You remember the mortar and pestle method of corn grinding illustrated on the cover of our last issue. Missions provide corn shellers and hand turned grinders as one of the first lessons in the industrial education of the native African.
ROAD MAKING IN EAST AFRICA

A missionary is required to be "Jack of All Trades," and he usually succeeds at what he undertakes. He must do this in spite of his "tools"

IRA E. GILLET

Perhaps you would like to know about the road we are digging. Yes, "dig" is the word, unless we add to it "cut"—"dig and cut." Our old landing at Jogo (monkey) on Inhambane Bay is a difficult one, including mud and a stiff climb up a steep hill. It is not so bad when the tide is in, but when the tide is out one is expected to do one of two things: either take off shoes and stockings and wade a quarter mile in the mud and water or be carried out on the shoulders of the boatmen. Neither is ever quite pleasant and the second is not always possible. The landing of supplies at this point is still more difficult. But at Morrumbene, another point on the Bay and the seat of a governmental circumscription, is a good pier and landing little affected by the tide.

But how to get a road to this pier was another matter. It must be about ten miles long and the Mission could spare neither men nor money to put thru such an undertaking. One day when the Administrator was here Mr. Keys suggested to him that there was no good road to this more favorable point. The Administrator agreed and said that if Mr. Keys would do the surveying for a road connecting Morrumbene with another road that runs thru the farm he would send the men to do the work. So it was arranged. At once we began locating our points of beginning and destination, there being hills and streams to cross. We "donkeyed" thru brush and climbed hills and trees in our effort to get "the angle." At last we decided by the aid of a wiggly little compass with a poor little sight on the top, that the approximate direction was twenty-two degrees south of east. We then set the stakes on the farm and asked the Christian people of the village to clear that part of the road which is on the farm. They agreed providing we would write their work tickets and pay them. But we thought differently and told them that since the heathen who would finish the road would get no pay, and since the country folk in America are not too good to work out their road tax, that either they might consent to do their part or the policemen would probably see that they did. But police were not necessary.

Then one night about nine o'clock we heard volumes of coughing outside the house—a common way of attracting attention—and we went out to see what was wanted. There we found a native policeman, two petty chiefs, and a number of heathen men and women. They had been taught to dig the road. Perhaps you would not have hesitated, but I did. I wondered how many had been routed out of their sleep, how many had gardens to dig; and I recalled the stories I had heard about forced labor until I began to notice that none of them appeared to mind the matter as much as I. And then I remembered again the days when the road supervisor at home used to tell us to be at work on the road on certain days. We went too, altho they were sure to be days when we wanted to plow. So I decided that since the work is not very hard, and they have to work but fifteen days each, that we would call it road tax just as at home.

We took down their names, gave them tickets and when they had gotten their direction—Continued on page 9

THE RAVENS' CLUB

"And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning and bread and flesh in the evening; and he drank of the brook." 1 Kings 17:8.

During the last Month gifts have been received in the following amounts:

<table>
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<tr>
<th>PREACHERSHIPS</th>
<th>Individuals</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tr>
<td>Arthur, Mrs. A. E., Ia.</td>
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<td>Beavertown Circuit Native Preachers' Association, Ore.</td>
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<td>Harding, Harry O., Wis.</td>
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<td>Kleinischmidt, L. W. &amp; Geo., Mo.</td>
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<td>Leatherman, Mildred, Ind.</td>
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<td>Mang, P. D., N. Y.</td>
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Morgan, O. W., Ia. | $510.10 |
Niles, Dr. F. A., Wis. | 30.00 |
Petersen, Miss Lena, Ia. | 50.00 |
Swede Conference | 88.61 |
Summers, Mrs. Clara, Mich. | 15.00 |
Taylor Fund | 50.00 |
Textor, F. C., Ia. | 20.60 |
Tiruns, Mr. & Mrs. J. M. C. & Myrkle | 61.00 |
Taylor, Miss A. G., Minn. | 50.00 |
Waltermith, L. O. & Mission Band, Ala. | 15.00 |

Churches

Groton, N. Y. | $100.00 |
Packard Chapel, Gracemont, N. C. | 20.00 |
Trinity, Youngstown, O. | 150.00 |

