The Word

AT THE DOORS

BY GEORGE RENSER

We ought to go with lifted head,
Redemption is so nigh;
Almost a score of centuries dead,
Since Jesus went on high.
It is a time of cheer;
Sweet summer-time is near;
The stir of sap is in the fig,
The leaves upon the tender twig
On all the trees appear.

These be tempestuous days,
Of quaking, rending rocks,
Death brooding in the haze,
And hunger-bitten flocks.
It is a time of cheer;
Sweet summer-time is near;
The stir of sap is in the fig,
The leaves upon the tender twig
On all the trees appear.

Men starved and fevered die;
Earth shudders at her wars;
We know that He is nigh,—
Yea, even at the door.
It is a time of cheer;
Sweet summer-time is near;
The stir of sap is in the fig,
The leaves upon the tender twig
On all the trees appear.

(The Twenty-third Psalm)

THE HIGHWAY OF GUIDANCE

BY JAMES H. MCCONKEY

"He leadeth me." (Verse 3).
"Present your bodies a living sacrifice." (Rom. 12:1)

As the traveler journeys through a strange
country he finds it covered with a net-work
of by-ways. Some skirt the banks of swift-flow-
ing streams. Others plunge into the great
forest and are soon lost in its depths. Some
make their way up the steep mountainside until
they reach its lofty summit; others pierce
great landed estates, and meander through
lawn, field and woodland copse. All these are
by-ways and most of them private ways. In
them you and I would be trespassers for they
are not meant for us. But in addition to
these by-ways the same country will be over-
run with broad high-ways. Stretching from
town to town and city to city run these great
highways of shining sand, or rich red clay, or
gray macadam. And they are the ways of the
people. They are free to all who will walk
therein. Rich and poor, bond and free, high
and low, alike may enter upon and use these
great arteries of commerce and travel.

Even so is it in the Christian life. Men say,
"God has never revealed to me any individual
plan for my life. I have never found His by-
way of guidance for me." And that may be
true. Perchance you have never seen God's
by-way for your life. But here is a greater
truth. Have you ever entered into God's
highway? For running all the way through
this Book of God, and blazoned upon every
page of it is a great highway. It is the high-
way of consecration. It is for all believers.
No man who walks in this highway need
fear missing God's by-way. And the reason
most men are missing the particular call of
God to their own personal life-work is be-
cause they have never obeyed the general call
of God to all believers to enter upon this high-
way of dedication to Him. "If any man will
to do my will he shall know the teaching." Here
is an absolute promise of guidance. But to
whom? To the child of God who yields his
own will to do the will of God.

Away up in the north country a Christian
missionary was speaking to his Indian friends
of consecration. Presently, as he spoke, an
old Indian chief arose, walked forward and
laid his tomahawk at the missionary's feet:
"Indian chief give his tomahawk to Jesus
Christ," said he, and sat down. Still the mis-
missionary spoke of the love of God in Christ
Jesus; of the gift of His Son for us and of His
HEARING AND DOING

claim upon our lives. Rising from his seat the old chief walked forward once more to the front. Unwrapping his blanket from his shoulders he laid it at the preacher's feet, saying, "Indian chief give his blanket to Jesus Christ." Again he sat down. But still the messenger preached on concerning the love of God in Christ. Still he showed how God had rifled heaven of its choicest gift and sent Him to earth to redeem us lost men and give Himself for us. Presently the old chief was seen to disappear from the meeting. By and by he came leading his pony to the tent door. He tied it to a stake and again walked up the aisle. Facing the missionary, he said, "Indian chief give his pony to Jesus Christ." Once more he took his seat. He had given about all he had—all the things he had. Have some of us too given Him things instead of ourselves? And now as the missionary preached of the God who spared not His only Son, but freely gave Him up for us, he pressed upon his hearers the claim of Jesus Christ upon the life. Still the message kept sinking into their hearts. And then the old chieftain arose for the last time. He walked forward with tottering steps to the front of the tent. He kneeled down reverently before the missionary. With tears streaming down his bronzed cheeks he said, with trembling lips, "Indian Chief give himself to Jesus Christ." Then and there through the open portal of a yielded will he took the first blessed step into the highway of consecration. Mark first concerning this highway that,* * * *  

It is a Highway of Love

Why does love follow in the train of consecration? Why shall the children of God who enter the highway of dedication know the love of Jesus in their hearts? Because "The fruit of the Spirit is love." And as we yield the life to Christ in dedication, it gives the Spirit of God opportunity to bear His fruitage of love in our hearts and lives. And so the more the life is yielded to Christ in consecration, and the more that consecration is lived out in it, the more will the love of Christ himself flow forth in a stream of life to others.

Have you ever noted that after Paul has gone through this wonderful catalogue of gifts in 1 Corinthians 12, he shows "a more excellent way:" There is one gift more wonderful than all these. This gift is the climax and consummation of all gifts. Such is God's word concerning Christian love. It is the summing up of all gifts. The man or woman to whom there comes the gift of love in Christ Jesus has the mightiest equipment for Christian service possible for any individual believer.

Into the life of a dear brother of my own came this experience. The winter was ending. The ice was breaking in our native river. The freshets were piling it up in great gorges along the banks. A few miles above our home was a little town at which an immense ice gorge had formed in the river. Just below this gorge was an island, upon which the gorge had imprisoned eleven men, women and children. Every one knew the fate which awaited them. The instant this huge ice gorge, with its great weight of water behind it, should break, it would sweep those lives out of existence. My brother learned of the situation. Putting fifty dollars in his pocket he hastened to the little town. Arriving there he found the people waiting on the banks of the river for the catastrophe which seemed inevitable. Stepping up to the crowd he offered the fifty dollars to any man who would attempt the rescue of the imperiled ones. But not a man stirred. Again and again did he repeat the offer, but there came no sign of response. Then he sent a little lad into a nearby store for a line. When he brought it out my brother tied one end of it around his waist, and offered to join with any man who would rope himself to him in an effort to rescue the lives that were in instant jeopardy of death. Immediately four men leaped to his side. They roped themselves to the same line of peril with himself, and these five men, picking their way over the dangerous gorge at the imminent hazard of their own lives, brought in safety to the shore every man, woman and child upon the ice. When my brother offered money to the people on the river bank not a man stirred. But when they saw him give himself and saw the love for these imperiled lives that was back of it, it drew them to his side in an instant.

And so shall it be with you, my friends. Would you be a famous singer? You may give your matchless voice. Would you stand high in some chosen profession? You may give your best brains, and it shall be done. Would you chisel your way to fame in marble, or paint it upon canvas? You need but give your artistic talent with its years of toil, and it shall be accomplished. But if you are going to enter into the biggest business in God's universe—that of transforming men's lives, that of shaping the immortal destinies of men and women, that of uplifting and inspiring the lives of those with whom God brings you in
touch—if you want this to be the aim of your life, then you must give yourself. And when men see you give yourself a strange and beautiful thing will happen. The young man and young woman who sit at your feet as learners, or who toil in your employ, will come into a new experience. Into the faces of some of them will come a holy light. Into their hearts will steal a high and divine purpose. They will tie themselves to the same great life-line which binds you, and with you will give themselves to the task of reaching out for lost men. Oh! what a magnet is the love of Christ through us! Hear these words: “And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men.” The Christ of love lifted up on the cross is drawing all men; and that same Christ, pouring forth His love through your heart, will draw men through you. Some day some of these splendid young men whose lives you are influencing will turn their faces to the foreign mission field. Some day they will stand in a pulpit, preaching the unsearchable riches of the gospel of Christ. Some day, as successful business men, they will be giving their skill and their gold and their time to Christ and missions. Yea, mayhap some day out in the dark lands, when some faithful missionary is asked the question, “What brought you here?” “How came you to the foreign mission field?” The answer will come, “Away back in my little home town, I had a school teacher who was yielded to God. She lived the love life. I saw it in her face. I heard it in her words. I felt it in her life, and it drew me, it drew me and that is why I am here today.” “He leadeth me.” But whither is He leading you? First into this highway of love. For how vain would it be for Him to lead you into His individual by-way of service for your life until you first knew the touch of His love. Though you could speak with the tongues of men and angels; though you possessed the rarest personal gifts: though your intellectual equipment was that of a genius; though you could cleave your way to the highest pinnacle of success in your chosen by-way of activity, yet, if you had no touch of His love in your heart, it would profit you nothing to lead you into your pathway of individual service. He has a “more excellent way.” He would, as you enter into this highway of consecration, make your inner soul to glow and burn with that love for lost men which will be your supreme furnishment for the pathway of special, personal ministry in which He will then make your life so rich and fruitful.

