Hearing and Doing

The Word.

TRUST.

He holds the key to all unknown,  
And I am glad.  
If other hands should hold the key,  
Or if He trusted it to me,  
I might be sad.

What if to-morrow's cares were here,  
Without its rest?  
I'd rather He unlocked the day,  
And as its hours swung open, say,  
"Thy will is best."

I cannot read His future plans,  
But this I know  
I have the smiling of His face  
And all the refuge of His grace  
While here below.

Enough, this covers all my needs,  
And so I rest.  
For what I cannot He can see,  
And in His love I e'er shall be  
Forever blest.  

The Twenty-Third Psalm.

THE PASTURED SHEEP.

JAMES H. McConkey.

Somewhere I have read this story of the first Napoleon:
A great battle was impending. The commander was inspecting his troops. Turning from a mass of un-disciplined, inexperienced men before him, he said to one of his generals: "These men I know nothing about." Then, as his eye ran over a body of men who had been with him for a short time and knew something of march, bivouac, and battlefield, he said: "These men I think I can trust." Finally he turned to a division of troops who had been with him in all of his campaigns. They were the veterans of his army. They had been baptized in blood and fire in many a fierce and deadly struggle. As they stood before him with set lips and stern contenances, ready, and waiting for the onset of the coming battle, the great commander turned from them with a heart pulsing with pride and confidence, and said quietly to his officers: "These men I know I can trust."

How shall we become men and women whom God can trust? How shall we shun the calamity of a continuous spiritual babehood, stunted in growth and blighted in fruitage? How shall we come to full-grown manhood in Christ Jesus? How shall we grow strong and "find pasture?" Jesus Christ answers these vital questions with His usual matchless simplicity and searchingness in the tenth chapter of John's gospel. "By Me," He says, "if any man enter in he shall be saved." That is salvation. But He goes on to tell the secret of growth for those who are saved. He tells how to escape spiritual dwarfage. He teaches us how to feed, how to find pasture, in these striking words:

* * * *

"He shall go in and out and find pasture." (John 10:9.)

The believer is a priest of God. As the priest goes in to God, and goes out to men so must it be with the believer. He must go in to commune: he must go out to serve. He must go in, in faith: he must go out in love. He must go in to get from God: he must go out to give to men. He must go in for visions: he must go out for tasks. He must go in for life: he must go out to bear fruit. He must go in to wait on God: he must go out to work for men. He must go in to listen: he must go out to speak. This is his balanced life—to go in and to go out. And as he does so,
Christ says, he “finds pasture,” he feeds, learns the secret of growth and gain in the Christian life. Let us think awhile of him in this relation God-ward, in his life of going-in. And let us note first, that—

* * * *

We must go in—to feed on the Word.

This book tells you of the cleansing of your soul from the deepest-dyed stains of guilt; of its redemption from darkness and death to light and eternal life in Jesus Christ: of your right to Sonship of God by faith in Christ Jesus: of the indwelling of God's own eternal Spirit within you: of strength to resist the fiercest temptations which may assail you: of power to serve in all the life work to which God has called you: of joy and peace amid tribulation and suffering: of deliverance from this body of sinful flesh into a body like unto that of His radiant glory: of the overthrow and destruction of the great enemy of your soul: of the coming of your Lord and King in all the glory of His holy angels: of His triumphant and splendid reign upon a redeemed and glorified earth: of the glad day when God shall wipe away all tears from your eyes and the tabernacle of God shall be with men: and of the everlasting, changeless, blissful ages of eternity through which you shall live in the face to face presence of your Lord and King in the glory of His eternal life. Can you neglect such pastures of tender grass as these? Can you afford not to go in and brood over such a Book until it fires your soul for your King and sends you forth with burning heart to do His will among lost, sinning men, and hasten the glorious day of His appearing?

* * * *

We must go in—to drink of the Spirit.

"Be not drunken with wine, but be filled with the Spirit.” is God’s striking word in Ephesians 5:18. What is it to drink wine? It is to open the body to wine, which thereupon fills us. What is it to drink of the Spirit? It is to open the soul to the Spirit, which thereupon fills us. The great truth here is this: Whatever we open to fills us. If we open the body to wine it fills. When we open the soul to God the Spirit fills. This is what communion does. It opens the soul to God. He who goes in: he who waits upon God in the secret place as literally opens his soul to the inflow of God's own spiritual life as the wine-drinker opens his lips to the inflow of wine.

Here is a Christian man. He goes to his doorstep Sunday morning and picks up the Sunday paper. He begins to read. That is, he opens his mind to its subject matter. Hour after hour he reads. At the end of that time he is filled with its contents. Then he goes to church. But the best sermon his pastor may preach cannot drive out from his being the things of the world which now possess him. That to which he opened has filled. But suppose he starts the day in a different fashion. Suppose he goes in to the secret place of prayer. He bows over the Word of God. He prays in faith to God. He waits in silence before God, believing that “They which wait upon the Lord shall change their strength.” Such a man opens his soul to God. And He to whom he opens fills him. As surely as he was before filled with the spirit of the world to which he opened, so is he filled with the Spirit of God before whom he waits. And the days in which he does this he will be conscious of a new quietness, peace, and power in his daily life. For this is what it is to drink not of wine, but of the Spirit.

* * * *

We must go in—to keep from choking.

Here is a sub-marine diver. He dons his brazen helmet and leaden shoes and sinks beneath the surface of the sea. Now God never created him to live beneath the water. And if the element which surrounds him should break through his helmet, it would instantly suffocate him. He is a creature of God's free air above. He must have that to live. So up above him men keep steadily pumping down fresh air through a rubber tube to keep him alive, while he plies his dangerous calling.
Is not this a picture of our spiritual dangers and needs? We are born from above. We belong to another world. Our life is hid with Christ in God. We move constantly in a worldly atmosphere which, like the water encompassing the diver, chokes and suffocates the soul when it breaks through and fills it. There is only one remedy. "Our life is hid with Christ in God." We must live like the undersea diver. We must draw our daily life from God, through Christ. And this we do in the secret place. It is as we go in to the hidden place with God and learn the secret of communion with Him that we are saved from the suffocating choke-damp of the worldly atmosphere in which we are compelled to move.

What a striking word is that of our Lord's upon this very truth. "The cares of this world, the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things, choke the Word." Cares, riches, fleshly desires—these are the deadly trio of Word-chokers! As these surge into a man's life they suffocate it. It becomes like the snowy lily standing in its spotless whiteness until the weeds and thorns creep in about its roots, and then it bows, and droops, and withers under the deadly choking of its foes. If the curtain could be lifted from the lives of thousands of busy, feverish Christian men immersed in these things, they would be seen gasping for spiritual breath, throttled by the clutch of these spiritual foes.

* * * *

It does not take long to go in.

Perhaps as we speak you are thinking of long intervals of devotion and communion with your Lord. You picture the secret closet of prayer where men spend hours with Him. You dream of some mountain top where in the stillness of the desert place God speaks so clearly to your inner soul as you are shut off from men. You think of the cloistered depths of the forests where there is no sound but the twitter of the birds and the drone of insects, and where the tree-tops through which you worship weave quaint patterns against the back-ground of God's own sky. And well is it for you if you have such places and such hours to go in to God. Our Lord had such, and many of them. But a man does not need these to go in. Nor, in the busy whirl and rush of life, can he always have them, even if he would. And so God is so near, and the arrows of prayer so swift in their course, and our Father so waitingly intent for every cry of prayer that starts on its upward way, that it does not take long to go in. In an instant of doubt: at the first pang of distress: with the first mis-step of a mistaken course: in the first second of a fierce temptation, we may go in. Amid the rush of traffic, the fever of a hurried day, the pressure of a strained and suffering one you may go in, if for but a second or two of precious approach. You may lift your heart in it all and whisper—"God help me; deliver me; give me strength; guide me; suffer not my foot to slip." And He will hear you. And you will learn the sweet lesson of how quickly and how easily we may go in, in this so sorely needful life of prayer.

* * * *

But it is not enough to go in: one must also go out.

