in any measure realised the greatness and importance of what they heard, yet when anything was said of food or drink they were all attention, and when by request Mrs. Currie took down her hair they broke out in loud exclamations and hearty laughter at the length and quality of it."

The Roarer.—It was not given to Dr. Currie to locate the site ultimately adopted for the training schools, such an honour falling to Revs. W. C. Bell and H. A. Neipp, who after extensive journeys heard of an uninhabited country with many small streams and "waters that roar." The description of the waterfalls, rivers, streams and deserted bush seemed too good to be true, but although weary in the way Neipp and Bell pushed on and located Kachivungo in the Dondi country with its deserted hill fortress capital and old abandoned village sites.

Portuguese laws relative to concessions to settlers in Angola acknowledge the rights of natives in the ownership of their land. Had this wonderful site been occupied by natives no mission could have secured it. What led to such a fine district being left without inhabitant and tillage? It is the old, old story so common in Africa of an unworthy

trader who sought by fleecing the natives to acquire a fortune quickly and retire to the ease of Europe.

Kachivungo on his succession to the chieftainship took a new name. As a boy he was known as Kahombo, little goat, but he signalised his chieftainship by taking another title derived from the roaring of the Kutatu falls seen from his rocky fortress-like village. Kachivungo they called him —the Roarer—and he prided himself on the name. He was a fine entertainer for around his rock fortress grew great wild fig trees and strong native beer brewed therefrom flowed freely and hilarious times were common. The joyous, unfettered life of the community was intruded upon by a mulatto trader who built for himself a mud house with thatched roof and a grass and stick kitchen. The inevitable fire broke out. Cabins and cloth, beds and beads, rum and rations were consumed in the flames. Again the inevitable scapegoat! Had not Kachivungo objected to the coming of the trader? The Portuguese tribunal acquitted the native at the first trial, it being proved that the trader's native wife had upset a kerosene lamp. Further circumstantial evidence, however, was secured, and with new officials came a re-opening of the case. Kachivungo, although sure of the justness of his case, was unwilling to risk another trial, so with his people he fled by night and reached Caconda distant six days' journey where the community settled. His human prey having escaped, the trader plundered the native houses of their poor equipment, rounded up the speckled cattle, hairy sheep and the razor back pigs and caught the bony chickens. But the natives having fled, trade was impossible, so the trader had to quit the country. "Quem tudo quere tudo perde" (He who wants all loses all) is a Portuguese maxim he might have remembered.

Old Chief Kachivungo lived in Caconda for a

number of years. Dying there, his bones were honourably preserved and yearly anointed with oil, and on the death of the breaker-up of their family-clan his descendants bearing the bones of their departed chief returned to the country from which they sprang and established themselves on a new site near their old location which they named Kachivungo reminiscent of the old days.

Other villages within the area now conceded to Dondi Mission were depopulated during the native rebellion of 1902, known as the rebellion of Mutu-ye-kevela (Hard Squash). Goaded to desperation by rum and slavery, a general rebellion was planned, native leaders using their secret societies for the purpose of organisation.

"Why sit we here and die like rabbits?" exclaimed Mutu-ye-kevela. "Ye seed of Ekuikui and Viye, arise to battle."

A general uprising failed of realisation by the hesitation of an important chief to play the part assigned to him. Trading posts were destroyed, the traders barricading themselves in Forts and rocky places. The position of the missionaries was difficult but no station was molested and it was found possible for members of the Mission to gather for the Annual Mission Meeting during the height of the trouble. Individual missionaries were in specially acute circumstances. Dr. Moffat risked his life by sending supplies of food to the beleaguered Portuguese traders at Bailundo. Dr. Stover went in person to the native war camp and warned the warring chiefs who, however, refused to follow his advice.

One consequence of the rebellion was the depopulation of the villages located in the bush in which Dondi came to be built. "Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee," said those who first discovered

the deserted district when they heard the history of events.

After peace was proclaimed, an inquiry as to the cause of the rebellion conducted by a distinguished Portuguese soldier, General Massano de Amorim, quickly got to the bottom of the matter. Spoliation of natives by rum and slavery had been common. Let a Portuguese descriptive writer who lived in Angola during the period speak:

"In the dark days of slave caravans . . . on the long journey to the coast when a group of driven slaves was passing a native village, if one of the slaves called out certain words and was heard by the Chief of that village, he might remain there as a slave of the chief and not go on to die far and farther away, on the unknown paths or beyond the sea. The slavers in order to avoid this, put in the mouths of their captives a piece of wood like a bit, bound by cords behind the neck.

"If one fell dying in the long hungry journeys without foodstuffs, he was first dragged along, and later left at the side of the public path, that his skeleton might be a mark of that long-drawn-out path of pain. A woman who bore a child on the path, must follow, had to follow on. . . .

"In the wake of the caravans, worse than the rebellious tribes which came to give battle to the robbers of their people, hunger dogged the days' marches, and the slavers pushed on to the sea, sowing corpses.

"In Lulua, three cupas (bales) of cloth gave forty slaves.

"The tribes fought one another, the great Chiefs razed the land, and at times, from the upper Cassai, or from the Lualaba, the upper Congo, descended bands of the Negro Arabs, hunting men.

"From a levee of a hundred, if forty should arrive alive in the holds of the slave ships, the profit

was excellent. Brazil first, afterwards São Tomé consumed that flesh. Red rubber did not demand great capital.

"And from rubber and from the slave the province eked out a living death."[3]

But although the Court Martial ordered the deportation of certain traders, it was impossible to carry out the order; the chain reached too far. Then came the search for a scapegoat. Primary scholars of the mission sang a hymn, "We are little soldiers"—a clear proof that the missions instigated the rebellion! Of course no responsible Portuguese official believed such an absurd charge, but similar statements are commonly made to this day, and as passing years serve but to add to the myth, the record of these historic events is here set down.

Preaching at the Point of the Spear.—The rebellion reached the fierce Va Chokwe people.[4] As an example of preaching under difficulties an event which happened at this time merits record.

The forest around was infested with armed war parties bent on attacking the traders. Suddenly the boy herding her few cattle came running in great distress to Mrs. Fisher, to say that the Va Chokwe had driven the cows away. Cunningham and Taylor, after calling a prayer meeting, at once set off to find the cows, as their milk was sorely needed for the children. The two brethren had not gone far when they were met by an armed company marching in regular order, and with a great display of war paint, feathers and spears. The missionaries were soon surrounded. The chiefs in charge of the war party did not recognise our two brethren, and refused to believe their story. They said, "No, you are traders come out to spy our movements, we will kill you with the rest of the

[3] "Africa Nostra," by Casmiro, pp. 60, 61.
[4] See p. 22.

whites." However, Cunningham and Taylor insisted that they were missionaries, men of peace, and that they only wanted to find Mrs. Fisher's cows. At last after some discussion, the Va Chokwe decided to put the matter to the test, and said, "Well, if you are missionaries . . . you will be able to sing and to preach as they do, so sing to us here and now." Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Taylor, each in turn sang and preached the Gospel to the armed throng. The chiefs were perfectly satisfied, they wanted no further proof, our brethren's lives were spared, and the cows at once restored."[5]

Foundations.—Norton de Matos, the Governor-General of Angola in 1913, being approached by missionaries, gave permission for founding a Mission at Dondi in the Kachivungo district abandoned by the natives after the 1902 revolt, and sanctioned the appropriation of an area of about 9,000 acres for the purpose. All stations helped in the preparatory work. Rev. M. W. Ennis, helped to stake out the land, mapping rivers and streams. Mr. Neipp with native Christians from Chilesso erected the first building, a sun-dried brick affair with three rooms built on one of the many flat rocks so characteristic of Dondi. The foundation brick was laid by Mrs. Neipp, and her husband then spoke from Matthew 7:24-27, "The house built on a rock." Native workers led in prayer and the historic house was made ready for the Tucker family who came later from Chissamba to settle at Dondi. Following Mr. Neipp valuable help was rendered by Rev. T. W. and Mrs. Woodside who cleared paths, commenced brook gardens, cut lumber and stacked it, and erected other buildings. Mr. and Mrs. Bell soon returned from furlough to take part in the work, in which capacity they remained until 1920 when Mr. Bell after another furlough had a further

5 Arnot, "Garenganze," pp. 137-9.

period of work at Bailundo, rendering invaluable service there as at Dondi.

Missionary Magicians.—The birthday of the Portuguese Republic falls on October 5th and on that day in the year 1914 the Training Institute was formally inaugurated with native Christians, missionaries and leading Portuguese traders in attendance. The small circular grass house destined to do service for school and church was full indeed. There stood the veteran Dr. Stover at the tiny T-shaped desk made of a tree trunk stuck in the ground and crowned with an onjunge board. Next came Dr. Sanders, speaking out of wide experience to those first twenty-four native students setting forth the hopes and prophecies set upon them. The service almost over a terrific hail storm rages: "A bad omen," say the villagers, who kept away from the ceremony. "Unclean rain (hail) falling on such a day shows displeasure on the part of the spirits. Then, too, who wants to be the one sacrificed to make the new buildings strong? White men use black folk for such magic purposes." Later when Njamba, a boy from a nearby village, died, and death came and removed little Kenneth Tucker, whom the natives affectionately named Kanjundu after the great chief, his birth coinciding with the Chief's death, all the villagers were more sure than ever that their beliefs were true. The following year rains were late in coming and suspicion again fastened on the missionaries. Sacrifices offered by the native chief Kapoko availed nothing. Divination was resorted to and confirmed the suspicion that the missionaries were the cause; had they not powerful fetishes which nullified the influence of the ancestral spirits? No amount of denial on their part availed. The untiled roof of the schoolhouse was pointed out. "That's why you restrain the rain," it was urged. The work of making tiles was pushed

forward vigorously and the building was covered. When within an hour or two of the completion of the roof, rain descended in floods, the missionaries stood exposed as magicians to be feared!

The twenty-four students came from Bailundo, Chilesso, Sachikela, Chissamba and Camundongo, all having been selected by the elders of the Church to which they belonged and approved by the missionaries. Small grass huts more or less waterproof served as quarters. School, industry and agriculture were carried on by this first class under the supervision of the two missionary families. A few students took lessons in typewriting, fitting themselves thereby for valuable service as helpers in the ever-increasing clerical work. Sewing was taught by Mrs. Wm. C. Bell and music by Mrs. Mabel L. Tucker. Mrs. Tucker during her overdue furlough in 1921 yielded her beautiful and fruitful life for Africa's redemption, deeply lamented by all who knew her.

On Saturday afternoons younger students journeyed to adjacent villages and following native etiquette invited the people to come to the services on the Lord's Day. Sunday afternoons others visited those same villages taking with them the enlightening Word, disabusing prejudices and securing an increase in the attendance at Sunday morning worship at the Central Station. From an average of a dozen villagers the attendance has grown to a great congregation. An important preparatory school and outstation work have developed in subsequent years. The week-ends were significant for the evangelistic work carried on by students who in some cases walked thirty miles on Saturday and Sunday.

For several years the work of the preparatory school which grew up was greatly hindered by lack of adequate accommodations. Classes were held un-

der trees and the afternoon rains often compelled a hasty breaking up of lessons. A munificent gift from Mrs. Hay of Toronto made possible the erection in 1925 of the fine building known as the C. McD. Hay Memorial School.

Early Days.—The early days of the Institute will long be remembered. The students, far from home and friends, cooped up in inadequate grass huts with leopards and hyenas prowling in the bush back of them maintained perfect discipline. Evening prayers in the little grass dining hall or in the school house as the rains permitted, helped to produce a common family feeling which overcame in large measure the ancient sectional tribal rivalries of Bié and Bailundo, of Ondulu and Chiyaka from which districts the students came.

These pioneer students have proved worthy. A few only may be named. Horasi, wise in counsel and gracious in manner is now assistant pastor of the pioneer Bailundo Church; Kachava bears the burden of chieftainship in the important Chiyuka community led by his father Kanjundu from darkness to light; Kachava has the equally important task of keeping the community in the light. Then follow Mose and Enoke of Camundongo, Mose an instructor in carpentry at that station and an excellent preacher, and Enoke, a pioneer in a Luimbe district translating from Umbundu and Portuguese portions of Scripture for the use of that benighted tribe. From Chilesso came two fine characters, Ndungu and Chitumba. "True as steel and good as gold," Dr. Cushman described Chitumba now one of her medical helpers. From Sachikela came Ngonga and Chipa, Ngonga later to be chosen moderator of the Sachikela Church and outstations; Chipa to excel as scholar, teacher and preacher. Chilulu of Chissamba is another leader who like Chipa remained at Dondi, helpful in counsel and

universally respected. These three, Ngonga, Chipa and Chilulu with three missionaries Ennis, Sanders and Tucker form a committee for translation work. These native helpers are rendering distinguished service in this department, knowledge of their native Umbundu being made effective for such purposes by their ability to read the Scriptures in Portuguese.

The physical burden of building the Institute and running the school the while, proved to be heavy. No longer would wattle and daub or adobe buildings serve; burnt bricks and tiles are required. The nearest lumber yard stood in the distant bush involving a journey of over a hundred miles by ox wagon, sawyers having previously been sent to saw lumber into rafters, joists and plates. Clay lay in the Kutatu bottoms, awaiting hoe, shovel and mixer, and hands to mould it into shape. Carefully dried, the bricks are then arranged in great open-air Dutch style kilns each containing from forty to fifty thousand bricks and thirty-six hours of burning completes the process. Half a million bricks and ten thousand roofing tiles in one dry season was the record established by Mr. F. S. Dart, who came to help in the upbuilding of Dondi. The impetus given to the work by the Forward Movement in Canada (1919-1920) as a thank offering at the conclusion of the great war, made possible the erection of fine dormitories for students, a dining hall excellently equipped, schools, a trades building containing departments for teaching tailoring, carpentry, weaving and masonry, a blacksmith shop, stores for food stuffs and various materials, a hospital, missionary homes, and the installation of a turbine for power. Hundreds of shade and fruit trees have been planted, roads made and bridges swung across rivers which flow through the concession. The Mission Press, moved from Cam-

undongo, in 1921, was put in the care of Mr. C. J. Swaddling until his retirement from the work. Since Major Swaddling's retirement Dr. Stokey has had charge of the Press in addition to his medical duties. A million and a quarter pages of literature were produced on the Press in 1925 reaching a widely scattered Christian Community. Mrs. Swaddling, herself a trained nurse, during her stay at Dondi ministered to natives and whites alike gaining the respect and affection of all.

A clamant need of a backward race is better living conditions. Always assuming the spiritual element in life, the need for advance along these lines cannot be overestimated. Herein lies the special value of the self-denying service of Miss Florence B. Rawlings who gladly took upon herself the onerous burden of caring for two hundred students who away from home need ruling with the hand of love and the counsel of a mother. Dining tables have to be kept clean if eating and drinking are to be used for education and uplift; flowers and cloths on the dining tables of students who comport themselves better than the average; the daily anxiety of securing a variation of food lest mush taste like dry meal and daily sameness produce distaste; dormitories to be examined; beds kept clean; blankets and clothes to be mended by the boys after the day's work and study; attention to toes stubbed in tearing helter skelter after a football kicked incredible distances with bare feet, adds a not inconsiderable item; and all these come within Miss Rawlings' sphere.

The training of the hand in the trades classes is of vital importance and Mr. Dart has a great ideal to work out helping thereby to enable the native Christians successfully to pass through these days of transition so dangerous to body and soul.

Ebb and Flow.—Since the founding of the Cen-

tral Institutes new and more advanced text books have been produced for the use of the students, including Commentaries, Expositions and outlines of Theology. For the primary and station schools suitable readers and arithmetics have also been prepared and meet with an ever growing sale. For catechumens in station and outstation classes, Dr. Stover's Catechism was substituted by one prepared by Mrs. Merlin W. Ennis. So rapid has been the development of the work during the last two decades that Secretary Riggs of the American Board when visiting Angola in 1923 felt it necessary to warn the mission against over expansion. "The work shows a thousand fold growth in twenty years," stated the Secretary.

