

C838c

I

THE CHALLENGE OF AFRICA

II

PALESTINE AND SYRIA



COVE

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY
CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE

2923 Troost Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

I
THE CHALLENGE OF AFRICA

II
PALESTINE AND SYRIA

MARY E. COVE

Accepted as Study Book
for
WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETIES
by
NAZARENE W. F. M. S. STUDY COMMITTEE

The Challenge of Africa

CHAPTER I

THE OLD OR THE NEW AFRICA?

"Tell us about Africa," somebody says.

Not many years ago, we would settle ourselves comfortably to relate stories of hidden trails, cannibal tribes, daring explorers, pioneer missionaries, adventures with wild beasts and reptiles.

Now, where shall we begin, and what shall be the end of our story? We read of strange new cities, great mining centers, coast to coast railways, the perplexing problems of "white" and "black" in the intense economic struggle, as European powers, seeing Africa's immense resources, rush in to develop them and reap enormous harvests. Which Africa shall we tell you about, the old or the new?

It is the "new Africa" which flashes its signal of distress in our faces today, with problems that demand for their solution the very best brain, the most courageous effort, and the most daring faith of the Christian Church.

However, in order to understand the present difficult situation and pray about it intelligently, we must have a basic knowledge of the "old Africa."

Let us go away back and trace the awakening of this interesting continent, and follow its course from the old to the new, until, as we think of Africa, we as Nazarenes shall not only think of Swaziland, the Transvaal, and Portuguese East Africa—the tiny section in which our church is interested—but shall be stirred to a mighty prayer, that shall reach beyond the great desert of the North; into the vast stretches of the Sudan; through the jungles of the Congo; and deep into the terrible strongholds of Satan in the mining and commercial centers, where Africa's thousands are standing, dazed and lost, in the glare of new temptations before them, or plunging headlong into the abyss of the white man's sin.

True, we are called first to develop our work, which has only begun to make its mark in our own section; but who if not we, will pray the prayers that shall open doors, break chains of bondage and send the light to masses now unreached or under Mohammedan power, or rushing madly on to a worse death than that of Paganism? We must pray a prayer that embraces Africa, all Africa. Can any do this better than those who have the Holy Spirit, Who breathes through His people the prayer which is a groan too great to be uttered?

Some master pray-ers and groups of intercessors have grasped continents in the mighty clutch of their faith and held on until powers swayed, locked doors were wrenched wide open, and slumbering nations awakened from their sleep of spiritual death. When He comes will He find faith—for a continent—on the earth?

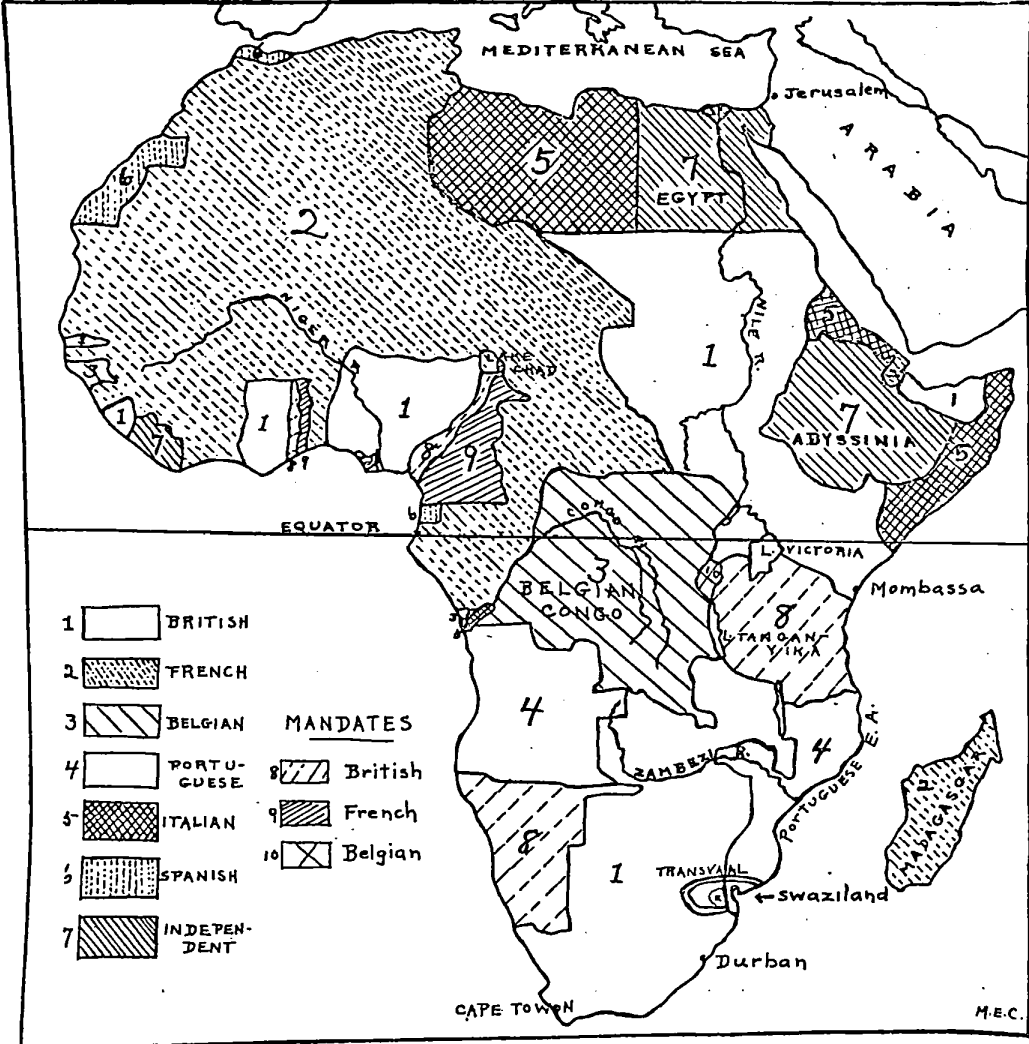
EARLY HISTORY

"Africa is a paradox in the puzzling contrasts and contradictions its history furnishes. (1) North Africa cradled one of the oldest civilizations of the world. Egypt (2) led the nations in science, art and literature. Her philosophies dominated the thought of the East. Next to Palestine, North Africa was the land most closely

1. "The Progress of World-Wide Missions"—Rev. R. H. Glover
2. Make frequent use of map in center of book. Even a crude enlargement of this would be helpful for constant reference. If this is not possible, send for the large picture map of Africa, similar to the picture map of Latin America (with sheet of sketches to be colored and cut out) so successfully used last year. This can be prepared by the Juniors. The price is \$.50 and can be obtained from the Missionary Education Movement, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

AFRICA

SHOWING PRESENT EUROPEAN OCCUPATION



Arranged from map in "Friends of Africa"
Used by permission, Phelps-Stokes Fund

connected with Hebrew history. Egypt and Ethiopia figure prominently in both Old and New Testament records. Alexandria for several centuries was the greatest stronghold of early Christianity, with Carthage as a second center. Within two hundred years after Pentecost, nine hundred churches were numbered in North Africa. The first missionary training school was founded in Alexandria in the second century, and from it missionaries carried the Gospel to lands near and far. Had the North African Christianity of those early days retained its spiritual life and missionary zeal, the subsequent history of the whole continent might have been very different."

Alas, it was unable to stand before the aggressive Mohammedan invasion of the seventh century. Christianity was practically wiped out by the incoming hordes of fanatical Moslems. For more than fifteen hundred years Christianity in Africa was almost dead, and the entire continent "remained silent in the shadow of death, waiting for the dawning of a new day."

What was the reason for this shameful defeat of North Africa's early church? Was Islam better, stronger than Christianity? In "The Lure of Africa" by Cornelius H. Patton, the situation is very clearly stated. Four fatal defects were revealed in early North African Christianity. A study of these defects may prove very helpful to us.

In the first place this church was a *disputing* church. Much time was given to squabbles over doctrinal matters of more or less technical nature. Christianity became an intellectual proposition. It was only a step to the use of physical force. Mobs of monks gathered to destroy heathen temples, and finally heathenism was crushed out, or supposed to be, by government edict.

In the second place, the North African Church was a *divided* church. Parties sprang from bitter controversies, each one calling the other heretics.

Third, it was a *formal* church. "The glorious soul life, the personal connection with God through prayer, and with man through service, so characteristic of the early Christians, became buried under an elaborate system of rites and ceremonies."

Last of all this church was a *non-missionary* church. "Back from the coast lived native tribes steeped in idolatry and given over to all the base practices of paganism. Yet the African Christians cared not The church had ceased to be an army for spiritual conquest and had become a debating society."

Such was the diagnosis. These four defects would spell death to organized religion in any age. History contains no greater lesson than this. A later chapter will reveal some of the results of the Mohammedan invasion that closed the history of this early African Church.

DISCOVERY AND EXPLORATION

It is generally thought that little was known of Africa except along the Mediterranean and Red Seas until the fifteenth century. Then Portuguese explorers, and later the English, French and Dutch, pressed down around the West Coast and up the East to India, and opened up centers for trade in grain, ivory, gold and slaves. However it was not until the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries that the great explorers revealed the secrets of the vast interior of the continent. James Bruce, Mungo Park, Speke, Grant, Burton, Baker and Stanley, as well as the missionaries Krapf, Rebmann, Moffatt and, leading them all, David Livingstone, were the best known of the brave men who devoted their lives to the opening up of the dark continent.

It would be profitable to study the lives of all these noble path-finders. But lack of space forbids the stories of more than one of their type. The one we choose, not in this list, is that of Alexander Mackay, perhaps less known than some of which we have read so much. We probe into the details of this life in order to catch just a glimpse of the terrific price that was paid to make the first trails for the entrance of the Gospel into some parts of this vast continent.

THE STORY OF ALEXANDER MACKAY (3)

When young Alec Mackay reached the little Aberdeenshire village of Rhynie, he had walked eight miles that day to look at a railway engine for two and a half minutes—and he was happy!

At supper that night, his mother looked sadly at her boy with the dancing eyes, as he told her about the wonders of the engine. In her heart she wanted him to be a minister, and she saw no sign that this boy would ever become one: this lad of hers who was always running from his books to peer into the furnaces of the gas works, or to tease the carpenter into letting him plane a board, or to creep into the carding mill to see the wheels go round.

Fourteen years later, on a bitter cold night, Alec Mackay, now a young engineering student, was pouring over an account of the hair-breadth escapes and adventures told by the African explorer, Stanley, in his book, "How I Found Livingstone."

He read of Livingstone's gentleness, his Spartan heroism, and then glanced at his diary which lay open at the words he himself had written, "This day last year Livingstone died—a Scotsman and a Christian—loving God and his neighbor, in the heart of Africa. 'Go thou and do likewise.'" Then his eye caught some words in a newspaper at hand, and he snatched it up, reading eagerly a letter which appeared there. It was a new call to Central Africa, through Stanley, from King M'tesa of Uganda, that home of massacre and torture. These are some of the words that Stanley wrote:

"King M'tesa has been asking me about the white man's God. . . . Oh that some practical missionary would come here. It is the practical Christian who can . . . cure their diseases, build dwellings . . . and turn his hand to anything. Such a one, if he can be found, would become a saviour of Africa."

The words burned their way into Mackay's very soul. He did not hesitate. Then and there he offered himself to the Church Missionary Society, and within four months he sailed from Southampton for Africa.

Arriving at Zanzibar, Mackay with his companions and bearers started on his tramp of hundreds of miles along narrow footpaths, often through swamps, delayed by greedy chiefs who demanded many cloths before they would let the travelers pass. When hundreds of miles from the coast, he was stricken with fever and nearly died. His companions sent him back to the coast to recover while they went on and, on the shore of Victoria Nyanza, put together the "Daisy," a boat which the bearers had carried in sections on their heads.

Mackay recovered at the coast, and this time on his way back, cut a great wagon road for 230 miles. At length he reached the shore of Victoria Nyanza, to find his boat, the "Daisy", twisted and warped and broken on the shore. His companions had found it too small, and had gone on in an Arab vessel. With his own hands he mended his boat, and the party started again on their way toward Uganda, but a terrible storm landed them on the beach a complete wreck, with only their cargo saved. Nothing daunted, Mackay cut up the boat, and made it over, and at last it carried them to M'tesa, the king of Uganda.

It was a memorable day when they stood before the tyrant king in his royal hall. M'tesa gave Mackay land on which to build his home and workshop, and there the astonished natives watched him make the iron hoe, and plunge it red hot into its hissing bath, then set its edge against the whirling grindstone, until it was sharp. "It is witch-craft," they exclaimed. "Surely he is a great wizard!"

From a ridge nearby, Mackay could look down over the marsh from which the women carried water. He knew their fearful illnesses came from these poisonous waters, and determined to dig a well. This was a wonder of wonders, digging in the top of a hill and finding water!

3. Arranged from stories in "The Book of Missionary Heroes" by Basil Mathews.

So Mackay won the confidence of the natives and soon made a way to teach some of the boys to read. A few of these were slaves of the king. Finally a little group of his boys were wonderfully converted. But all was not to go on so smoothly; a terrific battle was just ahead.

One day an Arab trader came to buy slaves, and here Mackay determined to stake his life if need be in a fight against this curse which had been the burden on Livingstone's soul. With burning words, seasoned with tact, but freighted with warning, he set forth his plea before king and trader. The king yielded, but the Arab went away in a rage.

Not long after this, King M'tesa died and his son M'wanga, a mere lad, took his place. Jealous leaders influenced the new king, and soon a reign of terror set in. The young converts were imprisoned and some of them burned to death. However, the amazed executioners were cut to the quick as they listened to a boy's voice, out of the smoke and flame, singing:

*"Daily, daily sing to Jesus,
Sing, my soul, His praises due."*

With the persecution, the number of converts increased, but pagan superstition and Arab hatred united to influence the king to still greater deeds of atrocity, until one day his soldiers went forth to meet the saintly Bishop Hannington coming to their country, and slew him as he stood defenceless before them. Terror reigned; the Christians were scattered; but still Mackay held on, his life being spared only because of his work and talents.

At last M'wanga's cruelty grew to be so frightful that all his people rose in rebellion and deposed him. Then Mackay offered to shelter him, who had threatened his life so recently.

Two years passed; Mackay on the lake side was building a new boat in which he hoped to sail to the other villages with the Gospel. Then a fever struck him. He lingered for some days, and died at the age of only forty-one. He had refused offers of very high positions, and might have become a great engineer, but instead he remained at his post and died, homeless, after a life of constant danger from fever and from a half-mad tyrant king, his Christian disciples having been burned.

Was it worth while?

Today in that place there stands a cathedral, and on the spot where the boys were burned to death there stands a cross, put there by 70,000 Baganda Christians in memory of the young martyrs.

The last words that Mackay wrote were: "Here is a sphere for your energies. Bring with you your highest education and your greatest talents, and you will find scope for the exercise of them all." (4)

4. Tell the story of Rev. and Mrs. H. F. Schmelzenbach from Mrs. Amy Hinshaw's new book "Messengers of the Cross in Africa."

Note the fact that these missionaries of ours are of the same type as the early- and notable pioneers.

PRAYER LIST

For special prayer at close of session, and throughout the month following the study of the first chapter.

1. That God will lay upon the hearts of our church the *continent* of Africa.
2. That, as a church, we may be saved from the defects that resulted in the terrible failure of the North African Church.
3. That protection, courage, and unction shall be granted our own missionaries, as they are at times compelled to suffer or undertake as did the early pioneers.
4. For the Nazarene missionaries, the stories of whose lives have been read at this meeting.
5. Fill in any special calls to prayer for other fields from "The Other Sheep" or any other source.

CHAPTER II

WONDERS OF AFRICA

It was no mean country that called to such men as Livingstone, Moffatt and Mackay. The fearless explorers who pushed on through jungles and up endless rivers, opened up a land of many wonders, and rich in many things beside the millions of souls who awaited their message.

Africa, including Madagascar, occupies a space so large that the whole of Europe, India, China and the United States could be comfortably tucked within its borders.

The vast Sahara Desert in the north, the greatest in the world, and the lesser Kalahari Desert of the south, stretch out for unbelievable distances. One book could be written of their majesty and their beauties, and another of their terrors.

Then consider the mighty rivers of Africa. It was these that called to the dauntless spirits of the explorers, and many a life was laid down before they were traced to their sources. There are four whose names are especially connected with the romance of early missionary life—The Nile, Congo, Niger and Zambezi. "The longest of these (1) is the Nile, whose annual overflow gives to lower Egypt its remarkable fertility. With a basin 2500 miles in length, the Nile is probably, next to the Mississippi, the longest river in the world, but the Congo, altho not so long, drains a still larger basin, and has a volume of water only less than the Amazon. Its entire system includes fully 10,000 miles of navigable streams, and the invaluable forests and amazing fertility of the era which it drains make this river the most important one of the continent. On the Zambezi are the famous Victoria Falls. . . . There are other large rivers but secondary to the four mentioned."

Africa's surface "has been likened to an inverted saucer, of which the rim is the low-lying coast strip, 50 to 200 miles in width. The raised circle on which the saucer rests is the region of slopes and mountain ranges lying behind the coast strip, with an average height of 2000 to 3000 feet, and containing some lofty peaks. The center of the saucer within the raised circle, is the vast interior plateau, slightly depressed in the middle.

"Here in these depressions of the interior section, lie the great lakes, out of which flow the mighty rivers that drain the whole continent. The largest lakes are in East Central Africa, Victoria Nyanza, Tanganyika and Nyassa being the most important. Victoria Nyanza is the second fresh water lake in size in the world, only Lake Superior being larger, and Tanganyika, while only about forty miles wide, is the longest in the world. Lake Tchad, in the Sudan, is the largest of several lakes with no outlet to the sea."

At first thought of this description, one would think of that interior plateau as having a healthful climate. But we must remember that the Equator passes about halfway between the northern and southern extremities, thus giving to the entire central section a tropical climate, except in the very highest altitudes. The low marshy coast lands are hot and unhealthy as are the basins of the rivers in the interior of this tropical section. The higher mountainous regions, just inside the coastline, and the countries of North and South Africa are more healthful for Europeans.

Perhaps some of us have read only sketches from isolated sections of this vast continent, and consequently have a perverted idea of Africa as a whole. Therefore,

1. "The Progress of World-Wide Missions"

to convey some thought of the variety of scenery and conditions, we would present some scenes from different sections. (2)

STREETS OF CAIRO

"The streets of Cairo—who will attempt their description!"

If you were to arrive there today you would possibly stop at one of those famous hotels like Shepherd's, by whose doors pass strange people from many lands—"Egyptians, Copts, Turks, Syrians, Nubians, Negroes from the Sudan, Beduins—an unending pageant of Oriental life." But this is only the portal to the city. When you entered old Cairo and penetrated the maze of streets and passageways of bazaars, you would find how impossible it is to describe the city. One writer says, "Every step in the old quarters of the Mohammedan city tells a story of the famous past. The stout remnants of a fortified wall, a delapidated mosque, a carved door, a Kufic text—each has its history.