Sunday Schools and Classes

Ira, Ia. | $ |
Forward Class, Roxbury, Kans. | 60.00 |
Ladies' Bible Class, Pasadena, Ill. | 15.00 |
Men's Bible Class, Calvary Church, E. Orange, N. J. | 50.00 |
Pleasant Ridge Adult Bible Class, Vida, Wis. | 25.00 |

[Continued on page 6]
JOHANNESBURG

The center of industry in South Africa; the Mecca for every native for hundreds of miles around; the Eldorado of many in England

The idea of getting gold draws black and white alike, so, as soon as the mines of precious metal were discovered in the Transvaal, the people literally flocked to the spot and in the eagerness of their search the whites impressed the blacks for service and unconsciously taught them the value of the gold. "The Reef" or the vein of gold lies in a sort of crenelated shape in the country known as the Witwatersrand, or more commonly called the Rand, for short. The different mines along the Reef are situated close to one another and can be easily located by the huge piles of worked-out dirt, called the Dumps.

While this country is preeminently a gold bearing country, it is very rich in other ores as well. The fact that the gold is the richest deposit throws into the background that there are extensive mines of coal and other material. Around Pretoria are the collieries and many of the boys from the Portuguese territory go there to work.

The white people have settled in communities easily accessible to the mines, and in places cities and towns have developed. Of the many of these towns situated along the sixty miles of the "Reef", Johannesburg far exceeds any one in number and importance and has become the metropolis. It is more like an American city than any place out of the United States. The cosmopolitanism of the place is noted far and wide. There are many colors, but black and white predominate. There are Jews and Christian, Greek and Hindu, Malay and Chinese, Australian and Scandinavian, New Zealander and New Englander, Dutch and English languages vie with each other on the signboards and in the street cars — no, trams, as they are called here—while Portuguese, Gujarati and other languages can be heard on the street corners.

Probably in the business world the Jews predominate and are making a success of their recognized vocation of money-getting. The Dutch are everywhere and in everything. The Indians (of India) or "Sammies" are the hucksters. The Chinese, though there are comparatively few in and about Johannesburg since the Chinese "coolie labor deportation," grow vegetables, as they do in many another country. There are many Americans in the mining business, while Cornishmen, who have either worked in the mines in England or in America, ply the only trade that they know, under the tropical sun.

The Europeans, coming to this country and finding the gold, immediately turned to the native black to do the manual labor. The native Zulus and Basutos who lived in the vicinity were not sufficient for the work as the mines began to increase in number and size, and labor had to be imported. Thus grew up a very essential and lucrative business. In time it became necessary to go farther and farther afield for the laborers to carry on the work of the mines. The native blacks are recruited and put under contract to work for a year. They are transported, given a blanket, a little money for the journey, and when they arrive in the Reef, work is found for them at which they can earn from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a month. They are given food, rooms for sleeping purposes; provided with sanitary arrangements, baths and showers. Hospital doctors and health facilities are free, and more and more is done to keep the worker well and fit for labor. Research work and investigation are constantly being made in order to increase the efficiency of this important branch of industry in South Africa.

In connection with the living arrangements for the native workers, the missions of the various denominations who carry on religious work in the different compounds or communities of natives within the precincts of the mines, try to provide places for their adherents to have schools in the evenings and to worship in. Sometimes a church is built near by, out most generally the compound manager sets aside a room in which the work of the mission can be carried on. Sometimes the compound manager is in a quandary to provide a place for the "boys", either because there is no room available or because there are other tribes or societies asking for the same privilege. However, in nearly all cases the compound manager is as obliging as he can be and usually courteous and considerately kind.

The Rand is a hive of industry where two and three "shifts" are continuously succeeding one another. The constant hum and roar of the machinery and the frequent blasting add to the restless activity. There is a never-ending stream of humanity pouring its life into the melting pot and returning reaches back to the farthest kraal in the heart of Africa.