Do you remember Caleb's choice of inheritance in the land of promise? He asked God for a land that had "upper and nether springs." There is a beautiful spiritual teaching here. God indeed has sky-springs. Ever and anon the heavens open and pour forth their rains upon the thirsty earth, making the fields to spring up in fragrant flowers. But God also has lower springs. Right in the pathway of our daily toil, from amid the dust and grime of the earth God makes springs to burst forth and slake the thirst amid the labor and heat of the summer. Even while he toils the weary worker may kneel and drink of the spring that bursts from the ground at his feet. So of the spiritual life. He who goes in to the secret place of prayer does indeed drink of the fountain of God's life. This is God's upper spring, always flowing for those who go in. But God has His lower springs too which burst from the ground by the pathway of our daily service. And the strength of God, and the blessing of God is ours when we go cut in service as surely as when we go in for prayer in the loneliness of the mountain tops or the sequestered depths of
HEARING AND DOING.

the forest. We wax strong and grow in grace not only by the in-take of communion but by the out-give of service.

* * * *

The world is waiting for you to go out.

I know a Christian man who had this experience. He was strongly impressed to go speak to a business friend concerning his soul's salvation. Hour after hour the impression stayed with him. But he hesitated, and delayed. Night came, and he retired, but not to sleep. A strong conviction that he was disobeying the Spirit of God gripped his soul. For hours he tossed in distress upon his bed. Away after mid-night his wife was awakened by his unrest, and sought the cause. He told her of his plight and then added. "Just as soon as I can get to his store in the morning I will go and speak to my friend of Jesus Christ." Morning came. Swallowing a hasty breakfast he hastened to the merchant's place of business. The latter was closeted with a couple of business associates. Up and down, outside the office, the waiting friend paced, restlessly. As soon as the callers were gone he walked into the office and greeted the merchant. The latter in reply said, "I want to see you upon an important matter." My friend answered, "John, I have no time for business now. I want to talk to you about accepting Jesus Christ as your personal Savior." "That is the very thing I have been waiting for you to speak to me about," was the astonishing reply. Without any further word of invitation the business man definitely accepted Christ. All this time the spirit of God had been striving with him. All this time he had been waiting for the human agent who should be God's messenger to bring him the gospel; waiting for the man who would "go out" even as the Spirit of God was seeking to move him to go.

Friend, somewhere some soul awaits your going out. It may be the young employee to whom you have never spoken of Christ: it may be the man whom you jostle daily in the market place or the exchange: it may be the one who is dearest to you in the fellowship of friendship and yet who knows not the Lord to whom you give allegiance; or it may be a little group in the dark and distant ends of the heathen world who, even unconsciously to themselves, await the coming of the one who shall be to them God's messenger of light, life and deliverance from the captivity of sin and death. Therefore, for the sake of those who wait your coming fulfill your royal priesthood. Give yourself to go in and go out. Go in and catch a vision of the tender love of God: go out and bear that love in face, voice, and deed to lost men. Go in and see God's wondrous compassion in forgiving your blackened past: go out and bear the same spirit of forgiveness to those who have sinned against you. Go in and mark God's patience with all your blindness, selfishness, and neglect: go out in long suffering with those who treat you with some of the same coldness and unconcern. Go in and get a vision of the Christ-life: go out and put away the pettiness, folly, and indifference of the self-life. And as you go in and go out you will feed, you will find pasture, you will grow strong in the spiritual life.

* * * *

Any kind of going out, however humble, pastures the soul.

"I was walking down street one cold winter day," said a Christian man. "At a near-by corner sat an old colored woman. Her face was wrinkled, her head white with age. Her withered hand was out-stretched in appeal for aid. Moved by a strong feeling of her need I stopped and dropped a good-sized coin into her hand. 'Does you mean all dat for me, Marse?' said she. I nodded assent. 'I'll carry you to de feet of my Jesus for dat,' was her trembling response. At once a great joy leaped into my heart. I passed on my way with my soul aglow with the consciousness of the Master's presence, marveling that so great a blessing could come from so trifling a deed."

And so however insignificant your going out may seem to you yet strength and growth will come in the going. It is not the sweep of service but the act of serving which brings the soul-growth. Steady, persistent service seemingly of the most trifling kind will be pasture to your soul, and bring growth to your life. Aim to be faithful in your sphere. Leave to God the ex-
HEARING AND DOING.

pansion of that sphere. To teach the class, visit the sick, comfort the sorrowing, cheer the downcast, minister on all sides in the little things which come daily to your willing hands—all this sort of going out will feed your inner life, and steadily advance you in Christian growth. "If ye know these things blessed are ye if ye do them." It is in the doing of little things rather than in the dreaming of great ones that we find pasture and most perfectly fulfil the conditions of growth.

* * * *

Going out will save us from spiritual morbidness.

I have a dear friend in the heart of Africa. His party was out on a trip of exploration. They had been gone nearly six weeks. One day they ran out of water. For two days he and his comrades suffered the agonies of thirst. Then they came to a well, which had been dug by the natives. My friend rushed up to the well, his lips parched with burning thirst, his whole body yearning for the life-giving water. Instead of the coveted water he was greeted with a growl. A huge lion leaped up from the bottom of the well, and fell only a few feet short of reaching him. The lion too had evidently gone there for water. He had fallen to the bottom of the dry well. And when my friend came looking for water to quench his fiery thirst, he found instead a ravenous wild beast.

Is not this a parable of our spiritual lives? So long as we keep going in and going out: so long as we keep these Caleb's springs a-flowing, the upper spring of communion, and the lower one of practical, loving ministry, that long do our lives stay strong and sane; sweet, natural, wholesome. But when we grow careless in communion, and slack in service: when these upper and nether springs dry up, and cease from their blessed and divine out-flow, then come the wild-beasts of spiritual morbidness and take possession. Gloom and despondency: undue and unwholesome introspection: unnatural craving after spiritual emotions and inward frames instead of the daily doing of the will of God for our lives: beclouding of assurance and the inswarming of hosts of doubts and questionings which the normal faith-life and love-life fling off with ease and quickness—all these wild-beast foes possess our inward selves, and harass our inward souls. And then when men come to drink at our well-springs they find the fountains dry, transformed into a den of spiritual foes, and they turn away disappointed and un-refreshed. Yea, verily child of God, there is nothing which will keep your life so well balanced, so symmetrical, so free from morbidness, so happy in the Lord, as for you to incarnate in your daily every-day life this simple, yet sweeping teaching of our Lord about going in and going out. Try it, and see what a wondrous far-reaching cure it is for all your inner doubts and darkness.

* * * *

Therefore upon the outside of the door to your chamber of prayer write these words, "Go in." And when the fever of life is burning in your blood: when its rush and outward tumult are stilling the inward voice of God in your soul: when its fret and friction are wearing your tired nerves into impatience and petulance: when the flesh in all its pettiness is in imminent danger of controlling your spirit, words and acts, and of bringing you into the place of humiliation and sore defeat—then it is high time to obey those golden words and —go in.

And then on the inside of that same closet door of communion do not fail to write, in imagination, those other simple words—"Go out." For you may find such blessing as you go in to study the Book that you would like to tarry there always: or the gathering of the saints in some upper chamber may be so precious that you are loth to leave it: or the secret place of prayer has so refreshed your heart that you would fain spend your busy days wholly in supplication. But then it is that you need also to "go out." Only thus can you keep in loving, helpful touch with a suffering world that needs Christ through you. Only thus can your Christian life be kept sweet, wholesome, practical, free from eccentricities and perils which attach to the life of the recluse and the dreamer. For here lies the balanced life: the life which "finds pasture;" the life which grows rich and steady, and strong in its Lord. It is the life which not only goes in to receive from God, but goes out to give to men.
WHAT DESOLATIONS IN THE EARTH.

PSALM 46.

"Come behold the work of the Lord, what desolations He hath made in the earth."

The Holy Spirit here has given us a vision of coming events which are casting their shadows before, but how true even now in our experiences and in others. A groaning, travelling world is waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God. Human hopes seem blighted, worldly ambitions come to naught, earth's castles crumble to the dust. Our own weaknesses and failures have humbled us again and again. The lack in others has discouraged us. The brightest and best of earth is tarnished and corroded. We looked for power and there came weakness, for fruitfulness and there came barrenness, for answered prayer and the heavens seemed like brass, for health of body and He permitted Satan to buffet, we prayed for victory and seemed defeated. "Come behold the works of the Lord, what desolations He hath made in the earth."

