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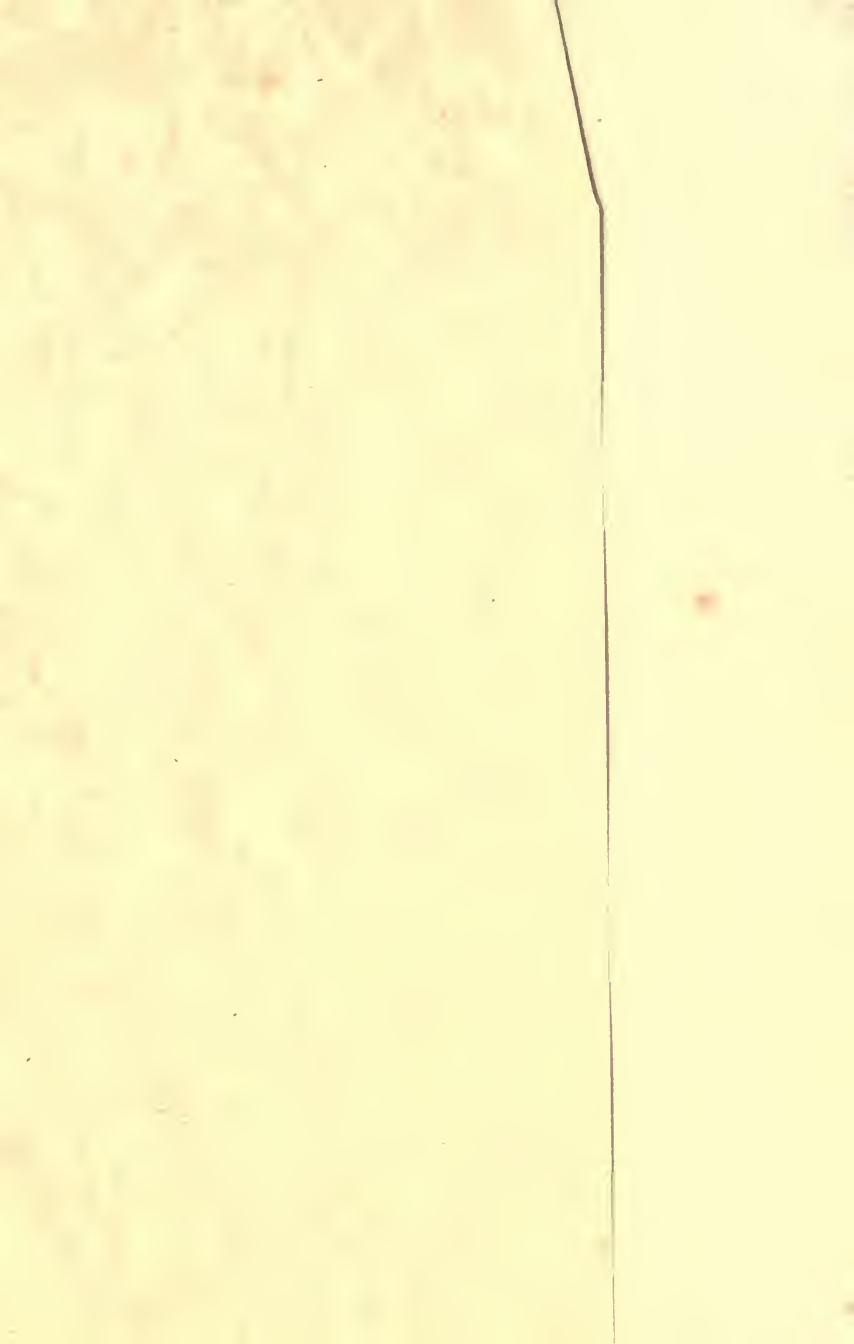
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MISSION WORK among the AZANDE



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MISSION WORK AMONG THE AZANDE



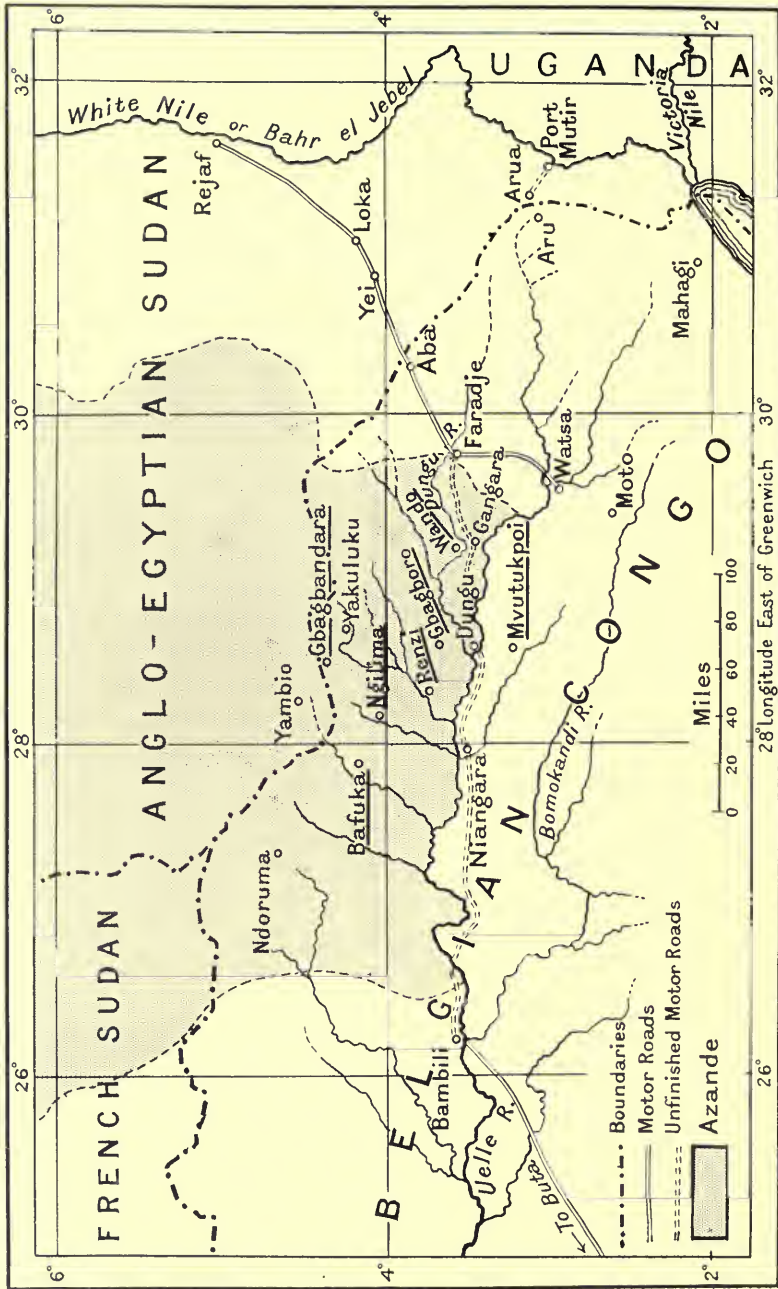
By
J. W. JOHNSTON
Missionary of the Africa Inland Mission

AFRICA INLAND MISSION
LONDON, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, SYDNEY,
CAPETOWN, ABA (CONGO BELGE)

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MAD OF THE AZANDE COUNTRY WITH NAMES OF PRINCIPAL CLIFFS UNDERLINED

Foreword

THE Lord Jesus Christ has said that the Gospel must first be preached in all the world before He comes. Therefore all who love His appearing must love the work of the foreign missionary. The Church of God is described as Catholic. This much misused word implies that it is to include within its pale members from the whole wide world. And no one can presume to call himself a member of God's Church, and ignore the will of God in this matter. You cannot enter into partnership in a firm and begin by repudiating its liabilities. The liability which the Lord Jesus has left upon every Christian is to go into all the world and preach the gospel.

