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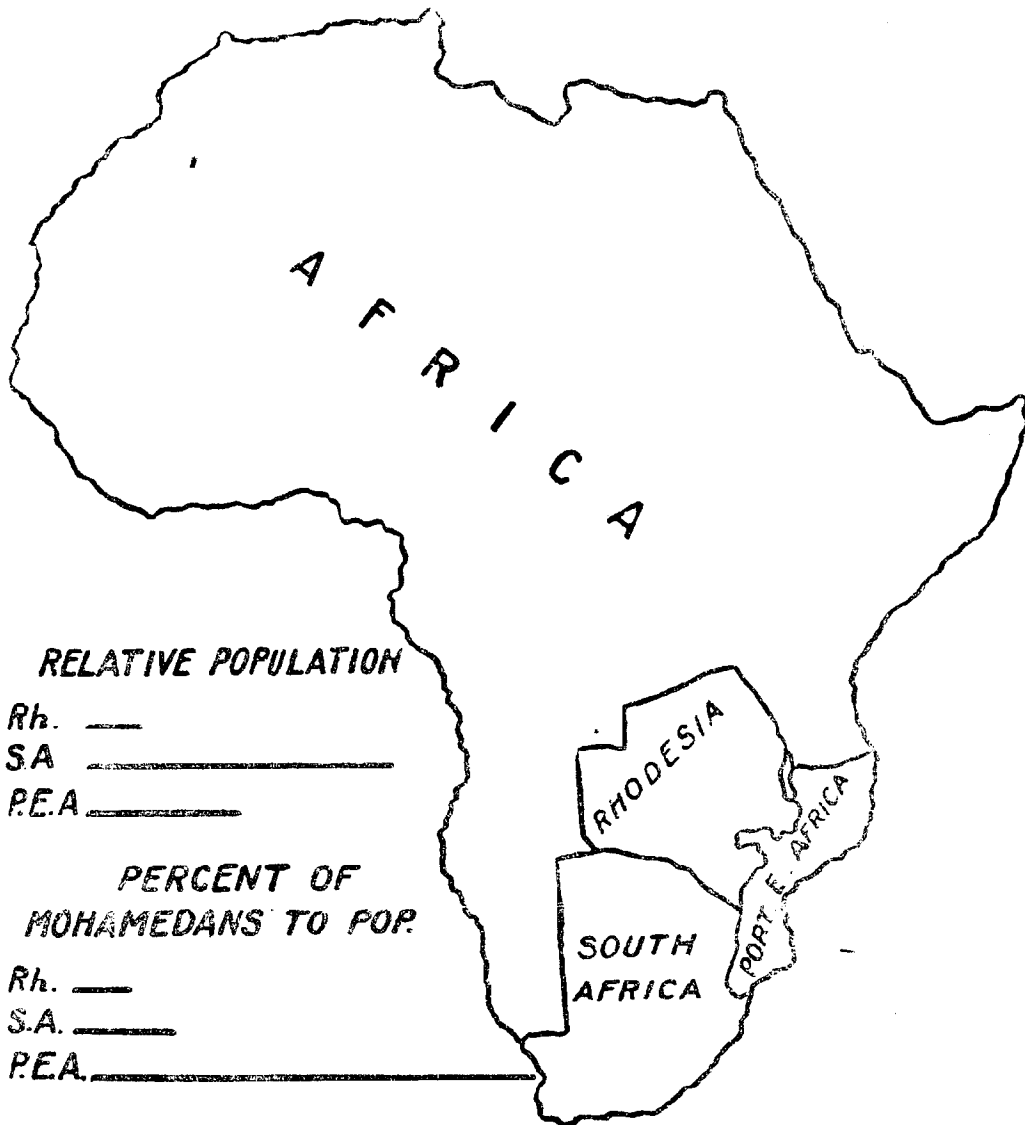
Inhambane Christian Advocate

*Organ of the Inhambane Mission Conference of the
Methodist Episcopal Church*

July & August, Inhambane, East Africa.

1919.

THE BATTLEFIELD IN THE WAR BETWEEN MOHAMMEDANISM AND CHRISTIANITY



Note that already in Portuguese East Africa there are 130,000 Mohammedans:
one to every 25 of the population.

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;

STATIONSHIPS.

S. S. Class No. 22, Yokefellows,	
Asbury Ch., Rochester,	
N. Y.	15.00
" " 6, Mrs. Hatton's "	15.00
" " 15, Asbury Ch.,	
Rochester, N. Y.	15.00

PREACHERSHIPS.

Individuals.

Akers, Rev. L. R., O.	30.00
Allen, J. M., N. Y.	30.00
Archerd, Mr. and Mrs. L. N., Ia.	45.00
Bollman, Arthur, Okla.	50.00
Blanchard, Henry, Wisc.	60.00
Brown, Rev. Geo. Wisc.	22.00
Brown, Rev. and Mrs. F. Q., Ia.	45.00
Bunten, Beulah, Kas.	23.00
Bunten, A. B., Kas.	25.00
Cleaves, Miss S. F., Mass.	30.00
Egolf, Mrs. M., Pa.	50.00
Eutner, Chas., Wash.	10.00
Frazier, Linn, Kas.	120.00
Friend, Newark, N. J.	60.00
Greenlee, A. E., Kas.	50.00
Gaugh, Adj. L., O.	30.00
Harding, Mr. H. C., Wisc.	14.75
Hoag, Mr. and Mrs., Cal.	30.00
Holtz, Mrs. A., Ill.	25.00
Horton, Mr. John, Ind.	30.00
Hughes, Mrs. J., Wis.	18.00
J. M. Taylor Fund	50.00
Knight, Rev. O. S., Ky.	20.—
Kratt, Mrs. John, O.	50.00
Many, P. D., N. Y.	10.00
Mather, Mrs. E. M., O.	30.00
Moser, Miss M. E., Ia.	25.00
Newmaster, Miss M. F., Kas.	50.00
Nutting, Mrs. C. A., Cal.	30.00
Renner, Mrs. J. S., Ill.	40.00
Richards, Mr. and Mrs. Theo., Honolulu	30.00
Powers, Mrs. G. R., Ind.	50.00
Showers, Mrs. J. E., N. Y.	30.00
Smith, R. O., Okla.	22.00
Smith, R. A., N. Y.	85.00
Stevens, M. M., Manitoba	25.00
Stevenson, Mrs. L., Ia.	30.00
Starz, Misses L. and C., Pa.	75.00
Stark, Miss B. S., Pa.	80.00
Sweden Conference	96.78
Taylor, E. S., Mich.	60.00
Thrush, Miss M. R., Wash.	35.00
Thrush, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. C. Wash.	30.00
Waldsmith, L. O., Ala.	5.00

Churches.

Bradley, Greenfield, Ind.	55.00
Church of Christ, Chicago	25.00

Sunday School Classes.

Big Sisters' Class, Creston, Ia.	50.00
Bible Class of Miss L. Burt, Minetto, N. Y.	18.00
Daughters of the Cross, Bellows Falls, Vt.	24.00
Ladies Bible Class, Pauola, Ill.	15.00
Pleasant Ridge Adult Bible Class, Viola, Wis.	35.00
Primary Class, Ch. of Christ, Chicago.	25.00

Epworth Leagues.

Ganges, Mish.	20.00
Jason Lee Meml., Salem, Ore.	18.00

Lowman, Topeka, Kas.	30.0
Oriskany Falls, N. Y.	15.00
Packer Chapel, Cracemont, Okla.	20.00
Walnut Grove, Topeka, Kas	15.00
Jr. L., Buxton, Ia.	15.00

SCHOLARSHIPS.