But be sure that you look higher than Solomon's "Under the sun." God's work begins where man's work ends. If the natural is to be swallowed up in the spiritual, if the earthly is to be lost in the heavenly, if we are to know resurrection life and power, there "must needs be" desolations in the earth and all that springs from the natural man with its human ambitions and plans. Let them come to an end, and grow quiet under the hand that fashions and moulds for Himself and for eternity. "Who worketh like Him?"

"Be still and know that I am God."

You have almost lost hope, you know not which way to turn. The winds and the waves roar. "Be still." You have tried to work your way out and failed. Let God take the case too hard for you. Commit it to Him and trust Him. Do it now and then in the darkness, the tumult, the desolations in the earth, trust God to work, what He can and will do for those who wait for and upon Him. Take your hands off and trust God to keep the ark afloat midst the surge of angry waters and the hatred and pressure of the enemy of our souls. "He maketh wars to cease. He breaketh the bow and will be "exalted in the earth."


Was not Balak with all his forces opposed to Israel? Was not the false prophet hired to curse? Was not Jacob perverse and stubborn? But how could man curse what God had blessed or Satan overthrow what God had undertaken to do.

"Come behold the works of the Lord."

Desolations are in the earth, but what can God bring out of the desolations, and what are His purposes of grace when He hath completed His work? May our souls grow still in His presence till we know Him, till we are conscious His hand is at the helm. He maketh the desert to blossom as the rose. "Out of weakness were made strong." It is out of the wreck and desolations, out of the failure and the loss that God fashions His witnesses and then works through them to touch other lives, for out in the stress and tumult of life there are "Other little ships also." (Mark 4:36).

distressed in our storm or made to rest by our calm.

O. R. P.

NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Starr and Miss Slater left Mombasa September 9th, for a home furlough.

Since reaching America Mr. John R. Riebe has been stopping with his people at Boise, Idaho. He has had some thought of spending the winter in California. We trust the change of climate and rest may do much to bring back health and strength to our brother.

Mrs. Riebe has been visiting her own people and friends in Pennsylvania, and a brief visit to the A. I. M. Home in Philadelphia.
The Work.

ANNUAL MEETING.

CONSTITUTION REPORTED REVISED, THE CONGO ENTERED AND THE OUTLOOK MOST ENCOURAGING.

The Annual Meeting of the American Council was held at Montrose, Pa., in the parlor of the President, Dr. Reuben A. Torrey. The meeting was one of unusual importance, as reports were received from the home officers and Council and from Mr. Hurlburt, who returned just in time for a delayed session of the Council. Very important matters were presented concerning the re-organization of the work, which had been requested by the missionaries on the field, in view of the widely separated territories now occupied by the Mission in Africa. The revision of the Constitution includes the transfer of the final authority from the Field to the Home Council, and co-ordinates the various territories in Africa, and also Home Councils in England and America.

Director Palmer’s report for the year was received, and requested to be printed in the forthcoming issue of the Hearing and Doing.

Treasurer Steele read his report covering the ten months from October 1, 1911, to Aug. 1, 1912. During this period receipts reached a total of $20,708.43 and expenditures $18,641.46, balance Aug. 1, $2,066.97. An audit of the accounts of the Treasurer was arranged for. A vote of thanks was given Treasurer Steele for services and business-like report. A vote of thanks also to Mr. De Groff. Mr. Hague also reported progress in organization of District Councils and deputation work.

Report was made of some candidates who were ready to go out as Mr. Hurlburt might approve, and Council might designate. The evening of Thursday was used as a prayer meeting by the council when a blessed season of united intercession was spent, and the workers at the stations, natives, and various features of the Mission were brought before the Lord with joyous thanksgiving for blessing bestowed.

Mr. Hurlburt gave a very interesting and comprehensive account in detail of his tours in Africa and the establishment of the Mission party at the new out-post in the Belgian Congo. His narrative appeared in the last issue of Hearing and Doing.

The Council was cheered also to learn of the interest among the Cambridge students, which promises to bear fruit in notable enlargement of forces on the field. This will suggest to friends of the Mission earnest intercession that God will work graciously in sending forward these recruits. Mr. Hurlburt also described the manner in which the German, Belgian, English, and French governments are all developing the transportation facilities by means of steamers, railroads, and motor roads which will shortly give access to the very heart of the dark continent where millions are yet in appalling spiritual darkness. On the other hand it was reported that on the western frontier of the Belgian territory some two thousand fortune-hunters were gathered to invade the region as soon as opened, and bringing with them the usual features of a civilization more detrimental than helpful to the natives, who need first of all to know the Way of Life.

After careful consideration and examination of the new Constitution it was on motion unanimously adopted. The Executive Council was instructed to take steps for the incorporation of the Mission.

Mr. Hurlburt has had an opportunity during the past year to actually and intimately touch the whole field of the Mission, in Africa, in the Home Land, and in England, even to much detail of management and operation. He testifies joyfully that never has he known such encouragement and progress, howbeit, there have been times of severe testing and of great difficulties to be met and overcome. For these tokens of God’s grace, and with grateful hearts for His faithfulness, the Annual Meeting stood adjourned, being brought to a close by prayer of the President.

W. L. DeGroff.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Waechter are at Burr Oak, Mich., where he is ministering in a Presbyterian Church.
ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTOR FOR NORTH AMERICA.

Montrose, Pa., August 22, 1912,

To the President and Members of the American Council:

It is with gratitude to God for all His loving grace and kindness that we present this yearly report of His dealings with the Africa Inland Mission.

Encouraging reports of the Holy Spirit’s work at different stations have been received. A marked evidence of His workings has been seen at the White School at Kijabe; amongst the natives in German East Africa, and the first baptism of Christian converts has taken place at Machakos. The workers on the Field have also advocated the establishment of a native church at Mukaa.

Seven missionaries have gone to the field since our last meeting at Montrose. Dr. Virginia Blakeslee, Miss Lena Steckel, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Haas, Miss Edith Harland, Miss Josephine Anderson and Mr. Frank Millen. Miss Hulda Stumpf has returned to her work at Kijabe and Mulungut, one of our native workers, who has been attending school in America, has returned to work amongst his own people, the Masai.

None of our missionaries have died, but Mr. Riebe and wife have been compelled to return home, he being seriously disabled in health. Recent reports indicate that his health is improved. We would also mention as a cause for gratitude the special providence of God in preserving the lives of Miss Edith Harland and Mr. Wm. Haas, who have been very ill.

It has been a year of gracious faithfulness in which God has answered prayer, supplying the needs of the missionaries on the Field, and providing equipment and passage money for those who have gone forth. He has enabled us to pay $1,650 for stations at Kinyona, Matara and Mukaa.

The year has been one of a stronger bond of unity amongst the various workers and God has specially worked in answer to prayer in various ways.

Continuing mercies and grace have been afforded us in the administration of the Home affairs. The members of the Executive Council have been faithful in turning aside from professional and business engagements for prayer and consultation over the work. Our brother DeGroff has been enabled to do effective deputation work. Brother Hague has been laying foundation work for district Councils and has also presented Africa and its needs in various places. In the Home Mrs. DeGroff has faithfully carried on her work as house-mother and helped the friends who attend our monthly Prayer Meeting to feel very much at home. During the moving and settling in the new Home she has been assisted by Mrs. Smith of Altoona, Pa. In the office my own responsibility and work have been much lightened by our Office Secretary, Miss Young, and her associate, Miss Burcaw. During the year the way has been opened to move the A. I. M. Office and Home to 2244 N. 29th Street, where we have a larger place and better accommodations.

It has been a year in which the providences of God have gone before in opening railroads into the far interior. The missionaries are now enabled to go in short time by railroad into sections of the country where travel a short time ago would have been difficult and tedious. We also mention as a matter of gratitude to God the attitude of the Belgian government officials in welcoming missionaries into that section of the country hitherto unreached by Protestant missionaries.

Our General Director has been enabled since our last meeting to enter the Belgian Congo and to leave a party of six missionaries to begin work there. A “great door and effectual” is opened to us and there is much land to be possessed. This is true of British East Africa and German East Africa, and we are only at the border land of the great interior. May we not be stumbled by the magnitude of the work nor the difficulties which lie before us. Is it not a challenge for us to ask larger things of God? I trust that God may give us grace and wisdom to meet the great need by earnest intercession and loving ministry, and by a faith which both asks and expects great things from God.