"Cairo, with its cosmopolitan population of 650,000, is Africa's great city. But its interest for us lies more in the fact that it is the intellectual center of the Mohammedan world. Its multitudinous mosques. . . appeal to us as the power house of the religion which disputes the world with Christianity. Cairo is a point of departure for the great pagan areas of Central Africa; a hundred million primitive blacks seem to beckon to you when you ascend her towers. Cairo also is the vestibule to the wonders of ancient Egypt," the Pyramids and the Sphynx, those colossal structures, hoary with age, whose construction proves the existence of genius that almost confuses that of the present age.

Surely this is not the picture which first flashes across the lens of our imagination when we hear the word "Africa." Nevertheless, this is a part, a living, vital part of Africa, which offers the world a fierce challenge.

VICTORIA FALLS

Before we lead you into the remote, dark scenes of Paganism, we want you to hold your breath as you gaze upon one of the most sublime spectacles in the world.

"Imagine you are on the upper Zambezi, floating down in a native canoe, just as Livingstone did when he discovered the great cataract in 1855. The tawny stream sweeps through the tropical forest silent and solemn, offering not a hint of the mighty leap into the chasm below. Islands abound in mid-stream, full of strange bird life. Vines and parasitic creepers, like tangled cordage, trail from the overhanging trees. Troops of monkeys gallop over the tree-tops in an incredible way. Bands of giraffes, the most picturesque of quadrupeds, and Africa's exclusive possession, gaze timidly at you where the river jungle gives way to glades of a thinner forest growth. Suddenly there is a disturbance in the water ahead; a rounded rock appears to rise from the surface. The canoemen shake their paddles in excitement and send up a mighty shout, 'Hippo! Hippo!' There he is in all his fascinating ugliness, a huge beast who opens his jaws as though to swallow the canoe and all its contents, and then puffing and snorting like a fat old man going up hill, slowly disappears under the surface. Livingstone's canoe was upset by one of these beasts, and the entire party was endangered.

"The current now runs very swiftly, circling in great eddies around the rocks and islets. The canoemen call your attention to columns of mist rising a thousand feet in the air. Simultaneously a dull roar, as of a double Niagara, smites your ears. It is 'Mosioa-tunya' ('Sounding Smoke') and you realize that the cataract lies just ahead. The natives are paddling desperately to make the point of an island in mid-stream—Livingstone's Island. Smoother water follows and you reach the landing in safety. You make your way through the tangled creepers and underbrush to

2. The four following scenes are arranged from a chapter in "The Lure of Africa" by Dr.

C. H. Patton.

Copyright by Missionary Education Movement

Used by permission

the lower end of the island, and there from a projecting ledge you look down into the gorge of the Victoria Falls. The river, 1860 yards wide, with almost a straight front, but broken by islands and rocks, makes a leap of 343 feet into a fissure so narrow that it seems as if a stone might be thrown across. The clouds of mist, which seem blown out of the depths by great explosions, and which fall about you in heavy rain, add to the sense of mystery and awe. The fierce rays of the tropical sun, breaking through, project full-circled rainbows against the wall of falling waters. It is a scene unmatched in all the world.

"When Livingstone stood upon this spot, he appreciated fully the interest people would take in his discovery, and it was with reverent affection that he named the falls for his own queen. He also cut his initials in the bark of a great tree close to the brink of the cataract, and there are those who claim to make out the letters to this day. We owe it to Cecil Rhodes and his Cape-to-Cairo Railroad that the falls are now made accessible from the south. Rhodes instructed his American engineers to bridge the gorge so close to the cataract that the spray would fly into the passengers' faces as the trains crossed. They literally did this thing, and there in the heart of Africa you have that graceful steel arch, said to be the highest railroad bridge in the world, an engineering feat of astonishing boldness. It is worth a trip to Africa to see the Victoria Falls, especially if you can be there when the river is high." (3)

A NATIVE WAR DANCE

"Now for an African war dance—not the real thing, of course, but the kind they arrange for European visitors when the missionary sends word to the neighboring chiefs. 'I have a visitor at the station from over the sea; I desire him to meet you and as many of your people as you can call. I desire you to bring your war-clubs and spears. We kill an ox when the sun is high.' They need no second invitation.

"So you are sitting in the missionary's bungalow the day of your arrival. . . . The missionary comes in and says 'There are some friends out here who would like to see you.' All unsuspecting you go out upon the lawn. Moving up the hillside you behold a phalanx of black humanity—some hundreds of men in rows so compact that they seem to touch breast to back. They are naked except for a leopard skin or some other pelt about the waist. Their bodies shine like the top of the stove; their teeth glisten like ivory. Every man carries a knob-kerrie or spear, which they raise simultaneously to the rhythm of a deep-throated, minor-strained war-song. That song—how it wails and moans through interminable stanzas, always ending with a chord of indescribable richness."

The phalanx marches up the hill or rather inches along, with much stamping of bare feet, as the solid mass sways to the right and left. Now braves come dancing out from the front ranks to perform special stunts for your benefit. One stabs at an imaginary leopard in the grass; another jumps into the air an incredible distance, then bounding forward as lithe as a cat, shakes his war-club as though to brain a dozen men at a stroke. There is terrific applause from the side lines, where throngs of women halloo shrilly, clapping their hands over their mouths.

"The warriors are now within fifty feet of the receiving line, and their attentions grow more familiar. A beefy brave assumes a statuesque pose in front of the mass, and levels his spear at your head. Now is the time of testing, white man! Keep your smile going and don't move an inch. He strides forward to within six feet of where you stand. With rolling eyes and devilish grimaces, he thrusts his spear to within a few inches of your nose. At that critical moment the missionary's wife comes to your rescue and, suddenly opening her sun umbrella, she shoos him away.

"Yes, this is a war dance, but a highly good natured one, with a big ox roasting on a spit over in the grove. You return to the bungalow and your mail from home,

3. See pictures of Victoria Falls in "A Trip to Africa," by Rev. S. N. Filkin.

rejoicing that times have changed so that the natives are to feed on the ox instead of on yourself."

It is all horribly heathenish, but merely suggests the frightful ignorance and barbarism of these tribes before the entrance of Christianity. Doubtless in some places today, even in our own sections, these scenes may be enacted in earnest. Of course the murderous phases would be omitted, for governments do not permit tribal warfare. However they have not extracted from the hearts of the people their love of the heathen customs and superstitions, except where missionaries have substituted for it the love of Christ.

THE GREAT ZULU CHOIR AT DURBAN

By way of contrast, we shift now to a scene as different as can be imagined. Its setting was in connection with the seventy-fifth anniversary of the starting of missionary work among the Zulus. A great mass meeting was held in the auditorium of the City Hall in Durban, Natal, in 1911. It was a daring enterprise, as only white people were admitted, except to the top gallery—and the whites of Durban had not shown much sympathy with what the missionaries were doing.

A fine program was arranged, but the leading attraction proved to be the Zulu choir, 345 strong, drawn from the nearby mission schools and led by Lutuli, a native teacher. "The choir was banked in front of the great organ and made a brave sight, the young men in dark suits relieved by red ribbon rosettes, the young women in white dresses, set off by large Quaker collars of pink and blue in alternate rows."

Three thousand white people were seated as the program advanced and one thousand more stood throughout the evening. The speeches were good, but when the chorus rendered some of the great anthems of the church, enthusiasm swept over the audience, wave upon wave, until it was almost impossible to stop the applause. They sang such anthems as Grieg's "The Ransomed Hosts," Palmer's "Trust Ye in the Mighty God" and others. Everyone knows that the African is a born singer, but few dreamed of the possibility of a drilled chorus of Africans just out of the jungle, rendering the noblest Christian compositions. The volume, the richness of tone, the velvety effects of the quiet passages, the swelling crescendos, the significance they put into the words—here was a thrilling combination. "The soul of Africa was speaking in the music of that hour."

Africa was giving back to the white man in beautiful harmonies the Gospel she had received as she sang these words:

*"Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne!
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity."*

Here have been portrayed four widely different scenes to give us just a hint of an idea of the great variety of conditions and peoples; and of what Africa has been, and is, and may be, if God's people will hear His call and do His bidding.

THE MOHAMMEDAN INVASION OF AFRICA

We have mentioned briefly the fall of the early church of North Africa before the fierce advance of Mohammedan conquerors. It is quite necessary that we pause long enough at this point to catch a clearer view of one of Africa's worst enemies.

"The man primarily responsible (4) for the subjugation of North Africa and for the annihilation of the church, boasted the name Amr-ibn-el-Asi. . . . He was an Arab of the most fanatical brand, knowing but one allegiance—the faith of Islam. Back of him towered the personality of Mohammed, dreamer, fanatic, despot, only six years in his grave, but raging like a simoom from the desert, in the souls of his lieutenants. There can be no more striking commentary upon the power of this movement which burst upon the world from the heart of Arabia, than the fact that Amr-ibn-el-Asi invaded Egypt in 640 A. D. with a force of only 4000 men. Apparently one Arab was equal to ten Egyptians. Alexandria surrendered without a struggle, and shortly the entire Nile Valley was in the possession of the invaders. There followed an extensive immigration from Arabia, and in an almost incredibly short space of time, the proud structure of Roman civilization and Christian institutions became a thing of the past."

At once the movement began to sweep westward from Egypt, under a succession of Mohammedan conquerors. Tripoli, Algeria, and Morocco fell under their fierce assault, and Christianity went down as completely as did Roman government. Only two struggling and degenerate branches of the church remained of all. These are the little Abyssinian Church and the Coptic Church of Egypt, which have maintained themselves through these centuries against Mohammedan and heathen pressure, though there seems to be left of them "only a phantom church, with offices, but without functions."

From the Mediterranean regions the Mohammedans spread to the south, across the desert to the Niger River regions, and up the Nile River and across the Sudan to Lake Chad. Then their more southerly progress was somewhat checked by various hindrances.

Islam never gained such a strong foothold in East and South Africa, though some settlements were founded in the East from which small numbers penetrated inland, and in the South are found some results of a definite plan on the part of Mohammedans to win the South African Bantu. In the Cape Province, there are almost 25,000, and in Natal over 17,000 Mohammedans, from which provinces traders and artisans, all of whom are zealous missionaries, are carrying their religion into the interior.

It is difficult to get a correct estimate of the number of Moslems in Africa. Some authorities place the proportion as nearly one-half of the entire population, others a little less; but at any rate the figures are alarming.

One of the latest writers states that it is difficult to say what progress Islam is now making. While it may be slow in some sections and even almost ceasing in a few, it is undoubtedly rapid among some West African tribes. In some minds there is grave fear of the world's facing the menace of a Mohammedan Africa—a menace not only to the hope and plan of the Christian Church, but possibly the menace that an armed and trained rebellious African host might present to Europe just across the Mediterranean. The French are coming to see this, and men of influence are urging their countrymen to break up the mass of Islam in their possessions in North Africa, lest they rise up and drive out their rulers.

Now, why and how have these conquerors swept such great sections of Africa into their power? We have seen the weakness of the North African Church which explains its downfall, but what secret have these Mohammedan missionary traders and soldiers, which captures the African so quickly?

4. "The Lure of Africa"

We recognize the fact that many have been compelled to accept this religion at the point of the sword, but this is not true of the majority. Perhaps the gist of the matter is that at the end, after the pagan African has become a devout Mohammedan he hasn't been changed so much after all. He has been attracted by the Moslem's daring proclamation of his faith, in the simple creed, "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet!" and by the fact that the missionary, be he trader or preacher, is nearly of the same color as he is, and in truth believes in magic as implicitly as he does. The African simply takes another name, changes the form of his praying and of his practice in magic, and behold, he is a Moslem!

It cannot be denied that the Mohammedan rule has brought a higher state of civilization to some barbarous tribes, but students of Mohammedan life tell us that a sad degree of mental and spiritual stagnation is found everywhere in those tribes which are dominated by this religion. They are not taught to think. They have taken one step forward and stopped, but worse than this, they have become enemies to Christianity, and thus are harder to reach than ever before. One writer states that in some Moslem villages the moral standard in matters of sex is lower than in neighboring pagan villages.

One strong count against Mohammedanism is that it sanctions slavery. The "open sore" which lay so heavily on the heart of Livingstone and others, and the healing of which was a passion which led them to any sacrifice, seems still "open," in some places. The Moslem slave-traders were one of Africa's worst curses. Someone said, "Were it not that human remains are destructible, the caravan route from Tripoli to Hausaland would be paved deep with human bones." Mr. Edwin Smith states that in the Sahara slave-raids are still encouraged, if not organized by Mohammedans. The Temporary Slavery Commission of the League of Nations reported in 1925, "The slave trade is practiced openly in several Mohammedan states in Asia and in particular in the Arabian peninsula. . . . The Commission does not know whether the present government of Mecca or the Provisional Government established at Jedda have maintained or abolished this practice, but there can be no doubt that negroes from the African continent are imported and sold as slaves to several districts of Arabia." We ask, as Mr. Smith asks, "What would be the condition of Africa today, were the Moslems in uncontrolled possession? A slave-trading Emir, who was warned by Sir Frederick Lugard that the traffic must cease replied, 'Can a cat stop mousing? Will a cat not die with a mouse in her mouth? I will die with a slave in my mouth.' If Islam ever perishes, it will die with a slave in its mouth."

A religion which sanctions slavery and concubinage can never save Africa. It is said that Mohammed had thirteen wives, one of them Zainab, the divorced wife of his own adopted son; another Raihanah, a Jewess whom he took to his tent the night after the day her husband was massacred; and a third, Ayesha, who was betrothed at the age of seven, and married at ten. Such a man as prophet cannot lift the African from his degradation. Yet nearly half of Africa's millions have become followers of him.

Is the Christian Church on its face over this condition? Just lately we saw in the daily paper of an eastern city, a report of an address delivered by a prominent pastor of a Protestant Church, in which he extolled Mohammedanism and compared it favorably with Christianity. The editor of the paper commended the thought of the address. It will take an attitude different from this to place a blockade against Mohammedanism and protect Central and South Africa from its attack. (5)

5. Choose another missionary's life from "Messengers of the Cross in Africa."

PRAYER LIST

1. For the masses of Mohammedans in Northern Africa, especially in Egypt; and for the missionaries who are laboring among them, that many may receive the Holy Ghost and thus be empowered as not heretofore.
2. Also for the great stretches of land throughout the entire northern part of Africa, in which there are no attempts being made by any denomination to reach these natives who have become Mohammedans, and are almost worse off than when in pagan darkness.
3. For the many tribes still existing in interior sections as deeply lost in superstition as those pictured in "A Native War Dance."
4. That God will put upon the native converts the same feeling of responsibility that the traders and artisans who are Mohammedan missionaries have while they work and travel; that by this means a real barricade shall be formed across the country that will prevent Mohammedanism from gaining headway any farther south than they have gone.
5. For the special missionary whose life is taken up, from Mrs. Hinshaw's book.
6. Special requests for prayer of other countries, found in "The Other Sheep." We must not neglect other struggling workers while we spend this season in studying Africa.

CHAPTER III

THE PRIMITIVE AFRICAN

Now we come to the study of that most interesting of subjects—the African himself. But in this chapter we shall deal with him as he appeared before the changes which resulted from European occupation.

The African is not necessarily a Negro, in fact at first glimpse, there seems to be a "perfect jumble of tribes, with only one clear characteristic, and that is, they are all of dark color." However we can find about five fairly distinct divisions in the continent. First, there are the aborigines of the Mediterranean States whom we call Berbers. Second, we find Arabs and other Semitic peoples who migrated from western Asia. These were the conquering Mohammedans, many of them, who, as Dr. Patton says, "think that, religiously at least, the continent belongs to them." Third, we find the Negroes proper, whose home is in the Sudan but whose "most characteristic development is on the Guinea Coast, whence most of our American negroes come." Fourth, are the Bantu people, scattered over the whole of Central and South Africa. We remember here the name, "Unobantu" ("Mother of the Bantu People"), given by the natives to our beloved president, Rev. S. N. Fitkin, during her visit to Africa. It is with this race that our deepest interest rests. Last of all there are the strange Pigmies of the Congo and the Hottentots and Bushmen of the Cape.

THE BANTU RACE

Sir H. H. Johnston says that there is but one language family, with a few scattered exceptions, over a large section of Africa, extending south of a zigzag line from Fernando Po on the west to Mombasa on the east. This great language family is the Bantu Race, consisting of many different tribes with many dialects, but all of which have a marked similarity. In this section lie the "most barbarious, the least developed and the least explored parts of Africa, a third portion of the Dark Continent."

Miss Jean Mackenzie, in her book, "An African Trail," gives some very interesting characteristics of the Bulu, one division of the Bantu Race, found in Southern Kamerun, West Africa. She says they have "three great racial ideas. . . the lust of gain, the lust of women, and the yoke of fetish. Gain and women and fetish—it is the old trilogy of the world, the flesh and the devil. Naked and unashamed this trio has walked in all the caravans of all the wanderers of these age-old migrations unto this day, when the supreme religious adventures of the Bantu have to do with the impact of the *things of God* upon the 'things of goods,' the 'things of women,' and 'things of fetish.'"

The Bulu man always considers himself a master. He looks the part, as he passes by, "netted with tattoo, braceleted with ivory or with brass, armed with a spear, and followed by a retinue of arrogant young bucks. . . . The Bulu is ruthless and cruel, he is dignified and courteous and hospitable, and this because he is a master."

Many things might be said about the cruelties, vices and obscenities of this race, but these have been uncovered in many books. Terrible records have been written of horror and shame; of unbelievable cruelties to missionaries and converts; of shameless cannibalism, which still exists in some obscure sections, but we are interested in finding the true character of the people, and the hidden causes for the lives of darkness still being lived in these vast areas.

But, to go back to the three racial ideas to which the race is in subjection. The very pride and arrogance of the Bulu man's bearing show how great a passion he has for ownership, for ruling—"the lust of gain," or as the native would express it, "the things of goods."

Concerning the second idea, "the things of women," we will learn more in a following chapter, which will be devoted to the study of womanhood. The third binding idea, "the things of fetish," explains why the African has lived his life in such darkness and ignorance and sin. (1)

A RELIGION OF FEAR

One has said, "The African is what he is because of his religion." Another states that the religion of the primitive African is a religion of terror and hate, and that when most religious, he is most fiendish.

There are several beliefs to which the Pagan African holds tenaciously: a belief in a Supreme Being; a belief in the presence of spirits of deceased ancestors; and a belief in demons and magic. The first seems to have the least effect of the three, as many believe that though a Supreme Being did establish their customs and laws, He went away and forgot all about both them and the people for whom they were made. The second belief seems more vital; their ancestors, though dead, yet are still alive, however invisible they may be. These spirits are interested in how the inhabitants of their villages maintain their old customs, and they have power to visit their wrath on transgressors. The land where their ancestors are buried and the forests which their spirits inhabit are very sacred to the hearts of the natives.

