

**BOOTH, BISHOP NEWELL S.
WRITINGS**

Greater WORKS THAN THESE

Four R's are taught at Kipushi village and the most important one of all is termed religion



By Newell S. Booth

JESUS had amazing confidence in his disciples. It is a rare teacher who expects his pupils to go beyond him in his own field. But Jesus confidently predicted that works surpassing anything he had done would be accomplished by his followers.

The mission field is in better position to achieve those "greater works" than ever before in our Church's history. For this favorable condition Methodist missions are indebted largely to Church union and to those committees who, in framing the new *Discipline*, built even more wisely than they knew. The new provisions of the united Church, particularly as to the place and work of laymen, seem tailored to fit the needs of churches in the villages of Africa.

The increased dignity and opportunity afforded laymen is being reflected in a definite acceleration of interest and activity in the local churches. This was revealed, to take one example, in the manner in which the outpost churches of the Elisabethville District prepared for the Annual Conference. Hitherto little better than satellites of the central church, these churches in the farming communities near Elisabethville lacked individuality and warmth. Since their pastors were not ordained,

the members of some outposts came in to the central church for Communion service and the reception of members. Others are so far away that their members seldom if ever get into the central services. What they needed was a standing of their own, the chance to consider their own problems, unrelated to the needs of the whole district, to administer their own affairs, to train their own local workers.

The provisions of the united Church have given them this—and a new lease on spiritual life, too.

A series of annual meetings was held in each local church just before the Annual Conference met this year. They followed the *Discipline* exactly in that each was a "rallying point for the membership of the charge to review the work of the year, to consider the local opportunities and needs, to acquaint the members with the general program of The Methodist

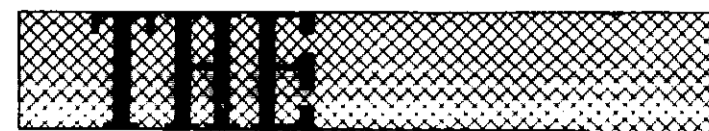
Church, and to lay plans for the ensuing year."

The district evangelist, a kind of assistant district superintendent, went around to each church to help in the preparation of those disciplinary provisions: "a written report of the pastor," "a report from the chairman of the official board," "the report of a committee on policy." The congregations grew as they worked, and then came out to the meetings themselves with the largest attendance these good people had ever seen.

The report of the committee on policy from the Kipushi Church shows how ready it is to undertake those greater works in fellowship with the Risen Christ. Its aims covered the material, financial, social, devotional and evangelistic purposes of the church. Here is what they plan to do: (1) get land from the government and build some new classrooms; (2) set a goal of new pledges in the financial canvass of fifteen full members, ten preparatory members and ten beginners; (3) show greater hospitality to visiting teachers and to people who come to the church from villages around and to choose stewards to head that work; (4) seek to increase brotherly peace and union and love among the officials and in the church membership, and yet not overlook the censure and correction that may be needed; (5) bring new converts regularly and insist that whoever brings a new believer must shepherd and



"Tease" is a synonym for "boy," and these lads of Kipushi are having fun with the photographer



THE Triumph OF THE DEFEATED

If God be for us, who can be against us? --Romans 8. 31

By LESTER RUMBLE

CAN the life of the human race end in defeat? Can the life of an individual or the lives of people lived in sacrifice to beauty, truth and goodness come to nought? The answer of the life of Jesus and of the lives of his heroic followers is an emphatic "No!"

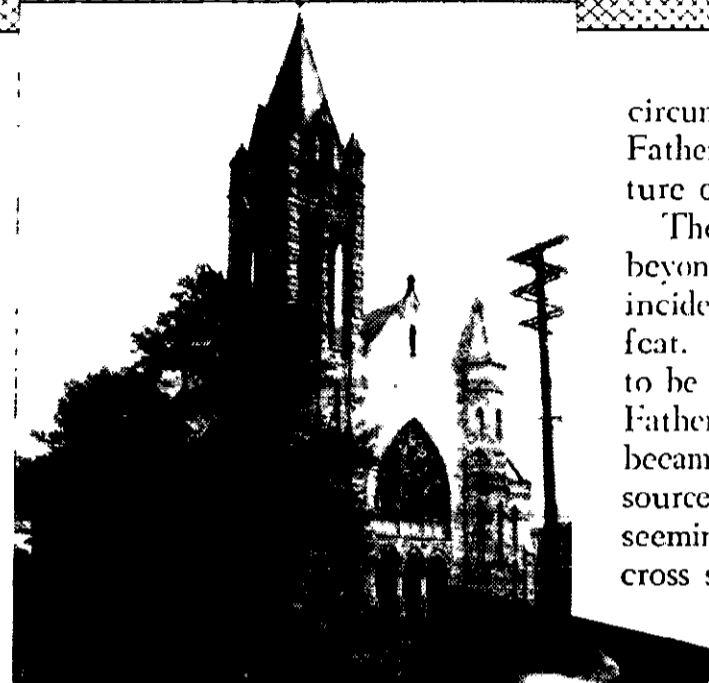
There are two portraits of Jesus that all of us need to see.

First, there is the seemingly defeated Jesus! The Samaritans requested that he and his disciples should get out of their country, forbidding hospitality. His brethren and other kinsmen thought him mad, "beside himself," they said. At Nazareth, as a prophet not received in his home town, he was taken out with the purpose of being cast over the precipice below the city. The multitude in the Galilean crisis turned back and walked no more with him for he was not what they wanted. (He was the Bread of Life, they wanted only bread made of dough.)

