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Inhambane Christian Advocate

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

Sept. @ Oct., Inhambane, East Africa. 1919.

THE INHAMBANE MISSIONARIES



TOP ROW: *W. C. Terril, J. D. Pointer, J. A. Persson, Bishop Joseph C. Hartzell, Dr. C. J. Stauffacher, P. W. Keys.*

LOWER ROW: *Mrs. C. J. Stauffacher & Ruth, Mrs. W. C. Terril with May Belle & Lester, Mrs. P. W. Keys, Mrs. J. D. Pointer with Mary Alice & Henry, Mrs. J. A. Persson & Börje.*

[See Page 15.]

CHILDREN'S DISEASES IN THE TROPICS

There are so many enemies of the children which might be banished if the Light of the Gospel shone in this country. Christianity is the greatest friend of the Children and Christ is still saying "Let the little ones come unto me." Are you preventing them or helping?

DOCTOR C. J. STAUFFACHER

THE boys and girls who come to our dispensary are just as innocent and can smile just as sweetly as any boy or girl in America. Africa is a land where it is actually true that "Daddy has gone a hunting to get a skin to wrap the baby bunting in." A scene one never can forget is to see these little "tykes" duck under the skin in which they are tied to their mother's back, and their bright, black eyes taking a peep out of one corner to see if the danger is past. The children here are never burdened with too many clothes, like a great many children in the States; they are generally seen in their birthday outfit with a few charms, and you never hear a mother say, "don't get your clothes dirty." A great many are happy as they wallow around in the sand or tied to their mother's back, with their bare heads exposed to the tropical sun, as she digs in her garden. But such primitive conditions place them in all sorts of danger to take diseases. Diseases that children in America are not suffering from, and these little "tykes" suffer more because of several things; namely, it is hot here, no soft beds, no soothing food, no ice, no mother's gentle care, no protection from flies and mosquitoes, and no medicine to ease their fevered brow. There they must lie in the sand, oft times alone and just suffer.

Worms. Eating food on the ground with hands that have not been washed gives the worms a splendid opportunity, and it is unbelievable, the number and size of worms some children have. The natives call them snakes and I sometimes think that is the right name for them. Malaria causes a large percent of the

children to die in infancy; in severe attacks when the convulsions are prominent, it is supposed that the child is possessed with a devil. One night I was called; they urged me to hurry saying, "The child of the headman is possessed with the devil." As I drew near the village a messenger came running out to meet us saying, "Hurry, hurry, he is at it again." I arrived and after a hasty examination I injected a big dose of quinine and the devils fled like dew before the rising sun. Chiggers, small insects which bore themselves

into the toes and other parts of the body and deposit eggs are a terrible pest to children for, when these hatch, the young feed upon the flesh. If the mother is careless oftentimes the toes will ulcerate off and the child will be unable to walk and may die. Sores, how can I describe them! Job of old, I believe, could not have had more than some of these boys and girls have! oriental, tubercular, syphilitic; with their awful smells and their constant racking pain. Many of them due to the sins of their parents. Bites: on the land of lions, hyenas, snakes, tarantulas, centipedes, lice, ticks and fleas are most common. In the water sharks, crocodiles, and jelly fish. In the air, hippo-flies, mosquitoes, and great hords of insects that bite and carry diseases. When you realize that hundreds of children lose their lives from the above causes and if you could see in what conditions some of

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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:

PREACHERSHIPS.

Individuals.	
Akers, Rev. L. R., O.	30.00
DePree, Miss Alice, Mich.	60.00
Harding, Harry C., Wisc.	5.00
Holbrook, Miss E. M., Cal.	5.00
Hughes, Mrs. J., Wis.	6.00
Mang, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. and James, N. Y.	50.00
Martin, Geo., N. Y.	50.00
Mission Band, Hartselle, Ala.	5.00
Novak, Miss M., Wis.	40.00
Summers, Mrs. C., Mich.	15.00
James M. Taylor Fund,	12.50

Epworth Leagues.

Jason Lee Memorial, Salem, Ore.	18.50
Trinity Union Ch., Providence, R. I.	15.00

SCHOLARSHIPS.

Individuals.	
Beall, Rev. and Mrs. S. A., O.	15.00
Harrington, G. L., Minn.	15.00
Henderson, R. M., O.	15.00
Lean, Mrs. J. S., Wis.	7.50
S.S. of People's Rescue Mission, Rochester N. Y.	30.00
Vail, Miss H., N. Y.	15.00
Wiley, Miss G. C., Kas.	20.00

NICKLE-A-WEEK CLUB.

Miller Miss M. E., Mich.	5.00
Peterson, Mrs. P., Mich.	6.00

MISCELLANEOUS.

Richmond Ave. Church, Buffalo, N. Y.	375.00
Schneerer, Mrs. C., O.	5.00
Smith, Miss C. E., Conn.	3.00

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Bishop:

Eben S. Johnson, D.D.

Editor:

Mrs. William C. Terril,

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CHILD WIVES

ONE thinks of child wives as only belonging to India. Over the entire missionary world the terribly pernicious system of little girls and even babies as wives is only thought of as being in India. Not only is it not

uncommon for girls to be sold as wives when they are young, but it is quite usual. It is probable that a large percent of the little girls in this country are either "promised" or some of the money has been paid down for the girls before they are six years of age. There are some girls who have not been promised in their childhood, but they are not many. And there are some instances when men will obtain money upon the chance that the next child born to him will be a girl. Thus it is that a girl child, though she is not as beloved as a man child, she is treasured because of the value she represents.

The initiative usually comes from the immediate, urgent need of money on the part of the parent or guardian, be he brother, uncle or other relative. The yearly hut-tax money is due and there is not the necessary five dollars and fifty cents ready cash with which to pay it. This is the most usual reason for wanting money and when other resources fail there are always girls. Perhaps a man will be pressed for payment of a debt, then he will liquidate his liability by giving a girl, willynilly. Or, if she is promised to some other man, the father or guardian will demand at least a part of the payment. In case this money is not forth-coming, the father

Africa is a country where any girl can have a husband very early in life, earlier than she likes, sometimes. The majority of the girls are engaged before they are six years of age. The price of a wife ranges from the size of a hut-tax to six times the value of a good house.

will consider that deal off and will decree the girl to a new possessor.

If, during other times than that of paying hut-tax, a man is hard up for drink he will trade his daughter for the wherewithal to purchase this necessary article. Towards the end of the dry season, the produce from the gardens is used up and food is difficult to obtain, however, the usual "bank account" is still to his credit and he gets his food in exchange for his second wife's oldest child.

It is said that diamonds are always a good investment—so

are wives in this country. A man will buy as many wives as he can find the money for. His wives represent his wealth. A man said to the Doctor one day "Wont you come to see my wife, she is very sick and

I am afraid that she will die. I paid two hundred pounds for her" (This was a very extraordinary price for a wife.) If a girl is too small to be a wife for himself, she will do for his son. Any way a son inherits wives. And if he does not care for more wives he will arrange for the future of his boys. One day, some time ago, the girls were excited over the news that Six had a wife. Six is the kitchen boy who washes the pots and kettles. Six's brother had died and left a wife, who became the wife of Six. Later she bore a child; so now Six' a boy about twelve years old has a wife and child. As to the consent: the girl is never consulted and if her father or her guardian has decided that she must go, go she must. The father, or the uncle, or whoever has "eaten his goods" (inherited the girl) is the only responsible party and when he makes the arrangement, it is final. Sometimes he will consult the mother of the girl, but at other times he will merely tell her that he has received money from Mr. Lice or Mr. Taii or Mr. Ten Shillings for "Little Table."