Checks had operated from time to time to prevent an even larger increase. Drastic action on the part of the Portuguese Government prohibiting the use of the vernacular in school work led to a serious condition in 1920-21. All the numerous outstations of the Mission were closed and in some places religious services were prohibited. Why was this?

From the beginning of the work missionaries in Angola, following sound pedagogical principles, have taught in the vernacular, introducing the European language as a study for the more advanced pupils. The ideal of Portuguese officials is to supplant the various native languages and dialects by Portuguese, claiming that in this they follow the method of the ancient Roman Empire. Seeking to give effect to the idea, not only was school work in the vernacular prohibited, but in some districts even worship and the use of native Christian hymns were forbidden. Scores of outstation schools were closed for a considerable period by the edict, as sufficient Portuguese speaking teachers and preachers were not immediately forth-

coming, and the work received what appeared to be a serious set back.

If it be true that "the Divine Architect of the Earth has not created mankind as a uniform whole, but gave to men as sanctuary of their soul their mother tongue,"[6] then as M. Louis Franck, a distinguished Belgian Colonial Administrator, says, "to exclude the native languages from the schools of the people in order to impose exclusively a European language is a mistake and an injustice."[7] He also strongly deprecates any attempt to make natives into Frenchmen, Portuguese, Belgians or Englishmen, maintaining that the native tribes should be allowed to make their own contribution to humanity.

Three hundred years ago devoted Jesuit missionaries worked among tribes of northern Angola but their influence as far as Christianisation was concerned was ephemeral. No amount of devotion could compensate for the absence of teaching in the vernacular.[8] Instruction given in the European language did not enter into the soul of the tribe nor did Mass said in Latin reach the heart. This historic fact is full of significance in view of the desire to wipe out the vernaculars.

But missionaries in Tropical Africa while their work is recognised by International Treaties and understandings are yet guests of the Power controlling the Colony in which they work. To be subject to the powers that be is an Apostolic injunction, and the missions were ready to teach school in Portuguese even if such a course involved the scrapping of established ideas and practices. To this end two Portuguese Protestant teachers were secured, Senhores Eurico de Figueiredo and Jayme

6 Chancellor Stresseman of Germany.
7 Smith, "Golden Stool," p. 301.
8 See p. 26, Christian Church in Africa.

Raposo. From the beginning Snr. Figueiredo threw himself into the work with great enthusiasm and gathering up the work of previous days in station schools was able to secure over seventy passes in the primeiro grau examination within a few months of his arrival in the Mission. Senhor Raposo rendered equally devoted service at Chissamba and Dondi.

The Portuguese Government somewhat modified the decree and permitted the use of the vernacular in religious exercises and now allows the printing of the scriptures and religious books in the native tongue if accompanied by a parallel translation in Portuguese. Protestant missions, especially in later years, have greatly developed the teaching of Portuguese in their schools. His Excellency General Romeiras de Macedo, Governor of Benguela, in a communication to the Administrators under his jurisdiction relative to elementary education draws attention to the fact that the Dondi Mission (which it will be remembered, receives pupils from other stations for more advanced training) in one year secured more passes in the Government examinations than all other schools, Roman Catholic and Government, for Whites and Blacks, combined. The sending of a copy of the communication to the Mission expressed the appreciation of the Portuguese Government of what had been accomplished.

The One of the Hoe.[9]—From the top of Kachivungo's rock fortress a magnificent panorama greets the eye. No wonder that Bell and Neipp, when they met at the top of the hill, each having climbed by different sides, were thrilled by the view. Yonder are the Kutatu falls, a foaming torrent, tumbling over into the course of the river which after glid-

[9] Ukuetemo—"the one of the hoe" is a synonym for women as Ukuandiaviti "the one of the axe" signifies men.

ing past the great rock assumes a serpentine course through the pleasant valley. Across the Kutatu lies a beautiful wooded country, an ideal location for a second great complementary school. Currie Institute, so named after the pioneer missionary Walter T. Currie, situated on the eastern slope of the Kutatu cares particularly for future generations of young men. Means School named after Mrs. J. O. Means founded by the Women's Board of the Interior, Chicago, is situated on the western side of the river, and takes girls from other mission stations and gives them more advanced training for life as women of the new day.

The school was fortunate in securing as its first Dean that gracious woman Marion M. Webster, who has been connected with the Mission almost since the beginning. At Benguela in the early days there came to her the loss of her husband, a beloved physician, whose revered name now honours a fine schoolhouse devoted to the education of girls. It is the aim of the Means School to fit its girls to be real forces for good in the villages to which they will go, to be worthy companions for their husbands, to care properly for their children and to make the most of the homes they will have, thus helping to uplift African womanhood now so low in ideals.

For the first few sessions after the founding of the school various women missionaries from other stations helped Mrs. Webster. Miss Sarah Stimpson came, leaving her fine work in Camundongo for a year. Miss Margaret Melville rendered help for another session, and was followed by Miss E. C. Redick, who has effectively laboured at Chilesso, Camundongo and Bailundo. Mrs. Currie also had a share in the work at Means School until her transfer to the Currie Institute.

Miss Leona Stukey was appointed the first Principal and on her marriage to the Rev. J. T. Tucker,

her place was assumed by Miss Lauretta Dibble, one well able to fill the responsible position. Dr. Rose A. Bower an experienced worker, and Miss Mary W. Hurlbut have both rendered devoted and capable service in recent years at Means.

The work of training African womanhood is of great difficulty and importance, and Means School occupies a strategic position in the development of the Ovimbundu people. How greatly the work of the women missionaries in the stations and at Means has counted in the production of a new womanhood may be seen in the statement of Secretary Riggs on the occasion of his visit to Dondi in 1924: "I have not seen a finer set of girls anywhere in Africa."

But the subject of the Daughters of Africa is so far-reaching as to call for a separate chapter.

Literature

For the work of building up a Training Institute two biographies may be consulted:

1. "Stewart of Lovedale," by Wells.
2. "Laws of Livingstonia," by W. P. Livingstone.

Chapter VII

DAUGHTERS OF AFRICA

A New Test of Greatness.—"Is yours a great chief?" asked an Ochimbundu chief of the missionary.

"Yes, truly, he is great indeed!"

"How many wives has he?" came the further question, answered by the word "One."

"One only!" was the astonished exclamation, "and yet you say he is a great chief! Who does the cooking for all his guests?"

This dialogue illustrates the social outlook of the African which differs so widely from our own. We on our part, however, must seek to understand the viewpoint of the African remembering that to him our ways often seem strange, sometimes incomprehensible and occasionally reprehensible. To hear old time natives discuss the white man and his ways, is an interesting experience. His coming out of the ocean, his "toeless" feet, his strutting up and down, his ill-temper and his oaths amuse, annoy or surprise. The discussion often ends by the native sniffing up an unusually large quantity of snuff and saying, "Well such is the white man. It is impossible to understand him." Even whites who are beloved by Africans sometimes do things which shock and surprise. Natives resident in the country where Livingstone travelled in the ox wagon during the weeks of 1851 that followed the birth of their son, William Oswell, were astonished at the action of the great missionary. With all their reverence for Livingstone they could

not forget the scandal. To him as to ourselves, there was nothing wrong in it, but to the Africans, travelling in the same wagon with a wife who had recently borne a son was positively indecent.[1] Let us remember that while features in the African social order appear strange to us, that Africans find equal difficulty in appreciating our viewpoint and our institutions.

The Clan Not the Individual.—African social life centres not in the individual, but in the family or clan as the unit. The theory of marriage is not that of a union based on mutual love but an arrangement between two groups of people, in which one group undertakes for value received to provide the other with a fertile wife for one of its members. It should not be stated, however, that Africans buy their wives. The woman may leave her husband and return to her home village if she is ill-treated, or for any other cause recognised in native law. The "bride-price," (Oku lomba) serves a twofold purpose in native life; first it is a pledge for the good treatment of the woman by her husband, and secondly it is an indication that the man is not a spendthrift but has shown himself to be a reputable tribesman. By acquiring cloth, oxen and pigs for the bride-price and for the marriage feast later, he shows that he is able to give standing to the daughter of the other contracting group about to be fetched for him and brought by his relatives to him in his paternal village. The marriage cloth supplied by the bridegroom and accepted by the bride also implies a promise of future clothes for the woman from her spouse.

By the "bride-price" the man acquires a certain right in the person of the woman. Should she be unable to fulfil the implications of the contract, her relatives are responsible and will be called upon to

1 Smith, "The Christian Mission in Africa," p. 50

return the bride-price or substitute another woman, usually a younger sister, from their family group. Another characteristic of the marriage contract is that whilst the woman is to keep herself to her husband alone, the man is not similarly bound in relation to his wife. The contract always assumes that the man is free to enter into as many marriage contracts as his standing may permit, and promiscuous relations on his part do not invalidate the contract. Should the wife err, it is regarded not as a sin having any moral implication, but as a violation of particular rights, the third party being liable for damages to the husband whose rights have been infringed.

Each clan or village group seeks to increase its importance by numbers, the more children in the clan, the greater its spear power. The spirit of the 127th Psalm permeates the native conception of marriage: "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them. They shall not be ashamed when they speak with their enemies in the gate." The spear being the symbol of strength, the more spears that can be handled the better for the individual group. "Lands of the spear," that is lands disputed by two tribes or two groups in olden days, went to the group with the greater numbers.

The importance attached to children is at the root of the custom of withdrawal on the part of the woman after she becomes a mother. Much time is spent with her parents. She now is mother and not wife. In the case of twins the woman may absent herself for two or three years until "Elephant and Hippo"[2] are weaned, when a festival will mark the event and signalise her assuming the function of a wife once more. Who will care for the man's home meantime, pound the corn and cook his food? Polyg-

[2] See p. 40, What's in a name.

amy naturally arises from such a custom and fortified by the clan organisation of African society becomes an integral part of the native social order.

They Love to Have It So.—The question arises, "Does not the African woman rebel against such a conception?" Individuals may do so, but most prefer to belong to a strong and powerful chief or head man, one of a number of wives, rather than be the solitary drudge of a poor, insignificant tribesman unable to stand up for himself or protect his wife and children. To be the wife of a chief, especially the "great" wife, is a matter for congratulation. Many hands make light work, and again, "Who does the cooking for all the guests?" A native proverb is quoted: "Kowiñi Keyau," "The crowd makes the bridge." An eternal problem in Africa is how to cross the river; one person single-handedly is unequal to the task, a crowd however makes the bridge and all get over safely. So is it with the tribal organisation, a crowd of women form the bridge which enables the family or clan to cross the river.

Mother-Descent and Father-Descent.—Among the Bantu, two forms of marriage contract are recognised, the matrilineal and the patrilineal. In the matrilineal the bride remains in her home village and the husband leaves his kraal and settles in the woman's village having the status of a guest. In this case the bride-price on the part of the man is insignificant and serves the purpose of a guarantee of good treatment for him. The children of such a marriage belong to the clan of the woman. This matrilineal form was probably the older system as certain of its elements still remain in the patrilineal as now practised among the Ovimbundu. In the patrilineal the girl is fetched from her home village by relatives of the man and is led to that of the man. In this case the bride-price is heavy, varying

according to the family of the woman, the bride's family being regarded as contributing to the upbuilding of the husband's clan.

Uncle Versus Father.—The matrilineal element in the patrilineal form which prevails among the Ovimbundu is seen in the custom that the maternal uncle disposes of the children of his sister's marriage and settles as to where and when they shall marry. In the case of girls, if he so desires, he may bargain for their marriage when they are young, and receive a portion of the bride-price. If for any reason he is unable to fulfil the contract or should the pledged future bride die, he has to refund the money or provide a substitute. What helpful function can this uncle be said to fulfil? Native apologists justify the custom on the ground that it is a protection for the children; suppose the man and his wife persistently quarrel, the man to annoy his wife might sell her children into slavery, but the uncle steps in and says, "You may fall out with our sister, but we have an interest in these children and we will not allow our seed to be sold into slavery." He takes the children. On the other hand, the uncle may sell his sister's children should he be hard pressed for payment of a debt.

Among the Ovimbundu slave wives are obtained by purchase, in payment of a debt or, in the old days, by capture, such unions being known as "marriages of dominion." In these cases the children belong to the owner of the woman and the children's children are held as the domestic slaves of the family group.

What attitude should the Christian Church take in regard to such tribal customs relative to marriage? Take for example the bride-price paid by the suitor to the girl's family. Should the Church declaim against the custom, or tolerate it, or perhaps approve it? If the girl being courted is will-

ing to marry the young man it would not seem to be advisable for the Church to rule on the matter. Merely to break down tribal laws and customs solves nothing. Government legislation seeking to change the order of society by forbidding a custom inherent in tribal life would be equally disastrous. Two things will help to solve the problem. The first is economic. With the economic development of the country it will be impossible for one man to secure a monopoly of a large number of women. Former penniless slaves will have the wherewithal to arrange regular family life. With the progress of Christian education the worth of the individual also will be enhanced and women themselves will rebel against the old ways. The change must come from within, not from without. A new conception of human values and relationships expressed in the Christian home is needed. No Bantu in his tribal life has any sense of guilt in regard to polygamy. It is important to remember this, and care should be exercised not to brand the custom as sinful to a tribesman lest reproach be brought upon the offspring of polygamous unions, for according to native standards these children are born in wedlock.

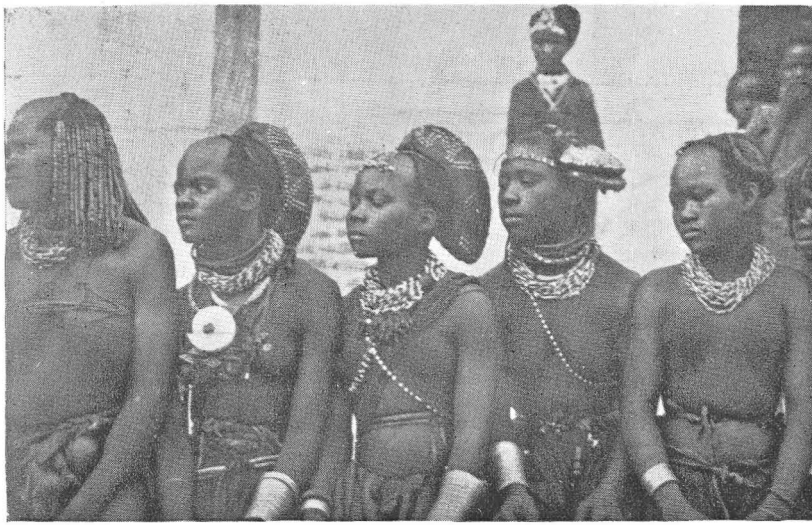
New Values for Old.—A Christian mission in Africa introduces a new moral standard in regard to these matters. Monogamous unions are observed in missionary homes and the native comes to realise that marriage is a union of two lives, the children belonging to the parents without reference to uncle or clan. In the ideal Christian marriage when two lives blend into one, "troubles are halved and blessings are doubled"; but such an idea is alien to native custom according to which the woman's loyalty even after her marriage is to her own family and its gods,[3] and the man's loyalty to his.