The greatest factor in maintaining their customs is their belief in spirits or demons, and in magic. Here is where the "things of fetish" come in. Dr. Glover writes: "The religion of Africa is a species of Animism or the worship of spirits. It is a religion of gross darkness. Its gods are innumerable malignant demons, which the African conceives of as enveloping him on every side and constantly seeking his injury and death. These demons inhabit every object, animate or inanimate—plants, trees, rocks, rivers, reptiles, birds, animals—and also impersonate deceased relatives. Constantly haunted by fear of such evil spirits, the African resorts to fetishes or charms, consisting usually of a mixture of curious natural objects or carved figures—heads of birds, teeth of a lion, leopard or serpent, pieces of glass, pebbles, human bones, etc., which he wears upon his body to procure the protection and aid of spirits." One student of African life tells us that the Africans have a firmer trust in their charms than many of us repose in the providence of God.

It is pitiful enough to think of a race, left and forgotten, as he believes, by his Creator, but it is more pitiful to observe his hopeless struggle with the minor and malignant spirits who have not left him nor forgotten him, but are everywhere—these "millions of strange shadows!" The wise of the heathen know the ranks of these numberless spirits—those which are of so great a reputation that they are as gods and so worshipped, and those which possess animals or man, those which make of mar births, those which kill, and the numberless ones which blight or bless in lesser measure. "Created of God, and forgotten by Him," the black man has "worked out for himself with fear and trembling a salvation," or how pitifully he has tried to do it!

Robert Milligan in his book, "The Jungle Folk of West Africa," writes: "The skull or other relics of the ancestor differ from the common fetish in that the possessor of the former cannot compel the ancestor to do his will; he can only persuade him, or induce his help and favor by offerings and kind treatment. But the possessor of the common fetish does not make offerings to it; the fetish is under his control and he

1. We are purposely leaving out many interesting facts of custom, dress, kraals, etc., because they are told in such attractive fashion in "A Trip to Africa" by Rev. S. N. Fitkin. One of these little inexpensive books should be in every Nazarene home. The pictures alone are well worth the cost of the book, 35c. More than that, they have been donated to the W. F. M. S. and practically the entire income from the sale of them goes direct to Africa.

can compel the spirit within it to serve him. If it should destroy him he will punish it. The usual punishment is to hang it in smoke. Fetishes have a horror for smoke.

"If he should leave the skull (of an ancestor) in a cold or wet place, or should neglect offering food, the ancestor will suffer discomfort, but the discomfort is slight compared with the evil that he will send upon his undutiful son as a punishment for such neglect."

It is very necessary that we repeat and emphasize the fact that "the African is religious. He practices his religion." He practises it not only as affecting himself but as affecting his whole tribe. He will sacrifice himself for the common good. He believes there is a definite union between the supernatural and his everyday life. We will do well to study these facts, for they may show forth some deep racial characteristics which, if we can understand and reach, and see abandoned to the sway of the Holy Ghost, will make saints of the deepest devotion, living wonderful lives, so definitely led of God in the minute details of their existence, that they will put us to shame.

So we pursue this course of investigation a little farther. Dr. Glover says that the African's religious philosophy has given rise to various horrible practices. As we have stated he is willing to suffer death itself for the good of his tribe or his family. It has led to human sacrifices to supply the needs, avert the vengeance, and win the favor of the gods.

A HUMAN SACRIFICE

Mr. Talbot, a Government official in Nigeria, describes the doings of a native society devoted to Ekong, the War God, and the sacrifice offered to him:

"Once arrived in the sacred enclosure, the unfortunate victim was given over into the hands of the priest. So soon as she saw the place, she saw there was no hope for her. The apathy of despair, which is so peculiarly the heritage of black races, descended and enveloped her. Tearless, or with silent tears slow-falling, she moved toward the priest, unresisting always, since of what use to struggle when relentless Fate has seized and holds one fast? About her round throat—for only young and beautiful women might be offered—a cord was flung and tightly drawn, so that she died of strangulation. No blood might flow, for this was a warrior's society and the victim was offered to the war god that he might rejoice in her agony, and accept it as the price of his aid to the youth who today entered the ranks of fighters, so that no drop of the latter's blood need be shed to appease the thirst of the deity."

Any humane government must put a stop to such as this, but the natives resent it. Somebody dies in a village. Immediately the witch doctor, with his head-dress of feathers and his weird ornaments, appears, inspiring terror and awe in the stoutest hearts. He gathers the people in a circle, spreads a skin on the ground, shakes his rattles made of gourds, in order to call the spirits near, and divine who is the witch who has cast an evil eye on the one who sickened and died. He does this by means of a basket full of charms, each of which has a special meaning as he spills them on the sacred skin, and notes their relation one to another. Sometimes he selects a large group of natives any of which may be responsible for this death. All of this group he compels to drink a decoction of poisonous herbs. Those who recover are innocent; those who die are guilty. Multitudes of innocent people have perished in this way. But when the government forbids this, on pain of death to the one found responsible, the natives are filled with fear, for they believe the government is forbidding their only method of discovering and getting rid of the witches, who are their murderers.

Here again we see the illustration of that statement that the native is willing to die for his tribe. If the one who has cast the evil eye be his son or wife or daughter, that one is not withheld. Would we be willing to lay our own loved one on the

altar of our religious belief for the benefit of our city? Few of us in America will accept or retain any religious belief that will in any way conflict with our personal comfort. Let us learn of the African. To abolish such criminal practices as mentioned above, laws are not enough. It is necessary to study into the matter and replace by better beliefs those beliefs that prompt the unlawful practices.

TABOO

We have seen how the belief in magic has so deeply influenced African thinking and custom. This thought of magic is also the basis of a strange belief—that of “taboo.” “How is the white man (2) to realize the nature and the power of *taboo*, how conceive the enslavement of men to a men-made yoke? Of taboo, Henri Junod says, ‘Any object, any act, any person (is taboo) that implies danger for the individual or for the community, and consequently must be avoided; this object, act or person being under a kind of ban.’ Taboo is, let us say, a law of avoidance with a view to placating the supernatural.” Now when we say “any object, act or person that implies danger,” we do not mean objects that of themselves would necessarily be dangerous to life, but it is the witch doctor, or the superstition of one man with reference to another that states what is dangerous, and what is not. It might be the most harmless thing in the world that is selected to be taboo, as we shall see as we proceed.

Certain food may be taboo, either for limited times or as a perpetual taboo—for instance, the flesh of a certain gazelle of the forest is taboo for all women at all times. A woman who would eat this flesh would bring a curse upon her town.

Certain acts may be taboo; these, as all other taboos, being placed upon children by their parents, or by witch doctors on anyone, or by any adult upon another. “The Bantu is a pitiless creator (2) and a scrupulous observer of taboo. He approves it and subscribes to it and observes it at whatever cost. He has a perfectly clear conviction of the fate which blights a breaker of taboo. It is obvious—he does not prosper. In aggravated cases he sickens, he dies.”

The terrible fear that this belief inflicts on the hearts of thousands of Africans may be illustrated by a story arranged from one in Miss Mackenzie’s book, from which the above quotation was selected.

MABALE’S EXILE

It is the story of Ndongo Mbe’s father and his exile. His name was Mabale, and when Ndongo Mbe was a little boy, the father was “caught by a strange sickness, so that he was near death.” The brothers sent for a very wise witch doctor who lived nearby, and he healed him by a strange taboo, a very strong taboo. Mabale was “tied by the medicine man to this thing: that he must never see a grandchild of his. That he must certainly never do. So it was that, when Ndongo Mbe began to be a young man, the heart of Mabale was hung up; he feared very much lest he see a grandchild—who knew? And that thing would be death. So he took leave of the people of his own house, and of the village where he was headman—yes, and even of his tribe—and alone he went away by the paths that go toward the rising of the sun. Alone he went away to the unfriendly tribes that build their towns far back that way. In one of these towns he built a house for himself.” Sometimes one of the men of his neighborhood would pass through that town on his way to hunt ivory, and would see Mabale. He would ask all about his loved ones, his town and his grandchildren. “All night he and his tribesman have talked, and in the morning they have parted. But the thing always happened—that Mabale was quick after such a visit, to go away from that town. He said in his heart, ‘Lest my town’s people, knowing the path, show the way to a grandchild of mine.’ Until at last he died in a town far away on the paths to the rising of

2. “An African Trail” by Jean Kenyon Mackenzie—Used by permission.

the sun. And when a passerby from that strange country told Ndongo of that death in exile, there was a peculiar sorrow in the hearts of that family. The wife of Mabale turned to the wall and wept. The children and the grandchildren greatly desired to look upon the grave of their father, but they might not for the many days' journey.

"So much for a life wrecked by fear. This story is one of a thousand and is chosen for its lack of gross detail—its freedom from the element of physical torture so common to the Bantu drama of fear, and so degrading to the ears of a white man."

Fear, fear! How much do we long to deliver these children of darkness from this power of Satan? Elsmie says (concerning the spirit of a man who is dying) "that among the Ngoni they say, 'His shadow is still present,' meaning that, though on the point of death, the man's spirit is still with him. The wisest Bulu woman I ever knew (3) told me that she was born in the town of Moonda, where they certainly said that this thing on the wall that followed a man's body—the shadow of him—was the *man*. For certainly his *flesh* was not the man.' And in their ignorance they thought—who knew—why not the shadow?"

"Many other Bulu have offered me, timidly, the theory that the spirit of man and his shadow were—perhaps, who knew—one substance. And I was once in a house of mourning where one of the young widows sitting among the ashes took courage from desperation to show me the root of a consuming fear: she had three shadows! The cross lights in that little hut cast a shadow of that terror-stricken child of man upon three walls. What were her thoughts of that possession? I cannot tell. 'The heart,' says the Bulu, 'goes to hide in the dark.'"

All this subjection to the law of the supernatural; this knowledge of an august creator, even if he has forgotten them; this sense of a near spirit presence all about in this world—"these are the gates (3) to the Bulu mind by the which, when they are lifted up, the King of Glory shall come in."

They do not know this King of Glory, but this night there will be many a group of villagers seated on the ground under the stars, or gathered in an obscure palaver house, by the dim light of a lantern, who will listen spell-bound, as one of their own dark-skinned brothers, who has learned the glorious truth, shall tell them the amazing news. He will tell them of "Zambe" (God) who created them, and did not forget them, but who is now their provider and protector; who has given them the ten tyings (commandments); who has sent His own words in the Book; who is angry with all those who do not keep His word, and with all who have still great wickedness of heart. When fear and conviction mark their startled faces, he will tell them of Zambe's great compassion, in sending His own Son to live and die for them. Awe will fall upon the company in the fitful light; awe and wonder and compassion. They will speak the words "Yesus, son of Zambe," and pass the name from one to the other. Then, as they rise and stroll away to their own huts, they will say, "Who will sleep this night in this town? Each will lie on his bed and wonder." The Bantu shall have heard for the first time who is the King of Glory.

It is wonderful and illuminating to follow the thoughts of the native Christian as he interprets, or as God interprets to him, the meaning of the "ten tyings." Scrupulously, as he, because of fear had obeyed, taboo, so he searches for the very depths of meaning in these laws of God. To his delight he finds in them not only deliverance from the fear of evil spirits, but of people who would exert magical power. "For," declares he, "the Book says, 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me,' and the second tying says, 'Do not make a fetish charm.' Therefore He himself will bar the path of evil, and send His angel to protect us."

Miss Mackenzie writes, "How many refugees I have seen rush into this

sanctuary. . . . Here is Ze Zhom, with the scar above her knee that her one-time husband made, not for ornament but for malice—a symbol of taboo. Marriage was to be for Ze Zhom forever taboo. And here she is in the sanctuary, the Christian wife of a Christian man.

“Here is that Eyinga who moved once under the shadow of a spell. Her husband, ‘two marriages back,’ still hated her and continually made a charm against her. She came to see the white woman, and ‘Look at my body,’ said she, ‘I dry up, I neither eat nor sleep. I know and my neighbors know, that I shall certainly die.’ She too, found sanctuary in the commandments; she heard the gate clang between her and her pursuing hatred.” Here the mother mourns her little dead child, and no dark accusation of witchcraft is laid at her door. “Here the barren woman and widow are at peace. Here might Ndongo Mabale have taken refuge, whose grave is in a far country among strangers.”

PRAYER LIST

1. For the entire Bantu Race, many of whom have not yet heard their first message of the King of Glory.
2. For the missionaries to these people—that they may have wisdom in presenting this great message to these darkened minds, and that they may have the unction of the Holy Ghost in delivering His message.
3. For the newly awakened natives—that their minds may be enlightened.
4. For conviction to rest on those who reject the message.
5. For special protection and blessing upon native Christians who are trying to tell their people the story.
6. For wisdom to be given government officials in dealing with the natives, and that those may be given authority who will be faithful to their grave responsibilities.
7. For protection for our missionaries as they battle against the spirits of wickedness, and advance against Satan in his very strongholds.
8. For the special missionaries whose lives we study this month from “Messengers of the Cross in Africa.”
9. For special requests for prayer found in “The Other Sheep” or other papers or letters. We must not forget the other great fields of labor while our hearts especially linger in prayer for Africa.

CHAPTER IV

THE AFRICAN MOTHER AND HER CHILD

"At the door of every African hut (1) there stands a woman. She sweeps that floor that is so suspect of every sanitarian. In every field there bends a woman; she it is will harvest that adequate or inadequate crop. Above the kettle over the fire a woman is busy; she it is will feed the family with that diet, varied or not. And above the grave of the lost African baby, about whom you hear so much, a woman grieves. (2) It is to be remembered of the hut that it is her home; it looks like that to her. She has a thousand thoughts about it and her own sentiments. About her work in the field it is to be said that it is for her a vocation. She has her intense feminist pride about her supremacy as the nourisher of her world. . . Well she knows, and has her proverbs to say so, that without a woman to sustain them the men of the world would perish. About her child she has an impeccable maternal passion; with all her heart, and all her acquired supernatural arts, she pursues the present and future welfare of her children."

One writer says that she hopes and prays that there is no woman on earth more wretched than the primitive African woman. When we read the word pictures that show this black woman, eating out of her kettle with another, and merrily laughing over the sallies of her friend; when we see her out under the moon dancing in apparent carefree abandonment, we wonder—"Can this laughing woman be the most wretched on earth?" Yet as Miss Mackenzie says, "when you take account of her circumstances she does seem to qualify for this sorry distinction. She is not a free woman. Speaking in general for the primitive tribes, she is truly the possession of the men of her family until she becomes the possession of the man who has put the bride price down.

"Ask of the little nine-year-old, (3) (of the Bulu tribe), who is not yet tattooed, whose young head is shaved in designs—the head-dress of the little girl—whose sleek body is belted with beads, tailed with dried grasses and aproned with leaves, ask of that childish creature, 'Who is giving goods on you?' and she will know. How many goats have been given, how many dogs and dog-bells, how many sheets of brass and whether an ivory. Or if she is to be given in exchange for another woman—a wife for her father, or a little girl for her brother who must be set up in the world—she will know that. The name of her tentative master she will know, who comes to consider his bargain from time to time. There he will sit in the palaver house with her father. There will be long talk of dowry, arguments for more or less. The little girl comes in out of the sun-smitten street with food that her mother has cooked for her father and guest—a peanut porridge steamed in a great leaf, a roll of cassava bread, mashed plantains. She will put her wooden tray at the feet of her masters. She is a precocious child, born to the language of sex. If the buyer is old she will hate him. She need make no secret of this, she may tell whom she pleases that, having 'come to her eyes,' she hates the man who buys her. All but her mother will laugh at the venom of the little tongue, the heavings of the little chest. And the day when her master brings the ivory, or the woman, or the last articles of barter, that day there will be a feast in her father's town and the songs of marriage. If the little girl weeps—why, so they always do, the hearts of

1. "Friends of Africa" by Jean Kenyon Mackenzie—Used by permission.

2. For descriptions, customs and incidents in lives of women of Swaziland see Rev. S. N. Fitzkin's book, "A Trip to Africa."

3. "An African Trail"

children are thus. And in the evening when the sun goes down the path to its setting and she moves away in the caravan of her husband's people, you will not ask which of the children in that caravan is the little bride; you will know because she weeps. . . .

"Or if it be her father's pleasure to delay the delivery of the goods, do not think that the girl is bred in innocence under her mother's roof. She was not born to the possession of her body; this is hired out to her father's material advantage among young bucks—prospective purchasers, men who bring wealth to the town. Not her father only, and her elder brother, may thus make profit of her person, but her husband will do so, in times of the great clearings when a new town is to be built, or a great garden planted—she will then serve as hire to strong young men. Through her use a successful hunter may be attached to her husband's service, and she, if she is desirable, may be a token of hospitality to an honored guest.

"By way of security she may be lodged with her husband's creditors. How many women wear out weary years in this friendless bondage! Or, not having borne children to her husband, she may be sent on a visit to the town of his tribal brother. But her children, born of whatever connection, belong not to herself, nor necessarily to their father, but to the man who owns her. To her own father, or other male guardian, if born before marriage, and to her husband if born after marriage. As she is not born to the possession of her body, so she is not born to the possession of her children. Women who have been sold from marriage to marriage may leave little children at every station of that aimless wandering. Thus the slave is branded on the heart.

"And it is by way of the heart that the woman is slave to fetish. By her body she is slave to goods, and alas, by the consent of her body, to sex. But by her heart—the pangs of it, its maternal pangs, its hunger for permanent affections, its need to cast an anchor in some certain good—by that she is slave to fetish. To keep her husband's love, what love-potions! To ease her jealousies, what evil charms! To safeguard her little one, what plaitings of grass anklets and bracelets, what desperate hopes tied up in little amulets, in little things of magic! And if she die—this slave of fetish—they will tie a belt of bells about her baby's middle, and the sound of these bells will continually drive away that maternal spirit—still a slave.

"To such as these in a very definite sense Christ is a liberator. It is not for nothing that, for the women who have come under my hand, many have fastened with a peculiar tenacity on the verses that say for them, 'He has made the captives free;' 'The truth has made you free.'

"This African woman has a bald knowledge of her enslaved state. She is violent, undisciplined; her tongue is a fire and a sword; she is unmoral; unreliable; but she is humble-minded. In the Biblical sense this violent creature, caught in a net of tattoo, bridled and belted with beads, collared and braceleted with brass, this woman—so harnessed in barbarous ornament—is meek and poor in spirit. She is poor in the most conscious and pitiable sense. Christ's act of redemption has a tangible and obvious application to herself. I have seen the first words of the Gospel arrest a young Ntumu woman so abruptly that you would have said a hand had been laid upon her, and back of her harness of tattoo and of beads her woman face, so soft and mutable, was stricken to the most profound, the most personal attention. That being, enslaved to goods and sex and fetish, received, with what astonishment in that word of God, her first intimation that there is any escape from the prison of material circumstance! Until she heard that word she had never conceived of a personal possession of any sort, however humble, and how far she had been from any 'self'—possession! Never before had her self been addressed. And in the moment of that divine address there was a pause in her universe; the things of the body were smitten to a perceptible arrest. She had been grinding meal; her

hand, with the upper stone, lay idle on the nether stone; her eyes were fixed; in all her hut nothing stirred while that Ntumu woman experienced the obscure shock of her first spiritual summons."