Is the power of the Spirit for the many or for the few? Is it a highway or a by-way? It is clearly the former. “Ye shall receive power when the Holy Ghost is come upon you,” said Jesus. All who receive the Spirit are meant to know His power. There is no monopoly upon such power. The man who walks in the way of consecration shall know the power of the spirit of God. For it is a power which gives itself to the children of God who yield themselves to Him.

I have a Christian railroad friend, a passenger conductor on a train running into a Southern city. One morning on his usual run he was sitting beside a wealthy turpentine merchant. Presently the train stopped at a wayside station. A young man, visibly intoxicated, stepped aboard the train. He dropped down beside a companion with the words, “I drank a quart of whiskey since 5 o'clock this morning.” And then he went on with a perfect stream of profanity and blasphemy. My friend stood it as long as he could. Then he said to his companion, “I cannot endure this any longer. Please excuse me.” He arose and crossed the aisle. The companion of the young man vacated his seat. The Christian railroad conductor sat down beside the blasphemer. “I have listened to your profanity, young man,” said he, “until I cannot bear it any longer. My dear boy, have you a mother and father?”

“Yes,” replied the young fellow. “Are they Christians?” asked the conductor. “They are,” said the boy. “My father is an officer in a church.” “Well, young man, can you imagine how your mother's heart would bleed if she stood here and heard you blaspheme the name of Christ as I have heard you this morning? Why, she would not take all the silver and gold in the world, and hear that.” And then as he went on with increasing earnestness, my friend put his arm over the profaning boy’s shoulder and pleaded with him to cease from his manner of life. Presently the boy broke down utterly. He put his head on the conductor’s shoulder and sobbed out his penitence like a child. As they dismounted at the end of the run the young fellow made an appointment to meet the conductor at his room at the hotel to talk it over with him. And talk it over they did to a finish. It ended in the young man giving his heart to Christ and parting from the conductor. The next year the conductor learned he was superintendent of a prosperous little Sunday School and giving noble testimony for Jesus Christ.
But the stream of power from this Christian railroad man's life did not end there. The wealthy turpentine friend had witnessed the whole scene and heard the conversation. As the conductor started toward his hotel he heard his name called. Looking around he saw the turpentine merchant standing in the middle of the road beside his team which had come to meet him. “Hold on, conductor, I want to say something to you. I was listening to your conversation with that young man. You did not mean it for me. But I want to say this: I am a wealthy man. I have a good wife and children and a comfortable home. Yet I never in my life read a chapter from the Book nor had a prayer with them. Conductor, your talk has reached my heart. I am going home this very night to set up my family altar, and from this time on I will be a different man.” Out from this man's life had flowed a stream of power from God. Not the power of great scholarship, or eloquence, but the power of the Spirit of God, pouring its stream through the life of the man who walked in this highway of God, the highway of a consecrated life. It is a highway in which all of us may walk. Shall we not enter therein?

* * * *

It is a Highway of Manifestation

“He that keepeth my commandments I will manifest myself to him,” says Christ in John 14:21. What does He mean? He could not have referred to His bodily manifestation because that was already with them. Already they were looking into His face. They were hearing the tender tones of His familiar voice. His loving eyes were searching them through and through as He gazed upon them. He was clearly not speaking to them of His bodily presence. He was revealing to them the great secret of the manifestation of Himself in their own inner souls. What was that secret? Simply this: he who would see the face of Christ must walk in the path where Christ walks. If we live in His will we shall know the manifestation of His presence.

It is like this: suppose you are my dear friend. You have been absent in a strange land for many years. I hear you are in the city. I write and ask you to tell me where I can see you. You say, “You may find me any time this afternoon walking on Broad Street between two certain points.” I go down town. I begin to walk up and down Market Street instead of Broad. Hour after hour I walk, but have no manifestation of your presence. I go back and write you of my disappointment. You answer: “You kept your tryst in the wrong street. If you want to see me you must come where I walk.”

Even so, is it in the Christian life. How shall we know Him in our inner soul? If we want to see the Master's face we must walk in the Master's path. “If any man will come after me”—what? Let him walk in the pathway of his own self-will? Nay; let him deny himself. You cannot meet Christ in the pathway of selfishness, for He never walked that pathway Himself. “A body hast Thou given me,” said He, “Lo, I come to do Thy will.” He gave that body to do His Father's will, even to the bitter moment when He bore our sins in His own body on the tree.” And now He is saying to us, “Present your bodies a living sacrifice.” And why? For the same purpose—to do His will. God has given us our bodies for the same purpose that Jesus Christ had His, to do the Father's will. When we walk in that pathway we will walk with Him and know His manifestation. For that is what consecration means. It is simply leaving the pathway of self-will to walk in the pathway of the Master. And he who walks in the highway of Christ's will shall know the spiritual manifestation of Christ in his innermost soul as none other can possibly know it.

* * * *

It is a Highway of Revelation

I had been living by the banks of the Mediterranean all winter. Many a time had I stood by its shore. Many a long walk had I taken along its white sands. But the time had come for me to leave my winter home. Taking my bicycle—for I was traveling a-wheel—I started up the mountain road which led from the beautiful city where I had been wintering. Moment by moment I steadily climbed the steep summit until I reached the highest point of the road overlooking the water. The great inland sea lay at my feet an infinite expanse of beauty; the surf broke in snowy whiteness upon the beach two thousand feet below me; lovely islands slept half submerged in the blue haze; white sails dotted the horizon in the dim distance; the telegraph wires were droning their song in the gentle breeze; heaven seemed to brood over the spot with a holy awe. It was a scene, of transcendent loveliness. As my soul feasted upon it in the hush of the afternoon hour I realized that I had never really seen the Mediterranean until I saw it from this
lofty mountain eyrie on the great highway of the Corniche road.

Ah, my friend, you who are living the self-centred life, you will never really see life until you see it from the lofty viewpoint of God's own highway of consecration. You may dream of its dreams: you may sing its songs: you may hear the roar and tumult of its conflicts: you may grasp after its prizes: you may float at ease upon the stream of its numberless pleasures, but you will never truly see life until you see it as God sees it for you, and is lovingly and tenderly waiting to show it to you. And when you stand upon that uplifted place of consecration and look out over the broad expanse of God's will and purpose for your life, what a vision it will be for you! Then will darkness flee away: then will faith grow steady: then will groping cease: then will the bewildering labyrinth of human plans and pathways vanish away, and blazed like a pathway through a great forest will lie your trail of life marked out by God from all eternity and only waiting for you to hear His word "Follow thou me."

"He leadeth me." But whither? Into this highway of consecration. It is the first sight which greets the believer's eyes as he steps out from the crimson fountain which has cleansed his sin-stained soul. It confronts him like a great triumphal arch, opening into the pathway of his life of ministry. A pierced hand flings open its portals before his eyes. A voice from the Redeemer of his soul cries out "I beseech you present your body a living sacrifice." Its gates are crimsoned with the blood of Him Who gave Himself for you. Its archway is emurpled with the rich clusters of fruitage the hidden Vine in the heavenlies is seeking to bear of his sin-stained soul. It confronts him like a great triumphal arch, opening into the pathway of his life of ministry. A pierced hand flings open its portals before his eyes. A voice from the Redeemer of his soul cries out "I beseech you present your body a living sacrifice." Its gates are crimsoned with the blood of Him Who gave Himself for you. Its archway is emurpled with the rich clusters of fruitage the hidden Vine in the heavenlies is seeking to bear through you, His yielded branch. It echoes with the shouts of victory of those who walk its blessed path. It is resplendent with the glory of God which shines from the lives that walk therein in the light of His face to face presence. Oh, what a highway is this! Have you entered it?

A YOUNG LIFE'S POWER.

WILLIAM BORDEN, PREPARING FOR A MISSION TO THE MOSLEMS, WAS A REAL STEWARD

The bequest of $55,000 to the Africa Inland Mission, by a young millionaire missionary, calls our attention to a life of beautiful consecration. It was the gift of William Whiting Borden, who died at the age of 25, at Cairo, Egypt, on April 9th. He was studying Arabic at Cairo, with a view to preparing himself for evangelistic work among the Mohammedans in China, under the direction of the China Inland Mission. Mr. Henry W. Frost, director for North America of the China Inland Mission, pays just and loving tribute to the Sunday School Times of May 9th, to this young disciple, whose lifework, although ended in its very beginning is an inspiration to every young man who has heard the Macedonian cry.