There are millions who never heard the Gospel which has been entrusted to us. One hundred missionaries are needed at once to occupy the
land and great responsibility is resting upon us. May God move upon us by His Spirit to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty as never before in the history of the Mission.

Orson R. Palmer.

BEGINNINGS IN THE CONGO.

FIRST STATION PLANTED AT MAHAGI, AFTER MANY DIFFICULTIES.

Mahagi, Belgian Congo, Africa, July 5, 1912.

Dear Readers of Hearing and Doing:

Since its beginning as an evangelistic force the Africa Inland Mission has stood for advance. The stations among the Akamba, Akikuyu, Masai, and Unyamwezi had been established one by one, and much good accomplished, but our hearts are still looking longingly to the "Regions Beyond" where as yet no gospel light has penetrated. In May of the year 1910, Mr. Stauffacher, our Extension Director, accompanied by Mr. Gribble, came to Belgian territory lying west of Albert Nyanza, for the purpose of selecting an advantageous site for a new station which should form a basis for the evangelization of the tribes in the Belgian Congo, and especially an entering wedge toward reaching the Niam-Niam or Azandi, a tribe to whom some of our number had long been called. After much of marvellous leading and in spite of hardship, suffering and illness, the approximate site was chosen at or near Mahagi, which was then the eastern port of entrance to Belgian Congo territory, and Mr. Stauffacher and Mr. Gribble returned to Kijabe in August, 1910.

Mr. Roosevelt, with his characteristic interest in Africa, obtained permission from the Belgian government for the entrance of American missionaries, and by a remarkable coincidence, about the same time, the necessary maps and information concerning Belgian territory were obtained from a Polish anthropologist returning from a tour of investigation.

Many difficulties remained for adjustment before our missionaries could actually take possession, and it was not until early in 1912, after Mr. Hurlburt's return from America that steps were actually taken toward the occupation of what to some of us had long been the "promised land."

In March of 1912 Mr. Hurlburt and myself returning from a trip to German East Africa, met Mr. and Mrs. Stauffacher and children at Kisumu, and together proceeded across Lake Victoria, and thence across Uganda by safari to Butiaba on the east coast of Lake Albert. Here, on April 19th, we joined Mr. and Mrs. Haas and child, and Miss Edith R. Harland, who had come by a quicker route via the new Jinja & Kakindu Railway.

On April 20th we proceeded to Mahagi, crossing Lake Albert in the steamship "Samuel Baker," named after the discover of the Lake, and the largest boat plying upon it.

In order to make the necessary arrangements with the government the party proceeded first to the government station, situated upon a high, steep hill, six hundred feet above the level of the Lake. Here we encamped for over Sunday, the day of our arrival being Saturday. We found to our disappointment that Mahagi had ceased to be a port of entry and thus, seemingly, no longer the strategic point for our advance which we had hoped it might be. The country we found also to be in a state of war, a number of the powerful native chiefs being in rebellion. The old regime having passed away, the pendulum had swung to the other extreme. In spite of this, however, a general rebellion was in progress at the time of our entrance, requiring to be put down by an armed force. This was accomplished by the twentieth of May, one month after our arrival, the native chiefs surrendering one by one, some afterwards escaping into the forest. At the present writing, however, all have reported at the various government stations and authority is once more restored.

This condition of things having been ascertained, repeated conferences were held as to what course to pursue in view of the unexpected difficulties encountered.

Kasenyi, a port further south on the lake, was reported to be the future port of entry. It being so necessary to have the first of our stations in the Congo at a point where future missionary parties would be permitted to land, pay necessary customs, etc., it was deemed best by the major-
ity of the party to repair to Kasenyi, and at or near that port to establish the first of our chain of stations. For this purpose, on Saturday, April 27th, we removed to the boat landing expecting to go to Kasenyi in native dug-outs or canoes which had previously been engaged. The natives, however, failed to make good their promises, and we were stranded on the Lake Shore for two weeks, unable to obtain canoes and having the disappointment of seeing the large boats pass by without touching port in accordance with the recent ruling. Mr. Hurlburt even went to Koba in a canoe, hoping to return in the steam launch and thus arrange for our transportation to Kasenyi, but failing in this he returned three days later by canoe, only to await with us in prayer that the Lord would accomplish his own purpose in our lives. To go inland ourselves and leave remaining parties to follow by way of Kasenyi was out of the question on account of the war. So we remained, unable to go by sea, unable to go by land—in a room as it were, with every door closed—unable to understand the meaning of the peculiar chain of circumstances which was making us practically prisoners.

But this was the darkness preceding the dawn, as was proved by rapidly developing circumstances. Mahagi, we learned, could be made our base-station, and there was neither need nor desirability for us to go elsewhere. The war closing enabled Mr. Stauffacher and Mr. Haas to look at once for a suitable site, which was finally decided upon on May 29th.

The first of our Congo stations, then, is to be located on a high hill facing Albert Nyanza, and extending backwards in a broad and beautiful plateau, thickly populated and well-watered. The hill is about three miles from the lake, and about six miles from the government station southwest of the latter. We hope that it will prove to be above the mosquito line, as so far it has seemed to be. "The Hill," called "Api" (Lulura meaning "Of water") is already occupied, Mr. and Mrs. Stauffacher and children having removed there on June 26th. This long delay of almost a month was caused by the serious illness of most of our party,—all except 9 of us suffering during that time from some form of malaria, and Mr. Haas nearly succumbing to that dread disease, hemoglobinuria (black-water fever). The patients not all being sufficiently strong for removal, some of our party are still at the government station. Two of us, Miss Harland and myself, will remove on July 8th,—Mr. Haas and his family following when his strength will permit.

Immediately following our decision to remain at Mahagi, we again repaired to the government station where we have been shown much kindness by the government officials,—three vacant houses, garden and dairy having been placed at our disposal. Our difficulties may be perhaps summed up under three heads: (1)—the storms, which are violent in April, May and June, demolishing one of the houses in which we were living, and several times bringing down our tents; (2) —illness, due in large part to our sixteen days' sojourn on the unhealthful lake shore, and (3) —the lack of native co-operation and help, the people being inveterate thieves. This last is a serious difficulty indeed, for upon winning the confidence of the people depends much of our opportunity and success. Through every hindrance, difficulty or blessing, however, we are enabled to praise God not only for His guiding but also for His restraining hand.

In spite of difficulties some things have been accomplished—a dispensary has been opened and maintained for two months; a vocabulary of four hundred words has been compiled in each of the two languages with which we are immediately concerned,—Lulura, the language of the tribe among which we are located, and Kizandi, the language of the Azandi, the tribe which the Mission has long been desirous of reaching. The later work has been made possible by the fact that six Azandi soldiers are stationed at Mahagi government station. A school having an attendance of more than forty has been opened at the fort for the benefit of the soldiers. This is in itself a great work, as among the soldiers are found representatives of nearly all the tribes in the Eastern Congo Region. And most blessed of all, a small school has been opened at Api Hill by Mrs. Stauffacher in spite of the condition of unrest and the lack of confidence among the people.

Three sides of the foundation of the first house
on Api Hill have at this writing been laid, and while we live in tents we remember that we are pilgrims here, and rejoice in Him who permits us to take even a small part in so mighty a conquest!

Ask what is the future of our Mission in the Eastern Congo Region and we will respond in the words of Judson, "It is as bright as the promises of God."

Through storm, through disaster, through darkening the minds of the people, Satan has made his last desperate stand against the advance of the gospel in this region. But we take courage, realizing that we are on the last great mission battlefield, and believing that when the gospel shall have been preached unto these people, "then shall the end come."

For the coming of new recruits, for the rapid establishment of our chain of stations northwest, for the infilling of the Holy Ghost in every worker now on the field, we need, we expect, we claim your earnest and constant intercession.

May God grant unto you who pray and work at home, and to us, your fellow-laborers upon the field, the power to "endure as seeing Him who is invisible," and make us, in this great campaign, "more than conquerors through Him that loved us."  

Florence A. Newberry, M. D.

THE TASK IN THE CONGO.

SOME OF THE APPALLING DIFFICULTIES AWAITING GOD'S REMOVING POWER.

