Hearing and Doing

Every one therefore which Heareth these words of mine, and Doeth them, shall be likened unto a wise man, which built his house upon the rock—Matt. vii:24, R. V.

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The Word

DUST TO DUST.
By Horatius Bonar.

Dust receive thy kindred!
Earth take now thine own!
To thee this trust is rendered;
In thee this seed is sown.

Time's tide of change and uproar
Breaks above thy head;
Feet of restless millions
O'er thy chambers tread.

Roar of raging battle;
Shout, and shriek, and wail;
Startle even the bravest,
Turn the fresh cheek pale.

Torrent rolled on torrent,
Bursts o'er bank and bar,—
Swelling our valleys,
Swell the rising war.

Billow meeting billow,
Beats the shattered strand,
Rousing ocean-echoes,
Shaking sea and land.

But these sounds of terror
Pierce not this low tomb;
Nor break the happy slumbers
Of this quiet home.

Turf of the shaded church-yard.
Wonder of the clay,
Watch the toil-worn sleeper,
Till the awaking day.

Watch the well-loved sleeper,
Guard that placid form;
Fold around it gently;
Shield it from alarm.

Guard the precious treasure,
Ever faithful tomb;
Keep it all unrifled
Till the Master come.

THE END OF THE AGE.
(Copyright, 1915, by James H. McConkey)

FOR THE UNBELIEVING WORLD-JUDGMENT.

THE WORLD KING.

The end of the age then, which for the church brings glorification, and for the Jew restoration, will, for the unbelieving world, bring judgment. The kings of the world; the kingdoms of the world; and the unbelieving, gospel-rejecting men of the world will all find the coming again of the Lord Jesus Christ to be for them a coming in judgment. Let us note first the World-King and his judgment, for:—

There shall arise in this world, in a future seemingly not far distant, a Man of Sin; a Man of supernatural, Satanic origin; who will be the opposer of God and His Christ; acknowledged by the world as its king, and worshipped by that same world as its God, he shall after a brief reign over the whole earth of unexampled tyranny, power and severity, be suddenly hurled from his high estate of earthly power and glory, to the lowest hell of judgment and punishment by the glorious appearing of the Lord Jesus Christ whose place and authority he has usurped. Such a man is the Anti-Christ.

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His Portrait.

Christ is a faithful painter. He gives a striking portraiture of this Anti-Christ, through His servants Paul (2 Thess. 2) and John (Rev. 13) He who would intelligently know the future will do well to study carefully this canvass of prophecy some day to be hung in the picture gallery of history. We reproduce some of its divine brush-strokes:

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(Rev. 13).

And I stood upon the sand of the sea, and saw a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns, and upon his heads the name of blasphemy.
Thus the Anti-Christ will clearly be a man. But no one knows who he will be. The Word of God attaches to him a mystic number. It is six hundred and sixty-six. It seems to have a double purpose. It is a symbol both of concealment and of revelation. Until he comes evidently the symbolism hides his identity. In past years some have named Napoleon as fulfilling his picture. Others have identified a great ecclesiastical system with the Anti-Christ. But all this is conjecture. We question whether he will be known at all until he comes. Then this symbolism of concealment will become one of revelation. This mystic number will no doubt unmask his identity. Those "who are wise," with the wisdom of the Word of God, will doubtless identify the Man of Sin beyond peradventure by the number which God has given to him.

He is a Man of Sin.

One day wandering by the banks of the river Seine we came suddenly upon the Paris morgue. At the door hung a frame with the pictures of various criminals. There were suicides, murderers, assassins, thieves, violators of womanhood and every other representative of heinous crime. From those faces had vanished every trace of purity and holiness. The image of God seemed utterly obliterated. They were like wild beasts rather than human beings. Never before had it seemed to us possible that such sin as was there portrayed could be so hideously and fully incarnated in human faces. Murder, lust, hatred, sensuality leered forth from what seemed more like demon-masques than faces of men. They haunted us for years afterward.

Such a being shall the Anti-Christ be. As Christ was the incarnation of God's holiness, so Anti-Christ shall be the incarnation of sin. As in Christ dwelt "all the fulness of the God-head bodily," so in Anti-Christ shall dwell all the fulness of Satan. Love, compassion, gentleness, patience, faith, holiness lived in the one. Hatred, malignance, cunning, cruelty and unspeakable wickedness shall tabernacle in the other. His shall be the blackest character that shall ever smirch the page of history; he the most flagrant monster of all the ages past or years to come. The insatiable ambition of a Napoleon; the blood-thirstiness of a Nero; the savagery of a Nero; the blood-thirstiness of a Judas Iscariot. By this common stigma does it brand these two as co-equals in infamy. It links to-

He is a Man of Sin.

2 And the beast which I saw was like unto a leopard, and his feet were as the feet of a bear, and his mouth as the mouth of a lion: and the dragon gave him his power, and his seat, and great authority.

3 And I saw one of his heads as it were wounded to death: and his deadly wound was healed: and all the world wondered after the beast.

4 And they worshipped the dragon which gave power unto the beast: and they worshipped the beast saying, Who is like unto the beast? who is able to make war with him?

5 And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies; and power was given unto him to continue forty and two months.

6 And he opened his mouth in blasphemy against God, to blaspheme his name, and his tabernacle, and them that dwell in heaven.

7 And it was given unto him to make war with the saints, and to overcome them: and power was given him over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations.

8 And all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.

9 If any man have an ear, let him hear.

16 And he causeth all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads:

17 And that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name.

18 Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man: and his number is six hundred three score and six.

He is a Man.

"That Man of sin be revealed." (2 Thess. 2:3).

John speaks of the "spirit of Anti-Christ." For this reason many think he shall be only a principle of evil; a kind of evil spirit at work in secret in the world. But John also says that the Anti-Christ shall come, referring to him as a person (1 John 2:18). And Paul's description of him is too clear and explicit to mean anything else than a definite, individual personality yet to come into this world.

"That Man of sin...the son of perdition who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped: so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is god."

"And then shall that Wicked (one) be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of His mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of His coming."

These words are too clear-cut a description of a person to apply to aught else. It is not a mere influence but a human being who is described here. The Anti-Christ is indeed a spirit, but a spirit of evil incarnate in a flesh and blood body. The Anti-Christ is as surely a human being as Christ was the God-man.
together the man of blood who betrayed the Son of God, and the man of Sin who is yet to uplift himself against Him. And again as though there were no terms of human-kind in which to picture him the Word calls him (Rev. 13) “The Beast.” His whole being shot through with sin; an evil spirit incarnated from the very depths of perdition itself; a ravenous wild-beast devouring and lying waste the world lying at his feet—such are a few of the images in which the Word paints this fierce figure of the opposer of God and of His Christ.

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**He is Satan’s Counterfeit of Christ.**

That is, he is both the imitator and the opposite of the true Christ. He comes up from the pit, even as Christ came down from heaven. He receives his authority from Satan, even as Christ received His from the Father. His reign, from the time of his open revelation, lasts three years and a half, about the same as that of our Lord’s ministry upon earth. He is a false king, even as Christ is the true one. He is a boaster and braggart, even as Christ humbled and emptied Himself. He breaks all law, whereas Christ came to fulfill the law. He controls the wealth of the world, whereas Christ “for our sakes became poor.” He is the war lord of the earth, in which Christ came to bring peace and goodwill. He is the opposer of God, whereas Christ came expressingly to do the Father’s will. He is the wolf who seeks to destroy God’s sheep, whereas Christ is the tender shepherd who came to care for them and give His life for them. He is one of a Satanic trinity, to wit, Satan, the Beast, and the False Prophet, just as Christ is one person of the triune God. He is accepted and worshipped by the world; Christ was rejected and crucified by the same. He is hurled from his world-throne at the last; Christ is exalted to His. He is finally abased to the lowest hell; Christ is uplifted to the highest heaven.

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**He Will Be The World-King.**

The Lord Jesus in rebuking the Jews for their rejection of Him said to them (Jno. 5:43) “I am come in my Father’s name and ye receive me not; if another shall come in his own name, him ye will receive.” Evidently this was a veiled reference to the world’s false king, the Anti-Christ who was yet to come. Christ, the True King, had come in the Father’s name, humble, lowly, gentle, exalting the name and character of the Father, and they had received Him not. The Anti-Christ, the false king, will come in his own proud name, a boaster, blasphemous and defier of God, and him the world will receive. That such a King will come into this world and that he shall have power over all the earth is clearly taught in the Word of God. “Power was given him over all kinds, and tongues, and nations” is the plain statement of Rev. 13:7, concerning the Anti-Christ. He is a king of unspeakable wickedness—the Man of Sin. (2 Thess. 2:2). He is the persecutor of the saints of God. (Rev. 13:7) He has all the power and authority of Satan himself. (Rev. 13:2.) He works like Satan with the same signs and lying wonders to deceive and delude the world. (2 Thess. 2:9). Concerning him let it be noted that—

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**He Will Be The Embodiment of Lawlessness.**

“Then shall that Lawless One be revealed.” (2 Thess. 2:8).

