

ADKINS, LILBURN E.

East Berlin, Conn.
March 21, 1930

Mr. William B. Tower
150 Fifth Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Tower:

At your request of the 19th., I am sending
the following information:

Date of our marriage: June 12th. 1925

Children:

Richard Lilburn Adkins	born Dec. 1, 1926
Elizabeth Ruth Adkins	" Dec. 27, 1928

Cordially yours,

R. E. Adkins

*note on
Biog. conf
3/24/30
man*

Please meet the Adkins.

Let us introduce to you our new missionaries, the Rev. and Mrs. Lilburn Adkins who reached us the latter part of June of this year. We are very grateful to the Phelps-Stokes Foundation which has made possible the support of these splendid folks, at a time when otherwise the increasing of our force here seemed an utter impossibility. They are to take up the work in the Jeanes Training School, helping to train some of our native sons for efficient work among their own people.

Mrs. Adkins was born in Ill.; he in Kentucky, and both spent some years in Asbury College at Wilmore Kentucky from which Mr. Adkins graduated in 1922. Three years later he received his B. D. degree from Garrett, and in 1928 completed his work for his M. A. degree at the Kennedy School of Missions in Hartford Conn.

From the days when he began his High School work, Mr. Adkins felt



Rev. and Mrs. L. E. Adkins and children.

the call to Africa, and this call continued thru the years, in college and seminary, and during pastorates served in Indiana and Minnesota. Mrs.

Adkins shared with him this desire to give themselves for service in Africa, and it was with the purpose of better fitting themselves for that service that in 1927 they stored most of their possessions in Minn. packed the remainder in a car and started for Hartford to enroll in the School of Missions. While attending school there they again served two charges: Kensington and East Berlin, from the latter place leaving in May for this, the land of their dreams. They bring with them little Richard, a "Minnesotian" who will soon reach his fourth year, and his little sister, Betty Ruth, a "Connecticut Yankee".

This little group is a very welcome addition to our staff here at Kambim, where their work will be after they have had the necessary time for language study. At present they are hard at work, he with Portuguese and she with the native dialect, both of which are necessary in the work here. We know that your interest will follow them and that your prayers will continue with them.

Mrs. P. W. Keys.

THOSE SPIRITS.

Miss Lulu Tubbs, Rhodesia.

For nearly an hour the other day I stood in the kitchen listening to Goni tell about the religion of the heathen people. A great crowd met at the king's village not long ago to pray for rain. They brought many yards of black cloth as an offering to the evil spirits. This cloth was wrapped around a chief man who had been chosen to talk with the spirits. They also gave the man two wives and gave them cloth. Often these wives are only little girls who run away later, but sometimes they are kept as his property always. I didn't hear the ages of the girls given away this time. The crowd came and stayed all day, crying, dancing and shouting to the spirits, no food from morning until night. They made many paths all around the village, and especially cleaned a broad road to the empty hut where old men were waiting to receive messages from the spirits.

The people fear evil spirits because they believe harm will come upon them if they disobey or do not honor

that he had often worked on such a day and it didn't always rain. It takes *Courage* for a Christian to thus stand against his heathen relatives,

Livingstone on Sacrifice

"People talk of the sacrifice I have made in spending so much of my life in Africa. Can that be called a sacrifice which is simply paid back as a small part of a great debt owing to our God, which we can never repay? Is that a sacrifice which brings its own best reward in healthful activity, the consciousness of doing

Cattle or Devils.

When Goni was quite a young man he went away to work in the white man's town, as he wanted money to buy cattle which would later be traded for a wife. Many of his cattle died and he was very much troubled. His heathen friends who wanted some new cloth said to buy cloth as an offering to his greatgrand-mother. This they declared would please the evil spirit of his ancestor and the cattle would live. But Goni went to the missionary, Mr Roberts, and asked what to do. He was told to buy more cattle and not to make offerings to the evil spirits. Trusting God for help the boy obeyed his Christian friend and soon the disease was stopped and his cattle lived. This was the time he learned that stories about evil spirits were only lies. Since then he has seen that many other fears of the people are only terrors of evil which the Christian need not have. Only two years ago he had a lovely pair of twins born into his home. The heathen relatives came and troubled him very much insisting that if he allowed both to live great trouble would come to his family. He fought through the fears which they heaped

Leonard M. Perryman
Board of Missions of the Methodist Church
475 Riverside Drive, New York 27, N. Y.

