

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

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AT HOME AND ABROAD

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COME OVER INTO MACEDONIA AND HELP US.

REV. W. FRANK McELROY.

WE had gone to Kabinda to see the with reference to our new station among the Baluba. Lumpungah entertains us while we are there, not in his own house but in his village. For ten months we have had two evangelists there.

In talking to us he asks, "And why do you wish to build your station 50 miles away and among the people of another tribe? Come here and I will build you all the houses you want." The chief near where we wished to build was much afraid of the Roman Catholics, but Lumpungah said that he was not afraid of them. He insisted that we had to come there and build and live with him. He is the chief of the Basonga. He has about 200,000 people and the offer was so tempting. He is about sixty and when he dies some slave of the Roman Catholics will become their chief.

Sorrowfully we had to tell him, "We are sorry, but we are sent by the Mission to open up at the point agreed on and we

cannot do otherwise. We are working among the Baluba; your people are Basonga. But if you wish you may send in two or three men to Luebo to the Ad Interim Committee and lay your plea before them." But even as we told him we felt sorry that we were not allowed to settle then and there.

So far we have only touched the border of the Baluba people. Even when this new station is established, there will be room for one or two more stations to the south of us. The Basonga, years ago overran much of the Baluba territory raiding them for slaves. The state post is near Lumpungah and there is an ideal spot for a station about one-half mile from his residence.

What shall we do, what shall we say? The state man tells us that many of the Basonga are giving up belief in their old medicines or charms, but that they do not except any other religion. The Roman Catholics have done almost nothing for them but oppress them.

HOW I SPENT LAST SUNDAY.

PLUMER SMITH.

BEING at our new station we had agreed to take it turn about, the two of us in going to the village of Fuamba on Sundays. While we are building our new station in the territory of Mbua Matumba, our site is one and a half miles from his village. One was to go there and preach Sunday morning and afternoon while the other went to Fuamba, which is four and a half miles beyond. I left here about 8:10 A. M. and arrived there about 10:30. I went to the home of our evangelist who is there. Soon the people came to give me, "Life," and among them the chief Fuamba. The chief is quite friendly. He has about 3,000 people behind him. About fifty people were at the service at 11 A. M. A few women came and looked in but were afraid to come in and sit down and listen.

After services I went home with the chief, rather to his place where he holds his court. The house was a circular house about 20 feet in diameter and the poles of the palm branches came to a point at the top. On to these were tied reeds and then the grass roof. The roof reached from the top to the ground. As there were two doors to the house, it was quite light in there. We talked till I got sleepy. I was sitting on

a native chair, the chief was reclining on a bamboo (or similar wood) lounge. When he saw that I was sleepy, he offered me his lounge. I ate my lunch and took his offer. It was a good bed, I suppose, but as there was no mattress, blankets or rugs, it was too hard for me to sleep much.

About three I went down to the house of the evangelist near our church and suggested his blowing the horn. He got out the buffalo horn, poured some water in it and then blew it. Fifteen minutes later he did the same, which meant that we intended to have a service. We had fifty at this service also. The chief was there. He listened well, but for the fact that if anyone came too near the church, the chief yelled out for him to come on in or else take himself off and leave us in peace. No women or girls came in the afternoon. Some came within twenty feet but when the chief yelled at them they went away. The chief listened well.

While I am standing three feet from the church, after the services the Roman Catholic evangelist comes up to within three feet of me and slaps down two kids calling them, "beast." I remonstrate with him. Instead of listening he knocked down another one. Two of them had formerly attended the Roman Catholic service, but one of them

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.