Bean, Miss L., Col.	15.00
Botkin, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Ind.	15.00
Brainerd, H., Wis.	25.00
Bixler, Mrs. H. U., Kas.	20.00
Bolton, B., Kas.	17.50
Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. W. H., Kas	20.00
Bunten, A. B., Kas.	11.25
Davidson, Miss E., Wis.	20.00
Devereaux, Mr. and Mrs. F., N. Dak.	20.00
Fitt, A. J. Col.	7.50
Grogg, Mrs. Alica, Ind.	25.00
Harris, Miss S., R. I.	75.00
Henderson, Mrs. W., Ind.	25.00
Heiner, Miss M. L., Pa.	15.00
Hills, Mr. and Mrs. M., Fla.	15.00
Lean, Miss V., Wis.	7.50
Mellon, L. B., Ill.	1.00
Martin, Mrs. and Son, Okla.	10.00
Michaels, Mrs. J., Kas.	7.50
Sanford, Mrs. L. B., O.	15.00
Smith, R. A., N. Y.	15.00
Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. R. Wash	15.00
Snyder, Geo, Ind.	25.00
Snyder, Miss Helen, Ind.	25.00
Snider, Mrs. H. G., Ia.	5.00
Sweden Conference	14.79
Winiston, Mrs. N. C., Tenn.	15.00
Woods, Mrs. Jas., Ill.	15.00

Sunday Schools and Classes.

Class of Mrs. Walker, Chanute, Kas.	10.00
Class No. 1, Third Ave., Watervliet, N. Y.	5.00
Class of Mrs. Newman, Benton, Pa.	30.00
Class of Mrs. Grant, Fowlerville, N. Y.	10.00
Philathea Class, Chanute, Kas	10.00
Primary Class, Brooklyn, Wis.	15.00
Pollyanna Class, Oakes, N. Dak.	10.00
Priscilla Class, First Ch., Estherville, Ia.	20.—
Primary Dept. Franklin Ave., Cleveland, O.	5.—
Willing Helpers Class, Rice Ch., Ames, Kas.	20.—

Epworth Leagues.

Asbury Ch. Erie, Pa.	15.—
Centenary, Newark, N. J.	15.00
First Church, Los Angeles, Cal.	25.—
Waukegan, First Ch., Ill.	15.—
Waterman, Ill.	15.—

Other Societies.

Corophilia Society, Arlington Hgts., Ill.	7.50
Aldrich Deaconess School, Grand Rapids, Mich.	15.—
W. F. M. S., Janes Ch. Creighton, Pa.	15.—
W. F. M. S., Millville, Wis.	8.—
Young Married People, Tipton, Ind.	20.—

MEDICAL WORK.

Bunten, Esther, Kas.	1.—
Butler, Mrs. P. Pa.	2.50
Paul, Mrs. Mary, Pa.	20.—
Pascoe, Miss H., Pa.	2.50
Scurry, Mrs. Dan, Pa	2.50
Wood, Anna, M., Pa	2.50
Wilcox, Jos. Ia.	5.—

MISCELLANEOUS.

Baker, Mrs. B., Pa.	1.—
Boland, F. N., Minn.	5.—
Belcher, H. M., N. Y.	15.—
Cassels, Rev. Diogo, Portugal	10.—
Churchman, Mrs. A., W. Va.	2.—
Compton, Miss Lucy, Va.	1.50
Dahn, Noah, Fla.	5.—
Daviess, Miss A. T., Kas.	20.00
Friend, Portland, Me.	100.—
Friend, Nampa, Idaho.	75.00
Friend, Christiana, Norway	8.—
Johnson, Mr. C. R., Ala.	13.—
Johnson, Mrs. F. B., Ala.	1.—
Hendershet, Mrs. D. F., Cal.	1.—
Hoag, Mr. and Mrs., Cal.	10.—
Hogle, Mr. and Mrs. C. L., O	10.—
LaViolette, Mrs. Jaue, Wash.	7.—
Lister, Mrs. S. E., Ia.	25.—
Martsoff, Mrs. J. A. & Son, Pa.	10.—
Munger, Mr. and Mrs. C. F., O	20.—
Nind, Rev. G. B., Madeira	1.75
Peterson, Mrs. N. and family, Wis.	25.—
Rudser, Miss Anna, Ore.	3.—
Roberts, Miss Esta, Pa.	2.—
Seal, J. H., Kas.	25.—
Simpson, Mrs. C. O.	34.—
Smith, Miss Eva, Conn.	1.—
Smith, Miss Alice E., Ind.	10.00
Smith, M. Ala.	1.—
Smith, Mrs., C. S., Pa.	1.—
Snyder, Mrs. A., O.	2.25
Mains, Robt. Ill.	.50
Wheeler, N. L., O.	10.—
Zion, J. M., Col.	5.—

Churches.

Richmond Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.	375.—
Sebring, O.	450.—
Sweden Conference	806.46
Earlville, N. Y.	5.—

Epworth Leagues.

Chicago South District Leagues	600.—
Chicago, North District Leagues:	
Albany Pk.	4.—
Austin	.25
Avondale	45.—
Barrington	8.50
Berry	23.50
Bethel	.25
Bowen	5.—
Broadway	5.—
Diversey Bvd.	30.—
DesPlaines	5.70

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Bishop:

Eben S. Johnson, D.D.

Editor:

Mrs. William C. Terril,

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THE MOHAMMEDAN RELIGION

The greatest missionary religious power that Christianity faces is Islam. The final battle field of these two great religious forces is Africa.

BY THE REVEREND WILLIAM CHARLES TERRIL

What is this religion ?

IT IS a christian heresy. It had its beginnings in Arabia. Its first prophet was born in Mecca, August 20th 570 A. D. Hamitic and Shemitic blood flowed in the veins of Muhammed, this great prophet. He was influenced largely in his religious thinking by Jewish prophets. He came in contact with an impure and an untrue form of Christianity, yet at first he bowed himself in reverence before Christ and allied himself with christianity. Even as late as 621 Mahomet retained a feeling of solidarity with the Christians. We have thus in Islam an eccentric and heretical form of eastern christianity. The great creed of Islam is "There is but one God." But it has never had a saviour. The word Islam means resignation and surrender to the will of this one God. From the standpoint of belief in one God the Moslems compare, and in many instances surpass, professed christians. But their conception of God is that he stands aloof from all His creations. Palgrave says that their God is as an absentee landlord, who, jealous of man, wound the clock of the universe and went away forever.

In 629 Muhammed changed his attitude towards the christians, because of his successes at Medina and elsewhere, and breathed the same imprecations against them as against the Jews. He even prayed when dying "Lord destroy the Jews and the Christians." He turned from the Koran—the bible of the Moslems—to the sword and led the way in diverting Islam from divine to human objects and thus it became and has remained anti-Christian. Muhammed and his followers

began to spread this anti-Christian religion by the sword. They regard the sword as the best missionary. In its early history this method only was adopted.

The genuine missionary spirit of Islam is a product of the nineteenth century. Africa is partitioned by Islam for subjugation. Progress that should awaken the Church, is being made. Ten millions of Africans have been won in the last ten years. Whole tribes are being won by this power at an ever increasing ratio. It is descending down the west and east coasts of this continent and penetrating into its very heart. The next decade will decide the future religious status of Africa. Christ or Muhammed will be king and prophet; the Cross, the symbol of love and salvation, or the crescent, the symbol of blood, will be the banner. Ten thousand young men are in training in Cairo for missionaries of this great anti-Christian religion, in addition to the fact that every Mohammedan trader is an aggressive missionary of his faith.

The Muslim Creed is the masterpiece of Satan, satisfying religious needs to a certain extent by the fragments of truth that it retains. Islam is at the bottom of the ills under which Africa suffers.

Is it not good Enough for the African ?

Let us bear in mind that Islam is anti-Christian and the religion that is anti-Christian is not good enough for any tribe, nation or people, whether white or black. No change of heart and life is required. Men can remain great sinners and yet be good Muslims and sure of heaven, if they perform sup-

posedly good works and have faith in a divine despot. It makes compromises with heathenism. Cruelty, immorality and hypocrisy characterise its votaries. Burton the great explorer, litterateur, scientist and scholar credits Muhammedans with habitual dishonor, drunkenness, superstition, unchastity and almost every other sin and vice. Livingstone, lover of Arab and African alike, found pagan Africa superior in morality to the followers of the prophet. Islam's moral tone is pitched at a lower key than that of African paganism.

The crowning benefit said to be bestowed upon the African by Islam is his belief in the one true God. It is asked is not this an advance upon idolatry and fetichism? This depends on the content and effect of the Idea of God in Islam and in African paganism. If the numbers of this religious equation prove of equal value the result is zero. The African generally believes in a supreme being, the creator of all and the governor of the universe, even though his beliefs are distorted. Islam's God is not the Christian's God, for its creed is a stern and silent one that teaches fatalism with all its horrors. What advantage then has Islam over heathen African paganism? None.