Dear readers of Hearing and Doing:

With all the intense missionary activity, and all the hustle and bustle of those who travel up and down the world, it would hardly seem possible that there should still be an immense territory exceedingly densely populated, and yet almost unaware that there is any world aside from its own narrow existence. Yet it is true that one may enter the large stretch of territory lying between Lake Albert and Lake Chad, and except for a government station here and there, long distances apart, the country and the people are practically what they were in the long, unknown past history of the Dark Continent. Even on the western shores of Lake Albert, plainly in sight of civilized Uganda, the natives have been left in such an uncivilized state, that the people of Uganda shake their heads when you inquire about them, and say, "Those are the Ba shenzi" (the native name for people altogether uncivilized) and know little about them. This seems impossible when one stands on the hills where these people live, and sees now and then a good sized steamer go puffing up and down the lake carrying European passengers and mails gathered from many parts of the world. The explanation, however, is not so difficult. The steamer is British, and its mission is to open up an active British colony, while the land and the people lie on the extreme frontier of the Belgian Congo, and the Belgian activities lie more toward the west of Africa.

It is in this section that the Africa Inland Mission has begun a new work in pushing its way on toward the interior. The new station at Mahagi lies on the northwest corner of the lake in plain sight of the Nile. Lake Albert itself is low and unhealthy, mosquitos abounding in many places along its shores,—but the country to the west rises very suddenly, and without going very many miles from the lake one soon comes to country very much like the exceedingly healthy Kikuyu country round about Kijabe. This kind of country extends a long distance toward the northwest, and will no doubt make possible a healthy convenient route for future missionaries going inland to the large intelligent tribes which lie in the very heart of the great Continent of Africa. An experienced traveller has just been over the ground and he calls it the finest section of all Africa, and says that except for a few small sections where the natives have been driven out through raiding, the whole country is very thickly populated by a very fine class of natives. This ought to throw new life and energy into the work of the Mission such as it has never known. Those who are more intimate with the work of the Mission know that it is only after years of earnest prayer and patient waiting, and the overcoming of enormous difficulties, that we are able to enter this great section at present untouched by a single Protestant missionary, and why should there not now be the keenest interest in hastening on as speedily as possible until throughout the whole section the Gospel has been fully preached?
Let me mention briefly the conditions as they are at the present. First, there is little doubt but that all the section is rich in gold. The knowledge of the country is spreading fast, and it will no doubt soon be the hunting ground of large numbers of men bent on becoming rich with little effort. This will expose the natives to the worst that civilization has to offer, and the best seems none too good. That means simply utter ruin for the native who knows no restraint; second, the natives are already influenced by Roman Catholicism. Native catechists and teachers from Catholic Missions in Uganda are entering everywhere, seeking especially the villages of the big chiefs. They are preparing the way for a large Mission which is to be opened soon within a few miles of the place occupied by the African Inland Mission. Their methods of buying their way by making large gifts to the chiefs will no doubt make our work exceedingly difficult, and if we fail to have manifested continually the direct power of God, not only will it make it difficult, but next to impossible.

The chiefs here control everything, even the buying and selling of food, and they can any time they choose, not only prevent the people from coming to the Mission, but can prevent them from bringing us food. Even the officials find it exceedingly trying, for a little blunder in offending the chief is almost sure to cut off all their supplies. We can never hope to compete with these missionaries in making presents, and unless we are able to lead on in reaching the people ahead of them one can easily see what the result will be. To lead on now with our small forces is utterly impossible since nearly all sections of the country are under their control. The sleeping churches in the homeland little realize what awful difficulties their inactivity is placing upon the little handful of missionaries who sometimes are almost tempted to feel they are struggling in a hopeless struggle. Had Protestant missionaries entered this section ten years ago they would have been welcomed everywhere and would have met with no obstacles. Now the people only look on us with the gravest suspicion saying, “All white men are liars.”

Nothing we possess is safe unless continually guarded, and we never know when our way will be blocked because of evil men who do not want us here. Wicked elephant hunters and gold prospectors have completely destroyed all confidence of the natives in white men, and it will take years of careful justice and fair treatment to restore it again. As a result the few of us who are already here have suffered severe loss, and we are under a continual strain to know what next most needy article will be stolen by those who watch our camps continually. The difficulties wicked men will place in the way of the Mission work no one can estimate, and only those of us who are here and already see the results can form a small idea of what it will be like. We say we are living in perilous times. More perilous than some of us realize, and we can only hope that the Church will soon awake and throw off the evil influences or we must say, “Oh Lord come quickly” before too much harm has been done.

Some one has already introduced the smoking of a most deadly poisonous plant called “bangi,” which fills the native with the wildest ideas so that he murders his best friends when under its influence only to awaken to the greatest remorse when its influence passes away. If reports are true it is already being used everywhere, and I was told by an official that it is at the bottom of almost all difficulties. The natives grow the plant themselves, and only yesterday I was compelled to drive away some men who came here with a large basketful to sell. The natives here, knowing its dangers, requested me to drive the men away. It is said when once one has a taste for the plant his appetite for it is so great that nothing will keep him from getting it if he knows where it can be had. The plant is said to be known throughout the whole of the Congo. Let us not forget this immense section being thrown open to every wicked influence and yet without a single gospel messenger to provide a way of escape. The work has only just begun; let us pray earnestly until this whole great section has heard the gospel message.

John W. Stauffacher.

A letter from our brother Wm. P. Knapp indicates that he is expecting to return to the Field soon.
THE AZANDI PEOPLE.

A LARGE, POWERFUL, AND INTELLIGENT TRIBE WITHOUT A RAY OF GOSPEL LIGHT.

Dear readers of Hearing and Doing:

The Azandi people (erroneously called Niam-Niam) occupy the northeastern Belgian Congo from 23½ degrees to 29½ degrees east, and from 2½ degrees north latitude to the French and British boundary. About one hundred thousand of them are known to be in the Egyptian Sudan in the district adjoining the Belgian Congo. The number in the Belgian territory is estimated by some of the Belgian officials to be more than one million and a half. How many are in the French Equatorial Province we do not know, but the tribe originally came down from the north from the Dafur and Wadai districts, and it seems more than probable that their language will be the key to unlock the country to the north which is as yet wholly untouched. From the Luele river to the northern boundary of the Belgian Congo they are largely the pure Azandi. From the Luele south many small tribes are governed by Azandi chiefs, and in most cases the people call themselves Azandi, although but few of them can speak the Azandi language. They are, however, eager to learn that language, so that a single language will probably be the means of communicating the Gospel to this entire large district. Some difficulties will be met in small tribes that are not wholly conquered by the Azandi, but as the Azandi chiefs are recognized by the government, this will prove a minor and probably temporary difficulty. They are a strong, courageous people, exceedingly eager to learn; are industrious cultivators and appear to be people of unusual intelligence as compared with the interior tribes of Africa.

Not a single Protestant missionary is to be found in the entire district described.

The country is open to mission workers; the government is building a motor road through the middle of the province from Buta to Aba. Already they have large steamers running from Leopoldville to Ibenbo, at the border of the district occupied by this tribe, and a small boat runs from Ibenbo to Buta, and from Buta to Title there is already a motor running, and mule wagons for transport from Title to Bambili. Railway and steamer transport is possible from Cairo to Redjaf in the territory controlled by England, and a public highway is maintained by the government from Redjaf to the border of the Belgian Congo. By way of British East Africa the Uganda Railway is open to Port Florence; the Lake Victoria boats run from Port Florence to Jinja; a railway was opened on the 1st of March from Jinja to Kakindu (on Lake Kiogo); a steamer runs from Kakindu to Port Masinda on the Nile, and a motor road has been built more than half the way from Port Masindi to Butiaba and motor wagons have already been ordered by the government for transport work over part of the road. At Butiaba there is a small government steamer launch with a small fleet of sail boats. The Belgian government is considering the matter of opening a port of entry on Lake Albert, and if this should be done this will afford the most healthful route to reach the heart of the continent.

The whole of this country was opened to traders on the 1st of July and plans have been made by traders from all nations to exploit their trade goods among these awakening people; 2,000 were said to be waiting at the west coast the last of June.

A conference with the Inspector General of the Eastern Congo indicated a most friendly attitude on the part of Belgian officials toward mission work, and the conditions are even more generous than those extended by many other governments in the interior of Africa.

