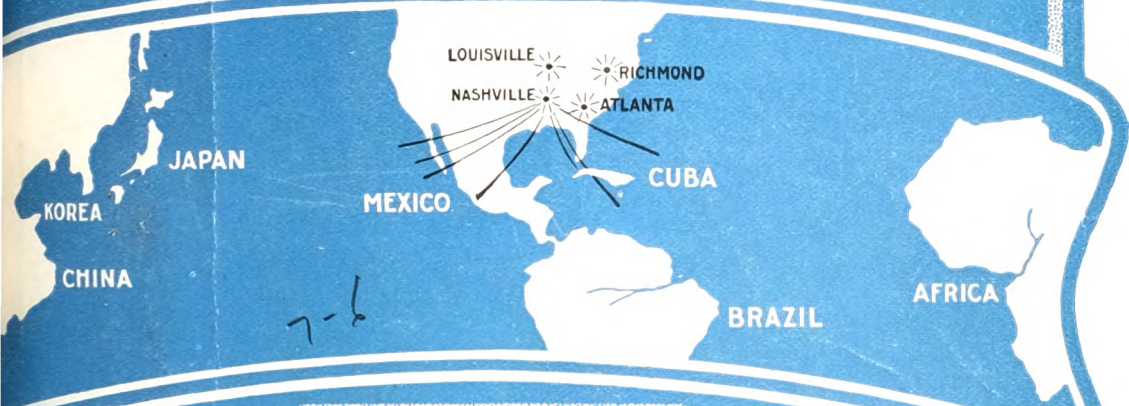


THE MISSIONARY SURVEY



JUNE, 1917

There can be no true
Missionary Spirit, no
effective or adequate
Missionary effort, which
does not find its Source
in the desire to personally
win Souls into the
Kingdom of Christ.



HOME
MISSIONS

CHRISTIAN
EDUCATION
AND
MINISTERIAL
RELIEF

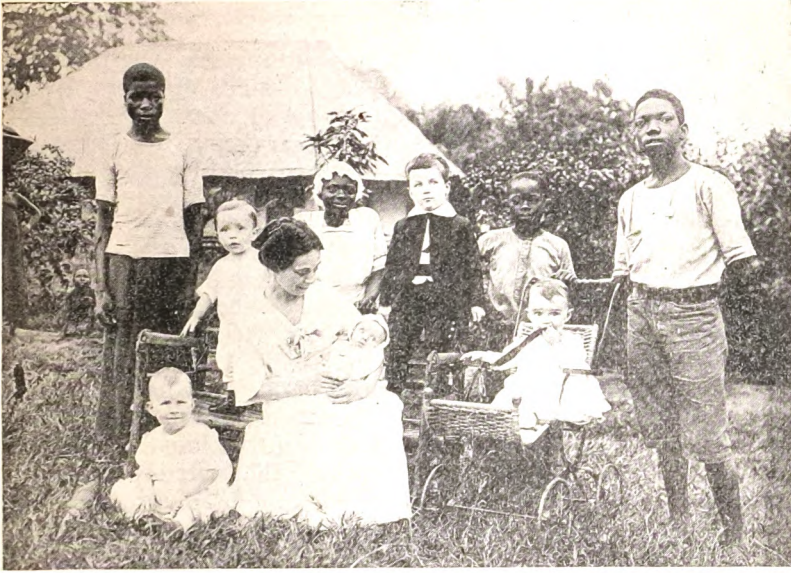


FOREIGN
MISSIONS

PUBLICATION
AND
SABBATH
SCHOOL
WORK

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U.S.
AT HOME AND ABROAD

PUBLISHED BY  Google
PRESBYTERIAN COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION



White Babies at Luebo: Sitting on the grass, Eula May Cleveland (2½ years); standing on the bench, Charles Crane (1½ years); in his mother's arm, Raymond Daumery (4 months); on the bench, George Motte Martin (4 years); in her carriage, Sarah Stegall (1 year).

A SHORT TRIP.

PLUMER SMITH.

DURING the last two weeks of December and the first week of January, I was away for eighteen days on a trip to the north and north-west of Mutoto.

Four days of that time I was in a section never before visited by any of our missionaries though within forty miles of Mutoto. At one of these places a teacher of ours had been at work for nearly a year. I baptized three who were ready for baptism. I had always supposed that in that section, that there were no people, or at least no large towns, but I found many large towns.

About the third day from here I had some temperature, which hung to me for six days. I thought that I had a little temperature, though we went on all the same. As I had forgotten my thermometer, I could only tell by getting some native to feel my forehead and also by counting my pulse. At Cibalabala we found Ngala Petelo, also his wife and child, who had been there

only a short time, starting work and the work is very new. The church was not done. Ngala is his native name. When he named himself Petelo he was naming himself after Peter. He is a very consecrated man, and although we had nothing there three months ago, he has a good work now. He went with us on to Muanza, about twenty miles farther on to the north. He had been there once or twice to encourage the people to build a shed, but their chief would not allow it.