Islam cuts the nerve of ethics and removes the motive for holiness. The sense of sin scarcely exists in its teachings. Repentance and sanctification are dreams undreamed. Its mythology of angels, and demons, of ghouls and jinns is the same as the African's belief in good and evil spirits. The Muslim minister is a type of the pagan medicineman. Koranic verses take the place of fetiches as amulets. Heathen character and pagan customs

remain largely unchanged after conversion. Islam is not even the temperance society that some claim it to be.

Is such a political-religious system that is anti-Christian good enough for the white races? Without hesitancy we say, No. Even though there are members of the white races who have adopted its teachings. Neither is it good enough for the African. Nothing less than the best, which is the Gospel of the Son of God, will do for him. A brief study of Africa reveals in no uncertain way that Islam is powerless to change the African to any thing better than his former self. We assume that the Church as a whole accepts this statement. Then, awake, O Church to the fact that to establish the religion of Christ in Africa, immediate haste is necessary. There is not a moment to lose.

The Problem Before Us.

It is to bring the Gospel to all men, Mohammedan and Pagan. But our principal work south of the equator in Africa is to protect the heathen and to see to it that they do not become Mohammedans. It is a mistake to think that Islam is a first step from heathenism to Christianity. There never was a greater error than that. It is easier to win people when heathen than after they have become Mohammedans. Islam is futile in its attempts to give the soul abiding peace. It knows it not. It lacks the power to lay the foundations of a perman-

ent civilization and a permanent individual and national morality. It has nothing to brighten earth with or to teach the promise of a blessed immortality. This remains for the Church of Christ to do.

How Shall We Do It ?

The followers of Mahomet must be reached. In every mission field where his followers are found there should be one or more missionaries assigned to the definite work of reaching them with the Gospel. Such missionaries should study the Koran, Moslem tradition and history and seek to acquaint themselves with Islamic thought and life. They should be charitable and sympathetic, without compromise and gain the confidence and respect of its votaries.

Literature should be translated and distributed among them, dealing with the vital truths of the Gospel. Schools should be established for the training of the Moslem chil-

dren, with stress on industrial studies. The Mohammedans are beginning to recognise the superiority of European education as compared with the Oriental. Special emphasis should be laid on medical missions among them, since they are sympathetic and are beginning to favor western medicine. Special work should be done for the Moslem women and girls, which generally can not be done except by women doctors and nurses.

We have a great task before us, but it is not an impossible one. True, we need a new spiritual crusade in order that the truth about Islam, its conditions and position, its needs and its claims, its strength and its weakness may be known, so that there may be no false conceptions as to what it is doing in this continent and its utter inability and impotency to uplift and transform the African. God has given a special and peculiar task in connection with this great problem to the Anglo-Saxon race. Why?

In order that we may use the power of faith and fuller light which we have to extend into Africa, the future and deciding battlefield between Islam and Christianity, the empire of His Son Jesus Christ.

If we meet the obligations that God has honored us with the prayer offered by Abraham will be fulfilled and "Ishmael will live before God." Christ will be crowned King. Africa will be redeemed and the great "heart of the world" will be throbbing with the life of the Son of God.

OBJECTIONS TO MODERN EDUCATION FOR WOMEN

THE Mohammedan women in many of the countries in the East and the near East are becoming imbued with the Christian ideals for women and they are asserting themselves. In India the women held an all India Mohammedan Women's Conference to insist upon several advanced ideas for the women and among others perhaps the strongest one is that of monogamy. They recognize that to be the wife of the one man is transcendently better than to live in a harem. But the men are not willing to concede all these equalities and one man, an Egyptian gives the following as the results of modern education for women, thereby expressing his opinion of Western education.

1. The women do not like housework.
2. They become extravagant about dress.
3. They sing and play the piano to fit themselves to associate with cultured women of the West.
4. They spend their time reading love stories.
5. They do not live economically.
6. They wish to marry for love, money or good looks."

Taken from *The Moslem World*.

MOHAMMEDAN EDUCATION

Islam education is to know the will of God as it was revealed to the world by Mohamet his prophet. The aim of the boys is to be like Mohamet. The ambition of the men for the women is to be good wives, please their husbands and to bear them children.

IT HAS always been in the scheme of Mohammedan thinking to educate the boys. Education is to know the will of God as it is written in the Koran by Mohamet. The Koran is the prophet's version of God. A boy must learn the Koran and he must know large parts of it by heart. The boys in all Islamic countries are taught to know the Koran and they are encouraged to become skillful in argument and philosophy whereby they can uphold their religion against any opponent. The education is a part of their religion. It is to be applied to religious effort. Until lately, the boys are the only ones who have any right to be educated or who will derive benefit from being educated. On the other hand, the more secluded and ignorant mentally, they were, the better the women and the girls were estimated. A girl was not to know anything until her husband took her, which was quite early in life, and then he would teach her and train her in the way he wanted her to go. She was to do those things which would most please her husband, keep his house to suit him and to bear him children. The women were kept behind doors and blinds and veils and latticed windows. She was never to have acquaintance with any man and was permitted to know but few women. Her sphere of life was bounded by the walls of her husband's house and his life was to envelop hers. His will was to be her will and she was to have no other opinions than his. Any-

thing which defeated this plan was wrong.

But this idea is changing and the Mohammedan women even though they have been kept in seclusion are imbibing some of the ideas of Western women. They are becoming imbued with the desire to be emancipated, to be educated, to be the wife of one husband, until the men are beginning to recognize that their women must be given some chance. So they are having schools for the girls and the women. True, the instruction is limited to a little learning in the Koran and the stress is laid on those things which will fit them to make good and obedient wives, thrifty and economical as well as good mothers.

In this Province there have



A MOHAMMEDAN SCHOOL

been Mohammedan schools for the boys dotted here and there over the country probably ever since there have been Mohammedans. Some of these schools have as many as forty or fifty pupils and some of the schools are composed of the teacher and two or three boys, out under a tree in a small village. The boys in these schools are mainly half-castes, of all shades from a light tan to a black. The hair ranges

from a straight black, a brown wave to a black kink. The clothes show the same amount of variety from the long, loose, flowing, thin white or once-white robes indicative of the Mohammedan, the gauze shirt and kahki pants to the simple windaround of the native tied around the waist. Many of the boys wear bracelets, anklets, earrings or nose rings.

There is a decided system of education about here. The priest is the head of the schools and the teachers range from young boys to old men. The head man has a beautiful deerskin placed at one side of the room and he is squatted in the middle of it. The boys one at a time come and squat before him and recite. Often you will see an old man sitting sedately in his chair, his long whip in one hand and his book in the other. Sometimes the teacher will be a young boy, still in his teens, strong-willed assured and clever, striding among his pupils, perhaps giving a tap to some one who is not yelling at the top of his voice; for the proper way to study in this country is to shout the lesson as loudly as possible. Thus the teacher knows that each pupil has not fallen asleep, which he is apt to do if he is left to study silently. One might think that some could hide in this bedlam, but the teacher soon recognizes when a voice is missing.

The boy sits on the ground with a little rack in front of him, made in the shape of a cross which stands on two of its legs. This is made to hold the book when it is open and when the rack is not in use it can be folded up and packed away. The slates are not slate but wood, on which they write with crayon. But only the teacher writes on this which is a sort of chart for the pupils to read from. All the studying is done in Arabic, the language of the Koran, not the familiar language of the

people which may be Hindu-
stan, Gujarat, Murat or
just Gitonga, the language of
the tribe here. All the prayers,
all the chanting and all the
real learning is done in Arabic.
Almost of the work is done
orally there is little need for
states and for few books, be-
cause the only book that they
need to know is the Koran. I
am speaking only of the first
schools which are in this
country and not of the higher
schools and universities.

The little girls are permitted
to go to these schools and study
along with the boys. There
are schools for the larger half-
caste girls. However before
the girls are very far along in

their teens they are either
married or spoken for which
amounts to nearly the same
thing. Very likely the credit
for a school for the women is
due to the Christian Missions
as they have insisted so
strongly on every one of their
believers, women as well as
men and children, being able
to read. Within the last year
or two, the Mohammedans
have established schools for
their women where they are
being taught to read. The
instruction seems to be entirely
religious.