This little book tells how a few of God's dear children linked together in the fellowship of the Africa Inland Mission, are busy taking possession of one part of the great dark Continent for Christ. But if they go out on this errand for the sake of the Name, we who are still at home owe it to their Lord and ours to do all we can to help. During the war people who couldn't join the fighting services went to prepare munitions for those who could. And in this warfare of the Cross the same thing ought to be true. If we cannot go, we ought to be helpers of

those who do go. Munitions both spiritual and material, are needed, and it is the part and lot of every Christian to help supply them. This book is intended to stimulate faith and to evoke prayer. I account it a high privilege to be allowed to add a word of commendation to it. May our Divine Master accept and use the book for His own glory and the salvation of the Azande people.

J. RUSSELL HOWDEN.

Southborough,
Tunbridge Wells.

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A CARAVAN CROSSING A BRIDGE.

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

Romans xv. 20, 21.

(Way’s translation).

I

The Azande Country

NOT long ago, in a letter from a little girl in the Homeland, a missionary on the Dungu station was asked, “What large city are you near?” We all laughed at this, but, when one begins to answer the question, it isn’t such a laughing matter after all. And, since one little girl has asked the question, there is no reason why it should not be thoroughly answered for the sake of those who may have but a vague idea of this section of the Congo in which are situated the stations of the Africa Inland Mission.

A line drawn from Cairo to Capetown divides the Belgian Congo longitudinally east and west, and passes just a little to the west of the Moto, Dungu and Bafuka stations. Another line drawn midway between the extremes of the continent will intersect this line at a point near Basoko, one hundred and twenty miles north-west of Stanleyville. These two intersecting lines divide the Belgian Congo into four parts. The north-eastern section is the one with which we have to deal,

for in this part—the left ventricle of the heart of Africa—are located all the present stations of the Africa Inland Mission situated in the Congo. These are all situated in the neighbourhood of a curved line beginning at the southern end of Lake Albert, running north through the government posts of Mahagi and Aru to Aba, then west through Faradje to Dungu, and then north-west towards Ndoruma.

Three long arms go out from Dungu: one south-east to the Moto station, another, sixty-five miles north to Yakuluku, and another seventy miles north-west to Bafuka. The Moto field is a large one and the name applies to a considerable territory. A short distance from Yaku'uku one enters the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. A few miles north-west of Bafuka the French Sudan is reached; and, continuing on into this region for over one thousand miles to Lake Chad is a vast expanse of country in which there is not a single Protestant Mission station.

South and west from Dungu, the territory allotted for the Africa Inland Mission stations meets that of the Heart of Africa Mission. The Yakuluku district completes the Africa Inland Mission extension due north of Dungu, (right up to the Nile-Congo watershed), and touches the "parish" of the Church Missionary Society's excellent station at Yambio, in the British Sudan. Of the other proposed extensions, Mr. Hurlburt writes: "We do not expect to push south from Moto unless urgent need should require. It is our present belief that we should push to the west, along the high land in the French Sudan where the waters flow north to Lake Chad and south to

the Congo tributaries, thence north-west towards a point in the Nigerian territory, where the land projects east into French territory. If possible, we should also like to push up north along the continental divide between the British and French Sudan, but do not expect to go farther east from Yakuluku. We have no limit other than to take the Gospel to every tribe that is destitute, and as far as possible to avoid territory occupied by other Missions."

Now the little girl wanted to know what large city we are near. The nearest place that looks like a town is Kampala in Uganda. Nairobi, to which place we send orders for supplies, is 1,089 miles to the south-east in Kenya Colony. Goods ordered from this town reach us about one year from date of order! The late ex-President Roosevelt, in writing of Nairobi says: "Nairobi is a very attractive town and most interesting, with its large native quarter and its Indian colony. One of the streets consists of little except Indian shops and bazaars. Outside the business portion, the town is spread over much territory, the houses standing isolated, each by itself and usually bowered in trees, with creepers shading the verandas and pretty flower gardens round about."

Khartoum comes next, 1,843 miles to the north-east—on the river Nile.

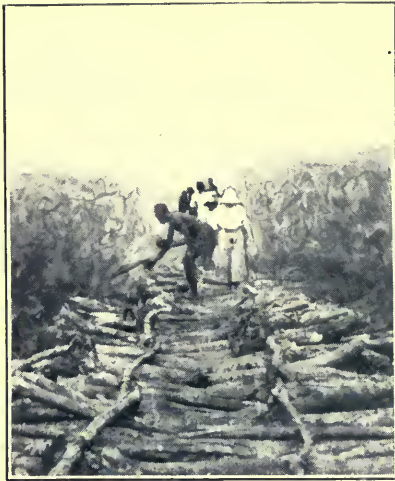
But, if there are no large towns near us, what are such places as Mahagi, Aru, Aba, Dungu or Faradje? These are Government posts or small military stations.

The Congo Belge is divided into several large districts corresponding to states. One of these is the

Haut Uellé, a section of the Uellé (Wellé) Valley, in which are most of the present Africa Inland Mission Congo Stations. These large districts are again sub-divided into smaller territories corresponding to counties. At the head of each of these small territories is a Government post. These posts are under the central station of the district, which, in turn, is subject to the capital of the Congo at Boma. Niangara is the central station of Aba, Faradje, Dungu, Ndoruma, and other posts of the Haut Uellé District. To these posts the natives come to pay their taxes ; misdemeanours are judged and penalties are inflicted by the *administrateur* ; but crimes of a more serious nature are referred to the judge at the central station of the territory.

The occupants of these posts include : A Belgian Official, one or two Greek or Indian merchants, and from fifty to three hundred natives comprising the black soldiers and those in the employ of the Government with their families, and the prisoners. These last are made to do the odd jobs such as repairing the roads and keeping the place in order. The majority of the prisoners are men, who having refused to pay the customary tax, are seized and compelled to work a length of time equivalent to the value of the tax, which, in the case of an unmarried man is six francs and fifteen centimes—about 5s. If a man is ill for six months, he is exempted from the tax for that year. If he has four children, and only one wife he is free from paying taxes, the Government in this way wishing to discourage polygamy. Taxes vary in different sections.

The buildings of the above posts consist usually of the *administrateur's* office, his residence, one or



CROSSING A BRIDGE ON THE
WAY TO DUNGU.



CROSSING AN AFRICAN RIVER.

more houses for white travellers, the prison, native quarters, a Roman Catholic Church, and two or more shops belonging to the merchants. Government buildings as a rule are made of brick; the others are made of mud. All have thatched roofs. A characteristic of these military stations is the ever present parade ground with the high pole flying the Belgian flag of black, yellow and red.

At the central stations of the districts, as Niangara, reside the Provincial Commissioner, and Judge for the section, the *administrateur* of the post and a representative of a branch of the Congo Bank with their assistants.

At Kilo and Moto there are gold mines. These are worked by the natives under white supervision.

Roads between government posts are good, but unfortunately the paths connecting Africa Inland Mission stations (excepting the Aba-Niangara highway), are either old government routes or native paths. In "African Game Trails," p. 86, Mr. Roosevelt says: "Africa is a country of trails. The great beasts of the marsh and the forest made therein broad and muddy trails which often offer the only pathway by which man can enter the sombre depths. In wet ground and dry alike are also found the trails of savage men. They lead from village to village, and in places they stretch for hundreds of miles. The trails made by the men are made much as the beasts made theirs. They are made simply by men following in one another's footsteps, and they are never quite straight. They bend now a little to one side, now a little to the other, and sudden loops mark the spot where some vanished obstacle once stood; around it the first trail makers went, and their

successors have ever trodden in their footsteps, even though the need for doing so has long passed away."