What effect will the influence which the boys receive in Johannesburg have upon the kraals all over the country? Will these black boys who work in the mines or labor in the different shops or kitchens go home with a respect for his white brother and acknowledge the white man's God as a kind and loving Heavenly Father, or will he learn only the vices and evils of civilization, and thus become a menace to Africa and the world?
INDUSTRIAL WORK

The necessity for teaching industrial work becomes more and more imperative. "Better methods" are looked upon as witchcraft, but they open up a broad avenue to Salvation.

INDUSTRIAL work is a branch of mission work which is indeed an important factor in the salvation of the native. It is also a most difficult branch, for the African is lazy, born so, and small need to wonder at the fact when one remembers that his home has ever been here beneath this burning tropical sun.

To the black man, the methods his wives use in digging, planting, cultivating, and reaping in his gardens, little concerns him if they get it done and always have plenty to eat ready for him when he calls for it. Quite naturally he is not interested in the white man's implements of cultivation, which mean that his idle hands must needs work.

The black woman knows of no other way to cultivate save with the back-breaking, short-handled hoe of her grandmother's time, so she digs away until her task is completed.

I am sure, dear reader, you can readily see the task which lies before us is not only to teach new and better ways, but first of all to create a desire for that knowledge, in minds which much prefer the ways of their ancestors.

Many times the white man's methods call forth much wonder, and remarks such as the following, are not infrequent; "It is witchcraft." The Mufundisa (teacher), had gotten a cross-cut saw, also he had put a long handle into an axe and sharpened it. He now called several workmen to go with him into the jungle to cut down a tree for fire-wood. They went with him but they took with them their old knives and short handled axes for they were quite sure the new way would fail and they should have to fall back upon their old, tried and true implements. Upon reaching the tree what was their amazement when, with a few deep cuts, the tree was felled, and now they were put to work with the saw to cut it the desired length. Before the noon hour the tree was entirely cut up, and what would otherwise have taken them several days to do had been finished in a few hours. After lunch they again went out and the teacher told them to split up the chunks into small pieces. After several trials one of the men turned to the teacher and said, "It is no use, this piece takes too much strength, better just leave it and cut up the rest." The teacher took the axe and in one stroke split the piece. They all asked, "Where does the white man keep his strength," He explained to them that it was not so much having great strength as the proper use of what you had. They thought this might be true and were willing to try, but several attempts were no better than the first and they said, "It is witchcraft and we will have no more to do with it." But the head man who had been on the mission a long time explained to them that the white man does not use witchcraft and that, as for him, he meant to learn to use that axe as the Mufundisa does.

In this part of Africa there are but few sources of industry open to the native, save the tilling of his own garden, and therefore we are endeavoring to teach the men and boys to use more modern methods and do more work in their own gardens, thus giving the women and girls more time to care for their homes and children as they should.

I should like to picture for you the average heathen hut but that would take too long, so I shall try to give you a little glimpse of one and leave you to fill in the gaps with your imagination.

As we near the hut we see that all about is disorder. Upon entering the lower door we rub our eyes and through the smoke we see on the dirt floor in the center of the hut a smouldering fire. Hanging from the poles which support the grass roof we see the family food supply of corn and peanuts, and plenty of cobwebs. As our eyes grow a little more accustomed to the darkness...
and smoke we see piles of dirty sleeping mats and bundles of soiled cloth used for blankets and also for wearing apparel (if the family is fortunate enough to have a little extra for that purpose). Next we notice an earthen pot filled with the family drinking water. A goat, a bony cat, and a few chickens may be found quenching their thirst from this water pot. Looking further we may see a dirty little pickaninny asleep on a mat with the flies about to eat him up. These complete, the visible contents of the hut, but should we remain a little longer we will be advised of other occupants, which will make us wish for a stiff brush or curry comb, so I think it best that we hurry away.

I shall now take you to visit another hut, which came to my notice while making a trek inland with my husband some time ago. The wife in this home had been at the mission for over a year before her marriage and had helped in one of the missionary homes. The husband had just returned from work in the Transvaal in the mines where he, too, had received a better vision of living conditions, and their home was the result.