In all ages past the world’s political revolutions seem to have been governed by this law: Men have essayed to overthrow governments simply that they might replace them with others after their own planning and principles. Kingdoms have fallen only to be replaced with aristocracies; these have in turn given away to empires; and empires have been subverted that republics might be founded upon their ruins. But within our own generation a remarkable change has taken place in this almost unvarying law. A strange, lawless generation of men has sprung into existence as though by magic, whose avowed object is the overthrow of all order, law and government. They would tear down not to rebuild a new and nobler edifice of government, but to desolate and leave in ruins all they have assailed. They do not stop at murder and assassination to attain their sinister end. The bomb, the bullet, the assassin’s dagger are their favorite weapons. Their avowed purpose is to bring the world into a place of lawlessness, chaos and absolute anarchy. We call them anarchists. They are the forerunners which represent the spirit and startlingly foreshadow the coming of the Anti-Christ. For he is called by the Word of God, “The Lawless One.” That phrase might almost be translated “The Anarchist.” For the two words are the same in spirit and essence. One means the foe of law. The other is the foe of government, which is founded on law. They would tear down not to rebuild a new and nobler edifice of government, but to desolate and leave in ruins all they have assailed. They do not stop at murder and assassination to attain their sinister end. The bomb, the bullet, the assassin’s dagger are their favorite weapons. Their avowed purpose is to bring the world into a place of lawlessness, chaos and absolute anarchy. We call them anarchists. They are the forerunners which represent the spirit and startlingly foreshadow the coming of the Anti-Christ. For he is called by the Word of God, “The Lawless One.” That phrase might almost be translated “The Anarchist.” For the two words are the same in spirit and essence. One means the foe of law. The other is the foe of government, which is founded on law. The spirit of anarchy and lawlessness abroad in the world today is the very spirit of Anti-Christ. He will indeed be the “Lawless One.” For God’s universe is founded on law and order. So hating
God the Lawless One hates all that springs from God. Hence he will seek to bring to wreck and ruin all that God has made in orderly beauty and method. He will usher in a mad riot of lawlessness. God's law of purity he will trample under the foot of lust and sensuality; God's law which safeguards the preciousness of human life will give place to murder and assassination; God's law of property rights shall succumb to greed, graft and wholesale theft and dishonesty. He will violate every law of God within reach of his malignant power. Men shall drink to the full the cup of unrestrained personal license and passion, only to find at the last its unspeakable bitterness, shame and degradation.

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He Will be the Commercial Monopolist of the World.

"And he causeth all...to receive a mark in their right hand or in their foreheads; and that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name." (Rev. 13:16, 17).

If this striking statement of the Word of God had been called to men's attention years ago the scoffers and unbelievers would have laughed it to scorn. Men would have declared it impossible that such a prediction could ever be fulfilled. "Competition is the life of trade. Commerce is a worldwide activity. No single man or body of men can ever control it. None but the wildest visionary could ever conceive of such a thing as a one-man control of the enormous business enterprises of the world." Such would have been the reasoning of the man of the world. But now the lips of the scoffer are sealed. A startling change has come to pass in the world's business. Combination, not competition, is now its slogan. Gigantic combinations and trusts have sprung up all over the world and are controlling its commerce. At the beginning men called for their suppression. Now they only ask for regulation. Nor will they ever be suppressed. They have come to stay. What men never deemed possible they are now seeing every day of their lives—single lines of business controlled throughout the world by single individuals. And this will continue until the trade of the world will be in one man's hands, and that one man the Man of Sin. This is one of God's most startling finger-boards of prophecy, one of the most striking signs of the end-time. That which the world deemed impossible is taking place every day before our very eyes. It will all climax as God says it will.

“No man shall buy nor sell” save under the permit and power of that darkest figure yet to arise in the world's history—the Anti-Christ. That almost two thousand years ago the prophecy should have been made that the trade of the whole world would be shaped and controlled by one man, and that too at a time when there was not a shadow of seeming probability of the same, and that now in the generation in which we live business conditions have been so transformed as to make the Bible prediction an easy possibility, this is not only a most astonishing proof of the inspiration of that Word of God but a sober and striking warning of the near at hand manifestation of that Anti-Christ whose presence Jesus Christ taught to be the crucial sign of the culmination of this age in which we live.

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He Will Head the World's Last Great War.

The world today is in the throes of the most awful conflict of all history. The continent of Europe is being devastated by a war whose slaughter is appalling beyond words, and whose final outcome no human wisdom can forecast. So frightful is the carnage, so far-reaching the baleful influence of this titanic struggle that men are already saying it is the last of the world's wars. The sacrifice of human life is so terrible, they say, and the expenditure of human means so enormous that the governments of the world cannot possibly endure the draft upon their resources. So it is freely predicted that of sheer necessity this war will be the last in the world's history, and that peace will perforce be its outcome. But the Word of God does not so teach. This is not the world's last great conflict. For this is a struggle of nations against nations. But the last great appeal to arms in this age will be a struggle between men and God. It will be a war in which the nations of the earth, led by the Anti-Christ, will be confederated and arrayed against the God of heaven. The fourteenth chapter of Zechariah clearly pictures this last war between God and the nations—

“For I will gather all nations against Jerusalem to battle. . . . Then shall the Lord go forth and fight against those nations, as when He fought in the day of battle—and His feet shall stand in that day upon the mount of Olives"...and my God shall come and all the saints with thee.”

So too, in Rev. 19:11, etc., when the Lord Jesus comes forth from heaven he comes forth with the armies of heaven to make war, as the Word clearly states—
And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and He that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness He doeth judge and make war. And out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it He should smite the nations. Then in verse 19 we see the Anti-Christ ("the Beast") heading the armies of the nations who are gathered together to make war against Him that sat on the horse and against His army.

This is the world’s last great war in this age, and, as its sequence, we note the final point about the Anti-Christ, namely, that—

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His Judgment is Swift and Sure.

His reign upon the earth is short. Revelation (13:5) declares it to be forty-two months. There is every reason to accept this as a literal three and a half years. That reign is savage, cruel, and pitiless. Then, shortened "for the elect's sake" (Matt. 24:22) it comes to an end at the glorious coming of the Lord Jesus. The sinful, blasphemous, relentless embodiment of the world's hatred and enmity to the true Christ meets his doom in the coming of the real Christ.

"Whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth and shall destroy with the brightness of His coming"

are the graphic words which picture his end (2 Thess. 2:8). The word "destroy" is a striking one. It means "to make of none effect" or to render helpless. No definite exercise of miraculous power of the Lord is needed to compass the overthrow of the Anti-Christ. The power and splendor of His glorious presence is alone sufficient to "make of none effect" the false world-king. And here the picture of the doom of the Man of Sin is like that of one who has been withered by the stroke of paralysis, or smitten to helplessness by the hissing, forth-leaping lightning from mid-heaven. Jesus Christ's consuming presence paralyzes him in an instant, the instant of His appearing. Thus utterly consumed and destroyed, yet not annihilated, his eternal destiny is seen in the last words of the Book concerning him (Rev. 19:20)

"And the Beast was taken...and cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone."
stand tones and looks and we too often put stumbling blocks in their ways.

C. To people at large: We need to speak guardedly of the Mission and of our fellow Missionaries to those without. In speaking to Government Officials, settlers and tradesmen we much need the beauty of God to be manifested, and in dealing with the natives and heathen.

As we consider God's word (James 3:3-10) we must admit the truth. The nature of the tongue cannot be changed but God can keep the door of our lips.

D. Our Teaching: Must be plain, clear, convincing, but it must also be with grace if it is to give life. Failures are mostly due to lack of grace, not to lack of orthodox truth in our teaching. Let us examine our own lives and ask questions of our own hearts concerning failure in life and ministry.

E. Prayer is the test and expression of what our lives are before God Himself. The important thing is not primarily our public praying but our private. It is our failure here that leads to failure in speech, teaching, living. It is in prayer that we gain spiritual knowledge and wisdom by which we are able to detect the needs of others.

It is in secret prayer that the problems of our hearts and of our work must be solved. If we are accustomed to walk with God the so-called crises will not be crises, but occasions for glorious victory.

We need grace in our daily duties, to make them occasions of communion and fellowship with God. If we are conscious of the presence of Christ it will help us to do the will of God.

Christ is to be our real pattern in all these things and Rom. 12:1 is the pathway to the realization and manifestation of the grace.

Many who are "have beens" or "might have beens," God will make doers and "be-ers." His grace is sufficient.

F. Mc.K.

MISTRUST AND DISTRUST OF GOD.

Dear Readers of HEARING AND DOING:

Deut. 1:27: "Because the Lord hated us, he hath brought us forth out of the land of Egypt, to deliver us into the hand of the Amorites to destroy us."

How very often have we heard just such an expression from those whom we have come to help. "Why do you ask me to do this thing? It is because you hate me." Or, "Why do you hate me that you ask me to do thus and so?"

One of the chief characteristics of the African is suspicion—always doubting the motive of the white man.

It hurts to be mistrusted or misunderstood. How it must have hurt God's heart to hear from His own people—"Because the Lord hated us, He hath brought us forth out of the land of Egypt," etc.

They forgot the miraculous crossing of the Red Sea and the daily manna from Heaven.

We must know God in order to trust Him—and the more we trust, the better we will know Him. Trust begets obedience and obedience brings glory to His name.

We hear a lot in our prayers and in our sermons about "glorifying God." Then when God wants to lead us by His path out of Egypt—sin burdened lives—into Canaan—glorious liberty—we are ready to exclaim "Why do you hate us?"

If knowing God means trusting Him, surely His own people did not know Him then. Do we know Him any better now? When we know God better other folks will get to know Him too.

"Where no vision is, the people perish." God forbid that we should not have a vision of Calvary.