The work and lives of the single women mission-

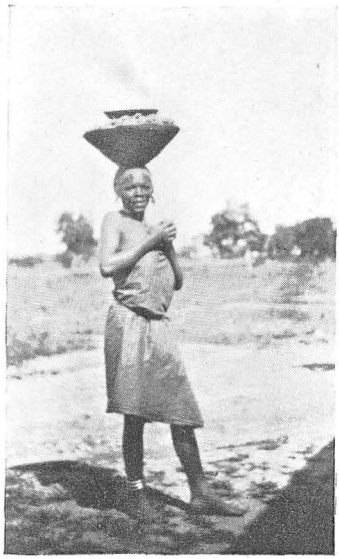
[3] Cf. Ruth 1 : 15.

aries as a dynamic factor in producing a new outlook and attitude among native women is of high significance. African women regard marriage as the one vocation in life, and the thought of it occupies their minds from childhood onward. During the initiatory rites at adolescence the mothers give detailed information to the girls. A single life of virtue and high endeavour is unthinkable to such people as the Ovimbundu. When the first single women missionaries arrived in Angola, speculation was rife as to what crime they had committed in the "Oputu" (foreign) country that their chief had expelled them without allowing them to marry!

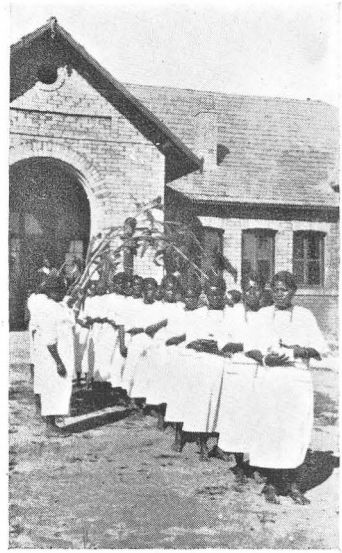
How to produce a new outlook among women and bring in a new order without sacrificing meanwhile the restraints imposed by tribal forms, is one of the weightiest problems before the Christian Church in Africa. Girls from mission boarding schools are disliked by some swains, it being alleged that they do not obey readily and show self-will. The charge is not unfounded. It is desirable that the African woman should express her will. If a woman offers advice, she is promptly told, "Ukai ka kuete ochipango;" "A woman has no will." Being told so often that she has no will leads her to function accordingly. If a native woman is approached by a man, it is not her responsibility to refuse, she not having a will; the man may be fined for having infringed particular rights and the fine will be held to cancel the trespass. With such an atmosphere prevailing the importance of the work for girls and the colossal task devolving upon women workers may be appreciated. It is necessary to "create a soul of life under the ribs of death." Much has been accomplished, but great patience and perseverance are necessary to raise up a worthy African womanhood, enabling the women to take their place with the men. Native women leaders with high ideals and



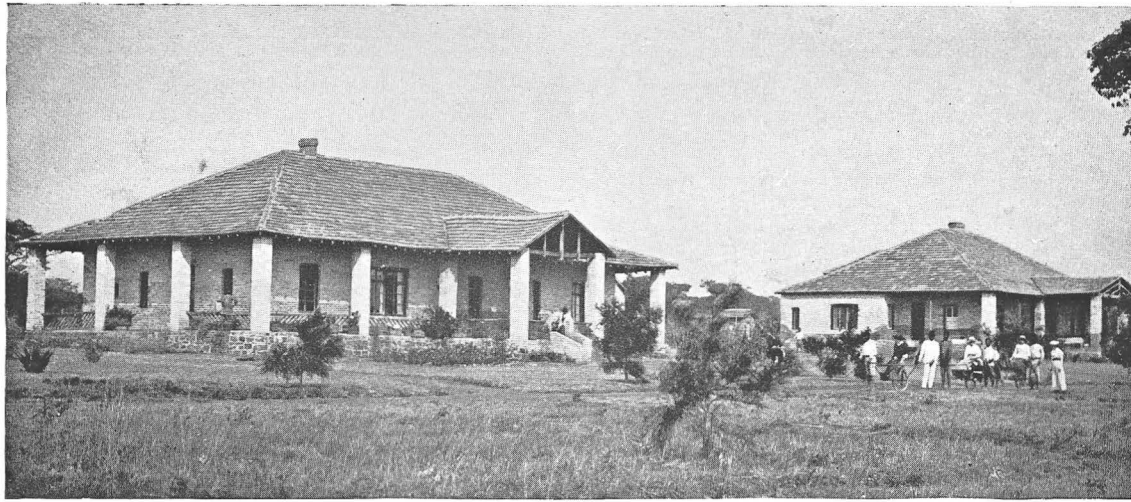
Fashions in Hair Dressing, Humbe Tribe.



An Ocim Vunder Girl.



Graduation Day.
Means School, Dondi.



Modern Missionary Residences at Dondi. Built of Burnt Brick Made at the Mission.

beautiful lives found in all missions and their outstations give encouragement for the future.

A full outline of the condition of native women would make sad reading. Much more could be said, but a book of this kind is not the place in which to say it. Let all helpful factors in the tribal system be acknowledged, it is undeniable that it prevents woman from developing as she might and should. Polygamy by its nature is inimical to home life and leads to intrigue, jealousy and crime. The wife for the week who feeds the husband is regarded with jealousy by the others, or if one becomes a favourite, means are taken to alienate the affection, whilst envious women give poisoned food to the children of their hated rivals or infect them with a loathsome disease under the guise of rubbing their tender gums. Contrary to the idea generally held of primitive tribes, suicide is common among the women.

The physical condition of Ovimbundu women calls for immediate action. To change their personal habits requires nothing less than a regeneration of soul which will express itself in new modes of life. A cloth serves for day and night until worn out. In her domestic arrangements everything is placed on the floor around her fire. She sits down by the fire to prepare the evening meal and does not need to move, for everything is in reach. When the mush and relish are ready she fills a basket with the mush and a clay dish with the relish and carries or sends it to her husband in the onjango. Then the children gather around her and they eat what is left. When finished there is no table to unspread or dishes to wash. They are pushed aside for the dogs to lick and are not washed until used again. She will sit over the fire and snuff until sleepy, then clear a place to spread her mat and go to sleep. This is just a glimpse of the raw native woman.[4]

[4] Nellie Arnot Darling in "Canadian Congregationalist," Nov. 23, 1911.

The Bane and the Antidote.—In his important work, "Por Terras d'Angola," dealing with the Roman Catholic Missions in that country, Bishop Vidal makes reference to the Christian education of the African women. "One of the gravest and most tormentingly difficult problems that crosses the whole endeavour to Christianise the African is that of female education. How can the Christian family be formed without the Christian woman? And how can the Christian woman be obtained without Christian education? And how can the Christian education of the women be done in a persistent, stable and secure manner? The happiest solution, although not entirely without inconveniences and embarrassments, is a college or school of Sisters, working parallel with the life of the mission for youths. But where in the world is there a miraculous and inexhaustible reservoir of young women, who, making the great sacrifice, are ready to leave their homes and their fatherland in exchange for the black girls of the forests of Africa, and we are forced to add, to do this for the ingratitude and insolence of a people of another colour which thinks itself civilised? As long as a second Moses does not arise and smite this stony planet with his miracle-working rod and cause great waves of charity to flow, it is impossible to count on missionary women as a permanent factor."

The Bishop then proceeds to show how various experiments have been tried by Roman Catholic Missions without success. He admits their failure really to Christianise the native women.

Our Angola Mission has had a happier experience in its effort to bring to the women the saving power of Christ. Christian families which would bear strict examination are found in all parts. For such a happy result thanks are due in large measure to the work of noble women, who "making the great

sacrifice" spend and are spent in their work for and with their black sisters. A prominent Portuguese planter holds that the Evangelical missions have an immense advantage over the Roman Catholics because of the family life found in their ranks and in their having women missionaries who devote themselves to work among the girls and women. The boarding schools at the mission stations with the advanced training given at Means School, Dondi, is a solution of a problem which after four hundred years of missionary endeavour in Africa, still vexes the Roman Catholics. Workers among the Ovimbundu girls would not agree to calling their pupils "ungrateful and insolent," feeling repaid for their labours by the gratitude, love and esteem so readily given. The women of our churches at home constrained by the love of Christ have also proved to be a "reservoir of devotion," and a "second Moses to smite the rock of this stony planet and cause waves of charity to flow" is not necessary.

The "Ochitali."—How do the mission boarding schools for girls meet the needs of future African womanhood? Such a school is called an ochitali, a native word derived from the Portuguese, "quintal," signifying a courtyard. A description written by Miss Helen Melville contains a picture of such a boarding school for girls: "Girls in native villages are exposed to very great temptations, moral, physical and spiritual. The chief aim in life is to marry, and young girls of fifteen are often married to old men, or are married to a man who already has three or four wives. These girls can only look forward to a home of contention, strife and jealousy. In the Girls' Boarding School you will find girls from many districts; some come from Christian homes where Christ is loved and honoured, others from homes where His name is unknown. Perhaps through the word of a friend, the preaching of an

evangelist or teacher, the desire has been placed in their hearts to learn, and they come to school. They may meet with very great opposition from their friends and relatives, but they overcome this opposition and are stronger for it all. You will find girls from the royal family of Bié, and those with the stigma of slavery stamped upon them. You would not in all West Africa find a happier lot of girls, singing, playing, working. Each girl has her work to do, cooking the mush, greens or beans, making the beds, cleaning the rooms, washing the dishes, sweeping the yard, pounding the corn into meal, cultivating the fields, making pots and baskets, but the merry heart and the many hands make light work of all these duties. At meal time you will find them around the table, Namateo, the faithful matron, at the head conducting family prayers!"

"Family prayers"—stress particularly the word "family." The Christian home is the greatest need of Africa. Polygamy makes home life impossible and the race suffers. Let us visit Means School, Dondi, an institution for the more advanced training of young women for leadership. Here is the dining room and kitchen with tables and plates, spoons and forks, a tablecloth and flowers. The girls enter and take their places, one girl saying grace for the company. The meal over, the girls assigned to the task of cooking for the month clear the tables, wash the dishes and carefully put them away. These girls will not be content with fingers for forks or the floor for stove and pantry when they graduate. Nor will they be content to lie down at night among their clay pots. They will be home makers.

Field work they carry on; the native woman is attached to the soil and up to the present has shown herself at her best in providing for family

needs. But drudgery must be overcome, enabling the new woman to devote time to home making, carrying out what they have learned in the Model Cottage at Means, wherein selected girls by turn live for a period, being responsible for the entire care of the home. And sewing too! the dependence on the male sex for clothes in native life[5] led the women to regard the needle as a part of the man's equipment. Dresses made by the girls with their own hands for graduation at Means signify a new day for African womanhood. An Ochimbundu woman using a sewing machine is little short of a miracle, but all graduates of Means are able to do so.

How to bathe, dress and care for a baby; how to treat simple ailments, and how to render first aid are lessons of foremost importance, excelling the knowledge of a foreign language in which also, however, girls are becoming proficient.

An encouraging sign in the native church life is the desire of the men to help forward their women. Not always was this the case for Christian elders have been willing to read the harsher meaning into the name for a woman, *Ukuetemo*—the "one of the hoe," implying that the woman should hoe and hoe and hoe and be the family drudge. A new consciousness is coming, leading to the prayer that "our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace."[6] "Corner stones, yes! but spare the polish"—say the men who believe in the good old days!

The new path opens out—will the women as a whole enter therein?

Diamonds in the Rough.—The native women in spite of much that is evil have admirable traits which make work among them a rewarding enterprise. The ability to combine on special occasions

5 See pp. 137-138. The Clan not the Individual.
6 Psalm 144 : 12.

to help one another or to forward the welfare of the community is a valuable asset. Here is a woman with a big field of corn. Fellow-women are ready to help. Off they go to her field with baskets on the head and the baby tied on the back, returning heavily laden with the corn plucked that day. Harvest songs are sung the while for the heart is "clean."

Here again is a crowd of heathen women gathered at the Chief's ombala. Hoes in hand they work with ready wills and glad hearts to clean up the new royal compound. Here comes Nasoma (the queen) who blesses the work, joyfully chanting in native rhyme the achievements of the women. To the Chief's presence she goes and receives prompt reward in the way of salt for the work done. All appreciate that salt. Never were chocolates half so sweet to girls in the homeland. Then come the ample portions of beer, and the abandon of dancing in great circles to the thumping of drums, the smacking of hands and the beating of feet.

This ability to combine receives another and finer expression in the Women's Conferences held in Angola. Most significant of a great change which has taken place in the public estimation of Ovimbundu women, and in the women themselves, are "Women's Conferences" held during the general annual Conferences.[7] The native Christian women attending constitute a delegated body which continues the work of the first conference held at Chilesso in 1903, some women missionaries guiding, but Africans themselves extensively taking part in the exercises. The topics discussed relate to the Christian life, the care of the home, the training of children and infants' welfare. Most of those present travel long distances on foot, carrying their babies and food supply. Some are helped in prep-

[7] See p. 44, Feast of Booths.

arations to leave home by their husbands, who also undertake to care for the children and fields in their absence. A Bailundo missionary gives the following account dealing with the 1903 Conference:

"Five delegates were sent from here and they were away for a month. They returned delighted with all they had heard and seen, and on Sunday morning it was announced in church that a meeting would be held in the afternoon to hear their report. The church was well filled with men and women. The delegates were brimful of enthusiasm and quite forgot themselves in their subject. It took our breath away to hear them talk so well. Each one in turn stood up and, without embarrassment, made her report in a quiet, modest, dignified manner. The whole was interesting from beginning to end, and they held the audience. The first speaker, Nakandele, told of their journey, their reception and the work at Chilesso, making special mention of the converted woman witch doctor and her husband. The next told the story of that woman's conversion in full. The third gave the experience of another convert. The fourth reported the conference, and she did it well. The fifth told of their visit at Chissamba and of the Chief Kanjundu, relating the story of his conversion in his own words."

Courage too is a characteristic of the native woman. Passing travellers who see a native woman fleeing into the bush marvel at her timidity not knowing that the woman thereby shows her womanhood. But when occasion calls she can be bold. Nahosi went early in the morning to her field with her little baby boy Kasoma tied native fashion to her back. The day was hot and the woman thought of the little head going bump bump bump with every stroke of the double-handled hoe, exposed as the head was to the fierce rays of the trop-

ical sun. Contrary to custom she laid baby Kasoma on the ground between the tall stalks of corn that its little head might be shaded. In the bush hard by stalked a leopard. The beast noticed the child lying on the ground. Stealthily yet quickly slipping between the rows of corn the leopard picked up the infant as a cat picks up her kitten and made off with it to the bush. The startled child's cries drew instant attention from the mother who with tiny native hoe as her only weapon rushed on the fierce creature aiming blow after blow on its neck. Surprised by the fury of a mother's heart the beast dropped little Kasoma and slunk off to his lair disappointed of a meal.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." We admire Nahosi. The Christ who loved little children and who comforted the mothers of Jerusalem cannot but yearn for the salvation of Africa's womanhood. African womanhood too cries out for redemption of body and soul. On the physical side how much there is to be done. Forty-five percent of native women suffer from goitre: think of what this means to the future of the race. Sixty percent of the children pass away in infancy. All the women, like their men, are spirit-ridden, haunted with fears which freeze the soul and prevent the outflowing of enlightened love to their offspring. Motherhood often is a curse and not a craft: a curse resulting from stupidity and ignorance.

> Beneath the foulest mother's curse
> No child can ever thrive;
> A mother is a mother still
> The holiest thing alive.

That "holiest thing" sometimes becomes the "lowest thing" through superstition. A woman living near Sawaya's village had crop failure two years following. "A curse rests on your field,"

said the witch-doctor, "offer a sacrifice to nullify the curse." "What sacrifice?" asked the woman. Again the divining basket is consulted. "A chicken —no!" "A goat—no!" "An ox—no!" "What then?" asks the woman. "A person—your child—your baby boy—" replies the witch-doctor. The child is slain by its mother. The body is dried in the hot sun. Later the body is pounded to powder by the mother, mixed with seed corn and scattered over the field—.