A Christian mother, and a carefully selected school—the Hill School at Pottstown, Pa.—were among the foundational influences in the boy's life. While at Yale he established the Yale-Hope Mission in New Haven, and an Englishman, asked what impressed him most of all he had seen in America, said: "The sight of William Borden, on his knees in Yale-Hope Mission, with his around a bum."

Borden sometimes was tempted to bemoan his lack of emotionalism, but there was a quiet solidity, a constant line of true action in his life, which is a far better proof of love to God and fellow-men. It gave evidence of the entire consecration of his life. Mr. Frost says: "There lies before me on Borden's desk James H. McConkey's book, 'The Three-fold Secret of the Holy Spirit,' and it bears unconscious testimony to the owner's life. The copy is tastefully bound in buff paper, and, of course, it was originally intact and clean. But now it is torn and soiled both without and within. Evidently it has seen many journeys, for it was used to be a frequent companion in travel, and it has seen much use, for it has been carefully and repeatedly read. And upon the first page certain words are underscored—a way our dear friend had with all his best-loved books—which are these: 'The supreme human condition of the fulness of the Spirit is a life wholly surrendered to God to do His will.' The thought thus expressed had pierced William Borden's heart and had taken possession of his life. He had seen, young as he was, both the duty and privilege of a Christian, he had made the great decision and had paid the price of a surrendered will, and he belonged wholly to Christ."

The definite time of the surrender of his life was in England after hearing a sermon by Dr. Torrey upon the "Baptism of the Spirit." It meant for him both personal service and stewardship, and in his will he gave his fortune of $1,000,000 to missions, $250,000 to the China Inland Mission, with the suggestion that $100,000 be invested and the income used for the support of missionaries or workers incapacitated through age or infirmity; Chicago
Hebrew Mission, $50,000; Tract Society, Chicago, $25,000; Northern Presbyterian, United Presbyterian and Southern Presbyterian foreign mission boards, $50,000 each; Nile Mission Press, Cairo, $25,000, and other bequests, including the one to the A. I. M.

To get the full inspirational value of this choice young life, one should send for the issue of the Sunday School Times of May 3d. There is one more lesson of this life that must be referred to here, however, and that is its steadfastness and its system. Perseverance was characteristic of it. Borden ran by a schedule, "There was a time for sleep," says Mr. Frost, "a time for waking, a time for prayer, a time for Bible study, a time for general study, a time for recreation, and a time for social intercourse. He owned a "Big Ben" clock, and there was a covenant between himself and it. I have seen him in the evening, in the midst of engaging and enticing company, glance at the time, and then courteously but resolutely force himself away to room, bed, sleep. He needed much sleep, for he was not as strong as he appeared, and his eye was on the next morning when he purposed to keep the "morning watch." Thus it was in all things. By God's grace he was not a slave to life; he was the master of it, being master of himself. And so it was that he persistently pursued his ideals, and realized many of them. Through one event and another he went forward, going farther and farther on, and higher and higher up. It would be wholly just to put upon his tomb the Spirit's words: "Steady, until the going down of the sun."

The Work

Word from the Field tells of the safe arrival of the party which left America on the 11th of January, and the English party which left England a little later, the whole party journeying from Naples on together. Mr. Wm. Maynard and Dr. Nina Maynard, Miss Gertrude Bowyer, Mr. Willard Green and Mr. Rudolf Malek have gone to German East Africa. This will be a great encouragement to our workers who have so earnestly labored there and have long prayed for reinforcements.

Mrs. Rampley, with her two children, and Mr. and Mrs. Barnett, with their twin boys, sailed for the Field early in April.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lanning are at present helping in the teaching at Rift Valley Academy at Kijabe. A letter from Mr. Lanning to the Home Office is published in this number of our paper.

Mr. and Mrs. Youngken are taking charge of the small native boys who have been moved from Matara to Kijabe on account of the home-coming of Mr. and Mrs. Mclvenrick.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wight, Mr. and Mrs. Lawson Propst, Mrs. Jane Myers, Mr. Dowling and family and Mr. and Mrs. Westervelt are already home or on the way for a much needed furlough. We hope a few months' rest in the home land will build up and make them strong for service again. Additional workers will be greatly needed for the stations they left.

The old station at Kangundo is manned by native converts only at the present time.

Our General Director, Rev. Charles E. Hurlburt, his daughter, Alta Hurlburt, and Miss Elizabeth Morse left England for the Field the latter part of March. God has greatly blessed the deputation work of our Brother Hurlburt in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. We are thankful for this and the deep interest manifested among the students of Cambridge University. We rejoice in these tokens of grace and of the good hand of God.
upon the work, and trust many candidates may be speedily thrust forth from the British Isles to reinforce those who have already gone to begin work among the Azandi people in the Belgian Congo.

FELLOWSHIP WITH OTHER MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

It is a blessed token of the Holy Spirit's working when the different missionary societies on the Field work harmoniously together, each seeking not to trend on the territory occupied or about to be occupied by others. The relations between the Church Missionary Society and the Africa Inland Mission have been particularly pleasant. The station at Mukaa, which the C. M. S. formerly occupied, was turned over to our workers, as they thought we could work the Field better than they could. The buildings occupied by them were purchased and our workers have been upon this station for some time. The work at Nasa, German East Africa, where Alexander Mackay labored so faithfully, is also carried on by our workers, and a splendid work it is.

Recently our Mission has been asked if we could take the work in Toro, a district extending from Fort Portal, the capital, across the Semi Lika river to Mboga. This work has been carried on by the Church Missionary Society in Uganda, but this territory has now been transferred to the Belgians, and they being desirous of keeping their work in the diocese of Uganda, our society has been asked to take this work and the oversight of the converts which have already been made. It is said to be a very good center for work, and that from here the workers can easily get in touch with the Pigmies and other forest and hill tribes. They had no European workers in the district, the work being carried on by native teachers, including stations at Bulega, Lugunga, Kitasaba and Kasibawa. We hope our Mission may be able to take this work and that laborers will be speedily sent forth to occupy these promising fields.

TO THE PRAYER BANDS

Kijabe, B. E. A., March 27, 1913.

Dear friends: We are rejoicing these days because of the Spirit's power manifested in our midst. Many times when the boys and girls here take a stand for Christ they are persecuted to the utmost; but they often show more courage in the face of it than many white people would do under similar circumstances. For instance: A young man from Matara, after his marriage at Kijabe, went to visit his people. As he entered the village the people came out and ordered him to leave the place; some of them were so angry that they were weeping; they came with swords and spears, and told him to go, that he was no longer one of their family—that he was a corpse, and they did not want him to enter and defile the village. He stood and talked with them, saying that even if they hated him and disowned him, Christ had taken him, and then while he did not hate them, he would rather have the friendship of Christ than their friendship. About a year has passed since then, and just within the last few weeks, in his testimony, he said that, whereas his people had hated him and tried to prevent his going to their village when he first returned after his marriage, now they were quite willing to hear anything he had to say; that he was going there preaching the Gospel to them and they were interested. His grandfather is the one who does sacrifice for the people, and is the most prominent witch doctor in that district. When his wife was ill the grandfather and other relatives simply besieged them, wanting them to consent to the sacrifice; that he had sacrificed for other women who had had the same sickness and they got well, and why should he not do the same for this one. They both took a stand that they would never consent to it; they besieged them for weeks, calling them fools and all sorts of names, but they remained firm through it all. His wife is a Christian, and one who is always doing personal work.

Every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock we have a service for the native Christians; then the evangelists spend the rest of the day among the people, and in the evening we have another meeting—they come together and tell their experiences of the day or give a message from the Lord.

A short time ago at one of these meetings one of the young men spoke of the necessity of prayer; saying that it was not enough to pray once in the day or once in the evening. He told how he had been reading his Bible one evening and had fallen asleep without praying; he wakened in the night and remembered that he had not prayed. He then referred to his wife, who is not a Christian, and how timid he felt about speaking to her; so he thought he would pray for her, and he noticed that very soon she, too, began to read her Bible.
HEARING AND DOING

About two years ago some outlaws were ranging the country, killing cattle and sheep and frightening the women. A certain man by the name of Mwangi was coming from Nairobi and met a friend of his who gave him a piece of meat. As he was walking along the railway with this meat, some people saw him and attacked him, charging him with being one of the outlaws. They beat him and cut him with their knives, and when he was brought to the Mission there were large ulcers on his body the size of a man's hand. It was many weeks before he was able to even walk, and when he got well he decided to stay at Kijabe. He is one of the stalwart type, both physically and spiritually, and gives some strong testimonies. Not long ago, in speaking at a Sunday evening meeting, he said he expected to start the next day on a long journey, seventy or eighty miles from Kijabe, to bring his mother here, and if the Lord should come before he returned, he would meet us up there.