For a period his disciples stuck to him, saying to themselves, in the words of Peter, "To whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life." But the time came when friends abandoned him. His enemies became those of his own inner group. Judas betrayed him with a kiss. Peter lied. Foes cursed him and spit upon him. With a scarlet robe flung contemptuously over his shoulders, a crown of thorns upon his head, his own cross upon a weakened back, he went as a defeated warrior to a criminal's death.

Two thieves hanging on their crosses mocked him. His weakness was ridiculed. The crowd hurled jibing statements at him. "He saved others, himself he cannot save." "If he be the King of Israel let him now come down from the cross and we will believe him." "He trusted in God; let God deliver him if he will have him." For he said, "I am the Son of God." But he died leaving only a seamless robe to be divided by his indifferent crucifiers.

Does Jesus ever indicate that there is



St. Mark Church in the heart of Atlanta, Ga., and Dr. Rumble, its resourceful minister



a thought of failure? Of course, we cannot know his mind fully, but from the time of the Transfiguration, he set his face to go to Jerusalem. He chose the way of the cross as the path to the goal, believing that "I, if I be lifted up upon the cross will draw all men unto me."

When the daughters of Jerusalem, in pity, would weep for him he said: "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children." When the best of his earthly friends were in doubt he assured: "I am not alone, my father is with me." To his disciples he admonished: "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer. I have overcome the world."

He talked of the shepherd giving his life and added: "No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself." He conceived the idea of making death serve his purpose. He would draft all

circumstances and occasions for the Father's use. This is the second picture of Jesus.

There were goals to be attained beyond the incidents of life and these incidents had to promote and not defeat. Into his life all experiences were to be transmuted into victories for the Father. By a strange alchemy, tears became wells; refreshment had its source in disappointment. And if, seemingly, God forsook him on the cross so that he cried, "My God, my God, why?" there was still the faith that could and did say, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." God was still his father.

The disciples did not see this; the cross ended it for them. The disaster had come. Their hope had been shattered. "We trusted that it had been he that should have redeemed Israel," one of them declared. Only the assurance that he still lived could restore their confidence.

This assurance came. The sense of the Living Christ brought them victory. This Jesus who was crucified continued to live and was the witness of their lives.

The same consciousness will establish confidence in us today.

The lesson of the life of Jesus is that all defeats can be transmuted into victories, that the universe is geared to support life and not death.

What has become a reality in our universe? John Masefield had it right. In *The Trial of Jesus* he has Pilate's wife talking to the centurion who superintended the crucifixion. "What do you think of His claims?" she says. He answers: "If a man believes something so much that he is ready to die for it, he is going to get others to believe it, too."

(Concluded on page 14)

Effect of Church union felt in distant African missions

counsel him in preparation for membership for a period of one year.

The meetings at the churches farthest away were lengthened to include Communion services and the reception of members. A white cloth and the Communion vessels make a sanctuary even in bare mud-walled chapels with dirt floors. Each member of all these churches near and far went home with a new sense of being a member of a local church and also a part of a great world-wide fellowship.

"This is the best Conference we have ever had," said one of the members on trial in the Annual Conference. "Everything that has been offered to us has been sweet in our mouths."

What made it "sweet" was the increased activity of the national lay members and the ministerial members of the Conference. Each board, commission and committee offered an adventure in fellowship and a training-ground for growing workers. A few lay members had been at Conference before. Last year a real beginning was made, but this year with the *Discipline*

making them real members of the Conference and giving them places on the committees, they leaped forward to meet their new responsibilities. Each report came to Conference as the united work of the laymen, the ministers and the missionaries.

The lay members took the reports and goals back to their local churches as *their own statements*, and not something given out by the ministers. They set apportionments for Conference claimants and for Conference travel expenses. They set forth a strenuous temperance campaign, arranged for missionary education, planned for increased educational facilities at the new Springer Institute at Mulungwishi, set a goal for evangelistic work as one new believer for each present member, aimed at greater self-support, thought out ways to improve worship in the churches and homes, and urged the application of Christian ideals to the problems arising from native customs.

When the Conference was discussing the entertainment of the national

representatives to the Central Conference to be held in Elisabethville in June, the lay member from Elisabethville jumped to his feet and said: "When they come to Elisabethville they will eat and they will sleep." There is equal confidence that when the spiritually hungry come to the Church they will eat—but not sleep!

The Conference was especially happy with the provision made for the field committee with national representation. Up to the present the finance committee has only consisted of missionaries. The new national members need to grow into the new work, none of them having had more than nine years of schooling and practically none having grown up in a home with a parent who had even attended school. But the manner in which they are studying to show themselves approved makes us know that they will indeed be able to meet the confidence of Jesus and go ahead to do "greater works than these."

The Church in this mission field is certainly pleased with the new *Discipline* and the new Church. It shares the faith of Jesus that still greater work is to be done.

Dr. Walker's
SUNDAY SCHOOL

Jesus Condemned and Crucified

March 23—Luke 22: 39 to 23: 56

If there is a scene in all history that should make respectable religionists search their hearts, it is the crucifixion of Jesus. For it was not the criminals, not the men who were reckoned as depraved lawbreakers, who were responsible for his death. It was men who were prominent in religion, and who were met with respectable obeisances wherever they went.