Why did the woman do this? Lack of mother love? No, indeed, for if a leopard had seized her child she would have followed Nahosi's example. It was to her a matter of imperious necessity, a result of ignorance and superstition.

"Africa will never be won for Christ until her women are won. Their sorrows which are many call for relief. Their influence as wives and mothers is paramount . . . gain the women, and you will gain the men—the reverse is not so certain.[8]

To bring to the daughters of Africa the saving health of Christ should be regarded not merely as a good work but as a duty that must not be shirked.

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8 "The Christian Mission in Africa," p. 45.

Chapter VIII

NEW PATHS

A Sleep and a Forgetting.—"Our fathers had that word," said the old African chief to the missionary, "but they went to sleep and when they awoke they forgot." "They forgot"—not His existence, for that to the African is self-evident, but His character. Still to them, however, He is Utungi, the Creator, a praise title never used except of God, He who causes wind to blow, rain to fall and sun to shine. In times of special distress, too, He is invoked. A lone man travelling through jungle or forest, meeting Ohosi, the king of beasts, exclaims, "A Suku yange, a Suku yange mopele." (Oh, my God, my God, deliver me!) Or in law cases when a person accused is too poor to engage a lawyer and no relative is at hand to take his part, a proverb is quoted in his behalf, "Onganji kepo, Suku o tepapo." (There is no advocate, but God will judge the case.)

To talk of Him is cha sunguluka (fitting) and the Christian messenger finds no difficulty in conversing with native Africans of the things of God. Arnot writes of the great Mushidi: "One day he asked me to breakfast at his house, and our conversation went on, as at other times, respecting the nature and reality of God's existence. I then spoke to him in words like these, 'Great and mighty chief as you are in the eyes of men, in the sight of God there is no difference between you and the poorest, vilest slave in your country and you need God's mercy, just as he does.' My words impressed him. At last, with an effort, he leaned forward thoughtfully and

said, 'It must be so if God is as great as you say; and if He is so high above us all, then we must be all the same in His sight.' "

Like the rest of mankind, the Africans realise that not all is well with the world: some plaguing perversity plays havoc with people and thwarts all noble endeavour. Something has gone wrong, for the upright God must have made things upright. A tradition of a time of innocence exists among some Bantu tribes. One current version of man's first disobedience runs somewhat as follows:

"In the beginning the world was perfect and everything very good. One man, Podho, was created. No work was necessary, for God had given him a magic hoe which did all the digging and cultivating. He was bidden never to attempt to handle the hoe, but to leave it to do the work. Later, a mate was given to the man. He told the woman, Miaha, of the magic hoe and commanded her not to touch it. In the absence of the husband, curiosity overcame the woman. She grasped the hoe and attempted to dig with it. Immediately, all its magical qualities departed. Henceforth man had to earn his food with the sweat of his brow. The woman was cursed and the man being one with her, shared the curse. From that time, the woman is the 'one of the hoe,' burdened with field work, as the man is the 'one with the axe,' responsible for clearing forest tracts for new cultivation." [1]

The Scapegoat.—Take again the desire to be rid of the accursed thing which hinders and perplexes. That dull feeling of discontent in the inward parts can only be eased through religious rites, and harmony of soul thus restored. The sense of guilt may

1 Told to the writer by Archdeacon Owen, of East Africa. Sir James Fraser suggests that the story of the fall of man contained in Genesis was derived by the Hebrews from the Negroes "with whom they may have toiled side by side in the burning sun under the lash of Egyptian taskmasters." (Smith, "Golden Stool," p. 89.) It is just as likely, however, that both derived the story from a common source.

be largely ceremonial, but Ethiopia stretching out her hands unto God [2] finds God's hand stretched out in the darkness to lead the soul unto light. Here is the ceremonial of the scapegoat in some respects reminiscent of the Hebrew rite described in Leviticus 16. The village is unclean, smitten and afflicted. Worst of all, people are at loggerheads: ill temper abounds. The elders of the village gather. The priests who form a higher order of witch-doctors are there. A goat is selected and one man, regarded as summing up the uncleanness of the community, spits into the mouth of the goat, over the head of which the guilt of the community has been confessed. The goat is then led away into the bush to die, and its return prevented lest the guilt return with it to the village.

This sense of guilt and awareness of God enables the Christian preacher to appeal directly to the native heart. A decade ago, a native prophet, named Harris, flashed like a meteor through heathen sections of the Ivory Coast, and in a few months gathered a host of converts exceeding in number the church members connected with missions of long standing. Harris' methods were simple. With Bible in hand, he preached with power the two cardinal truths of God and a Saviour, and achieved amazing results. He commanded that fetishes be destroyed, enlightenment sought and Bibles bought. "Thou shalt have no other gods before Jehovah," he declaimed. Knowing the hearts of his tribesmen he appealed to their own consciousness. No need to seek to prove the existence of God; no need to prove to his hearers that they were sinners. "Return to God," he cried, "trust the Saviour and forsake your sins." His converts, though uninstructed, have stood the test.

The Christian message casts out the myriads of

[2] Psalm 68 : 31.

spirits which have blotted out the vision of the face of God. Water spirits, fire spirits, family spirits and evil spirits without number and witches without mercy have hidden the vision splendid. Ancestral spirits, too, crowd in upon the soul demanding attention. What shall be done about it all? Come to the entrance of the stockaded village. Look at the rude altar of sticks with pathway cleared in front and behind for offerings. At this altar the headman morning by morning greets his ancestral spirits. Perhaps you heard him before the sun was up blowing a weird blast on his large ox-horn to greet the rising sun, lest it be angry and bring him to his deathbed with its setting. His "great" wife must each morning rub his back with a magic concoction made in a certain magic pot; this insures his health for the day. If he is ever really sick, he sleeps in fear upon horns of animals and recites many magic formulæ.

Look again at the miniature spirit houses in each compound of the village. Before wearing a new cloth or using a blanket the village elder reverently places it within the hut in token of respect for his osande (familiar friendly spirit). He believes that the spirits array themselves in the cloth and derive warmth from the blanket. Such customs appear foolish and meaningless to some. The Christian evangelist sees in them something to which he can appeal. God requires no sacrifice of blood; His love has been shown in the Cross of Calvary and man receives, not gives. Things made by human hands are worthless to Him except in so far as they express an attitude of devotion to His cause. Sublimate the custom of placing a cloth in the spirit house and you find you have the principle of the dedication of property to God.

Then there are fetishes to which the needy one clings. A fetish may be anything—a stick, a stone,

a bird's claw, a rabbit's foot or a shell—anything, in fact, over which the witch-doctor has uttered an incantation and rendered efficacious by ceremonies usually involving the shedding of blood. Witchcraft and demons cause sickness and death. Such demons come from the deep, from sticks and from stones, from tree and fern, from graveyard and glen and all conspire to thwart man. True, there are the favourable family spirits who may help, but the passage of man through life is a desperate business, taking sleep from the eyes and health from the bones. What must be the attitude of the Church toward such fetish belief? Must we laugh at witch-doctors' incantations and divinations or make known to the native the better way and the satisfying power of the Gospel which is "the light that shines amid the darkness of his fears; it assures him that he is not in the power of nature spirits, ancestral spirits or fetishes?"[3] With all confidence the convert can be assured of the interest of a Heavenly Father and of the Saviourhood of Christ and of the guidance of the Holy Spirit. The message of the Gospel is made effective to the benighted spirit-ridden souls in many ways. First, in point of time comes the itinerant missionary native evangelist, who spreads the table of the Lord's provisions in the presence of many enemies. He is a passing visitor "like a cloud," as the natives say, but his presence is as the gentle rain which refreshes the thirsty soul. His presence passes, but his influence abides. Others come to a realisation of what life might mean to them through medical work which ministers the transforming grace. The unscientific doses and operations of the witch-doctor are ignorantly cruel while simple scientific treatment often suffices to bring about that receptivity of soul which leads to

3 Schweitzer, "On the Edge of the Primeval Forest," p. 154.

higher things. Hearts may be opened with a hypodermic needle.

Can the Evangel wean the African from his so superstitious fears? "The best Christian in Africa is a pagan at heart," it is alleged.

Certain tests of value are available. Wearing white men's clothes, however, is not one. Nor is the adoption of European customs any sure indication; it is possible to civilise a native "within an inch of hell." Look for indications on the spiritual side of his nature. *Is the convert ready to make the surrender of will and heart to the Lord Christ?* His trust formerly was in his fetishes purchased at great cost from the witch-doctor and held in awe and reverence by their owner. Fetishes for fertility, for health, for success, for love, for protection are all his. Is he ready to surrender these? An absolute break with the old ways and doings would seem to be indicated by such an action.

What is this bonfire we see? It is Sunday morning. Christians have been in earnest counsel for some days in regard to the "things of God." New converts bring their once-prized fetishes, trusted for their efficacy, in token of their surrender to Christ, and the curious things are committed to the flames.[4] The first test has been passed. The new convert has "burned his bridges" behind him.

Then comes another test: *Will the convert be ready to tell others of his newly-found hope in Christ even amid hostile surroundings?* Here again the convert is not found wanting. The African is a sociable creature, eager to impart any piece of news which comes his way. For a Christian to walk a hundred miles to tell of the new joy found in Christ is not regarded as a hardship. Evangelists tour communities telling of the Kingdom within, content it may be to lie down hungry at night on the bare

[4] Cf. Acts 19 : 19.

ground in the semi-open, draughty palaver house, disputing the position with dogs. Persecution and hardship but serve to strengthen faith, and the assurance of Divine help and protection comforts the soul.

Sanji, a native Christian worker of the Brethren Mission at Chilonda, illustrates such steadfastness amid persecution, and shows how a message of God may be conveyed through an old tribal fable. On his conversion, Sanji suffered severe persecution from his relatives, who left him one day in the veldt, bruised and bleeding. He was brought to the Mission station for treatment, and after remaining there for some time appeared one morning before the missionary with his kit packed and ready for the road. He said a fable of their own had spoken to him in the night time. He was ready to preach the gospel to those who had ill-treated him. The fable told how, during a year of drought, when all the rivers and springs dried up, the animals came together to hold a conference to decide as to what they should do. The major animals stood in a great circle and solemnly declared that they could do nothing, they must all die. At this, a humble tortoise, who had slowly crawled into the ring, croaked out that they need not die; he knew where they could find water. On hearing this the leopard attacked the tortoise fiercely, finally throwing him far outside the conference ring. But the tortoise rose and crawled back to the circle, repeating, "I know where there is water." It was now the elephant's turn to show his indignation against the tortoise for daring to lift up his voice in such an august assembly, and he trod on the tortoise, but the sand was soft and his shell hard, and when the elephant passed over, the tortoise rose and returned to the great assembly, croaking out the same message. This time a thirsty antelope lowered his head

and huskily pleaded with the tortoise to lead him to the water. So off the two started, and there in an underground cavern, the antelope drank and bounded back and called all the other animals. "Now," said Sanji quietly, "my friends may treat me as they like, I must go back to them, for I know where there is water."[5]

A further test is: *Can native Christians stand alone?* In 1910 the Portuguese Republic made effective an ancient law of the monarchy prohibiting the ownership of slaves among natives. Any natives who had been forcibly seized in the old slave days and brought over that "path of death" from the interior might return to their homelands, if they so desired. A group of such slaves had been brought to Bié, there finding opportunity to attend services at Mission Stations. Conversion followed and many were received as members of the Church after the prescribed period of training. In 1913, a party of these interior-born slaves, with their Ovimbundu wives and children, left Chissamba for their home country, journeying over swamp and plain for forty days. Across the intervening spaces no message of them came. The jungle—physical and spiritual—might have swallowed them up. In the Providence of God, the Methodist Episcopal Board founded a station near the freedmen's settlement. The pioneer missionaries found a Christian community already established with daily religious services, Umbundu hymn books and Bibles being used in worship. When the Church was established, Kayeka, one of the repatriated slaves, became an elder while among the charter members were members of this ex-slave group.[6]

Only those acquainted with native life can appreciate adequately the steadfastness of the converts

5 Arnot, "Missionary Travels," pp. 115, 116.
6 "Pioneering in the Congo," by John M. Springer, chap. I.

and the Divine power which sustained them in their isolation and amid hostile surroundings. The hard test of isolation had been successfully met. Not less significant is the work of Kateleka, of Sachikela, who, after graduating at the Currie Institute, Dondi, was sent by the native Church to open a new work across the mountains of Angola, twelve days' journey away. With his wife, he bore a great witness to the "Words" and opened up a district to Christianity.

The Tribe of God.—African tribal life produces little sense of individual responsibility. The individual far from being the unit of society is so bound up with the life of the family, clan, or tribe that his individuality counts for little. To such a person, through evangelist or teacher, comes the revolutionary message of individual responsibility before God and "for an African to respond means breaking in some degree with his group—an act of which he has never before contemplated the possibility." It is an adventurous step the new convert takes. Severed from ancient moorings, it is difficult for him to take his bearings. What substitute is available? "It is a sorry business to take away a man's God if you do not give him God in exchange." Herein comes the great contribution of the Church, with its various provisions for the need of the soul, which becomes the new spiritual centre for the newly awakened souls, substituting old tribal allegiances on the spiritual side of the convert's nature. Outstations, with their native pastors, teachers or elders, perform an invaluable service. The Christians do not leave their unbelieving elders and move away into another district, as that would cut them off from the main stream of native life, but build on a new site near their family community, founding well laid out villages with better houses, gardens and fruit trees. In this way, native Christians be-

lieve they fulfil two duties which appear contradictory. "To come out from among them," leaving the old dirty, fetish-ridden village seems a necessity. "Honor thy father and thy mother" is another commandment they learn in catechumen classes confirming their native ideas of family relationships. Both ideals are fulfilled in the school village rightly located and directed. This linking of the new school village and its new ideals with the old kraal life confers mutual benefits on both groups.

What steps are taken to secure progress? The classes for learners who are known as Catechumens are vital in this regard. For a man to say "Nava" —"I accept," leads to the next step and to all the steps beyond until he knows Whom he has believed and what the Lord requires of him. A long period of training in the Catechumen's class during which he is in the care of a native elder, leads to his baptism, thus setting the seal upon the vow taken at his acceptance of Christ as Lord and Saviour. The training of new converts is indispensable. Reading of the Gospel story cleanses mind and heart, walking in the light leads to the casting away of fetish worship and the burning of all such charms, whilst improvement of living conditions and winning others to Christ are looked for as indications of a work of grace.

Communion seasons and conferences still further help spiritual development and progress. For the Communion Season, Christians gather from all parts bringing food, blankets and sleeping mats. Days are spent discussing matters relative to the Church in general and to the well-being of the various branch schools. Each outstation may be examined individually. Are the Christians zealous in attendance at daily prayers in the schoolhouse? Are they maintaining the standards? What efforts are being

made to win other villages? Are the people at peace among themselves? The preparatory days are full of counsel and encouragement. And then comes the Communion Sunday, the great day. The schoolhouse or Temple is packed to overflowing. Such singing! And such fervent responses! And what happy appreciation of the choir's special efforts for the day! One of the elders calls the names of those from all the districts who are this day to stand before the people and so make known that the first step has been taken in the new, "the clean" way. Then those of the second step, representing a growth in experience and understanding, arise and are given counsel by a native elder. Heathen chiefs are in the front rows. They have come to ask for a teacher of "the Words" for their young people, so they are called upon to stand with the young men who are to go with them, and all are admonished by the elders as to what the Church requires. More songs, an offering, the sermon, and the benediction. Then comes a short recess, while the native elders prepare the Lord's Table, spreading it with a fair, white cloth and setting upon it the bread and the wine. During the service that follows the deepest reverence prevails. Wondering faces at the windows watch the baptisms, the reception of the new members, and the breaking of bread. When the service is over all go quietly away, to meet again in sectional meetings at three o'clock, and once more in a great evening meeting of praise and prayer. "At home in our village," said a believer from a small isolated village, "we seem to be so few and feel lonely; when we come here we realise we are a host which Christ, our Leader, is guiding." He realised the "communion of saints" in the larger fellowship.