Some of the men will talk a matter of this kind over with the mother of the girl and some of them will only yield to her wishes as to whether the girl will go to live with her "In-laws" or stay



A NATIVE NURSE GIRL

THE LURE OF AFRICA

The "Wild honey" innoculates the visitor to Africa with a desire for the country, which can never be eradicated.

THE Reverend W. S. Rowe of the Centenary Commission to Africa, in a recent letter to one of the missionaries, said, "Africa has gripped my heart and I doubt if I shall ever be content to remain in the States."

This statement is typical of many others that we have heard and read. It is said that if a traveler once eats of the wild honey of Africa, he is never satisfied to remain anywhere but in Africa. If we look behind this saying we will find several reasons for it. We are never surprised that people from England say this after they have had taste of the open veld; the bigness of

the country, the freedom from the petty exactions of the deep-in-the-rut conventions in which the British people are fast. Returning to the misty, cloudy, dull, foggy, days in England, after the bright, glorious and unfailing sunshine of Africa, it is not to be wondered that the travellers want to live in the country of the Southern Cross, and that the lure of the "wild honey" is strong in them.

Aside and above all this, the thinker and the servant of the King of kings see in this country an immense opportunity for the Kingdom. Over the entire country there are nations groping in heathen dark-

ness, seeking for the light. There are crowds pitifully pleading for guidance and education, and there are millions dying without the opportunity to know the Great Physician.

What a work! What a place in which one's life can be made to count big for eternity. In the home field there is a great work, possibly as great and as difficult in some respects as that in the mission field. But what of the workers, paid and unpaid? What if each Christian believer was a missionary to those around and near him, working as untiringly and eagerly as the Mohammedan labors to convert his neighbor. Were this the case, it would not be long before the world would be brought to know the Christ.

We rejoice that the Centenary has called forth so many men and women who have dedicated themselves to definite service for our King. There ought to be many more. But many as there are they cannot win the world without the eager and prayerful help of every Christian who believes in the Conquering Christ.

Let the lure of the salvation of souls grip you and you will leave no stone unturned to do your part in helping to bring the world to acknowledge in this generation the Prince of Peace as King of the earth. We heartily wish that you might have been privileged to have made the tour of Africa with Mr. Rowe and the other members of the Deputation and to have had the same vision. However we trust that you will look at Mr. Rowe's pictures with deep-seeing eyes and put yourself in his place.

Let the lure of Africa — of the Mission field — grip YOU.



Continued from page 3.

with her mother until she can dig a garden and make corn-mush and gravy, instead of the "feather bed and the cherry pie."

Herein lies one of the worst evils of the arrangement. The mothers are mothers and human and they suffer to have their wee girls taken from them and made to go and live with the husbands or the parents of the prospective husbands, when they are so small and young. The world is akin and while many of the girls are treated kindly and humanely, many of these wee brides are cruelly beaten and suffer many indignities which they can neither prevent nor escape. Often, if they are old enough, the girls will run away and hide, fearing to be caught

knowing the punishment which awaits them.

One can readily imagine the life of these girls. They are the property of the one who buys them and very little sympathy and redress do they get in their hard lot. The native law prohibits a man from living with a girl until after she has passed puberty but there is no authority to compel a man to observe this law. However, probably the observance of the law predominates. In any case the girl's life is no sinecure and her association with the evil, the drunkenness, the adultery, the obscenity and all the witchcraft and the superstition of heathenism does anything but uplift and advance humanity. Have you any part in the saving of these girls from this life?

AFRICAN BOYS

*Heathen and Christian, the difference in the modes of living,
the difference in their amusements, the difference in
the ideals and ambitions. Read this and see
which one you would rather be.*

MRS. CLARA E. KEYS

BOYS AND girls in Christian lands can hardly realize the difference between a heathen boy, in Africa, and one who has become a Christian and has begun to learn the things of Light.

As a heathen boy he has very little ambition for anything save to hunt a bit, lie about in the sand smoking and talking with his friends; of course he frequently enjoys a big heathen dance, where he may be fortunate enough to be chosen as "drummer" or beater of the piano. This is about the height of his ambition—to become one of the musicians at a big dance.

If his sole garment—a small loin-cloth—becomes worn to shreds, he may seek work from a white man in his neighborhood, but for such a time only as will provide him money for his meager needs. After that, instead of taking out another ticket for work, he is usually content to hunt and play until his needs again force him to work. Of course the boy learns to drink native beer, even while quite small, and his cigarette or cigar, as you may choose to call the long roll of tobacco leaves, is never far away. You may have heard that the African when he smokes, places the lighted end in his mouth. One would think this quite a feat to learn, but our little heathen boy soon learns the art, and thus he smokes until the cigar is so small it can scarcely be noticed in his mouth. When he is not smoking, he usually carries his cigar over his ear as a boy at home sometimes does his pencil, or perhaps he inserts it in the lobe of his ear which has been pierced in childhood and has been stretched until the hole is

quite large. The use of tobacco from childhood, naturally has its effect on the teeth of our little African boy, but Nature has provided him with a tooth brush which seems to be tooth paste and all combined. There is certain kind of root which he frays cut into a sort of brush, and this seems to have a very wholesome effect. When he has brushed his teeth, he buries the brush in the ground until he has further need of it.

It is the boy's work to tend the goats, if the family happens to be so wealthy as to own a herd, and he may also be taught to help his mother in clearing the brush and putting in the crops. In absence of a sister, he may also be useful as nurse boy, caring for the younger members of the family,



Little "Scissors" and his friends

strapping to his back the baby over whom he has charge while his mother is busy with her digging.

Books have never come within his knowledge, neither pencils nor paper. In case he should need to count the days, he simply takes a stick, making a notch for each day, or a

string in which he ties knots, answers the same purpose. History and folk lore he knows only as he hears it talked over by his elders. In the evenings he sits with his brothers or friends around a fire, roasting mandioc roots or sweet potatoes, or even a guinea fowl which he has been successful in catching in his trap or with his bow and arrow.

When sleep overtakes him he spreads his mat on the floor, covers himself with his blanket, or perhaps with his yard of calico which has served as a wind-around during the day, and is soon in the land of slumber. He is careful beforehand to see that the windows and doors are well closed for he doesn't believe in ventilation; and usually he will draw the cover well over his head even if his feet must be left out in the cold! His slumbers though are not always too peaceful, for in case he has by some chance or other made an enemy, the evil spirits may come in the night to molest him. Jimu, one of the boys who had helped in driving away an old woman accused of witchcraft, came begging permission to leave for a little while, for he said every night this old woman came and choked him and he could stand it no longer. Another boy could not remain here because the spirit of his dead sister was in this place. So the African boy as a heathen is never free from a superstitious fear that some known or unknown enemy is waiting to do him an injury. Even though his life may be said to be care-free after a fashion it may not be said to be peaceful.