We are praying for more workers to come and possess Africa. Perhaps if we first pray that those of us who are already here, and those who are not, but ought to be—get a fresh vision of Jesus Christ—the other prayer will have been answered.

A returned Missionary from Korea, speaking to the students of the Moody Bible Institute concerning the famous revival there, said, "I would have rather gone fishing that day than gone into the meeting." But he went in and got a new vision of Calvary. At the time of speaking he was fairly on fire for Korea.

May God give us all the vision that will result in souls saved instead of souls perishing. And instead of murmuring against God, we will take the hindrances and difficulties that come in our pathway, as "bread for our faith" and go gladly and obediently forward, thus glorifying Him.

H. J. S.

WHAT IS A CALL?

A vision of need has impelled many of the great missionaries.

William Carey said his call was an open Bible before an open map of the world.

Robert Morrison faced the question of his life work in a heroic manner. "Jesus, I give myself to thy service. The question with me is, where
shall I serve? I consider 'the world' as 'the field' where thy servants must labor. When I view the field, I perceive that by far the greater part is entirely without laborers, or at least has but here and there one or two, while there are thousands crowded in one corner. My desire is to engage where laborers are most wanted."

Mary Lyon, the founder of Mt. Holyoke College, and for twelve years its principal, was wont to say: "To know the need should prompt the deed."

Bishop Tucker, of Uganda, left a secluded artist's studio for the work of Christ. He had been painting the picture of a poor woman thinly clad and pressing a babe to her bosom, wandering homeless on a stormy night in a dark, deserted street. As the picture grew, the artist suddenly threw down his brush, exclaiming: "Instead of merely painting the lost, I will go out and save them."

James Gilmour, of Mongolia, decided the question of his field of labor by the logic of common sense. "Is the kingdom a harvest field? Then I thought it reasonable to seek work where the need was greatest and the workers fewest."

Ian Keith-Falconer, a man of most brilliant attainments, son of a peer, rich, one of our greatest athletes, Cambridge University reader in Arabic, said: "A call—what is a call? A call is a need, a need made known, and the power to meet that need."—*Evangel.*

The Work

THE TOCSIN OF A STRANGE DEATH.

The Passing of Rare Hugh Wallace Summoning Others to Africa.


*Dear Readers of Hearing and Doing:*

"Bwana Hugh loved us more than most white people; he taught us more of the things of God."

This was a fine testimony on the part of a native Christian to the work and influence of the late Hugh Wallace, particularly when it is considered that the abundant, ever ready flow of his teaching had to be sifted through the sieve of interpretation, for he had not been on our Mission field long enough to master the language.

On January 3d, 1914, I started on a safari (journey) through Ukamba with Tom Hannay and Hugh Wallace.

They had been only three months in the country. Both of them were full of interest to see and know all that was possible of the work being done by the Mission in order that they might be better fitted for usefulness in Congo, and to make known to the host of friends in California, the need of workers and the kind of workers who could be most useful.

A few days later we stood with some of the Ukamba missionaries on the spot where the Mission was first started at Nzawi, and then went down the slope of the hill to the place where Peter Cameron Scott, the founder of the Mission, and Thomas Allen had been laid to rest. All of us helped to clear away the weeds and grass and build a cairn of stones over the graves. Then we stood around the graves and prayed that God would to the very uttermost, carry out the plans laid in the foundation of the Mission, to carry the Gospel into the far interior. How intensely those two hearts were filled with longing to help answer that prayer, their lives have abundantly testified. How much many of us have longed that they might do so, only God may judge.

Together we laid out and agreed upon a plan to make this first station a memorial to the founder, planting eucalyptus trees, and building, as the Lord may enable us, a permanent chapel and school house where the Gospel might be preached regularly by workers sent out from the other stations.

A few weeks later we gathered about an open grave and laid Tom Hannay to rest, scarce daring to think what changes must be made in plans for the future, because of his departure. Within the following week he was to have started with me on a trip through German East Africa and Congo.

Hugh Wallace had longed to take his place but was unable to do so, and cheerfully and heartily took the round of duties that made it much easier for me to go; and right faithfully was every duty discharged during the eleven months and five days that I was absent.

The journey was made covering more than 200 miles in German East Africa and more than 1000 miles in Congo. And during all the time every mail brought full detailed reports of the condition of the work left in British East Africa and always with questions and suggestions.

On my return it was a pleasure to renew the close fellowship and daily contact with Hugh.
In order that he might thoroughly post himself in all of the work, he had taken some difficult trips, partly on foot and partly by bicycle, visiting all the stations, and was able to bring fresh information concerning the work, workers, buildings, etc. For Hugh was unlike most workers in that when he visited a station for some particular purpose he did not limit himself to that and return, but saw everything, thought of all the varied problems and made careful note of all.

His was no romantic love for missions but a thoroughly practical one, and when the need demanded that he should give attention to office work, details of correspondence, shipping, information concerning transport across the country, supervising the erection of buildings or planting trees, he did not fret and complain because he was not permitted to hold evangelistic meetings or translate the Scripture. But these things did not divert him from the main work in hand. If there was a very early prayer meeting to be held in the village, he was more likely to be there than any one on the station. When there was need of a special Bible training class for native evangelists, in the absence of older teachers Hugh took up the class and gave a series of lessons on the dispensations, illustrating all on the blackboard. All this had to be done through an interpreter, and yet some of our most efficient evangelists have referred more often to teaching received in this class than almost any other instruction that has been given them. And after Hugh's death one of them spoke straight from his heart the words quoted at the beginning of this letter: "Bwana Hugh loved us more than most white people; he taught us more of the things of God."

In his personal contact also with the native boys, while he had not been able to make much progress with the language, he managed to communicate with them and to understand every need and make them understand the source of divine supply.

But perhaps the most marked fact of his life on the field was that though wholly absorbed in each new duty that presented itself and doing it faithfully and thoroughly, he never lost his vision of the whole field; the tribes and vast territories yet unreached by the Gospel. Always eager for the time when he might push forward into the interior, his mind was yet reaching back unceasingly toward those whom God had called or might yet call out into the harvest field.

To those who knew him least his enthusiasm made him sometimes seem to be "fresh"—possibly forward; but those who knew him best found his judgment more mature and Spirit-led, and that he had given more careful study to mission problems than many men of far more years of experience.

I am not exalting a hero. Hugh made mistakes, knew it, humbly acknowledged them, and sought the advice and help of any and all who might help him to greater efficiency. But with consuming earnestness he was devoted to the work of God and to the evangelization of the Dark Continent.

He prayed often and earnestly that laborers might be sent out to the field and that those whom God had called might cease to seek and find excuses for disobedience and begin to obey. We shall miss him on the field more than words can express. With reverent heart and with the answer before us ere the question is asked, may we not think and ask every man and woman to whom God has spoken concerning the work in the Dark Continent to think,—did God make a mistake in calling this young, strong, spiritual, capable man out of the field where he seemed to be so much needed? Or did God have a love "deeper than the measure of man's mind"—a love that would not let men and women whom He had called to the field, go back to the husks of worldly service, or to the selfish ease of an over-crowded home field, and call this servant home, that through his departure He might speak in tones that could not be mistaken, to you who have heard and not obeyed!

When Tom Hannay passed on to the other shore, it is said by prominent workers at home that between 1000 and 1500 young men and women were led to dedicate themselves to the service of God, largely in foreign fields. While few of those sought the same field where Hannay worked, our hearts rejoice in the rich harvest of workers gathered through our loss of one.

May we not ask the Lord of the harvest, through the fall of this other worker, to raise up a great host who shall take his place upon the fields where the Gospel has not yet been proclaimed?

On the death of a fellow Christian Endeavorer five years ago, Hugh prepared a little booklet as a memorial to be sent to her friends.

I cannot do better than close this article by quoting the words which he wrote at the end of the booklet:

"He being dead, yet speaketh."

"Oh, dear reader, whoever you are, do you not feel constrained to give yourself afresh to God? Does not the testimony of this life make
you long to be of more service to the Master? Like Paul in Romans 12:1, 2, I, too, beseech you that you present your bodies and your lives to God, living sacrifices, holy and acceptable unto Him. The opportunities for service at home and abroad are so numerous, the call is so urgent, and the time is so short. Haste, then, ere it is too late.

“Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord, when He cometh, shall find so doing.”—Matt. 24:46.

CHARLES E. HURLBURT.

HUGH WALLACE’S LAST HOURS.

HE FELL ON SLEEP WITH A SUPREME LOOK OF JOY AND TRIUMPH ON HIS FACE.

The following is from a personal letter from Miss Bertha Simpson, of Kijabe, to Miss Laura Collins, at home on furlough, and is dated May 4, 1915:

This past week has been a week that none of the missionaries will ever forget. On Tuesday morning at 11.00 a. m. Mr. Wallace was taken much worse. He became unconscious then and from Tuesday on until his death on Thursday morning he never really recovered consciousness. At times he rallied a little, but only enough to take his medicine or to reply to a question. Shortly before he became unconscious he wanted to send a cablegram home to his people and dictated it himself, telling them he had typhoid, then he asked the doctor to finish it and he added, “doing nicely,” but hardly an hour after that he was taken worse.

Mr. Downing reached Kijabe on Friday morning just in time for the funeral. Mr. Wallace was buried beside Mr. Hannay. Mr. Downing at the funeral said that as soon as he saw Mr. Wallace’s face he thought of these words:

“Not a surge of worry,
Not a shade of care,
Not a blast of hurry
Touch the spirit there.”