If this woman is blessed with more than that first summons, and is not only awakened but opens her darkened heart to the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, what a change takes place for her and for her children! To illustrate this last we have chosen a story from real life: (4)

BABY MUSONDA

It was a warm, golden, African evening. Mwila, a bright-faced child of eight years, looked up from her work at the door of the little hut, as her name was called, "Mwila, they want you." She was a tall, straight slip of a thing; round her body was a thick coil of beads, on which hung an almost negligible skirt of leathery-looking cloth, made from the bark of a tree, well beaten and softened. A string of red and white beads bound the dark woolly head, while necklaces of elephants' hair and ivory bangles on arms and ankles proclaimed her parentage to be no mean one.

The call was from Mwamba, a young man of eighteen or twenty, to whose hut Mwila and her little friends made their way. He talked to the other girls but watched the shy Mwila. When they came out of the little dark hut, though nothing had been said, all knew that she had been chosen. She was glad that it was Mwamba, a strong, brave young man, who had chosen her. The next day the parents' permission was secured, and Mwamba began to work for her father, the price of the little betrothed one.

When Mwila was twelve, she was old enough to leave her mother's house, and to go to look after Mwamba's for him. She lived there for two years, always very shy and still with him, sweeping his house, and preparing his food. Then came the preparation for her marriage. She was taken to the small dark hut of her grandmother, where for six months she lived in seclusion. This was her time of training for womanhood, wifehood and motherhood. An old woman came often to instruct her in the ways of the women of her tribe. Sometimes curious medicine was rubbed all over her body to make her strong. She must see no-one and no-one must see her. She must never go out unless entirely covered by bark-cloth and carried on the shoulders of a woman. She did not resent this long period of waiting—it was the custom.

Then came her wedding day, with the new bark-cloth and jewelry, the feasting and singing, and she became in truth the little wife of Mwamba. The next morning an old woman brought a little pot and told them that this must stay in their house always. It was, as it were, a little god to keep their house free from harm. There was another pot also, called "the pot of cleansing." These were to be guarded as they guarded their lives. So Mwila began her married life. She was happy because Mwamba was strong and respected by all; and then, had he not said that he would not want another wife?

Time passed by and one day a little babe was born in their home, such a scrap of a baby, quite pink, the loveliest baby in all the world. The young mother was given charms to tie on the tiny wrists and ankles, and she felt the baby was quite safe. They gave the baby some of the food of the tribe to see if she would take it. She did, although it made her very ill, and frightened the little mother badly.

They sent for the witch-doctor to give the baby a name, and after much mysterious ceremony with his sacred pot and its strange noises, he declared "Musonda"

4. Arranged from "Dawn in Africa," stories of real life in Northern Rhodesia, written by Miss Mabel Shaw.

was the name of the spirit who wanted to come and dwell in their child. So she was called Musonda.

But as the months flew by a shadow of fear fell on the little home. Mwila began to leave her fat, jolly little baby at home, and when a friend came to see her she always had some excuse. People became suspicious. Then terrible things began to happen. Illness came to the village, and several died; a small boy was drowned in the river; last of all the rain would not come. Mwila's heart was stricken with fear beyond all telling. The spring went from her husband's step and he no longer went out with other men. At last the chief sent for them. Mwila caught her happy, gurgling baby to her heart, and then tied it on her back and went off to the chief's town, walking in dreadful silence.

The chief and his head-men sat under a little grass shelter. A great crowd sat all around.

"Why have you hidden it?" asked the chief, after he had told them of all the events that proved a curse was on the village.

They had no answer.

"Bring the child," he said. Mwamba obeyed while the trembling mother hid her face in her hands. The people crowded around eagerly. Yes, they were right; there were two beautiful little white teeth at the top of the baby's mouth, none underneath. They drew back in horror. There was the cause of all the misfortune—that cursed child—a "Chinkula." (5)

The sad parents were told that it was their duty to drown the child immediately, but when Mwamba, a little later, told his wife that he felt he must do it, she became like a mad thing, and he was afraid. So he consented to take the little one to an aunt in a far distant village and leave her there.

They went, far away, to the village of Shichyungy, and left their baby there. All Mwila's girlhood had died out of her—her baby gone, and her husband suspicious. Surely it was the mother's fault. Perhaps she had been unfaithful to him. The peace of the house was destroyed, and nothing seemed left to the girl-mother.

* * * * *

Time passed; we drop a curtain before the tragic little home of the girl-wife, and lift one to view a strange scene near the distant village of Shichyungy. It was an enchanted land that morning as little Lise Mulenga ran along the road ahead of her mother. She was singing songs which she had learned in the mission school, when suddenly she stopped and listened.

"Did you hear that? Something cried!"

The mother heard—a very faint little cry, as from some frightened young animal. They pushed aside the thick underbrush and there lay a little girl child, quite naked, covered with sores, a mere skeleton, hardly human. Lise picked it up, though her mother protested fearfully, and insisted on carrying it back to the village. There they found an old, old woman, almost blind. She leaned on a stick, blinking at them.

"Isn't it dead yet?" she asked when she saw the pitiful little creature. "It's a *chinkula* and has been here in this village for many moons. It is cursed and won't die—it lives on to plague us."

She went on to tell them how, long ago, the parents had brought the child whose name was Musonda. They had been weak and would not kill it. She had tried to hide its misfortune, but the people had found out. She had been willing to kill it outright, but the head-man feared the white man, so he told her to just

5. A "Chinkula" is a baby whose top teeth appear before the lower. It was the custom to kill such a thing of ill-omen. They are still feared and killed in secret.

let it die. She had let it sleep on the bare floor of the hut; she had let it crawl about and eat what it could, picking up decayed bits of food; it had had nothing but curses and blows, but it persisted in living. Now, that at last it was dying—what on earth did they mean by interfering and bringing the ill-gotten thing back to the village?

Lise listened, filled with horror. Her mother and the old woman scolded, threatened, almost cursed her, but she held the little one the tighter. She was thinking of the Great Chief, of whom she had learned in the school, who had said, "It is not the will of your Father that one of these little ones should perish." That Great Chief had conquered evil and death, and the things of darkness, and she had promised to follow Him. She was afraid, for the customs of her tribe lay heavily upon her still. However, after hesitating only a little while, she made her decision: "I will have her for my own, Mother, and the power of the Great Chief, Jesus, will protect us," and nothing they could say changed her.

Her way was hard; the people hated her and feared for the safety of the village, yet she held on her way, and when the Mission School opened, she begged to be permitted to take the little Musonda with her. Teachers and girls consented, and at last the little *chinkula* reached a place of safety where she could grow and develop, guarded from the cruel bondage of native custom and fear.

Only twice do we get another glimpse of the now healthy, happy Musonda. The British authorities had been notified of the case and had sent for her father. Mwamba came—he had cast off his young wife—he no longer wanted the child and gave up all claim to her. So she became the child of Lise and the missionaries.

The last glimpse. One day a message came to the teacher: "Musonda's mother is here. Can she see her child?" The teacher went out to find a woman with a baby on her back. As little Musonda came through the school gate, the woman looked at her with unfathomable eyes. Was she thinking of the coming of her first-born? What was stirring in her heart? No one knew. She looked long at the child, touched her hand, and turned to go. "I have seen her," she said, and went off for a three or four weeks' journey through the forest to the village of her other husband, the father of the child she carried.

* * * * *

Space will not permit us to add more stories of length, but we would like to speak of the young girl in the parish of Bodumba, who was coveted by a white man of authority. The girl refused him on the ground that she was a Christian. Her father was called to account and he said: "She is of age in these matters, let her say." She refused and she is dead. If she had agreed she would still be living. But that young girl, bred among the second generation of the Christian people of Corisco, chose rather to die and be with Christ. (6)

We must not close this chapter, leaving the impression that all African women are of the type presented here. We have chosen the primitive African woman and child because it is among this class almost wholly that we, as a church, work. But over Africa's vast areas, are scattered women of almost every description—(6) pathetic creatures who long too late for knowledge, but who will strain every nerve to secure that knowledge for their daughters; Europeanized girls in coast and trading towns, dressed in the latest fashion, having lost touch with much that is African, and without much interest in their fellow creatures of the dark brush places; the half-Europeanized, who are spoiled for the best of both African and European civilization; worse than any of these, the class who have been in touch with the lowest influences among the white races, and have fallen so low that they have lost all that was good and gained nothing. "Then there are the sensible, capable

women who, with a good education, have at the same time managed to remain Africans. Combining all the ease and self-confidence of culture with the simplicity of Africans, one of these women in her pretty, tidy home, dressed in graceful native costume, with beautiful upright carriage, bright intelligent face, displaying such wealth of hospitality as only an African can, is a type of the real glory of African womanhood.

"These are they that have come up out of great tribulation. To work with the best of them for the most bewildered and needful of them is part of that great human task which is not more than a Christian woman's duty. If it is a load to be carried, who told you so?"

PRAYER LIST

1. For the womanhood of the Bantu Race, especially in the sections where we have stations, for as we gain them, we gain the future generations.
2. For women in our sections, and others as well, who have been converted but whose lives are surrounded by a thousand snares, since they are second or third wives, of heathen husbands. Read of the instances on pages 45 and 46 in Sister Fitkin's book, "A Trip to Africa."
3. For our school girls who have been converted, but whose fathers or brothers will seek desperately to marry them to heathen men, and ruin their future; that God will help our missionaries to save as many as possible of them from this fate.
4. That the ministry of our medical workers among women and children may be especially blessed, and the lives of countless mothers and their children be spared to hear the word of God, who now are slipping away so fast because of ignorance, and lack of care.
5. That God may continue to pour out frequent revivals upon all of our stations; that open doors may be placed all over the land allotted to us, for just such pathetic cases as Baby Musonda, and that such prevailing prayer may go up from our schools in Africa, that the country all round about shall find their faith in the old superstition being shaken, and a new hunger after God taking its place.
6. For the special missionaries whose lives are studied this month from "Messengers of the Cross in Africa."
7. For any special requests for prayer in our papers for other lands.
8. Do not forget our general officers, and committees. Pray that the W. F. M. S. business may be carried on in such a manner as shall really glorify God, and bring many thousands of heathen souls to Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER V

EUROPEAN OWNERSHIP

We have woven our way through some of the mazes of the "old Africa" and now we must look into some of the events of late history which are resulting in a "new Africa."

A little more than fifty years ago, only about a twentieth part of the entire continent was under effective European occupation. "Within the last fifty years (1) the entire continent, with the exception of Egypt, Abyssinia, and Liberia, has passed under the control of western peoples.

"Something like a hundred million of human beings, who for the most part have never progressed so far as to develop the art of writing, have been swept into the fierce currents of our western industrialized civilization. All this has happened as it were in a night. It has taken place so suddenly that we can hardly yet understand what it all means.

"The motive which has led to the opening up of Africa has been predominantly an economic one. The western nations have felt increasingly the need of products of the tropics, on which our industrial civilization is becoming more and more dependent. . . . The interest of western nations in the material resources and economic development of Africa is natural and legitimate. Its wealth was intended for human consumption. Provided that just regard is had to the rights and needs of the native inhabitants, western knowledge and enterprise have their place in making available for the good of mankind as a whole the natural resources of the continent.

"But while an interest in what Africa is capable of producing is justifiable and proper, it falls far short of the Christian attitude to the great new fact of Africa. In the Christian view, which sets a far higher value on persons than on things, the African interest of supreme importance is the destiny and welfare of the millions of human beings, who have suddenly been swept into the main stream of human history and who are struggling to find support amid the fierce and unfamiliar currents of the life of the twentieth century. From the Christian standpoint there can be no question that the divine intention in the contact of the more progressive peoples of the west with the less advanced peoples of Africa is that the latter should be helped through the richer experience of the more favored races to enter into a fuller and more satisfying life."

However, in spite of the divine intention for Africa, it looks as if what the French writer stated was true: "That the European invasion was guided one-tenth by civilizing zeal and nine-tenths by the bait of gain."

The great scramble for part of Africa began shortly after the Brussels Conference of 1876, and it was not long before Belgium, Germany, France, Great Britain, Portugal, Italy and Spain had all advanced into the continent of such rich possibilities, and had established their respective governments in as many sections. After the late war the divisions under German rule were placed under the control of other European nations and held under the League of Nations as Mandates. (2)

To be fair we must remember that the population of Europe increased three-fold in the nineteenth century, thus relatively increasing the demand for food, raw

1. "Friends of Africa"
2. Study map in center of book showing different European owners.

materials, and for such luxuries as pneumatic tires for cycles and cars, as well as for new markets for products of European factories. Governments were compelled to offer protection for their traders who were to penetrate the interior regions of this newly opening continent. At any rate, whether for good or evil, the vast majority of Africans have been brought under the power of the white man.

In 1876 Stanley undertook his remarkable journey across the continent from Zanzibar to the mouth of the Congo. He traveled on foot except on some river or lake where he could launch his boat carried in sections by the natives. It required 356 attendants and carriers, few of whom ever reached their homes again, as disease, accident and hostile spears took the majority. Finally the party staggered to their destination on the opposite shore, haggard, crippled and diseased after 999 days of travel.

Any tourist of today who wishes to cross Africa at about the same place, can accomplish the journey with little exertion and in something less than a month. If he wishes to go from Cape to Cairo, it will take longer. This latter trip of about 7,000 miles can be covered by railway, motor car and river steamer, in forty-five days, if connections are made

Even the aeroplane has invaded Africa, and the telegraph and the "wireless" are breaking down the isolation of the far interiors.

For four hundred years the principal export from Africa had consisted of black men and women. British merchants did not begin the traffic, but it was not long before they led in this pernicious race. It brought wealth to Europe and America, but it was the greatest of calamities for Africa. Livingstone wrote thus in 1871: "It is awful, but I cannot speak of the slaving for fear of appearing guilty of exaggerating. It is not trading: it is murdering for captives to be made into slaves."

Edwin W. Smith, anthropologist, writes the following:

"The descriptions penned by him and other travellers read to us today like the record of some horrible nightmare. The slave routes were marked by whitened skeletons; twelve per cent of the slaves who were put on board perished at sea; they were packed between decks like herrings in a barrel. . . . Out of every hundred captives shipped from Africa only fifty lived to be effective laborers on the plantations. . . . Taking everything into consideration, and including the operations of Europeans and Arabs, it does not seem an exaggeration for Du Bois to say that the slave trade cost Negro Africa 100,000,000 souls," almost the number of people in our own United States. And Christian (?) Europe and America were responsible for this! What shall we do to clear our skirts before God?

But all trade was not of such offensive character. "The demand for rubber (3) led to the exploitation of the Congo. The requirements of mills of Lancashire have brought about a great development of cotton-growing in British East Africa. In Uganda this has brought to the native peoples a sudden accession of wealth, which in a recent year, amounted to \$15,000,000. Dr. Shantz, of the Agricultural Department at Washington, estimates that in East Africa alone there are 90,000,000 acres capable of growing cotton, an area three times as large as the land under cotton cultivation in the United States. The Gold Coast produces a third of the total world's supply of cocoa. These are but a few illustrations out of many of the wealth, actual and potential, of this vast new continent and of its capacity to supply in increasing measure the wants of human society throughout the world.

"Nor is the wealth of Africa confined to crops. Minerals exist beneath the soil. Half of the world's gold supply and by far the greater part of its supply of diamonds are produced in South Africa. The discovery of these mines has brought about revolutionary changes in the history of the subcontinent. The copper mines at Katanga in the Belgian Congo have a large and increasing output. Tin

mining is carried on in Nigeria. Coal and iron ore are known to exist in South Africa and in other parts of the continent."

Perhaps some may wonder why we take so much time in presenting conditions outside of our own mission areas. To answer this thought we quote from "Friends in Africa" again: "And if some of you will be saying that you have taken nothing out of a South African mine, then it is to be read that for you West Africans climbed a palm oil tree for the soap with which you wash your hands. One million miles a year, John Harris has it, is climbed on the west coast trees for the fruit of the palm oil. As surely as you have washed your hands, or driven out over a rubber tire, just that surely have you taken a token from the hand of Africa. What manner of man is it, and what manner of woman who has washed your hands for you?"

Space will not permit us to delve very deeply into the results of European occupation, but we must present a few of the most important problems, and these may suggest to us the vast field of prayer and service.

JOHANNESBURG

First let us look at Johannesburg. "A thousand miles north of Cape Town, (4) 6000 feet above the sea—where forty years ago vast herds of antelope roamed the high plateau, today stands the largest city in Africa—excepting old Cairo—supplying 60 per cent of the world's gold. In the heart of the Reef rises this busy, modern city, which with the eight adjoining towns may be called Greater Johannesburg, with a total population of over half a million, about equally divided between white and black. From the center of the city stretch the mines, thirty miles to the East and thirty miles to the West. Huge black chimneys belch blacker smoke, mighty 'Stamps' grind out the oar night and day, every day in the year save Christmas—a striking testimony to the power of Christ even in Darkest Africa. Then there are the 'dumps', the pulverized dust of the crushed quartz rising truncated or cone-shaped year by year. They are scattered along the sixty miles of Reef like snow mountains glistening in the sun or weird and ghostly under a wan moon. The mines employ an average of 180,000 black men.

"The mine workers are the pick of the country south of the Zambezi. They are young and strong, having passed rigid physical examination. From the tribes and tribes and the customs and customs of Bantu Africa—from the little cabins under the leaf thatch and the ministrations of the attentive women of their own villages, from a life in the open and of traditional occupations among familiar scenes, they have come to this—a cubby-hole in one of the buildings in the quadrangle of one of the compounds attached to one of the forty mines on the Reef. Twenty to sixty men in a room, laid away in two tiers of bunks. Dr. Bridgman told about these things before he died. 'One or two dingy electric globes yield feeble light at night. The walls and cubicles are whitewashed periodically, while the blankets and clothing are treated in a disinfecting chamber. Shower baths, washing tables and soap are freely provided and well patronized. But in spite of the commendable efforts of the management the ordinary compound room is a sight to behold—a marvellous variety of benches, arm-chairs, and tables improvised from packing-cases, the first attempts of 'raw boys' to use hammer and nails; the bunks disordered by blankets and clothes; the floor strewn with boots, kit boxes and food; while the swarthy jovial 'boys' loll about or squat around the fireplace broiling meat or roasting potatoes.'"

Brother Schmelzenbach will tell about our work among the "boys" and this great city, in a later chapter.

"Attached to some compounds (4) there are 'married quarters' but they are

4. "Friends of Africa"

suspect—those women established there are, few indeed of them, the wives of the miners. Would you look for vice in those great groups of caged men? It is there. More than in any village of the forest of the Veldt—it is there. And nailed to a compound door Dr. Bridgman once came upon this saying in three languages: 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' The Christian boys in that strange place had put it there."

Beside this mass of black humanity in the mines of Johannesburg, there is another group called the Town Natives. These live on the premises of the employer or in what is known as a "location." A location is an area outside the town of which it is a part, but reserved for the blacks. Of these locations one writer says: "The plain fact of the matter is in this connection that almost everything is wrong and almost everything remains to be done. Native locations even in our chief towns, are a disgrace and seem to grow more disgraceful every year with their squalor, untidiness and acres of wretched, tumble-down shanties. Often enough they are hotbeds of vice and disease and schools of crime.—Here are the people stamped with the image of God, yet degraded often enough in a way that was never the case in their old tribal state.