The hut is built of the same kind of poles, sticks, reeds, grass and mud, but is larger, having three rooms and a small veranda, and all about it is neatness. The weeds had been kept down and the ground swept clean. Upon entering we notice the white walls, plastered with a white clay, here and there a picture was tacked, pictures cut from old magazine; there are two chairs made from oil boxes, also a table made from boxes. On the table is spread a clean white cloth. In the corner of the room stands another box with shelves, and in this cupboard are odd pieces of chinaware, old, but clean. In another corner a forked stick has been driven into the hard dirt floor, and an earthen pot filled with boiled drinking water and covered with a clean white cloth stands in the fork. A cocoanut dipper hangs close by. From here we go into the bedroom, and see a bed made from rough planks, with rope twined across it to form springs. A few old but clean, mended blankets, are the only bedding we see. There is another oil box chair, and a little milk tin into which has been stuck a twine wick for a lamp. We now go into the third room which is very small but we see

The Reverend and Mrs. P. W. Keys spent the hot season in Johannesburg. It was not entirely a pleasant one for Mrs. Keys though one calculated to better fit her for her work. She spent the most part of a month in the hospital undergoing an operation. The operation was successful and she is recovering with no complications.

PERSONAL MENTION

Bishop and Mrs. Johnson left Cape Town early in December for America and they were to visit in England among relatives on the way. The Bishop expected to be in the States in time for the General Conference in May and hoped to adjust his affairs at home so that he could return to Africa as soon as possible.

We are not only trying to teach the women and girls how to better care for their homes, but also to sew and mend. Save for a few, who have been on mission stations they know nothing about sewing and if they wish a garment, made no matter how simple, they must pay some Indian trader an exorbitant price to do it for them.

We are also endeavoring to teach them to wash in the proper way, for their present method of pounding the clothes, after having well soaked and soaped them, over an old log, stone, or box, is anything but conducive to long wear, which is so important among these poverty-stricken people.

All these new methods are a source of great trial to these people who have lived in darkness so long, but as we go out through the Christian village and see improved homes, cleaner, more healthy, better clothed children, and the neat gardens, we are more convinced than ever that the industrial department of this mission is slowly but surely proving a great blessing to our natives and also awakening in the heathen minds a desire to know about Christianity which so helps their people.

Our aim is to press forward with more zeal than ever, for Christ is our great Commander and his battle cry is "On to Victory."
METROPOLITAN METHODISM

Methodism is to be congratulated on the broad platform of its work. It stands for the fact that Christ died for all nations and all colors. Just recently we have had a communication from the Rev. A. Silverstein, who is the editor of the Jewish Christian Herald. He is giving all the readers of our paper a chance to help further the Gospel among his people, and will be thankful for any help that you may be able to send him.

THE RAVENS' CLUB

Continued from page 2.

Epworth Leagues
First, Rochester, Minn. $50.00
Ganges, Mich. 10.00
Jawou Lee Mem'l, Salem, Ore. 18.00
Lowman Mem'l, Gypsum, Kans. 30.00
Trinity, Topeka 15.00
Junior League, Boston, 15.00

Other Societies
W. F. M. S., Gypsum, Kans. $50.00
W. G. T. U., Kansas State 80.35
Russia Y. P. S. C. E., Poland, N. Y. 10.00

SCHOLARSHIPS
Barlow, Richard, Kans. $5.00
Clark, Miss Elsie M., Ia. 30.00
Cleaves, Miss Susie F., Mass. 30.00
Cary, Mrs. H. W., O. 15.00
Cooper, Rev. & Mrs. T. W., Md. 20.00
Fitt, A. J., Col. 8.75
L. A. ("Benali"), Mt. Pleasant, Ia. 18.00
Lamb, Mrs. N. V., Wis. 7.50
Lockwood, G. W. & family, Mass. 15.00
Harris, Mrs. E., Japan 25.00
House, Wm. T. 6.00
Klein-chmidt, Mrs. L. E., Mo. 20.00
Michaels, Mrs. J. D., Kans. 10.00
McImhaier, Miss E., Mich. 20.00
Mellon, L. R., Ia. 2.75
Metzger, Miss J., O. 30.00