Many of the native Christians went in to see him just before and after he died. They said: “He loved us very much and we loved him.” Many left the room weeping. Zeke knelt at his bedside and sobbed until Mr. McKenrick led him away. I went over Friday evening to see him. The moment I saw his face I thought of the words, “Death, where is thy sting?” He looked so young and boyish, and oh, so happy!

I thought what must have been the joy to stamp such a look of triumph upon his face! I went over feeling sad, but just a glance at his face seemed to banish all sadness for I seemed to stand on the threshold of heaven. I thought, “What wonderful peace, what wonderful joy to enter heaven!” I do not think I shall ever recall those words, “Death, where is thy sting?” without seeing again the look of joy and triumph on his face.

“BWANA HUGH,” WHOM EVERYBODY LOVED.


Dear Readers of Hearing and Doing:

God has taken to Himself another of our dear ones to whose finished work He has fixed His sign of approval.

Hugh H. Wallace has today the “perfect peace and rest” he so often sang about out here.

We cannot entirely know the extent to which God has magnified and glorified His Name through the humble, cheerful, faithful life of this child of His. But the unfeigned grief of the natives spoke most potently.

“Bwana Hugh,” as everyone called him, has been in Africa one and one-half years. During that time he has been Mr. Hurlburt’s right hand man, helping to lift the burdens of our beloved Director at every turn and greatly saving his strength. In this work alone Bwana Hugh has been a noble missionary and every one connected with the Mission at home or abroad, should feel indebted to him.

For many months he taught a class of native evangelists in doctrine, and it was perhaps here that the natives first became greatly attached to him.

But there has probably been no one more universally loved than he; he was utterly forgetful of self, ever alert to help another, ever ready with a cheerful smile and jolly story to lighten some one’s cloudy sky.

Humanly speaking we cannot bear to face the future without him; but we know that he has finished his course, he has kept the faith, and now he is to receive that crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give.

Today we rejoice in the memory of this man of God and we rejoice yet more in the knowledge that his joy is perfect and that we shall meet him again before long.

FRANCES S. HANNAY.
WALLACE'S LAST HOME LETTER.

STANDING IN THE PORT OF ENTRY HE ECHOES
THE MACEDONIAN CRY TO AMERICA.

My Dear Friends in the Homeland:

Any of you who have chanced to visit Honolulu, Manila or Havana, may have some idea, or picture of such a quaint, old-fashioned port and settlement as Mombasa away over here on the East Coast of Africa.

Today I am 375 miles from home (a long way in this country), at the port of Mombasa, awaiting the arrival of the liner which is bringing to us a party of more than twenty, including children.

This week we have come down some 7,500 feet from Kijabe, where the atmosphere is fresh and snappy, to the sea level where it is hot and humid. It is rather difficult, I find at times, to fully convince myself that I am comfortable, because I feel the heat a great deal—not that it hurts me any, for it does not, but it does cause me much discomfort.

The ports of Mombasa and Kilindini are situated on a coral island slightly apart from the mainland, and are full of quaint and interesting scenes.

A KALEIDOSCOPE OF PEOPLE AND CUSTOMS.

I cannot describe them in the space of such a letter as this, nor is it my object to write simply of scenes, so I must leave you to guess at what may be found in an old Portuguese settlement and port, now administered by the British government, in far off Africa, where are gathered and crowded together in very small space, many tribes and nationalities, black, white, red and yellow, each bringing some of their own peculiar and characteristic customs, dress, pleasures, implements of work and symbols of religion; each bringing his own language and manner of speech and life and all together, commingling and blending (or had I better say “mixing” for many do not “blend”); these all till the result is a most bewildering and almost confusing and yet decidedly interesting “living picture”—a “moving picture,” and one which speaks with many voices.

I have come here with Mr. Hurlburt in the interests of the Mission and its work, to transact an amount of important business, to meet and arrange for the placing of the workers in this party due to arrive early Tuesday morning.

It was through the port of Kilindini that I arrived more than eighteen months ago. How much more I can understand of what I see and hear now than then, only those who have had similar experience can really appreciate. The colored glasses through which one often views things upon his first arrival in a strange and interesting country, are now put away and one begins to see things more truly as they are, and finds himself able to more correctly estimate the values of each.

HOSPITALITY SAVES HOTEL BILLS.

Just as I write I am across the narrow strip of water which separates the island Mombasa from the mainland. I am sitting in a nicely ventilated room in a comfortable building belonging to the Church Missionary Society (of England). The building was not being used and Mr. Hurlburt and I were invited to come in and make ourselves at home. This we are now doing, keeping house for ourselves; you know we always carry our own bedding, cooking utensils, food, cook, etc., with us in this country, so it takes very little time to “set up” housekeeping.

Our first night here we stopped at the Hotel Metropole (the only one open), but it was far too expensive for us and as the boat for which we must wait is later in arriving than we at first expected, and since our stay is to be prolonged somewhat on this account, we are glad of this place. It is cooler than in town and far more congenial. The surroundings, the bay, the palms and grasses and the verdant, heavy foliage of this tropical place make the situation decidedly pretty and delightful. We can see directly across to Mombasa which looks much prettier and cleaner from this distance of a mile or so.

At a point about one-third of the distance from Kijabe to the coast, we detrained, with our boys (cook and personal boys) and made ourselves at home in one of the little railway station rest houses provided for travelers through this hotel-less land. (There are only six places, so far as I know, in this whole Protectorate where there are hotels.)

HELD UP BY A FRESHET.

This was in the middle of the night and in a pouring rain. Next morning after breakfast we were off by bike intending to go fourteen miles to the Athi River and eighteen miles beyond, to a new station which our Mission is just about to occupy. However, upon arriving at the river, we found that this quiet little stream, which one can ordinarily wade quite safely, had risen and was a raging, racing torrent 75 to 100 yards wide. No one knew how deep, and with no bridge or possible means of crossing. We were, therefore, compelled to turn back just as rain
set in—my, how it did pour! We were thoroughly soaked, as may be imagined and our bikes (new ones, by the way) plastered with mud and the bearings filled with sand and grit. A cold bath and dry clothes and hot tea, however, saved us from taking cold, and so we are happy as ever.

It will now be necessary for us to reach those stations by a longer and more difficult route, requiring several days' travel from the railroad. Coming on finally the rest of the way to Mombasa—it took us eighteen hours to come the remaining 200 miles—we passed through the great stretch of wilderness known as the Taru Desert.

Arriving at Mombasa, after passing through the last few miles of beautiful, luxuriant groves of rubber, cocoanut, mango, papai, etc., etc., and crossing the great steel bridge to the island we passed the tent cities of the troops. There have been some short brushes here between the British and German troops and there has been considerable loss of life on both sides. When in a place so far removed from the real war centers, there is so much—what must it be where the war is really being carried on? It is too terrible to contemplate.

THRILLED BY A VETERAN'S SERVICE.

But I must turn from this. I wish I could tell you something of the interesting and extensive work done here by the Church Missionary Society. The work was begun in 1844 and with many ups and downs has been carried on since till to-day there is a most pleasing showing and a grand record of heroic, painstaking, faithful service rendered by a host of God's own chosen ones. Many have labored and died here. Some have served for long periods and still press on. Rev. Mr. Binnis, who is here now, has ploddled on for more than forty years. He has given the people the Bible in their own language—quite a remarkable feat for one man. With his own hands and native help, trained by himself, he has constructed dwellings, schools, church, etc. And above all of these he has poured out his life into and for the lives of these people till there has been built up a healthy native church, a strong native ministry and a great band of teachers and laymen who have gone all over this part of the country and have, under God, done an immeasurable good in the service they have rendered.

Oh! what the investment of one such life may mean to the people who have not heard the Gospel! Is there any better purpose to which men and women can set themselves to-day? Why do people both young and old—yes, Christian people—shy from such magnificent opportunities as are offered to the missionary? In the homelands they may be one of a great horde of workers who by much labor (and treading on one another's toes) bring a few to Christ and to a place of useful service—when they might, by throwing themselves upon God and thrusting out into the deep—by prayer and supplication, by faithfulness and consistency, by labor and by love, win and draw in and bring to Christ even a kingdom or a tribe of people who will shine as jewels forever and ever. This is not an enthusiast's dream! It has been done in many instances. It is being done even in this land to-day.

A CHANCE TO WIN A KINGDOM.

I have in mind now a man but a few hundred miles away—"just an Irishman" (no disrespect but very much honor intended by the phrase) who a number of years ago entered in among a fierce tribe of people who cruelly murdered Bishop Hannington. This man with the love of God deep in his heart and life, and permeating his whole being, went in and like the Apostle Paul as a minister of God "in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in tumults, in labors, in watchings, in fastings; by pureness, by knowledge, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the Word of Truth, by the power of God," has transformed a people, a tribe of men.

Name if you will, a course of life, a calling which offers more of opportunity and promises greater reward, both for the present and future. I dare to venture there is none.

But I must close. Standing here as I do to-day at this gateway to the vast interior of Central Africa, this coast terminus of the famous little Uganda Railway by which with its boats and connections it is now possible to go 1100 or 1200 miles inland—and as I think of the great host of souls before me—some 50,000,000 to 60,000,000 in this central portion of the Continent—how can I refrain from asking the question as Paul did—"How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard, and how shall they hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach except they be sent?"