"John Harris reminds us that 'there are as many grades in South African social life as one finds in Europe and America; there is the degraded servile class, there are the intellectuals and aristocrats, and between these three strata there are dozens of intermediate grades.' Not a grade of these Africans but would shrink in horror from some or other of the things that are to be encountered in the urban and industrial areas of South Africa. Listen to one aristocrat—he is a chief, talking to the Natal Commissioner: 'What are these white things the girls are bringing home on their backs in such numbers? What did the Government mean by allowing their girls to bear so many white children?'

"It is obvious that the Rand (in Johannesburg) is one of the supreme Christian opportunities. It is a cross ways of the world. There as everywhere in awakened Africa there is a passion for learning, for betterment, for life more abundant. To that strange wild place you have been brought by your membership in a Christian church—your thank offering—your implicit relation to the babies that die in the tin huts of the Kaffirs beside the diggings on the River Vaal—the babies that live in the ignoble slums of the cities. You have not drifted into these places—you have been drawn here by your kinship with these your brethren in an emergent hour, when you have your part to play. Mrs. Millin says, so sadly, that the *white man has broken the African, and the white man must mend him*. But we will look to the Lord Jesus to mend him. And perhaps after all he is not broken. Perhaps he has come to the market place to stand and wait until his Master shall give him work to do. In Inhambane there are a large number of groups of Christians who have established themselves in villages. Nearly every one of these villages has been started by a man who was converted on the Rand in Johannesburg. 'Since his first upward yearnings came through services conducted by a missionary he builds a tiny church in his new village and calls his people to morning and evening prayers. Each morning before he and his people go to work in the gardens, they linger after prayers to learn their letters with the books the mission has sent them. But they have no missionary; for teacher they have at best a boy who has learned to read and count in a mine compound. But this little, crude as it is, is an upward pull,' says Dr. Riggs, 'towards Christianity and civilization.' It is a treasure to count over until better times have come. Money—who told you that? It was not money only that was brought home from the Rand to the people of Inhambane."

LAND PROBLEMS

At first sight it would look as if there could be no land problems in Africa. With its size, nearly four times that of the United States, and its population, not more than 140,000,000, only a little more than our own, it would seem as if there were plenty of room for the black man.

However all authorities agree that this problem is one of the greatest with which the natives have to deal. One says, "White men at one time robbed Africa of Africans, now they rob the Africans of Africa." Nothing else has resulted in so much injustice on the part of Europeans; and in so much resentment in the hearts of the natives. Yet we must think in a little parenthesis right here, and that is the manner in which the white people of America appropriated the land of the red man. This will prevent our thinking too harshly of European nations, however we condemn their actions in some parts of Africa.

In most of the continent of Africa, with the exception of a few sections, all land within the boundaries of a certain tribe, belongs, not to individuals but to the tribe as a whole. No man, not even the chief, can sell that land. Europeans did not understand this, and upon entering large and valuable tracts, bargained with chiefs for land, but these bargains meant one thing to the European and another to the African. The chief thought that he simply granted occupation; the European thought that he had bought the land. Trouble arose, but the white man, because of a backing of superior power, always had his way. To make a long and unpleasant story short, Europeans have acquired immense areas of valuable land for a song—hats, rum, pots, knives, and the like! For instance the land around the Bay of Natal was supposedly purchased by the British for goods at a nominal value of £1,650; actually they were worth only £50. Then it was not a real sale, as nobody had a right to sell the land.

In one part of South Africa the natives have been driven from their holdings until they now live on one-fifth of that which they once held, when they had less population than they do now. The existing native reserves are much too small and sometimes dangerously congested, while some individual European landowners are holding immense tracts, simply for speculative purposes.

In Dr. Norman Ley's book "Kenya," he tells that in one section, "some 2000 square miles in freehold, and some 5,500 square miles in leasehold have been granted to Europeans; to Indians, 22 square miles . . . to Africans *no land at all*. Certain lands have been proclaimed as 'reserves,' i. e. as native areas, but the Government is free to dispose of them without notice and without compensation to the occupiers." Finally we get the surprising contrast of 1893 Europeans occupying about 10,000 square miles, and nearly 2,000,000 Africans occupying, precariously, only 5,000 square miles of arable soil of what was once all their own land.

Not only in Kenya have these large areas been alienated to Europeans and the natives driven back, but in a number of places can we find records of the same unfair acquisition of land. However in some sections such as Nigeria, the British Government refuses to weaken the principle of trusteeship by removing the African from his land. In such localities the natives are loyal, industrious, progressive, on the increase and are producing enormous crops, while under such policies as exist in Kenya, they are restless and dissatisfied, and in some countries tending to decrease in number.

IS AFRICA OUR DEBTOR OR OUR CREDITOR?

Over against the gifts and blessings which the white man has bestowed on Africa, let us place the ills that have followed, and see whether the black man is our debtor or our creditor.

First, Africa owes to the Caucasian Race the introduction of domestic animals—

pigs, goats and oxen; domestic fowls; also grains—sorgum, lentils, peas, melons, the castor-oil plant and the banana. These all came into Africa from Asia. In modern times the Portuguese have introduced tobacco, sweet potatoes, maize, wheat, ground-nuts, sugar-cane, manioc, the paw-paw, orange and pineapple. These are items to the credit of the white man.

Then, there is the fact that practically the whole country has been opened to trade, and at the same time, at least in the larger centers, natives have come in touch with a higher civilization, have learned to read, many of them; have become educated to some degree—a few of them; have learned what money means and how to earn it, and have reaped certain benefits thereby.

But over against these assets we must place the introduction into Africa of the destructive liquor that maddens and weakens the African who sells himself to its power. Then we must face the pictures of scenes which have been presented in the preceding chapter—Johannesburg, and the other mining cities and the great commercial centers and coast towns with their inadequate, ill-kept, sin-filled native locations; the fact of exploitation by capitalists, and the alienation of land from natives.

Next the Europeans have prided themselves upon putting a stop to inter-tribal warfare. It is true that formerly, while this was permitted, thousands did lose their lives in this cruel manner. We must admit, too, that cannibalism is not taking the heavy toll that it used to, but even here we are called to a halt, when we face the results of the late war, plus the awful devastation of the slave trade, carried on by the white race. Europeans were not content to fight their battles in Europe. They carried the contest into Africa until almost the entire continent was affected. Thousands of willing Africans were enlisted to fight on both sides, and more than this, hundreds of thousands as carriers. These died by the tens of thousands. It is said that during the four years more Africans lost their lives than in all the inter-tribal warfare in the previous fifty years. Add to this offence the fact that in some places a system of forced labor exists that leaves some black men in a condition that is almost slavery. How does the account appear now?

But surely, somebody thinks, we have a heavy asset in the building of such extensive railways and hospitals. Doctors have spent years and some have sacrificed their lives while investigating tropical diseases, and as a result, millions of Africans must benefit. This is indeed true, and more will be said later about the precious healing work of missionaries and hospitals among the sick and dying of Africa's millions. But here we are again, right up against an obstacle. The very opening up of Africa through the building of railways and establishing of trade routes has introduced new diseases and made possible the spread of others. For example, sleeping sickness was characteristic of certain localities for centuries in West Africa, but it was only when great bands of carriers, accompanying travelers, ascended the Congo River, that the disease was carried eastward. In Uganda, it has destroyed 200,000 people and they blame Europeans for the calamity. Influenza, syphilis, and tuberculosis were probably carried there by Europeans.

We have not space to mention other ills that have fallen upon the once primitive native, but even now, except as we view the possibility of hope through the missionary's message of a God who can break all the bands of his sin and make him like unto Himself in nature, we wonder if after all the black man is not our creditor rather than our debtor. How shall we pay this great debt? Surely our debt is even heavier than that of Paul when he said, "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians; both to the wise and to the unwise. So, as much as in me is, *I am ready.*" Are we ready, as Nazarenes—ready to attempt, under God to begin to pay our debt, our share of the debt of the white race to the black in Africa? What is our share, and how much of a burden is ours to bear, and what kind of prayers must we pray? These are indeed questions! No budget assignment will ever settle

them, no board's decision will ever be the limit, except as it is the lowest limit. We must have their assignment, we must have their decision, but only God can show us our share of our debt to Africa, and how we shall pay it. If a few thousand members of the W. F. M. S. could catch individual glimpses from the Holy Spirit Himself of our personal share in prayer and sacrifice, that our race may be forgiven of the blood of this great continent that lies at our door, what would it mean? Would it not be new and wonderful if many of our women, as members of the church would pray until we had *God's budget* written out by the hand of the One who knows our individual resources, and then would lay ourselves out to meet that if it doubled our pledge, or if it meant nights of prayer, and days of sacrifice?

PRAYER LIST

Let the leader of the meeting for this month make up, with the assistance of her society, a special prayer list, based on the study of the preceding chapter.

Add to this the names of the special missionaries, whose lives are studied from Mrs. Hinshaw's book.

Finally, add a list for other countries from "The Other Sheep."

CHAPTER VI

MEDICAL WORK

One has said that wherever a missionary goes in Africa, there goes with him the odor of drugs. The least likely missionary, whether he wants to or not, has been forced to deal with matters of physical life and death.

Mr. Oldham in "Friends of Africa" says, "Among the gigantic tasks to be undertaken there (Africa) is, first, the question of health." He states that the reason why Africa has been so long an isolated continent, and also why some of her tribes have been so backward and inefficient, lies in her diseases, which for so long defeated all who would penetrate into the interior.

It is interesting to note that the characteristic diseases of Africa are different from those of Europe. While most of the epidemic diseases which ravage Europe left the survivors immune from other attacks, and did not leave any evil effects upon them, those of Africa, such as malaria, dysentery, and worm diseases, often result in life-long enfeeblement and can return again and again.

The parasites of many of the chief diseases are carried by insects and may quickly infect a whole population. The opening up of the continent has brought infected persons into sections hitherto immune, and infections once introduced have spread like wild-fire. We have referred especially to the spread of Sleeping-Sickness in a preceding chapter.

Another secret of the wide-spread suffering is the fact that most of the peoples in tropical Africa are undernourished. They have, in many instances, neither enough to eat, nor the right kind of food. The native does not know how to provide, nor does he have proper means of storing his food, and consequently the supplies of one harvest are often exhausted before the next is ready. Sister Fitkin, in her book, writes of the lack of variety of food, and the scarcity in our own section.

Mr. Oldham writes further: "Living conditions are of the same fundamental importance. The native hut is often a most insanitary dwelling, lacking light and ventilation. The mud walls and earth floor are a breeding-ground for disease-carrying insects, while the grass roof provides a harborage for rats, the carriers of plague. Sanitary conveniences are conspicuous by their absence. An adequate water supply is often lacking and that which exists is easily contaminated.

"In view of all this it is not surprising that throughout the greater part of tropical Africa the population does not appear to be advancing. In large areas it is believed to be actually declining. It is not surprising also that the standard of health and vigor is low. Relatively few people in Africa reach old age."

Dr. Lerrigo states that there were in 1926, 142 men physicians, 15 women physicians, and 282 nurses in connection with missions in Africa. That is to say, that there is one foreign medical worker to 318,906 people on a basis of a calculated population of 140,000,000. There are, besides these, 8 recorded African physicians, all men. Then there are 554 trained men and women assistants. How pitifully inadequate is this force to the crying need of this great continent!

Mrs. Donald Fraser, who has been a doctor for many years in Myassaland, says, "No wonder the imagery of the 'open sore' presented itself instinctively to Livingstone's mind as he wrote of the curse of the African slave traffic." Open sores were in the early days and are still the most obtrusive malady. "Beginning with simple cuts or bruises, they developed into a handicap for life as the result of ignorance, neglect and malnutrition. Others commenced with the infection of

the neglected jiggers, or other insects burrowing beneath the skin. The ordinary native dressing was a leaf tied on with bark string, around the edge of which buzzing flies gathered thick, in spite of the patient's incessant efforts to keep them off by waving a hand or a fly-switch over the sore."

HIGH DEATH-RATE

A vivid impression in especially primitive sections of Africa is the high death-rate. Quoting Dr. Fraser again, "Travelling among the villages there would be heard with terrible frequency the wailing for the dead. Sometimes the wailing was general—indicating the death of some one important, but it was mostly the wailing of bereaved women. At sunrise and at sunset the sobbing would reach one, 'O my child, my child! Alas, what shall I do? O my child, my child!' If the bereavement were recent, other women's voices would swell the chorus of woe, but when their sympathy was exhausted the bereaved mother would still daily renew her bewailing lament. And the pitiful feature about it was one ever-increasing conviction that those deaths need never have occurred. Probably over 70 per cent of the babies born died in childhood, yet they were born of healthy strong mothers, capable of nourishing their babies, and these babies were free from any taint of disease or constitutional delicacy. Yet it was not to be wondered at. An infant often lay on the dirty bare mud floor of a broken-down disused hut or outhouse, uncovered, unwashed, unattended to in any way for an hour or two after birth—until the mother was ready to get up and look after it herself. Unless a midwife was present none of the neighbors surrounding her dared touch it. To qualify as a midwife one must only be a widow or a woman living separated from her husband. Artificial feeding—never of milk but of starchy food or some concoction of boiled roots, was resorted to from the day of birth and administered by being poured from the woman's hand into the child's mouth.

"The busy African mother as soon as she has resumed her duties after her confinement slings her naked child on her back, ties it on securely with goat skin and goes about her daily task. The child is thus kept warm—sometimes very warm—in its vapour bath between the goat skin and the mother's often bare back. When evening comes and the day's work is done, the women sit down to chat with their neighbors over an open-air fire in the village enclosure, and to enjoy its warmth as the night air begins to grow chill. Then the children are released from the goat-skins and set on the stretched out legs of their mothers, the cold night wind blowing on the open pores of their moist little skins, bringing the inevitable aftermath of pulmonary diseases."

Unsanitary conditions are so vividly described in Rev. S. N. Fitkin's book, page 20, and in many articles in "The Other Sheep," that we shall not need to dwell long upon them here. It was this fact that caused Dr. Fraser to say, "What good did it do that the white woman strove to save one baby's life, while the black mother in her misguided maternal solicitude was killing them by hundreds, and as she grew older was handing down this deplorable lore to the next generation? It was an inevitable decision that was arrived at: 'They must learn to save themselves.'" So she started in to undertake the tremendous task of teaching the women especially how to save themselves and their families. First she sought to teach all patients and all those who came with them to the hospital the simple rules of sanitation. Her task was hard and oftentimes her efforts seemed futile, but she held to her course. Then as the work grew to an extent impossible to handle satisfactorily, Dr. Fraser organized Mothercraft Classes, where simple but practical demonstrations with Tobias, the life-size celluloid doll, were the means of teaching these ignorant but eager young mothers truths that doubtless meant the saving of countless lives, young and old.

Our medical work in Swaziland is only just beginning, but must hold our most earnest attention from now on, and receive our most faithful support. We shall let Dr. Hynd tell of his own work as we copy part of his article from the July, 1926, number of "The Other Sheep," page 5:

RALEIGH FITKIN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

"At Bremersdorp, Swaziland, South Africa, our church is laying foundations for a work among the sin-oppressed, witchcraft-ridden people of Swaziland that shall in the providence and with the blessing of God bring scores of her dusky inhabitants within the hearing of the glorious news of freedom from sin, expulsion of the dread and fear of witchcraft, and an entrance into a new life of joy, liberty and unexpected happiness. Not least among these blessings will be a release from the great fear that sickness always brings with it to the mind of a heathen African. Sickness means at once the suspicion of some enemy contriving by witchcraft to bring affliction or even death upon the sick person. The havoc that this plays upon the minds of all concerned when sickness comes into a kraal is distressing. The sick person suspects his neighbors, and the neighbors fear lest the witchdoctor should 'smell out' any of them as a 'witch.' Then sickness means that the sick one becomes the unfortunate recipient of the attentions of the native doctors whose pharmacopoeia is a most vile collection of derivatives of herbs, roots, snakeskins, snailshells, parts of animals, etc. Further, the only sick room that the Swazi has is the dark hut with no window, no chimney, no opening for ventilation or light, nothing but the low semi-circular opening through which he and the numerous occupants of the little hut crawl in and out. His sick bed is a grass mat which is spread on the mud-floor which is smoothed on the top by a plastering layer of cow-dung from the cattle kraal, which is a few steps from the aforementioned solitary opening. His bed clothes consist usually of a single blanket, the color of which can seldom be distinguished as it is deprived most religiously of any contact with water. His pillow consists of a short piece of hard wood with a short leg on either end.

"It is in the midst of such conditions that our church is seeking to work for the advancement of the kingdom of God and the relief of the suffering of those who have been kept in the darkness by Satan and the negligence of the church in the past. God has given us a remarkable opportunity for service for Him."

HEART-CRIES FROM SWAZILAND'S BUSHVELDT

(Copied from "The Other Sheep," August number, 1928, written by Dr. Hynd)

"Listen midst the din of your cities; listen in the quiet of your home. There are cries coming from the loneliness of the Bushveldt, seeking for help that seldom comes. They that have ears to hear, let them hear.

"The scene is a quarterly meeting of native African Nazarene evangelists, who have come from their lonely outposts to the main station that they might report on the work of the Lord in their midst, receive help and inspiration for their tasks, and return with the holy flame rekindled in their breasts. They have been having hard fights with the powers of darkness, yet with a note of rejoicing they tell of battles fought and victories won. But they tell us of heart-cries—cries for help for their people in distress. Each one from the outstations in the Bushveldt tells the same tale of disease and death following in its train. It is the deadly fever season and the people especially women and children are being swept away in its tide. The wives and children of the evangelists themselves have been in its throes, and some of them not far from the kingdom. One of them reached the hospital just in time to save both mother and child. The hospital is in a most central position, but the difficulty is to get the people conveyed to the hospital. I told the evangelists it was impossible for me to get to them all, but we distribute a large quantity of quinine amongst them with instructions how to use it. This is all we.

can do until such time as we have the means of transporting them to hospital. At home you almost unconsciously associate hospital with an auto-ambulance, so there is not much need to tell you of the conditions when our cases come from distances of anything up to seventy miles and they have to do it on foot. But it may help you to understand the dire need if I tell you of some of the souls who during the past week have come to us for help.

"This morning the one and only article of clothing she brought is hanging up in our kitchen to dry. Her name is Nellie, and she is the wife of Timothy, one of our faithful native preachers. In one month's time an interesting event is expected. They set out two days ago from their little outstation about fifty miles from here. Two long days she tramped with her husband through the long grass in the rain, soaked from the rain above and the wet grass below. As they sat before me last night on a box in our outstation room, cold and wet, and told me of the effects of the journey upon her, one could not but have strange emotions.

"Another cry of this week was that of a man who had been cured in hospital of a serious abdominal complaint, and had walked forty-five miles to tell me that his wife was seriously ill and could not get to the hospital although she wanted to come. He also said that many were sick in the kraals round about him, and the smaller children were being carried off rapidly. As a matter of fact to let them realize that our doors are wide open for just such as them, we usually ask them why they do not bring them all in to hospital, knowing full well that there is no way for them all to come. But when they know that our doors are open for them, there is no doubt that when a means of conveyance is provided they will readily avail themselves of it.