The tribe is settled in the highest parts of the country so that the greatest possible healthfulness to missionaries may be secured with no sacrifice of opportunity to work among the people. A little band of our missionaries on the northwest of Lake Albert have made a beginning in reducing the language to writing, so that by the time that other workers are able to reach the field, no time need be lost in mastering the language sufficiently to tell the glad tidings to the people.

Is there not here a mighty challenge to both the faith and works of the Christian world in, first: the need of a great unevangelized people? second: the open door through three easily accessible
HEARING AND DOING.

routes? third: the friendly attitude of the government? fourth: the eagerness of the people to be taught? fifth: the opening of the country to traders who will inevitably introduce sins of civilization without the message concerning the Sin-bearer? sixth: the probability that through Christians of this tribe, the most rapid advance can be made into the untouched country to the north? seventh: a very important point, the rapid advance of Mohammedanism which, up to this time, has not touched the great mass of the people in this district?

Can we do less than ask every young man and woman who is seeking to be used of God to listen very prayerfully until they ascertain whether the Master may not be saying to them concerning this field, "Whom shall I send" and "Who will go for Me?"

Will not every intercessor who may read these words turn devoutly to the Lord of the Harvest and pray that he may send forth laborers into this great harvest field? Already the government officials have occupied every part of it. Already those who love the gain of this world are there. Already messengers of the false prophet are occupying the territory.

Shall the Church of Christ be put to further shame by the failure to obey His last command?

C. E. H.

FOUR WEEKS IN UGANDA.

MENGO HOSPITAL, A NATIVE CHURCH, THE HOIMA AND BUNROYO WORK.

Dear readers of Hearing and Doing:

Uganda is one of the most widely known of modern mission fields. Its twenty-five years of history have in some respects been unparalleled in miraculous events.

After nearly three and one-half years in Africa, it was my privilege to pass through Uganda on my way to the Belgian Congo. We landed at Kampala on March 25th, 1912, and after some delay took rickshas for Kampala proper, seven miles from the port. Here we pitched our tents and remained several days while arrangement was being made for our safari to Hoima. While here I had the pleasure of visiting Mengo Hospital, and also the High School at Namirembe, and also of renewing my acquaintance with Archdeacon and Mrs. Walker, who were my traveling companions on the Natal when I came to Africa. It was a pleasure to meet the other missionaries also stationed there, Dr. and Mrs. Albert Cook, Dr. Earnest Cook, and the nurses in the hospital.

Mengo Hospital is one of the most finely equipped hospitals I have seen. There is certainly no other hospital in Africa that can compare with it. The vast amount of work that is carried on by so small a force is simply amazing. All the latest equipment and apparatus for ophthalmic work as well as gynecological, obstetrical, surgical, medical and other departments are found there, and patients come from far and wide to avail themselves of the facilities the hospital affords and of the skill of its excellent physicians. A great opportunity for evangelistic work is also afforded. Large numbers of dispensary patients hear the gospel daily, and services are regularly held in the wards by Baganda teachers.

On Saturday, March 30th, we were able to leave Kampala for Hoima. Our camp on Saturday was near a small native church, where we had the privilege of attending service. The service was conducted in Luganda and was necessarily unintelligible to us, but we were pleased with the reverent spirit of the worshippers, and by their courtesy which they manifested toward us.

The worshippers brought mats with them and spread them upon the floor, using them for the double purpose of sitting and kneeling. We had no sooner entered than a mat for kneeling upon was brought to us by one of the women. After the service we endeavored to greet the people, and many were their expressions of pleasure and friendship. Several of them called upon us later at the tents, among them the native pastors for whom I had the privilege of prescribing.

Our journey across Uganda occupied nearly two weeks, as our goods were brought on ox-wagons, which travel very slowly. On either side of the road we found elephant grass, palms, bananas, etc., all of which tended more or less to
obstruct our view of the surrounding country. The eastern part of Uganda, however, is flat, well cultivated and dotted here and there by Christian native villages, churches and schools. Western Uganda is much more hilly and is inhabited not by the Baganda proper, but by the Bunroyo tribe. We arrived at Hoima on Saturday, April 13th. We did appreciate the beauty of the place and were glad to establish our camp once more with a view to a day of rest on the morrow.

In Hoima we had the privilege of meeting Dr. and Mrs. Rendle, who showed us great kindness; Rev. and Mrs. Fisher, of the Church Missionary Society, and Mr. Anderson, the District Commissioner. All were very friendly and exerted themselves to the utmost to make our stay a pleasant one. Mrs. Fisher is a talented authoress, as all will agree who have read her books “On the Borders of Pigmy Land” and “Twilight Tales of the Black Baganda.”

The work among the Bunroyo has been established only thirteen years. To-day, however, finds them practically a Christian tribe. We had the pleasure of meeting the king, Andereya, and his wife, Miria, and also a number of the chiefs. During our stay we also met Bishop Willis and Rev. Mr. Green from Northern Nigeria, who were making a tour of the C. M. S stations in Uganda and Toro.

On Thursday, April 18th, we left Hoima for Butiaba, completing the distance between the two places in two day’s safari. Butiaba is located on the hot sandy beach on Lake Albert and is a most unhealthful place, so that we were glad to embark on the day after reaching there (Friday, April 19,) for Mahagi in the Belgian Congo on the west shore of Lake Albert. Thus we completed our nearly four weeks in Uganda. We were joined at Butiaba by the remainder of our party who had come another route, via Jinja, Kakindu and Masindi, a route which has been recently opened and which in the future will be traveled by all our missionaries coming to the Congo via Mombasa. Via this route, one can reach the west shore of Lake Albert in two weeks from Kijabe, or in sixteen days from Mombasa. It therefore has the three advantages of being shorter, cheaper and quicker than the route by which we have come. The miracles of grace which we have seen wrought in Uganda make us long that we may speedily see the manifestation of His wondrous grace in the Belgian Congo also.

Pray for us as we enter upon this work that God’s purpose may be accomplished among this people. Florence Newberry, M. D.

A LEOPARD GOT THE BABY.

GOSPEL MEETING SANDWICHED IN A NATIVE DANCE—A SAD CASE BEYOND HEALING.

Following are extracts from an interesting letter from Matara last April, by Dr. H. Virginia Blakeslee, which throw light on the work of our missionaries in Africa:

(Matara) Kijabe, B. E. Africa.

April 8th, 1912.

It is so cheering and encouraging to know of those who know how to pray, holding up our hands and hearts as we behold from the hills the thick of the fight and press forward day by day to publish the tidings and deliver brands from the burning.

To say that I love the life here, the work and the people more and more with every passing day, is expressing the feelings of my heart very mildly indeed.

If you could go with me to the surrounding villages and see the genuine friendly greetings, the hearty hand shakes and the cordial spirit with which they receive us you would not wonder at my loving the people. They are truly a most lovable people. I often think of the people of Japan, China, Korea and other countries, and wonder if I would love them as I love these people of Kikuyu land.

It does not seem to me that I would, though I presume if the Lord had sent me to them, he would have given me his love for them.

The work in Africa, to be sure, is not all smiles and sunshine; there are many distressing and discouraging features connected with it, but our Father graciously keeps our eyes on the brightest side of the picture most of the time.

Sometimes we can verily feel the Prince of the power of the air and his hosts, it seems, settling down upon us. Of these times I believe
you people at home who are praying will be given inklings that will send you to your knees to prayer with power, that will bring us through in victory. The girls who have been with us here in the home for native girls sometimes run away and go back to their old lives in the villages, two at a time. On the other hand some of them are true as steel, splendid girls who make us proud of the Gospel of Jesus Christ every time we think of them.

Miss McKinstry and I had an interesting experience while we were here on the station alone during the three weeks Mr. and Mrs. McKenrick were Kijabe attending Conference. Two girls who had run away from their village came one afternoon and asked us to take them in with the girls. Their story was not an unusual one. They had been sold to old men who had a number of other wives and the girls had refused to go with the men to whom they had been sold. We gave them clothes and took them in hardly knowing what would be the outcome when their people came for them, and not having Mr. McKenrick here to settle the matter. In a few days their father, brothers and a train of relatives came to take the girls away. A Kikuyu man who is soon to be made chief and whom all the people respect and listen to, happened to be here at the time. He went out with us to talk to them. He told them they must not talk to us with anger in their hearts, as he expressed it, because it wasn't our fault the girls were here, and we would allow them to return if they wanted to. They had a long talk with the girls who insisted they would not return if they were killed. Then they wanted us to give our consent for them to take the girls away. A Kikuyu man who is soon to be made chief and whom all the people respect and listen to, happened to be here at the time. He went out with us to talk to them. He told them they must not talk to us with anger in their hearts, as he expressed it, because it wasn't our fault the girls were here, and we would allow them to return if they wanted to. They had a long talk with the girls who insisted they would not return if they were killed. Then they wanted us to give our consent for them to take the girls by force, which, of course, we would not do, but told them they must return to their village and come back and talk to Mr. McKenrick when he came home. Their great argument was that they had eaten the sheep and goats the men had paid on the girls, and now if the girls did not go with the men to whom they were sold, the animals would have to be paid back, and where would they get them. One of the girls is very promising. We are expecting her to develop quite a fine character.