Why did these men unite to crucify Jesus? The scribes were anxious to get him out of the way because they knew that, in proportion as the people listened to his glowing words, they would turn away from their own lifeless hair splitting casuistry. The chief priests knew that if he came to dominant influence the people, disgusted by their godless grafting, would clamor for the removal of priests from office. And Pilate reluctantly sentenced Jesus to crucifixion because he was afraid that the chief priests would complain of him to the emperor and he would lose his job.

his release it is likely that the "Reds" in the crowd began to howl in harmony with the theological mob. So Pilate, the Fascist, released Barabbas, the "Red," and delivered Jesus to death, just as today Fascists and Communists make common cause against Christianity and democracy.

There never was a spectacle in human history that seemed so absolutely to deny that a good God reigned in heaven, as Jesus left there to die on the cross. If there was a God, why did he not reach down and deliver his Son? And yet, strangely enough, no other spectacle in history has worked so strongly to make men sure of God.

When they were nailing him to the cross Jesus said, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do. He could say this in the midst of his unspeakable agony because it had been his lifetime habit to pray for all who opposed him. This prayer sounds down the ages for the men who today crucify the Son of God afresh.



Class

We Believe:

Theology for Everyman

Our Bible and Us

"When we have one Bible," writes a correspondent, "why are there so many different churches with different teachings?" Back of this problem lie two important questions: What is the Bible? How shall we use it?

To understand what the Bible is, you must go back of the Bible. It is not the Bible that comes first. Life comes first, not the Book. First comes God, and his word to men. That word is not a book handed down or words dictated for writing. The deed comes first, the writing later.

Revelation and redemption go together. By his Spirit he works in human hearts, illuminates minds, and calls men like Amos and Isaiah, Paul and John, to hear this word, and to proclaim it. Some of this they or their disciples set down. The Bible is thus the record of God's dealings with man and of man's experience of God.

The Bible is not a book of theology. It does not give definitions or set forth doctrines. It is not a textbook like our arithmetics or grammars or books of science. It is a book of life. It came out of life, the life of God working among men, the life of men who heard God. It is here to give life. It is no mere record of the past. Men who come to the Bible today with humility and desire may hear this God speaking to them also, and his word will make them live. The Bible is not the words of God but the word of God to men.

in light of what seems to be the highest possibilities of that relationship

He who would be Christian in the modern world lives in an endless series of compromises. An illustration of this fact is to be found in such experiences as that of the salesman of a cleansing fluid at a high price when the same could be purchased at a filling station for fifteen cents a gallon. Does that salesman consider himself under obligation to tell the truth? No! He considers his obligation to be to the one who makes his living possible. The Kingdom of God will never come by a moral appeal to people who must always live in an immoral society.

Can a Christian Seek?

Before a person's search for God can be fruitful, it is necessary to see to it that whatever he condemns in society does not exist in his own heart. Furthermore, he should always respond to opportunities which will help to bring about relationships in which the Christian can really function. There is no security in fear. You cannot trust anybody if you are afraid. Neither should we identify the Kingdom of God with society, because it is beyond anything that man's society can produce.

In this connection what happened during and after the world war. We were told that we were fighting to make the world safe for democracy.

The forces of the Christian Church were enlisted to help. Christian Ministers asked God's blessing upon men going out to blow out others' brains, to slaughter them with bayonets, machine guns and poison gas. Now we are passing through a period of critical quiet like the man who has been hit on the head with a club and the physician is waiting for him to pass the crisis. Since the end of the war, the nations have not asked the church, which had blessed their wholesale slaughter, what they should do with the spoils.

Stop Fooling Yourself

If we cannot be Christians we can at least stop fooling ourselves. We can begin to call everything by its right name and ask God to deal mercifully with the wretchedness of our souls. There is none whose life is without evil. There is none worthy. Perhaps it does not yet appear what we shall be. God loves us better than we know how to love ourselves.

No, we cannot be Christians today if we depend on ourselves and our society to make it possible. The Kingdom of God is not of this world. It is God's gift. While it is our task, we cannot by our own strength achieve it. Let us stop fooling ourselves and face the fact of our dependence upon God the Giver of all, and surrender ourselves to Him who has it within His divine power to help us become Christians

Looking at the Katanga with Christ

By N. S. BOOTH, Belgian Congo

WE SHALL look only to the ever-living, ever-creative Christ." These words of Dr. John R. Mott at the opening of the Elizabethville regional conference reveal the aim and method of the meetings. The conference was conceived in the belief that Christ has a plan for the Congo and that he could best reveal that plan through the strenuous group thinking of His workers in the field.

One of the greatest values of the conference was the unity of fellowship that developed as the members together faced the demands of the living Christ upon them. The most lasting result of this common search to know the mind of Christ does not find expression in the letter of the findings, but it does in their spirit. It was a growing appreciation of the Christian statesmanship of the workers in each mission. It is easy to have such an appreciation of the missionaries in one's own Society. But it is sometimes quite difficult to believe that members of other groups are doing quite as good work

as we are ourselves. At Elizabethville we came to realize that each missionary was doing well his part of the common task under the guidance of one common Director. The consciousness of this unity and recognition of the great value of the work done by others will abide and bear fruit in the expression of the will of the creative Christ in Congo even though the particular objects outlined in the findings should not be realized in full.