When he is old enough to think of taking a wife he must go to the mines in the Transvaal or elsewhere in order to earn money sufficient to purchase the maiden (or maidens) of his choice, for the heathen father does not consent to part with his daughter without con-

pensation. After his return from the mines he takes his wife according to heathen custom, and starts his own village, after which life for him continues in much the same way as before, only now it is his wife instead of his mother who digs his gardens, muds his house and prepares his food.

But enough of the heathen boy—let us look now at his Christian brother. When he comes to the Christian station he says he wants to *kolwa* that is, to believe, for all Christians here are known as “believers.” He may have various reasons for cutting himself off from his home and friends and coming to live among strangers. Sometimes food is scarce at home; sometimes he has offended one of the members of his family; or again his parents may have died and left him alone in the world; or he has perhaps seen someone who has returned to his part of the country with a Book—wonder of wonders—which has in it the story of a God of love, and his heart has been made to long for more knowledge of this God. Whatever his motive, he is here and he wants to believe. It is first impressed upon him that on the Christian station each boy and girl has his share of work to do, and to be a “believer” means that he must be willing to be a worker as well.

His first day at school is quite an adventure; he is presented with a primer which most likely he holds upside down. But little by little he begins to see how the other boys and girl are doing, and he gets to work in earnest. He studies the first and second primers which lead up to the chief text-book, the New Testament. After he has learned to read, write and do a few simple sums, his studies are then in Portuguese. The wall of superstition which has surrounded him is gradually being shattered, though it is so strong, and it is hard for him to get out from under its influence. There is nothing but the power of God that can break the dreadful superstition.

As the boy begins to learn, there is developed within him

the desire for clothing sufficient to cover his body. In a way life for him becomes more complex. He first wants a box in which to keep his treasures which may consist of his primer, a yard of calico and a slate pencil. Then he cuts a few sticks and makes for himself a bed and perhaps a bench, and later table. Thus as his knowledge increases he becomes conscious of his needs and strives as best he can to provide himself with what is lacking. Ambition is developed within him—not such as he had while a heathen—but ambition to make something of himself; ambition to be of some service to his people. His needs make it necessary for him to work, and work is to him always a blessing. He still enjoys a hunt or an evening around the fire, but becoming a Christian has meant to him the giving up of much that was his life as a heathen. Native beer, tobacco, and various amusements which he had previously enjoyed have been given up for something more satisfying.

The Christian boy when he comes to marry of course tries to find a Christian girl. In fixing up the home it is quite

often he who takes the initiative. He wants his bed, table, chairs, and usually decorates his walls with pictures such as he has been able to get together from discarded magazines, etc. It is the wife's place to see that the floors are kept clean, and the walls and floor mud-washed every few weeks. As a heathen boy he was satisfied to dip into the large wooden bowl together with his brothers, but now he wants his own plate and spoon.

The difference between a heathen and a Christian? It is so vast; words fail to picture it. The old life is broken down and a new life developed. The Church has indeed a great responsibility in guiding aright these newly awakened ambitions; in giving to the young people something better and more satisfying than they have known as heathen. Education in itself will not do this. It will bring about some of the changes we have noted, but our African boy needs more than this. He needs a Christian education which will teach him first of all the love of God—that love which casteth out fear and which alone can cast out the fear of heathen superstition.

NOTES

BY THE EDITOR

THE subscription list of the *Inhambane Christian Advocate* has almost reached the two thousand mark. The paper goes to all quarters of the globe with the exception of Australia. To India, China, Korea Japan, and the East Indies. It goes to many of the countries of Europe; and not long ago there came a notice that some of the “Snap Shots” had been translated into Portuguese in a Brazilian paper.

From time to time we receive comments on the paper, favorable and otherwise—though mostly favorable. Thank you.

We welcome all the comments. The favorable ones please and help us on the way; the “otherwise” stimulate us

to greater and better efforts. And all the ideas and suggestions are sincerely welcomed.

There is one thing which we deeply regret and which is horribly against us as Methodists. The complaint was that there was no place printed in the paper directing would-be donors where to send money for this work. We hasten to rectify this sin of omission by printing the name and address of the Treasurer of the Board of Foreign Missions, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who will be pleased to receive and forward all gifts sent to him for work in Inhambane under any particular missionary. Please be sure to state that it is for the work in the Inhambane Mission.

The Rev. George M. Fowles, D. D.,
Treasurer of the Board of Foreign
Missions,
150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

❖ ROXITA ❖

The story of a girl who was brought up in heathenism, amid vice and drunkenness, married when eight years of age, attracted by Christianity and converted.

RUTH F. THOMAS

SHE was just one of the many scantily clothed, barearmed, barelegged little girls whom you see going through the tall grasses with water pots on their heads, on the way to the river, or standing before the huts pounding corn with a heavy club, the corn being in a hollowed-out treestump, or blowing out the chaff by shaking the pounded corn in a large, round, shallow, grass-woven receptacle, or perhaps just sitting on the ground and staring at you, her hair shaven off in fancy designs, and her wrists and ankles loaded with many fine wire bracelets and anklets. As you look closely you notice that her face is tattooed, with three black charcoal spots in the middle of the forehead, and three on each cheek, just below the eyes. These are made by pounding the flesh with a sharp pointed piece of wood or iron, and then when the blood comes, pounding wet powdered charcoal into the wound until it makes the spot quite black. This process is first done when the child is about eight years old, and repeated many times after when the spots get dim. These are their tribal marks, and differ according to the tribe, some having parallel lines just below the temple, and others a combination of circles and diagonal lines.

She was but eight years old, but her future was considered as settled, for her father borrowing and spending \$25 of another man's money was unable to pay it back so promised to give little Roxita to the man to be a wife for his little five year son, but she was to stay at home until a little older.

On Sunday afternoons she often gathered with a group of open mouthed, curious children to listen to the singing and preaching of the folks from a

nearby christian station who were under the leadership of a very capable evangelist, who took this method of keeping the Sabbath day holy, by going out into the highways and byways to tell the people about Jesus. The songs were so cheerful, in contrast to their monotonous dirges, that she longed that she too might sing them, and because the christians looked so happy, she wanted to be a christian too. Now the opportunity of a life time came when her mother sent her to the mission corn-mill to grind some corn and she saw the little girls so happy in their homes that she wanted to stay. When she got an opportunity, she ran off to the station, and asked for a job, working for a couple in the village. All was well until they began to need her at home, and then her father came and made her go back. She went because she had to, but she longed to be on a mission station.

For four years she was bound to her heathen home, watching her parents in the drunken dances and other vile practises of heathenism, and

taking part in them herself, yet her heart longed for something better. Finally both parents died, and she was now free to go to stay with a sister who had married an evangelist, and lived on a christian station. She had a fearful sore on her leg and native remedies failing to help, she came here to Gikuki to Dr. Stauffacher, at first just a dirty, half clad little girl, and then gradually emerging into a more respectable young lady, with the accomplishment of being able to do laundry work. She attended the Sheetswa day school, and there learned to read her Testament. Little over a year ago she entered the Hartzell Girls School, where she has learned to sew neatly, and above all she has learned how to find God in time of need, and tries hard to be a good christian.