We pray that as the
influence of Christian educa-
tion is being felt among these
people that our spiritual

influence may draw them to
know the Greatest Teacher of
all ages. But the Mission
ought to put forth greater
efforts to attract and win them.
Many times Mohammedan
young men have come to the
Mission and wanted a teacher.
There have been requests for
Mohammedan girls to enter
our schools. And the Mission
has to say, wait. The Church
of Christ will wait too long and
the Mohammedan religion will
have won this Province. We
pray every follower of Christ
to look carefully into this
menace and be more zealous
for His Master's cause, es-
pecially in Africa.

MOHAMMEDANISM

Why is not the Koran as good as the Bible? Why is not the belief in our one God, the God according to Mohammed, just as helpful to humanity as the Gospel of Christ? Would you be willing to be ruled by a Mohammedan government? You wouldn't if you had any respect for yourself! :: :: :: :: :: ::

"HOW about Moham-
medanism?"

It denies Christianity *in toto*;
in this sense, that it denies the
essence of the thing; the salt-
ness of the salt.

It is monotheism without the
Christ of God; and therefore
without the God of Christ. For
though a certain character
called Jesus Christ is
mentioned, that character is
totally devoid of interest; it is
lost in the crowd, overtopped
by more dominant personali-
ties, more important messen-
gers; it was not the eternal
Beloved; did not institute that
feast of the broken bread and
the poured out wine; did not
die, not rise again; did not
ascend to the right hand of
Power, to perpetual interces-
sion and dynamic life for men.
Thus the Koran, and thus
every believer from the days
of the Arabian till today. ***

The Islamizing of Africans
can never be other than a
misfortune and for this reason

that it accents and gives
permanent body to the natural
anti-white (and so anti-
Christian) tendencies of the
black races. * * * * Such a
handicap is a severe enough
one in all conscience. But

when Islam gets a lever into
its possession the handicap is
made permanent, and the pos-
sibilities become at once more
serious. * * *

The only thing that can
arrest this process, and does
arrest it, is the creation of
Christian African nations. ***
Even politicians—even the
politicians in South Africa—
are beginning, from their own
angle of vision, to perceive
that the only racial program
for Black Africa is its Chris-
tianisation." W.H.T. Gairdner
in the *Moslem World*.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

Said an old Mohammedan Sheikh not long ago to the head of a mission school for girls in Alexandria: "We do not wish to have our daughters stay in school very long." A young Egyptian lad, who overheard, quickly rejoined: "No, that is past. Our country can never be great until our women are educated." Contact with western nations and missionary homes has given many a young Mohammedan a new ideal of companionship which only an educated wife can satisfy.

From the Missionary Review of the World.

MISSIONARY MEDICINE AND MOHAMMEDANS

Christian medical missions is the "open sesame" to the Mohammedan heart. It reveals the need for the Savior and destroys the obstacle to the advancement of Christ's Kingdom. Christ's Love will conquer Mohammedan selfishness and self-seeking.

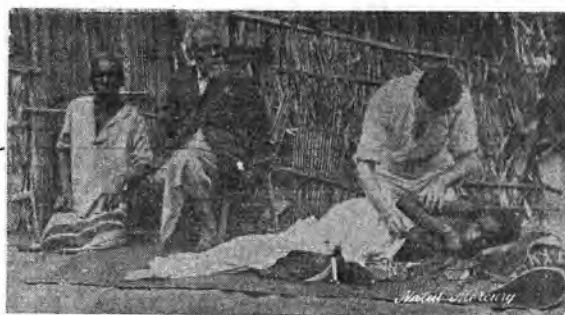
BY DR. C. J. STAUFFACHER

WORKING among these blackbearded men with long flowing robes and red turbans, and women gaily dressed with rings in their ears and noses and some heavily veiled, and at the same time, realizing that they come from a race full of energy, a race who forward their religious beliefs by the sword, and now seeing so many living on the same level as the natives, I often wonder whether their religious ideas are as high as the natives.

My work places me in positions which reveal their most intimate life. I am often with them at birth and at death. I have seen them at their feasts and at religious affairs. I have sat under a cocoanut palm and drank tea with them. I have often had long earnest talks with them on things eternal. As I see them their life is not all good, and not all bad; there is passion and tenderness, violence and peace, joy and wretchedness, but under all of the camouflage of their dress and religious ceremonies there is a constant, certain unrest. For often, after a talk with them on serious things, they will say, "some day we may be able to believe like you."

The medical department is making a special effort to win the mohammedans and we believe that God will reward us with souls. Every morning at the dispensary we have a religious service which consists of several hymns, a chapter in the Bible, a fifteen to twenty minutes' heart to heart talk, and a prayer or two. In these services the Mohamed-

ans ask a great many questions, showing that the conscience has been touched and aroused. In the dispensary, sickroom or home, one can often drive home a truth with sledge-hammer effect. Take a child covered with offensive sores due to social diseases, what a tremendous blow we can give to their many wives and loose marriage vows! Also as they come to us for help to heal their bodies we have splendid opportunities to tell



THE MISSION DOCTOR TREATING A MOHAMMEDAN PATIENT

them of a greater Physician who can cure sin-sick souls. One thing they cannot understand is, why we will go miles and miles over a hot, dusty

road to help a dirty negro, from whom we can never expect any reward. They say there is nothing in their religion like it and it makes a profound impression upon them. Or in an epidemic, when our strength is taxed to the limit, it is impossible for them to see why we will treat all alike: Christian, Mohammedan or pagan. Not so with them, the more they pay for a woman, the better care she gets. As a medical department we are praying hard that God will give us strength to do our level best among these Mohammedans. First, because we believe the Mohammedan ought to be saved. Second, because we believe the Mohammedan religion is the greatest obstacle to the advancement of the Christian religion. Third, we believe that God, who caused water to burst from a flinty rock, for a thirsty people, will touch the hearts of this people groping for light. The seed sown is springing up here and there a little, for you can see a few red fezes in the church now and then, and Mohammedan boys and girls are pleading to get into our Christian schools.

The field is ready for the ploughman, the ground may be hard and the fruit scarce but it is up to us to scatter the seed and God will attend to the harvest.

THE KORAN WORDS ON THE MATTER OF STRONG DRINK

"O believers! surely wine and games of chance and statues, and divining arrows, are an abomination of Satan's work! Avoid them, that ye may prosper. Only would Satan sow hatred and strife among you, by wine, and games of chance, and turn you aside from remembrance of God and from prayer: will ye not, therefore, abstain from them? Obey God and obey the Apostle, and be on your guard: but if ye turn back, know that our Apostle is only bound to deliver a plain announcement."

A MOHAMMEDAN FUNERAL

The burial ceremonies of a Mussulman. The tragedy of the unsatisfied, looking even in his death towards a heaven which he will never reach.

BY MRS. R. L. BUSH

UDAI SINGH was a mus-sulman who had come to Portuguese East Africa from Bombay to seek his fortune in trade, thinking to obtain soon a large store of rupees and then to return to his far away eastern home, a wealthy man.

He had been here but a short time when he found that upon him, fortune had not chosen to smile. His once strong body was waging a losing war with the dread African fever. His strength as well as his few rupees which he had brought with him, were soon spent and he found himself alone with no one to care for him in his last hours.

Some friends carried him to the Mission hospital and begged that he be admitted there. He was taken in but too late for the medical assistance, which he received, to be of any real value, and the following day found that his soul had passed on to be with his great prophet, Mohammed.

His friends were notified and they soon came, asking for permission to bury his body in our cemetery, also requesting that no christian ever be buried near that spot. This request, of course, was refused, so they chose a place at the far end of the lot and some of the men set about digging the grave. Others brought huge pots of water, probably about thirty gallons in all and these they placed near to the body. As soon as the grave diggers returned, all the men entered the hut, removed the clothes from the body, dug a little trench around it and little by little they threw the water over the body until all the pots were emptied. After the water had drained away from the body the men took many yards of white cloth and wrapped the body in it. In the folds of the cloth had been placed

many sweet smelling spices so that the air in the hut was very heavy with the odor.

During the entire time that they were working over the body, the men were chanting in Hindustani, words which we could not understand but which, we were told later meant that the man's spirit had gone to Mohammed for rest.