Thus when we looked to Christ we saw our brother workers in a new light and listened to them with a new attentiveness. But we also found that for which we really sought. We saw the Christ at Elizabethville. He came to us in the opening meditations which were led by Dr. Mott. He appeared in times of prayer. He stood by us in the morning watch. He made Himself manifest in Dr. Mott's masterly leadership. Dr. Mott guided the conference without controlling it, he shaped its ends without choosing them. He allowed the "creative Christ to break out in new

channels." The living Christ was present in the thinking of the delegates. Truly He made known His will for the work of the Kingdom in the Katanga.

Following His Look

You can not look long at a person without turning your glance toward that at which he is looking. One in a group can soon have the whole group looking at the same object. So it is with Christ. If we look to Him we will almost immediately be led to follow the direction of His regard. As we looked to Christ at Elizabethville we were soon looking at the Katanga with Him. New values appear when we look at a painting with the painter and new meanings when we discuss an article with its author. So it was when we looked at the Congo with the eyes of the creative Christ. We saw the compelling greatness of its needs. We were challenged anew by its possibilities. We saw with greater clearness the direction in which we were called. We felt a new unity among ourselves as a part of a world-wide undertaking.

What were the results of this united looking to Christ and in turn looking with Him at our task? We received a strengthened conviction of the evangelistic passion of the indigenous church and a corporate will to use more effectively our present forces in this primary task of evangelism, at the same time seeing to increase that force. We faced and sought to make operative the mind of Christ in the relationships between races, deploring disintegrating and divisive forces and seeking to realize full Christian brotherhood and cooperation between Black and White.

We looked at the Government of the Congo with the Christ. We found very much that was working toward the real advance of the Congolese and joined in earnest prayer that we might see a full realization of the aims revealed in the splendid code of laws of the Colony. One of the fine things of the Conference was the cordial attitude of the Government officials in the audiences which they granted and in social contacts.

Plans for Comity

The Conference desired unity in the work of Christ and avoidance of troubles which have arisen from overlapping and rivalry in some fields of the world. One of its most fruitful recommendations was that which recognized the advisability of having but one society working in each major mineral field with the full approval and cooperation of other societies. But this recommendation did not blind the conference to the value of sup-

plementary agencies working with the mission having charge of the work. In this spirit the conference earnestly urged the Young Men's Christian Association and the Young Women's Christian Association to establish work in the mineral district. If this invitation is accepted it will mean much for the men and women of the mineral fields. We have long been dissatisfied under the inability to adequately minister to the social life of the workers in the industrial areas. Christ-centered recreational provision is essential to a complete Christian program.

One can not look with Christ long without seeing the children. The Elizabethville conference initiated steps which will make much more effective the work of religious education through the church in the missions represented and throughout the colony. The Sunday School was seen as not only a splendid instrument for helping the children, and adults too, to find the abundant life in Christ, but also as a training ground for the leaders and citizens of the Kingdom. The Conference recommended measures leading to increased emphasis upon this work, colony-wide unity in its promotion, and provision for cooperation in the World's Sunday School Association.

With Christ the Great Teacher we looked at our schools. What good they have done! But what a small part of their task have they accomplished! The words relevant curriculum, development of the total personality throughout life, adequate literature, contagious Christian character of teachers, vital worship programs, distinctive Christian spirit, Union Normal School, developmental program for the life of women and girls—these reveal some of the Christ-opened leads followed by the Conference.

Dr. Mott and Dr. Hopkins brought the freshness of a breeze from the farthest corners of the world to the conference and an intimate knowledge of the solutions found in other countries to problems very similar to those which the conference was facing. Mr. Ross and Mr. Coxill made it possible for the conference to closely link the Katanga with the rest of the Congo.

As we looked to Christ, our Elder Brother we were fused into one family. His prayer that we all might be one had a new answer. And the possibility of a more complete answer to that great prayer is to be found in the delegates at Elizabethville that if we are to look through the needs of Congo to the living, creative Christ, we must stand close together. *South Africa Missionary Advocate*.

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MAR 21 1950

In an Upper Room by Inhambane Bay

By Bishop Newell S. Booth

Jethro's advice to Moses, "Be thou for the people to Godward," was taken seriously by the pastors and missionaries of the South East Africa Conference. There was a real reach Godward in the three days of spiritual refreshment just before the annual conference convened. I suppose I should call it a "retreat", but I am not sure just how you hold a retreat for an "Advance for Christ and His Church!" But if that word means withdrawal from routine concerns in order to appropriate resources of power from common study of our faith from shared experiences, from community of prayer, from creative meditation on God's detailed purposes, from fellowship transcending race and language difficulties, then it is the right word. That is what was done in the upper room by the shores of the Inhambane Bay.

One day I was leading a period of sharing our thoughts on those things from which we most needed to be saved. I looked out the window at the marvelous beauty of the waters of the bay through the framework of the fronds of cocconut palms. The white gleam of sails, the glimpse of red tiles of the old town across the water, the moving pattern of the tidal currents pulled my eyes back again and again. I excused myself by saying that it was good to look out from that room to the beauty beyond. Of course, I got a laugh and even a blush from a very beautiful young lady on one of the front seats. But really there was more beauty inside the room. There was the beauty of the deep fellowship of twenty missionaries and forty African pastors and teachers in a fruitful sharing of their best experiences and greatest needs.