Great inspiration too comes from the "FEAST OF BOOTHS," a joint conference of native Christians,

men and women, held yearly in the dry season. No Mission Station is able to entertain the number wishing to attend, so a site in the bush, more or less central to the larger groups of Christians, is selected. The camp is in some measure arranged by an advance guard, so that when the day of opening arrives, preparations are already under way. Caravans, some coming from remote parts, gather. It is a picturesque procession. Here are the women with babies tied to their backs and baskets of food on their heads; following them come little children trotting along carrying a sleeping mat or a blanket, while the men, each with his bundle and perhaps a spear, bring up the rear, acting as guards to the group. Attendances have varied in recent years from one to three thousand, the latter number, however, proving too great for effective counsel. The days in camp are filled with meetings and conferences, all held in the open air. Prayer-meeting is held early in the morning, followed by Bible study and a great mass meeting at night, lighted by scores of little fires which give a touch of the picturesque to the gathering. The stillness of the African night is broken by the singing of hymns, led by a native choir under a native conductor and organist, and the voice of the speaker from under the grass sounding-board rings clear through the air, reaching beyond the immediate hearers sitting on the ground to those who remain in the booths to guard the camp. Sectional conferences are held during the day; the women have their palaver, discussing child welfare, sanitation of the home and simple hygiene, and talk of difficulties encountered in their Christian lives. The men in their palaver deal with village planning and house building, the rotation of crops, animal husbandry and economic problems. The Conference makes the Christians realise their oneness and encourages the more backward ones to

advance, thus contributing to the upbuilding of the Christian community.

Keep the Elephant in Mind.—At such a Conference sermons of memorable power and influence are heard. Illustrations by native preachers come home with singular vividness to the native mind. Here is an illustration of the text "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." Said the preacher, "In the old days hunters went far afield seeking big game such as elephants, hoping to come back laden with tusks which they would sell for high prices. The wise hunter keeps Njamba—the elephant—first in his mind. If a little antelope or a hare should cross his path, he will not shoot it lest he exhaust his scanty supply of powder. When he comes to Njamba's abode in the forest, he stealthily creeps toward the animal and, taking careful aim, brings down the mighty beast. He sought first the elephant, letting the unimportant animals go; now that he has the elephant, he has all things. The tusks are his, and he is rewarded indeed, but, in addition to this, he exchanges the meat for all the antelope he may desire, obtaining also meal for his caravan for the homeward journey, and wax and rubber, which bring him added gain. 'Seek first . . . and all other things shall be added . . .'"

Native proverbs are often quoted with telling effect; an appeal to the wisdom of the ancients is to the native mind an end of all argument, and Christian speakers avail themselves of this weapon, so efficacious and so sure. Here, for example, is a sermon on the text, "Be not weary in well-doing." "O vinga olonjila o kava; o vinga omamu ka kavi" —the one who drives away the birds from the millet grows weary: he who guards people must never tire. No amount of exhortation can equal the citation of such a proverb. Or again, if the pathway of life is

the subject—a path crisscross in multitudinous confusion, like native paths in Africa, what better proverb could be quoted than "O pula pula ka nyelela"—"He who constantly inquires the way does not get lost," leading to the application: ask God daily to be your Guide and Counsellor. The "path" illustration is one full of meaning to the Ovimbundu, great travellers as they are. The leader goes ahead and to bar paths which would cause his carriers to stray, perhaps into hostile territory, he plucks a few leaves and throws them into the path, which, being thus "written," is thereby closed. In this way, the caravan is guided to the camp in safety, where rest and refreshment will be found. "Christ has gone before," say the native Christians, "and has 'written' the paths showing which are forbidden and which lead to the Goal."

The Upright Stake.—A hardwood stake hewn from forest trunk firmly and truly set in the ground, at midday reflecting no shadow of the overhead sun, leaning neither towards the sunrising nor to the setting thereof, inclining neither towards the Southern Cross nor towards the Northern Dipper, is a figure used by Ovimbundu to express uprightness and steadfastness of purpose. A native trader who sets out on a long journey and finds the way hard and at last falls away from the standard he set in his heart is said to *konyoha.* The "tribe of God" uses the same metaphor to speak of Church standards and discipline. An outstation school will be reported as "standing upright" or as "falling away" like a post. The one perfect life of the Lord Jesus is spoken of as "Nai pongunji—upright I stay in the midday ray." No shadow is cast by Him; His Church should be like Him.

The problem of standards is one ever growing in insistence and importance. Is the African Church to gain a worthy place in the universal Church,

worthy because it achieves the highest virtues of purity, love and devotion?

A break with the old life necessitates the putting on of the new. A real danger to African converts lies in a tendency to adopt the outward marks of civilisation without a corresponding Christian change of heart. The Corinthian Church in apostolic days mirrors the African Church of to-day. Ethics and religion may be divorced, a tendency not to be marvelled at when it is remembered that many tribal religious rites of the Ovimbundu have immoral features; witch-doctor or priest may be—usually is—a most immoral man with a conscience seared as with a hot iron; the chief, patriarchal high priest though he be, may take any number of wives, "eat" people by unjust fines, plunder, murder or enslave without any feeling of moral personal accountability. Little wonder, therefore, if a tendency to fall away from the upright standard manifests itself here and there. The marvel is that so many maintain their allegiance to the high standard of Christ.

African nature is but a part of universal human nature. Cleaving sins are there, but saving virtues are not wanting. The African is patient and forgiving and rich in devotion, qualities of great value for the production of a worthy Church. Problems, however, must be faced, and their bearing on evangelism recognised. There is polygamy; there are the tribal religious rites; there is the temptation to fall away when sickness afflicts the soul. Can the Church maintain her standard and emerge triumphant?

Polygamy not only is contrary to the Christian ideal but it lies squarely across the path of progress. Attempts to justify polygamy on the grounds that it prevents the social evil are inadmissible. Many wives in one man's compound make home life for

many men impossible, leading to terrible sin. The wives of concubines seek other companions with or without the connivance of the husband, causing law cases, fines, jealousy and enmity.

How does the Christian message meet the situation? It is not customary in sermons to declaim against polygamy. The missionary home has its silent influence and the preaching of Christ has power. Heathen hearts are smitten by the Word. The seeker inquires the Way of Life and is bidden to pray and ask God's guidance. The Christian preacher does not peremptorily bid the seeker cast away his wives. If the man's heart is set Godwards, he will know of the doctrine, for the Holy Spirit works within, reproving and convincing of sin and righteousness. The seeker after the light may resolve, after much thought and prayer, to keep one wife only. This is the beginning of troubles. Which should he keep? The first is his "great" wife, who perhaps does not wish to become a Christian. The last, being younger, has an open mind on the subject. May he discard the first and keep the last? And the other wives, what about them? What will the family groups say when their guiltless daughters are thus put away? The fateful choice must be the man's own, not one imposed upon him from without. God does not fail the earnest seeker. Care is taken, however, that the wives who may be put away have husbands found for them, usually not a difficult task. One man, anxious to follow the Christian way, overcame the difficulty of having five wives in a novel way. Calling his wives together, he said that if one were willing to remain with him, he would divide all his property between the four. One chose to abide as a poor man's wife and the others gladly carried off their portions to their paternal villages.[7]

[7] Arnot, "Garenganze," p. 92.

What about TRIBAL RITES? Must the new convert conform or stand aloof? Shall the African convert partake of meat taken in a fetish hunt? May he eat meats offered to idols? The great *ochisunji* (feast for the spirits) is to begin next moon. Must he refrain from partaking thereof, thus meriting the contempt of his fellows and incurring the hatred of priests and witch-doctors? Or may he eat? The ceremonies involve immorality. What can the Christian do other than refuse to have fellowship with the works of darkness? And yet the new convert needs grace to discern the bearings of the subject and strength to hold his confession of faith without wavering, firm unto the end.

Then again, what should be the attitude of the native Church to BEER DRINKING? Must abstinence be enforced? And snuffing and smoking? The collective conscience of the native Church in Angola has stood firmly against all these practices, for, in native life, drink is associated with vice and a pinch of snuff may have sinister implications.

Deathbed Repentances.—A peculiar temptation to the individual convert comes from sickness. Think of the Christian, far removed from helpful influences, dwelling among his heathen kith and kin. Sickness comes to him. His relatives assemble to show their sympathy, crowding the sick room to suffocation point. Prognostications as to his recovery or otherwise are uttered in the hearing of the patient. The witch-doctor is called. The Christian protests, but a divination ceremony to find out what spirit or witch has caused the sickness is arranged by the relatives. Having secured a piece of cloth which has come into contact with the patient's body, the witch-doctor divines the case, proving to the satisfaction of the relatives that the sickness is sent by a spirit as a punishment for departure from the ancestral paths. The Christian is physically power-

less, and if he, in a weak moment, yields, censure should be charitable, remembering the sharp temptation.

Still more acute complications arise from cases of sickness among the relatives of a Christian. A mother is sick. Between her and her children there exists the most intimate relationship. An Ochimbundu never forgets or forgives an insult to his mother; a similar insult to his father would be passed over in silence. The sick mother calls for her sons to hurry to her side. The witch-doctor is there and his divination shows that a certain fetish ceremony, necessitating the co-operation of all living children, is essential to save the life. It is a question of loyalties. Shall faith be kept with his Lord, or shall the power of ancient beliefs win the day? It is a terrible dilemma—deny your faith or be held responsible for the death of your mother.

Problems multiply. What shall a man do who has fallen heir to his father's concubines? How far may a Christian take part in funeral rites which are interwoven with immorality? Should he refuse to "take away the death" from other members of the family by abstaining from the foul rite? What about presents of beer and food to be placed as offerings on the graves? Or the rites bearing on the fertility of soil and tribe, must they be wholly flung to the void? Surely "a man's foes shall be they of his own household."[8]

Laws imposed from without, apart from inward conviction, avail not. The native Church must be spiritually quick to discern between evil and good.

Backsliders constitute a pressing problem. Probably ten per cent. of the converts are lost to the Church through the "world, the flesh and the devil." That the percentage is not higher is cause for gratitude and is due, under God, to the strictness of the

8 Matt. 10 : 36.

conditions laid down for church membership. During the great Evangelical Revival, in a moment of depression, Charles Wesley thought they could save only one out of three of their converts, quoting the prophecy of Zechariah: "I will bring the third part through the fire."[9]

In the African Church, backsliding gives anxious solicitude lest the acuteness of the problem lead the Church to extreme measures in one direction or the other—to lower the standards or develop a harshness alien to the spirit of Christ. If we could compare the condition of the African Church to-day with that of the Church in England after fifty years of work in the northern island, it is probable that the comparison would not be unfavourable to the Africans. The African Church should be judged, not by our advanced modern standard—itself a product of centuries—but by the depth of the pit from which its members were dug.[10] But progress is evident, and the Church goes from strength to strength.

9 Zech. 13 : 8-9.
10 Isaiah 51 : 1.

Chapter IX

HEALING LEAVES

A native woman wearing an old cloth which serves both to cover her body and to secure her month-old baby to her back sits on a low stool in the osikola.[1] On her lap lies a reading primer and in one hand she holds a slate, both slate and book having been purchased with beans and corn grown in her field. Opposite her in the rude grass schoolhouse sits her husband. The woman attentively though laboriously copies from the blackboard easy combinations of Umbundu syllables and words. Her husband is somewhat more advanced in learning, he has not the care of the baby and more free time is his.

These three—husband, wife and baby—are prophetic of a new day. Significant indeed is the fact that the man and woman sit in the same school although on different sides of the primitive building following native custom. In tribal life the women have their wisdom and the men have theirs and "things of the women" and "things of the men" are kept in watertight compartments. But of greater significance is the baby. In tribal life he is an important personality for far from inheriting his father's name he has given his name to both father and mother.[2] But he gains a new significance in view of the "taking of the new path" by father and mother. A new hope, physical and moral, is his. Three out of the five babies born in the native village about the time of his arrival will

1 From Portuguese "escola"—school.
2 See p. 8, What's in a name.

fail to pass from infancy to childhood, taking instead a journey into the unknown world there to suffer hunger and thirst [3] and to dwell among the shadows.

Native mothers receive from the old grannies the accepted ideas of mother craft calling for sour beer to be poured down the throat of the day old infant and for thick mush to be crammed down his throat after a moon has come and gone, but as mother and father advance in school they will hear from the trained native teacher that infants thrive better without mush and sour beer and that the dreaded ombambi (malaria) comes not from evil spirits or witchcraft but from the death-dealing anopheles mosquitoes which breed in stagnant water or in shallow pools.

That little unpretentious building, marking the beginning of a new school community, is a solution for Africa's woes. Whether we think of the need of a renewed heart or of an enlightened mind, of a trained hand or of health for the body, all can be met through such Bush Schools. Heart and Hand, Head and Health are four terms embodying the ideal for Africa's redemption, a fourfold gospel which will enable the African Church

> . . . to stand foursquare
> to every stormy wind that blows.

Heart.—Why spend time teaching that woman to read and write? Why not place a plane in the hand of that man instead of a pencil? The woman you say has started her housework before daybreak and has worked with the baby on her back through morning hours in her field and now she sits in school for an hour or two and will go therefrom to fetch water for the evening meal which task will occupy the remainder of daylight. Why not seize the pass-

[3] See p. 40, What's in a name. (Many fetish rites . . .)

ing moment to teach her about mothercraft, housekeeping and sewing? And that man there—why not tell him something about the rotation of crops and carpentry and hygiene? The answer is ready to hand. Everything in its season. Hardly a native woman would come to a Mission, or any other such place, to learn how to care for babies: has not her grandmother told her all that is to be known on the subject? Why waste time hearing new theories? And the average man—does he think he needs new ways? "What was good enough for Viye and Ekuikui is good enough for me" his heart assures him.

Without the renewed heart the desire for new paths hardly exists. The reading of the Book leads men and women into touch with God and the renewed heart follows. Then again think of the future of such Christians. They may be isolated in a remote heathen community not meeting a fellow believer for weeks and months together, but the "talking book" which they learn to read in that little schoolhouse is an unfailing companion and counsellor. In bygone days when great caravans went to the interior hymn books and gospel portions formed an essential part of the equipment of native Christians;[4] in these later years of forced labour when Christians with other Ovimbundu are sent to the coast plantations or elsewhere, the convert though cut off from home and kin, may still read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the Scriptures.

It is not without reason that our Church in Africa requires of its members the ability to read the Scriptures in the vernacular. A literate Church is a *sine qua non* for the evangelisation of Africa, as without such a fount of perennial inspiration and guidance Christian character will be unstable and

4 See p. 108, "On another occasion Kayunde went . . ."

no guarantee exist for the future. Cut off from the Scriptures, the native Church will become formal and lifeless; partaking of the inspiration present therein, it becomes an effective force in every department of life. No amount of instruction on household economics can compensate for the lack of knowledge of a Volume whose words come home with added power to a people living under conditions resembling those of Biblical days. It is not without reason therefore, that the Book comes first, being indeed the inspiration of all that follows thereafter.