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Missionary Dies of Injuries
Suffered in Attack

A Methodist missionary died in Johannesburg, Union of South Africa, February 13 as the result of injuries suffered in an attack upon him and his wife by two Africans, while they were on their way home from church.

The Rev. Lilburn E. Adkins, 64, Kuttawa, Ky., and Mrs. Adkins were taken to a hospital the night of February 12, after they were found unconscious in a dimly lit street in a Johannesburg suburb. Mr. Adkins died the following day. Mrs. Adkins was in critical condition but expected to live.

Press reports said Mr. and Mrs. Adkins were set upon by two Africans, beaten and robbed while returning from a church service for miners from Mozambique, who work in the mines near Johannesburg. The attackers stole a briefcase containing religious literature.

Mr. and Mrs. Adkins worked with other Methodist missionaries in an educational and evangelistic program for the emigrant miners from Mozambique. The mine program and the Central Mission Press are the major Methodist missionary activities in Johannesburg, which is a part of the Southeast Africa Methodist Conference.

For the last two years, Mr. Adkins had served under the Division of World Missions of the Methodist Board of Missions. For about 20 years previous to that, he had served with the World Gospel Mission in Kenya, and from 1930 to 1937 he was a Methodist educational missionary in Mozambique.

Born in Kuttawa, Mr. Adkins was graduated from Asbury College, Wilmore, Ky., in 1922 with a bachelor of arts degree and from Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill., in 1925 with a bachelor of divinity degree. He received a master of arts degree from the Kennedy School of Missions, Hartford, Conn., in 1928.

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Before entering missionary service in 1930, Mr. Adkins was the pastor of churches in the Minnesota and New York East Methodist Conferences. At the time of his death, he was a member of the Rhodesia Methodist Conference.

Besides his wife, Mr. Adkins is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Richard Barker of Michigan and Mrs. Elizabeth Ruth Ogden, a missionary of the Church Missionary Society (Anglican) in Kenya, and a son, Richard Lilburn Adkins.

(February 15, 1961)

Soul Mining in Southern Rhodesia

By REV. L. E. ADKINS, RHODESIA

THE history of Southern Rhodesia does not date back sufficiently far to tell of the early beginnings of the gold mining industry. The cave dwellers had scarcely vacated their natural apartments when civilized man began "digging in" elsewhere, until today some hills appear to be honeycombed with old and new workings. Just when the work began may never be known. It is said that when Vasco da Gama first rounded the Cape of Good Hope and sailed up the East coast, he found natives at Sofala, a port in what is now Mozambique, with gold that came from the Northwest, most likely from Rhodesia.

If these hills and valleys could speak, what stories they could tell of the courageous spirits of the prospectors, their undaunted faith, their inspiring hope that freshened every night and led them to continue to believe that the rich reef lay just beyond or a little deeper! If the deep gashes on the earth's surface could talk, they could tell of wasted energy and buried millions of dollars, to say nothing of the bodies mangled by falling stones or blown into shreds by blasting dynamite. What expense! What wastage! All in the search for the gold that perisheth!

Soul mining is a more recent development in this part of the world. Money and energy, in inestimable amounts, have been expended in this wonderful task of bringing to the surface of sordid and unpromising lives the valuable virtues that lay hidden there. We cannot say that every claim staked for God has produced up to our expectations, but surely no one who has had even a small amount of experience in this great work of soul winning will say that it is even half as risky as the laborious, expensive and often unprofitable work of digging out the gold of earth.

What Will a Man Give in Exchange?

Jesus tells us of a man who paid all in order to buy the field that had the hidden treasure. Of the many who came to the altar seeking redemption during one of our 1935 camp meetings a few brought various kinds of charms, some of which were little more than small ornaments. The hearts of those people could not be satisfied until they had turned such things over to the missionaries. At the last night's service before a large gathering, these little trinkets were thrown into a large bonfire. An explanation was made that some people place so much faith in insignificant things that they become to them charms. Others wear them until pride rules in their hearts. In

either case, it were better to part with all such things that would hinder in the winning of souls. The presence of God was very real in this service. For at least a half an hour, people from various parts of the grove were pulling off wire bracelets and ear rings and throwing them into the fire, while songs of victory were wafted on the smoke-laden air. Those ornaments had little commercial value, but to the African youth, with so few valuables, their intrinsic worth was no small amount. Whether it was necessary that all of those be thrown to the flames, is another question, but we must note the evident fact that in the minds of those dear people no price was too great. They were willing to sell all for the hidden treasure.