One Sunday while the McKenrick's were gone, just as we were coming out of Sunday morning service, we saw hundreds of young Kikuyu warriors and girls gathering on a green spot just below the Mission for one of their great annual dances. We learned that the dance would probably end at 2:30 or 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon, so we decided to bolster up our courage, take the Christian boys and girls, the little organ and go down. We acted accordingly. It was a great sight to see them dressed up in their white, yellow and red paint, head dresses of feathers and fancy ornaments.

The leadership displayed by the leaders as they directed the movements was wonderful. We could not help wishing the same great power could be used in leading their companions to the Lord Jesus. We asked the leaders if we might sing to them. With several masterful brandishes of their wands, they directed the dancers to assemble on their knees around the organ while we sang to them, and one of the Christian boys gave a short message. They listened very attentively and were very orderly. It was a great privilege and we felt well repaid for staying home from Conference for that one opportunity.

[Dr. Blakeslee tells of a heartrending experience in her medical work at Matara, one which has been told all too often in HEARING AND DOING. Learning of a woman in extremis, and therefore in danger of being carried out alive to the bush to die of exposure or to be torn to pieces by hyenas, she strove to save the woman's life. In the cramped quarters of a narrow hut, without the needed surgical instruments, Dr. Blakeslee labored, but the malady was too far gone. To prevent her being carried to the bush, the Doctor, assisted by Miss McKinstry and the native helpers, carried the dying woman in a hammock to their own home. “Every muscle in my body ached,” continues the physician, “my back and right arm were so stiff and sore I could hardly use them from the cramped quarters I had worked in the hut, but I felt almost like a criminal as I had to turn aside that night from those pleading eyes to give up her case. We showed her the way to life, which I believe she knew and took, then had to keep her under morphia most of the next day and part of the following night when she passed away.”]
Her death brought new problems. We asked her husband what we should do with the body and he said bury it, though of course none of them came near. Mr. McKenrick was at Kijabe. None of the boys on the station would touch anything connected with the body and there were no boards to make a box of any kind. So we wrapped her in a blanket in which Mrs. McKenrick, several of the girls and myself had to carry her to the grave.

Talking about children, a sad thing happened on Sunday in a nearby village. A lot of women had gathered in a village to pound sugar cane for "Njohe," the native beer; they had put their children down to play about the village while they worked.

One little tot was so small it could only crawl about. After a time the mother went to get it to feed it and the child was nowhere to be found. There has been no trace found of it. It is supposed without a doubt, that a leopard snatched it and ran off into the bush with it. That thing happens here not infrequently.

H. VIRGINIA BLAKESLEE, M. D.

A VETERAN AND A RECRUIT.

Miss Anna E. Zimmerman, who has done most satisfactory work as a missionary on the field, and has been home for some time on furlough, is again returning to her field of labor. We trust that God's rich blessing may rest upon her as she goes forth to bear testimony to the unsearchable riches of Christ.

"Pray ye therefore the Lord of the Harvest that He send forth laborers into His harvest." (Matt. 9: 38).

We take pleasure in giving to the readers of HEARING AND DOING a picture of Mr. W. Lewis Hetz, of Milan, Washington, who has for sometime been waiting God's grace in thrusting him forth into his chosen field of labor. We rejoice that the time has now come for him to set sail for Africa.

Mr. Hetz, as a child, was attracted to Africa as a mission field. His natural gifts lie along mechanical and industrial lines, and Africa seems to offer an abundant opportunity for the use of these gifts in the Master's service.

A little over three years ago beside his mother's casket he promised his Father to go to Africa if it was His will. Since that time other lines of Christian work have been, it seems, providentially closed to him, and now he rejoices that the way is open.

Will not our readers join with us in prayer that God may make him a rich blessing in Africa, and at the same time greatly enrich his own life as he gives the Word of Life to others.
HEARING AND DOING

Published by American Council, A. I. M.

Howard A. Banks, Editor.
James H. McConkey, Contributing Editor.

HEARING AND DOING is the official bulletin of the Africa Inland Mission and not a subscription paper. Its purpose is to bring to its readers a helpful message from the Word, and to keep them informed of the progress of the work on the Field. It is published quarterly, is supported by voluntary contributions, and will be sent regularly to contributors to the work. Sample copies will be sent to others upon application.

Address all communications for HEARING AND DOING to Howard A. Banks, Hickory, N. C.

Contributors to the Mission are requested to make checks, money orders, etc., payable to Africa Inland Mission, and send same to 2244 North Twenty-ninth Street, Philadelphia.

The Well-Rounded Christian.—Protected, provided for and empowered, the truly pastured sheep is described by Mr. McConkey in the present number in this issue of his series on the twenty-third Psalm. It gives the secret of pasturage. It sets the ideal for the Christian life. A Christian who "goes in and out" will, to borrow a beautiful simile, open the faith gate of his life toward God and the love gate toward man, and through him as a channel will pour the divine blessing toward man and the love gate toward man, and through him as a channel will pour the divine blessing into the ocean of human need. Are the ins and the outs well balanced in our lives? If we are really pastured sheep, we will be finding and saving lost sheep.

Inland, Indeed!—The Africa Inland Mission was first "inland" in faith. The intention from the time Peter Cameron Scott led the first little band to the high plateau on the east coast between Mt. Kenia and Mt. Kilimanjaro was to get a firm base from which to plant a line of stations up to the Congo; this tells of the establishment of the first station there. It marks an epoch in our work. It is but a foothold—the laborers are few and the fields are white there and further inland. The task is gigantic, the difficulties appalling. It was so in Uganda, whose inspiration we have at our doors. We have the hope of a few laborers, some from Cambridge University, but a hundred could be used. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations, and thou art the Lord of the harvest in this generation. We are fellow-laborers with Thee!

Our Budget.—Our treasurer's report shows a budget of about $20,000 for a ten-month period. For this we thank Him from whom every good and perfect gift cometh, but even this amount is not commensurate with the possibilities about us. There are a million and a half of the Azandi people alone in Belgian territory.

Pressed.—How often are God's children reminded that we are in the enemy's country and that Satan vigorously defends his territory and seeks to stop the progress of the Gospel.

"In trials oft I find myself,
With soul oppressed and body ill."

Our workers in the Belgian Congo have keenly felt the assaults of the enemy. Mr. Wm. Haas has been at the point of death with an attack of fever and Miss Harland has also been very ill. It was a great blessing that Dr. Newberry was in the party to minister to them—God has graciously answered prayer in their behalf. Others of the party have been ill.

War in the interior prevented the party at first from pressing on from Mahagi, but the last reports indicate that the strife is over and the country safe to go inland. They are expecting to locate the first stations on high ground where they hope to be above the mosquito line and the dangerous fever zone.

Recent reports from the section indicate the discovery of very rich gold mines near where our missionaries are working, and that numbers of prospectors are waiting permission to enter in. Pray earnestly for the workers, for they may have more to contend with from the greed and sin of so-called civilized lands than from the dense darkness of paganism. These workers with all those in the various stations need our faithful,
unceasing intercession. The battle line may be weak or strong, just as we are remiss or faithful in remembering the need before God in prayer.

Open for Deputation Work.—Mr. and Mrs. Barnett, Mr. and Mrs. Hassler, and Miss Emily Messenger, of the A. I. M. field force are now at home on furlough and may be secured for deputation work by applying to the Home Office at Philadelphia. The Barnetts are in the middle west, the Hasslers in New England, and Miss Messenger in Philadelphia.