As to her fiance of old, well they agreed to disagree, he wanting a wife younger than himself, and she wanting a christian husband. So he agreed to wait until she married, and then the marriage money will be paid to him.

At present all of her brothers and sisters are christians except one, who has backslidden, but whom we are praying that God will bring back to the fold with her heathen husband, who seems much interested in the church services, and is trying to learn to read in order to be able to read the Bible in the church as his wife does.

THE SMALL-POX

THE plague apparently has not yet begun to abate round and about Inhambane. Away to the south, around Inharrime, it has not taken a great hold. There are some cases there, but it is not general and all the agencies, the Government and the Missions are trying to alleviate matters by spreading vaccination against the disease as far as possible. To the west of town we hear

of more and more cases with many deaths. In town, many of the Asiatic foreigners, the half-castes and the natives are sick and many succumb to the disease. It has been stoutly maintained that a white person could not or would not take disease from a native, but, however that may be, two white people have been reported to have taken the contagion. In the country around

the Mission stations, many of the people are suffering. And if the number of cases seen on the roads is any indication of the number of the sick in the huts, there must be a large number. When the storm first broke, the fatalities were mostly among the men and women who suffered horribly. As the storm progresses, the disease seems less virulent, the suffering is less and the deaths are principally among the children.

From the out-stations, we hear of many cases of sickness and some deaths. It is too early to estimate whether the deaths on the stations are less or more in proportion to the population than those among the heathen where there is supposed to be less sanitation. Some of the evangelists are asking for vaccine to vaccinate their people. Some of them are isolating the cases as much as they possibly can. On the head-stations there have been but few cases, probably due to two reasons. In the first place all or nearly all of the people

belonging to these stations have been vaccinated and re-vaccinated until it has been successful. Care has been taken to isolate those who might carry the contagion and the sick ones. This has reduced the danger considerably.

The missionaries themselves are being vaccinated with each new batch of virus until it has worked successfully. And particular care is being taken to keep the children and those who have not been successfully vaccinated as far from contagion as possible. The missionaries do not wish to avoid responsibility in caring for the sick natives, but the best advice and authority agree in the wisdom of caring for the health of the missionaries. Hundreds of people are being vaccinated each week, but with so many cases at large and with the number who have not yet had the opportunity to be vaccinated, the disease seems to stand good chance of still having a long run.

of the inland station, asking me to come at once, as it was thought that two of our missionaries were dying from the effects of ptomaine poisoning, caused by using tinned milk.

My weariness was soon forgotten, and as is always true "Strength was given for the need."

We, at once, sent off another runner to the little town across the Bay, to beg the doctor there, to go immediately, (our Dr. Stauffacher and family were then in the United States on their furlough). This errand proved fruitless for the doctor had been sent but a short time before to German East Africa to help care for the sick soldiers. A nurse was sent to Kambini in his place, arriving there the following morning, too late to be of any assistance for the crisis had passed.

After throwing a few things into a suitcase, I set out, riding faithful, old mule, "Mafuta". The sun had long before this hidden its face behind the clouds and the rain was steadily coming down. But the old mule seemed to know that it was an emergency call; she was making an effort to answer and she ran almost all of the many miles to the place where I was to cross the Bay.

No other white person had been able to leave the mission, so it meant that I should have to make the trip alone save for a native boy. Now the runner who had come for me, had, in years gone by been helped in a time of great need by my husband, and he at once said that it would be night long before I could reach my destination and that he would return with me to see me safely through. No amount of persuasion would turn him from his purpose, weary as he was.

Upon reaching the landing where we must cross the Bay, he did his best in making arrangements with the boatman to take us across but this was no easy matter for none of them cared to risk their tiny sailboats in a storm; and the wind by this time was very contrary. But after a sufficiently large amount of money

TRAVEL IN INHAMBANE

An urgent call to the interior and the difficulty in answering it.

MRS. GRACE K. BUSH

THE morning had been a very busy one, for we were expecting a guest to tea and we had tried to finish as much as possible of our work in order that we might be free to entertain him.

We had arisen early and just as the sun was peeping over the horizon, we entered the chapel for regular morning prayers. As soon as the service was over we partook of a hasty breakfast and our labors among the sick began. First, were the hospital cases to be looked after, and orders given to their native nurses; next, the dressings for the fifteen boys in the circumcision school had to be done; several calls to be made to the *muti*,

(or native village adjoining the mission). Now it was time for the regular dispensary work, with the thirty to forty patients to be attended to: some medical cases, some with dreadful sores. One lad with a crushed finger to be amputated, and many sick babies awaiting relief from their pain. The noon hour was fast arriving and I was finishing the last few straggling cases; I was very weary and was looking forward to an after-lunch siesta, which is so very important to all who dwell in the tropics.

Looking up I saw a native runner coming toward me. In an excited way he handed me a letter from the Superintendent

had been offered, an Indian came forward and said that he would make his boat ready. In favorable weather the trip can be made in two hours or there-about, but we were to be tossed about and thoroughly soaked by the rain and the heavy waves for nearly four hours before we were able to make a landing. Here we were met by a native bringing a two-wheeled cart drawn by a mule and within a very short time we were off on the last stage of our journey.

In order that heavy supplies for the mission might be hauled by the oxen a road had been cut through the forest and the jungle, and it was on this road that we were now to travel. The tall elephant grass was so wet that we felt as we passed through it as though we were in a shower bath and had forgotten to remove our clothes. The night soon closed in upon us, and what a night it was! It seemed to me that I had never seen such intense blackness. The road was none too level and we constantly ran over stumps and stones and into ruts, and at times I felt sure that the next moment would find the cart in pieces and I picking myself up from some place in the darkness. About this time the mule decided that she had enough of that trip, and she began to demonstrate the meaning of the word "mulishness". She did it very well, too. It was impossible to see my hand before my face, and for some time I had been allowing her to choose her own path; now the only way out of the difficulty seemed to be, to have the native boy take the reins and pull her along. This worked very well, though it was no easy task for the boy; still he went uncomplainingly on to the end of the journey. I tried to help him as best I could by frequently using my *sjambok* a (strip of hippo hide used here for a whip), but I fear that more often I struck in the empty space, than where I aimed, for it seemed to make but little difference. We didn't break the speed limit, but our progress was steady and we were

glad to be moving.

The rain was still coming down in torrents. Just as we were passing through our densest stretch of forest and jungle the air was rent with loud, hoarse cries of a crowd of drunken natives and as they drew near I felt my first fear. My guide was just ahead but in the darkness I did not know just how far ahead he was and it was not possible for him to make himself heard until after they had passed. My fear was needless for although they passed so near that I could hear their garments brushing the cart, still no one turned a hand to molest me. God

cares for His children in such a wonderful way.

The remaining part of the journey was without further cause for alarm, and it was with great joy that about ninety-three I was able to alight at the mission house at Kambini.

I found the patients in a very critical condition, but the one Great Physician came to the rescue and in due time raised them up for future service for Him.

We missionaries are overwhelmed when we think of all the things that we have to thank our Heavenly Father for, and we ask that you will not forget to pray for us.