In the district of one of the Africa Inland Mission stations in the Congo, village work during the rainy season necessitates wading through many swamps. Whenever a Government official wishes to take a journey over an old route, word goes forth to that effect, and, as if by magic, an eight foot path is cleared all along the way. This is done by the men of the chiefs through whose territory the route lies. The grass then grows as only African grass can grow, until another herald announces the coming of a *Bulamatar*.* On one occasion a path one hundred and sixty miles long was cut in this manner over an abandoned route, the streams and swamps bridged, and eleven grass houses erected, all within a period of less than four weeks.

So we are not near any large towns. If we want to take a journey, we either go by bicycle or contribute our shoe leather to the narrow, hard packed, native path. Our luggage is carried on the heads of powerful natives. There are no wayside inns. If we do not carry our tables, chairs and bed with us, we do without them. We generally remember to take them with us. There are no restaurants or grocery stores. If we get to the rest house (situated every fifteen miles along the path), ahead of our porters, we must await their arrival, when our bed is unslung, chair and table unfolded and food prepared. Upon arriving at a post we usually avail ourselves of the thrill of going to the Greek or Indian store to look over stalls of cheap cotton cloth, native shirts, matches, beads, cheap

* Native name for Belgian Government Official.

soap and an occasional tin of salmon priced at six francs (about five shillings)—we just look at it. We cannot take our watch to the watchmaker, broken spectacles to the optician, diamond rings to the pawnbroker, or worn out shoes to the shoemaker! When the bad climate vitiates the bellows of the little folding organ, we have to get out the bicycle puncture-repairing outfit and renew them. There are no drug stores, nor barber's shops, and so we keep on using the old tooth brush (in spite of the fast diminishing bristles), hone the razor and clench our teeth while the sewing scissors cut our hair.

Thus we have attempted to answer the little girl's question.

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

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

(Missionary Review of the World, Dec. 1906.)

II

The Azande People

THE most important tribe in the valley of the Uellé river is the Zande. On the north it reaches far into the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan and French Congo. On the east it extends as far as Faradje. Azande are found as far west as Buta and as far south as the Bomokandi river.

These people do not build large villages. Instead they are scattered over the country in separate, isolated dwellings, family by family. The great majority of these family settlements consist merely of a mud house and grain store.

As the gardens seem always to thrive best in wooded ground near a stream or swamp, this location is sought out. The trees are then cut down, leaving the stumps two or three feet out of the ground. This work is done by the man. His wife then scrapes the ground between the stumps

with a crude, native hoe, sows the grain and plants the corn, potatoes, peanuts and manioc. In the meantime the man builds the mud house. This is a round hut with thin walls and straw roof. The floor is a platform of solid mud about one foot high. The little "two by four" door accordingly has its sill one foot from the ground. To enter the place requires an up-step and a down-bend, for the high, cone-shaped, thatched roof comes far down over the sides of the mud wall to protect it from rain.

The quaint grain store is then built. A big, mud box is shaped on a platform held, five or more feet high, by four heavy poles. Over this mud box, like a hat, is placed a cone-shaped straw roof. Whenever the Zande wants to store his grain, peanuts, cooking pots or to keep other treasure from mice and men, one edge of the hat-like roof is lifted, and into this receptacle it goes.

If the man is industrious, he will have in addition to the house and grain store, a shed under which the women grind corn or prepare food. The ground around and between the huts of his home is then packed down hard, making a rather cosy little court yard. Upon this is spread the grain for drying and it is here that the moonlight dances are danced to the songs that abound and overflow with rhythm, measured by the staccato beatings of the wooden drum. About the courtyard grow a circle of banana or plantain trees. Thus we have a typical Zande home: the plantain trees, a little courtyard and two or more straw roofed houses, according to the number of the man's wives. In these little segregated settlements live the Azande, family by family. Because of this, a little longer

time is required for village visitation, and the attendance at the meetings is small, but the Gospel is brought to the family in a much more personal manner than in a large village-meeting.

Although the Azande live in individual villages, their language is not cut up by dialects, but is the same throughout the whole great tribe. It is in itself expressive and from it the people take directly their peculiar names. One is called, "More Words," another, "You will die," another "The spirits of his Father," or "Father of the old man sorrow," "Father of nothing." "We are two," "He will arrive to-morrow," "Elephant tusk," "Only us;" and they even have a name which means literally, "What's his name." This is used quite frequently in speaking of or calling one whose name has been forgotten. The Azande have difficulty in remembering names. Girls are given similar names as, "The mother of chalk," or, "The mother of oil," etc., but, as soon as she is married and has children, she is known as the mother of her husband's favourite son.

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



DRESSING TIMBER FOR BUILDING.

It is a great sight to see a group of old Azande fathers, men of mighty stature even in their bare feet, walking the narrow native paths, clothed with a big loin cloth of tree bark, a little rimless straw hat on their massive, woolly heads, a long spear on one shoulder, a folding chair slung over the other, all in single file, and, as a rule, joking and laughing as they go. Their possessions are few. One of their salutations is, "I do not possess one little thing wherewith to greet you." No word for "excess baggage" mars the vocabulary of one of these natives. Five minutes to roll up his sleeping mat, fill the food skin, seize the long spear or short throwing knife, give an indifferent, lifeless handshake to his people and he is off, grunting in response to many farewells. His clock is the sun, his mile posts the streams and his calendar the moon, together with the height and condition of the grass. An injury or favour to him is an injury or favour to all his relatives—and they are many. When grateful he brushes the ground with his hands about the feet of the benefactor. He converses most casually while sawing off the head of a chicken with a blunt knife.

The Azande native presents some striking contrasts: He can carry a fifty pound box fifteen miles without a rest, but is not able to throw a stone any appreciable distance. If he is asked to plant corn or potatoes in straight rows, he is not likely to make a success of it, but he will hoe a path through the grass to a given distant point nearly as straight as if it were marked and staked out. While he is telling a flagrant lie, he will look the embodiment of truth. In his dance songs he changes from one complicated rhythm to another just as

difficult with wonderful facility, but in singing the scale from "fa" onwards, the sounds would put a nervous music teacher into an asylum. And these are the kind of people that make up the great Zande tribe.

Writing of this tribe, Dr. J. Du Plessis in "Thrice Through the Dark Continent," says, "Before the European occupation of the country the Azande were passionately devoted to cannibalism, and for this reason were known to their neighbours as the Nyam-Nyam (Niam-Niam)." What the Azande were is of small moment; what they are to become is a question vastly more important. For this great tribe, that extends all over North Congoland, and overflows into French territory and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, is still practically unevangelised. *In the approaching conflict between Christianity and Islam it occupies a position of the highest strategic value, lying as it does between the most advanced outposts of both forces.*

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

III

Beginnings of Gospel Effort

THE present (1921) Africa Inland Mission stations among the Azande people are Yakuluku, Bafuka with its one out-station, and Dungu with its two out-stations. The work at Yakuluku is in its infancy; Bafuka is about four years old, while Dungu is the oldest and largest.

Mission station schedules vary with localities, conditions and superintendents, but the usual week-day on Azande stations may be generalised as follows: Morning service and prayer 6.30 a.m., followed by school which continues till about 8.30 a.m. The workmen, boys, women and girls are then assigned work for the day. By this time, breakfast is not at all out of place. At 11 o'clock,

or when the drum sounds at 11.45 a.m. to stop work, the dispensary is open. From 1 p.m. to 1.15 or 1.30 p.m. the hollowed-out, wooden drum is beaten for the men to resume work, which is supposed to continue without a sleep till 5 o'clock or 5.30. On the older stations, school is held in the afternoon for the women and girls, and still later those natives who teach in the early morning classes, meet for more advanced instruction.