Head.—Following the renewed heart and second only to it in importance comes the renewal of the mind freeing the individual from ancient fears and enabling him to escape from the bondage of tribal custom. In a native community the individual never attains his majority; he must forever remain in the tutelage of his clan and tribe. It is positively dangerous to do anything contrary to general practice. A person who introduces a new article of trade is liable to be charged with witchcraft or with unholy contacts with the devil—or with what stands for the devil in African minds.[5] A charge of witchcraft followed by the poison test leading to inevitable death destroys the more enterprising members of the clan a fact which accounts in large measure for the backwardness and stagnation of African peoples. Change the general outlook of society and progress becomes possible. A renewed heart leads to new intellectual activity as surely as spring follows the return of the sun after the solstice. The renewed mind in its turn leads to the throwing off of superstitious and evil practices. A custom such as the meal prepared for the trader's child[6] is comparatively harmless. Other customs a result of a

[5] Smith, "The Golden Stool," pp. 188-189.
[6] Page 40, Birth Rites and Birthrights.

darkened mind are so perverse and foul that it is impossible to do more than hint at their existence. A family seeks *ovipako* (large gains). The mother who should be jealous for her son's purity herself incites and enables a foul act which even natives regard as playing for high stakes. Disaster often follows the terrible ceremony. An enlightened mind alone can meet the case. "Be renewed in the spirit of your mind."[7] and "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God . . . with all thy . . . mind"[8] are injunctions nowhere more necessary than in Africa.

Mental bondage to ancient fears leads also to underfed bodies. In the early days of the mission natives were afraid to plant "foreign" seeds lest all crops be blasted and famine ensue.[9] This superstition had to be overcome before wheat, rice and fruit trees such as oranges, lemons, limes and guavas became common in mission outstations. The fruit trees grown at the various mission stations (sixteen varieties were noted at Chilonda by the Phelps-Stokes Commission) encourage the native Christians to plant trees for themselves. Ploughs, some imported, others of simple pattern made at a mission are being used by the Christians, and enable the progressive native to meet the increasing needs of himself and family and adapt himself to present changing conditions. Only in this way can the native expect to avoid a condition bordering on serfdom on the one hand or be subject to periodic famines and a chronic shortage of food on the other. Considering their primitive implements the natives do well with the soil, but it is obvious that as they have little understanding of fertilisation or rotation of crops, land runs out making necessary a removal to another site, where a clearing is made and

[7] Eph. 4 : 23.
[8] Matt. 22 : 37.
[9] See p. 87, "At Kole."

the trees are burned to enrich the soil. In the old days such constant changes were possible but under conditions following European occupation, such a practice is no longer feasible.

Hand.—Following the renewed heart and the enlightened mind comes as natural sequence the trained hand, which makes possible an important means of expression for the new life. A hand trained to saw a straight plank, to square a board, to make a table or a door which shall not be an offence to the eye is an expression of religion not to be despised.

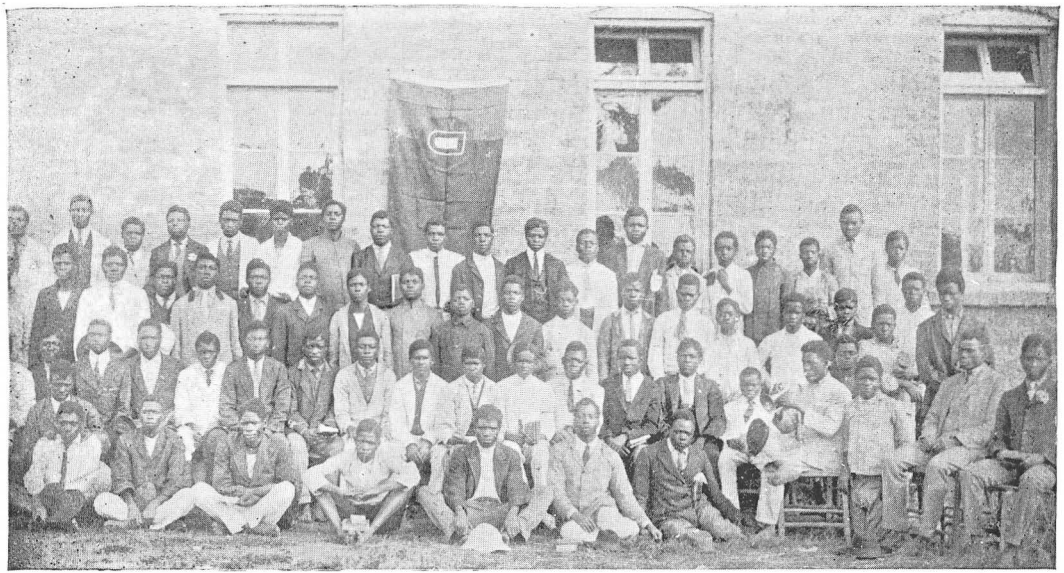
African tribes from ancient times have had their own work and industries.[10] But little or no progress has been manifest, rather stagnation if not actual retrogression bringing into operation the natural law illustrated in the parable of the Talents by which five used and five gained bring reward in added capacity for further development; the one talent (which it is death to hide), buried in the earth, is taken away and given to him who already has the ten.[11] No parable is more piercing in its application to native African life. Men of a more material and progressive civilisation come to Africa and vend their wares supplanting native arts. Cheap enamelled pots take the place of the home-made articles of clay, petroleum tins substitute the earthen water pots and cheap cloth leads to the disappearance of the handwoven fabrics and ultimately cause the loss of the very ability to make those articles.

Herein lies the value of industrial training as taught in Mission schools. It is not in vain that men like Allen E. McAllester are sent to Sachikela to develop a scientific agriculture and to reveal to native pupils new and unthought of uses for mate-

10 See p. 47. (Par. Do they work?)
11 Matt. 25 : 14-30.

TWO CURRIE INSTITUTE STUDENTS.

A DORMITORY AT CURRIE INSTITUTE. BRICKS AND TILE MADE AT DONDI.



A Group of Students, Currie Institute, Dondi.

rials existing in profusion around them; of how rugs can be made from sizal they themselves may grow and of how seats for chairs may be produced from corn husks which are usually committed to the flames. Not in vain is it that Samuel B. Coles has devoted much time at Galangue to evolving a cheap plough within the power of a native to buy, costing little more than a couple of dollars. Nor is it in vain that wicker work introducing a new industry has been developed at Camundongo or that Chilesso has shown native Christians how household drudgery may be avoided by the use of a simple home-made mill. Not in vain is the Trades Building at Currie Institute, Dondi,—the finest building of its kind in Angola—devoted, as it is, to teaching carpentry, tailoring, weaving and masonry under the skilful guidance of Mr. Dart.

Let us hear two Portuguese testimonies to the value of the work done by Missions in training the hand. The first is from an early settler, Senhor Francisco Pio who in the *Jornal de Benguela* wrote: ". . . from the missions came native workmen such as tailors, sawyers, stone masons, shoemakers, printers. . . . It can be asserted that when natives with some notions of civilisation present themselves, to the missions the credit is due. It is undeniable also that where the influence of the missions is felt, the native does not devote himself to barbarous practices." And a distinguished Portuguese visitor observed the same feature. Dom João Evangelista Vidal, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Angola and the Congo in his book "Por Terras d'Angola" writes of a journey made in ox wagon through the Angola highlands. By chance he lighted on a trader isolated from European culture. The trader proved to be one of his former students in Coimbra University. Remonstrating with his pupil for living under such unworthy condi-

tions, the Bishop is answered: "Here everything is fine. Do you want a carpenter? A carpenter is available. Do you want a mason? One is at hand. Do you want a suit of clothes? Five dollars and you get it. Do you want a blacksmith? Just say the word." Not understanding whence came such a plethora of workmen, he asked his quondam pupil to explain. Calling his cook boy Saputu he said, "Saputu, what did you call your teachers?" "Alongisi or Afulu," answered the cook. "Yes, yes," said the trader, "that's it. Near here are several large Protestant outstations. That is the explanation. . . ."

Health.—Various factors complicate the problem of health. Among these are climate, housing, ignorance and superstition, whilst poverty beggars all attempts at amelioration.

What about CLIMATE? The appalling mortality among early missionaries and traders earned for the West Coast of Africa the name of the "White Man's Grave." A grim story is told of a newly appointed Governor of one of the British West Coast possessions, who, being a canny man, asked whether the Government would pay his return passage when his time expired. After some delay he was told that the question had never previously arisen! A generation or two ago the expectation of life by missionaries on the West Coast was ten years. Epochal discoveries by Manson and Ross dating from about 1897 as to the cause of malarial fever, have, however, altered the aspects and prospects of life for white residents in Tropical Africa.

Angola, more particularly in the highlands, is a relatively healthful portion of West Africa, but disease abounds among the natives. At points along the coast bubonic plague is endemic while in certain regions animals are exterminated and human beings suffer from the dread sleeping sickness

caused by the tsetse fly. Hookworm is everywhere prevalent. Malaria, however, is the chief factor in the health situation. This disease, propagated by infected anopheles mosquitoes complicates every medical case, especially pulmonary complaints causing the death of hundreds of natives during the cold weather of June and July. Smallpox constantly breaks out in native villages, dysentry is common, whilst lepers wander about at will. Tropical ulcers, filariasis, conjunctivitis, eye diseases, goitre, worms, food deficiency diseases, stomach troubles and other diseases of a fearsome nature not classified as yet, scourge the populations and retard the full development of native physique and ability. Many natives struggle under the burden of half a dozen diseases.

The situation is still further complicated by diseases introduced from without, syphilis having been first brought by Arabs, and tuberculosis by Europeans. The death rate among infants is appalling, reaching as high as sixty per cent among some tribes. The population of Africa in proportion to its size is sparse. One hundred and fifty millions, scattered over an area exceeding that of Europe, India, China and the United States, is a population quite inadequate to develop the continent. An increase in numbers and the development of a more vigorous type is a foremost need for the progress of Africa.

Take HOUSING CONDITIONS. The conditions under which Africans live create an exaggerated susceptibility to disease. A very small proportion of Africans reach old age while at the other end of the scale infant mortality is appallingly high. How can the need be met? Governments can assign experts for the study of native life and by legislation help to create better and more helpful environment. The limits of legislation, however, are

well known; what is needed is a new spirit and understanding among the native populations. How for example can the African native be persuaded to improve living conditions? "The African hut is about the most insanitary kind of dwelling you can possibly imagine: it is dark, it has no fresh air in it, the walls are of mud where every kind of insect can harbour, and there is a thatched roof where every kind of rat lives. We ourselves have taken sixty-three rats out of one hut after an outbreak of plague. The problem is to see that the native gets better housing. A Government housing scheme is out of the question, and to persuade raw natives to build houses for themselves is not a simple matter. You have to reach a point where the African wants better houses." So spoke Dr. Gilks, chief medical officer of Kenya at Le Zoute. The professional medical man working for his government and deeply solicitous for the welfare of the native populations realises, like the missionary, that a betterment in housing conditions depends on the creation of a new spirit.

The greatest hindrance to a healthy progressive Africa lies in IGNORANCE and SUPERSTITION. Among the Ovimbundu a favorite remedy for chest troubles in children is a string of peanuts or squash seeds worn around the neck; when the string breaks of itself, the disease is supposed to be cured. For itch, a copper ring is worn on the right wrist and left ankle, or vice versa; for throat diseases, chicken bones are worn around the neck; for chest troubles in adults, split cobs or corn, or the feathers of a rooster are worn on the neck; for ulcer of the leg, a piece of deer's hide is worn on the ankle. To prevent fever, several short pieces of grass are tied together and worn at the side of the head; to cure headache, gunpowder is rubbed in a streak across the forehead. To prevent children

crying a branch of a certain tree is placed over the door, or the ashes of another kind of tree are rubbed into the hair. To drive away evil spirits little pieces of wood, an antelope's horn or a small calabash, blessed by the fetish doctor, are tied on the neck. To cure a goitre a tortoise shell filled with a concoction of blood and wax prepared by the witch-doctor is suspended around the neck. Great masses of the African populations are entirely dependent upon the witch-doctors and diviners for treatment in time of sickness. These practitioners, while possessing some knowledge of useful herbs, are so ignorant of proper testing, mixing and dosing, and so superstitious withal as to be a menace to their patients, many of whom find dreaded death instead of desired healing. According to African beliefs all sickness emanates from evil spirits or witchcraft, and the witch-doctor is called upon to diagnose the case, sometimes by absent treatment for it is not necessary for the witch-doctor to see his patient; enough if he has a piece of cloth which has touched the patient's body.

Here is a case of divination. A man had a slave wife whose only child had died. Soon after that two of the children of the man by his "great" wife died, and a third was dangerously ill. After the usual lengthy ceremony of divination the witch-doctor's verdict was that the spirit of the slave child who had died, instigated by its mother, had been "eating" the lives of his little half-brothers. To save the child now sick, the witch-doctor prescribed the offering of a goat to the revengeful spirit and advised the punishment of the envious slave-mother. The case is interesting as an example of native medical methods and of the blighting influence of polygamy.

What was the real cause of the death of the little ones? The weird ceremony was witnessed by mis-

sionaries who during a school vacation went on a visit to outstations coming into contact with native life at first hand. The missionaries as usual are warmly received everywhere. Arrived at a new Christian outstation the three workers divide, one taking the women and girls, another has a conference for the men, whilst a third is busy treating ulcers, sores, and the numberless ills of villagers who flock to the "medicine." A walk through the school village follows and the orderly appearance of the streets with temporary houses already erected leaving room for more permanent structures later is noted. The schoolhouse is already built.

The local chief has come to greet the visitors and has brought his "thanks" in the form of a sheep. Will not the teachers visit his ombala? Saviye[12] formerly lived there he says. The rocky ascent is climbed. A beautiful view commanding mountain, vale, and stream opens out as the top is reached. Sunset comes. The sky is a blaze of dazzling colour which with the wonderful green glow of the atmosphere makes the brief interim between sunset and darkness the loveliest part of the African day. Mosquitoes soon begin to buzz. Some bites on the ankles have already been felt. Whence come these pests? The ground is high and no swamp is near. In the twilight the chief's fetish pots containing water for ceremonial washings are noticed. Three of them varying in size are there and are surrounded by stout sticks lest a passing pig overturn them. "May we look at the pots?" is asked. "Please do," the chief answers. Loud peals of laughter come from the chief's wives standing around. "Haka! Haka! Haka! the teacher wants to see what's in the fetish pots!" exclaim the women. Full of larvæ of the death-dealing mosquitoes are the pots! The death preventers are the death dealers. "Here are

12 See p. 34, "A Royal Romance."

some more demons which will 'eat' your other children, chief," jocularly says the missionary. The chief overturns the pots amid the exclamations of the women. Has light dawned upon him? Not yet. He only wants to be friendly and show that he has an open mind. To-morrow he will get a fresh supply of "holy" water. Only hard work with the Christians in the nearby school village will rid the community of those pots.

What is the cause of the appalling infant mortality? Superstition such as that exemplified in the pots and ignorance are largely responsible and only a new outlook on life can meet the case. Look at the African mother forcing her baby to drink native beer, or cramming stiff corn-meal mush down its little throat, fearing that unless the baby *eats* it will die. Or see her slinging her child on her back going thus to work in the hot sun. It is not that she lacks mother-love, it is sheer ignorance. The woman needs a new conception of mother-craft.

The outstation or bush school is the key to the situation. What boots it to bestow solicitous and anxious care on a man in the hospital if he return to his disease-breeding environment? Such treatment though necessary does no more than touch the surface of things.

Dr. Mary Cushman of Chilesso at a women's meeting held during the native annual conference made a deep impression on the women by comparing the Christian villages through which she passed on a visit to outstations. In one village she was besieged by sick people among them numbers of children most of whom were suffering from worms. The village was not well kept and pigs were running about everywhere. The next night she slept in another village. Here, there were a few people sick with colds, but not a case of worms. The vil-

lage was neat and tidy with not a pig in sight. She asked these Christians if they did not keep pigs and was told they did, but knowing how pigs running loose cause disease they fenced off a place for them across the stream. After the address women from different outschools spoke in confirmation of the doctor's statement, saying that they had been better in health since they had cleaned up the village and no longer had they to "tuala tuala" (carry, carry) their little ones to the graveyard.