"Just one other case from this week's admissions to hospital may interest you. On Tuesday a man arrived with his son and two wives. They had accompanied one of the wives who had dragged her self slowly to hospital, a distance of over sixty miles, on foot. This wife was one of the poorest objects I have seen for a long time. She was in evident pain and she hid her face in an old dirty cloth which emitted a most foul odor. They handed me a letter from one of our evangelists which ran something like this: 'Here is one of our Christians who has a bad sickness. Her husband has had many witch doctors to her, but she is getting worse. We have heard that God has worked with you to help many of our people. We put her in your hands.' On drawing aside the cloth the whole center of her face was occupied by a large growth which was pressing out her nose and cheeks, and had pressed apart her eyes. Her nostrils were occluded by the growth and a foul discharge was present. The poor woman was a burden to herself and an outcast by her friends, both because of her appearance and odor, and suffered from severe and continual pain. You can imagine what a sixty mile tramp would mean to her in such a condition. We pray God we may be of some help to this poor suffering follower of our Lord.

"Week by week we are presented with these appealing cries for help. These few from this week's list are only those who come within our notice. What must the number be of those whom we never see or hear of?

"Yet all of them, known and unknown to us, are the hands stretched out toward us from Swaziland's Bushveldt, hands to which no one else can offer the the help which they need.

"By God's help and with His divine blessing we are doing all we can, but we can do much more. God has opened a great and effectual door and we long to take full advantage in the name of our Lord of the opportunities which are opening up to us. 'And after we had seen the vision, *immediately* we endeavored to go, assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us for to preach the Gospel unto them.'"

Concerning this hospital, its equipment, and pictures of different sections, and also the dedication, see Sister Fitkin's book, "A Trip to Africa."

EDUCATION

The task of educating the native of Africa is a huge one, and so far the missionary has been the main factor in attempting it. One writer states that at least *nine-tenths* of all the schools which exist in tropical Africa are mission schools. Mr. Smith writes: "At least the missions may take credit for having borne the burden hitherto of what is really an Imperial task. Out of their scanty funds, provided largely by the generosity of poor people in the Homeland, they began and have carried on the work in spite of indifference, and often opposition, on the part of Governments and settlers; they persevered in the days when Africans saw no good in going to school, and if today the Africans are clamoring for education it is largely due to the incentive they have given."

A few facts from Dr. Jesse Jones' report show that the task is enormous. In Northern Rhodesia, only about 50,000 out of 200,000 native children attend school, and all but 600 of those who do, are in mission schools. In Tanganyika, there are said to be 800,000 children of school age; 5,000 attend Government Schools, and 115,000 the mission schools. In Uganda the children number approximately 640,000 and those receiving instruction, 180,000. We are glad to note that the British Government is waking up to the fact of this great need and is now making plans to invest considerable sums of money for this purpose. However it will be many years before we see any adequate provision for the millions now in such dense ignorance.

We must pray that as the question of co-operation between governments and mission schools is being solved, many missions may not sacrifice their right to teach religion as the dominant note of true education to the African. In some sections Government Committees have assured missionaries that what has occurred in India shall not occur in Africa. They realize that to educate the African, take away his faith in his old dominating religion, and leave him stranded in his spiritual life, would be desperate indeed. Education in Africa will fail unless it replaces the old beliefs and superstitions with a Divine faith that will satisfy the native's craving for the supernatural, and that will dominate his every day living.

The mission school has a wonderful scope of influence. Let us consider just what is in its power to do. (1) First, it must consider the problem of health. It must send out into the many hamlets and kraals, boys and girls who know how to stem the tide of epidemics and infections, and to prevent the appalling loss of life because of ignorance of the simplest laws of sanitation. Second, the students must learn to understand and control their environment. This means, largely, that they know the value of the soil and obtain skill in cultivating it. They must encourage crafts and industries of village life. They must also understand the new forces that are invading their life, and to get their footing in their new world. Third, the school must "assist in the creation of homes, where the child may acquire those fundamental experiences and lessons in living which the family can teach as no other human institution can." In and through all of this, as well as by regular classes for that purpose, must be planted in the hearts of these inquiring minds, the great truths of real heart-religion. Finally, they must be taught what to do with their spare time: recreation; play, hours of leisure—all are so different from this under the old heathen routine.

Ah! How wonderful a task! How well-spent is every dollar invested by the church for this work! But how pitifully incomplete the task as yet! We must take this phase of our work on our hearts in a new way, and thus make possible the scattering of sanctified young men and women to the uttermost corners of Swaziland, Portuguese East Africa and the Transvaal!

Right here we would stop a minute and quote again from "Friends of Africa," as to the power of the Word of God, when read by those whom the schools or the

1. "Friends of Africa."

missionaries have led out of such darkness. "It was a prophetic old chief of the Thonga to whom messengers from the Swiss Mission showed the Bible and he said: 'Indeed! And is this the thing by which we are vanquished!' Wrapped in leaves, in the skin of animals, in the waterproof paper of commerce, in bandannas—smelling of mold, of the salt fish of the carrier's load, of the smoke of wood fires—discolored by use, by the gnawing of roaches, of termites—it filters through Africa. It is read under the eaves in primitive villages; school boys and school girls read it to their elders by the light of the fires in home palavar houses; it is read by girls who have gone from home to strange marriages; it is read in the many tongues that are spoken on the Rand. It has been until now the initial educational experience of the awakened African. The Bulu say—"If you have a thing to beg of a friend, go to him before the dawn, call to him under the eaves of his house before he wakes, and when he wakes at your voice, beg of him the thing you would have—he cannot refuse you; he will say in his heart—my friend cannot sleep for longing of the things he begs.' So indeed has many a one been wakened to his new day by the voice of Christ begging for the thing He wants. When you read of whole villages astir and begging for the things of progress before the mission had so much as visited them, you may know that some one had been wakened in that village before the dawn, by some Word of the Word of God. Nothing in the world could be more moving to the Christian than the aspirations of such a village."

"It certainly behooves us as Christians to enlarge our every thought to the little (village) schools of Africa," says Miss Mackenzie, "and to strain every nerve to train such groups as can best and in the shortest time influence the transformations that are inevitable." Speaking of the young native man who goes to a village to teach a term in a village school, the same writer says he "will have left his mark at the end of his four months on every hut in the village. He himself will have a better house—be sure the chief of the Yelinda notes the building of that better house. He is not eating off the floor but will have a little table and a bench or chair. His family—for the majority of these are married—eat with him, and they eat from dishes that are washed—individual dishes rather than the common pot, and with each a spoon. They use soap, they wash what they have of clothing. He plants in that village where he is at work—as he has planted in his home town—fruit seeds, flower seeds and cuttings. It should be noted that very commonly a school boy does this on his return from a station school, after bringing trees when he can obtain them, so that you may hope, when you visit your mission field in Africa, to find the mango, the avacato pear, oranges, lemons, grape-fruit and many other things that have penetrated the country with the school boy, as well as with the village teacher.

"He has a lantern and the day is longer in his house than in another house of the village. He is strict in the discipline of his little school and the conduct of those who visit him in his house; rumors run all through the village that the teacher, before he eats, washes his hands. The teacher, after he has eaten, washes his spoon. The teacher washes his cloth. The teacher will not have a boy or girl who neglects jiggers. The teacher has begged the leper not to eat with those who are well, rather to sit on his own little stool. The teacher has medicine for itch, for yaws, for 'heat in the body.' The teacher has gone to beg the husband of the woman whose baby has died that he shall not punish her. The teacher has gone with a group of boys to clean out the spring.

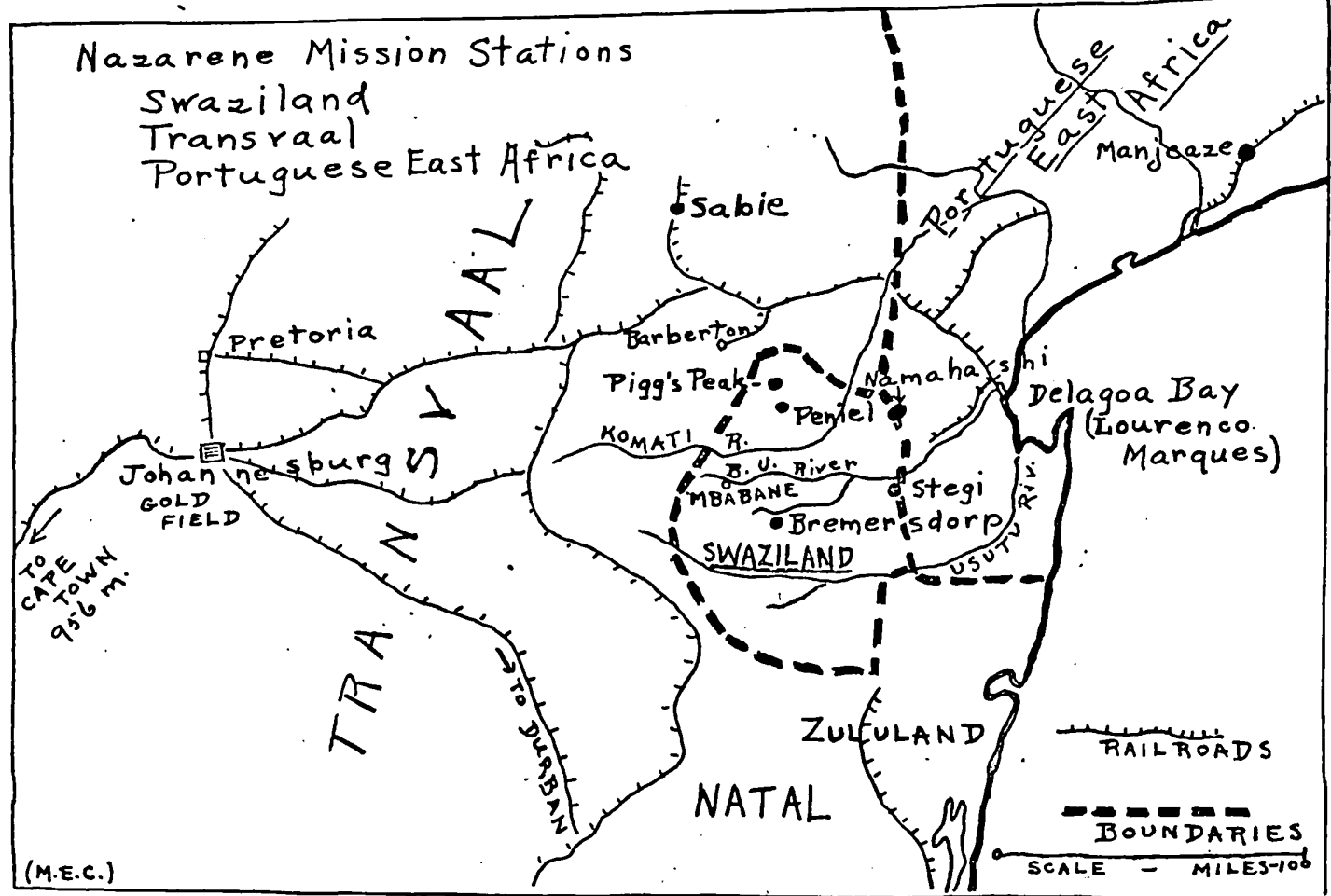
"It is for such as these that there must be normal schools and teachers, training centers and supervising teachers to visit and counsel with overburdened youths who are carrying Africa on their backs."

PRAYER LIST

1. Special Prayer for Dr. and Mrs. Hynd and the nurses at the Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital.
(It would be interesting to choose the lives of medical workers from Sister Hinshaw's book for this month.)
2. For special medical workers at other stations.
3. That some plan may be found whereby funds may come in for a Hospital Ambulance for the Hospital.
4. For the native preachers and teachers who are struggling to cope with disease and death, without any training, in outposts too far from the hospital to receive any benefit from it other than drugs that are given them.
5. For our mission training schools in charge of American missionaries.
6. For the many native schools in charge of natives, and for means for equipment, and for support of many more such teachers and schools.
7. For special requests for prayer for other countries, selected from "The Other Sheep" or other sources.

Nazarene Mission Stations
 Swaziland
 Transraal
 Portuguese East Africa

42



(M.E.C.)

CHAPTER VII

ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT OUR OWN WORK IN SOUTH AFRICA

In former lessons, and from the "History of the Foreign Missionary Work of the Church of the Nazarene," our readers have doubtless received more or less of a general idea of what we as a church have in Swaziland, Transvaal and Portuguese East Africa.

Then the late book, "A Trip to Africa," written by our General President, Rev. S. N. Fitkin, will give us a clear picture of our stations, the natives there, our missionaries, campmeetings, hospital, and many other interesting phases of our work.

Therefore, in this chapter, we are arranging only a few items of interest from information received from Rev. and Mrs. Schmelzenbach, Mrs. Marshall and Dr. Hynd. (1)

GENEALOGY

The Swazi genealogy is traced back through twenty-one names to Umatalatala, who settled, it is said, in Southern Tongaland, and had three sons: MSutu, MTonga, and MSwazi.

The Abesutu and Amatongas probably sprang from Umatalatala, and he is doubtless the father of the Abantu Races.

MSwazi quarreled with his brothers, and they left him. All went west and MSwazi settled in southern Swaziland.

From 1565 to 1815 there is no written history or native traditions, but it is known that at the close of the eighteenth century, the three largest tribes between the Tugela River and Delagoa Bay were the Mtetwa, Ndwandwe, and the Swazi. About 1780 the chief of the Mtetwas conquered all the surrounding tribes, including the Swazis, except the Ndwandwe.

The Swazis and the Zulus had long been enemies, but after the death of their king, Sobhuza, in 1839, the Swazis appealed for help and Theophilus Shepstone helped to bring about peace between the two warring tribes.

In 1906 the government of the Transvaal surrendered control of Swaziland to the High Commissioner for South Africa. In 1907 the Swazi Administration Proclamation provided for the appointment of a Resident Commissioner, a Government Secretary, an Assistant Commissioner and a Police Force.

SOME FACTS ABOUT SWAZILAND

Size:

It comprises a territory of between 6536 and 6678 square miles as variously estimated.

Population:

At present there are believed to be about 180,000 people in Swaziland.

Geographical:

Swaziland is part of that great sub-continent, called South Africa, which lies south of the Equator, stretching as far south as latitude thirty-five degrees. It consists of a high, central plateau, the average height of which is 5000 feet above sea level. The edge of this high table land is broken all around by rugged mountains, through which the rivers plunge to get to the sea. It is on the eastern edge of this plateau that the little country of Swaziland lies. Politically it forms a kind of buffer between the Transvaal in the interior and the belt of coastal country known as Portuguese East Africa.

1. Study map of our stations in South Africa.

The Surface:

The country can best be described by dividing it into three zones running north and south. On the west is the high veldt, which comprises the high mountainous district, the average height of which is 4000 feet, and is fairly healthy to Europeans and free from malaria. The middle veldt comprises a gentle, undulating country which descends from the foot of the mountains of the high veldt to the bush country of the low veldt. Each of these zones is roughly about twenty miles wide and one hundred miles from north to south. The eastern edge of the low veldt is separated from the coastal regions by a sudden out-crop of rocky mountains known as the Lubombo Range. To simplify the description of the formation of the country, we may take a tray of sand, scoop a little of the sand from the center, and heap it up along the right-hand side of the tray to form the long Lubombo Range. The rest of the sand may all be heaped along the left-hand side to form the rugged rocky mountains of the high veldt. In the center will be left the low veldt with the middle veldt gradually rising to the left until it meets the mountains of the high veldt. Across the tray, from left to right, we will form grooves to represent our rivers. There are three great water systems following west to east. These from north to south are the Komati River with its tributaries, the Black and White Umbuluzi river, and the Great and Little Usutu rivers.

Climate:

The climate of the high veldt is ideal but in the low veldt and to a lesser degree in the middle veldt the heat of the summer season is excessive. The summer season of course corresponds in time with the winter season of our hemisphere. The rains come in their summer, October to April, but vary in quantity from year to year. One year the rains may flood the country, destroy crops, damage what roads there are; other years they may be so scanty that a drought exists. On an average the annual rainfall is about twenty-four inches. In their winter months, April to October, the rain-fall may be practically nothing.

Routes:

A good word picture of the country may be given if we describe a journey into the country. There are three routes usually chosen, depending on which mission station you are making for. You may enter from the coast via Delagoa Bay in Portuguese territory, but as this means a much longer sea journey, it is seldom chosen. The other way is to come from the interior by way of Johannesburg. If you seek our mission stations at Pigg's Peak, you will travel by train to Barberton, thence over the high hills and mountains and rivers on horseback, a distance of some twenty-eight and one-half miles. If seeking our Bremersdorp Hospital Station or Stegi you may, if you know South African roads and rains, travel by automobile.

Government:

The British authorities deal with most ordinary legal matters with great fairness to the native, but matters which deal with purely native customs, which have not been forbidden by the British Government, are settled with great dignity, loquacity, and patience by the Council of Swazis.

The native King has his office, a small building of corrugated iron, in which are one or two native secretaries and clerks. He has a motor car in which he travels to and from his different Kraals. In this respect he differs from all other chiefs, in that he has more than one kraal. The number of his wives necessitates this arrangement.

Over definite territories are the other chiefs. They deal with all native matters arising in the kraals in their territories. The chiefs determine the location of new kraals. No one can settle on their territory without their permission. No mission station can be established on their territory without having first obtained permission of the chief. If any matter is too weighty for a chief to decide he takes the matter

to the paramount chief, or king, and his council. Each chief has his *induna*, a man whom he chooses from among his people to deal with his legal matters. The latter is usually a man with a considerable amount of common sense and intelligence, whom the chief can trust to handle well the affairs of his people. The *indunas* are the solicitors, and members of parliament for the people. Matters of theft, murder, rape, etc., are all handled in European courts, administered by the resident commissioner, in Mbabane, the capital of Swaziland, also by the assistant commissioner in the court at Pigg's Peak. This mixture of both native and European legislation works very well, and the native is quite satisfied when once he is acquainted with what the law says he must and must not do.

Witchcraft:

Witchcraft is closely connected with every part of the life of the Swazis. It is their form of religion. Every household has its own snake, the spirit of a father or grandfather, which is called upon in time of trouble and sacrificed to when necessary. Only through the witch-doctor is there believed to be any communication with these spirits. The witch-doctor must undergo a special training, and must have certain mental qualifications as a medium.

If sacrificing animals does not remove trouble in the kraal, the witch-doctor is called in to see who is responsible. He has a "Smelling-out" party for this purpose. This often leads to secret murder, which, when found out by the British Government, is severely punished. Sorcerers, poisoners, and others who commit evil deeds would be smelled out by the witch-doctor, and so the country kept clean, according to the native mind.

Witchcraft is not now openly practised, but is still believed in, and causes many secret deaths. It fares very ill with a revealer of secret murder for witchcraft, hence, there is great fear of disclosing the guilty parties, as this might in turn, cost a person his own life.

Magic Medicines or Charms:

Magic medicines or charms have an important influence in the unity of the tribe. They believe these charms or medicines, have power to control the elements as far as making rain is concerned. Other tribes have generally acknowledged the Swazis as first in rain-making. The king's mother is said to keep the rain medicine. She is called "The Cow Elephant." She is queen regent if, when the king dies, his son who is to be heir to the throne, is under twenty years of age.