The Frontier Station.—The lack of a good map is a serious handicap in giving our readers an accurate idea of our new station, and how our workers got to it. The editor failed to find in his atlas maps very many of the names mentioned in recent descriptions of exploration work by our missionaries, and yet by piecing together the various interesting articles in this issue, we learn that Mahagi, our furthermost frontier station, is a high pitched point on the northwest shore of Lake Albert Nyanza, overlooking the lake, to the east and just on the edge, to the west, of the populous and intelligent Azandi tribe. If one will take a lead pencil and mark out the parallels of latitude and longitude, as given by Mr. Hurlburt in his description of the Azandi in this issue, the lay of the new land we are possessing may be easily apprehended. It is worth while to do this for the sake of intelligent intercession.

Mr. Hurlburt en Route for England.—We are sure we voice the sentiment of all the readers of Hearing and Doing in expressing our sympathy for our General Director, Mr. Hurlburt, in the death of his mother which occurred at Oberlin, Ohio, in the early part of September. The Lord was good to let him see her before her death while she was yet conscious. After the funeral he hastened to California to return in the early part of October. After a few days in Philadelphia and New York, he sailed for England on October 12th, for a period of three months' deputation work. We beg our readers to pray for him in this effort for the Master.

The Make-up of This Issue.—It is always a question of nicety for an editor as to how to “make-up” the issue. The Lord seems to have stood by the forms for the make-up of the present issue. The various articles seem to have fallen into their proper places like the “nicked” matrices in a linotype “magazine.” “The Pastured Sheep” is a message full of inspiration for mission workers at home or afield, and the article following it is a needed warning to keep our own hands off of the ark of the covenant as it moves along. Following the reports of the Annual Meeting and of the Director for North America comes a story of the beginning of the Congo work; appropriately following that, a description of the task before us in this land of promise where the difficulties loom up as big as Anakims; then an enthusiastic word about the new tribe to whom God gives us the honor of first conveying the Good News; then a glimpse of God’s wonder-working power to save in Uganda, which must always be to us an example and an incentive, and finally a pathetic story of work on one of the older stations, to keep us mindful that in the enthusiasm of pioneer work, we must not forget to hold up before God the faithful toilers at the old base.

The Leopard Got the Baby.—Dr. Blakeslee tells in this issue of a crawling baby’s being seized and carried away to be devoured by a leopard. It is not an infrequent occurrence in Africa. Nor for that matter in America. The only difference is in the species of leopard. Are you mothers, like Hannah, asking God to take your children for His work in world evangelization, or are you leaving them unguarded against the spring of the leopards of the butterfly life, or the greed of gain?

Word from the Congo.—This issue contains messages from our missionaries in the Congo, telling of the beginnings of the work, its possibilities and discouragements, the new peoples we are to labor among. We urge our readers not to skip any of these articles. They ought to arouse us in the homeland as never before to pray and give and go.
AMERICAN COUNCIL OF THE AFRICA INLAND MISSION.

The Office and Receiving Home for Candidates is at 2244 N. 29th St., Philadelphia, Pa. All mail (not personal) should be addressed to Africa Inland Mission at this place, and checks and money orders should be made out the same way.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

The Africa Inland Mission does not state specific needs or solicit funds, either through its paper, HEARING AND DOING, or through its authorized representatives, but trusts in God Who does in answer to believing prayer, incline the hearts of His children to give voluntarily.

General information concerning the Mission's field and work is given and fellowship in prayer is earnestly desired. Reports of the use of all funds are issued to contributors, and questions cheerfully answered.

Money is always used as the contributor requests. Undesignated gifts are placed in the General Fund, to be used wherever needed.

Contributors who wish their offerings used for some particular person or objects are asked to indicate plainly the name, if a person, or state whether it is for Allowance fund (salary), Chapels, Houses, Schools (Native or Missionaries' children), Native Evangelists, Teachers, Bible Women, Industrial School, Orphans' Home (boys or girls), Maintenance of Stations, New Stations, Exploration, Sending out Missionaries, HEARING AND DOING, Home Expense or General Fund. All checks and orders should be made payable to AFRICA INLAND MISSION.

Directors of the Mission, when any funds are given to the Mission in its corporate capacity, are requested to address the above address.

A few of the Missionaries are supported by friends or societies. Some are supplied almost solely through the allowance fund. Some take only such gifts as are designated for them personally.

American Council.

*Reuben A. Torrey, D.D., President.
*Frederic W. Farr, S.T.D., Vice President.

*Charles E. Hurhurt, General Director.
*William L. DeGroff, Recording Secretary.

John R. Hague, Field Secretary for Home Work.

*John L. Steele, Treasurer.

Pastor James R. Morris, Walter A. Staub
Pastor Milton S. Anderson, Pastor D. M. Stearns
Henry B. Gerhardt, Pastor Henry L. Walton,
George C. K. Sampke, Evangelist Wm. D. Laumaster,
Willard S. Brown, *Albert W. Butterworth,
*Pastor Wm. Dayton Roberts, Evangelist John A. Davis,
Howard A. Banks, William H. Pike,
Edward A. Marshall, Pastor Allison F. Merhson,
Hen. William D. B. Ainey, Pastor Thomas C. Horton,
Samuel R. Boggs, George L. Africh, Bible Teacher,

*Members of the Executive Council are marked with an asterisk.

Pacific Coast District Council.

Pastor Thomas C. Horton, Chairman.

Howard W. Kellogg, Ralph D. Smith,
Robert C. Lewis, Robert Watchorn,
Thomas Hannay, William Thorn,
S. I. Merrill, J. M. Irvine,
Giles Kellogg.

Headquarters in England.

Rev. G. Fred R. Morris, Executive Secretary.

REFERENCES.

Rev. J. Stuart Holden.
Rev. A. C. Dixon.
Albert Head, Esq.

DIRECTORY OF MISSIONARIES

working under the direction of the

African Inland Mission

Rev. Charles E. Hurhurt, General Director.

Rev. Lee H. Downing, Field Director, British East Africa.
Mr. Emil Sywulka, Field Director, German East Africa.
Mr. John W. Stauffacher, Field Director, Eastern Congo.
Mr. Fred H. McKenrick, Recording Secretary.
Rev. Theodore R. Westervelt, Corresponding Secretary.
Mr. Henry H. Zemmer, Treasurer.

At Kijabe.

Rev. and Mrs. Lee H. Downing, Mrs. Jane E. Myers, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Zemmer, Rev. and Mrs. Theodore R. Westervelt,
Miss Hulda J. Stumpf, Miss Josele Anderson.
Address: Kijabe, British East Africa.

At Limunya.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse E. Raynor, Miss Laura N. Collins.
Address: Kijabe, British East Africa.

At Matara.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. McKenrick, Dr. H. Virginia Blakeslee,
Miss Hannah McKinstry.
Address Kijabe, British East Africa.

At Kambul.

(a) Dr. John E. Henderson.
Address: Kambul, via Nairobi, British East Africa.

At Machakos.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Johnston, Dr. and Mrs. Htwood L. Davis.
Address: Machakos, via Mombasa, British East Africa.

At Mouni.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Roead, Miss Edith Norton, Miss Hattie A. Newman.
Address: Machakos, via Mombasa, British East Africa.

At Muka.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wight, Mr. and Mrs. Lawson S. Propst.
Address: Muka, via Mombasa, British East Africa.

At Nasa.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Sywulka, Miss Thilda Jacobson, Miss M. Lena Steckel.
Address: Muasa, via Mombasa and Port Florence, German East Africa. (A. I. M., Nasa).

At Nera.

Mr. Frank G. Millen, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Martin.
Address: Munaasa, via Mombasa and Port Florence, German East Africa. (A. I. M., Nera.)

Belgian Congo.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Stauffacher, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Haas,
Dr. Florence A. Newberry, Miss Edith R. Harland, James S. Gribble.
Address: Butiaba, Uganda. (A. I. M. Mahagi, Congo, Belge, Africa.)

Home on Furlough.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Hurhurt, Miss Alta Hurlburt. (a) Mr. and Mrs. William P. Knapp, Miss Mabel Grimes. (a) Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wacletler, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hassler, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Riebe. Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Barnett, Miss Bertha E. Simpson, Miss Emily Messenger, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Starr, Miss Mary Slater.

(a) Supported by the Gospel Missionary Society, but working under the direction of the Mission.