That spirit continued throughout the conference session. These workers were very conscious of the need of their people. There are the deprivations of poverty

as great as anywhere in the world. There is almost no opportunity for education. There are labors and recruitments under very difficult conditions. There is the separation of families for long periods while the men are working at the gold mines in the Transvaal. There is a debilitating climate, poor soil and little market for crops. The Christian workers know that they must be to Godward for the people.

And results are evident. There is a spiritual depth of Christian experience. There is a vitality in testimony. Churches are crowded with those who love to worship. Young people are giving themselves to the ministry. Lay evangelism is a reality. New work is being undertaken. There are those who have been to Godward for the people.

Let me give one illustration: at the close of the conference I went to the new site for a church in Inhambane. For years we have wanted to have a place for worship in that centuries old town across the Bay. Finally we have been able to buy a piece of land. Then things began to happen. The circuit outside of town was ready to divide the circuit and accept the services of an assistant pastor and yet maintain the full support of the pastor who would from then on give most of his time to the city. The people raised money to buy building materials. They sent word to the missionary superintendent that they had two truck loads ready. When he went again he found that men had come in from all over the circuit and were erecting a large house that could be used as both residence and a church, a guest house for those who might have to stay in town, and kitchens and other buildings. When I went there I found the dirtiest, happiest bunch of women I have ever seen. They had not been dirty when they left home. But they were literally up to their necks in mud, plastering the buildings inside and out. One was down in a deep hole of black mud tramping the soil into the water and preparing it for the others to use as plaster. Some men were weaving heavy mats to make an enclosure where people could sleep. They were all singing at the job. This was a new work for the extension of the kingdom of God. I promised to try to work with them in finding money for permanent materials and for a bicycle for their pastor so as to multiply his service, and to finish paying for the land. I hope folks everywhere will be "for the people to Godward" in prayer and fellowship.

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MAR 7 1950

"Christ Was Born in Quimbamba"

By Bishop Newell S. Booth
Elizabethville, Belgian Congo, Africa

We have just had a splendid illustration of the difference that is made when Christ comes into the life of a village.

On a recent Sunday we went to the village of Quimbamba in Angola. It used to be one of the dirtiest disreputable places around. There was a chief who did everything he could to keep the Christian church from developing there. Then Jaime Sousa and his wife, Dona Maria, went there to take charge of the church. He was handicapped in only one thing. He is practically deaf and must read lips to follow what is said. (We still hope that we may be able to get him a hearing aid.) But outside of that he and Maria have all that is needed to make a wonderful parsonage team.

The people of that church have learned that they are "members one of another." Christ has been born in that village. There is a large cruxiform church built without any outside help. It was packed with hundreds of people that Sunday. Fruit trees, flowering shrubs and pleasant lawns surround the church. After the service we were taken to the guest house -- a beautiful three-room cottage with a well-laid and trimmed thatched roof. The walls inside and out were attractive in cream and blue tints. Screens were at windows and doors. Mats were on the cement floor and over head for ceilings. Neat reed furniture was in one room and a table set for dinner in the other.

Whence had it come? The women had built it! It had taken three years. Those thirty women had taken a tithe of their evening meal each day and placed it in a bag

at the pastor's house. When the bag was full it was sold. A man was hired to make brick. More money from the tithe bag hired a mason later. The women carried the bricks, brought water and mortar and worked with the mason.

As we stood on the steps to dedicate this house as a symbol of cooperation and of fellowship and of the leadership of Christ, we felt that it was a sacred place. I asked the president of the Woman's Society to lead in prayer. Maria, the pastor's wife prayed. She was the inspiring leader of the group.

The spirit was contagious. The boys planted a God's Acre. The girls followed in friendly rivalry. The produce of these gardens is building a new school. It was all ready for windows, plastering and furnishing. The pastor has asked us to come back at Conference time to dedicate that, and best of all, the young people have really grown in Christian experience through it all.

As we sat at table with Raimundo and Maria the young people served us a delicious four-course dinner which Maria had prepared. It was an interesting combination of African and Portuguese cooking. We talked about the work. There are seventeen preaching places to which the pastor, teacher and lay preachers go out from the church. Many young people have gone from the school to Quessua for training for Christian service.

and Christ was born in-----Quimbamba!

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Missionary Named "Distinguished Citizen"

Each year the Civic Assembly of Women -- for the Philippine Islands a short federation of the leading women's clubs from all corners of the Republic -- award medals and certificates to five or six women who have rendered distinguished service to their fellows. This year one of those brought into public notice as "distinguished citizens" was Miss Rebecca Parrish, M.D., of Indianapolis, Ind., who retired in 1935 as a missionary of the Methodist Church after 29 years of medical and health service to the Philippines. The award was the only one made in absentia and was received for Dr. Parrish by Mrs. Ernest E. Tuck, of Manila, wife of the Methodist superintendent of the Philippines.

The award, on behalf of the Civic Assembly, was presented by President Quirino of the Republic. The citation to Dr. Parrish read: "The blessings of health and of social welfare which the Philippines enjoy today have been inspired by the pioneering effort of this sincere and determined American missionary doctor, who came a long way across the sea, bringing Christian love, healing, and enlightenment, and a better way of life."

SEP 19 1950

Seminars to Study U. N.