The Bush Schools are an effective weapon in the battle against disease. That the weapon has been adequately used cannot be said for understaffing has been the experience of the mission since its inception. But hope for the future is bright.

Trained native doctors, products of mission schools, should supplant witch-doctors who carry on ancient methods indissolubly bound up as they are with superstition.

The healing art is much esteemed among Africans and a solution for the health conditions of the native populations lies close at hand. As Africa can only be evangelised by trained native Africans, so Africa can only be healed by trained native practitioners, who will be living examples of the new medical teaching. Walk through the bush with an intelligent African and he will point out to you a plant whose root is regarded as a remedy for lung trouble, another whose leaves are helpful for rheumatism, another for fever, still another for stomach disorders. Your native guide will reveal a knowledge of poisons which will astonish those who are ignorant of the ways of witch-doctors. "Here," he says, "is a root used for poisoning fish, though harmless to man; here is an herb which produces poison used by jealous women or by revengeful men. This one again is a slow poison, taking months in its operations, but never failing in its fatal pur-

pose." "This medicine," he will tell you, "put unknown to the partaker in the beer mug or mush basket, is swift and deadly in its action."

An unique opportunity presents itself at the Central Training Schools at Dondi. From among these young men and women coming from various mission stations, themselves the product of years of training, should arise medical leaders and nurses who will help effectively in the regeneration of native life. Of great moment is training in mothercraft for the girls who are now anxious to learn new methods of child care.

"Ye Did It Unto Me."—All that has been said about education and preventive medicine in no wise lessens the obligation to relieve pain and distressful complaints. Africa as a whole has one missionary physician for every 320,000 of the population; the ratio of patients to doctors in Angola is even higher. The native populations live amid constant suffering and pain. The appeal of silent suffering should be no less appealing because it is silent. Let it not be thought that natives do not suffer like whites as if some coarser stuff was interwoven into the texture of their bodies. The only difference is that the native thinks suffering to be the inevitable and constant lot of man from which relief is unobtainable. The witch-doctors or relatives to whom he goes for relief only too often add to his suffering. An ancient word of a Prophet expresses Africa's woes: "And one shall say unto him, What are these wounds in thine hands? Then he shall answer, Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends." [13]

Efficiency on the part of a missionary doctor and loving care in a hospital by the skilled nurse reveal Christ to the patient more clearly than many sermons and much good advice. Miss Jessie

[13] Zech. 13 : 16.

McGhie recently gone out to Africa to bind up wounds may never preach but a life of sacrificial devotion counts greatly. Africans have been accustomed to associate medicine with religion and look behind the physician and the nurse to the Lord who sent them forth.

"The poor moaning creature comes (to the Mission hospital) . . . the operation is finished and in the hardly lighted dormitory I watch for the sick man's awakening. Scarcely has he recovered consciousness when he stares about him and ejaculates again and again, 'I've no more pain, I've no more pain' . . . His hand feels for mine and will not let it go. Then I begin to tell him and the others who are in the room that it is the Lord Jesus who has told the doctor and his wife to come to the Ogowé and that white people in Europe give them the money to live here and cure the sick negroes. . . .

"The African sun is shining through the coffee bushes into the dark shed, but we, black and white, sit side by side and feel that we know by experience the meaning of the words: 'And all ye are brethren.'" [14]

Literature

"On the Edge of the Primeval Forest," by Albert Schweitzer.

"The Christian Mission in Africa," by E. W. Smith.

[14] Schweitzer, "On the Edge of the Primeval Forest," pp. 92-93.

Chapter X

DOINGS AND DREAMS

Doings.—1880: three solitary men pitching a tent amid a tropical thunderstorm. 1927: the "little one has become a thousand"—hundreds of out-stations with thousands of pupils in the schools with corresponding congregations on the Lord's Day for worship. Then, the laborious work of reducing a language to writing; now, a great reading public with native teachers, pastors and preachers!

Then, was the time of plunder,[1] the messengers bespoiled of their goods and banished from the country with angry threatening words; now, universal esteem from the native populations and gratitude for the new path which has opened up before the tribe!

"The lesson of the missionary is the enchanter's wand," wrote Charles Darwin who had seen the transformation wrought by missions under the Southern Cross. Can Angola show a similar transformation? Hear Dr. Patton: "These fields are noteworthy for their demonstration of social regeneration. In this region we have the spectacle of Christian villages side by side with pagan villages and presenting the sharpest contrasts. In the pagan villages, disorder, filth, immorality; in the Christian villages, streets laid out in squares; houses of several rooms, with doors, windows, and furniture; a family life centring in the common meal; a community life taking its colour from the daily prayer service in the church; on every side cleanliness, intelligence, prosperity, morality. To travel in

1 See page 17, The Plunder and the Return.

Angola is to know the social power of Christianity."

Hear now a witness from outside the missionary body. It is a pioneer Portuguese planter who writes in the *Jornal de Benguela:* "Any one who has lived for decades in this interior who thinks clearly and has a discerning outlook recognises the great benefits conferred by missions in civilising the natives. It is an incontestable fact that natives who live near missions differ from those who live outside the beneficent beams of their action . . . The natives who receive . . . education in the missions are distinguishable from those living in a barbaric state as much by the manner in which they dress as by their comportment . . . What can be asserted is that when natives with some notions of civilisation present themselves, to the missions the credit is due . . . To win the native from his barbaric superstitions, it is necessary to give him religious instruction; certainly no indication to the contrary has ever been seen."

The personal lives of the missionaries have been similarly eulogised. The Livingstone tradition of honour and self-abnegation[2] has been carried forward in Angola. The Portuguese planter quoted above adds: "Many lives have been saved by prompt succor received in the missions. The humanitarian acts that the missions have done for many (whites and blacks) is recognised by all . . ."

A correspondent of world-famous newspapers, who visited Angola in 1900, writes:[3] "Only those who have lived as I did for weeks together among the dirt and cursing of ox-wagons, or have tramped with none but savages far through deserts wet or dry, have been plunged in slime or consumed with thirst, worn down with fever and poisoned by invisible insects could appreciate what it means to

2 See page 27, ref. to Livingstone in Protestant Mission.
3 H. W. Nevinson, "More Changes, More Chances." p. 59.

come at last into a Mission station, to hear the quiet and pleasant voices and feel again that sense of inward peace which is said to be a reward of holy living."

Of the general influence of missionaries in the Dark Continent, Sir H. H. Johnston, one of the most distinguished of British Administrators in Africa says, "When the history of the great African states of the future comes to be written, the arrival of the first missionary will, with many of these new nations, be the first historical event in their annals, allowing for the matter-of-fact and realistic character of historical analysis in the twenty-first century. This pioneering propagandist will nevertheless assume somewhat of the character of a Quetzalcoatl—one of those strange half-mythical personalities which figure in the legends of old American empires; the beneficent being who introduced arts and manufactures, implements of husbandry, edible fruits, medical drugs, cereals, domestic animals. . . . The missionaries too, in many cases have first taught the natives carpentry, joinery, masonry, tailoring, cobbling, engineering, bookkeeping, printing, and European cookery; to say nothing of reading, writing, arithmetic, and a smattering of general knowledge. Almost invariably it has been to missionaries that the natives of Interior Africa have owed their first acquaintance with the printing-press, the turning lathe, the mangle, the flatiron, the sawmill, and the brick mould. . . ."

The same unrivalled authority on things African says: "Posterity will realise the value of Christian mission work in Africa during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, not only in ethics but in contributions to science, more especially to geography, ethnology, zoology, and above all, the study of African languages."[4]

4 "Opening up of Africa," p. 252.

As this final chapter is being written there comes to hand a letter from Chipa, a native worker already mentioned. He writes, "The Church here is in the sunlight (doing well); some outstations this year have very many pupils. I will just name Miapia which has 404 pupils, last year there were not quite a hundred; at Kambonge where Macedo Chassungu is teaching there are 140 pupils, last year there were only 40. . . . During the Week of Prayer many believed in God. The people who love the Words of God and the schools are many and they greatly desire teachers. Isaias Katito and I on our journey visited 68 outstations."

He then refers to more personal matters. "Felicia[5] this year did not work in the fields nor did Lusati;[6] we ourselves did the field work. They are making progress in the housework and in caring well for the children. . . . To-day Nala McDowell preached and Felicia and I and Kalandula and Birete sang a song; the music was a native tune, but the words were of Jesus. The people all liked it, even those who haven't yet believed . . ."

This letter merits comment. First of all the native leadership. With Katito as fellow worker, Chipa describes a circuit embracing 68 outstations and confirms the souls of the disciples. But these two visitors were but as "passing clouds" discharging blessing on the thirsty land. When they returned home who cares for the disciples, the 404 at Miapia and the 140 at Kambonge and those in the other 66 outstations connected with the local church of which Chipa is an elder? At Miapia, Kamutali guides a far-reaching work. Himself a nephew of the Chief at Bihele who arrested Dr. Sanders in his journey to Bié in 1882,[7] he grew up with all the wisdom of the Ovimbundu, learned in folk lore, fable

5 His wife.
6 Another native worker's wife.
7 See page 75.

and proverb. When witch-doctors had failed, a heavy dose of quinine, calomel, and salts effectively cured Kamutali's wife, and led to the conversion of husband and wife. Kamutali, a believer first, then a learner, went to Sachikela to school for a time, then became a leader, afterwards a student at Dondi, failing in the Portuguese examinations twice but triumphing at the third attempt. A fine schoolhouse of sun-dried bricks, with stone foundations, built by the native Christians marks Kamutali's village.

And Chassungu, who is he, doing such work in a new district unvisited as yet by foreign missionary? His native village situated near the Kachivungo rock was burned during the revolt of 1902 [8] and the little lad of two or three years fled alone to the inner recesses of the old rock site. Hunger forced him out. He was met by a kindly Portuguese officer:

"Who is this pequenito?" asked the officer.

"Njongola okulia" (I want food), piped the tiny voice of the child.

"Find this pequenito's mother," commanded the officer, and the native soldiers soon found her. She expected her child would be cut to pieces: instead food and protection were given. Chassungu grew up and came among the few who were brave enough to attend the early services at Dondi. Like Kamutali, Chassungu had to go away for instruction for no preparatory school then existed at Dondi. Chissamba station prepared this lad for his Institute Entrance examinations. Taking the full Institute work, he was graduated, and took a post-graduate course leading to the highest Portuguese examination. A girl from his own village, Changendela, became his bride. Unable to read or write she set herself to the task and with great perseverance mastered her book, and with open mind and adoring

8 See page 120, The Roarer paragraph.

heart received the life-giving message. The native church assigned Chassungu and Changendela to an entirely new district. Life was difficult in the far-off village removed from old friends and relatives. Suspicious women eyed Changendela's every action with distrust. But she quietly won her way into their hearts, and living among them day by day she is leading them into new paths of faith and hope in God and Jesus Christ, as her husband is leading the men into new paths.

Other items in the letter indicate notable changes and are prophetic of a new day.

Two couples, Chipa and his wife, Kalandula and his wife, stand up before the congregation and sing a hymn of praise to God to a native tune. Here is a transformation indeed! Music, generations old, pealed forth as warriors swooped down upon stock-aged villages slaying and stealing is now used to call to a nobler warfare, the good fight of faith! Even the music has been redeemed! Native music is wed to the Words of Jesus. Accompanying the mixed quartette is a native organist, Kapiñala. Responsible for all the musical part of the service, he trains his choir, many of whom he is teaching to play the organ.

Man and wife singing together is also a new thing. In native life a clear line of demarcation was all too evident between the sexes. Men would not eat with their wives,—it made shame! The wedding ceremony when lad and lass cooked and ate the chicken together was the first and only time the man would eat with his wife!

Ralph Collins and Ralph Wilson, new recruits, heard that song, but it would take pioneers like Sanders and Stover, Currie and Woodside, and those tireless veterans, Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Currie, Mrs. Sanders and Miss Melville, who knew the con-

ditions of womanhood in the early days, to realise what a transformation such a scene represents.

"Nala McDowell preached," says Chipa.

Mr. McDowell is a worker sent out by the Coloured Congregational Churches of the Southern States. He and Mr. S. B. Coles with their wives are nobly fulfilling the prophetic hope of Dr. Means [9] at Galangue, the new station manned and financed by these valued Coloured brethren.

The agricultural work done by Chipa also bespeaks a new day. Felicia, released from the heavy daily drudgery in the fields, has time to care for her little home, to sew and knit, to make some of the dishes she has learned to cook in missionaries' kitchens, and best of all, her four little ones, Victoria, José, Rosa and Daniel will know what it is to have a real home with mother there, instead of running wild any and everywhere the livelong day. A native Christian leader once said of their womenfolk, "When a woman has carried the water, fetched the wood, cultivated the fields, pounded the corn, cooked the mush and cleaned the house and yard, she is so tired that she hasn't any sense." It is cause for gratitude that without having it forced upon them, these young men are taking the first steps toward the emancipation of their womankind. The Rev. James Johnson [10] who visited Angola in 1892 said: "No native woman will submit to a domestic training;" another illustration of the fact that prophecies, especially pessimistic ones, are belied by after events!

What did Chipa see when he visited the outstations? He himself was born in a heathen village but of a mother who secretly loathed polygamy and vowed that she would give her boy a chance to enter a new path should opportunity present itself. Chipa

[9] See p. 58, Pathfinders.
[10] Jamaica Johnson. See page 81, The Fence and the Roarer.

would compare the new villages with the old stockaded kraals and contrast the native scrawny razorback pigs with the new mixed breed of Berkshire and native stock now common. He would think of the mangy native curs, quite unable to bark, just strong enough to whine feebly and compare them with well fed dogs ready for defence or for the hunt as desired.

Transformation.—It is the year 1876. European diplomats gather in Belgium for the epoch-making Brussels Conference when the Great Powers delimit spheres of influence in the Dark Continent. Half a century later there assembles, again in Belgium, another historic Conference representing many nations; Finns are there and Danes and Swedes with Norwegians; French and Germans join in friendly discussion; Portuguese and Belgians are present for these two countries are great African Colonial Powers; while Americans and British—these latter from England and Scotland, Canada and the Union of South Africa—join with all the others in seeking light on the problems which confront the Christian Mission in Africa. Not to carve out territory are they met, but all gather under the inspiration of the great belief that the whole Dark Continent belongs to the Kingdom Divine and that there Christ alone shall reign. A notable feature of the Conference was the presence of Government officials. These noble men discussed questions relative to the deepest needs of the native peoples whom God has entrusted to their governments, all being anxious to learn how best they could help in worthily developing Africa's swarthy sons.

What transformations the half century has witnessed! Whether we look at African social life or at the material development of the country in trade and in communications epochal changes are noted.

Resolved to find Livingstone, Stanley tramped on

and on through African jungles for two weary years, at last finding the great missionary-explorer. 1871—two years! 1926—a wireless message flashed through space reaches the spot where Stanley met Livingstone in one-fortieth of a second! The old isolation, one of two great factors[11] preventing Africa's progress, is gone forever.

Then slow-moving ox wagons or tepoia or long wearisome journeys on foot were the methods of travel common to explorer, trader, official, or missionary. To-day the motor car penetrates remote parts of the continent and the hoot of the railway whistle disturbs primeval silences. Loads of wax or rubber weighing sixty to eighty pounds, or heavier double loads of ivory, were sent down to the coast on the backs of native porters who covered twenty miles a day; now great freight trains, each hauling the equivalent of the loads of 13,000 native porters, thunder night and day over Africa's thirty-five thousand miles of railway through the erstwhile jungle and veldt, delivering commodities to ocean steamers at a fraction of the time and cost of the old methods. And railway building goes on apace, leading to the expectation that ere a quarter of a century shall have passed the mileage now under operation will be doubled.