As soon as they had finished laying out the body, it was placed in a machila or hammock over which a blanket had been thrown to form a tent or cover. When all this was ready, the procession to the grave started and the men continued to chant the same words used in the hut.

As soon as the grave was reached, the body was placed on its side on the ground so that the face was toward the sacred Mecca. The tall, bearded Mohammedans removed their shoes and coming near, formed a crescent around the dead man; the priest stepped a little nearer the body and began another chant. He

made many motions with both head and hands, the other men following him in this performance. After some ten minutes of this service the body was carried to the edge of the grave, a blanket was held over the grave by the four corners so that nothing could enter the grave save under cover. Leaves and small twigs were brought, awhile two men entered the grave and dug a small cave at the side so that the dead man could lie on his side. The leaves were put in and then the body, after which a number of large cocoanut leaves were placed over the body and three strong sticks were driven in at the back so that the weight of the earth would not be able to turn the body but leave it remaining with the face towards Mecca.

Each man took up a handful of earth and a prayer was offered. The dirt was placed in a basin and then it was thrown into the grave. At once all set to work and the grave was soon filled and an even mound was made. When this was finished all present gathered around the mound kneeling with faces towards Mecca; the priest drew from his robes a small book from which he read a few pages of ritual in Hindustani, followed by more prayer and chanting. This completed the burial rites of Uday Singh of Bombay.

SOME EFFECTS OF THE WAR ON AFRICA

An extract taken from an article written by the Reverend James Dexter Taylor, a missionary of the American Congregational Board who has worked many years in South Africa.

Mohammedanism has undoubtedly suffered less and benefited more by the war than Christianity. Upon Christianity, the gospel of peace on earth, rests the burden of accounting to the native for the war among the Christian nations. Mohammedan priests have been chaplains of pagan African battalions in the Sudan. Mohammedan soldiers have gained new prestige in many fields. The Christian propaganda centers in the mission stations and schools, which have in many instances been closed or scattered during the war. The Mohammedan propaganda centers in the mobile trader who can quickly resume his travels on the caravan routes. Mohammedanism, broken as a political power, is perhaps more alive than ever as a religious power and is pressing southward to the very borders of civilized Africa.

INHAMBANE'S SECOND PLAGUE

SMALL-POX is running rampant in the streets, down the roads and in the bypaths. Men, women and children, broken out with terrible sores, are met before one can go very far from the Mission Stations. Afflicted ones come through the village. On all sides of the stations there are deaths and no one makes any attempt to avoid contagion. The natives go from one village to another carrying the germs and spreading the plague. The plague will probably spread until there will be but few left who will not have had it. The government has made some attempts to arrest it and the Labor Agency, which recruits the boys in this country for work in the Transvaal, have been aroused to the necessity for all prevention possible. The Mission has put forth strenuous efforts to protect the stations. The evangelists have been instructed to isolate cases and beware of carrying and spreading the disease. The dangers of visiting and of going from one village to another has been preached as far as possible and in some places the schools and religious services have been closed.

Restrictions.

Being used to always following their own inclinations and desires, the natives generally resent any restriction or rules from the white men. When the "flu" was blasting its way throughout the country, an attempt was made to segregate the sick. The natives soon began to see the wisdom of keeping the sick in one place. But this did not teach them all the lesson that they needed to learn. Then the small-pox broke out and many said, "Most of the older people have had the small-pox and now while it is around, perhaps it is better that those who have not had should be allowed to get it." They cannot not be made to see the fallacy of this argument. Most of these

people are fatalists and if they are going to have it, they might as well have it one time as another and there is no use in keeping them away from it.

Precautions.

But the white people are taught differently. They believe in avoiding all unnecessary evils and they place a quarantine. Thus to protect the white people and especially the children, almost the entire house hold is fenced in and nothing is allowed to come in until it is inspected. Those in charge of the school preferred to be on the outside, for several reasons and one was, that the girls who were here far from their homes thought that if they should be sick, there would be no one to care for them. It seems necessary for the Bafundisi (men missionaries) to go and come. The doctor is called and needed. The work about the place must go on and the people must be fed. So the men are the only ones allowed to pass the boundary, but they must put on other clothes and wash and change again before they are allowed to enter the house. João, the guardian of the fence is most strict. He sees everything. One day he said to the Mufundisi, "You have not changed your shoes!" This morning when the doctor started to go out, he asked João where the key to the office was and the sentry replied, "In your pocket, but there is no money there!"

Vaccination.

It has been difficult to procure good virus. From America, from Japan, and from the Transvaal as well Lourenço Marques and locally, the points have come and yet some have been innoculated seven times and the virus has not yet worked. Vaccination is not unknown among the black people. They take from a person who is ill with the disease and vaccinate others. The government is vaccinating

many people in many places. The officials have sent virus to the Mission in order to spread the prevention. And the missionaries have vaccinated many hundreds. The doctor will stop anything that he is doing to vaccinate. The *Cungwana* (the little white baby) calls her vaccination a "pretty" and is glad to exhibit it on every occasion. The natives are about the same: very well satisfied to have one sore instead of the disease.

Infection.

In spite of precaution, the disease came to the Mission station. But how could it have been prevented. People from houses where one person was dead and others were sick with small-pox came to grind corn on the Mission mill, or to get water from the well. One woman broken out with the disease was seen walking through the village. One man came into the office to exchange some money and when he was about to leave he said to the Mufundisi, "You know Nyamaci? (the man had been a workman on the place)? He died with small-pox this morning." The Mufundisi assented and asked, "Do you live in his village?" "Yes, I just came from there." Yesterday, the Doctor, when going to make a call, came in contact with two terrible cases of venereal disease, attended to a leper in the advanced stages, and diagnosed the illness of two babies as small-pox.

Surely the Lord protects His missionaries!

Patients.

The first case one the Station was a boy who had come to the Dispensary for circumcision. He was not here long after it was known that he had small-pox, before his relatives came and stole him away. The next was a Transvaal girl who was said to have

been vaccinated. Following her was a woman who was an epileptic, fat, lazy and fearfully dirty. She had been sent to see the doctor this time, but she had been on the place before and had not been willing to submit to conditions, so she was told to go. Then the inevitable happened: she came down with small-pox. She had a very bad form of it and in the first crisis, died. About this time it was told that two women of the village had been near a relative who had died with the disease. In order to preserve the greatest caution the two women and their children were put into quarantine, and before the time of the confinement had expired one woman and one child were suffering. The others were set at liberty. Shortly after this two other women had to be removed to the pesthouse. One of these had a little baby who has also contracted the plague.

Pesthouses.

A case of small-pox broke out at Kambini and the Mufundisi, wishing to isolate it, built a little house at some distance from the other buildings, in order to shield the others on the station. The case was moved in, but in the night the girl fled. Then it occurred to those in charge that the house was too near the cemetery for the peace of mind of the occupant. Since then there have been no more cases reported at Kambini, for as soon as there are the slightest symptoms of the disease the owner of these undesirable symptoms leave for distant parts. At Gikuki, the pesthouse is at some distance, but with a number in the camp and the two attendants, the natives are not afraid.

Applicants.

The other day two of the most dilapidated women appeared on the place and asked if they could stay. They said that their husbands were dead and that their relatives were very poor. They had with them a baby and one little

child. It was impossible to keep them for the funds to be used for that purpose were not enough to feed the people already on the station, for the prices of corn, peanuts and cocoanuts have risen alarmingly within the last month. The women stayed that night in a hut on the place and were found there in the morning with another child who was broken out with small-pox. This child had been hidden in the woods until night. To make matters worse a woman who had come from Kambini on an errand, also

slept in the hut. This was spreading the disease in pure form! The strangers disappeared in the morning and the woman from Kambini who had had the small-pox washed herself and sterilized her clothes before going home.

With all this in mind the missionaries are reminded strongly of the tenth and eleventh verses of the ninety-first Psalm, "There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways."

ISLAM IN SOUTH AFRICA

MOSLEM POPULATION in Cape Colony is 24,289, one-third of the number of people in the Colony; in Transvaal, 8,198; in Portuguese East Africa 130,000, making one moslem for every twenty-five of its population. There are forty mosques in Capetown a larger number than the number of Churches. Two Mohammedan Colleges to train missionaries are located in Capetown.