Individuals
Aldorfer, Mrs. J. M., O. $7.00
Bauer, Mrs. Theo., O. 5.00
Dahm, Noah, O. 8.00
Horn, W. L., Ill. 20.00

L. A. S., "Pleasant Hill," Mt. Pleasant, Ia. $90.00
Wilcox, Jos., Ia. 5.00
Yant, David, Mem'l Fund 3.00

Epworth Leagues
Antioch, Ill. 7.00
Bowen, Chicago, Ill. 15.00
Escale Ave., Chicago, Ill. 10.50
Norwood Park, Chicago, Ill. 4.50

MISCELLANEOUS

Individuals
Barlett, Mrs. S. G., Cal. 5.00
Bolcher, H. M., N. Y. 15.00
Bueno, Benj., Kans. 10.00
Davey, A. T., Ky. 15.00
Dahs, Mrs. John, Ky. 5.00
Dodd, W. F., Wash. 5.00
Duns, Robt., Ill. 10.00
Kassieh, Mrs. L., Ill. 2.00
Morris, E. G., Ill. 10.00
Osborne, Mrs. A. C., Conn. 5.00
McMillian, Miss S. V. W., Va. 2.00
Munger, Mrs. & Mr. C. F., O. 20.00
Sweden Conference 298.92
Shemrion, Mr. & Mrs. Robert, Washington, D. C. 5.00
Shipley, Mrs. E. O. 10.00
Spencer, F. G., Wash. 26.00
Wheeler, N. L. & family, O. 25.00
Walker, Mr. & Mrs. K. M., O. 13.00
Warner, Mrs. R. F., Mich. 1.00
Warren, Mrs. O. S., Cal. 1.00
Zon, J. M., Col. 5.00

Churches and Sunday School Classes
Richmond Ave. Ch. Sch.; Buffalo $272.00
Philatelia Class, Ventura, Cal. 50.00
S. S. Class, Marneilles, N. Y. 11.00

Epworth League
Ganges, Mich. $50.00

Inhambane Christian Advocate


A monthly sheet in the interest of the Inhambane Mission Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Editor: Mrs. William C. Terril,

Terms: A subscription of 50 cents or more annually to the Treasury of the Mission. Postage stamps will be received on subscriptions.

During February, Mrs. Terril was taken with acute appendicitis and it seemed best to operate immediately. She was taken to the same hospital where Mrs. Keys and Mrs. Pointer already were, making three from the same mission at the hospital at the same time. Her recovery was rapid and good, and it is to be hoped that her subsequent health will be better.
Miss Adelheid Reinecke of Cape Colony, a young woman of strong character and a capable, accredited nurse accompanied Mrs. Pointer and Mary Alice. She went to assist with the medical work among the natives and also to be with Mrs. Pointer when Mr. Pointer was away on his work among the out-stations.

The Reverend and Mrs. J.A. Persson with Borje and baby Astrid left in February for a furlough in Sweden. The prayers of the mission family go with them in their journeyings and while they try to interest their fellow countrymen in things African.

The Reverend and Mrs. Raymond L. Bush left in April for their much-needed furlough, in the States. It is very hard to part with the missionaries as it leaves their places unfilled and the work which kept them busy rests on the already busy shoulders. May they have God-speed in their travels, their restoration to health and their return to the field of their loved labors.

The Reverend and Mrs. J.D. Pointer and family felt it necessary to leave the "low veld" or low country and seek recuperation in the cooler altitude of the Transvaal. The doctor recommended an operation for Mrs. Pointer which became very serious and even dangerous. But she recovered enough to return to Portuguese East Africa after more than a month in the hospital. While Mrs. Pointer was in the hospital, Mary Alice had her tonsils removed. When the rest of the family went home, Henry remained in Johannesburg in order to go to school.

The Reverend W. C. Terril started for a tour of the mission work in Portuguese East Africa, going to Gikuki, Kam- bini, Makoweni, Masinga, Marrombene, Inharrime and Manjacose, holding Quarterly Conferences in the different circuits.

Mrs. Lydia O. Gaudin is becoming more and more busy with the dispensary work and the sick on the station and in the village. The emergency calls, the lack of modern helps, the customs and ways of the people are revolutionizing her ideas and are helping her to get closer to the heart of the native.