A few days ago during devotions in the native school, one of the teachers who was leading the Scripture reading commented very intelligently on Gal. 2: 20, “I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live,” etc., saying that he had been strengthened much by reading that verse. At another time he spoke on II Cor. 5: 21, “He that made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.” I know you will rejoice with us to know how the Spirit through the Word is taking hold of many of these lives.

The following incident will show you that our preaching is not always to ones who are longing to hear the Gospel: Not long ago while visiting some villages about three miles from the Mission Station, we were asked to come in and see a sick woman. We went in, talked with the woman and her friends, gave them the Gospel message, had prayer and left some medicine. (We always carry a few simple remedies when visiting.) A few days later the evangelist who visits in that section regularly returned and said the woman refused to take any more of our medicine, and did not want to hear our words and had called the witch doctor.

Following is the story of a girl named Wanjiru wa Kiruthi and how she came to the Mission:

Some years ago her father and mother separated and her mother went to live with another man. Wanjiru was sold when she was a very young girl. As soon as she was of marriageable age, her mother said she must go to live with the man who had bought her. She refused and ran away to a distant village. It was not long before they discovered where she was, and started to take her by force to the one who had bought her. On the way they had to spend the night at another village. While all in the hut were asleep, she slipped out quietly, and made her way to our Matara Station, where she was taken in.

Our rule is to allow any girl to leave her home when she chooses to do so, but not to allow her people to take her against her will, unless they have an order from the Government Officer. By misrepresenting the facts Wanjiru's friends induced the district officer to ask the Mission to send her to his office that he might hear her case. His request was complied with, and after hearing the case he decided that she should return to her own people. This she refused to do, and not until the officer gave them permission to take her by force would she go with them.

On reaching the village she was placed under guard, her dress taken from her and put in an old beehive, which is used as a store box for small articles inside the hut. The first night when her captors were sleeping she quietly arose, removed her dress from the beehive, untied the door and escaped to our Ngenda Station. Later she was sent back to Matara under an escort of Christian boys. Mr. McKenrick, superintendent of Matara Station, informed the district officer that she had returned, and he ordered her to remain there until he visited that part of his district. When he did so a little later, and understood the case, he ruled that the girl should remain with the Mission as long as she wished and that her people should cease annoying her. She is still with the Mission and shows a real desire for a knowledge of the Word.

A little boy named Muhuthu in the Boys' Home accepted Christ last November. Shortly after this his people wanted to sacrifice to the demons and they sent for him but he refused to go. They brought pressure to bear upon him and tried to persuade him, but to it all he replied that he had accepted Christ as his Saviour, and that he no longer believed in the demons nor feared them, so that he would not partake in their sacrifice. They were very angry and during vacation he went to visit them and they tried to persuade him then to leave the Mission and return to them. He refused, and they threatened to tie him up and prevent his coming back, but he came back. The little fellow was thoroughly converted, no doubt, judging from his testimony and life and the firm stand he took against
his people when they attempted to get hold of him.

Then about the middle of February a man came saying that his mother was at the point of death and that he should come home at once to see her. He went, and later we heard that it was just a ruse in order to induce him away and get hold of him. He has not returned yet. We do not know just where his people live, and as he is a minor, thirteen years old, we would not have any right to compel him to come back; but our boys and girls are praying constantly that he will come back—that the Lord will draw Muhuthu from his people.

Yours in His service,

Hulda J. Stumpf

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY OF 1912

WILLIAM HAAS

After busy but delightful days with dear friends in the A. I. M. headquarters, together with others deeply interested in the evangelization of Interior Africa, we left Philadelphia for New York the day before sailing for Naples. One night and a few morning hours at Hephzibah House were rich in restful blessing and fellowship. With delicious fruit and sweeter kindly spirit, some accompanied us to the S. S. Adriatic, where, at noon, we say good-bye and swing out into the harbor and steam away into the deep.

The next day, when some 400 miles from New York and feeling quite shut in with the Italian passengers, a cheering Marconigram from Brother Boggs, of Philadelphia, made us feel we were not alone, but that warm hearts were journeying with us. We knew many other wireless messages were reaching us by way of the Throne of Grace. Thirteen days' sailing permitted us to view the charming Madeiras, the formidable Gibraltar, the Moorish-French Algiers, the mountain-guarded Genoa, and to reach land at the pier of the lovely bay of the city both attractive and repulsive—Naples. Here nearly all the Italian passengers find their port destination; many of whom listened earnestly and hopefully to the Gospel as we sailed together across the sea.

Three days in this city and we are glad to resume our journey on the Gertrude Woermann steamship. Many sights invite our gaze, but there are nineteen days between us and Kijabe, where we shall meet with the other workers in their annual conference. Just a few hours before sailing we meet our General Director, Brother C. E. Hurlburt, who has come across Europe by rail. We have only $100 of the necessary $300 to reach Kijabe, but our Father has provided beyond our knowledge by a draft from Philadelphia. So the passage is paid for and we are on the sea again, sailing reversely over much of Paul's route to Rome. A few days of rough sailing—though not so rough and sickening as on the S. S. Adriatic—and our Mediterranean travel is ended at Port Said. Now the Suez Canal takes us across the route pursued by Joseph, Mary and the Blessed Child to and from Egypt. Presently we clear the canal and cross the water-hidden path the Israelites followed so safely across the Red Sea where the pursuing Pharaoh found his grave. A few days on the Red Sea with a German celebration of Christmas eve, with Christmas songs, gifts for all, and "plenty drinks," for some with red eyes and unsteady steps the following hours and day, and on we go through the Straits of Babel Mandeb into the Gulf of Aden. Sailing has been pleasant for some days and we have enjoyed daily Bible studies together with four Methodist missionaries on their way to Rhodesia. We shall have their very welcome company to our landing port. At Aden we go on shore to see the queer old city some miles inland from the port town. At this point we need the pith helmets purchased at Port Said, for the sun is now nearly vertical, although the early winter is the best time to approach the equator from the north.

RAILROADING THROUGH LIONS' HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS

January 1st, 1912, was passed on the Indian Ocean, and finally January 3d arrived with our ship in Kilindini Harbor, Mombasa. A few hours here and at noon we enter the little coaches of the Uganda railway, with room for twelve by day and for eight at night. Now comes a steady pull up hill for the 7000 feet altitude a few hundred miles inland. The first wild game seen are two giraffe breaking through the bush by moonlight; but the next day great herds of antelope of various kinds looked calmly at us not far from the railway, and zebra, ostrich and other game seemed to care little for our panting little engine and its "limited train." This is the lions' happy hunting ground, for his prey is abundant.

January 4th—my 39th birth anniversary—and late in the afternoon, we draw up to Kijabe station with a large crowd, composed of the resident missionaries, Indians and natives.
who have come to greet the General Director and to meet and welcome the new missionaries. Kindly hospitality is abundant and we had pleasant days just before the annual conference. A Lord’s Day meeting with the native church at Kijabe was very touching. Some of these, who have been educated by the missionaries, have refused flattering offers from Nairobi firms that they might go out to tell the Gospel to others for just enough to barely live.

Much hard work and wise planning have added to the natural beauty and utility of Kijabe Mission station. Its fine juniper forest and natural amphitheatre overlooking the famous Rift Valley have afforded “sightly” sites for chapel, school and home. Extinct volcanoes with mile-wide craters are in full view and the whole scene is at once sublime and picturesque.

The conference day arrives with some thirty-five or forty earnest hearts to pray and cheer and teach and present needs and problems and get counsel and strength. I was much encouraged by the emphasis of the prime purpose of the Mission, to give the Gospel to those who are numbered by the million in absolute spiritual darkness in the vast interior. It is hoped that our General Director may soon lead a party into this great beyond.