Three service and educational agencies of the Methodist Church are uniting in a series of "seminars on the United Nations," to be held at Lake Success and at Methodist headquarters in New York City. The first seminar will be October 31 to November 3, and others will follow throughout 1951 and 1952. The seminars are planned to help church leaders understand how to work for world peace through the UN and its agencies, and to secure peace action in the local churches. The cooperating agencies in this program are Methodism's Board of Education, the Commission on World Peace, and the Woman's Division of Christian Service of the Board of Missions. In charge are Dr. Charles F. Boss, Chicago, Miss Thelma Stevens, New York, and Miss Doris Dennison, Nashville.

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AUG 15 1950

The Revival Begins in the Congo

By Bishop Newell S. Booth
Elisabethville, Belgian Congo

"May the revival begin in me!"

The yearning for such a new power within was expressed in twelve different languages at the Southern Congo Annual Conference. It was the last morning of the seven-day retreat and committee meeting time preceding the sessions of the Conference. John Brastrup had led the group each morning on the general theme of revival, speaking about its nature, necessity, history, conditions and fruits. This last day person after person spoke about their experience of revival. Then each in his own language followed Mr. Brastrup in the prayer, "May the revival begin now in me." These men and women are going home all across the eight hundred miles of this conference area with new power.

We need it, for we shall have fewer missionary workers this year. The Conference had come out of the terrible hole of having only two couples and three single workers on the field for all this work in 1944, in the largest conference, geographically, in the Area and the one with the most preaching places. The staff had reached 13 couples and five single people, 31 in all actively at work in the six stations by the beginning of this month. But now seven have gone on furlough and one has died suddenly. Three others must have their work restricted because of health disabilities. Five are mothers of small children. Five years ago I wrote that the absolute minimum needed on the field was 39. And that did not count the builders we need now nor the increased number of educationalists due to the expanded opportunities under government cooperation. We have a preacher, a teacher, an evangelist and a doctor

trained for their own tasks who must give large sections of their time to building. All this could be depressing.

But the attitude of the folks is better expressed by the song fest we had last evening. There is amazing resilience in their spirits. We had all eaten -- 90 of us -- at a buffet supper in John Brastrup's front yard. There each group sang in their own language. There were six different European languages, for our man from Finland sang in both Swedish and Finnish. Twelve African languages burst forth in harmony and rhythm known only to the Negro. In food, in song, in prayer, that resilient fellowship lifted up again.

In the marvelously rendered cantata of "Esther" this evening, Frederic Kanjundu expressed both the passionate lament and the yearning confidence of Mordecai for his people of Israel and also of the Christians here for the future of Africa, as he poured forth the prayer of Mordecai for the saving of the Jews.

Now the Conference has closed..... That confidence was expressed again on Sunday by the dedication of youth to the service of the Church. I had just ordained Marc Nelis as an elder, thus completing his last step in the journey towards the ministry. Forty-two young people followed him to the altar to take their first step before the Conference. At the time of the visit of Mr. Chimbadzwa from Rhodesia they had pledged themselves to serve God as ministers or teachers in the work of the Church. Now they came and sang their purpose.

With such resilience of spirit and such consecration of life we can dare hope for the realization of the prayer that was in the song Frederic brought to us.

W. W. Reid
Board of Missions and Church Extension
of the Methodist Church
150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N.Y.

SEP 19 1950

The Spiritual Climate is Not Cold in Africa

By Bishop Newell S. Booth
Elisabethville, Belgian Congo

The occasion was the annual conference at Old Umtali, Rhodesia..... We faced "problems" and "situations."

We talked about campaigns to teach the great mass of illiterates; and plans for the production of literature for the newly literate.

We have discussed ways to develop the Christian ideal of marriage and home life.

We had to face the problems of self-support of the program among people where a wage for daily workers of 40 cents a day is high.

We were faced with a real shortage of trained workers for the pastoral work of the Church.

But there was the other side also: the side that showed progress, and hope, and growth. The spiritual climate is not cold!

The selection of candidates to take the high school course that they may be prepared for the higher normal school studies pointed up the fact of the great advance in education in the country. We were happy to have enough new missionaries so that we could plan to take 90 graduates of our primary schools into the courses of the secondary school and teacher-training on the junior high school level. We had to form a Conference "Committee on Work in Urban Areas," because there is such an increase in the industrial populations of the country, bringing to the fore the problems that the city presents to our Church everywhere.

Women do still bend their backs over the short-handled hoe to cultivate

their crops, but we needed to discuss the change in the agricultural pattern due to rapidly-increasing mechanization of farming here. It has reached our mission stations and is extending to the African farmers. Training in the care of machinery, in contour plowing, catchment dams, soil conservation, all have to be considered in this land of dryness and large areas.

Church personnel is so lacking in training that superintendents have a hard time showing local church treasurers how to keep their books, or even to get anyone willing to accept the responsibility of being a treasurer. But progress is being made. Five young men stood at the altar to be admitted into full membership in the Conference and ordained as deacons. Splendidly prepared and consecrated people they are. They have had eight years of primary education, two years of teacher-training, experience in teaching, three years of theological school, and now two years in the ministry. They have proven themselves to be worthy ministers of Jesus Christ. Now there are thirty such active full members of the Conference working with our fourteen missionary ministers.

Health conditions in both town and kraal life give our medical people and all our workers much concern. We heard of a terrible lack of proper water supplies which is multiplying the incidence of bilharzia and other diseases. Yet we rejoice with the people of the Conference at home in the Advance: the people who are sending their gifts for the Mother Hughes Maternity Center at Mutambara and the Washburn Memorial Hospital at Nyadiri. Soon we shall have much more adequate facilities. Miss Hansson has been able to open three rural dispensaries. And we have twenty-two African girls in the nurses' training course at Nyadiri getting ready to staff these medical centers.