Miss Elsie Roush did not leave the field during the hot months but during the vacation superintended and cared for the girls who remained on the station. She also did some supplementary studying in the vernacular.

Doctor and Mrs. Stauffacher have been very faithful to the Gikuki station and the daily tasks, the calls of the sick, ministering to body and mind and preaching Christ. During January the Doctor was called to Johannesburg for three weeks. Baby Joy and sister Ruth find much comfort in each other but they would like a little more company.

The Reverend and Mrs. I. E. Gillet have nobly held the "fort" during the trying hot season, doing all in their power to look after Kambini station, the circuits and evangelists, the sick and distressed, and the new dwelling.

Miss Ruth Thomas returned from the Transvaal more vigorous in mind and body and with an added knowledge of Portuguese, ready to put all her energy into the best work for the girls of the Hartzell School.
“DUSTPAN”

The story of a boy who grew up in a heathen kraal and then left his home to go to Johannesburg to earn enough money to buy a wife

DUSTPAN had grown up in his father’s kraal with his brothers, his half-brothers, his cousins, and various other lads of non-descript relationship. He combined his few domestic duties with as much pleasure as he could manage to make mix. If he had to go for firewood, his bow and arrows always accompanied him; for if there were no deer or “schelm” (pests) about, there were always monkeys or birds to attract the eye and arrow. When he was set to watch the garden to protect it from monkeys or marauders, he played his stone games or practised perfecting his aim.

When he was about twelve or thirteen years of age, one of his father’s brothers left the kraal to go work in “matikweni” (out in the world). There was a feast and a dance before he left and after that Dustpan had a constantly growing desire to go to the “matikweni”, too, which was the talk of all the older boys and men. It was not very long after this that his father died and his father’s brothers left the kraal. The women accepted the change as the natural course of events, with never a thought of expressing a preference. One’s feelings amount to little. The man was the head of the kraal and his word was law.

Dustpan was not happy with this change; he became restless and began wandering farther and farther throughout the country, visiting different kraals where he knew people and was known. One day he saw a maiden who attracted him, and then he knew what he wanted to do. He immediately set out to fulfill his longings. In some way he got in touch with some other boys who were determined to go to Johannesburg and together they went to one of the many places of the Labor Agency’s recruiting stations and joined a number of other men, older and younger than Dustpan, who were bound on a grand errand. The little crowd was guided to the central camp in order to be registered and to embark on their journey. Here they registered, giving their own name, chief’s name, and several other data, such as age, etc., which had to be guessed at. At the conclusion of this service each boy was required to make his thumb-mark on his paper in token of his agreement to the contract.

During the two or three days while they were waiting for the steamer the boys were at a loss to know what to do. In the camp the meals were served twice a day, the call being sounded on the horn of an animal, the boys line up and receive their “scoff” of corn mush or beans and gravy with sometimes a drink. Between times they visit among themselves or people in the neighborhood, they play games or wander down to the nearby “bazaa” or out-of-door market. Here they can buy drinks of different kinds, cakes, corn meal, fruit of several varieties, etc. There is time and opportunity for flirting and fun with the women and girls sitting about, and much worse. Much time is spent around a fire speculating as to the future. Stories are told about the journey, the treatment received at the border (Portuguese-Transvaal), where much examination and inspection is done by both authorities. The stories of the cities, the mines, the trams, the white people and their restrictions are endless and exciting. However, Dustpan who has not had the experience can never stretch his imagination to cover the vast difference from the crude kraal with its simplicity of social existence to the complexity of highly organized life in a center of civilization. The extremes of weather can only be realized by experience, the genial warmth of the coast does not prepare one for the penetrating, piercing cold of the six thousand-foot altitude under the tropical sun.

But although all these stories are told to while away the time, it prepares the mind for a change, and Dustpan with the other boys gird themselves as a man preparing to fight. At last the day for the steamer arrives and with it much wonderment. The boys watch the big boat sail past Manje on its way to town. Before the boat arrives at Manje the next day the boys are called up, their names are checked off, there is medical inspection, they are each given a blanket and a bit of money for the journey and the start is made. The boys file down to the bay and embark, going onto a small lighter which is towed to the steamer. When all are on board the “Ibo” or “Luabo” weighs anchor and in two hours is out on the open ocean.