AN ENLARGEMENT OF OUR MISSION WORK

THE Inhambane Mission has just started on a new era. A part of the commission of the Deputation for Africa was to investigate the situation in the Transvaal. After going over the whole matter thoroughly, they decided that the Inhambane Mission should send a man to look after the interests of the Methodist Episcopal Church on the Rand. The majority of the men and boys from this country go to the mines in and about Johannesburg and among them are many christians. The Reverend W. C. Terril was appointed to go there and open up the work. At the present time he is there, making arrangements and plans for the development of the work. A house has been rented in which he and his family will live and they are leaving Inhambane soon to take up residence there. Therefore, until further notice, all mail for him may be addressed to 223 St. Amant Street, Malvern, Johannesburg, South Africa.

October 26th, is the date set for the formal opening of the work, when Bishop Johnson, Mr. Keys, who has been called to Johannesburg for the purpose, and Mr. Terril will be present. All the men and boys who can possibly be there will gather to celebrate this very

important event. For years, they have been crying, as they say, for their own Church to come to Johannesburg and care for its children. Not only is it vitally necessary for the Church to care for its own members who are temporary residents on the Rand, away from their homes for months and years at a time, but there is a large opportunity for work among the heathen men whose homes are in Portuguese East Africa and near to our outstations. There are from 23,000 to 25,000 men and boys from this section of the country working in the Transvaal: that is, from 400 to 600 boys leave Inhambane every week of the year.

Thus the Mission is extending its labors and efforts, not in a new field exactly, but intensifying its ministrations to those already within its borders. Our prayers go up to the King of kings for His blessing upon this extension of His Kingdom. Anyone who is interested in this field may be of service by adding his prayers and any gifts that he may wish to send to help build chapels, extend evangelistic work or social service, colportage, etc. All money may be sent to the Treasurer of the Missionary Society, Dr. George M. Fowles, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

GLIMPSES OF INHAMBANE

As seen through the eyes of a new comer. New sights, strange sounds and stranger smells greet the foreigner to this country.

MRS. LYDIA O. GAUDIN

THE steamer "Chinde" docked at Inhambane about eighty-three on Wednesday morning, July 23rd. A fresh breeze was blowing and it did not seem possible that we were in the Tropics. On landing we were met by Miss Armstrong and were able to get through customs without any difficulty. Our trunks were opened, a hand waved over them, — then they were shut again. By this time we were ravenously hungry. According to the Portuguese custom we had had no breakfast that morning and our healthy American appetite was asserting itself. So Miss Armstrong and I wended our way as quickly as possible to the hotel. Our dinner consisted of several courses: soup, fried fish and other dishes having queer names. The fruit at the last was the most acceptable.

When Miss Armstrong had completed her business we wended our way down to the dock. Mabili (the headquarters of the Free Methodist work) is on the other side of the Bay from Inhambane and it is necessary to cross in a sail-boat. We knew that missionaries had been carried to the boat on the shoulders of natives, but we did not really know that that was the way we were going to reach the boat; but it was. Miss Armstrong kindly went first and I tried to do as she did. I landed safely in the sail-boat but it seemed that it was 1/2 miles from the shore. The wind was blowing quite a fresh breeze, so it was a little less than an hour before

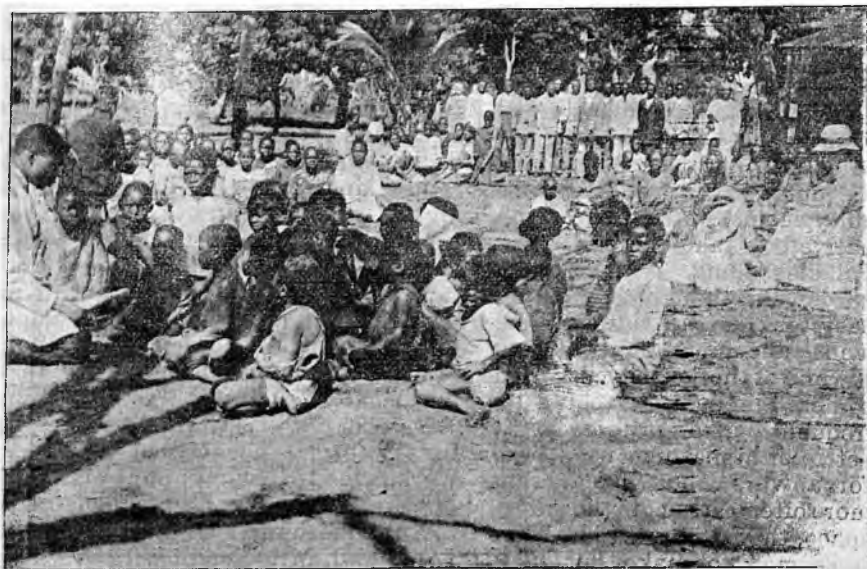
were at the opposite shore and again had to be carried on shoulders. Sometimes it is more than a mile, especially when the tide is low, but it was not very low at this time.

Several carriers met us. You see, there are no trains or street-cars and the natives carry all the heavy parcels, trunks, suit-cases or anything else. We thought perhaps Mr. Haley had seen the boat come in and had sent them down, but, no, they came to carry the paraffin which Miss Armstrong had purchased. Paraffin is another name for kerosene and is what we use instead of electric light. Fortunately we were able to get some carriers, a couple of heathen women, and soon we were on the last stage of our journey. There was one mule, so we took turns riding and walking.

We arrived at Mabili just at dusk. Mr. and Mrs. Haley had begun to think something had surely happened to Miss Arm-

strong. They had expected her back in time for lunch, but when they saw that she had met the boat it was all explained. We all felt that the Lord had put in into her heart to go to town that day. They had expected me the Monday before and when I did not come, had not looked for me until the following Monday.

The next day began our first work in Africa. Putting aprons over our dresses, Mrs. Haley and I went down to the dispensary. In America we think of a dispensary as a large brick or stone building with all the latest improvements and conveniences. Not so in Inhambane. A little two-roomed house, with a few basins, a pitcher for water and some of the simplest and most thorough remedies. Sores of all kinds and descriptions are one of the principal afflictions of this people. Some are the results of burns. The natives have their huts heated by means of a fire in the center of it. This fire is also used for cooking. When the weather is cold, the natives sleep as close to the fire as possible and sometimes roll into it. Oftentimes the sores are the results of some foul disease. It is almost past belief how much gonorrhea is prevalent among this people. And children that have



THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AT GIKUKI

a right to be well-born, come with sores that are the result of this and similar diseases. We treat them, one and all, and can only pray that God may help that its spread may be decreased.

And I must tell you about Stephen, a poor little crippled boy, possibly six years old, whose spine was injured early in life by a fall. When he stands erect he is only about three and a half feet high. He came every morning to have his ear washed out. It was hurting him very much and seemed to have a gathering in it. I was shocked when I first saw him. He looked like such a pitiful, little old man. He has a large hump on his back, a sadly deformed chest, and walks as though every step is painful. But he is always cheerful and thankful for the least favor. Another patient was a heathen who had a sore on her back. She and her two fatherless babes had just recently come to the station and was dressed in the least possible clothing and have anything on at all. But one of the missionaries made a dress for one of the babies and she was so grateful that it seemed a shame that she and the other baby did not have any. So we got busy and made a dress for her and one for the baby. It is really marvellous what a change a few yards of material can make. She seemed like a new woman. She came and said, "Goodmorning", every morning afterwards. She had seemed quite ashamed to do it before. She seems quite attentive and I am sure the Lord is talking to her heart.