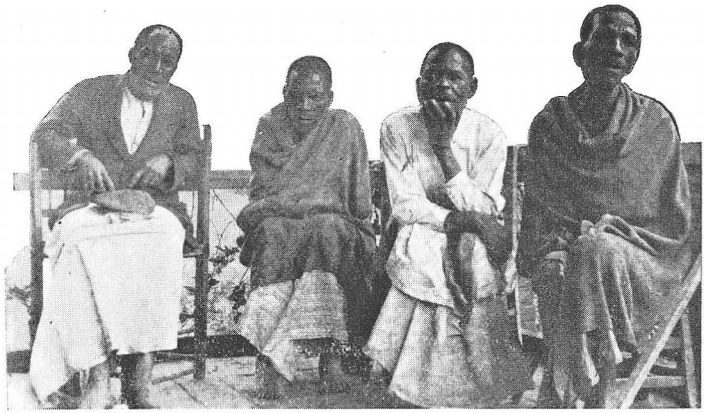
During the millenniums of unmolested native ownership of a great and opulent continent the African never evolved a wheel. To-day revolving wheels are revolutionising native life. What the new day means to natives brought up under the old system can scarcely be imagined by those unacquainted with African life. In the ancient days natives journeyed over the continent at will bartering salt for wax, tobacco for rubber, rum for slaves, beads and cowry shells for copra, gunpowder for elephant's tusks. Now railways and governments

11 The other is superstition and ignorance. See Chapter IX.

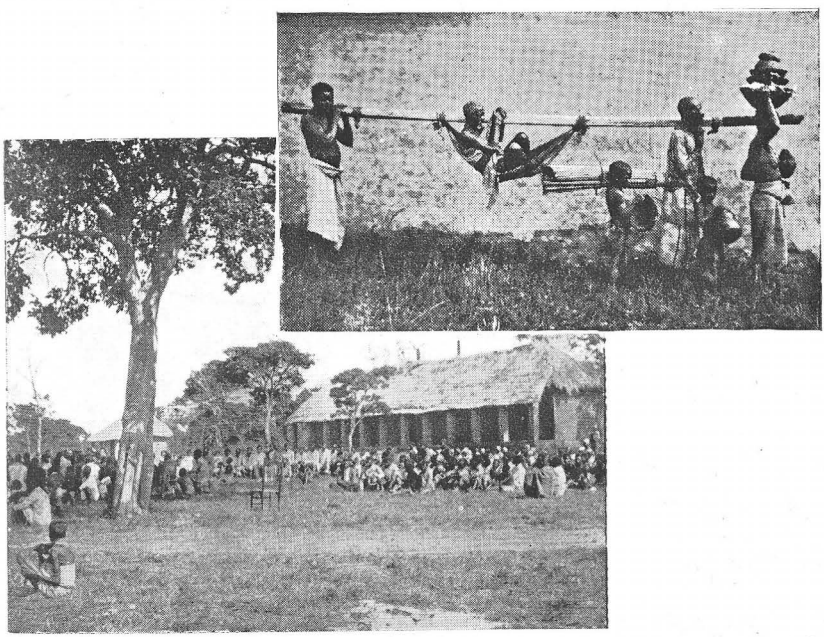
localise native endeavour in trade. The native trading caravans are almost a thing of the past, a memory fondly dwelt on by natives over camp fire or in the village palaver house. In the days of barter the white man, whether missionary or trader, had to buy an egg for a needle, sweet potatoes for a safety pin, or pawpaws for a pinch of salt. No money was current; a yard of cloth or a "ten fingers" of rubber served as a standard of value. Only fifteen years ago in Angola it was usual to speak of a "yard" of salt, a "yard" book or a "two yard" book;—corn meal was bought by the "yard" and beans likewise. To-day natives who formerly would refuse a silver quarter for a couple of eggs of doubtful quality, now accept paper money and with the paper purchase railway tickets, pay their taxes and liquidate their debts. Instead of a basket of corn or a chicken or goat offered for Sunday collection, coins clink in the basket or silent collections of paper money are the order of the day.[12]

How does this transformation affect the work of Missions in Central Africa? As in all revolutions two results, evil and good, are found. On the credit side must be placed the tremendous blow to slavery struck by the building of railways. A runaway slave in old days had an almost impossible task. Native owners formed a mutual aid society and the slave would be forced by hunger or capture to return to his master. So effective was the "aid" that few attempts were made at fleeing. To-day a person "over whose body money has passed" saves a few bits of paper money earned by work, and slips

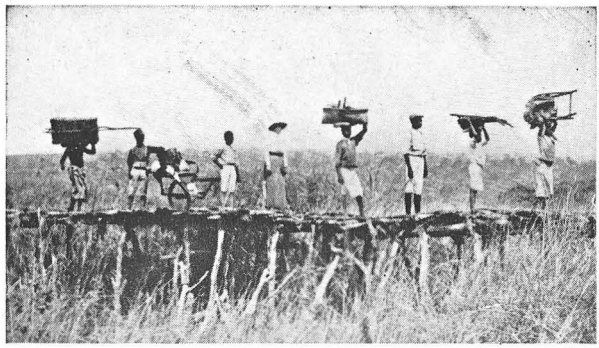
12 To avoid embarrassing situations on Sundays, the collection money which sometimes consisted of a crowing rooster or a squealing pig or a bleating goat would be brought on Saturday afternoons to the Church elders who would hand out metal discs marked 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., according to the number of "yards" represented by the offering. "Small change" was available in the form of smaller discs to make the "yard" cover a number of Sundays.



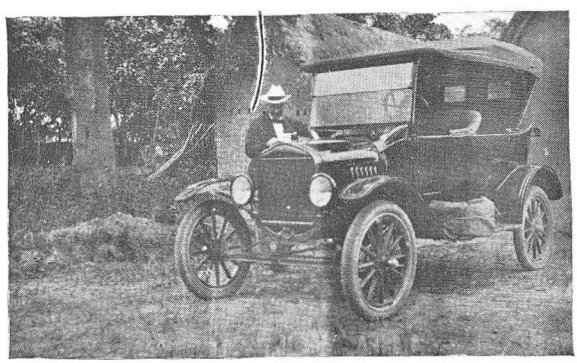
NATIVE HEADMEN VISITING A MISSION.



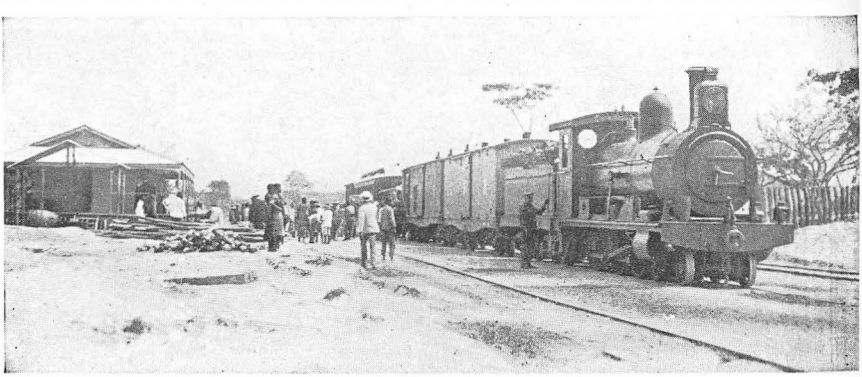
LOWER: CHISSAMBA HOSPITAL, OPENING DAY.
UPPER: A NATIVE AMBULANCE.



I. Bush Car Travel (see page 117).



II. Rev. W. C. Bell and His Ford.



III. The Benguela Railway.

off to the railway station, purchases his ticket and away he goes beyond reach of his owners. Furthermore the disintegration of tribal life produces a receptivity to new ideas. No longer is a man who invents a new thing regarded as being in league with evil spirits [13] or charged with witchcraft. Rather is he held to be a progressive man and worthy of esteem.

But the material revolution disintegrating tribal life as it does, produces complications as well as helpful factors. Here is a native field, unprotected save for a low brush fence to keep out olohuiyu (jumping hares). Thousands of natives would pass through that field in bygone days and not an ear of corn would be stolen. The fetish, hung from a stick, guarded the field like a flaming sword. Should a lone traveller find himself foodless at set of sun he might pluck an ear of corn and roast it in the field, that his hunger be appeased. He has not stolen: custom recognises the right of the wayfarer in his distress.[14]

Railways and motors now throw together members of formerly antagonistic tribes, thus creating a new state of society which, however, lacks the inhibitions furnished by the old tribal life. As a consequence, thieving has become so common that towards harvest time guards have to occupy vantage points in the fields lest vagabonds take to themselves all the product of the year's toil, and the family or village be reduced to starvation.

Material civilisation destroys faith in fetish, but it is "a sorry business to rob a man of his gods if you don't give him God in return." [15] A new rule of life is needed and such a rule can only be supplied by the Gospel. Civilisation and intellectual knowledge without religion teach a native to sin

[13] See page 172.
[14] Cf. Deut. 23 : 25.
[15] E. W. Smith.

by design, where he had previously merely done wrong in error.

Or take again the new attitude to the native authorities. In ancient days the native chief was reverenced, he being regarded as the embodiment of tribal law and as the incarnation of the soul of the tribe. His person was sacred. Some European powers with large holdings in Africa have adopted the principle of destroying the power of the chiefs depriving them of their authority and using them only as a species of higher native soldiers useful for recruiting labour, and for securing payment of taxes. The natives see their chiefs, so reverenced by their forefathers tied up with thongs, thrown into jail and beaten with whips! Some communities feel the stigma so deeply that they choose a "whipping boy" who receives the castigations in his own person; the real chief is not made known to the authorities; he is guarded as the soul of the tribe.[16]

But disrespect to chiefs and headmen does not conduce to respect for the new rulers or tend to the fear of God which is the beginning of wisdom. To break down native sanctions is not necessarily to civilise. It may, in some cases it does, tend to moral anarchy. More than restrictive and destructive measures are needed; a new law written on the heart alone suffices. Christ enthroned in native life will not only substitute ancient restraints but will give a new dynamic for the age just dawning; without such a spiritual renewal the last end of the African tribes will be worse than the first.

The physical reactions of the new day like the moral are twofold in their effect. Certainly the great medical discoveries [17] will benefit native populations as well as white settlers and pain will be alleviated. On the other hand diseases introduced

16 Smith, "Golden Stool," p. 212.
17 See p. 178, Health.

by Europeans and Arabs are playing havoc with native communities. The "beach" native seen by passengers from steamer decks is often a melancholy specimen of humanity. He has been graduated with high standing from the new university of crime and when later he returns to his home village it is but to spread disease and degradation. The African death rate was sufficiently appalling in olden days but the opening up of the continent paves the way for the inroads of new diseases. Africa's great need is an increase of native population. Without this the treasures of the continent will remain undeveloped and progress retarded. But if disease is unchecked by medical aid and a new soul is not created in the native community, who can foresee the end?

Dreams.—What of the further outreach of Mission work in Angola? The geographical occupation of Ovimbundu-land is complete. In this achievement American and Canadian Congregationalists joined hands and had as helpers in a small section of Ovimbundu territory, the Brethren, workers valued and beloved, whose great Central Africa Mission begins in Bié and stretches across the continent to Lake Mweru.

Following the consummation of Church Union between the Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational Churches in Canada an adjustment of relationships has been made. The missions of the American Board and of the United Church of Canada will maintain the fellowship of past years acting together in a Joint Annual Conference for the discussion of principles relating to the work each Mission making its own executive decisions in harmony therewith. The Central Training Schools at Dondi will be jointly administered and financed, the American Board equalling the capital investment already made by the Canadian Board in Currie In-

stitute, whilst the Women's Board of the United Church of Canada have undertaken to follow a similar plan in regard to Means School. The territory assigned to the United Church of Canada will be Chissamba Camundongo and the outstation work at Dondi together with its Preparatory Schools, the American Board maintaining its responsibility for Bailundo, Chilesso and Sachikela together with Galangue, the special field of the Southern Coloured Congregational Churches. More intensive work is now required to enable a richer harvest to be gathered from years of labour. Especially have the women of the home Churches an imperious task laid upon them for the redemption of Africa's womanhood,[18] enabling the Daughters of Africa to take their rightful place in the new day which is dawning in the Dark Continent.

New and extensive fields lie open. Beyond the confines of the Ovimbundu are people whom they designate as Gentiles (olongoya) a description arising from ancient tribal rivalries and differences of custom. To these tribes the Word of Life must also be sent. To the Mbui and the Seles—lovers of their palm trees, in defence of which they rose and slew encroaching planters, eating some, so Portuguese traders report, in a solemn sacrificial feast—to these the Word of Peace must be given. The Chilengues—a pastoral people living with and on their flocks and herds—a race of fine physique, feared for their ability as fencers, them also the Good Shepherd must bring to His fold. Then the appeal of the Va Luimbe, a race pathetic in its indolent backwardness, should not go longer unheeded, while the call of Mondombes and Chisanjes and Humbes for help should elicit ready response.

The ideal of a redeemed Africa is a vision sublime and enthralling. Nothing but the best can avail

[18] See Chapter VII. Daughters of Africa.

for the great Dark Continent with its bewildering variety of peoples and tongues. As epochs pass the low, sad music of humanity takes on ever clearer tones and is heard not in confused notes but as a challenge arresting attention. The revelation of God in Christ constantly heightens sensitiveness. Bygone generations condoned slavery; defended it with words and with weapons; none now utter a word in defence of the system. But whilst slavery no longer finds apologists a new danger emerges in Africa. The exploitation and development of Africa's material wealth has been so rapid that only secondary consideration, if any, has been given to the welfare of the native populations. Forced labour, regarded as a necessity in some African colonies, is applied rigorously with disastrous results. Are we to count backward peoples as mere material ("we reckon to get the best ten years of a native's life," said a labour recruiter), or as chattels, or as instruments with which to amass wealth, or are we to regard them as a sacred trust carrying out the spirit and the letter of the Covenant of the League of Nations? The spirit of Christ, more fully apprehended still convinces the world of . . . righteousness.[19]

On Christians rest the sacred duty and privilege of sharing their spiritual and material resources with those whom circumstances have humbled and distressed. Retaining the vision of the restless millions let us not lose sight of the individual. Let his need which we can visualise stand for the unexpressed need of a race. Only by the patient upbuilding of the individual until he comes to the stature of the fullness of Christ[20] may society be redeemed. Said a missionary to an old chief: "Won't you all enter the New Path together, you and your people?"

19 John 16 : 10.
20 Eph. 4 : 13.

"Teacher," came the old man's answer, "that is not fitting for your Word, you need *umue, umue* (one by one, one by one)." The old village elder had recognised the emphasis Christianity places on the individual. In the old tribal days the individual counted for little; in the new materialistic civilisation now spreading over Africa there is danger that the individual may count for even less, becoming reduced to a "hand," regarded as a mere instrument for gain. That trades must be taught has been emphasised continually in this book, but such teaching should be done with a view to the development of the individual enabling him to stand up as a man and not be forcibly sent here and there as a "hand."

Native preachers telling out the Story, reaching the heart; native teachers enlightening the mind leading the Africans forward into new fields of thought; native doctors trained in modern scientific methods and native nurses ministering the sacrificial life, partners in a fellowship of pain; happy homes made comfortable by efficient hands of industrious men and by women freed from drudgery, with little children knowing a mother's enlightened love and a father's constant care—all these things should and shall be. Jerusalem shall yet be builded in Afric's green and spacious land and the Heavenly King shall reign in righteousness.

There's a work of God half done
There's the Kingdom of His Son
There's the triumph just begun
Put it through!

To you the task is given
By you the bolt is driven;
By the very God of heaven
Put it through!

ANALYTICAL INDEX