A HEART-SEARCHING APPEAL.

It is true there are a good many workers, but far too few to begin to cope with the demands of the field. There is a sense in which it is true that the one who is now doing all in his power to bring the Gospel to these people, may be cleared of blame and not be charged with the
blood of these millions who are passing out into a Christless eternity—some by giving of their lives in service, some by faithful; constant labor in prayer and some, by just as consistent and effective sacrifice and service, through the giving of means. But there are ever so few who can even stand before their own judgments as “clear;” how much less shall they be able to stand before their Lord—and “we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ” to be judged of the deeds done in the body.

A real searching of the heart is never profitless and a reaffirming of our purpose really to serve and please God is always in order—therefore, if during these days or moments God is addressing Himself especially to your heart, hear Him! obey Him! follow Him!

At Kinyona there is great blessing. Dr. Blakeslee and Miss Collins are in charge, Mr. Youngken having been sent to Kijabe where he could be relieved from responsibility, and, on account of his poor health, be under the care of Dr. Allen. At this station the old chief who came to Mr. Hurlburt again and again, asking him to send workers there, but who, for years after the station was opened, seemed indifferent, has now become much interested and is seeking to know the way of life. With this has come a very much quickened interest among all the people.

"Would God that we had more Hannays among us to advance the glory and the kingdom of Jesus Christ. He counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, his Lord, and he learned to know Him and the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of His sufferings. The world counted him peculiar, for his life was a standing reproach to the worldly church members, but his reward is glorious."

A MAGNET FOR OTHER LIVES.

FLARING ZEAL AND APOSTOLIC CONSECRATION OF TOM HANNAY LED THOUSANDS TO SERVICE.

Taken from the Minutes of the Annual Session of the Synod of California, held at Sacramento, California, October 20 to 23, 1914.

"In our own Synod, God has used the life and in a way especially the death of the sainted Thomas Hannay, whose flaring zeal coupled with his apostolic consecration has kindled the fires of spiritual devotion in multitudes of Christian Endeavorers. God has used his life and death to raise up a large and increasing number of young men and women who are coming forward and offering themselves for missionary service.

"It is a wonderful attestation to the power of one completely surrendered life to draw other lives to Christ. 'Tom' Hannay, as the California Endeavorers called him, was a young Scotchman, whose holiness was like that of Robert Murray McCheyne, and whose grave in Africa has sent the missionary appeal to grip the hearts of many of California's noblest sons and choicest daughters."
ANNUAL MEETING AT MONTROSE.

The Annual Meeting at Montrose, Pa., was held at the close of the Montrose Bible Conference, which was very well attended and strong and helpful in its teaching. It is thought to have been the best Conference ever held at this place. Dr. Reuben A. Torrey, the President of the Conference, who is also the Chairman of our American Council, left for the West again within a day or so after our Annual Meeting.

The members of the Council spent a very blessed day together in counsel and prayer over the work. The reports indicated that the year had been one of blessing along spiritual lines. The letters received from the Field indicated that the attendance at Gospel services had been very encouraging. Evangelistic work had been carried on in outlying villages and districts with confessions of Christ and desire to know the way of God in various places. The educational work has been systematized and made uniform with the other Missions on the Field; school work has been carried on at various stations and an increasing number of boys and girls have been brought under the influence of the Gospel. Fourteen missionaries who had been home on furlough have returned to the Field during the year; four new workers have gone out from America and five from England.

We were much encouraged over the number of candidates volunteering for the work. Some twenty-five have offered themselves as candidates in America, and about twenty in England.

A hospital is being erected at Kijabe, with a building for natives and one for white people. The building for Europeans is 100 feet away from the native building, and has five rooms besides bathroom and linen closet. The native building includes a ward for men and one for women, each to accommodate ten patients, besides a bathroom for men and a bathroom for women, a dispensary and an anaesthetising room opening into an operating room and a sterilizing room.

The buildings are being erected from the soft, volcanic rocks taken from the hills near the hospital site, which is close to the foot of the hill. The forest of cedar and wild olive has been cleared away and the outlook over the Great Rift Valley is said to be one of the most beautiful found anywhere in British East Africa. The doctor in charge will live in one end of the hospital for the missionaries and there will be private quarters for a nurse. The operating room and native wards have cement floors and the operating room will be painted throughout with white enamel.

Rev. George Burns, of the Church Missionary Society, from Nairobi, gave the principal address at the corner-stone laying. Mr. A. R. Barlow, Acting Superintendent of the Church of Scotland Mission; Dr. Jones, Nurses Mure and McMurtrie were present, and Dr. Jones and others of our own Mission gave addresses, a program of which is given herewith.

THEODORA HOSPITAL.

Corner-stone Laid on May 12, Neighbor Missionaries Joining in the Ceremonies.

The corner-stone of the Theodora Hospital at Kijabe, British East Africa, was laid at 9 o'clock on the morning of May 12, 1915. The Provincial Commissioner, Hon. R. R. Tate, had been asked to lay the corner-stone but was prevented on account of pressing duties, and the stone was laid by Rev. Charles E. Hurlburt, General Director of the Africa Inland Mission.

The erection of this hospital had been made possible by a gift of $5000 from an esteemed friend in America, who did it in memory of her father, who, with his entire family, had been a sympathetic and generous friend of the Mission for many years. Half of the amount contributed was expended on the building; the other half on general equipment, including surgical instruments.

The hospital comprises two buildings, one for natives and one for white people. The building for Europeans is 100 feet away from the native building, and has five rooms besides bathroom and linen closet. The native building includes a ward for men and one for women, each to accommodate ten patients, besides a bathroom for men and a bathroom for women, a dispensary and an anaesthetising room opening into an operating room and a sterilizing room.

The buildings are being erected from the soft, volcanic rocks taken from the hills near the hospital site, which is close to the foot of the hill. The forest of cedar and wild olive has been cleared away and the outlook over the Great Rift Valley is said to be one of the most beautiful found anywhere in British East Africa. The doctor in charge will live in one end of the hospital for the missionaries and there will be private quarters for a nurse. The operating room and native wards have cement floors and the operating room will be painted throughout with white enamel.
Program of Corner-stone Laying, Theodora Hospital, Kijabe, British East Africa, May 12th, 1915.

Song, Wendo Waku Ngai Munene. Love Divine
Reading of Scripture, Gikuyu...Mr. A. R. Barlow Prayer, Gikuyu..................Mr. A. R. Barlow Address, Kiswahili and English, Rev. George Burns Address, English...........Rev. Lee H. Downing Address, Gikuyu......Rev. Fred H. McKenrick Address, English..............Dr. Jones Laying of Stone,
Rev. Chas. E. Hurlburt, General Director Prayer, English...............Rev. Lee H. Downing Benediction.....................Rev. George Burns

A MESSAGE FROM THE LOST.

The German East Africa Missionaries Are Well and at Work.

A letter from the Maleks, two of our German East African missionaries, who were caught in the war zone at the beginning of hostilities a year ago, and concerning whom we have had but the most meager information, tells that they are safe and well. The Maleks were at Nasa at the beginning of the war. It is addressed to the General Director of the Mission, and translated, is as follows:

"Muansa, May 17, 1915.

"Dear Mr. Director: We have received with great joy the last number of HEARING AND DOING. Thank you so much for your interest and prayer. We are all well and in health and the work is going forward as well as possible. The Busia people are still there but we are in Muansa. We think daily on Matt. 24:6: 'But the end is not yet.' Many greetings from us all.

"Trust in the Lord,

"RUDOLF MALEK AND WIFE,

"Psalm 3."

"P. S.: Please answer us via Dar es Salam."

Miss Thilda Jacobson, who left the G. E. A. field just before hostilities broke out, and who is in America on furlough, writes:

"We have prayed much for German East Africa, that God should watch over His work there with a very jealous eye and care, binding His workers together by cords of strong love. May He not be doing much in this direction just now? I refuse to believe that there will be any defeat to God's cause in German East Africa. I, for one, want to learn more how to intercede for that work, that He may keep His children, both white and black, hidden in Himself, and that He answer prayers in the sending forth of laborers and supplies needed for the spread of the Gospel. May we not pray and believe for five stations down the Tabora Road? The Sywulcas and I have pictured such a chain in the near future alongside an automobile road, with an automobile to carry the Gospel up and down. Oh, the need! What shall we do? My heart cries to be back, and yet one feels so helpless amid such a need! Such a field! Oh, for a multitude of Spirit-filled, Spirit-sent, anointed, burning, out-and-out-for-God-and-souls laborers, to go forth to help Him in this great, great work! We do feel that time is very short and our enemy fiercer than ever. May we be having on the whole armor of God!

"I am well, and have every reason for being happy. In certain ways I am very peculiarly tried. So many things want to cast a shadow upon the pathway and I am inclined to look on the shadow in place of the sun. But God is helping me to lift my eyes higher. He has led me step by step hitherto, and shall I take my case out of His hands now by doubting Him that He is still leading? Yea, He will lead, and I want to trust Him wholly. If He wants me back in Africa, it is a small matter for Him to clear the way, and He knows I would like to go. But I feel it pleases Him more and glorifies Him better for me to be just as happy to be elsewhere if so be His will. I want to be big enough by His grace to triumph in His will; but whether I may be one or not of the sent-out ones, I do pray and trust a large number of God-sent workers may go forth."

VIRGIN SOIL.

Unique Experience in First Taking the Gospel to a Great Tribe.