We arrived at Muanza and were well received by the chief. But that night, after supper, when I called the chief and the people to talk to them about a church shed, the chief said: "No, this town belongs to the R. C.'s and there can be no Mission church here. There were ten men there who had been baptized, while sitting at Luebo, as well as twenty-four others who were Protestant adherents, but had never been baptized. But the chief said, "If they want the Protestant re-

ligion go to Mutoto and live." We went to bed. The next A. M. I intended to get the names of these thirty-four Protestants and if they wished we would ask the state that they be allowed to move to Mutoto. But when the chief came to see me the next A. M. he told me that he had decided to let us build a church. We walked out and selected a site for the church and evangelist's house. Afterwards we were to send them a teacher. But as I had seen a similar case once before, where the chief agreed in our presence, but as soon as we were gone forbade the people to worship God, I decided to leave with them a teacher who was along with us. He agreed to stay. I hoped that as he was of another village that the chief would be afraid to bother him. We left Friday. After we left the people began to build the church, but the chief then began his persecution. On Sunday the R. C. teacher came, with some of the village people and the chief's son. They broke

up the service, slapped the teacher whom I had left, tore down what of the church that had been started. The teacher came in to Mutoto to report. After he left the R. C.'s went and had a fight with those who were building the church. Rome is still the same. Can a leopard change his spots? We hope that this will only strengthen the hearts of the people.

When we left Muanza it was nine A. M., and we had a long, rough forest tramp till ten-thirty P. M. That day the path was so rough and winding that I rode in the hammock but little. We crossed the Lubudi, some thirty yards wide, the main stream, but then for one-fourth mile farther it was wade, wade, for the men, and for me to either play monkey on the hammock pole or ride on a man's back. After that day for the rest of the trip, we were in territory where we had well established work. The next day I met David Mputu, who is the superintendent of that section, and who was with me the



Scene on the Lulua River, near Luebo.

rest of the time. In fact, the last night he stayed at his place, had the Lord's supper in the afternoon. David and his work is an inspiration to any and all who come in contact with him. His wife helps him very much, also. Although the R. C. priest, who works in that section is continually worrying him, he tells all his teachers to do as David is doing, quit building their sheds in the middle of the road, build a fence around the church shed and in this fence build the evangelist's

house. David's wife is a great help to him in his work.

On this trip seventy-nine adults and ten infants were baptized in the eleven villages where we examined the catechumens. The work is moving along well.

At one village an old man, whose word seemed to be respected, sat on the ground with a small dirty rag for clothes. He said he was in "mourning" for his son, who had lately died. May we mourn for these poor people who are dying without Christ.

BAKETE SUPERSTITIONS.

R. F. CLEVELAND.

THE religion of the African is not in reality a religion, but a system of superstitions. They believe that "Nzambi" (the Great Spirit), after creating the world, left it to its fate. They do not believe that death comes naturally, but that some evil spirit or witch is responsible. For this reason the witch doctor or "medicine man" plays a great part in the religion of the people. He occupies the same position in authority as did the seers and magicians in Egypt in Pharaoh's time. The witch is called to settle all questions of mystery and doubt. All he must do is to use his medicines and charms and the mystery is solved. His word is law.

In every village has a witch doctor. When things go wrong, people dying, people killed in the hunt, famine, etc., the witch doctor must be consulted. Sometimes they must send to another village or tribe for him. He will not refuse to come until a large fee is given in advance. This is only the beginning of the robbery. He brings with him a large number of charms and amulets to be worn for various purposes according to the need. It may be to keep away snakes, leopards or sickness, it may be to assure the wearer of success in hunting or trading,

it may be to cause the death of an enemy, or it may be worn as a sort of "good luck" charm, like the rabbit's foot worn by the old-timer at home. The "medicine man" is truly a "quack" in every sense of the word. When he departs from a village he leaves death and poverty behind him, but takes with him a great quantity of wealth.

The witch doctor has been rejected and driven out of most of the villages which have been touched by the gospel. Still some of them are carrying on their work in secret. Especially is this true among the Big Bakete occupying the territory around "Bulape" (pronounced Bu-la-pay), our new Congo Mission station.

The Bakete are deathly afraid of one of their number, whom they believe to have a "mufong" (a witch), with power to kill some one. They have great faith in the "cifafa" (poison cup), in pointing out a witch, and willingly consent to take the test in order to prove their innocence when accused, believing thoroughly that only the guilty die. The poison is made and administered by the witch-doctor. It is made from a root, beaten to a powder and mixed with water. One person is usually given five large cupfuls. When some one dies, the witch-doctor is asked to point out the witch who is responsi-