There is crude superstition, dark fear on one side, and blase religious indifference among those who pretend to be "civilized" on the other; but the deep devotion and unmoved consecration of our people was evidenced in the prayers at Conference and in the eager way they listened to and commented upon the daily messages from Bishop Northcott, as well as in the reports of the pastoral activity of the year. These reports indicated that more than five thousand people had been received into the Church as full members, preparatory ones, or as beginners in the Christian life.

W. W. Reid
Board of Missions of the Methodist Church
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NOV 13 1952

We Seek Africa For Christ

By Bishop Newell Snow Booth
Elisabethville, Belgian Congo, Africa

The Methodist Church is active in the midst of the tremendous changes and high tensions of Central and South Africa. The Western world seeks there raw materials and work power; Christ searches for the hearts of people and answers their needs. In a program as wide as those needs the Methodist Church is attempting to be a valuable part of Christ's search. Many bids are being made for Africa's loyalty. We intend that it shall be given to Christ.

Every part of the program has sought to contribute to the realization and demonstration of Christian living in the fellowship of believers which is the Church. The central aim is to further the growth of the Church and the Christian experience of its members. To that end numberless congregations have been formed in rural communities and Christian Centers -- like the Pfeiffer Memorial in Elisabethville -- have been located in the massed populations of the cities. The constant moving of great numbers between rural and urban localities presents a great challenge as do also the thousands of unreached rural communities. The percentage of adherence is outstanding among all the mission fields of the world. The contribution of the lay witness and the group fellowship has been remarkable. Yet the unanswered calls are many. And the response of the people is still eager. One of the greatest needs is the nurture and deepening of the Christian understanding and experience of these quarter of a million Methodists and the stabilization of their leaders. They are by no means ready to face the turmoil of Africa's changes.

The Teacher and the M.D.

A visitor to Africa says that the outstanding impression is the avid desire of the people for education, the appalling lack of opportunities for schooling -- in Central Africa not a single university for a hundred million people and hardly a dozen high schools even -- and finally, the real concern of the Church to give young Africa the training so essential for the urgent days ahead. Our greatest emphasis in all the work is the training and preparation and use of African workers in carrying the major responsibility for the Church and its varied activities. They have responded with increasing maturity, extension in number and greatly added financial self-support. Since, on the whole, governments do not provide schools, the Church has an unexcelled opportunity to furnish Christian education frankly dedicated to the formation of Christian living.

Plans are laid to stress secondary level training as a major emphasis in the years immediately ahead. In most of the conferences it has been possible to reach the goal set four years ago to raise the educational level one grade every two years. It is the goal again for this quadrennium. But trained staff is still woefully lacking.

Those who were the nephews of witch-doctors now diagnose with the microscope and treat with sulfa drugs and penicillin and aureomycin! Much is being done to cure disease and to prevent sickness and encourage health. Life expectation is still only half that of people in the United States and infant mortality is terrible, but strides forward in healing in the name of Christ are being made. Especially with new drugs and treatment hundreds of lepers crying "to be clean" are hearing the words "be thou clean" and going back to their villages with the disease arrested. Two thousand lepers are cared for in six centers where they have a chance for normal living.

The Lambuth Memorial Medical Center, made a possibility by the Week of Pedication, will soon be a reality and change the pattern of health of a whole tribe. The Piner Memorial Hospital at Kapanga is coming into use now. It memorializes the

service of Arthur and Maude Piper who have retired after forty years in Africa. The Kemps have built a grand tradition of medical aid -- and new buildings to extend it -- in Angola; the Stauffachers have furthered nurse training in Mocambique and the Advance is providing new equipment; the Lewises have pioneered in surgical help in the Congo. All of these are at or near retirement. Fortunately some young doctors are getting ready to take their places, even though they are not nearly enough.

Technical Assistance

By the multiplied manifestations of Christian concern in concrete acts we show the people of the world that more values can be realized in the brotherhood of the church than are to be found in any other plan for society. Such concern is demonstrated in the technical assistance program of the mission in Africa. That may be a new name, but the service in agricultural training and extension work and in industrial activity and apprenticeship has been part of the work of missions from the very beginning. The first soil conservation ridges in Southern Rhodesia were built thirty years ago by G. A. Roberts, our agricultural missionary. The first dry farming practices in Southeast Africa were under the direction of Julian Rea. The first roads and first sun-dried adobe bricks in the Central Congo were made by the mission. Such technical assistance now rapidly extending and in new forms strengthens the base for abundant living, and for adequate support for the church and community. It looks toward the creative revolution demanded to meet the needs of people which alone can avert destructive revolution.

Literature promotion calls for a four-fold program. Staff must be released from other tasks to stimulate creative writing on the part of the Africans and to practice it themselves. We have been able to do that in two of the conferences. It is the only way to secure the manuscripts that are needed. It is dangerous to teach people to read and then leave them frustrated without literature or perverted by the kind other groups may provide. Then funds must be found for printing. The Crusade and the Advance have gotten some staff, made a start in improving the equipment of the presses, and in setting up some revolving funds for literature.