Kapropita Mission Station, Kabarnet, British East Africa, April 10th, 1915.

Dear Readers of HEARING AND DOING:

Again we send you greetings from this outpost of the advanced line of attack against the powers of darkness. We have not yet the joy of being able to report large numbers of the heathen turning to the Lord, but are going quietly forward with the elementary work of breaking up the ground and sowing the seed, being assured that if we are faithful (you and we together), in prayer and in what falls to our share
to do, our God will grant a harvest. For the past two months we have had from 15 to 20 nearly every day at our daily gospel service, and some are beginning to grasp the truths we came to teach them and to declare their desire to become people of God. It takes much teaching, the repeating over and over of fundamental truths, to enable them to understand what we are here for; and perhaps more than verbal teaching is the example we set before them, the influence of our lives. We go out among them a good deal and they welcome us to their homes, especially when anyone is sick.

A Nice Dish of Fried Ants.

Two days ago a man came asking for medicine for a friend whose foot had been cut by a falling tree. I told him I would go with him, which I did, and found it to be a trip of five or six miles. However, I was able to dress the wounded foot, and to tell the gospel story to a group of people who had never heard it before. I told them I would come again in two days, and accordingly went again this morning. They seemed very glad to see me, and several of their neighbors were in to hear the words which I came to tell them. In their kindness of heart and hospitality they had prepared for me a nice dish of fried ants, which I regretted having to decline, without hurting their feelings, however, I trust. At a certain stage in the life of the white ants, they come up out of the ground with wings on and a large body, at which time the natives consider them a great delicacy. They shed both wings and body (most of it) in a short time, and return into the earth, to come up again silently somewhere and devour whatever they find; occasionally, to our sorrow, it is our houses or furniture or shoes.

The Kamasia Tribe Absolutely Virgin Soil.

We have a glorious opportunity in this Kamasia tribe to mould a whole tribe of people for righteousness. It is absolutely virgin soil and not hardened by contact with civilization. This has its drawbacks, also, as there is not yet any desire among them to learn to read and write, as among most of the tribes in Africa where missionaries are working. We are getting a few in school, however, and are earnestly praying that boys may come to us from every part of the tribe, as well as the boys and girls from our immediate vicinity. They have not learned to appreciate the value of money yet, but generally for some months of the year they are hungry, and then they will come and work for food, and so come to school also. Moreover they have to get three rupees a year for their hut tax, and often they come to work a month for that. And many come to work four days for a cloth, or six days if they get food also. These are the ways in which we reach the people and begin the work of evangelizing the tribe.

Sowing Seed in Patience.

One might feel inclined to be impatient at the slowness of the people to respond or to come to desire to be taught, and we might think the work would be greatly hastened if a large number of boys would see the advantages of an education and so forsake their homes and come to live with us and adopt our manner of life. But at the same time we must remember that our purpose is to evangelize the people as a whole, and to this end the boys who come to us are to go back again to live among their people, live Christian lives and teach them the words of God. So if they come to us because dissatisfied with their own people and ways of living (before the spirit of God has wrought this work in their hearts), they are not likely to want to go back and live among them again. Rather they will want to work for the white man, eat our food and wear our kind of clothes. If, however, coming only temporarily and rather against their inclination, they are touched by the spirit of God while here and yield their lives to Him, they will want to go back and tell the good news to their people and will be willing to live among them (on a different plane of course) and teach them and do the work which we cannot do throughout the length and breadth of this Kamasia country, 100 miles long by 50 wide.

More Workers Needed.

We are in great need of help in this field. Mrs. Scouten and I are here alone (with our little boy Arthur), and the field is too great for us. There should be at least a young lady to teach the school, and if there were another man who could give much of his time to going out among the people, itinerating and evangelizing, a great deal more could be accomplished. Please pray that our need may be supplied, and that we may be kept faithful till our Master comes.

Yours in His glad service,
Oren H. Scouten.

"Just Passing Through."

On the Way from Kacengu Hill to Dungu, Unreached Tribes Get a Glimpse of the Gospel.

Dear Readers of Hearing and Doing:

In order to be able to pray truly, one must have an intelligent knowledge of the need, and
as our party traveled up the 300 miles between the Kacengu and Dungu Mission Stations and saw something of the need of this part of inland Africa, we felt we must write and put the need as we saw it, just passing through, before those who would pray.

Words seem to fail as one tries to describe impressions and scenes on that 300-mile safari into the very heart of Africa, and as one writes it is only to tell of the echo of a cry that reached our ears. That cry in its force and strength of pain is sounding as the background of all our prayers, and sometimes if we would quietly listen, in the midst of our personal joy and happiness in the Lord, we wonder if we should not hear God's voice saying to us, “The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto Me from the ground.”

It is in one of Miss Wilson-Carmichael's books, I think, that she speaks of the “Cry of the blood.” It is a solemn thing to hear that cry, for, cost what it may, we must respond. “Necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel.” And we heard the echo of that cry coming up here several times. Once it was in passing through tribes untouched by the Gospel. We came into touch with four such tribes in coming this comparatively short distance. We just passed through, unable to speak a word to them of the Love that is theirs as much as ours. And we prayed the Lord to send forth more laborers into this needy portion of His harvest field.

My sister and I were delayed a fortnight at a little place called Gangara, half way between Faradje and Dungu, the last state of our journey. Here the Lord gave us wonderful opportunities among the few natives around us, and we had the privilege of telling the wonderful story of His great love to perhaps fifty natives who heard it for the first time. If only pen and ink could show you such an audience! It varied in numbers, but if you could picture six to eight natives sitting round the entrance to our house on bits of wood, leaves—anything in fact that took them off the ground. An elephant's jaw bone near the house was in great demand. (Personally, I should have preferred the ground to the latter, for I tried it once as a seat and found it very uncomfortable. Still, tastes differ.)

Simply, as simply as we could, for we could not be too childlike or too simple for them, we tried to put the Gospel plainly before them. We began with such preliminaries as, Who God is, what He did, His love to us, and then, as the Lord helped us, we told of Jesus and the way of salvation. At times they would give exclaimations of great surprise and it made one realize how wonderful the story really is. Often as we paused they would say, “Good words! Good words!” It was wonderful how they seemed to understand us, for our Azandi is still far from fluent. From the time they began to come to us, about the third or fourth day of our stay, we were never without some who came every evening to hear the “good words of God.” We found the way to reach the men was by beginning to teach them the vowels. They seemed really anxious to learn to read and they were glad to hear about God afterwards. At the close we gave each of them a piece of paper on which were written the vowels and figures up to 10. We found this acted as an advertisement for us. We suppose the proud possessors showed these to their fellow-villagers and gave a display of their newly acquired learning.

To the end of our stay we were constantly receiving newcomers. The women were more difficult to reach, though we had talks with a few, who announced to us they had come to “see us” (literal word translation, though “stare at you” would be more literal as regards their actions.) However, the last day we were there, Whitsunday, the Lord gave us an open door of opportunity among the women especially. At four times during the day, beginning before breakfast, different groups composed mostly of women, came to hear the good words. It seemed the natural instinct, as in the homeland, to leave things to the last minute. Then they seemed to realize that their day of opportunity was short. Now they are left; will you pray for them? They are truly “as sheep having no shepherd,” and as Jesus looks down upon them would that we might enter more into sympathy with Him and catch the feeling of His love and compassion for these dark, perishing souls, and be moved as was He, to give ourselves for the extension of His kingdom and glory among them.

Mary Mozley.

THE PYTHON IN THE PATH.

Mr. Waechter Ran Over It on His Bicycle—The Resurrection Story Wins a Convert.

Following are some notes from a letter written by our Brother Waechter at Ikutha, Kibwezi, British East Africa:

The other evening I was riding along a narrow, winding native path at dusk, when suddenly I saw a large python crossing the path not more than two feet in front of my bicycle. There was nothing for me to do but ride over it, as I could neither stop nor turn out of the way. In doing so I was thrown, but it did not take me
long to regain my feet. Of course the moment
the wheel touched the snake it turned toward
me; however, I grasped the bicycle firmly, mak­
ing all the noise I could, and it soon headed in
the opposite direction. I cannot tell you how
large it was, as this all happened so quickly, but
it seemed as large as the largest baobab tree on
our place. I told an old native Christian wom­
an about it and how large it seemed to me and
she said, "Oh Bwana, was anyone with you?"
She wanted verification of my word. Then she
said, "Oh, now I understand. It only seemed
that large because you were frightened."

A DANGEROUS ROAD.

The only animals we hear about the place at
night are hyenas which are heard early in the
morning and always at some distance from the
house. Their dismal howl is the most weird
sound to be heard in the wilds of Africa. From
our front door we see plains and hills covered
with impenetrable jungle in which abound the
largest game in the world. Through this dis­
trict we must pass every time we go to the rail­
road.

There are 5000 people, according to the Gov­
ernment census, in our immediate vicinity, and
these constitute our parish. We hold a chapel
service every morning at 7 o'clock and I tell them
the old story of Jesus and His love. I never en­
joyed telling it more, and God is blessing the
message.

TWO CENTS FOR THE DOCTOR.

After breakfast we attend to the people who
come for medical aid. We charge a small fee
for medicine and attention. The other day a
man came to me for medicine for one of his
wives who is ill, giving me two cents as a fee.
It meant a three mile ride, and, of course, the fee
did not cover the cost of the medicine, but I felt
well repaid in the fact that she speedily recov­
ered and that these ministries help us to ingrati­
ate ourselves into the hearts of the people.