Spiritual Prospectors Selling Shares

Toward the close of the above-mentioned camp meeting, a woman arose in one of the services to testify. Among other things she mentioned her great concern for the people at Samanga. This was a place way up among the hills where there had been no teacher for about five years. Without a leader, the people had drifted back into the old life. As evidence of her interest, the woman placed the equivalent of six cents on the table. Others followed her example until about \$2.25 had been given in that service.

At another service Miss Mullikin brought a challenging missionary message to her native audience, during which she gave special consideration to certain needy stations. When Samanga was mentioned I arose and announced that the traveling minister of that Circuit had agreed to leave in a few days' time for Samanga where he would conduct a revival. I asked Patrick, the minister, to come and kneel at the altar. I then turned to the people and said, "All of you who are willing to go with your minister to spend several days or a week in a revival at Samanga, join him here at the altar." Immediately some one arose as the people began to sing in the native dialect:—

Oh our Heavenly Father, hear us we ask thee:

Send teachers this way to the country that is in darkness."

From different parts of the eucalyptis grove which formed our tabernacle they arose and came, some weeping but all conscious of the presence of God. The song continued:

"But we, our Father we have work to do:
We have brothers and friends—Send us to them."

I did not count but there must have been fifteen

or twenty who knelt there offering to carry their own food and travel the long, hilly journey in the search for souls.

The meeting closed. About ten days later I visited another station. It was class-meeting day and the leader was my friend James Chikusi, one of those who had returned from Samanga. He was giving his report. In his graphic way he told how they had, figuratively speaking, dug in many different places in the country of Samanaga but in vain. At last they listened . . . and they heard voices saying faintly, "We are here—We are here. They began digging at once, and by prayer, and song, and preaching, and faith they removed stones and brought out the souls. One hundred and fifty-six showed their renewed love for God and His church.

I encouraged James to visit the stations giving his report. The native Christians were so much interested that they have sent in from several stations collections amounting to \$52.25. Very little of this was paid by missionaries.

To the Hardest Places

Soul mining, as in the digging out of the earth's treasures, cannot always be done in comfortable environment. It is sometimes "to the hardest of places." He calls, His servants go. Blessed is that servant who says, "No matter how deep, dark, damp, discouraging or dangerous the mine may

be, at Thy word, Lord, I'll go down."

A few days ago, Elijah, one of my young pastor-teachers, came to my door and said that he work. He had recently been appointed to a station at Rupinda, but he had been told by a former teacher that it was no place for a single man to go. I knew that the station was at the foot of a very steep mountain that could be descended only by means of "shanks mares." I had gone up and down there many times and worn blisters on my feet. I also knew of some critical members in that church. So I sent him to the District Superintendent, Mr. Murphree, Bro. Murphree having heard that Elijah was wishing to quit, postponed the final decision by arranging an interview between Elijah and one of the young men in school here at Old Umtali. After the two young men had finished their private conference of prayer, Elijah emerged with a light in his face. His eyes were moist as he said, "I'll go teach." "Are you willing to go to that hard place, Rupinda?" he was asked. "Anywhere," was his reply.

The miners who can say "Anywhere," are the ones wanted for this task. The reef is here, untold treasures are hidden, and the ore yields a high percent of spiritual values. May we, God's servants, manifest just as much courage, persistency and hope as do the miners of the gold that perisheth, investing our means, yea our own lives to see this thing through.

The Autobiography of An African

From Rev. E. L. Sells of the Rhodesia Conference comes this very inspiring testimonial of an African teacher-preacher, the Reverend Thomas Maranga. It is truly a story of a pilgrimage from the darkness to the light.—EDITOR.