Dr Stauffacher came on Monday and we started for Gikuki in the afternoon. It is the winter season here at Inhambane and we enjoyed our ride to Gikuki quite a little. Part of our way was through a typical Indian village. It is a strange sight to see the white dress of the Mohammedan in the midst of such dirt, but he is like the Pharisee of old and requires cleanliness of himself while surrounded by dirt of all descriptions. Our path lay

between cocoanut palms and we thought how well God has provided materially for this people lying in heathen darkness. Everything they require can be had from just around them. Their huts are built of reeds, mud and cocoanut leaves without the use of a nail or hammer. Their clothes can be made from the bark of a tree. Their food grows from the ground: peanuts, corn, and cocoanuts. They make even their drink from the inside of the cocoanut bud.

Gikuki is nicely situate on the bank of the Bay. There are the dwelling houses of the missionaries, a dormitory for the Girls' School and the huts in which the natives live who work on the place. Then there is the nearly completed hospital, and the dispensary which is in use now.

As at Mabile there is a constant demand for medicine

and medical attention of all kinds. The patients begin to come about nine o'clock. After prayer, first one and then another comes for treatment. We have almost everything to treat, from a slight cold to small-pox and leprosy. Mothers will come with their babies who need only a dose of calomel or castor-oil. Sometimes you must discover for yourself that the children have a fever. The mother will have neglected to speak of it. One day a boy came with the end of his finger nearly off. After amputating and bandaging it Mrs. Bush was ready for the next case. Sometimes it is the itch for which a remedy is required. But nearly always there is a call for help and we are glad to be here and hope soon to be able to do our share of labor, to do our part towards helping God's kingdom to come.

SALEMANJI

A LOVE STORY

SHE WAS not pretty but she wanted to be loved. When about twelve years of age her older brother who had inherited her as one of his assets bargained with a fellow heathen and received in exchange for his sister, ten goats. Some time later Salemanji became this man's wife, and lived in the village with the other two wives of this same man. Her duty was to cook for her husband, and she had to dig, hoe, plant, and weed; carry water and wood; grind, pound corn, and cook; and in general place some dainties such as farinha tops (little leaves of the mandioc bush) mixed with red peppers and limes, or "tihaka" (a small plant representing the dandelion), or squeezing out cashews to make a strong drink. The ordinary cornmeal mush,

cooked very dry, and burnt to a crust on the sides of the pot, with a gravy of peanuts or of cocoa nuts and dried fish had to be supplemented with entrees and Hors d'oeuvres. Selamanji was a tremendous talker, too.

Her life became very dreary, instead of being happy, and energetic, she became listless and morbid. Her strength dwindled and she became sick. No longer of use and able to work and please her husband, she was at liberty to go. At different times a visitor was entertained at this kraal the daughter of the husband. This girl was a christian and Selamanji had heard Layiwad tell of her life at the mission. This girl was a leper, and she told how the Mission Doctor was curing her and others who came to him for help.

Salemanji, in her distress, determined to go and see if there was any help for her.

The poor girl, nearly sick unto death, arrived at mission headquarters. For many days she hung between life and death, and many days she was almost gone. But she came back to life. Slowly she regained her strength, and with it grew the knowledge of the Savior of Mankind. She did believe that God would forgive her sins and heal her heart as he had healed her body.

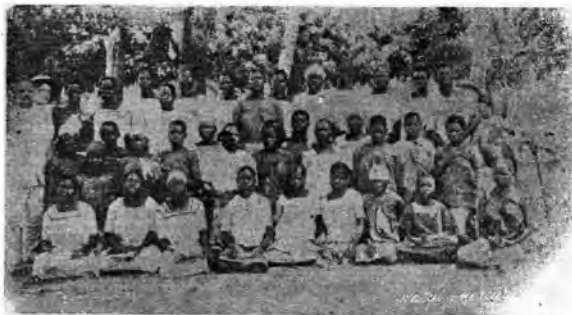
exactly suited, and then came rumors that he would not marry Salemanji. At this time Salemanji had agreed to go on trek (a journey) to carry for the bafundisi (missionaries) and she told Mr. "Mealies" (corn), the mail-carrier, that she would be ready when she came back from the South, that is, after six weeks. Thus Salemanji went on her trek, happy as a lark, with her dreams of a christian home filling her mind. Meanwhile those at

Many times appearances are deceitful, and we blame where blame is not deserved. Possibly this is the case with Mealies, but true it is that he was not an ardent sweetheart.

And so they married. All the village put their fears and doubts away and made merry with the bride and groom. They were not a prepossessing looking couple, but they were united. The next day some of the village escorted them to the local administrador to be registered, and the day following they left for their new home where the hut of poles, reeds, mud and thatch awaited them.

Many have been the questions as to how Rosa and Mealies were getting along, and various answers reached us hardly allaying the feeling "I was afraid they wouldn't live nicely" an the common phrase goes. But happening to ask one day the familiar question, "How is Rosa?" the answer came quickly and happily, "She is as happy as can be. Splendid. Mealies is in Johannesburg working, and every little while he sends her presents."

This was all before last December, when the Flu blew its blasting breath over the country. One of the first to succumb to the plague was Rosa's brother who lived with her and a day or two later, Rosa herself died.



THE HARTZELL GIRLS' SCHOOL

For three years she lived at the station, happier than she ever had been, working and growing stronger and happier. She was not pretty, but she wanted to be loved. She wanted to have a home of her own; not a heathen kraal and be one of many wives but she did want a man of her own and a christian home. She declared that she was going to take the homeliest man she knew, for then the other girls would not want him. Very truly did she speak for the man who asked her to marry him nearly fulfilled her description. He was far from handsome, and his crossed eyes did not improve his looks. He wanted a wife, and asked a number of girls, who had disdained him. He was the mail carrier for the Kambini station, and came to Gifuku where Salemanji lived once a week. Then his eyes lighted on Salemanji, and he asked her to marry him. She was delighted and apparently cared for him a great deal.

But the arrant lover, thinking that perhaps he had made too easy a conquest, was not

home were not so confident for rumors said that Mealies was trying to marry some one else, and if he could succeed he did not want Rosa Shitsangi (flower), as Salemanji called herself. But either rumor was prevaricating as she is very wont to do, or Mealies was further unsuccessful, for when Rosa Shitsangi returned the indifferent lover appeared.

THE GAMES OF THE SCHOOLBOYS

(As you might hear about them from one of the boys—
let us say, Natingi.)