In the meantime, I am requested to aid the Ukamba workers, to gather all that is known of that people’s language and learn as much more as we can and construct a grammar for study and translation purposes. Accordingly, I leave for Machakos, Saturday, January 27, via Kapiti Plains, and then by mule across the well-known lion section made famous by Colonel Roosevelt’s successes here, to Brother Johnston’s at the Mission eighteen or twenty miles away. In the hospitable home of this faithful worker, I meet with Brother Rhoad and family and two lady workers from the Mboni Mission, who wait for a Lord’s Day meeting and Brother Rhoad for a day of study. A few days with Brother Johnston give much material, and then with the Mboni Mission, eighteen miles further on, the material increases. Brother Rhoad and I are advised to spend some days at the German Mission, some fifty miles away, to get the benefit of twenty-five years’ study of the language their workers enjoy. One thousand feet down the mountain side the trail leads, over immense rocks until the plain below is reached. Fifteen miles’ journey finds our camping place for the night. The day has been somewhat stormy and more rain and wind come on as we tent. Brother Rhoad has held a meeting with the twelve porters who carry our tent, cots and bedding, food and supplies, and, with a canvas shelter and crackling fire, they talk noisily while we fall asleep.

DEATH OF A FAITHFUL SERVANT

Ten more miles bring us to the Athi River, where crocodiles abound. A fording place is found across the stream for the mules while we are all taken across with the loads by means of a large cable operated by a native employe of the government. A long, steep climb leads to another noted lion plain above. I notice Mrs. Rhoad’s mule I am riding coughs as though trying to loosen some obstruction in his throat. I dismount and let him follow the porters, and I get a good sweat up the miles of steep hillside. Brother Rhoad is in advance and suddenly finds himself in the midst of a fine herd of buffalo. They do not charge him, and, as he has no hunter’s license for large game, they are permitted to disappear in the high grass that hid them until he was right upon them. For a licensed sportsman, the incident would have been a great opportunity and an equal peril, as the African buffalo is considered more dangerous than the lion. We do our utmost for the sick mule and camp a little farther on, but his trouble increases. The porters quickly construct a thorny bush fence about our tent and build their own fire within the enclosure. No dangerous beast gets through our protection, as the acacia thorn is rough and sharp, and the fire is also a safeguard. Death enters, however, and takes the poor mule as light returns. It is a hard blow, as its loss will mean much to Mrs. Rhoad and the itinerating work.

We are soon on the way, walking and riding by turns, until about noon we reach the government station at Kitui, where we are hospitably received. Four miles away is the German Mission and we reach it in good time to camp on the grounds. Their warm hearts will not permit us to eat in the tent, so we share their substantial and palatable boards for a very busy and pleasant week. The altitude here is 8400 feet—about 2800 feet below that of Mboni; yet Kilimanjaro, with its great snow-wreath, and Kenya, with her magnificent snow-crown, studded with glacier-jewels, are in simultaneous view as they rear their white heads nearly four miles above sea level, some 150 miles apart. The German brethren give liberally of their time and knowledge of the language we wish to master. The week is soon gone and we are again on our return journey across hill and plain and stream and jungle to camp for the night. At 2 A. M. we
are stirring and long before daylight we are on our way watching carefully for Brer Lion's presence. We find his fresh marks as day breaks, but he has let us pass unmolested. A few weeks before Lieutenant Lindlbum was compelled to spend the night in a tree in this section by roaring lions. The ashes of torches are strewn along the path and we recall the refusal of two couriers to spend the night with us in camp. When asked why they passed through the lion district at night with torches only, these natives replied, "Do we not fear the white man?" Some years before when their warriors were resisting the British forces one of the leaders, believing he had the medicine that was proof against English bullets, challenged the white officer to shoot him. He fell at the first shot with a penetrated skull, and with him fell all hope of resisting the white man's weapons. Fear of the white man thus exceeded fear of the dreaded lion.

**Only A Hyena's Cry**

Before noon, we are again at the Athi River, but it is too deep to ford, so the mule is blindfolded, swung up in a sling, and "cabled" across the 200 feet, far above the swift flowing stream. One more camp, with no need for protection, as nothing more alarming than a hyena's cry is now heard, and a few hours' traveling next day, and we are back at Mboni.

Now some weeks of classification with the other workers in the district and my work is complete in Ukamba, after which I must hasten to confer with Brother Stauffacher, before he leaves for the Congo Belge. Perhaps I may follow but a few days after. Leaving Mboni, I go to Mukaa, some twenty to twenty-five miles away, and after saying "good-bye" to the workers at Mboni, who have accomplished so much in this difficult Field, I leave the kindly hospitality and fine fellowship to lay the result of our researches into the language before much in this difficult Field, I leave the kindly Brother Wight and compare notes. Arriving at Mukaa late in the afternoon, I find that one of the party there leaves for the railway the next day, and I have but a few hours with Brother Wight, but long enough to find that he is familiar already with the bulk of what I have collected, and so next morning early Brother Propst and I leave for the railway at Kiu Station, some fifteen miles away. I sleep in a waiting room over night and wait for a wreck delayed train next day. This is a rhino district, for although it is intersected by the narrow gauge railway, the plains about are still wild, and a lion was shot some time ago but a few yards from the station. The rhino is a brave but near-sighted beast, and one of them attempted to charge a locomotive, but rather disastrously. The scent of a person is enough to anger them to a mad charge, but once on the leeward side of him and at a little distance, one is comparatively safe. Some escape by tossing the helmet up and darting to one side. Others do not escape so easily, as his agility is almost incredible considering his bulk.

Back at Kijabe, I confer some days with Brother Stauffacher as he prepares to leave, then we bid him "Godspeed." A noted missionary from China formerly, Harlan P. Beach, of Yale University, and an accomplished Bantu linguist, Miss Werner, make my return at this time of their visit to Kijabe quite opportune. Visits to the school, sawmill, native school, chapel, etc., are revelations of what patient teaching of the African can accomplish and of what can be done for the white settlers' children. As I have been traveling north from Ukamba, I have been directly under the sun a number of times from March 18 to 18, and now it passes over to the north—a new experience.

My hope is that I shall soon be able to accompany the party to the Congo Belge, find the route to a proper station, and after preparing sufficient for wife and baby, return and take them through the explored districts most expeditious and healthful to our future field. A telegram arrives from our General Director to follow early in April with wife and babe, and he also sends the means to join the other party at Butiaba, April 20th, on the shore of Lake Albert. A cablegram brings $300 from America from friends in a former pastorate at Columbus, Ohio. So wife and little William are to go with me, although I dread the dangers and hardships the uncertain movements of an exploration party must subject them to. April 6th we say good-bye to Kijabe friends; and with Miss Harland, from England, we take them through the explored districts most expeditious and healthful to our future field. A telegram arrives from our General Director to follow early in April with wife and baby, and he also sends the means to join the other party at Butiaba, April 20th, on the shore of Lake Albert. A cablegram brings $300 from America from friends in a former pastorate at Columbus, Ohio. So wife and little William are to go with me, although I dread the dangers and hardships the uncertain movements of an exploration party must subject them to. April 6th we say good-bye to Kijabe friends; and with Miss Harland, from England, we take them to Kisumu, on Lake Victoria, as fast as the little train is scheduled to run. Here the S. S. Clement Hill takes us first to Entebbe, next to Kampala, and then to Jinja, where we are to travel on the new railway to Kakindu. At Kakindu we are hospitably received by the Indian government official, who permits us shelter in his house. After some days' wait, we are on the S. S. Speke, bound for Masinda Port. A day or so brings us to the Port and now a 60 mile safari begins to Butiaba. I had written to the District Commissioner to provide some twenty porters for our loads, but he has failed and we finally obtained ten, and the other loads are carried on the wagon drawn by men. We travel seventeen miles the first day and tent over night.
Budongo Forest, Home of Elephants

Next day we reach Masinda Port, where our General Director meets us, and we continue the journey and go into camp at dark on the edge of the Budongo forest which is the home of herds of elephants. Next day we start early into the forest. Elephant trails run across ours in every direction. A herd is just ahead of us and has left some good-sized steps for our feet, down a steep incline made slippery with the falling rain. Finally the tallest of mammoth trees is past and some time after dark we have waded through the deep sand along the lake to its shore, where we camped with the rest of the party coming overland from Kampala and via Hoima. All have many experiences to tell, but weariness compels delay. However, beautiful botanical gardens at Entebbe, the many pretty islands in Lake Victoria, source of the Nile at Ripon Falls, Jinja, the journey down the Nile through Kioga and the safari across to Butoiba, together with the kindness shown us on land and water as well as the opportunities to give the Gospel, will not easily fade from memory.