Thirty hours of tossing, pitching, rolling and heaving and the boat goes more steadily for they are in Delagoa Bay. The boys are given a change, a man preparing to fight. At Manje the others gird themselves as a man preparing to fight. At last the day for the steamer arrives and with it much won­derment. The boys watch the big boat sail past Manje on its way to town. Before the boat arrives at Manje the next day the boys are called up, their names are checked off, there is medical inspection, they are each given a blanket and a bit of money for the journey and the start is made. The boys file down to the bay and embark, going onto a small lighter which is towed to the steamer. When all are on board the “Ibo” or “Luabo” weighs anchor and in two hours is out on the open ocean.

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next development of their journey. After all the requirements are met, some boys sent back for various reasons, some detained for further medical inquiry or vaccination, the rest walk to the other side of the river which is the border between East and South Africa, where they board the Johannesburg train. In a few hours the atmosphere becomes cooler as the train climbs up the mountains and if it is early morning when they arrive in the 6000 foot altitude, the boys find themselves very much chilled and shivering, with a little longing for the warmth of the low veldt.

The city, with its paved streets, the hum of vehicles, the hurry of pedestrians, the busyness of everybody has exceeded their wildest imagination. The babel of voices and sounds is so different from the prevailing quiet of the country that the senses are confused and no language or word is heard. All the way to the different places where the boys are sent to work, there are no distinct impressions and it is doubtful if one could give any sort of an idea of the journey. Only when he is safely inside of the Mine Compound, or the community where the boys live, did Dustinpan begin to have any distinct impressions or could remember any single event. Once within the company of his own color, he could collect his senses. He heard voices and dimly recognized languages similar to his own, for he could grasp a few familiar words. It is not long before he is initiated into his work, becomes acquainted with the various departments, learns to come and go with the others of his kind, at the beck and call of the dark skinned "induna" or white "baas." Thus Dustinpan and his brothers gradually change from creatures of the low, warm country with its free and easy life to the restricted, strenuous hard-working world with its severe changes of weather and the regularity of diet, rest and work.

ROAD MAKING

Continued from page 2

In the course of their work they went home to return in the morning. They all came, which was more than I expected, and for some weeks now the road has been lengthening toward Morrumbene each day by some yards or rods according to the number of workers and the amount of brush and trees to be cut out and dug out. Our force has averaged about twenty women and five men. As some finish their fifteen days others are botted by the chief to take their places. Why so many women? A large part of the men have gone to work in the Johannesburg gold mines. Even when the men come home to rest for a year or so, the women have to do all the work, while the men hunt, lie around and drink beer.

Each morning either Mr. Keys or I mount a mule or donkey and go to work. We have reached a point about five miles from the station. With the aid of the little compass and a few men to cut a hole in the brush, I set stakes, see that the road is twenty feet wide and that the roots are properly dug out and the holes filled up. You would laugh to see me with that group. When I'm not too busy I chat with them and we have a jolly time. They never hurt themselves with too much work. As for clothes they average about three-quarters naked. This week one woman has her baby with her. It is no trouble for her, nor for the baby, for she straps it to her back. With its little brown "tummy" up against mother's warm back there is no danger of colic. Some of them have their heads shaved and others have long, fuzzy wool. One of them is a witch-doctor with her hair full of red clay. Her name is "Little Chickens." Her arms and legs are also hung heavily with wire bracelets. All the women are tattooed with charcoal beneath the skin, and some of them have the entire upper half of their bodies largely decorated in this way.

I have not been able to translate many of their names but a few of them are, "Il-health" "Dirty-over," and "Afraid-to-bear-children." "Little-bad-one" is the biggest woman we have on the road. The longest name I have yet had to write is "Nunkulungu-watchman." They all smoke native cigars for tobacco grows near almost every little hut. A fire is kept burning near the workers in the absence of matches. One smokes a few minutes and then puts his cigar above his ear to rest. Altho' tobacco is plentiful they always smoke their cigars to the last fraction of an inch, and with the burning end inside the mouth always. There is one old woman on the road who burns down the stub until she shuts her mouth, it completely hides the cigar and yet she works and talks and puffs.