THE REVEREND IRA E. GILLET

GET YOUR sticks. Let's beat the *homa*, some one says. Yes, friends from America, today we shall teach you some of our Inhambane games. Not really teach you, you know, for that would take a long time. But we shall show you

what we play with, and you may help us in the games. We may as well begin with *homa*. You will find that easy since it is played very much like your game "hockey". Oh, you did not bring your stick, and ball, etc? Well, no

matter. We use any short stick with a crook at the end. Better get two of them so if one breaks you will have another. Tafula has the *homa*, or ball, which you see is only a short piece of corn cob. Six of us will play today. Yesterday there were twenty in the game. Petoro and Nombori will choose up sides. The goals are ready at either side of this cleared space. The *homa* is in the center. Whack 'Hurry, you.' - There, that was quick work. We put the *homa* past their goal. We will bring it back onto the field. When we have done that a few times we shall play the *kupalana*, or finishing race. Instead of the corn cob, which might get broken in going so far, we shall use a small piece of wood. Now dig a hole and bury the *homa*. Ready? Dig out the *homa* with your sticks as quick as you can and we shall see if we can drive it past their goal and loose it in the grass and brush beyond. We may have to beat it a mile or more before we can lose it for they will try hard to lose it for us on our side of the goal. — *Eyo*. We've lost the *homa* and won the game. Now we take our sticks and beat them together over the heads of the losers while they hunt anxiously for the *homa*. And while we thus tease them we shall sing a little song which would be something like this in your language:

"If you want to find the *homa*, Go home and get your hoe.

And dig right here in the brush."

While Danieli is getting his *xinjiri* to show us another game, I will tell you about our game *nyupa*. We sit on the ground, several on a side, facing each other in two rows. You would think we were playing your game. "Button, who's got the button" to see Jimmo pretending to drop the bean into our hands. The other side watches closely.

When he has gone round to all we pretend to put the bean into our ears or mouths or under our armpits. Then we hold our fists close up to our shoulders while the other side tries to guess who has the bean and where. If you think it is not so much fun as "Button, button" just try it.

Here is Danieli with the *xinjiri*. He could not find it quickly for this is not the regular season for that game. All games have their particular season and this game of *xinjiri* we play in cold weather i. e. we call it cold altho you would not. When the season for a game comes, we just can't help playing it. I hear



A YOUNG MISSIONARY

it is the same with you when the time for marbles comes. When you see us playing *xinjiri* you will say we are spinning tops. Yes, we do, only our tops are not store tops but big wooden ones, and we spin them differently. Did you find some bark string? and a little stick to tie it to? It looks like a little whip, doesn't it. Now we wrap the bark string around the top and lay it on the ground. All right-jerk the stick, just so, and the top is up and spinning like

mad. Strike it quick, with the bark whip cracker and it will jump to the other side of this bare spot. Danieli will be there to whip it back to us before it stops spinning. If one of us lets it stop that one loses the game. This game has a *kupalana* or finishing race, too. To do this we start with two tops at the same point. You must whip your top in one direction around the hut while I go the other way. The one who first succeeds in whipping his top all the way round the hut without letting it stop, wins the game.

One of our best games is *ku klabela magehlani*. In this game we collect perhaps fifty small pithy sticks, put them in a pile, and spear them with thorns. We snap the thorns from our fingers into the pile, each trying to outdo the other in accuracy and in the number of sticks speared. This sounds simple enough but it is really a very intricate game with many, many rules, and requires great skill.

Tomorrow we shall bring our hoops and spears and *klabela ngongola*. In playing this we divide into teams and station ourselves in two groups on some large bare spot. Team No. 1 rolls a hoop, made of twisted grass of a limber switch, while the other group stands ready to throw their spears thru the hoop as it rolls past. If one of team No. 2 succeeds in thrusting his spear thru the hoop the whole of team No. 2 rushes over to the station of team No. 1 which has thrown the hoop, and makes ready to receive the hoop again, while team No. 1 goes to the station of the other to recover the hoop and roll it again. If in this case team No. 2 misses the hoop they must themselves roll the hoop for the other team to spear. We like this game very much for besides the great fun in it there is help in learning to throw our spears.

Have you seen the *kadocela*?

which the girls play? Of course we boys would not play girls' games, but you will see that this game is much like your "jack stones." For a ball they use a round lump of cooked grain food, or perhaps a small stone. They make a round hole in the ground about the size of a tea cup. Into that they put twenty or thirty beans. While they throw up the ball they grab out a few beans and catch the ball as it falls. Then as they throw it up again they shove back into the hole all but one of the beans pulled out, catching the ball again as it comes down. All this is done with one hand while the other hand brushes aside the one bean left out. This game also has a finishing race and a little song.

We have many more games as interesting as these but I

am sure you will want to try these first. We had a football once and we liked to kick it very much. But the football burst and we could never get another one. It is hard for us to understand your baseball game, and then, too, we are afraid of the hard ball. We have learned to play the game you call "ante-over." We throw the ball over the medical dispensary or over the shop. We like the game but we cannot always find a ball to play with. Of course we like our games the best for everybody knows how to play them. Also when we want to play our games we do not have to buy the things to play with. Little spears, thorns, grass hoops, tops, whips, beans and corncocks we can easily make or find in the bushes behind our huts.

received for a dwelling house for them. Already stone is being hauled for the building, and the brush and the weeds are being cleared away on the site. Great plans and arrangements are being made for this new home.

—:o:—

The Reverend J. A. Persson is busy at this time in getting off the press the first edition in the Sheetswa of "Pilgrim's Progress." This is an advance for the Printing Department as it is the first book of this nature to be printed here for a long time. It will be of great value to the native Christians, whose literature in the vernacular is so limited.

—:o:—

Miss Roush and Miss Thomas are still busy with the girls of the Hartzell School. The number of the girls has dwindled considerably on account of the small-pox. Still those who remain must be taught and kept at work.

—:o:—

The Reverend R. L. Bush is following in the footsteps of St. Paul, using the labor of his hands for the advancement of "The Good News." In the time between the ministrations to the outstation work which is handicapped at this time by the terrible scourge of small-pox, he is in charge of the finishing of the Hospital building. It has been impossible to get a proper builder and rather than let the work stand, Mr. Bush has been overseeing the native workers. The building is on the way to completion and will be ready for occupancy soon. It will be a monument to Christ in this country, pointing the way to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.

—:o:—

The Reverend and Mrs. J. D. Pointer write that they are fairly well at present. Henry was doing well but Mary Alice was not so well. There is still considerable Flu in the country and it hampers and hinders the regular work, tho Mr. Pointer was still making trips to the different stations in different parts of the country.

PERSONAL MENTION

Bishop Johnson and Mr. R. S. Smyres, after a trek across the continent from our stations in Angola, Portuguese West Africa, taking a little more than three months, arrived at Kambove, one of our stations in the Belgian Congo. He proceeded at once to Cape Town to meet his wife and daughter. He has called representatives from the Congo, Rhodesia and Portuguese East Africa to meet him there.

We hope shortly to print an account of the Bishop's splendid achievement of the journey through an unexplored country, so that our readers may be able to have a little understanding of the wonderful accomplishment.

—:o:—

The Reverend P. W. Keys has been called to Johannesburg to meet with Bishop Johnson and Mr. Terril and to assist in the opening of the work of our mission on the Rand. The Rand is the strip of country in the Transvaal, around and about Johannesburg, the largest city. This comprises the country where

the gold is found. This vein is about sixty miles long and the mines are located at different places along the Reef.]

—:o:—

Mrs. P. W. Keys has been left in charge of the Station at Kambini during her husband's absence and is kept busy with all the details of the place, not to mention her own work, teaching, etc.