A few hours' steaming on the Samuel Baker left us safely on the Congo Beige shore at Mahagi Point. Here the Chef de Post cordially invites us to pitch tents on the parade ground some 600 feet above, on the first plateau. We climb the steep and rough and rocky ascent and get tents up after dark. A war with a rebellious chief was going on some thirty miles away and extra white men and black soldiers are at the post. In a few days, they will leave for the bad chief's territory, and we are advised not to enter by the route we have proposed, but to go down the lake to Kasenge and to go up the new motor road to Kilo and Arebi, at which latter point our party will leave for the bad chief's territory, and begin work with this tribe. I have found some of this tribe among the native soldiery and have the joy of giving the Gospel through an interpreter. I would like to get more of this language before leaving for Arebi. All the rest of our party are apparently led to go on but myself; I cannot tell just why. Perhaps it is because not one of us can speak the language where we are going, and a few more days will afford us opportunity to not only gather from the Azande soldiers a number of useful phrases necessary for travel and location among this people, but to give more of the Gospel to the many tribes among the soldiers, who are taken from all parts of the great Congo Basin. But my duty is to attend the party, right or wrong, leaving it with the Spirit to turn us back if He suffers us not. So down the hill we go again and expect to take some canoes to Kasenge. Again we have a conference and a prayer meeting that I may be led like the others, but it does not come to me. Next day part of the canoes are at the shore and some of our party enter, when the boatman unexpectedly refused to start unless certain impossible concessions are made. So back go the tents on the shore, where the mosquitoes punctured us during the long conference and meeting of the night before, and wait. Soon after, word is received of the arrival of the District Inspector and the Chief of Zone. They kindly give us most important information of the people, route and requirements and privileges of the proposed Mission. Fever appears after some days. Mrs. Haas is in bed burning up. Our General Director has taken a canoe to Koba down the Nile to see if the Government boat may not be secured to Kasenge. He expects to return on the boat as it comes from Nimule. The boat comes and passes our port without calling and we are at loss as to what has happened to him. Various ideas are suggested, but none were satisfactory. Our doctor fears that he has been taken ill suddenly and wants to take a canoe to find him, but we cannot permit that, and so send letter to the Koba official to give all possible aid and information and reply immediately. While we wait, our Director appears in a canoe, having picked up our letter on the way. He tells us that he missed the boat at Koba, as the one who was to call him let it go by until it was too late. He thinks he has gotten word through to Butoiba to have the boat call for us and go on to Kasenge. So we wait and no boat comes, and as all hope of reaching Arebi seems to be cut off and as both the boatman unexpectedly refused to start unless certain impossible concessions are made. So back go the tents on the shore, where the mosquitoes punctured us during the long conference and meeting of the night before, and wait. Soon after, word is received of the arrival of the District Inspector and the Chief of Zone. They kindly give us most important information of the people, route and requirements and privileges of the proposed Mission. Fever appears after some days. Mrs. Haas is in bed burning up. Our General Director has taken a canoe to Koba down the Nile to see if the Government boat may not be secured to Kasenge. He expects to return on the boat as it comes from Nimule. The boat comes and passes our port without calling and we are at loss as to what has happened to him. Various ideas are suggested, but none were satisfactory. Our doctor fears that he has been taken ill suddenly and wants to take a canoe to find him, but we cannot permit that, and so send letter to the Koba official to give all possible aid and information and reply immediately. While we wait, our Director appears in a canoe, having picked up our letter on the way. He tells us that he missed the boat at Koba, as the one who was to call him let it go by until it was too late. He thinks he has gotten word through to Butoiba to have the boat call for us and go on to Kasenge. So we wait and no boat comes, and as all hope of reaching Arebi seems to be cut off and as both means and time seem to be limited to reach it in time for our Director to return to England to meet the intending missionaries at the Keswick meeting, it is decided to accept the offer of the Chef de Post to occupy two reed houses covered with grass roofs, look out for a station nearby that will serve as a base of supplies and forwarding to future stations farther in, and begin work with this tribe. I am also asked to get the Azande language of the soldiers and to be ready to thus aid the next party expected to come some months later. In the meantime, the General Director will go to England and United States to learn more of those who also expect to work among the Azande. We say "good-bye" and he leaves in the Belgian row and sail boat for Butoiba, Kjabe, England and America, with our prayers for blessing on him and his strenuous labors and guidance therein.
SEARCH FOR A STATION SITE

Day after day are now spent with Brother Stauffacher, the Extension Director, and present head of our party, tramping over the hills and valleys, looking for a station site. Finally one is found 1000 feet above the lake, with elegant views of lake, shoreline and mountains, near and far as well as of the opposite shore, many miles away; of the inlet and outlet of the Nile end of the lake. With good water and several nearby villages, it seems to be nearly ideal for a Mission site. One pair of shoes gives out on these rough paths, but the exercise has been good and the good appetite and splendid health which I am enjoying while others are down with fever is worth many pairs of shoes. I regret not being able to take up the language, as I now expect to aid in temporarily getting arrangements for the new station, but that may take but a little of the time and then I can give unhindered attention to language work. Our doctor thinks that it is too malarial here, and, if we can get to the station site soon, it will be better. Probably I can still spend daytimes here in the study.

We are reminded that our supplies are running short and that only Belgian money or gold will be accepted for the payment of customs. As we have little of either, some one must take our rupees across the lake and bring back the gold if obtainable. The boat is in the harbor and decisions must be arrived at quickly as to which shall go and what to provide for the journey across the lake and on thirty miles farther to Hoima. It seems that I should go on this week's journey, and so another cessation of language work is enforced. After hasty preparation, at midnight I descend the rough escarpment to the landing and am poled by canoe to the little steamboat in the bay. I do not feel very fresh for the journey, as the crying of Wm., Jr., of late, at night, has not been a very close imitation of a lullaby and now the native boy I take to assist me with my luggage of cot, bedding, etc., is shirking the whole load on me as we grope down the hill and arrive on board. I try to curl up and get some sleep, but the native engineer fires up the engine, and, as it is only five or six feet from my head to the fire box, he does not succeed in lulling me to sleep. Soon the boat is putting out into the lake, when it is found the waves are running too high, and back it steams to the bay. At four in the morning he tries again and does not turn back, so on we pitch and toss in a manner not particularly appetizing. Neither food nor sleep is relished now, the propeller whirling alternately in water and air and the stern of the boat by turn apparently attempting to force the bow downward, and then being submerged by a wave that gives us a sample of the lake water. After several hours we gain the other side and I secure a porter to start at once to Hoima, as gold and supplies are not available at Butiaba and I want to attend the Sunday services at Hoima Mission next day.

Then, too, the rest house on the way is fourteen miles on the road beyond a long, steep ascent over the escarpment, and a good night's rest had been made imperative by seasickness and loss of sleep. If nothing hinders, the rest house may be reached by night. Lions have been roaring about at night of late, and other wild beasts are plenty in the uninhabited stretches along the way. Unexpectedly my boy urges a wait until the morrow, and a few words he speaks to my porter are sufficient to make him refuse to start until a caravan of finely-outfitted natives leave Sunday morning. I cannot wait until Monday and make the march to Hoima in time to attend to the supplies and return before the boat leaves, and I want to spend as much as possible of Sunday at the C. M. S. Mission. The headman for government porters is hard to find and so I tramp up and down the sandy stretch along the beach in the attempt to find a way to get started with my camping outfit. The overhead sun, with the sand and water radiantly reflecting its heat and light, make a bad combination in which to spend the hours it takes to get started, but I have been so well and have thus far resisted the sun so well, I fail to reckon with the odds against me. The sun is nearing the horizon as we leave Butiaba, and sheds a golden lustre on wave, shore and sporting hippo, as we follow the shore path some miles along the lake. At dark I have waded through the long stretch of sand up from the lake into the bush near the escarpment. By and by that, too, is past and the high plateau affords easy walking for the six or seven more miles to the rest house. This is gained before midnight and I get a few hours' sleep before starting on at daybreak, with the hope of reaching Hoima before eleven.

(Continued in next issue)
FAREWELL WORDS.

Following are farewell words from Mrs. Rampley, who sailed from England early in April to join her husband:

Now we are away from the rush of packing and arranging, my thoughts for a moment rest on the wonderful way God has led us, and how one can trace His way with us all through the past. In my own conversion I proved that it is often with the still small voice that God speaks, quite as often as in the large meetings, with a renowned preacher and many invitations. The message which broke down every barrier in my heart was in a letter from my then intended husband, "Jesus wants you as much as He wanted me." How often we feel lost amid the crowd, and yet how precious each one is to the Saviour, who bought us with His own life.