One day Xigowu came with her Xikomo [little short handled hoe]. At once she looked about and sure enough there was the rubber tree of which there are many along the way. She broke off a little branch; allowed some of the milky sap to drop on the cut, rubbed it a little, and the cut was nicely fixed up with a rubber stopper. No attempt to disinfect the wound. She is as ignorant of germs as were our own American ancestors only a few generations back. One must also be constantly on the lookout for poisonous snakes, ants, etc. Only today we got too near a nest of bees, and as a result I was stung on the face and neck. The tools they use are heavy brush knives little hatchets and heavy, short handled hoes. The same combination of tools is used in making gardens, building huts or any other work. So we go forward. Hills, streams, big trees, brush, thick vines, thorns grass and ant hills in front, and a smooth level road behind.
**Snapshots from Africa**

by Mrs William C. Terril

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**Banana and Bananas.**

One day Rasi came to the Mission station wanting her two little sisters who were staying at the Mission. Rasi went to one of the new missionaries who is not entirely proficient in the vernacular of the country and asked for the two children, using the very common word "banana" which means children. The missionary hearing the word "banana" supposed that the girl wanted some fruit, so she told Rasi that the bananas were not yet ripe and that she could not have them now.

**Forethought.**

One of the young men of the Mission, a teacher in the school, came across a bargain and he did not like to let it get away. Some one wanted to buy bananas and he offered them to him at a reasonable price. The man bought them and he answered, "Perhaps, some day the Lord will give me a baby."

**Loyalty.**

One of the girls on the Station was to be married and Hulemeni her nearest male relative was the one who should receive, according to native law, the "lobola" or money for the girl. Hulemeni had been on the Station for some time and he was a Christian. He was asked to receive fifteen sovereigns (each five dollars) as a present. But the boy refused saying that he was a member of the church and he could not do such a thing. His friends insisted that it was not "lobola" but only a present. However the boy stood firm and would have nothing to do with the money. They went to the missionary and asked him to insist on Hulemeni's taking the money. The fifteen pounds lay on the table but the lad stoutly refused to have anything to do with it. So his friends had to take it away.

All hail to the boy not more than twelve years of age who will so firmly stand for what he believes to be right, in the face of so great a temptation!

**Practical Application.**

In the girls' school one class of the scholars was reading about the care of the body. One of the injunctions given was to drink plenty of good water in order to cleanse the system. Kafrina, who was in this class, is one of the girls who waits on the table and has always been kept quite busy filling the water tumblers of two of the missionaries an extra number of times. Privately, Kafrina remarked that these two people ought to be more thoroughly cleaned inside than the others.

**Persistency.**

Every quarter candidates for baptism were to go before the committee. Two missionaries each with natives formed two committees. A girl presented herself to Committee No. 2 and just as they were about to question her a man from the other committee happened to come in. He noticed the girl standing there and said, "Why, that girl was just before our committee and we turned her down. She couldn't read and did not answer the questions 'nicely'." Then the girl was examined more closely. She was asked why she had come to this committee when the other committee had said that she was not ready for baptism. She replied that she wanted to become a full member of the church. The men in this committee thought that she measured up to the requirements fairly well and that she might make a creditable member of the church. And so she was baptised. This girl's name was Vaseline. As the chance to change the name is given to each one about to be baptised, Vaseline was asked whether she wanted some other name, but she was quite satisfied with the one she had and she was baptised Vaseline.

**Church Money.**

Timote came before the committee which examined candidates for baptism and among the questions asked was the one as to whether he had been regular in his giving to the church. He had. How did he get his money to give in on Sunday? In the first place he wrote letters for the people in the village who wanted to send messages to their men folk in the Transvaal, charging two cents for each letter. He saved up this money and bought chickens. These chickens laid eggs which he sold, or hatched little chicks which brought him in enough for his Sunday collection.

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