I WAS born in a heathen village that was full of sin and darkness. My father was a chief of his own country and had his law for his people. The Wadzimu (spirits) had full power among them. One day we saw some strange people coming with one white man. Their faces were full of smiling. They asked us where they could find the chief, and we told them that he had gone to a beer-drink. The next morning they came and talked to us about what they said was the true God and great spirit. I do not remember what they said but the songs that they sang remained in our hearts. Many days later they held another service and the Word of God came to my heart and it cut like a knife. The Lord took all my sins away and that night my heart was full of praises. I went to call my brothers and sisters to come to the Lord Jesus, the Saviour of the lost world.

I used to sleep in a hut that belonged to the wadzimu, ~~spirits~~. When I told my father that I

would not sleep there any longer he did not know what to think!

The Rev. E. H. Greely came to open a school among us. My father's people told him not to let the children go. The chief was very kind and said, "No, my children must go because my son is very happy in the new way." My brothers and I went to the school. The chief often came to the church services.

Once there was a beer-drink in my father's village given to the wadzimu and the people became very drunk. I went there with other Christian people to sing and tell them about Jesus. Many of the people did not like our songs because they loved their beer and wadzimu.

After being in school for several years at Mt. Makomwe the missionary said that I must go to Old Umtali and be trained as a pastor teacher. My father did not understand about this new plan. He said to the missionary, "Do not take my children away. You said that you would teach my people here and now you want to send them away from my land." Later he came to see the missionary. He saw the first book and asked to buy it for

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Midway between Beira and Lourenco Marques, down the coast of East Africa, is the seldom-visited port of Inhambane with its palm-fringed harbor. Thirty miles inland one comes upon Mambini - the place of miracles.

Twenty years ago when our Church began its work in Mambini, a long, hot sand trail led through the jungle from Inhambane. Our missionaries pushed along the sandy road - a trail dotted with unlovely huts, and from the bush, a frightened, primitive people peered at the strange white men and women.

At that time Mambini was a place remote from civilization, but it was a place of great possibilities - a perfect laboratory in which to develop a great work.

Emerging from the hot sand trail, the missionaries of twenty years ago, found a fertile valley through which flowed a river fed by never-drying mountain streams. Along the river banks rose hills of grey limestone, and closing in about the rich valley were dense forests of palm, mahogany, teak, and other valuable hard-woods. Here was the original equipment.

And the human equipment was found in the scores of miserable huts half hidden in the thick bush. By day the natives flocked into the valley watching the new comers curiously and cautiously. By night with their rhythmic and incessant beating of tom-toms, they whirled through the tribal dances that the spirits might be induced to provide some protection against these strange invaders.

The missionaries bought 1,200 acres of this rich valley, title of land, as with the local population, the natives, and a fine faith, the mission began. The dream of what it might mean to these tribes to be able to construct a great city, to become clean, industrious, that they could learn from books an example, that individually could be a personal life after the ideals of Christ, gradually came to them in the form of a plan of progress.

There is the practical engineer, who has built a dam, a bridge, a road, and a school for the natives; who has built a house, a barn, a mill, and a factory, and who has irrigated the gardens and fields of the natives.

There is the agriculturist, who cultivated the great farm with modern methods, using plow and tractor (the first in this corner of the world). He also used good seed and practiced crop rotation.

The evangelistic and educational missionary has transformed (and will continue to transform) the ignorant bush tribes into intelligent Christian Africans.

All of these things are being accomplished in our Central Training School at Mumbini. The Training Department has a four years' course. The curriculum is provided by the Portuguese Government, and at the end of the four years the students go up for government examinations. Those who pass receive a teacher's certificate.

Having finished the government requirements, the students, if they choose, go on to the Normal Training Department. Here they spend two years and are prepared to do village teaching.

A third group of students is directed into the Theological Department. They are the pastors-to-be, and are either graduates from our Training Department or are sent up from the quarterly conferences. This course in theology covers a period of three years, and on its graduates the Christian evangelist for this territory are recruited.

Many of the theological students come to Mumbini with their families. Self-support is a necessity for them, and lessons in self-support are essential to their leadership. So, the first year they are put to work. They are employed on the farms; taught to make bricks; to weave baskets; to tan hides; to build houses; and to do various other useful work. Their wives are taught to read and write; to sew; and to properly care for children. In short, all are taught that kind of domestic example and leadership that Africa so sorely needs.