The evangelists' hour varies with every station. At one place the two evangelists and those in training, meet for prayer every morning during the first period of school. After school when the men and others are given work, these go to the villages. It is not a good rule to send those in training more than one day's journey from the station, on account of their proneness to yield to temptation, and the necessity to be continually on the watch. These daily morning prayers are an excellent barometer of the power of God in their lives as well as an immediate revealer of personal sin. Ten definite answers to prayer were given to three Azande boys, who met in this way for one month. In the later afternoon or evening they return. At times the reports are most encouraging, then again humorous, or it may seem as if they had gone out that day in vain. When Penipeni came in to report his first day's work, he said, "Father, I went to Kumbazingi's village. There was no one there,"—then after a long pause he continued, "Just three women and two girls." One day Modu arrived from the outstation, thirty miles away and during the conversation said, "Bwana, those people up there have not yet got over being surprised at hearing the Gospel for the first time."

The morning service consists generally of a hymn, the reading of the Scriptures and prayer.

The school then follows with reading, writing, and arithmetic. One of the school periods is used on certain week days for the singing class. The less said about it the better.

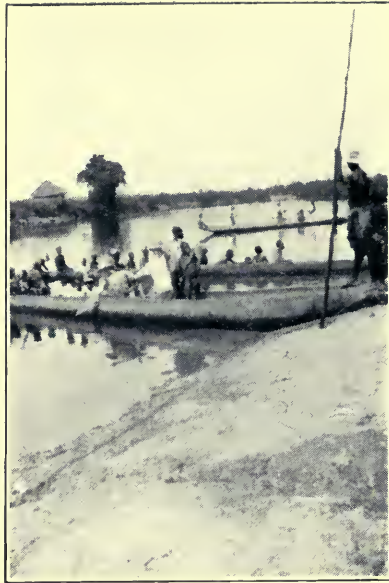
After school the men are assigned to the various jobs for the day. Sometimes it is building a new house, re-roofing an old one, putting down a new mud floor, working in the gardens or renewing falling down buildings. Because of the white ants, houses and things are continually going to pieces. A church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

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

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

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

*Cattle Pen.



CROSSING THE RIVER DUNGU
IN A DUG-OUT.



BUILDING A HOUSE AT DUNGU.

The dispensary hour varies at different stations. At Dungu when the hour was changed from 12 noon back to 11 a.m., it was noticed that some of the workmen automatically developed severe attacks of sickness to evade the last hour of morning's work. The cases mostly are ulcers, burns, indigestion, malaria, colds, sore throats and headaches. The people have no warm clothing and sleep beside fires in their huts. At times when sleep is "working them much," they roll into the fire and wake up smelling of burnt flesh. Some of the little boys are fearfully burned in this way. At one of the stations the daily giving of food to the little boys just after the dispensary hour was found to keep them better able to fight off ulcers, and to make them more susceptible to treatment when these did appear. If paid on Saturdays and told to buy their own food, the little fellows would gorge the first part of the week and starve the rest. Spear wounds and knife cuts are not uncommon. Then also, it is useful to be able to draw teeth. Many come for extraction, and when the work seems to drag anything is a diversion and even a pleasure. Some of the teeth come out as if they belonged to the old stone age.

Once or twice a week the market is held. The people come in from the little, one-family villages through the surrounding country bringing native flour, bananas, plantains, eggs, an occasional chicken, and other odds and ends. Before the market begins, all take their food into the enclosure, leave it under guard and go to the church or the place where the Gospel is preached, the men and boys to one meeting, the women and girls to another. At the Bafuka market there are those

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

Mission stations are not always places where the natives kiss the ground you walk on. Sometimes Satan roars around so that it is necessary to flee to the prayer meeting. There are times when the demons seem to look at you through the natives, and you cry to God to sustain and help. Then there are times of great blessing. No one can know the joy, unless he be a missionary. The native character is a remarkable one. The longer one stays on the field and deals with them, the less one knows how to advise others. Methods of punishment must be used to maintain decency and order. The best one found for little boys and girls is the

Bible method. For men, each case is a law unto itself, and only the wisdom that comes from above ever solves the difficulty. Then there are many cases coming up for trial. Some of these are complicated, involving one or two chiefs with a Government official. It means a close walk with God, or one is useless.

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

“O! But I thought all you had to do on an African Mission station was to preach the Gospel!” Where are all the consecrated brickmakers, masons, carpenters, printers, foremen, and farm hands? The reason why so many missionaries go home broken in health and nervous wrecks is due to the fact that others who should have been at hand to help, were not there because they disobeyed God’s call.

“The hundreds of tribes in Africa whose language has never been reduced to writing, await (as they have been waiting through a whole generation since their needs and accessibility were known to the entire Christian world), for men of sufficient training and leadership to reduce their language to writing, to found educational institutions and to train and equip teachers and leaders from among their own people. Surely the appeal for missionaries for Africa of the widest training and capacity must equal that of any other continent.”

REV. C. E. HURLBURT.

IV

Language Problems

PAZANDE, or “the words of the Azande,” is spoken by thousands upon thousands of natives, scattered over a vast amount of territory in innermost Africa.

“These people have no writing, yet they keep accurately their historical records. This they do by means of old men who memorise the records, and teach these to others chosen for the purpose. A high official who has been in the Congo for ten years, has told us that he has found chiefs of the Azande separated by great distances yet having coinciding records. The Azande language is a very difficult one. This official is a linguist and knows many languages, but though he has been learning Pazande for several years, he says he cannot yet talk it fluently. A Roman Catholic priest has been learning it for eighteen months and still cannot manage it.” These quotations are from an article written in 1913.

It was about this time that missionaries of the Church Missionary Society and Africa Inland Mission began the study of Pazande. To-day, thanks to their patient perseverance through many trials and disappointments, such as are the portion of those who tackle similar undertakings. Pazande is reduced to writing. A tentative edition of the Gospel of Mark is already in the hands of native Christians. The Gospels of Luke and John are now read in the meetings, and all these have been translated with an accuracy and exactness that is refreshing. New missionaries now have the advantage of vocabulary helps, and a grammar, in addition to the above translations. They can thus appreciate in a very little way, the stupendousness of the task accomplished.

A beginner is not infrequently tempted to be satisfied to catch a word here and there of a conversation, piece these together and so get the gist of the talk; in other words, to be satisfied to hear only part of the words, on account of the extreme difficulty of hearing all. To hear all the particles and sounds intelligently requires much time in patient daily study, speaking and hearing. Then, too, there is the matter of correct pronunciation. This is not as easy as "rolling off a log!" The speaking apparatus of a white man is different in many respects from that of the native African with his big, thick lips, filed away teeth, large broad tongue, wide palate, and mouth of no small dimensions. The same air through a trumpet sounds different through a trombone.

A missionary stood for nearly an hour listening to a great Azande chief "summing up" an important

case. At the end of the lengthy harangue she was much troubled because of not being able to understand what he was talking about. Another, when he had finished a village talk, had the encouraging experience of hearing one of his listeners ask "What was he speaking, Pazande or Bangala?" Both of these missionaries are experts in their ability to speak and hear Pazande, and have studied this language for more than four years.

Some natives have little difficulty in understanding the missionary; others seem to require a little time to get used to hearing their language spoken with a foreign accent. Talking to natives on the mission station is a different thing from conversing with the people in the villages. Then, again, (for the sake of encouraging those of us who are learning), it seems as if some natives understand thoroughly what is said to them, but are so amazed to hear a white man speaking their language that they refuse to believe their ears. These people expect white men to address them in Bangala. This is a crude tongue, the court language of the country, and is understood from Rejaf in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan all the way down the Congo river to the west coast. There are many natives who believe that Bangala is the white man's one and only language. Consequently missionaries speaking Pazande have been a great curiosity in strange villages, the people calling to their relatives and friends to come and see the "Father of clothes" who speaks Pazande.

Although the Azande syntax is, for the most part, the same as the English—subject, predicate, object—peculiarities of sentence construction exist which are very strange.