Moslem propagation is extended by Mohammedans marrying white men, women and girls according to Mohammedan rites and thus become Mohammedans. They also marry the half-caste women and girls and force them to become Mohammedans. This is done for two reasons: to improve the race by making it whiter and stronger so that they can conquer South Africa and also, to gain the merit of winning Paradise by proselyting a Christian. The Indian Mohammedans are eager to adopt this course, for besides winning Paradise, he panders to his own lust. In India, the women are veiled and shut up in zenanas and not allowed to talk with the men. But in South Africa he sees the women talking freely on the streets and elsewhere. He can scarcely believe his eyes

and it gives him license without bounds. He has his wife and children in his own country but a Mohammedan is allowed four wives and as many concubines as he wants.

There are Mohammedan men whose sole object it is to ruin girls and thus to force them to become Moslems. For this purpose they put on English caps and assume Christian names in order to deceive girls. Mohammedan women are on the watch to get any child by any means they possibly can. There are known to be more than 450 christian children who are being brought up in Capetown as Moslems.

Would that the Church of Christ and the Christians everywhere would awake to the situation and arouse themselves to a proper sense of the danger which is about to overwhelm Africa, if not a large part of the world will be lost to the Church through Moslem activities! If this tide is not stemmed soon, there will be no place for the Christian Church in Africa and then what will the Master say in that Day? Don't you place the responsibility upon someone else. The missionary at the front cannot do much without your support.

ALONG THE ROAD

BY MRS. W. C. TERRIL

Sights, sounds and smells greet the traveler along the road. Preparations for the journey to town rival that of the globe trotter. One meets inhabitants of seven countries, talks in three or four different languages, besides "pigeon languages" and sees businesses legal and illegal; all in view from the road and in less than one hour.

I AM starting for town to-day and if you care to go with me you will doubtless register some impressions hitherto unknown to the average stay-at-home. My preparations for this wonderful journey to the town, which is not more than five miles by the way the black crew with his white collar flies, but which may take anywhere from two to five hours, are various and varied. A trip to town is usually an all-day affair, while with you, many of you would make fewer arrangements to take a fifty or a hundred mile journey.

For one thing a street dress is a thing apart from the everyday affair in which we dress to live and not for the company which so seldom appears. At home, all that is not absolutely necessary for comfort and well-being is relegated to the times when we go *Matikweni* (out in the world.) In our little world we allow a little of the glorious and healthgiving sunshine into our apartments but we studiously avoid contact with it. On venturing forth into this outer world Mr. Sun feels that he has the advantage of us and beats down on us with force bringing to his aid the white-washed walls and stone fences, the white walks and white streets, not to mention the glistening white suits of many of the inhabitants. Therefore a sunhat, or helmet and a sun umbrella, usually the one lined with green is the best neutralizer. If one minds the glare exceed-

ingly, a pair of colored glasses does much to keep the mind sweet as well as to help the eyes. One must not forget rain coat or sweater, or both, as the trip crossing the Bay is often stormy and you cannot tell what might happen before night.

The various commissions from the different members of the household would fill a small-sized book, with the groceries and supplies to be bought, the shoes to be repaired, the money to be exchanged, and packages to be registered or to be gotten from the post office; etc., etc. The post-box keys and the bag for the mail must not be forgotten.

When the mule is ready, your boy by your side with his different articles necessary for your journey, in his hand; you with your riding skirt over your street dress, your sjambok of hippo-hide to guide your wary steed, your last good-byes said, as if you were going half way around the world and back again, for all the girls stand around and say, "*Famba kwatsi*" (go nicely) then you are off and you call back *Saluni* (fare ye well.)

You have scarcely left the Mission property before some one comes running after you with some forgotten article or errand, or a letter to post, just as if some one didn't go to town three or four times a week.

Before you have gone far you will meet some woman or some girl who will run out to see you and then she begins,

"*Shewe, Senyari*, and you will answer "*Shewe, wa hanyo ke?*" [How do you do, how are you living]. After a little more parley she will ask, "Where are you going?" Sometimes she will want to know when you are coming back, etc. A little farther along, even before you get to the first stone house which is about four or five hundred yards away you will probably meet a couple of boys or men who know you and they nod or take off their hats to you, if they possess such, an article, greeting you with the customary *Shewe*. Presently you will pass a number of unmistakable heathen, for during the latter part of the week there are boys all up and down the road waiting for the steamer to take them. They have been recruited by the Labor Agency from all parts of the country for work in Johannesburg and while waiting for the boat, they have nothing to do but to amuse themselves. The majority of these men and boys are dressed in long wind-arounds, mostly highly colored and gaudily decorated, and many of them with a fringe at the bottom. They are decorated with strings of beads or tiny bags of medicine bought from the witch-doctor for one disease or another, a feather in the hair or cap, a cigarette in the slit in the lobe of the ear. The various styles of haircut are interesting: a pattern all over the head or on one side; on the top only, or on the back with the top shaved as smooth as the face. Perhaps the most popular style is that of having a long tuft on the top directly in front which serves as a fine place to stick a feather, a porcupine quill, a pencil, etc. Bracelets and anklets are more used by the boys from the interior than by those living nearer to the Bay. At least, it is no hard task to tell a Christian from a heathen, not only by the ornaments and haircuts, or by the dress and manners, but by the smells as well.

In fifteen or twenty minutes you have passed the Labor Agency station. The residences

of the white men in charge are one the side of the road towards the Bay. Inside the fence are their houses and the out buildings, the gardens, walks and the tennis court. On the other side of the road is the big cement open-faced building, used for the sleeping quarters for the boys while they are waiting for the steamer, the well, the cook buildings, stables and the office, all situated on a large campus. Here are congregated weekly, from 300 to 600 boys, who are sent to the Transvaal.

You can hardly go any distance on the road without meeting Mohammedans and Indians with their long flowing robes and their red caps. Some are mounted on their donkeys, their white robes flapping. They make a picture with their big turbans, red or white and the long white beards looking like dervishes. Sometimes you will see two little Mohammedan boys on one donkey, going as fast as they can make the poor animal trot. Increasingly, within the last few years you may see these *foreigners* on the road and many of them pass up and down this way on their way to the Mission Hospital.

After leaving the Labor Agency you begin to meet the shops. These are ugly, oblong—usually called square, in contrast to the round huts of the native—corrugated zinc buildings, with a little cement verandah in front. Banyans, a term used here for trader, Indian or Arabian, Mohammedan or Buddhist, etc. are either standing in the doorway or sitting in the window with feet on the sill, and they all have a look when a "*mulungu*" is passing. They nod and say "Good-morning" in native or Portuguese or broken English as the notion takes him. Around the stores there are innumerable half-caste children and native women. There are chickens everywhere, a donkey which gives you a friendly greeting and a lean, yellowish half starved, wolfish dog sets up a low growl as you approach. On the verandah is usually a scales for

weighing out corn, peanuts, *rali* or ground mandioc, copra or dried cocoanut meat, oil nuts etc. And standing against the wall the bags of stuff are to be seen. Inside the store are the ubiquitous counter and shelves, the cloth in the bolts, blankets in the bundles, and wind-arounds, shirts, handkerchiefs which are of all sizes and used for head gear or for belts and sashes, in fact anything but for the use we put handkerchiefs to, are hanging from the ceiling. In little boxes and bins set around on the floor are peanuts, dried beans, peas, onions, red pepper, etc.

Each of the Banyan stores has one or more sewing machines, for these traders are the seamstresses as well. When he sells the goods to the native women, she will probably want it sewed, for the great majority of the women cannot sew, nor have they the thread and needle with which to sew. Many times she will buy a windaround and these are sometimes sewed together with a piece of tape to make a larger cloth. She may want a dress, or a blouse or a *choli*, (a half-waist with sleeves, to be worn with the *kisambi* or big cloth, tied around the body high up under the arms over it). The law says that a woman must keep her shoulders covered. A woman or girl will buy a piece of cloth and then sit down and wait for it to be sewed. The Banyan will urge the customer to take the most expensive stuff. He promises to wait for the money, taking some risk in waiting for his pay but fairly sure of his money and possibly a little interest besides. He does a lucrative business in exchange. One must have a license to deal with the money. The queer thing about this currency is that the English sovereign, equal to nearly five dollars, is the highest coin of the country. The paper and silver money is Portuguese. The boys come back from the Rand with twenty to forty and more gold sovereigns in their pockets. If one of them should want to exchange it for smaller

money and should go to one of these Banyan traders, he is likely to get from ten to twelve *quinhentos* for his five dollars when the exchange is seventeen and eighteen. It has been known for some of these Shylocks to charge sixteen and seventeen *quinhentos* for a pound or sovereign when a native has been required to pay his hut tax in gold and the normal exchange was only eleven or twelve *quinhentos*. It seems to be a case of "Heads, I win; tails, you lose."