Our school work begins in earnest in July, and
one of our Christian lads named Joseph is going
to help us in the work. He is an experienced
teacher, and will receive as his compensation the
sum of two dollars a month. We shall try to
organize a village school in one of the most
promising districts and endeavor to get our
Christians here to support the teacher.

NATIVE HOSPITALITY.

When possible, I get out into the villages and
hold meetings and do personal work. Yesterday
morning, after ministering to the sick, I visited
two or three villages. In the first a woman ran
into her garden and gathered three or four ears of
green corn and roasted one at the fire in her
hut and brought it out, all smiles, and gave it to
me. After thanking her, I started to eat it to
show my appreciation of her kindness, and also
because I like their green corn roasted native
fashion. The scene reminded me of the one in
Gen. 18, where "Abraham ran and fetched a
calf, tender and good" for the three strangers at
his door. When I had a good mouthful of corn,
several of the natives gathered around me and
requested me to sing a Gospel song for them.

A YOUTHFUL ZACCHAEUS.

On my way home I noticed a lad on a platform
built in a tree in a millet field. These are built
so that the young people can from them frighten
away the innumerable birds that flock to these
fields to feed upon the ripening grain. I made
my way through the garden and climbed upon
the platform. Alone with him there I told the
story of Jesus. However, his mother, who was
near by working in the garden, warned him not
to believe my words, but I continued with my
message and the next day the lad was around at
the house to see me.

"MY WORD SHALL NOT RETURN UNTO ME
VOID."

Last evening I was out again and told the
sweet story to an old couple. The old man
laughed incredulously when I told them of the
resurrection of Jesus, but the woman listened
with almost bated breath, manifesting that hun­
ger and longing that exists in every human heart,
and which only Christ can satisfy. She said:
"I do believe! I do believe!" After leaving
them I went to another village where were gath­
ered several young men and two or three of mid­
dle age. After talking for some time I sang a
simple Gospel song, explaining the meaning of
the words. The psychological effect of this lit­
tle service was very curious indeed. Where
they had been idly engaged in conversation of no
moment, they all became more or less industri­
ous. One began to whittle a stick, another rais­
ed an umbrella and began manipulating its simple
mechanism. Surely the Word of God is a living
Word, sharper than any two-edged sword. I
believe that we are near a precious ingathering of
souls here. Pray that it may be so.

A TRIP TO ALDAI.

GIVING AN IDEA OF THINGS THAT HAPPEN
WHEN THE MISSIONARY FOLK TRAVEL.

From a Personal Letter.

I hardly know where to begin to tell about our
experience in reaching here, but think I'll begin at Kibigori. We started from there about 4.15 P. M. and had about two hours of plain. I rode the donkey and had to beat him nearly every step of the way, and he groaned so that I felt ashamed to be riding. Mr. Anderson advised me to ride as long as I could because I would need all my strength to climb the hill when we reached it. I rode until my knees and my patience were worn out and then walked or hobbled for about half a mile, then mounted again and beat some more until we came to a stream at the foot of the "climb." Then I got off and walked, and such rocks and climbing I never saw. We climbed, and we climbed, and we climbed, and we c-l-i-m-b-e-d for about three and one-half hours. Mr. Anderson went ahead with the porters who were carrying the children, and left a man who knew the way, and a boy, to come with us. These two drove the donkeys, one of which had a load of salt and the other a saddle. In many places it was so straight up and so rocky that it was impossible to go more than a dozen steps without resting. I was glad it was night instead of boiling sun. I was so warm and thirsty that I took a drink, and within five minutes was so sick I didn't know what to do. I sat down a little while and felt better but as I climbed on and got warm again I became sicker than before, so I had to lie down upon the ground for a time. We hadn't taken time to eat anything before we left Kibigori, so Lawson hadn't eaten since breakfast, and the children and I since dinner, and we were all hungry.

A Donkey Goes Over a Precipice.

A few minutes after I was able to go on I came up behind the native boys and found them trying to get the donkeys across some almost impassable rocks and a deep ravine. The mule with the saddle wouldn't go. Finally the man went around and took hold of its ear and the one behind beat it, and between them they got it across. Then came the tug of war to get the other one over. It got its fore feet down in the hollow of the rocks and fell down, and in trying to get up, slipped over the edge and went rolling down the ravine for nearly quarter of a mile; the sides of the ravine were almost perpendicular. The man who knew the path went down to find it, and the other boy and we started on up the hill. We went on for perhaps a half hour, and then lost our way. At last we came to a hut and the boy called a man to come out and show us the way. He did so, and we soon found the path. In a little while the man who had gone to see about the donkey came up, with a part of the pack saddle on his head, and said that the donkey was dead and the salt spilled.

Camping Along the Way.

In about a half hour we reached the tent at the top of the hill, where Mr. Rasmussen had stopped to wait, and where Mr. Anderson and the children had been for an hour and a half. We were supposed to reach the camp in three hours after leaving Kibigori, but it had taken us about six. I drank two cups of tea and then, after Lawson and the boys had eaten, we fixed our beds and lay down at 11 o'clock. The remaining donkey was tethered near our tent door and the dog was sleeping under the tent veranda. Mr. Anderson and Mr. Rasmussen were sleeping in a hut nearby, where the Government men come to collect hut tax. I don't think we had been in bed more than two hours when we heard the donkey give a snort and break loose and go plunging down toward a village. Lawson called Mr. Anderson. He came out, and by that time one of the porters had caught the donkey and brought it back. I heard Mr. Anderson tell Mr. Rasmussen to bring the gun. All this time the dog was barking furiously. It was moonlight, but there was a light fog so that nothing could be seen plainly. Mr. Anderson said he could see something racing up and down like a caged animal, and trying to get at the dog. He fired once and hit it in the back. He said it started to run but he managed to get quite near and tried to fire again, but his gun wouldn't work, so he put in another shell, and fired again. By that time it was some distance away, so he didn't know whether he hit it. He started after it, but couldn't see it because of the fog; so he came back and settled down again. Early the next morning Mr. Rasmussen started with the donkey man back to where the other donkey had fallen down the ravine, and Mr. Anderson sent one of the other boys to find the animal which had been about the place the night before. A little beyond where they had followed it the night before, he found it lying in the path dead. It was

A Very Large Hyena

and they said a particularly bad kind. It had lately been carrying off many sheep and goats and, they said, some children. It certainly was very bold. The natives were so glad it was killed that they intended to have a holiday and feast yesterday. Mr. Anderson says they always do that when a hyena is killed. We left the camping place about 7.30 yesterday morning and reached here about 10.30, I think. No more hill-climbing to speak of.

Mrs. Lawson S. Probst.
A 12-YEAR-OLD BOY PREACHING TO HIS PEOPLE.

Miss Mary Pett, writing from Kacengu, Congo Belge, to one of our home workers, tells this remarkable story of a native boy's preaching:

"The village work is very interesting to me. This morning nineteen porters were about to leave. They were of another tribe and could not speak Alur. Odongo, a little boy of about 12, who was taken up by two of our workers when they first came here and afterwards left them but came back two months ago a staunch Christian, spoke to them in Bangala, a language quite generally understood here. He told these porters about Christ's love for them, His death, His risen life, His intercession, and His return to earth again. They listened very closely. Very few of the tribe had ever heard of the Lord Jesus. I wish half-hearted Christians might have seen Odongo's earnestness as he told them how Christ was coming for His people.

"We have five boys from a chief fifteen miles away, who are studying in our school. Two of these boys are sons of the chief. The Belgian officials are anxious that we place someone at this point. Mr. Hurlburt and Dr. Morse visited, at their request, a sick Frenchman and it has meant wonders to us in winning the Belgians' esteem."

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Our readers will be glad to know from the news in this issue of the welfare of German East Africa members, including Mr. and Mrs. Martin, auxiliary members of the Mission. We have word, under date of July 13, through the General Staff Officer, Intelligence Department, Nairobi, that "if we post letters in the regular way to our friends in German East Africa they will be censored in Nairobi and afterwards forwarded to German East Africa." Our friends, however, should be very careful to write only in a general way and not to say anything about the war, nor conditions arising on account of the war. The missionaries at Busia are Mr. W. J. Maynard and wife, Dr. Nina H. Maynard and Miss Gertrude Bowyer. The Maleks are now at Muansa.

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THE ANTI-CHRIST.—"Little children, ye have heard that Anti-Christ shall come," wrote the faithful Apostle John to the churches of his day. The church of this Twentieth Century has not heard that Anti-Christ shall come," as the Apostolic church, and the early church, and the church of the Reformation did. The modern church in its Laodicean lethargy seems to have largely "let slip" the teaching of the prophetic Scriptures, which has so much to say of this terrible being yet to come upon the earth. Mr. James H. McConkey, in his present article in "The End of the Age" series, gives us one of the most clear-cut and truest sketches of the Anti-Christ we have ever seen. It is folly not to be warned of this mysterious Man of Sin who is yet coming for His people.