A GROUP OF TEACHERS AT DUNGU.



CARRYING MUD FOR HOUSE BUILDING.

Sometimes three prepositions are used to express the English word "in." At other times just one word is used. The equivalent of our preposition "to" is four short words. "To him" would be, *Ko yo du*, "him" *ni*. In speaking of a place as the object of the preposition "to," a still different method of expressing the word would be used. Certain verbs will take only certain prepositions. Sometimes in a Pazande sentence the prepositions pile one upon the other in astonishing profusion.

The negative is expressed by the word *nga* following the verb with the word *te* placed at the end of the sentence.

The prohibition would be written in English something like this, *Ka* subject verb *nga* object adverb *ya*.

The conditions are still more complicated, not so much from an addition of particles as from the fact that an omission of one means life or death to an expression.

In English, the Pazande temporal clause would be written, *O* subject, *ka* verb, *ni*, subject to resultant clause *ki* verb, etc. For example, "When the sun has set, you come to me." This would be written, "*O* the sun *ka* has set *ni*, you *ki* come to me."

The number and names of the pronouns, the manner of expressing the relative clause, rules concerning the definite article, the different moods, tenses and irregularities of construction, the various queer adverbs and uses of many odd words, all bear out the quotation saying the language of the Azande is not easy. But there are other languages that are now being reduced to writing in the tribes reached by the Africa Inland Mission. Nearly all these are as difficult as Pazande. The Logo

and Lugbara languages, if anything, may be more difficult.

Let us remember those to whom, by His grace, has been assigned the stupendous task of reducing to writing unwritten languages, not only in the Africa Inland Mission, but also in South America and many other mission fields.

*“ Brothers, sisters, pray for us.
From afar resounds our call,
Leagued 'gainst sin and Satan's thrall,
Christ Himself our all in all :
Brethren, pray for us.*

*Brothers, sisters, praise for us !
We are weak, the foe is strong,
Dark the heathen night and long,
Yet of victory our song :
Brethren, praise for us.”*

V

Social Problems

THE Azande girls and women are bound to their villages and native heathen ways with many chains. One of these is the Zande marriage custom.

In the marriage of a girl or woman no account usually is taken of her choice, wish or preference in the matter. In fact, many little tots of twenty, thirty or forty months are betrothed to men of as many years of age, and those men already have two or more wives of their own. The root of the evil of the Azande selling their daughters is to be traced to the age-long custom of compensating the clan for the loss of a woman by the payment of her equivalent in money. It is an inflexible rule that the woman may not marry in her clan. If the price for a wife were all settled, agreed upon and paid before or on the day the girl is taken from her village, then many of the difficulties would be eliminated, but this is not the case. Instead, a Zande father-in-law sets up a kind of perpetual blackmail over his son-in-law. This is done as

follows :—The price of the wife varies from thirty-five to sixty irons made specially for this traffic. If the man is so ambitious as to choose a wife of the Avungvra or chiefs' clan, he pays proportionately for this costly aspiration. The reason the sum asked for the average Zande girl does not exceed sixty irons is that by the time thirty, forty or sixty of these are paid in, the wife is either dead or too old to be of any financial value to her husband. The rule seems to be that fifteen or twenty irons are paid before the wife can be taken. It generally takes a man five or more years to pay this amount. Therefore they often become engaged while the girl is very little, probably because this ensures for them a wife sometime in the future, and also gives them plenty of time to pay the first necessary instalment. They also seem to think that a girl who opens her eyes upon a world in which there is a man to whom she is already betrothed, makes the best wife and does not so easily fall into the Azande woman's national habit of running away from her husband. Thus the payments are made as the little girl grows up, iron upon iron, iron upon iron, and each one is a link in a chain that binds her more and more to the Azande customs and keeps her away from the Gospel. After the girl is taken to the husband's village, the father soon appears to collect additional irons. If the husband demurs, thinking that his father-in-law has appeared too soon after the last payment, the young wife invariably runs away to her former home until her husband changes his mind. And so the life of a Zande husband is just one iron after another, and his troubles so increase as to exceed the square of the number of his wives.

“ If the child refuses to be the wife of the man agreed by her father, no one can oblige her to marry the man against her will.” This is the Government law. And so the Azande are continually haggling, wrangling and haranguing about their runaway wives, unjust fathers-in-law or slow paying sons-in-law. Whenever a girl runs from her husband or father to seek shelter at a mission station, all this snapping and snarling concentrates on that station.

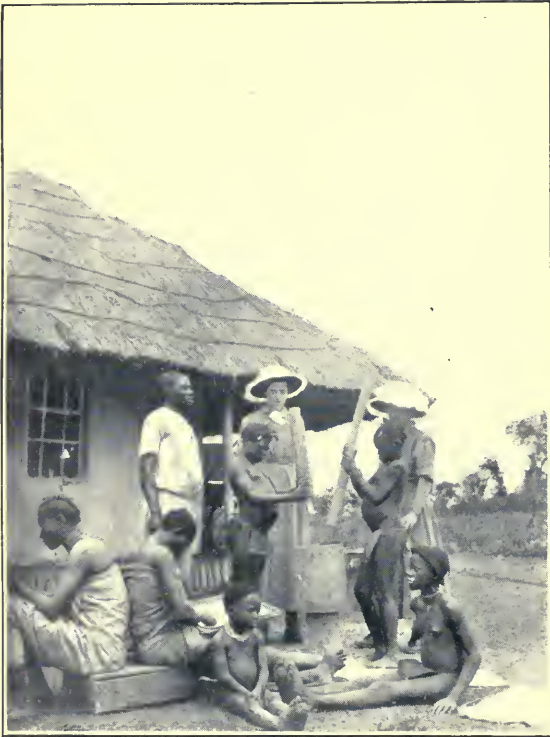
But there is a peculiar phase to the wife traffic which makes it still more difficult to free a bound one from this chain. If, for any reason, a wife should permanently leave her husband, the very same irons paid for her must be returned by the father. This complicates the affair most hopelessly when it is considered that irons paid for a daughter are not kept by the father, but are in turn passed on to another in payment for a wife whom this father himself may intend to add to his household. When this sort of thing is scattered over a period of ten years, it is almost impossible to return the price of a wife identical iron for identical iron. It can be seen from this that a single iron paid for a girl (many irons have already been paid for the average girl of ten years) can be the cause of no end of wrangling and confusion. The tenacity with which the natives adhere to this custom is most pronounced. In extreme cases where it would, humanly speaking, seem best to make an exception to the policy of our Mission not to buy girls or women, the entire proceedings would be blocked, locked and bound by this cold, reasonless, devilish chain.

If OME had been only an ordinary Zande girl she would have been chained as tight and fast as

the above-described custom could chain her, but being the daughter of an Azande chief she was doubly shackled. More than sixty irons had been paid for her and she had not yet been taken by her husband.

One day this girl came from her home, thirty miles away, to the Bafuka station. It could easily be seen that she was above the average native. When asked why she left her village she replied, "The words of my village do not give me peace. The words that you tell us give me peace." And so the missionaries were in for seeing with their own eyes and hearing with their own ears the proof that God *does* break chains—even those fetters that were ages in making, patented by Satan and improved and gloated over by all the demons of hell.

In two weeks RENZI, the greatest of the Azande chiefs, sent word to Chief BAFUKA, the next greatest, that the husband of OME wanted her to return to her village and that the case was of the utmost importance as many many irons had been paid for her. With the messenger that announced the will of RENZI came Ome's mother, her husband's mother and all the royal relatives on both sides of the house. The test for OME was a severe one, but to her relatives and friends she said firmly that she wanted to remain with the missionaries. One of the greatest hindrances to the spread of the Gospel in Congo can be the ill will of native chiefs. There was no worldly wisdom to deal with this case so pregnant with possibilities of causing their displeasure. If there *had* been wisdom to cope with the situation, no power other than God's own could have made the issue pleasing to Him.