But we must not stay at these stores. We pass several more: pass the substantial cemented well put up by the government and come to the market. It is spread on both sides of the road and so near the middle that when you come along on your mule, there is a scurrying to grab up bowls and babies and retire to a safer distance. For quite a space around these are women and girls, babies and children, with bowls of roasted nuts, ground corn, *rali* or ground mandioc; plates of mush and gravy, hot with curry and red-pepper and dishes of dough-nut-looking cakes. A little towards the edges are the demijohns of beer and beside them cups. Usually there is a little hut made of cocoanut leaves near these stands. This market is the place for gossip and amusement of the native variety, especially for the boys who are lounging around waiting for the steamer.

As you arrive this far, you will find the boat boys coming to meet you and walking along beside you he plies you with the question, are you going to town? Sometimes it is a boy with whom you have ridden before and he takes a patronizing interest in you. If his is the boat you wish to take, you dismount at the beach, slip off your riding skirt and allow yourself to be carried into the boat and then you set sail for town and your adventures there.

PERSONAL MENTION

BISHOP Eben S. Johnson, left Capetown by boat and arrived in Angola, Portuguese West Africa, where he held Conference in St. Paul de Loanda. From there he wrote that he and Mr. Roy S. Smyres of the Congo Belgian Mission were leaving there about the middle of July to travel overland to Kambove, our head station in the Belgian Congo. They expected to go by motor for about four hundred miles and then leaving all the hunts of white men, travel on foot through tribes who have never seen their like. They had planned to make their way as much as possible through the higher country and reach the Cape to Cairo Railway about the middle of September. In 1907, the Rev. John M. Springer and Mrs. Springer left the Cape to Cairo Railway and proceeded across the continent and arrived at Loanda about three months later. All friends of the Bishop and Mr. Smyres will be exceedingly relieved to hear of their safe arrival in the Congo. After arriving at Elizabethville, in the Congo, the Bishop will probably proceed south and meet Mr. Terril in Johannesburg, where they will formally open the work of our Mission among the Inhambane boys who labor in the Transvaal.

THE Reverend W. S. Rowe of the Deputation to Africa sailed from Durban for the United States via England about September first. His last work in this country has been among the Congregational Missions and the Free Methodist Missions in Natal and the Transvaal.

THERE are two distinct causes for congratulation incident to the arrival on this field of Mrs.

Lydia O. Gaudin, of New York. In the first place she has a hearty welcome from all the missionaries into whose midst she comes and we, as a Mission congratulate ourselves on the addition of a strong, new worker. Secondly, her coming marks a cordially fraternal spirit existing between the two Methodist Societies at work in Inhambane. Mrs. Gaudin is sent out by the Free Methodist Society to cooperate with the Medical department of our Mission. With this union of a most practical part of missionary work, we hope to make this department of the highest value to both the Free Methodist Mission and to our own.

THE Reverend and Mrs. P. W.

in Lourenço Marques. The boys and their teachers are girding themselves for the fray.

THE Reverend and Mrs. J. A. Persson are capably managing their respective departments. The printing room is turning out quantities of literature both to be used in the work at Inhambane and in Johannesburg. The two latest books to come off the press are, *A History of Portugal* and *A Geography of the Province of Moçambique* in the native and the Portuguese, gotten out by Mrs. P. W. Keys. These books are to be used by the evangelists in a preparatory course. Besides the large amount of regular work in the Dispensary Mrs. Persson sends in requests for more and more vaccine as there are many natives to be vaccinated. Borje Persson has had a severe time with his vaccination.



THE MISSION DISPENSARY

Keys and their school family are vigorously at work. Both the intellectual and the industrial departments of the school are going merrily on. The government examinations are soon due. There are boys for both the first and the second degrees, this year. This is the third year that boys have been presented for the first grade certificates but the first time for the Bodine School that some have been ready for the second grade examination in town, though some of the Bodine boys have obtained their second grade certificates

THE Reverend and Mrs. J. D. Pointer in Manjacaze are steadily improving their property and entrenching the work more solidly in that country. A well is being dug and is probably finished by this time. The work of visiting the stations has not been as satisfactory lately for the influenza is still severe in many places around the Limpopo. Mrs. Pointer has had visitors from the

Transvaal, whom she has enjoyed very much, as visitors in that section of the country are rare. Henry Pointer has returned from Pretoria where he has been in School, and he will remain with his parents until the hot season, or the latter part of this year. Small-pox has not been reported in that part of the country as yet.

THE Reverend and Mrs. R. L. Bush have their hearts, their minds and their hands full with their work. The thought and the care for the evangelists

in this time when death disease and suffering are bringing sorrow to the their hearts, is telling on the Missionary-in-charge. He is feeling more and more the responsibility of this circuit. Both Mr. and Mrs. Bush need your support. The medical department still claims Mrs. Bush's attention and sympathy, though she has not been able to do as much as she would like on account of the quarantine.

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THE Reverend and Mrs. I. E. Gillet are continuing their studies in the Sheetswa (the language of the natives) and of the Batswa (the natives, themselves.) Mr. Gillet has preached his initial sermon in the language of the people, for which he is to be congratulated. With the teaching and the other work among the boys and girls, they are increasing their knowledge of the love for these people, which is still further broadened by their contact with the Evangelists and the Christian people on the outstations.

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DR. Stauffacher has been made the Medical Dictator of the Mission during this epidemic. With the small-pox on every side, the Mission is in a state of siege, and in order to protect the station the Doctor is considered the authority. With the health of the Missionaries, the grown-ups and the children, the native people on the station, the boys and girls of the head schools, to consider and his general practice among the outside natives, the segregation camp, the oversight of the in-patients besides the outside calls; all these tax the strength and sympathy of the genial Doctor. But sometimes there comes to the heart a warming incident which makes up for many a weary task. At a Mohammedan home, the other day, a man called him "Our Doctor". The intonation and the expression meant volumes.

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MISS Roush and Miss Thomas are sticking to their post in spite of dangers. They are

taking the best precautions they can, but it was deemed best to keep the Hartzell School going as long as they could persuade the girls to stay, as many of the girls are from places where there was small-pox. Some of the girls decided to go home, for if they died, they said that they wanted to be with their friends. Those who remain are keeping busy with their work.

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OUR most cordial welcome and best wishes are extended to the new Free Methodist workers in Inhambane. At their last Mission Conference, there were two new couples and one lady missionary appointed to this work to

labor in conjunction with Miss Armstrong, who has been on this field for about three years. The Reverend Albert E. Haley, the superintendent and his wife, who come from Port Shepstone in Natal where he lived and was superintendent of their work in Natal, have been here for a couple of months. The Rev. and Mrs. Ralph E. Jacobs who have been for the last three years in the Edwaleni Training School in Natal, arrived here last month. It is reported that Miss Davy, who was to have come this year has the Flu, but she is to study the language and be ready to come to Inhambane after the hot season. We give them all our hearty well-wishes.

SNAPSHOTS

AN UNSEEN EMERGENCY

An emergency not anticipated when the Centenary askings were made out, is that of caring for the Flu victims, widows, orphans and aged. Hundreds have been and are today being thrust upon the Mission and we feel that it is our duty to care for them. The Church here must help them. To whom else can they go. Maria and her two children were driven from her home by her unfaithful husband. The baby was only a few weeks old. She walked and rode with them five days to reach Gikuki. Here she rested a few days and now she rests here until the resurrection morn. She succumbed to the Flu and on Christmas morning we buried her. The little boy has been taken, but the baby remains with us. She is fed tinned milk and is healthy, fat and happy. Grandma, who came to us from nowhere in particular, but who is a providential person to be here is the baby's nurse. Tinned milk being rather a luxury these days, the funds for the baby's wardrobe and for the nurse's clothes are very limited. Could one see the baby and

her nurse there would be no doubts regarding the ward-obel of both. The baby wears the garment that nature gave her when she came into the world, plus a little string of a cloth, while Grandma's garments are but little larger, other than the large cloth that she has in which to carry baby Luise. This is just an example of scores of similar cases.