—:o:—

A new arrival on the field is always greeted with the heartiest of welcomes, be that one great or small. The newest comer to this Mission is Henrietta Joy Stauffacher, born at Gikuki, Sunday morning, October 19, 1919. She is a splendid girl for her seven and three-quarters pounds and is growing more beautiful every day. Dr. and Mrs. Stauffacher are to be congratulated on the latest addition to their family. Ruth thinks that she is the very nicest sister in the whole world.

—:o:—

The Reverend and Mrs. I. E. Gillet are immensely pleased that the money has been

We regret to state that The Reverend and Mrs. Howard of Umtali are obliged to return to the States on account of ill health. Mr. Howard has had serious trouble with his eyes and it seemed as if an operation was necessary. Also, we hear that Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Roberts and their twin boys are obliged to leave Rhodesia for America soon, as Mrs. Roberts must get into a better climate. We sincerely trust that the change, the different climate and the renewal of home ties, will bring about the normal health and that they all may be returned to Africa to continue their valuable labors in this needy continent.

—:o:—

CHILDREN'S DISEASES

[See page 2]

the children are brought to us, with big pieces of flesh torn away exposing the bone, you would begin to feel that these bites are real and to be feared

by the children. Bilharzia and dysentery, are most frequent and whole villages suffer because of the grossest breach of hygienic laws; bathing, washing clothes, and drinking water out of the same pool. Leprosy spreads because the leper eats out of the same dish and sleeps in the same house with these little children. In epidemics the witch-doctor comes with his drums to drive away the disease, but the fact of the matter is he spreads it by calling a crowd of people to witness his power and of ordering a dance of victory.

So we could go on to show you how much these little children must suffer; a great deal of it due to ignorance, superstition and sin, and as we see their awful conditions at the dispensary and in their huts it causes our hearts to melt with pity and a silent prayer ascends for light, help and redemption for these black boys and girls for whom we have learned to love and pray.

THE INHAMBANE MISSIONARIES

[See page 1.]

Recently several suggestions came to us through the mail and in this number we try to put them into practice. One statement which claimed that the editor (and this probably refers to the previous editor) was possessed of too great a stock of the commodity called modesty, cannot be remedied. Another suggestion was that a picture of the missionaries be printed in the paper so that the readers might have some idea of the charming, good looks of the workers on this field and in order that he might become a little more personally acquainted with them. (He is married.) This defect can be remedied in a measure. We are sorry that all the missionaries now on the field are not on the cut printed in this issue but we will hope to give them a chance to show themselves later.

LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE FOLK



PAULINA



A DEAR little baby-faced girl about five or six years of age, is Paulina. Her face is about the color of coffee with a rich cream in it. Her hair is not in tight kinks, but in pretty little ringlets such as some little white girls I know would like to have. Her father brought her to the Mission and gave her to the Senyari to take care of for Paulina's mother is dead and he wanted Paulina to be taught. So this sad-faced, shy little baby looks so forlorn and lost among the bigger girls. She stays with the bigger girls because she does not like the smaller ones; she cannot talk to them as she does not know the language and besides, they are too strong and rough for her.

She goes to school and is trying to learn, but she is so little that she has to have some of the older girls help her. She also has to

have help to dress herself. While Fannie, the native woman who looks after the girls was here she was a mother to the little girl. Then Fannie had to go to her brother for a time because his wife died and Fannie had to care for her brother's baby. Then Paulina did seem lonesome and she adopted Elida to be her "little mother." Everywhere that Elida went, Paulina was sure to go: to get water, to the garden, to prayers, to school, and at night she slept on Elida's mat.

The little child was so sad that the Senyari made her a doll. It was made out of an old brown stocking, but it became quite a respectable looking doll with a dress and a little bonnet. Paulina was pleased with that doll; she hugged it and tied it on her back and when she went to bed at night she cuddled the little doll up close beside her.

Snapshots from Africa

by Mrs. William C. Terril

Lepers.

There are estimated to be about 15,000 lepers in Inhambane Governmental District alone. This makes one per cent of the population.

The Devil, Himself.

A woman came to the Dispensary for medicine. She had a cold on her chest and the "dokodela" was rubbing the medicine in thoroughly. Evidently the woman thought that she would help the doctor, for she said, "If you want to drive out the devil you will have to pound harder than that for the devil is a tough old fellow!"

The Devil's Home.

A Mohammedan who has charge of the Moslem schools in these parts teaches in one of the schools not far from the Mission Station. He also has a place farther inland where all kinds of native drinks are sold. The drunkenness and the vice there give plenty of reason for the place to be named the Devil's Home as this hole is known. Knowing that this place was owned by this Mohammedan schoolmaster, he was asked, "Doesnt the Koran teach you not to drink?" "Yes. I dont drink." And on being questioned further concerning the drinking place farther inland, he said, "That is where I make my money; here is where I teach." If he felt any inconsistency between his teaching and his practice, he did not show it.

"Fire in His Belly."

A man recently from the Transvaal, who could speak a little English came to the doctor one day and after saying "Good morning," he remarked in English with his peculiar accent, "I have fire in my belly, I want medicine." He meant that he had a severe

pain in his abdomen which felt like fire.

A Return to Life.

An old man who had been sick for some time was at the hospital and one day he seemed to become rapidly worse. He was thought to be dying. Those about him sent for the doctor and told him that the man was almost dead. The doctor immediately went to the house to get his hypodermic to give him a stimulant. While preparing this he was detained longer than he had expected to be and then he returned to the place where the man was. Arriving there he found the man standing up and laughing quite heartily. The situation gave the doctor a start similar to that of having seen a ghost.

The Christian's Medicine.

A heathen man presented himself at the dispensary one day and asked for the Christian's medicine.

"Where are you sick?" asked the Doctor.

"In my heart."

But when the doctor went to examine his heart, the man made know that he meant his soul and what he wanted was a Testament. The doctor brought out a Testament and began to read to the man. As he was doing this, a large and venomous insect dropped onto the page. Amelia, the Bible woman who was standing nearby, said, That is Satan and he does not want you to give the Word of God to this man."

A Man's love for his Daughter.

A tubercular man came to the station and after securing his medicine, it was suggested to him that he go and live on a Christian Station and seek the Kingdom of God. Then he gave the following as the

reason that he would not become a Christian. He said that he had one son and two daughters. The son was working in the mines in Johannesburg. One of his daughters was a Christian and lived on one of our stations, but the other was a heathen. He thought that it was all right to be a Christian but he could not believe until his daughter was converted, for he said that if she was going to hell and it was a place good enough for her, it would be good enough for him.

Banana.

A woman came to the station and said to the Senyari, "Nza laba a banana ba mina." [I want my children; *banana* is the Sheetswa word for children.] The Senyari thinking only of the fruit when she heard *banana*, replied that the fruit was not yet ripe and said that she could not give her any. But the woman persisted in wanting her children, until the Senyari realized that the woman was talking in Sheetswa and did not know anything about the fruit.

Mohammedan "Baptism."

When a Moslem Baby is born in this country and his parents want him to be "baptised," a name is chosen for him and then he is taken to the priest in the Mosque. The parents tell the priest the name chosen and then it is written in the large book of the Koran which is kept in the Mosque. The priest offers a prayer and then he places on the baby's head a tiny turbau. This completes the ceremony of naming a Mohammedan baby.