Inter-Tribal Wars:

Since the Boer war, the British government has taken fire-arms from the native, except the police force and those who hold special permits from the government, and inter-tribal raids have consequently become a thing of the past. Thus the population of Swaziland has increased since 1902. Many perished in these wars previously.

NATIVE LIFE

In Swaziland and the Transvaal natives live in kraals, or groups of huts of mud and wattle, with dome-shaped roofs of thatched grass, reaching to within a short distance of the ground. These huts are arranged in a circle, one hut for each wife of the head-man, and so vary in number according to the number of the wives owned. There is a cattle kraal, or enclosure, fenced about with a crude wooden fence, of tree-limbs or small trees, which is located in the center of the circle. This represents the riches of the head-man, together with his wives, who are his property also.

These huts have no doors or windows, except a low opening for an entrance, which is often so low that one must crawl in on the hands and knees. In the center of the living-hut a fire is usually burning, or smoking, especially around meal time. Two meals a day suffice, one in the early morning or about eight o'clock, the other about sunset. Corn meal porridge is the chief article of diet in South Africa among the Abantu.

In the Transvaal and Portuguese East Africa the native has more variety in his diet, and better food. He raises more peanuts, and roasts them, making gravy therefrom for his porridge. Certain weeds, or wild herbs are used for greens by most tribes in South Africa. Izindhlubu, or ground nuts are also much used, boiled until mealy, as a lunch when on a journey. Sweet potatoes are raised and greatly enjoyed by the Abantu. A sort of wild tomato, and melons, peaches and plantains are raised also occasionally.

One hardly ever finds furniture in the kraals unless it be a crude stool or chair made by the native. No beds are found there as a rule. The native sleeps rolled up in his blanket with a mat woven of straw or native grass as his only mattress and bed. This rests upon the hard clay floor of the hut, whether one is sick or well. But often fever abounds in the home and then much suffering comes to the sick one, shaking with malarial chills and racked with high fever. In the day time the sleeping mats are neatly rolled up and hung on the wall of the hut.

The whole family eats from a big, iron pot, and fingers are freely used in eating, or else wooden spoons are used. Goats, donkeys, dogs, cats and hens are seen among the babies and children of the kraal, and these help themselves from the family mealie pot.

Many of the native tribes of South Africa have lost most of their tribal life through occupation of the land by the British and Dutch colonists. The Swazis, however, have been able to retain most, if not all of their ancient tribal customs and government. Here we may see the real, raw heathen native African. There are no villages in which the Swazis congregate together. Each family lives in a kraal by itself. Chiefs live in kraals just as do the common family. The king has a home in no way different from other husbands with a multiplicity of wives. The king is not altogether an autocrat unless he be a man of outstanding ability and shrewdness, who is able to invest himself with a great deal of authority. His council of chiefs advise him in native legal matters, having to do mostly with the question of the bartering of wives and the cattle connected with such transactions.

NAZARENE SCHOOLS IN SOUTH AFRICA

First of all there are the two training schools in charge of missionaries. These are two of the power stations of our work. It would be impossible to accomplish what we do without the help of our trained workers. This part of our work cannot be stressed too much. Well saved boys and girls only, are taken into these two training schools. Here, as well as the regular courses, specially prepared Bible training is carried on, and also definite teaching and practice in prayer. Each week-end is spent by the students in kraal visiting and preaching in the out-stations. Many souls are thus won to Christ by these students while they are yet in training themselves. As our readers already have learned through reading the many articles in "The Other Sheep" these precious young men and women just out of the darkness of heathenism, spend days and nights and weeks in praying and fasting until they are definitely sanctified, and then they immediately carry out the true spirit of the New Testament and continue to pour out their lives for the salvation of their people. If our own younger Nazarenes in America would put forth half the energy and pour out their souls in prayer and longing for those around them in our own land, to even part of the degree that these earnest young converts do in Africa, a mighty revival would soon sweep over our country.

Then there are four more day schools supervised and taught by white missionaries, and *fifty-four* taught by Christian natives. Three young women and six young men are paid teachers; all the rest of these fifty-four are preachers or their wives who teach as well as preach and do all their other pastoral work.

In Swaziland and the Transvaal they are taught Zulu until they can read their Bibles; then they are placed in the English classes and are taken through the fourth

standard in English or the sixth grade of this country: While we admit only Christians into our two main training schools, we take students in any condition into the other day schools, and find that it is not long until most of them definitely accept Christ, as a special effort is put forth at once to this end.

In Portuguese East Africa our work is young. There the law of the country forces us to teach the students the Portuguese language first in our schools, but in order that our natives might learn to read their Bibles quickly, we give them their own language, which is the Shangan, along with the Portuguese from the beginning. Neither the natives nor the missionaries are allowed to teach anything unless they have the Portuguese language. We have two lady workers who hold Portuguese certificates, and are teaching it to our native workers as fast as they can. We have only one school in all our work in Gazaland (Portuguese territory). This is because of the limitations on account of the Portuguese language. But whenever it is possible we bring the children to the home school at Manjacaze where Sisters Jenkins and Rixse can teach them.

The Bible is the main text book in all of our schools. While they are taking their common school course, much time is given each day to this Book of books.

We have thirty-seven schools in the Transvaal, one in Sabie, one fifty miles from Sabie, and thirty-five schools in Johannesburg among the boys working in the mines. In these compounds the boys who do the teaching also preach in the evenings and over week-ends. Thousands of men and boys are working in the mines all the time; they are brought there from all parts of the country and taken from among all tribes. Our work there is mostly among the Shangan and Swazis. To cripple our work in Johannesburg would mean to cripple our work vitally in Gazaland. When we left the field (2) we had over five hundred men and boys working in the mines in Johannesburg, nearly all of them from Portuguese East Africa. We have no place of worship for our Nazarene boys in Johannesburg, but their meetings and schools are held in the filthy rooms where the boys must live while they stay there. Brother and Sister Ferree are doing a fine work among this large army of men; they hold meetings in a different compound each evening until they have made their rounds, and every little while hold one big union meeting in one of the larger compounds.

We have twenty-two day schools in Swaziland; this includes the two training schools. Statistics taken in July, 1927, showed that we had 1029 day school pupils in all our Nazarene schools. Think of this army of young people who will, many of them scatter over many parts of this great country to spread the light of the knowledge of the true God! Let us pray for them as never before! All of our work in Swaziland and the Transvaal, (this includes Johannesburg) is under the British government. In Swaziland the government gives us \$300 each year to help in our educational work in that country. In Portuguese East Africa we have been very careful to carry on our work within the bounds of the law of that land, and the government there has been very good to us.

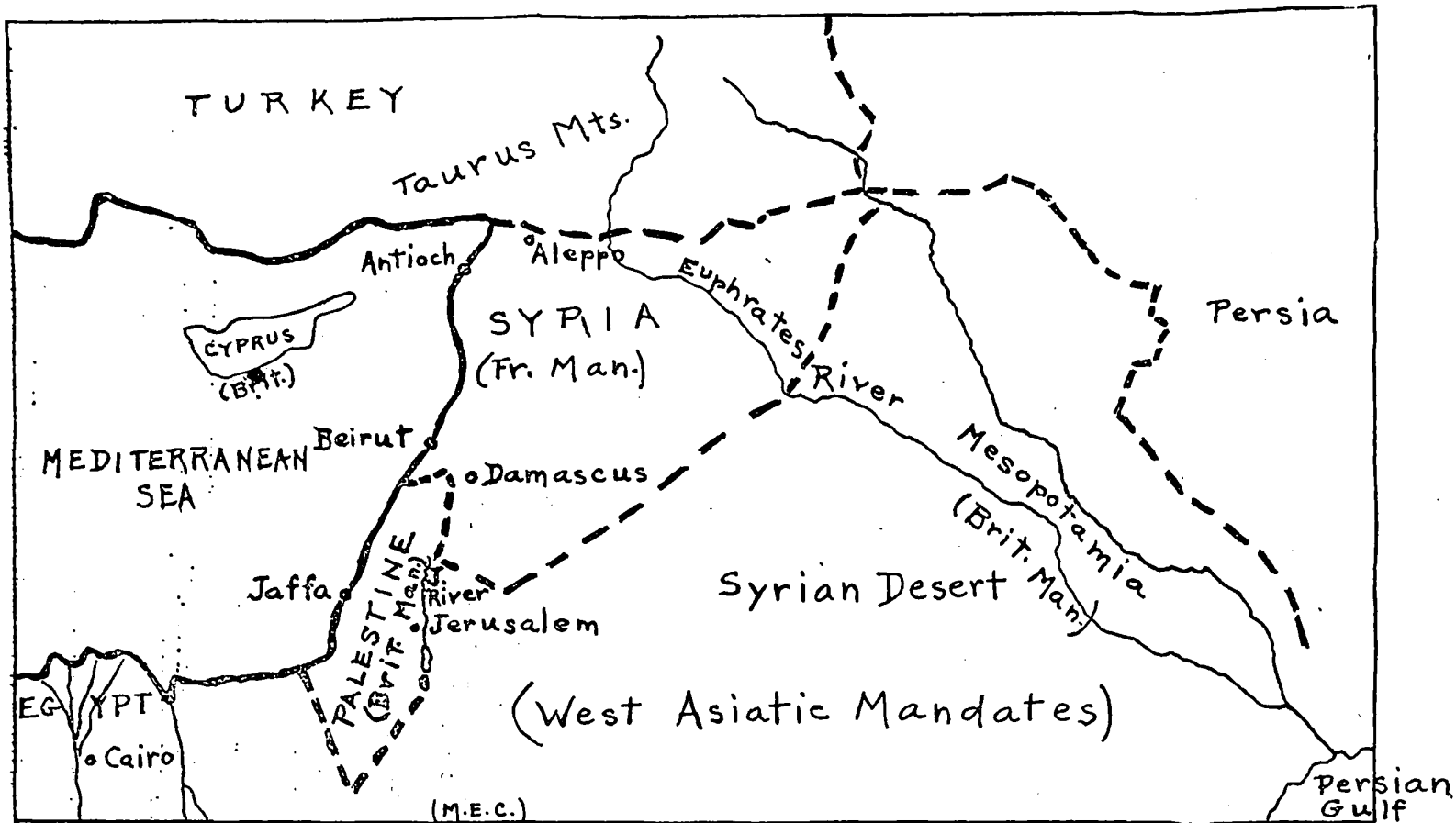
WHITE TOWNS

There are five little white towns or settlements in Swaziland. They are as follows: Hlatikulu, Bremersdorp, Stegi, Pigg's Peak and Mbabane, the capital of Swaziland. These are all quite small but are growing. They are built up by the British and Dutch. There are no native towns in this part of Africa as you think of a town, only kraals scattered over the hills and valleys.

OTHER STATISTICS

We have ninety-seven churches (not buildings, but groups of communicants) in Africa; thirty-four in Swaziland, including the four main stations there, twenty-one in Gazaland, Portuguese East Africa, including the one main station there, thirty-five preaching places in Johannesburg, seven in Sabie, including the one main station

2. From Brother Schmolzenbooh's report.



SYRIA and PALESTINE from 1926 Atlas
(ENLARGED)

there. Statistics in July, 1927 showed over 2100 members of our churches. This is of course counting the probationers as well as the baptized. I do not have separate numbers of these. There are other denominations working in our district. Especially around Sabie is this true. We lost this field when we were not able to take it over from the Free Methodists several years ago, and it was given over to the Swiss Mission. Then the Methodists and the Free Methodists are near our field in Gazaland, but the field is so large down there, and the country so thickly peopled that we never will be able to occupy it all in our day should Jesus tarry. We have sixty-three paid preachers and teachers, all others are local preachers working during the day, and preaching and teaching in the evenings and over week-ends.

* * * * *

In closing we quote once more from Miss Mackenzie, "For we have a part to play and we know what it is. The room is large, the task is great, the time is short. 'Nothing is adequate,' said the conference of the Friends of Africa at Le Zoute, 'to the situation which the Christian Church has to face in Africa except the new birth. There must be an outburst of new forces comparable to the breaking forth of fresh life in the church more than a century ago, which found expression in the birth of the missionary societies. If there is to be a re-birth of the missionary movement, it will mean a re-birth of the life of prayer.'

"We must be like Ashanti, remembering our supreme God, upon whom if men lean they do not fall."

PRAYER LIST

Let the leaders form their own prayer list, with the help of the members who have studied this last chapter together.

Supplement to "The Challenge of Africa"

Written by Rev. and Mrs. Kauffman, Nazarene Missionaries in Jerusalem

PALESTINE AND SYRIA

One of the surprises which come to most visitors to this land is that it is so small. An exaggerated idea of its size is probably acquired by reading of the time required to go from place to place without consciously eliminating our modern modes of conveyance such as trains and automobiles. Possibly we have thought of it too as being great in its extent, because of its great importance in times past. The fact is that one can drive from Jericho to Jaffa, i. e., from east to west, between breakfast and lunch and from Dan to Beersheba between sunrise and sunset. It is not larger than the state of Vermont. A journey that required four days in Bible times can be made in four hours now.

In this diminutive country great diversity exists. One may pass from desert to oasis, from summer to winter, from high mountains to deep valleys, from a city of western homes to eastern desert encampments, or from modes of living many centuries old to modern life. It is a land noted for its variety of peoples and races. It presents to the newcomer a variety of religions.

No country of equal size has held a more important place in the history of the world. It has been the natural bridge between the East and West. Conquerors from the East and emperors from the West have swept across it. It has ever been the desire of the nations. Barbarian, Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Crusader fought for its possession. Modern nations have coveted it. Jerusalem was besieged no less than forty-five times, was captured seventeen times and swept clean of every inhabitant eight times. Every foot of ground has its connection with some personality or event of importance.

This land is endeared to our hearts because of the Bible. Here we may see Abraham on Mt. Moriah with Isaac, Jacob at Bethel with a stone for a pillow, Joseph going down to Egypt with the Midianite caravan, Elijah's successful sacrifice on Carmel, Samuel anointing Saul, David meeting Goliath in the valley of Elah, Solomon dedicating the temple or Jeremiah at the house of the potter. We may witness John baptizing beside Jordan and follow the blessed footsteps of the Master as He went about doing good, teaching, preaching and carrying His cross to Calvary. We may go with Him to Gethsemane and pray. We may see Him glorified and transfigured on Mount Hermon. We may enter the empty tomb or stand on Olivet from which He ascended. In this land, the Bible narrative is real and the presence of Christ is near.

How many times one's thought is carried back to the days of the prophets, priests and kings or to Jesus and His disciples! The ground is tilled with ancient plows, the seed is sown broadcast, the grain is trodden out by patient oxen, the wheat is winnowed in the wind, women sift the grain and grind it in the heavy millstones, ovens are heated with the grass of the field, graceful maidens bear their balanced water jars from the village well, and shepherds bear little lambs in their bosom. The fig trees put forth their buds, the lilies of the field bloom in rich profusion and the singing of the turtle-dove is heard in the land.

It is somewhat of a disappointment to find the holy places covered frequently by costly churches, which fail to edify man or to glorify God. How one is transported when he visits the unadorned places like the Shepherd's Fields, the Sea of Galilee, the River Jordan, or the Garden Tomb, and there opens his Bible or kneels in prayer.

Palestine can justly be called a land of wondrous beauty. There is no room for monotony. It is a land of hills, valleys and plains. An endless variety of landscape may be found. One may ascend Tabor and have a comprehensive view of the plain of Esdraelon, the hills around Nazareth and the valley of Jezreel. He may stand on

Mizpeh and see Jerusalem, Ramallah, Gibeon and Emmaus. He may look from the Mount of Olives and see Jerusalem, Bethlehem and the Dead Sea with the wall of the Moab plateau beyond it.

Every season of the year brings a change of scenery to the land. The winter rains clothe the hills with green and decorate them with an endless variety of wild flowers. The long, dry summer scorches and bakes the hills to a tawny brown. In the deepening hues of the after-glow they seem to radiate shades of amber, mauve and purple. To stand on the crest of Olivet and see the sun sink below the horizon behind the Holy City, tinting its limestone buildings with these varying colors and then, see the sleeping city covered with darkness as a blanket, is an experience one can never forget.

As one approaches the Holy City he shares the ecstasy of the pilgrims who have come through the long centuries saying, "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem. Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together." And later, standing on one of the hills near the city, taking a sad farewell and gazing long on that city of peace, he recites those moving sentences, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem,
They shall prosper that love thee."

FULFILLMENT OF PROPHECY IN PALESTINE

One of the most remarkable races in the world today is the Jewish race. The fact of their preservation down through the centuries and of their ever increasing numbers in the world are some of the strongest proofs of the certainty of God's Word. The hand of God has been upon this people in a very remarkable way. He is dealing with them today.

The cursing of the fig tree by our Lord is doubtless figurative of the desolation which befell the Jewish people on account of their failure to bring forth the fruit of righteousness and because of their rejection of Jesus their Messiah. Jesus speaks of the fig tree budding with new life before His second advent. Now that tree is budding!

In the last thirty years a great change has taken place among the Jews. Like the wind blowing over the valley of dry bones in the vision of the prophet Ezekiel, so Zionism has blown over Judaism with the astounding result that there has been a reviving of their national and racial consciousness. Hebrew, once a dead language, is now the vernacular of millions. Not only has the forlorn hope of a national home been revived but its prospect has become a practical possibility. From every quarter of the globe, Jews are returning to the land of their fathers. We are doubtless seeing the fulfillment of Jeremiah 32:37. The Jews once heard the terrible pronouncement of our Lord, "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate." They shall see the fulfillment also of the words of Isaiah, "Thou shalt no more be termed forsaken; neither shall thy land any more be termed desolate."

Students of prophecy have long looked for the partial restoration of Israel to their own land before the second coming of Christ. They have also largely agreed that Israel would return to the land in unbelief. And so it has been! The motive of Zionism has been national and one might say, patriotic rather than religious. Many of the Jewish immigrants to Palestine have drifted from the moorings of their old faith and all have come without faith in Christ.

It is extremely difficult for us to understand what lasting good has come to the world through the World War. All the noble objects for which it was said to have been fought have apparently vanished. One unexpected benefit remains. The door of Palestine was opened for the return of the Jews under more favorable conditions than existed previously. The cause of the establishment of a National Home for the Jews was espoused by Great Britain and approved officially by many other nations.

In Daniel 12:12 are found these words, "Blessed is he that waiteth and cometh to the thousand, three hundred, five and thirty days." The usual method of interpret-

ing these figures is to take a year for a day. This would then refer to the year 1335 as being very important and blessed. It could not have been the Hebrew calendar year 1335 for that year had passed when Daniel spoke these words. But on the calendar which was used in modern times in Jerusalem, in the year 1335, General Allenby effected the deliverance of Jerusalem! (December 9, 1917.) The fulfillment is the more remarkable when one knows that in the same year the Turks abandoned their old system and adopted our western calendar, so that the year 1335 was the last. It marked an event which brought joy and gratitude to millions of Jews and Christians. The power of the Star and Crescent was broken. The Holy City was returned to Christian protection. What a blessed event and a blessing to witness it in our lifetime!

