

THE MISSIONARY SURVEY



DECEMBER, 1917

Must we not present
the business of our King
in such a manner as to prove
beyond question that no
man's business is larger
than our Lord's business?

The Presbyterian Elder of Columbia, S.C.



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
PRESBYTERIAN COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

had never been. Home by dark, stopping on the way back to tell the chief, Mbua Matumba, "Life." Supper. Then a native ser-

vice conducted by the native evangelist here. Pray for Fuamba and his people that they may accept the message of salvation.

BRICK MAKING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

REV. PLUMER SMITH.

NOT all of the missionaries have had a training in making bricks during their seminary course, but at times this task is thrust upon them. Mr. McKee and the writer found themselves on our new site at Mbua Matumba at the beginning of the dry season—which meant that they were up against such a proposition.

We began with about twenty-five men to clear off the top of a large ant hill. The top dirt was not what we wanted, as well as being full of roots. As we had brought no tools with us we had to depend on those brought by the men, their own tools, small native hoes, all of which had been originally about four by five inches, but which, in the course of years had worn down to one-half or one-third that size. To see them hitting at that hard ant hill with their hoes—it could hardly be called digging, made us afraid that we would not make much impression on it. The metal was soft and when a root or rock was hit, then there was a wounded hoe whose wielder had to take a half hour off to fix it. We hope that this one ant hill will furnish us with all the dirt which we want.

Then we cleared off a large yard, on which to dry the bricks. About that time our tools and brick molds came and so we began. As we had no boxes to carry dirt in we had to buy native baskets for that purpose. Native pots and gourds did for bringing water. Also baskets were daubed with mud and used to hold water in which the brick molds were washed. We borrowed four planks from the native chief for one table, but made a better one of native reeds.

One man said that he had once worked for a state man who was making bricks with a press, but that he had never seen it done in this way. The others had not been around when bricks were being made. So the "man from the foreign land," who knows everything, steps up and shows them how it should be done. Then lets them have a try at it. By watching the native he sees his mistakes and corrects them. Two were tried who had to be put aside. One man would not take the advice given. The other would have to wash his hands after each mold was filled, which took up too much time. We have two molders now whom we think can turn out 3,000 a day be-

tween them. As they have molded only about a week, that is not so bad we think. Then, too, we get in only about seven hours a day. It is one and a half miles to their village—our site had no houses on it three months ago and only three small ones have since been built.

As they do not, eat before they come they soon get hungry and begin looking for cassava roots or potatoes near their work. Formerly there were fields on the site of our brick yard. Then, too, they are great smokers, as well as being a very thirsty people. Having never worked for a white man before, they never appreciate the fact that obedience is a most admirable accomplishment. We are gradually finding out about how much they can do and giving them tasks and telling them to finish so much and they are through.

When we consider that their standard pay is only one dollar a month maybe you think that they have a good reason to be slow. I have often heard the saying, "You can't hurry the east," and sometimes I feel like adding, "Do not try to budge Africa, else you will be disappointed." But, then, there are some of them who work with a will and work all the time. I think that our two molders hardly lose ten minutes all day long. Even the slowest do a good deal of work. To the better ones we have promised one dollar and twenty cents or one dollar and forty cents. Then, too, we have some boys only 13 or 14 who are doing as much work as the grown men.

As it is too far to their homes the men stay here at noon. There is a large tree under which they sit. Some of their wives bring food for them to eat. One boy who was in the printing office at Luebo once is well educated for Africa. As soon as noon comes he begins to teach them. From noon till two we can hear their "A, B, C, D, E" learning their letters. They got us to let them have a few First Readers. This school is all on their own initiation, and so far the missionaries have let them alone.

At 2 P. M. the horn is blown for services when one of the missionaries preaches to them. After the sermon our evangelist teaches them the catechism. Pray for these men that not only may they themselves become Christians, but that God may put into their hearts to become fishers of men also to their own people.