Although fully realizing the change in my own life, and that my conversion was the work of the Holy Spirit, I did not fully enter into the light until several months later. From September, 1905, for three years, we had the blessed privilege of living under the ministry of a Godly man, the Rev. J. G. Gile, who had been a missionary in India. From that time the need of the heathen was laid upon our hearts. We had a collecting box, doing all sorts of things to gain a trifle for the Lord's work, and setting aside a small sum weekly ourselves, also putting a trifle away each week and the devil busy asking if it is worth it all. But through all we rejoiced at the great privilege set before us, assuring God of our willingness, though the tears might come at parting; and if He could use such humble instruments as ourselves, having put our hands to the plow, we would not turn back; but just work for the extension of His kingdom wherever He might call. So now after God has cleared away all obstacles and difficulties, I am on my way to Africa, with my two little girls (my husband having gone in January), praying for a real passion for the souls of our darker brethren to live in my heart; to be just a channel, and to be able to claim that great reward, "She hath done what she could."

Mrs. S. W. Rampley.
Mr. Brolin sailed for the field from New York, June 7th, 1913. He will stop off en route to visit friends in Sweden.

Miss Damm came to us from Toronto, Canada and sailed for the field May 31st, 1913. Miss Mary Slater and Miss Bertha E. Simpson returned to the field at the same time.

Let us not fail to continue in prayer and faith for the 100 missionaries, which we have been asking our Heavenly Father to give us this year if it is pleasing to Him. Nearly one-fourth of this number are already in service and other candidates have offered and been accepted. Some are to sail for the Field in September.

KALA AND IDA.

Simple Children of Africa Who Cry:
"Speak, Lord, for Thy Servants Hear."

Mr. Lee H. Downing, in a recent letter, relates some incidents which are encouraging for what they reveal of the work of grace in the heart of some of our converts on the field. The letter was written to friends in the homeland who are giving to the support of Kala, and the following are extracts:

Having heard that you have chosen Kala, my personal boy, as your representative in Africa, it is a real pleasure to me to give you some additional information concerning him and his work.

I told him of your interest in him, and it touched his heart to know that so many are
praying for him and giving to his support. I think this news has been to him another incentive to faithfulness.

We frequently stop our work for a little while in the afternoons to have prayer together and his prayer yesterday touched my heart deeply. Among other things, he said: "A man knows what is in a book when he sees the index, and God knows what is in our hearts when He sees our faces." He was praying in his own language, Kikamba, but used the one English word, "index."

Every Sunday evening we have a meeting for testimonies, praise and prayer. The boys who have been out in evangelistic work during the day report the experiences they have had, and ask prayer for the individuals with whom they have spoken, and many speak of the needs in their own lives and ask prayer for the same.

In the last meeting Kala said he had been reading the 20th chapter of the Gospel by John, and the verse that helped him most was the 21st: "As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you." This, he said, had been in his heart for three days. He knew that Christ had sent him to do a special work which no other man could do, because every other man has been given all that he is capable of doing; therefore, what was given to him could not be done by others. He also said he felt condemned for not doing daily that which the Lord had given him to do.

A testimony similar to this was given by another boy, who quoted John 17:4, "I have glorified thee on the earth: I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." Commenting on this, he said: "If I were called to lay down my life tonight I could not say that I have finished the work which He gave me to do, for I have not been faithful every day." He dwelt at length on this thought, and after he sat down he buried his face in his blanket, and I could hear him sobbing.

Some of our native Christians here can quote more Scripture than 75 per cent of the church members at home.

The last boy referred to, in his prayer last Thursday evening, quoted from the 5th chapter of John what is said concerning the hour coming when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, etc., then a few sentences later from the 17th of John, where Christ said: "The glory which thou hast given me I have given them," and also from other places in the same Gospel. His name is Kariuki. I said to Kala afterward: "It is not hard to determine what part of the Bible Kariuki is
reading these days, is it?” He replied: “No.” Then I said: “Have you noticed what Cege, another of our faithful Christians, is feeding on these days?” “Yes,” he said, “he is studying Philippians.” In a recent meeting Cege said: “Paul’s words in Philippians 3:7, ‘the things that were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ,’ had been such a help to him.” “That is true of me now,” he said, “the things that I used to desire and seek after I see now are like the rubbish that we gather up in the garden and burn.” At another time he said he had been studying Paul’s statement, “Forgetting the things that are behind and reaching forth for the things that are before,” etc., and that, he said, “is the desire of my heart.” Following this, he prayed and asked the Lord to show him the things he ought to stop doing. “We may be doing many things that are hindering us and do not know it,” he said. “Do show us what they are.” I also recall an illustration which he used. He was out in evangelistic work among the villages one Sunday, when a shower of rain came on and he raised his umbrella and walked under it. This incident suggested to his mind the thought that if it were not for the umbrella the rain would reach his body. “The Lord,” he said, “has something similar to an umbrella to keep Satan’s influences from us.” His words at once suggested to my mind the shield of faith, which shall quench all the fiery darts of the evil one.

I may not have told you in my last letter that Kala is married. His wife, whose name is Ida, is a South African girl of the Zulu tribe, and was brought to British East Africa by missionaries who had formerly worked in South Africa, and was left under our care while these missionaries went on furlough. While with us she and Kala became acquainted and later were married, with the permission of the other missionaries.

She is more intelligent than the girls of his tribe, having enjoyed better educational advantages. She reads and understands English quite well, but is reticent about speaking it.

Both she and Kala would like to go home with us when we go on furlough, and I am thinking seriously of taking them. Ida would not want to be left here alone, nor do we think it best that she should. Both are earnest Christians and could do much to increase the interest in the work here. They sing nicely together, and Kala plays both the organ and the cornet.

Do you not think their testimonies in the churches at home would be acceptable?

Lee H. Downing.

THE FIRST LETTER HOME.

Following are extracts from a letter received from Fred Lanning:

Dear Brother: I hardly know where to begin my letter to you. I should like to write a story of our entire journey and tell you of all the joys and pleasures of the trip. As I now look back upon it, it seems quite different from what I had expected. I had anticipated a long, tiresome journey, but it is not that at all, for the Lord made it bright and pleasant in so many ways that I could not remember to tell you of them all. On the steamship Hamburg we found some good friends. When we reached the island of Madeira we were visited on shipboard by the Rev. Mr. Smart, a missionary to that island. We had a pleasant time of fellowship, singing songs, and in prayer, and giving thanks to God for His goodness to us all. We had a pleasant stop of two hours at Gibraltar and climbed far up the side of the famous rock, and looked into the quaint little shops of the city at its base. We spent a half day on shore at Algiers, and had our first introduction to people who bow the knee to Mohammed. Two days later we reached Naples and found ourselves strangers in a strange land. If we had been deaf and dumb we could have gotten along almost as well in that city as we did the first two days we were there. Mr. Malek joined us the second day after we reached Naples, and as he was able to speak both French and Italian we had no more trouble. While in Naples we visited many interesting places, such as the National Museum, the ruins of Pompeii and Pozzuoli. Naples is the home of the beggar and the stronghold of Satan.

We sailed from Naples on February 2d and met the English party on board. It was indeed a pleasure to know them and to have fellowship with them from day to day. We found other missionaries on board, bound for other parts of Africa. In all, I believe there were twenty-six missionaries on board the steamship Carisbrook Castle. I wish the day would soon come when whole shiploads of missionaries would come to this dark land. We stopped for a few hours in Port Said and purchased our helmets and then passed through the canal during the night, and after another short stop at Suez we had several days’ pleasant sailing through the Red Sea.

At Aden we again went ashore and visited some native schools. In one school room we saw representatives of nearly all nationalities of the world. After leaving Aden we had no other stop until we reached Mombasa. When
Tom Youngken, of Los Angeles, Cal., and several of the native boys among whom he is working at Kijabe. The one dressed in white is the teacher in Swahili, the court language of British East Africa. He is a half-breed Arab, but a Christian. Mr. Youngken writes hopefully and happily of his work. Mrs. Youngken is helping in the school for white children.

we awoke Tuesday morning, February 18th, we were in sight of Mombasa and landed at the Kilindini harbor about 7 A.M. We had breakfast on shipboard and went immediately ashore and by 1.30 P.M., of that day, we had passed through custom house and were seated in the railway train ready to start for Kijabe. The journey inland was very interesting, and we arrived the next day about 6 P.M. at Kijabe.

All our baggage came through in fine shape. None of it was stolen and one china plate was the only thing we found broken.