The manner of the deliverance of Jerusalem presents a striking fulfillment of prophecy. General Allenby was encamped on Mizpah, which is a nearby mountain affording a splendid view of Jerusalem. He faced the problem of whether he should bombard the city or seek to take it by peaceable means. He communicated with his superior officers in England. The reply came to use his own best judgment. He hesitated to take such grave responsibility and sought counsel from the King of England. The answer was, "Use your best judgment, but you had better pray about it." Out on the Judean hills Allenby and his staff had prayer. The Lord was with Allenby as He had been with Joshua. Airplanes had been flying over the city but no bombing had been done. Without a single shell being fired by the British, the Turks evacuated and the mayor of the city came out with a flag of truce. Now read Isaiah 31:5. It seems more like history than prophecy. If the prophet had lived after the event, he could not have described it more accurately than he did centuries and centuries ago. Here is one of the wonders of prophecy.

Present conditions in Jerusalem indicate the times in which we are now living. Jesus said, "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." The city is now in a more flourishing condition, doubtless, than at any time since those words were spoken. During thousands of years all of the city was enclosed within high, massive walls of stone. No one dared to live outside the city's enclosure. This was true even sixty years ago. Today the part of Jerusalem which is outside the old walls is many times larger in area than that within them. The city gates are never closed by day or night. Safety prevails. The economic condition is good. The population is steadily increasing. New suburbs are being added to the city. Real estate values are a great deal higher than before the war. In no sense could Jerusalem be termed "a trodden down city" today. Can anyone doubt that we are near the end of the "times of the Gentiles"?

In view of the definite fulfillments of prophecy given above, it is evident that the time is short before Christ's return. Two great questions loom large before us: "Am I ready?" and "Am I busy?" Our hearts are burdened with the unfinished task here in Palestine and Syria. How much will you help us accomplish before He comes? How many more precious sheaves can we gather to lay at His feet? The time is short, we must be at our very best all the time.

Dear Lord, I thank Thee that we need not be ignorant of the times and the seasons. We may see that our day of opportunity is fast fleeting past. We may see the vast harvest field and be one of Thy reapers. Remind us again that the night cometh—and the morning. Help us to give Thee our best—of means, of time, of effort, of prayer, of all we are or have. Amen.

THE RELIGIOUS SITUATION

Palestine is commonly called "The Holy Land" but the spiritual darkness which prevails is simply appalling. This land is made sacred by its historic associations but not by the practical righteousness of its inhabitants. Ignorance and superstition, cruelty and crime, sin and iniquity cover the land from Dan to Beersheba. An American vice-consul once said to me, "Jerusalem ought to be called 'the unholy city.'" Truly Jesus would weep over the city and its wickedness today.

Palestine is commonly thought of as a Christian country due to the fact that this land is the setting of the Old and New Testaments and here was the birthplace of

Christ and Christianity. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Palestine should be classed with the Moslem countries since nearly seventy-eight per cent of its people embrace that religion. The Christians number about eight per cent and the Jews 14%. In our own time we must be witnesses unto Him in Jerusalem, Judea, Samaria and unto the uttermost parts.

The Moslems regard Jerusalem with greatest reverence and they possess many of the important "holy places." Their creed is: "There is no God but Allah and Mohammed is His prophet." Overshadowing the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is a Moslem minaret from which the call to prayer is given five times a day. Often we hear this creed repeated while we are preaching on Sunday morning in our Nazarene chapel. The Moslem creed precludes the possibility of faith in Christ as the Son of God or as a Savior from sin. The teachings of Islam provide no atonement for sin other than good works such as prayer, fasting and pilgrimage. The followers of this religion are usually bigoted and often fanatical.

The majority of Jerusalem's population is Jewish. They present a striking ethnic medley, retaining the racial traits and exhibiting the acquired characteristics of the nations from which they came. Here may be seen the old orthodox and liberal Jews. Here are sects of Jews from Spain, Poland and Bokhara. These are all monotheistic and all reject Jesus Christ as the Messiah. It is a sad day for Judaism. How it has fallen from the beauty and power which it once knew! No temple, no sacrifice, no shekinah glory and nothing to take their place. Desolate, desolate indeed is their house!

The Christian population of Palestine may be found almost wholly embraced in the Greater and Lesser Eastern Churches. The former are: the Roman Catholic, the Greek Orthodox, and the Armenian Gregorian Churches. The Lesser Eastern Churches are: The Jacobites (Assyrian), the Egyptian Copts and the Abyssinians. All of these churches have sunk to the dead ritualism of the Roman Catholic Church and are practically devoid of any spiritual life.

It is easy to understand why Eastern Christianity has made no impression on Islam or Judaism during these many centuries. They emphasized slavish faithfulness to the church rather than faith in Christ, magnified the mass and left no place for preaching, and wasted their forces in endless quarreling rather than evangelizing. Someone has said, "One who walks here must feel with poignant shame that Christ, indeed, is glorious but that Christianity is sick unto death. Never was a religious founder more tragically misrepresented than Jesus has been in His home country. This same land which deepens faith in Christ awakens shame for Christianity."

Only a few hundred Protestants are to be found in Palestine. These are the result of missionary effort. Among the several missions in Palestine and Syria, the Church of the Nazarene is the only one which stands squarely for the Wesleyan doctrine of sanctification. Some of them are spiritually deadened by modernism. The tongues movement and Seventh Day Adventism are trying hard to get established. Christian Science, Russellism and Mormonism are represented also.

We have every reason to pour out our lives for souls in this land. The divine command and the desperate human need combine to place us under solemn obligation. The measure of success already achieved in this work is a happy encouragement. Having put our hand to the plow in this great field, let us never stop or look back until Jesus comes. It was in this very land that Jesus said, "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto life eternal."

Blessed Jesus, may it be truly our food and our drink to do Thy will and to finish Thy work. May we be abandoned to the will of God and wholly consecrated to His cause in these neglected fields. Amen.

OUR WORK

The work of the Church of the Nazarene in the Near East was begun in November, 1920, when Rev. M. A. Thahabeyah was sent by our Missionary Board to his own native town of Bludan, Syria. This place is about thirty miles from the city of Da-

mascus. It is a most picturesque town, clinging to the slopes of the mountain, overlooking the beautiful plain of Zebdani and commanding a marvelous view of Mount Hermon. The population is about a thousand, of which most are Greek Orthodox and the rest are Moslems. In summer the population is greatly increased by those who come to Bludan for their vacation.

In this native Syrian city many of the men have been to America working in factories or carrying on a small business. One cannot help but love these simple-hearted folk. If one gains their friendship and confidence, their loyalty is constant and true. They live in humble homes ranging in tiers one above the other on the hillside. They are frugal and hard-working people.

Brother Thahabeyah has done a very good work in Bludan. He is esteemed very highly by the whole town. His cousin is the town's mayor. The people have gladly heard the message of this Spirit-filled young man. We have about forty or fifty converted people as the result of our work in Bludan. It is our hope that we may be able to organize a regular Church of the Nazarene soon.

Our work in Jaffa was opened about two years ago. Brother Hagopian was stationed in this ancient Bible city. This is the port to which Hiram brought the cedar of Lebanon for Solomon's temple. From here Jonah disobediently sailed for Tarsus. Here was the house of Simon the tanner where Peter had the vision and received the men sent by Cornelius.

Jaffa is now a flourishing city of about forty thousand inhabitants. It is one of the two port cities of Palestine. This is the center of the orange region since its climate is moderated by its proximity to the sea.

The outlook for our work in Jaffa is very bright. We have a very good Sunday school with an enrollment of about sixty which we expect to reach one hundred. The interest in our preaching services is very encouraging. The day is not far distant when we shall have an organized Church of the Nazarene in Jaffa.

Our largest work at present is in the city of Jerusalem. Rev. and Mrs. A. H. Kauffman and Rev. S. C. Krikorian are located here. In September, 1922, a Sunday school and preaching services were started. Eighteen months later we organized the First Church of the Nazarene in Jerusalem with twenty-one members. At the present time we have a membership of sixty. We have two hundred enrolled in our Sunday school. We have twenty-five young people, several of whom are preparing for definite Christian work. They are a worthy investment.

Jerusalem is the capital and largest city of Palestine. It is a city of religion. That is its main characteristic. One cannot get out of sight of the places of worship or out of hearing of their bells or calls to prayer. Pilgrims of the three great religions find their way to the Holy City. Priests, rabbis and mullahs hold the ignorant of the city in fearful bondage. What shameless mummery is most of the religious ceremonials of the Holy City! Truly it is no more than veneered paganism! Our hearts ache until they are sick and sore over the exploitation of precious souls in the very land where Jesus died to save them!

A NEW CHURCH IN JERUSALEM

Our work in Jerusalem is carried on in a rented property in the heart of the old city. It was formerly a carpenter shop. The location is very unsuitable for our purpose. The building is in a very dilapidated condition and dark and damp in winter. The big earthquake occurred while Brother Krikorian was preaching. No one was killed but we are continuing our work at a terrible risk. The walls were badly cracked and are unsafe. We must abandon the building at the earliest possible moment.

The work has grown to such an extent that we must have more room. We do not have room for our Sunday school classes. A proper day school for our own children has been impossible under the present circumstances. Our preaching services are hampered. We are badly crippled in every department of the work.

One might ask why we have not found other rented quarters. It is not because we have failed to try, but because we tried unsuccessfully. Moslem, Jewish and Cath-

olic landlords do not want religious services conducted on their properties. It is a much different situation from that at home. We rent our present chapel from the Church of England mission to Jews and they have given us notice to vacate by June 1, 1929. Only one course remains for us. We must have the new building ready by that time.

We have purchased a choice location on which to build the new church. It is centrally located on one of Jerusalem's finest streets. Some of the best buildings are being erected in this vicinity. It is a corner lot 100 x 200 feet in size. The land is ours. It has been bought with the money contributed to the Jerusalem Church Fund.

On this site we plan to erect a building to accommodate our work. It will be simple in design but very substantial in construction. Local building regulations demand specifications of a high standard because of the danger of earthquakes. We desire to eliminate all our rents which amount to nearly eighteen hundred dollars a year. A better use can be made of this money. To erect a building or two to care for our work and residences we will need \$25,000. This amount is our goal. It is for this amount that we are appealing to our friends at home.

The General Board has carefully considered our needs in Jerusalem and has approved the Jerusalem Church Fund as a special. This need is not provided for in the General Fund and contributions for it are not credited on the "budget." This approved special leaves room for faith and offers an opportunity for a little extra sacrifice. Have any of us reached the place in our giving that we absolutely cannot sacrifice a little more? One Woman's Missionary Society in an Eastern city decided to have a self-denial month to raise \$100 for our new church. They did not quite reach the full amount the first month so they continued it another month. How happy they were to have an investment in the Nazarene church in Jerusalem.

Our Nazarene people in Jerusalem are mostly poor Armenian refugees who have barely escaped the unspeakable atrocities of the Turks. They live in poor hovels, are poorly clad and have scarcely enough to eat. Yet, out of their extreme poverty they have pledged to raise \$1,000 for the new church. Every Sunday they bring in their mites. The little children of our Sunday school gave nearly thirty-five dollars last year for the new church.

A new church in Jerusalem? Shall we have it? That is the question. Only our friends at home can answer that question. Your gift may determine our success or failure in this great undertaking. Shall our Jerusalem Nazarenes fail because the task is too great for them alone? Will you wait on God in prayer for our work in Jerusalem and especially regarding our need of a building? Will you do that?

Our motto:

FOR JERUSALEM'S SAKE
I WILL NOT REST
'TILL I DO MY BEST

Make it yours too?

THE FUTURE

The Church of the Nazarene has an open field in the Near East. We are not duplicating the work of others. Ours is the only distinctive holiness mission. No other agency is operating in Palestine or Trans-jordania for the Armenian people. We have here a very unique opportunity for establishing the work of full salvation.

It is natural to think of Jerusalem as our headquarters for this part of the world. In this representative city we ought to have a church that will be a credit to our denomination. Our plans include the spiritual and numerical growth of the local church, the development of our primary and secondary day school, the erection of suitable buildings for the accommodation of our work and workers, and the opening of a training school for native workers.

In addition to our stations at Jerusalem, Jaffa and Bludan, we are going to open one at Deraa, Syria, which is south of Damascus. This worker is to be supported entirely by the church in Jerusalem. The work at Bludan is to be extended to the neighboring city of Zebdani under the supervision of Brother Thahabeyah.

Just now there is a splendid opportunity for us to enter Cairo, Egypt. The same is true of Beirut, Syria, and Bagdad in Mesopotamia. We do not want to be too optimistic, but it is our firm belief that the day will come, if Jesus tarries, when the Church of the Nazarene will bear its glad message and fulfill its sacred mission through all these Bible lands, "Jerusalem, Judea, Samaria and unto the uttermost part of the world."

THOSE ARMENIANS

One eloquent word sums up the past and the present condition of the Armenian people. That word is TRAGEDY. Their history has been a constant repetition of oppression, defeat and spoliation. It is doubtful if any modern nation has furnished so many martyrs or has as many widows and orphans as the Armenians. Massacres, repeated massacres gave the world an unparalleled example of human butchery. And today there remains only the fragments of families.

A person does not need to go into ancient or medieval history to learn of their sufferings. It has come under our personal observation! We are now ministering to the remnants of this martyred nation. We see the ugly scars in body, mind and soul which time will never efface. We have heard the harrowing tales from the very people who consider themselves unlucky that they escaped alive. Death would have been easier.

The greatest suffering of the Armenian people has not been the loss of their happy homes and their present miserable exile. It has been the dastardly assaults upon their women—their mothers, their wives, their daughters. These are the things which have seared the souls of the Armenians.

In Aleppo I saw many orphan girls who had been rescued from Turkish harems. Tattoo marks had been placed in their faces to prevent them from being identified as Christian girls. These little girls ten to fourteen years old took sharp knives and cut the tender flesh of their faces trying to cut out those tattoo marks. They did not want to be in danger of being carried away to a harem again.

I met there an evangelist who had just come from the interior of Turkey. As he was enroute with his family, the caravan was attacked by the Turks. After robbing the caravan, they carried off the two daughters of the minister. The men of the caravan searched the countryside until they found the girls. They had been brutally attacked and abused until nearly dead. The caravan came to Aleppo where doctors and nurses did their best to save the lives of the girls, but one of them died.

When I think on these things, I cry out to God asking why such things should be permitted to happen. Was ever humanity more bloodthirsty and cruel! Were men ever more savage and diabolical in their treatment of weak women and little children! They sent long caravans out into the desert to perish. They lined up a bunch of Armenians and shot down the line to see how many could be killed with one bullet. They buried the dead and dying together in long trenches. Soldiers gambled on the sex of unborn infants and then ripped open the living mothers with the sword to see who won the bet. They tore infants from mothers' arms and tossed them into the air in order to impale them on their bayonets. They burned the knees of an Armenian boy with red hot irons in order to prevent him from ever bending them again in prayer to our Jesus.

Now is our opportunity to minister to those Armenians. Here they are in Palestine, Syria and Transjordan. Two hundred and fifty thousand are in these three countries. They have no other spiritual leadership in our territory. They look to us as their only hope of light and life, of peace and joy. Shall we withhold the bread of life from them? Shall we deny them our cup of consolation? Shall we fail the Master who has commissioned us to go to them?

The sufferings of Jesus and of the Armenians are inseparable. Jesus said to Saul on the Damascus road, "Why persecutest thou me?" If we minister to the Armenians,

we do it unto Him too. Have you ever seen Him hungry and thirsty and sick and in prison? Look at those Armenians. Inasmuch as ye did it or did it not unto them, you decide which it shall be, ye did it or did it not unto Jesus himself.

O God, give me a heart of tender compassion. May I be deeply moved at the sight of suffering multitudes as Jesus was. Let my life be one of ministering to others, rather than one of being ministered unto. I want to give my life a ransom for many—poor, yet making many rich. Let me live as Jesus lived and love as He loved. Amen.

TABLOID INFORMATION ON PALESTINE

Climate

Great diversity of climate exists so that a general statement for all Palestine cannot well be made. There is a variation of conditions in the range of altitudes between the mountains, 3,000 feet above sea level, and the valleys, 1,000 feet below that level.

The average annual rainfall for Palestine is 26 inches.

In May the sirocco or hot desert winds are felt which usually continue from four to ten days with an accompanying temperature of 98 to 104 degrees.

Palestine has practically two seasons only, a hot dry summer and a rainy winter. It has three climatic zones: the maritime plain, the central mountain range and the tropical Jordan valley.

There is a great annual and daily range of temperature. The average daily change in Jerusalem is 25 degrees. East of the Jordan it is often 45 degrees.

Snow falls occasionally (once or twice) in winter in Jerusalem but always melts quickly. In 1920 the heaviest snow-fall occurred that had been known for fifty years.

Tiberius and Jericho have possibilities of development as winter resorts.

The temperature in the Lower Jordan and Dead Sea region sometimes goes as high as 130 degrees in summer.

The length of day varies from ten to fourteen hours from winter to summer.

The winter crops are harvested from April to June. The summer crops are watered by heavy dews and are gathered from August to October.

The early rains come in November and are the forerunner of the winter rains. The latter rains fall in April and serve to fill out the heads of wheat for harvest.

The prevailing winds are westerly, changing to southwest in midwinter and northwest in mid-summer.

The latitude of Haifa, Palestine, is almost exactly the same as that of San Diego, Calif. So it can be said that the climate of Palestine is similar to that of Southern California.

Miscellaneous

Balfour Declaration Issued.....November 2, 1917

General Allenby Entered Jerusalem.....December 9, 1917

League of Nations Approved Mandate.....July 24, 1922

Civil Administration Began.....July 1, 1920

First High Commissioner, Sir Herbert Samuel (Jewish)

Second High Commissioner, Lord Plumer (Christian)

Present High Commissioner, Sir John Chancellor (Christian)

The railway, postal telegraph and telephone systems are owned and operated by the government.

The tithe is still collected but is in reality 12%.

The criminal, civil and administrative law is the old Ottoman law with necessary modifications.

Peace, security and a measure of prosperity exist in modern Palestine.

There is very little friction at present between the Jews and Arabs though they do not cooperate politically.

Main occupation in Palestine is farming. About sixty per cent of the people are engaged in agriculture.

Only 60% of the land is arable while less than fifty per cent is actually under cultivation at present.

Chief fruits are: oranges, grapes, figs, olives, and apricots. A few lemons, grapefruit, pomegranates, dates, and bananas are grown.

Many of our western fruits are imported from Damascus such as: apples, pears, peaches, plums, purple grapes, and quinces. These are much more expensive than the local products.

Chief crops are: wheat, barley, lentils and chick peas.

Almost all kinds of vegetables are found in the markets in the season.

The Jews now own 228,000 acres of land in Palestine.

There are about one hundred twenty-five Jewish agricultural colonies in Palestine at present. Very few of these are on a self-supporting basis.

About thirty thousand Jews entered Palestine in 1925 as settlers. Last year the immigration and the emigration of Jews was about equal due to the recent economic stress here.