NATIVES POUNDING RICE.

Two of the most powerful of the station natives were summoned. OME was given into their charge and instructed to state her wish before Chief BAFUKA. Word was then sent to him that the girl was to decide herself. If, before all her relatives, her husband's relatives and BAFUKA's court she should still express her desire to hear the Gospel and remain with the missionaries, then the station would always be open to her and she should be considered as one of its people. If, however, she listened to the entreaties of her relatives, then she was to go home with them. The test was a fearful one. There was on the part of the missionaries no suspense as to BAFUKA's decision, for the peace of God was "garrisoning" their hearts. The thousand and one fetters that bound this girl were to be snapped and smashed by the One Who bringeth out those which are bound with chains.

So the girl left for the Chief's village with her two big guards, all her relatives and their friends exhorting, coaxing and pleading that she should return with them. One hour passed. Then all BAFUKA's nobles came up to the station. It was a very impressive gathering, without the slightest spark of bitterness or hatred. The solemnity of the counsellors was increased by the importance of the message which the delegation bore. After all were seated in the order of the brightness of their glare in BAFUKA's eyes, the delegation were asked the reason for all this honour bestowed upon the missionaries. The spokesman cleared his throat, stood up, arranged the folds of his bark cloth to become his dignity, and said, "BAFUKA has sent me to you to say that the girl Ome does not lie when she says that she wants to hear God's words.

The girl has spoken the truth. She shall stay with you."—and since that time there has not been a single word about those "many, many irons" paid for her.

Perhaps you had a part in breaking the fetters that bound Ome. There are thousands upon thousands of other fetters yet to be broken.

"The medical missionary who is true to his divine commission cannot for one moment rest content with the mere patching up of bodies and cheering up of minds. The commission is, 'Make Disciples! Heal if you like, teach, if you can; plant trees and plough fields, if that is your bent; preach if you are so impelled; but, by any means and by all means, achieve the true end, viz.: make disciples, save men and women, boys and girls from spiritual death, which in horror, hatefulness and pathos, far exceeds the mere corruption of flesh and blood.' The command is plain, but it is appallingly easy to put time and brains and strength into the medico-scientific side of one's work to such an extent that the command is all but forgotten. This is, at any rate the experience of the writer, and may possibly be true in the experience of others too. Therefore, to avoid the catastrophe of failing in our commission, we must give time and brains and strength to the Christian scientific side of our work, i.e., the Soul Quest."

DR. DOUGLAS GIBSON, of Kaifeng, China.

VI

The Missionary Doctor's Opportunity

"THE medical missionary in Africa has been called the 'advertising agent' for the Gospel because so often it is for him to overcome prejudice, break down superstition, and, in general, prepare the way for the Lord." In addition to this he is used to the sure exposure of the deceptions and barbarity of witch-doctors and native medical men.

The witch-doctors kill more people and scatter more villages than did the slave-traders. They are often set up by chiefs, who, unable to compel submission by force, rule by taking advantage of

the native fear of black art, ignorance and superstition. Again, many chiefs set up a witch-doctor in order to enrich themselves with the spoil of those who die at their hands. The mission station is often a refuge for a man robbed of wife and all possessions by a covetous chief, and then decreed to die by witch-craft. To go into detail here would involve a long treatise on secret societies, superstitious practices, rites, customs, and a lot of loathsome, depressing, heartbreaking reading which is better left unwritten. The medical missionary can be used to expose these deceptions to those who want to believe.

A plague breaks out in a tribe. The people begin to die. The witch-doctors start their wild orgies, dances and superstitious practices. A missionary surgeon arrives on the scene, and it may be, in every case of the many scores which he treats the patients recover; this indeed has actually occurred. Things like this do not come by chance; and the natives are wise.

Rare is it that a tribe spontaneously opens its arms to receive the missionary. There has not yet been an instance of this. They stone him at Lystra, mock him at Athens, hound him out at Jerusalem, and jail him at Rome. In civilised countries a surgical operation means money: in Africa it is a time of rejoicing when a native from an untouched tribe condescends to run the risk. The following are two incidents showing how a surgeon was used to break down prejudice and turn away suspicion.

One evening a man came to an Africa Inland Mission station with a forty pound growth of elephantiasis. He had the depressed, discouraged, hopeless, and haggard look peculiar to these cases.



GIRLS IN A MISSION HOME—DRILLING.



SCHOOL-DAYS AT DUNGU.

When asked why he had come, he exclaimed, "I only heard from my chief this morning that you could cure me!" The next day, Christmas day, at 12.30 the operation was finished. After he was well out of the anæsthetic, though still suffering pain, he said, "You have worked me good. Good very much! I have carried my load for eight years and now it is all gone. Good very much!"—the eyes were no longer heavy nor haggard, the discouraged look was gone and there was a chance to tell him of the One who carried all our burdens and "bore our sins in His own Body on the tree."

When this man could walk, he went in search of others and returned with six men suffering from all manner of diseases.

Kitambala is one of the "big three" Logo chiefs. He is a giant of six feet four inches, and one of those who can speak quietly and cause men to hurry this way and that in obedience to orders.

"You'll never get a hold on Kitambala"—was the statement of one who knew pretty well how things were going. But God makes opportunities—and a doctor was on the job. The big chief was struck down by disease. He tried everything available, but was not cured. He was dying slowly with a trouble that could only be remedied by an operation. The operation was successfully made and the patient did not die. Before returning to his village he said to the doctor, "You are now my relative. I will build a rest house for you in my village" and he did. Through this means a first foothold was obtained with the Logo in the Aba district.

The hardest man to get for Africa is the medical missionary. Here is the proof: In Africa there are said tentatively to be 150,000,000 people. Of these 80,000,000 are pagans. There are 40,000,000 Mohammedans; most of the 523 distinct languages have not yet been touched by a white man. "In North Africa the Christian forces are well under way in just one section." The Sudan is the largest unevangelised field in the world. Even in Uganda, the best occupied African field, nearly one-half of the people have not been reached. One million natives live without a missionary in Portuguese East Africa. Seven million people in Portuguese West Africa are without the Gospel. In the Belgian Congo are 29,700,000 who are not Christians. From Nigeria to the Nile river is a stretch of country 1,500 miles long without a single missionary. From the heart of the continent running north and west are five lines none of which are less than 1,000 miles long. There is not one Protestant missionary on any one of these lines. If 5,000 missionaries were to leave London to-day, and, in some miraculous way, could be at the required, assigned places within five years and speaking the languages, still thousands upon thousand of old men and women would have gone down with grey hairs to heathen graves without having heard of Jesus the Messiah. All missionaries of all societies in Africa would not equal the total of any one of the "London," "Guy's" and "Bart's" medical schools. Yet if all the surgeons of these schools were dropped into Africa, there would not be a ripple. African gold is more plentiful than the missionaries—but only $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the missionaries are missionary surgeons.

The hardest man to get for Africa is the missionary surgeon and he is the one most influential in opening up the work in new tribes.

There are no problems more fundamental than those which confront the medical men in Africa. With sleeping sickness depopulating large areas in the lake country and along the Congo, with diseases of civilisation speaking among the tribes and with malaria and black-water fever wrecking many a missionary career, the physician who invests his life in this continent will not lack for a challenging task.

Look on a missionary map (of Africa) and see our beacons of light, and think and pray over the regions of darkness between The wrongs and sins and sorrows of this land are heart-breaking. It is these things that must often break missionaries down, things that could never be put into missionary reports. . . . Friends at home, when you pray . . . pray for us who are missionaries. Pray that our work may be done in the energising power of the Holy Ghost. Pray that life—life abundant may flow through us to the souls with whom we come in contact day by day, that out of us may flow rivers of living water. Pray that our work may spring out of a life of loving close fellowship with Christ and that we may have the daily renewing of the Holy Spirit. Pray that all which hinders the full tide of God's life flowing through us may be removed.