BACK FROM THE FRONT

João, Timote, Enosi and scores more of our native christian young men are back from Nyassa land where they have been faithfully serving their country in the interests of humanity. They went away downhearted. To them it did not seem to be their matter that autocracy and militarism should be throttled. That was the white man's task. That was just because they did not know. Now they know, and they have finished their term of service and come back to their home rejoicing. They feel that a great honor has been conferred upon them to have had a share in establishing democracy. They report excellent treatment on the part of the Portuguese and English civil and military authorities. They are now

ready to stand by you and us in helping to make this part of the world safe for democracy.

Continued from page 2

Edison Pk.	14.50
First, Evanston	62.50
Granville Ave.	7.—
Glenview	15.50

Greenwood
Grace
Gross Park
Hemenway, Evanston
Highwood
Joyce
Lake Bluff
Mayfair
Irving Pk.
North Chicago
North Shore
Palatine

5.—	Park Ridge	4.50
30.—	Ravenswood	30.00
6.38	Rogers Pk.	10.—
31.75	Sheridan Rd.	16.50
20.—	St. Lukes	20.25
10.—	Waukegan	10.—
12.50	Wesley	25.—
6.—	Wheaton	24.50
36.—	Wilmette	15.—
7.50	Wicker Pk.	17.50
10.—	Woodstock	5.25
25.	Zion City	17.50

LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE FOLK



LITTLE TAIL



LITTLE TAIL is the happiest boy you ever knew, black, white, red or yellow. He is about seven or eight years old; not very large for his age, nor very fat. He is just a round, little, smiling, black face. Nothing ever bothers Little Tail! No mother and no father. He lives on the Mission Station just because his A-ha-ha-ni, which means his aunt or his cousin or some other of his kinfolk, lives there.

He is a sort of an all-around "handy man" or does all the little jobs that no one else wants to do. He sometimes washes the dishes from which the boys eat when the dinner bell rings; sometimes he gets the firewood or watches the corn and the peanuts while they are drying in the sun, or perhaps he will carry a little load for some one. Sometimes it is his turn to sweep the boys' house where he and the other little boys sleep and when the ground around the house is dirty, he must help the others sweep with his little bunch of stiff weeds. When he is not eating or sleeping or doing some work, he and the other boys may be off looking for wild fruit, or maybe trying to get some honey. He was after some honey one day and the bees stung him. His eyes were stung and they soon swelled shut. After a time the pain left him and Little Tail was just as happy as ever, though he couldn't see the least bit. He thought that this was fine for now it seemed to him like night and he could sleep as long as he liked.

Usually he has to get up early in the morning. The rising bell rings before it is light and all the boys had to be in the Church for the morning prayers as soon as the sun peeped over the Inhambane Bay. This is hard for boys of all colors, isn't it? But Little Tail isn't always there, for sometimes the boys

like to build a fire and sit around it at nights, which keeps them from getting all the sleep that they need. But when Little Tail does come to prayers he sits up on the front seat and sings with all his might. He never thinks of any one or any thing else when he sings. He can only read the A, B, C's so he listens while the others read in the Testament. When it is time to pray, he sometimes drops down on his knees on the floor and puts his head on the floor, too, with his arms stretched out ahead of him. Then he looks like a little Mohammedan does when he prays. Generally he lies down on the floor, stretches out full length, rolls over on his side with his hands above his head and his eyes closed.

Of, course, Little Tail does not wear many clothes. Clothes are too much of a nuisance. When he is dressed up he wears a clean white gauze shirt and a dark cloth tied around his waist, coming below his knees. This, we call a wind-around, because he just winds it around his waist and tucks the ends in. This doesn't stay tucked all the time and he has to tuck it in again. Sometimes he wears a dark blue shirt. And, sometimes, like some little white children that I know of, he is happy when he gets a man's vest on over his little dark brown tummy. But most of the time he wears the tiniest of tiny wind-arounds, with his little round, brown tummy as bare as it can be. In the summer when the konjus are ripe, Little Tail spends a good part of his time either climbing the trees and shaking the ripe fruit down or throwing sticks to knock it off the branches, and then when he and his companions have a nice little pile of the juicy red and yellow fruit, they go off under a tree to suck them. The fruit is so juicy that a good part of the juice runs down in streaks over their little, round, brown, well-filled tummies.

Snapshots from Africa

by Mrs. William C. Terril

A Good Man ?

A "little chief" goes past the house very frequently on his way to the Dispensary. He is an under chief with but little power. He is a small man and does not give very great evidence of having much power. It is amusing to see him after he has had his treatment. He wears an old shirt of some indescribable color or once color and a red wind-around. Of course, bare headed, and his feet and legs innocent of any covering. Going home, the patches of white medicine on his legs stand out in great relief and with one hand he gingerly holds his wind-around up slightly so as not to rub off any of the precious medicine and in the other hand he carries his walking stick. One day after he had secured his medicine, the following dialogue took place:

"But, Senyari, aren't you going to give me anything?"

"I have just given you medicine."

"I want something else. I am a good man."

"You are a good man, huh." "What is that behind your ear?"

"Oh! that is only a cigar."

"But smoking isn't good."

"Oh! that is not anything. I am a good man. I send my daughter to your school to learn."

"How many wives have you?"

"Three."

"Is that being a good man?"

"O yes. I send my daughter to your school to learn."

The Rev. Tizore Navess and his donkey.

The Rev. Tizore M. Navess, the first ordained native preacher of our Mission, had a donkey that was well known throughout the length and breadth of this land. Many times he has traveled from Xipongo on the north to Chon-

gweni which is five or six days to the west and has visited on most of the stations in the Limpopo region. His donkey was "as good as a mule" they all said. One day lately it was bitten by a snake and died. This handicaps Tizore Navess very much as it makes it impossible to travel these long distances without an animal. He regrets the loss of his donkey very much and in speaking of it, he said that he had "lost his legs." The Mufundisi was in town one day and he met a man from Tizore Navess' station. After the usual greetings, the man told the Mufundisi that the donkey was dead and then he added that he thought that Tizore thought more of his donkey than he did of his wife.

Lost and Found.

Last Christmas day a woman and her daughter about fourteen or fifteen years of age came to the Mission. The mother, Maria, was one of the Basuto tribe which lives in Zululand. She had married a man from Inhambane and came here to live. The husband was a brother to one of our evangelists and when the evangelist died, there was no one to care for and protect Maria and her daughter. When they came to the Mission, the mother was in the last stages of tuberculosis and died a little while later. A very short time after she died, a boy of about eleven or twelve years of age came to the Station and Mare, the daughter, said that the boy, George, was her brother. At the sight of George, Mare went into a fit of weeping and hysterics. She refused to be comforted, and kept saying, "Oh! why did he come?"; all thought that she did not want her brother. It was a long time before she could calm herself enough to make an explanation, which she made as follows: After the

mother and her two children had come to this country, George was taken by a white(?) man and they were not able to find any trace of him. When Maria died she did not know whether her boy was living or dead. Mare was glad, oh! so glad to find her brother but she grieved because her mother had died so shortly before. Why couldn't George have come sooner or the mother have been spared a little longer! Then came another calamity. Mare became ill with the small-pox and was taken to the pesthouse, and George, as the Senyari's kitchen boy was penned up in quarantine. He has so longed to see his sister and while she was so very ill, he grieved very much for her. A couple of days ago, Mare was discharged from the small-pox camp and was down on the beach below the house washing when George spied her. He was so happy to see her and he longed to go to her, but he remained behind the fence and feasted his eyes upon her.

Monkeys !

The iron for the roof of the new hospital which has been delayed so long on account of war conditions has at last arrived and the work of putting it on is going merrily forward. The native houses are only one story huts and thus one never gets above the ground except he goes up a tree where he has placed his beehive. So the two-story houses seem very high to the native and when he is in the upper part of the building he feels as he says that he does, up among the trees. The other day, one of the workers told the Mufundisi that they were only monkeys living up in the trees, since they have been working on the roof.