When we were in Philadelphia we said nothing to you and you said nothing to us about where we would likely be stationed. We tried to keep our hands off and let the Lord work out His plan for us. As we neared Mombasa and after we arrived here at Kijabe we were much in prayer that the Lord’s will might be done in stationing us. We knew that He had called us to a work here and that He had made it possible for us to come, and we knew there was some place where He wanted us, and we wanted to be just in that place, no matter where or what it may be. We were asked to work for a while at least in the white school here at Kijabe, and although we both feel utterly unqualified for the work, yet we believe it is the Lord’s will, and we are asking Him to give us the wisdom and strength to do whatever we are called upon to do in connection with the work. We have charge of the boys in the school. We feel that we are unworthy of the position, but we thank God for a part of His work in Africa.

Shortly after arriving we received a statement of our freight charges and found that they were about $50.00 more than we had expected. We took the matter to the Lord and a day or two later we received your letter in which you said you were sending to the Treasurer $50.00 for us to be used to pay freight on our goods. This need and the answer came so unexpectedly. How kind and loving our Father is to see our needs and supply them even before we know about them.

Yours in the hope of His coming,

Mr. Fred Lanning.
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 is 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 Africa Inland Mission, 2244 North 29th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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 St., Philadelphia.

The Annual Meeting of the Africa Inland Mission is to be held at Montrose, Pa., August 11th the day following the Bible Conference which lasts from August 1st to 10th. This will be a splendid opportunity for members of the General Executive and District Councils to go to all or a part of the Conference and attend the Annual meeting also.

THE SECRET OF GUIDANCE—So often God’s dear children are perplexed over the question of guidance in their Christian life and service. To such there is surely a message of light and help in the article of brother, James H. McConkey in this issue, which is a resumption of his current series on the Twenty-third Psalm. If any of us feel that we have never yet found the road which Bunyan pictures Christian and Pilgrim as traveling, or if any of us feel that having once set out we have been tempted into forbidden by-paths and have lost the way, we may surely find in “The Highway of Guidance” a welcome guide post.

A GUIDED LIFE—This message on guidance synchronizes with the message, which this issue contains, of a God-guided life. Young William Borden, who recently died in Cairo, Egypt, where he was pursuing a preparatory course of study with a view to work among Chinese Mohammedans under the auspices of the China Inland Mission, proves by his brief life of service the reality of guidance. He truly walked in God’s Highway and found the by-path for his individual work. His love for the lost world reached Africa-ward, and he was led to set apart $25,000 to be used by the Africa Inland Mission. The size of his fortune did not prevent a realization that it was in toto a God-given trust. He is a wonderful illustration of the true order of Christian giving: “He first gave his own self to the Lord” (2 Cor. 8:5) and then his fortune to the work of the Lord. During his lifetime he gave all the interest and often part of the principal of his wealth as the needs of the lost world broke upon his vision.

DEATH OF MR. FRANK MILLEN—The sad news reached us by cable on June 4th of the sudden death of Mr. Frank Millen who sailed for the field June 1st, 1912. Our brother Millen was a member of Pastor Henry L. Walton’s Church in Jersey City, N. J. and was one of their most earnest workers. Our sympathy goes out to his loved ones and friends in the church and community where he has labored. In the midst of their sorrow we are glad for the consolation that he is with his Lord, “Which is far better.” His labor has not been in vain. A letter from him reached us the day before the cablegram, sent from Nera, German East Africa, where he had bravely carried on the station work with the help of native workers. Had it not been for him, the work would have been without anyone to man the station. In this letter he says:

It is wonderful how God uses these native Christians to spread the glad-tidings. I have a cook who delights to read the gospel to all who come over the station. I often thank God for giving me such a helper, so that I can truly say, that though I have done little myself, my presence here has made it possible for “Mdaki” to tell others of Him.

Who shall say that his labor was in vain? In that day when our Lord rewards His servants for faithful service, may there not be many precious souls saved because he for a brief while held the station at Nera.
HEARING AND DOING

AMERICAN COUNCIL OF THE AFRICA INLAND MISSION

The Office of the Africa Inland Mission and Receiving Home for Candidates is at 2244 N. 29th St., Philadelphia, Pa. All mail (not personal) concerning the Mission should be addressed to the Africa Inland Mission at the above address, and Cheques and Money Orders should also be made payable to "Africa Inland Mission."

ORSON R. PALMER, Home Director.
MARThA M. YOUNG, Office Secretary.

Financial Statement

The Africa Inland Mission for its work at Home and on the Field depends upon God alone, Who does, in answer to believing prayer, incline the heart of His children to respond. If we cannot state specific needs or solicit funds, either through its paper, Hearing & Doing, or through its authorized representatives, General Information concerning the Mission's 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 specifies. Undesignated gifts are usually placed in the General Fund, to be used where most 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, Maintenance of Stations, Exploration, Sending out Missionaries, Hearing & Doing, Home Expense or General Fund.

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.
*Frederick W. Fara, S.T.D., Vice President.
*Charles E. Hurlburt, General Director.
*Orson R. Palmer, Director for North America.
*William H. Dench, Recording Secretary.
John R. Hague, Field Secretary for Home Work
*John L. Steele, Treasurer.
Pastor James R. Morris
Pastor Henry L. Walton
Evangelist WM. D. Lammaster.
*Albert W. Butterworth
John A. Davis
Evangelist
William H. Pike
Bible Teacher.
Pastor Allison P. Merryn.
*Thos. C. Horton
Bible Teacher.
George L. Alrich
Bible Teacher.
Pastor D. M. Stearns
*Members of the Executive Council are marked with an asterisk.

Home Council for British Isles

Rev. Donald P. Robinson, M.A., Director.
St. Paul's Mission, 76 East St., London, W., England

District Councils

District Councils have been formed on the Pacific Coast with Headquarters at Los Angeles, Cal.; in Buffalo, N. Y.; in New York City, and a District Committee in Chicago. For lack of space they will not be published in Hearing & Doing, but will be supplied upon request or printed in other literature.

DIRECTORY OF MISSIONARIES

working under the direction of the

Africa Inland Mission

Rev. Charles E. Hurlburt, General Director
Rev. Lee H. Downing, Field Director, British East Africa

Barnum East Africa Council

Mr. Fred H. McKenzie, Recording Secretary
Mr. Henry H. Zemmer, Treasurer
Mr. Emil Sywulka, Field Director, German East Africa
Mr. John W. Stuflacher, Field Director, Eastern Congo

AT KIJABE

Rev. Charles E. Hurlburt, Rev. and Mrs. Lee H. Downing, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Zemmer, Miss Hulda J. Stumpf, W. Lewis Heitz, Rev. and Mrs. A. E. Barnett, Miss Mary Flauter, Miss Anna Barbitto, Miss Elizabeth Morse, Miss Clara S. Damm, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Landau, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Youngken, Miss Bertha Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kempsey, Mr. D. L. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Anderson, Mr. J. Bausten, Miss Madge Hirst, Rev. G. Fred B. Morris, Miss A. E. Zimmerman.

Address: Kijabe, British East Africa

AT KINYONI

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

AT MATARA

Dr. H. Virginia Blakelee, Miss Hannah McKinstry, Address: Kijabe, British East Africa

AT KAMBO

(a) Dr. and Mrs. John E. Henderson. (b) Mr. and Mrs. William P. Knapp.

Address: Kambu, via Nairobi, British East Africa

AT AGENDA

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert H. Hassler
Address: Kambu, via Nairobi, British East Africa.

AT MACHAKOS

Dr. and Mrs. Elwood L. Davis.
Address: Machakos, via Mombasa, British East Africa.

AT KANGUNDO

Native Workers
Address: Machakos, British East Africa.

AT MBONI

Rev. and Mrs. Geo. W. Rhoad, Miss Edith Norton, Miss Hattie A. Newman, Mr. Albert Clarke.
Address: Kambu, via Nairobi, British East Africa.

AT NASA

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Fyutuka, Miss Thilda Jacobson, Miss M. Lena Steckel, Mr. and Dr. W. J. Maynard, Rudolf Malek, Miss Gertrude Boyer, Willard Green.
Address: Nausanu, via Mombasa and Port Florence, German East Africa. (A. I. M. NASA).

AT NERA

Address: Nausanu, German East Africa, via Mombasa and Port Florence. (A. I. M. NASA).

AT CHAMAGANA

Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. Martin
Address: Nausanu, German East Africa, via Mombasa and Port Florence. (A. I. M. NERA)

BELGIAN CONGO

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Stuflacher, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Maas. Dr. Florence A. Newberry, Miss Edith R. Hartland, James S. Cobb, Address: Butlaba, Uganda, Africa. (A. I. M. MACAB).