(From "Led forth with joy.")

VII

Vignettes

OLD FARAGI is so fascinatingly ugly that he is good looking. Day in and day out he sweeps the paths on the Dungu station. Even to a Zande the job becomes monotonous, and Faragi himself says, "The rains rain and Faragi sweeps the paths. The rains rain and Faragi sweeps the paths." One day, in answer to this veiled complaint, he was told that the rains brought food for Faragi. To this he replied enthusiastically, "That's no lie! That is no lie!"

He is as simple as he is ugly and as faithful as he is simple. He wears just three things—a strip of bark cloth, the remains of the crown of a small Zande straw hat, and a black, heavy cane—more club than cane. All three are necessary. If one

of these were missing, it would not be Faragi. A terrible disease is eating away his old body, the sores of which are very distressing. Because of this he does not go into the church, but sits outside a little distance from the door.

Not a few have prayed much for our old friend, but he never showed interest other than his irregular church attendance. One day he was asked why he carried the big, heavy cane. He replied, "For bad leopards and bad people." "Where would Faragi go, if a bad leopard should kill him?" asked the missionary. But Faragi did not answer—probably because he was thinking, a rare occurrence for him.

One evening, not long afterwards, at the end of a day of wrestling against what seemed all the powers of darkness, Faragi came hurriedly up the path to the mission house. We never saw him walk so fast, for he generally walked slowly on account of his sores. He came as if he were afraid to trust himself to walk slowly—as if in fear of an unseen power about to call him back. Before he came within the usual speaking distance, he called out in his childlike simplicity, "Can I confess my sins and follow Jesus?"

The next day Faragi was cursed because he asked another man to follow Jesus too.

The rains rain and Faragi still sweeps the station paths, but now he knows Whom he is believing and asks you to pray for him.

* * * *

The big, Azande chiefs in the present range of the Africa Inland Mission stations are RENZI and BAFUKA and their sons.

Of these, WANDO is the most educated in the ways of the white man. Belgian officials agree that he is the most shrewd and intelligent. He is a tall, fine-looking man between thirty and thirty-five years of age. Addressing his people, his eloquence, personality and stately bearing are most fascinating. When he gets interesting news, he generally calls together his people and tells them about it. If the news, as received, is ungarnished and devoid of local colour, red fire, or high lights, leave it to WANDO.

There is no missionary to this chief and his people. His village is located near the Gangara rest house, forty-five miles from Faradje on the Dungu road. Three missionaries travelling towards Faradje were visited by WANDO at this rest house.

He came in the evening with twenty-five of his men. He wore a felt hat, well-fitting khaki coat and trousers, very respectable looking shoes and polished leather puttees. One of the men placed Wando's chair in the porch of the rest house, his counsellors taking their places in order of rank just outside. The other natives, porters and boys then came up and filled in the circle around the little low porch. Thus as the missionaries were sitting looking out from the rest house, Wando sat facing them with his back to the circle of natives, having his counsellors seated on his right. Of the natives, only the four counsellors were allowed to be seated. All the rest stood.

After the usual exchange of greetings and introductory talk, the conversation turned to the mission and its missionaries. To our surprise, Wando asked if some of our missionaries did not come from different countries than the others. He was much



CHRISTMAS SPORTS AT DUNGU.

impressed when told that England and America were separated by a large expanse of water, that people and goods were taken from one country to the other by means of ships, that one country was small, with many people, while the other was very large with plenty of elbow room. The speed and size of the ships were a marvel to him, as well as the fact that steam ran the engines instead of petrol—he thought all engines were run by petrol as the only self-moving conveyance that he had seen was a motor cycle.

At this point in the conversation he turned to his counsellors—he always addressed himself to them—and said, “The words of the world.”

He then asked whether there were any wild animals in our countries as in his. One of the missionaries told him of the Zoo in London where the animals of the world were kept in cages. Whereupon he turned to his men and said, “The Fathers of Cloth are very strong.”

The Gospel Story was then told him very thoroughly from beginning to end. He knew it, for he had heard it not a few times before. We then showed him our Bibles; and taking the little book of the Gospel of Mark written in Pazande, in one hand, and gathering the pages of the book of Mark in our Bibles between thumb and fingers of the other, we explained to him that much of the Bible was in the little Zande Gospel by Mark. The same was done with the books of Luke and John. This was very pleasing to him and caused many ejaculations of surprise.

Then one of the missionaries told him of a big chief in Jerusalem, who came to talk with Jesus at

night. Wando's attention was assured, and the account of Jesus and Nicodemus was read.

After a few words, the big chief became very much excited. The missionary stopped reading, wondering what was the cause. The chief pointed his finger at the book and exclaimed in delight, "I can hear your words! I can hear your words!" It was the first time any one had read to him in Pazande. The words, "Ye must be born again" must have sounded as strange to Wando as they ever did to Nicodemus.

Now the Azande are no strangers to the simile, metaphor and parable. Their interest is held when a teaching is so presented. Accordingly, when the missionary read, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Wando, as quick as a flash, turned to his men and held up his hand. Then he began one of his famous discourses. Never before were the first eight verses of the third of John expounded so thoroughly in Pazande. Even the missionaries listened as if they were hearing it for the first time. When the chief had finished, he turned to the missionaries and said, "Go on. You have not finished it yet." So greatly did the Holy Spirit bear witness to the rest of the chapter that the head counsellor interrupting asked, "What shall we do?"

By this time it was dark, but the chief's interest continued. A lantern was brought and lighted and the Parable of the Sower was read from Mark's account. While it was being read, the chief's interest became so great that he left his chair and stood near the table. Two of his counsellors came

up to the porch and joined him. As the parable finished, a snap-shot of the natives would have been a striking testimony to the power of the Word. For, although Wando and his two head advisers with many natives were highly interested, the two lower counsellors were hostile and passed scoffing remarks to the crowd.

When Wando resumed his seat after the reading one could have heard a pin drop. He had heard this parable for the first time. It had been read to him just once. After a short silence, he gave a quick ejaculation, which meant, "I will explain." And he did explain—went through everything that had been read, giving each kind of soil in its proper order, and then repeated the metaphors and drew the lessons exactly as in the narrative.

Pray for Wando's conversion, and for a white missionary to be sent to him and his people.

* * * *

The first we saw of PENIPENI was at the dispensary. He had been on the station two years and the missionary in charge pronounced the disease leprosy. One of his feet was so eaten away that he could scarcely walk. His courtesy and deference were noticeable. His answer to the inquiry concerning the name of his sickness revealed that he was not yet entirely away from the Azande customs, for he said, "The evil has shot my foot, father."

The days went on and Penipeni confessed sins before the small group of Christians, and renounced all the ways and customs of the Azande.

Again he came to our attention through rumours that he was hobbling along the paths to the villages to preach the Gospel. This was indeed amazing,

for it was well-known the pain it caused him to walk even from the native quarters to the open space set apart for the dispensary. As he continued to go repeatedly to the villages, it was thought best to dissuade him, but he replied, "Bwana, I would walk the paths to tell God's words as long as He gives me strength"; this he said after returning from a fifteen mile trip.

He was then put on for training with the two evangelists, and went out with them long distances. It seemed the more he walked, the better he could walk. It was not long before his sore was nearly healed. Now, he averages seven or eight miles every other day as he bears witness faithfully and fearlessly to the Gospel message. The other boys on the station like to laugh at Penipeni, who is quiet in the land, but he knows wherein is his peace.

* * * *

A.I.M. Bafuka,

Congo Belge.

2nd sleep of the week,

June 22nd, 1920.

BWANA X.