When the evangelist goes out to preach he is at once the center of a new type of life in the village. He preaches on Sunday. The remaining six days of the week he is at a variety of odd, but significant jobs. He helps his parishioners to build decent houses. He teaches the importance of cleanliness. He tills his little field according to the methods taught him at Mumbini, and gives the other villagers lessons in the business of agriculture. He is "doctor-teacher-builder-plant". His wife sets a good example and does her part in the village program.

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Both Mr. and Mrs. Adams are teaching in the Central Training School at Mumbini, and both are sending out fine, strong threads of influence that touch the hearts and minds and souls of a needy

people. These threads are slowly and surely drawing these people out of superstition, witchcraft, and other degrading tribal customs.

But the work in Kambini is hampered. The opportunity has grown by leaps and bounds. Resources to meet the opportunity have lagged. The entire work of the institute is carried on by a mere handful of missionaries (not all on the field at the same time) - the Training School, Normal School, Agricultural Department, Industrial Department, Theological Department, the dispensary service, in addition to the multitude of small tasks that are part of the administration of every such enterprise.

Dies of Injuries Suffered in Attack

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Bishop Newell S. Booth (right) confers with Herbert E. Lowe of the Board of Missions record to be widely distributed in connection with the Appeal. The Appeal will take the form of an office education and leadership training in all of the Appeal but it is hoped to raise at least

Church Missionary Society (Anglican) in Kenya, and a son, Richard Lilburn Adkins.

Cuba Church "Alive" Despite Withdrawal

The Methodist Church in Cuba is very much alive, despite the evacuation of all but one of its missionaries. Gaps opened by the withdrawal of missionaries have already been closed with Cuban leadership, according to the Division of World Missions of the Board of Missions of The Methodist Church.

Some eighty-five conference pastors and numerous lay workers are carrying on the work of the church, as it was intended when missionaries first set out to establish an indigenous church in Cuba sixty years ago.

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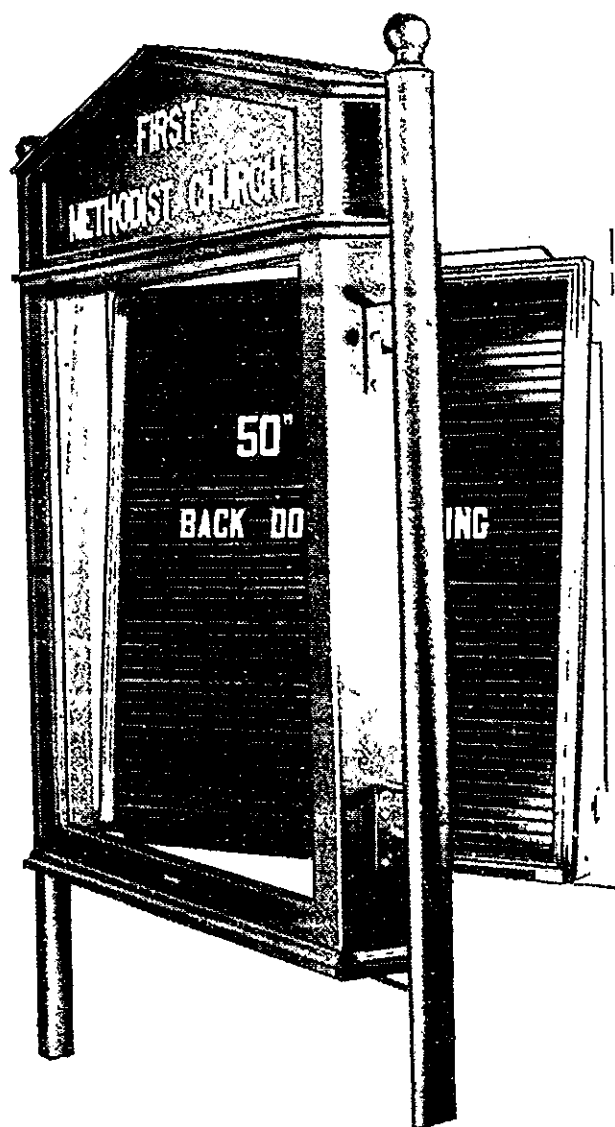
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WORLD OUTLOOK

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please contact
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