He is to be a great soldier, and surely the awful anti-Christian war now raging in Europe is preparing the way for his manifestation. Some students of prophecy have thought that Pharaoh, Sennacherib, Ahasuerus, Antiochus Epiphanes, Nero and even Napoleon were his prototypes. There is a possibility, some believe, that he may have his capital city in a rebuilt Babylon, and through the genius of a great modern engineer swampy Mesopotamia has already begun to be irrigated, so that it may soon blossom as the rose, while a great new railroad is being built into that section. At any rate the Anti-Christ is to come out of one of the ten nations of the restored Roman Empire, doubtless one of the smaller nations, and, while it may not be dogmatically asserted that the present European war appears in prophecy, it is certainly preparing the way for the eventual change of the map of Europe, and for the ultimate realignment of nations, out of one of which the last
World-King must emerge to enter upon his brief but terrible career.

The Appeal of a Young Missionary's Life and Death.—From the letters which are coming from the Africa Inland Field since the death of Hugh Wallace in May, and concerning which we had barely time to print a brief notice in the last issue of Hearing and Doing before it went to press, it is evident that our Mission has been profoundly stirred by the going home of this young brother. Mr. Hurlburt in his letter recalls the time when he, with Tom Hannay and Hugh Wallace, stood beside the graves of Peter Cameron Scott, founder, and Thomas Allen, pioneer, of our Mission, and built up the stones marking these early graves, planning at the same time to build a memorial mission to our founder at sad old Nzawi station. None of them thought then that these choice young Californians, only three months on the A. I. M. field, and both al-thrill with the tremendous possibilities of service in the heart of Africa, would themselves early be called to lay down their lives like Scott and Allen many years ago and like others a few years ago. Nearly all of the deaths of missionaries which have occurred on our field have been just as they were lifting their foot to the threshold. They had barely pushed the door of service ajar. They had got just a glimpse of the appalling needs—of some 60,000,000 souls unsaved in the eighteen or twenty tribes amongst and around us. Their fresh enthusiasm had been a whetstone to the zeal of our older workers, and had edged it anew. Our veteran General Director, worn by the hardships of many years on the A. I. M. field, and both at-visit with the tremendous possibilities of service in the heart of Africa, would themselves early be called to lay down their lives like Scott and Allen many years ago and like others a few years ago. 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for his lifework. How I smile when I think of that fear. I have been overburdened with the opportunity of the work, crushed by the sense of my own insufficiency, humiliated by my own limitations and inadequacy, but I have thanked God a thousand times that my lot has fallen in the heart of such an opportunity.”

THE NEW HOSPITAL.—The friends of our Mission will rejoice with us over the laying of the corner-stone of our hospital at Kijabe. For the first time in the twenty years history of the Mission are hospital facilities about to be available, with the great opportunity which they always present for reaching the native population. We have recently been treating medically about 20,000 natives a year in ten more or less make-shift dispensaries. And it means much, too, to our faithful workers. At least one baby has been born dead on our field because there was no doctor in quick reach. What a beautiful building inside Theodora Hospital promises to be, judging from the description given of it elsewhere in this issue. May we ask the readers of HEARING AND DOING to remember in special prayer this hospital and the work which will be done there—that God may make it a means of blessing to many and an opportunity of bringing the Gospel to those who would not otherwise know of His redeeming love?

TWELVE-YEAR-OLD ODONGO ABOUT HIS FATHER’S BUSINESS.—How many Christian boys and girls, 12 years old and over, here in the homeland, children it may be of people deeply interested in the Africa Inland Mission, are telling other children or even grown-ups who are not Christians, about the way to be saved? The story told by Miss Mary Pett, of little Odongo’s earnest heart-felt message to the nineteen amazed but intensely listening Congo porters of a neighboring tribe, is one of the sweetest incidents ever recorded in the annals of our Mission, and in some faint sense recalls the story of that other 12-year-old Boy who was likewise about His Father’s business, and who so surprised the tradition-bound doctors that day in the Temple when He was both hearing them and asking them questions.

DEATH OF A FRIEND OF THE MISSION.—We are saddened to hear of the death of Mrs. Louisa Graves Owen, of Morristown, Pa., who has for years been a special friend of missions, and of our Mission, and generous in her prayers and gifts, her choicest gift being that of her daughter to the work in India. She was a woman who was “always abounding in the work of the Lord,” and in her home town was founder of the Market Street Mission. She was greatly beloved by a wide circle of friends.

THE LOST MISSIONARIES SAFE.—The same God who sent ravens to feed his faithful prophet by the brook of Cherith and who sent a widow woman to feed him at Zarephath, which, by the way, means “Smelting Furnace,” has taken care of the five servants of his on the A. I. M. field who have been cut off from even communication with the outside world for a year until now. Many have been praying for their safety. At the Montrose Bible Conference, when the Annual Meeting of the American Council of the Mission was held, and at the Mountain Lake Park Bible Conference in Maryland, conducted by the Moody Bible Institute, special prayer was offered for these missionaries. Not a cent of money has the Mission been able to send them, but God has supplied all their needs out of His own ample storehouse—and they are solicitous to put into the carefully censored letter which the authorities are good enough to let come to us, that “the work is going forward.”

SEND FOR THE NEW FOLDER.—Prayer bands and friends of the Africa Inland Mission should send for copies of the new eight-page folder, giving in brief the history, purpose and scope of the work, and such other information as might be helpful to those who wish to hasten the evangelization of the world by going, praying or giving. The folder is illustrated with interesting scenes from the field, one showing a missionary squeezing out of the door of a native hut in the course of pastoral visitation of the congregation, another showing the faces of an intensely interested congregation listening to “the words of God,” another showing General Director Hurburt officiating at an African wedding, etc., etc. Those desiring to put these leaflets where they may do good should write to Africa Inland Mission, X X X X X X.
Hearing and doing, which was grace manifested. “Of His fullness have all we received, and grace for grace.” As we yield to the outpouring of His fullness into us, we may have a corresponding grace for all His marvelous graces, so that if we have a bitter tongue we may become soft-spoken, if we have a flaring temper we may become long-suffering and gentle-answering, if we are fiercely critical we may become patient with faults and failures, etc. “They looked unto Him, and were radiant.”

Pioneering with the Gospel.—It must be a wonderful experience to tell the story of Jesus Christ—of His life between the Star and the Cross; of His empowering intercessory life now on His Father’s Throne, and of His coming again to earth to reign on His own throne, for the very first time to people who have never had the faintest dream that there was any news so good as that for this old sin-cursed earth. Mr. Scouten hints at the privilege he and his few co-workers have in thus blazing a pioneer Gospel path into the Kamasia tribe. Miss Mary Mozley and Mr. Waechter relate similar experiences in their delightful letters in this issue. There are many other African tribes, and parts of tribes, in the A. I. M. sphere of activity between Mom­bas and Lake Tchad who have not a ray of Gospel light.

A Word of Explanation.—In the July-September, 1914, number of Hearing and Doing appeared an excellent and helpful article under the heading, “Laying Hold of God,” which was attributed to “author unknown.” The article had been sent to the Field headquarters and then forwarded to Hearing and Doing, but in transmitting it the name of the author was inadvertently omitted. It was written by Rev. Charles In­wood, one of the warm English friends of our Mission, to whom we consider both thanks and apologies to be due.

Rev. Alan Pressley Wilson, Box 75, Lykens, Pa., has published an inspiring poem, “A Cry from Africa,” based on an incident in the life of Peter Cameron Scott, the founder of the Africa Inland Mission. Mr. Wilson offers to send copies of this poem free to anyone enclosing a stamp for return postage.

Treasurer’s Report
Funds received through the American Council of the Africa Inland Mission from January 1st, 1915, to June 30th, 1915, inclusive.

Receipts
For missionaries

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Hearing and Doing:

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Total:

| $17,064.35 |

Interest Logan Trust Co.: $5
Funds on Field: $217.73
Check No. 1305 Returned: $400
Specimens for University of Pennsylvania: $150
Balance Jan. 1, 1915: $3,480.41

Payments:

| $22,023.17 |

General Fund
Missionsaries
Natives
Hearing and Doing
Passage
Transmission
Outfit
Hospital
Work at Various Stations
Employee Fund
Chapels and Buildings
Translation
Deputation Work

Specimens University of Pennsylvania: $17,120.00
Balance June 30, 1915: $4,748.47

$22,023.17
AMERICAN COUNCIL OF THE AFRICA INLAND MISSION.

The Office of the Africa Inland Mission and Receiving Home for Candidates is at 2141 N. 93th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

All mail (not personal) concerning the Mission should be addressed to the Africa Inland Mission at the above address, and Checks and Money Orders should also be made payable to "Africa Inland Mission."

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George C. E. Sample, Albert W. Butterworth, John A Davis, Evangelist.

Willard S. Brown, Wm. H. Pike, Bible Teacher.


Hon. William D. B. Ainey, John Davidson, Rev. Roland A. Smith.

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working under the direction of the

Africa Inland Mission.

This does not include those home on furlough.

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Mr. and Mrs. Rudolf Malek.

At Busia

Mr. W. J. and Dr. Nina H. Maynard, Miss Gertrude Bowyer.

Address: Nasa, Native Workers only at present.

At Chamagasa

Honorary Auxiliary Members: Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. Martin.

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Rev. G. Fred E. Morris, Field Director.

At Dungu

Rev. and Mrs. G. Fred E. Morris, Misses Mary and Catherine Morris, Miss Gwennie Hurst, D. M. Miller, Jack Batstone, Rupert B. Pinn.

Address: Dungu, Congo Belge, via Cairo, Khartoum and Abu Africa.

Note: It will be well always to add "Africa Inland Mission" and the name of Mission station to addresses given above, in lower left-hand corner of envelope.