Sene. I write this letter for Chief Bafuka. I am not writing this at the mission. I am writing this letter at the foot of Bafuka under his *yepu* (grain store). Bafuka tells me to write it.

I am, KONDO.

(The following is the old Chief's dictation. It can be relied upon as being just what he said,—leave that to him!)

I am BAFUKA. I greet you very much. Alas a great love for you is working me—it surpasses.



AZANDE BOYS—VILLAGE IN REAR.

Thus, one word : The father of cloth that is here, it is *Bwana Y.*, he works my word very well. He gives me sugar and tea. I say to myself that you told him to do my requests. Alas ! this is very pleasing to me. You (meaning the *Bwanas X* and *Y.*) are fathers of cloth, very merciful to me.

Yes, but I want you to tell me the name of that country to which you are going. I want you to send me some sugar, an axe and a razor. Send me some medicine, it is like soap.

I greet the Madam. I salute the little child very much.

I sinned one bad word. I now sit only on the ground.

You write me and I write you. Give me a nice present. Baka and his three children are only here. No word is working them ; they are therefore in peace.

Your friend am I,—CHIEF BAFUKA.

* * * *

One morning sitting on the back seat in the church at Dungu, a missionary after having worked all the evening before and most of the early morning, was congratulating himself on what a good message he had for the natives, who were then down on the football field drilling prior to the service.

Just as the first few came panting up the steep hill and into the church, the man was referred to the account of the Rich Young Ruler. It seemed as if God said, " Drop that fine sermon and read this passage of Scripture." And so the prepared message was put aside, not without much grace, and the Word of God read with but little comment.

After the service Bagine's wife went to one of the lady missionaries and told the following

story: "Last year Mrs. M. asked us women in the *poco* meeting to leave all and follow Jesus Christ. As I went home after the market, these words worked me very much, but I threw them down for I wanted to be a rich woman. And so I threw down the words Mrs. M. asked us to do, and planted my *moru* fields, for I was going to make beer and sell it to the people on the path as they came by my village. But my gardens did not grow well; I thought God was angry with me because of this. This morning I have decided to leave off being a rich woman, for I want to follow Jesus Christ."

Old Bagine still remained at a distance from the Gospel and associated himself with Station activities only so far as was really necessary. Later his little boy developed a very grave condition of hernia. An operation would save his life. The one who could do this operation was at Aba, and was one of those Christians too. So Bagine (Father of the Path) put the wee boy on his great shoulders, grasped his long spear and started the 135 miles to Aba followed by Mrs. Bagine with the household utensils.

The operation proved to be one of those that taxes the ability to meet emergencies and the resourcefulness of the best surgeons anywhere. But there is a daily prayer meeting up on the rocks, and, "The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge." One month later Bagine came up and wanted some paper francs changed for centimes. His face was radiant and his joy contagious. He was going home with his little boy, who otherwise would have died in a few years.

We don't know what Bagine thought as he returned with the little fellow sound and well; but maybe Mrs. Bagine agrees with Noah, Abraham, Rahab, Joshua, the Nobleman, Cornelius, Lydia, Stephenas, Zaccheus, Onesiphorus, and the Philippian jailor that one can claim on the ground of the Word of God the salvation of the entire household.

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As the sun was just about to go down, a missionary sat on a high rock at the foot of the great Bondupur mountain which is in the Belgian Congo, near the British Sudan border. A short distance down at the right lay the little, straw camp. The man was talking to a native trying to get a word in the Pazande other than the usual "ripe" of fruit to describe the red sunset.

Suddenly from behind one of the rocks near by came the roar of a big lion. The native ran like a deer to the camp. The missionary did not run as fast, but this was not his fault. The lion viewed the flight with approval.

At the camp, to the surprise of the fleeing, two natives, their wives and many children were calmly waiting to sell the food which they had brought for the porters. Moreover, they asked to hear "The words of God" again; and, since the lion seemed agreeable, Ifuru interpreted to them the Gospel Story.

It was a quaint meeting. The lion was very near—too near. Ifuru would punctuate the message by turning around to make sure that everything was all right. The missionary stood near a tree that was conducive to a speedy ascent.

After the meeting, the porters were afraid to go for water and had to cook their food without it.

About 11 p.m. the visitor went roaring off into the high grass. His departure ushered in three elephants who made a temporary play-ground of the back yard. All during this time the natives would continually say to one another, "Alas! We are about to die! Alas! my mother!"

In the morning the missionary was abashed to hear Ifuru telling a group of people, "The father of clothes prays, and the lions and elephants run off into the grass."

* * * *

The greatest Azande chief is RENZI. Next to him in power is BAFUKA his younger brother, sixty years old. When Bafuka sends a word of unusual importance to Renzi, the man called to go with the verbal message is TURUGBA. He lives in his little village up on the Congo-Sudan Border, two days journey from Bafuka, and has lived in that neighbourhood for over three score years.

This old man is one of Bafuka's dearest friends. That this chief chooses a man of Turugba's character as a friend and for important duties is not only a tribute to the chief's ability to read men, but also one of the many proofs we have had of his respect for and open avowal of the right. "The birds-of-a-feather" saying is not so far from the truth after all.

Not long ago one of these important messages had to be sent to Renzi. Turugba was the man summoned. When the word was delivered, the old messenger returned and stayed many days with his friend and chief. During this period he visited the mission station at different times.

Before returning home to his village he stepped in to say good-bye. This time, instead of interesting

him with tales of the white man's country, he was told of Jesus and the necessity of accepting Him as his Saviour. One of the little boy Christians was called in to tell him the Gospel Story, and the Holy Spirit bore witness to the account. After the Good News had been given, a deep silence followed. Then the old man leaned down to the little fellow sitting at his feet and said earnestly, "You tell the White Man this: You tell him that I believe all that you have told me. I believe it with my mouth. I believe it with my heart," and he placed his knotted old hand over his heart. Three weeks later he walked three streams from his village to a neighbouring chief with one of our evangelists, just for the purpose of vindicating the message and adding his testimony.

Thousands of old men like Turugba are now going down with grey hairs to their graves without hearing of Jesus.

"How shall they hear without a preacher?"

AFRICA INLAND MISSION.

THE MISSION.

The Africa Inland Mission is an interdenominational and international Mission which has for twenty-six years] been carrying the life giving message of the Lord Jesus Christ to the needy tribes in Central Africa; and is extending on into the Upper Belgian Congo from the East through the dark Sudan toward Lake Chad. In these regions there are still numerous untouched tribes, with millions of heathen people without Light.

Both men and women whom God has called, drawn from almost every Section of the Christian Church, have banded themselves together to carry the Gospel to "every creature" in these vast fields as God leads and enables.

ITS BASIS.

The Missionaries of the Africa Inland Mission tenaciously believe that the Gospel is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth"; they glory in the Cross and reverently hold to the Deity of our Lord. They believe in the integrity of Holy Scriptures and, while obeying the last behest of the Saviour, they eagerly wait and ardently look for that Blessed Hope, "the glorious appearing of the Great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

ITS METHODS.

Mission Stations are located on the high water-sheds wherever possible.

School and industrial work is organized on most Stations; Medical work is introduced where and when medical aid can be given.

The Mission aims at thoroughness in all its departments and seeks to lay a solid foundation on which the native Church may build.

ITS SUFFICIENCY.

In humble dependence on God the Mission has proved His faithfulness in supplying its need.

Its workers have rejoiced in the shining of His face when prayer has been heard and the answer given. They have gloried too in the more humbling and testing experiences when the seeming needs have been withheld, and when in helplessness have been cast upon their Master, and on the troubled sea have known the music and sweetness of His voice: "Fear not, it is I."

As a Mission it has learned that the successful spreading of the message of redeeming Love, depends upon Christians both on the Field and in the homeland walking with God in harmony with the divine plan: praying, giving, and working as God directs.