The third essential is that of distribution. Now opportunities are open for depots for books and for the work of colporteurs, particularly in connection with the Christian centers in the cities of Elisabethville, Jadotville, Luanda, Untali, Johannesburg, Beira and Lourenco Marques. Subsidies have been of help in bringing down the cost so that people earning only ten to fifty cents a day may be able to buy books. The fourth necessity is the stimulation and direction of the use of literature. This is closely tied to the use of audio-visual aids. Some starts have been made in adult education, forums, libraries, reading rooms, reading groups, vernacular magazines.

The Christian Family

The primary cell for social building is the Christian family. Planning and preparation for the home goes on in the more than thirty boarding departments of the schools in the Area. Skills are learned, habits acquired and attitudes formed. Some extension service goes on everywhere -- but in Rhodesia a very significant program of Christian home formation is carried on through constant attention to visitation, dissemination of literature, adult education, institutes, camp-meetings, classes, action projects, vacation schools, Bible study. Elsewhere, in many of the schools classes on the family are held, preparation and counseling for marriage given. Literature is being prepared in several languages. Boys' and girls' clubs give attention to planning for home life. Christian workers are challenged to give teaching and example in the maintenance of the Christian home.

The Missionary Staff

Our greatest single concern is securing adequate staff for the work. Africans are ten to one in relation to missionaries. They must continue so and continue to increase in ratio. The Church's supreme task is to provide training for the people of Africa in every realm. Every phase of the work is slanted to that end. Leadership in every activity is an absolute necessity for the development of the life of Africa. Christian leadership is essential for peaceful, stable progress. One of the most encouraging signs of development has been to see the growing matur-

ity of the African pastors, teachers, medical workers, leaders in other activities.

In one sense we did meet our goal set in the report of 1948 in regard to missionary staff. We asked for 25 new missionaries each year of the quadrennium. We have added them -- in fact, 102 during the four years. But there has been a greater need for replacements, more necessity for emergency furloughs, and greater delay in reaching the field than was anticipated, so that we have only 185 missionaries actually at work on the field instead of the goal of 220 that was expected. We have had to have fifty replacements -- 19 because of retirement, 16 on account of health, eight when short terms were completed, and seven when people took up other work. The increase of those on the field over the number in 1948 is almost exactly the total of the A-3's (Africa's-three-year young people) who went out last year. We trust that they will be replaced with others like them when their three years have been completed and that we shall have at least seventy-five new missionaries during the quadrennium to meet all replacements and give a slight increase. The three-year program is starting out with promise of great usefulness. In the middle of the next quadrennium we shall hope to see at least two dozen more young people in the Elisabethville Area.

The Advance in Africa

The Advance for Christ and His Church has done much for the Elisabethville Area. Every single one of the twenty-four mission stations during the four years has seen some new building, some improvement in equipment and almost all have welcomed some new missionaries. For the first time in years in many places major building projects could be undertaken to make more effective the work of the staff. Difficulties in getting materials and permissions and in securing and training staff have slowed down the operations in some cases but steadily we are becoming better equipped to serve the needs of Africa. There are, however, still hundreds of projects that have not yet been started. It is hard to face tremendous tasks like those of winning Africa to the ways of Christ and have such inadequate means with which to work. The urgency of the needs demand still greater effort. It is readily admitted

that what we do towards winning Africa and really developing Christian modes of life in the next quadrennium will be at least three times more effective in results than the same effort expended later. There is a conflict for the mind and soul of man in Africa these days that is moving with excessive rapidity. People have come to realize that the resources of God in His world are sufficient to extend to all mankind the benefits of civilization. We know that that will be done and that those resources will be properly used only when control in terms of Christ has been introduced into life. An educated and consecrated African staff with missionary help can do that if there is adequate support.

W. W. Reid
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JAN 6 1953

Ordaining the Twelve Tribes

By Bishop Newell S. Booth
Elisabethville, Belgian Congo

I have just ordained Jean Kalesa as an elder in the Methodist Church.

Twenty-two years ago I pled his case with the older folks at Kanene who thought that he was too young to enter the Training School. Maybe he was, but all his life since then has justified the pleading. He has become one of the main influences in the training of our teachers and pastors in the Southern Congo. He is a Luban. That makes twelve tribes or nationalities that I have ordained or received into Conference membership during the last two months.

In Angola we had an international, interracial ceremony -- four nationalities among five ordinants. Two of the men had started their work and studies in Norway and were elected to orders there. An Englishman had been a missionary in Africa, ordained a deacon in America, and elected to elder's orders by the Angola Conference. An American completed his requirements, and in his first year as a missionary was ordained. An African completed his years of service and studies for his ordination. Four of the new tribes of Israel in one afternoon.

Then in the Central Congo nine members of the tribe of the Atelela were ordained at Wembo Nyama. This youngest of the Conferences now has the largest number of ordained ministers in the area.

In Mocambique I ordained or received American, Portuguese, Swedish and Vatshwa ministers; and in Rhodesia Shona, Norwegian and American.

And here this afternoon, in addition to the Luban minister, I ordained to

the ministry a member of the Sanga tribe, and at Conference we had received a Bemba.

I told all these people that in nine different languages I had read those words of ordination questions, asking if they were ready to "set forward..... love" as the great aim of their ministry. Each different shade of meaning brought by the change of language has given me new significance and weight of challenge in these words -- "set forward love."

It is the privilege of us all, and not only of these men out of the twelve tribes, to set forward love as our expressed purpose. In a world where so many things are set forth as the means of solving our problems -- force, money, knowledge -- we are those here in the Christian church in Africa who are determined to meet the needs of this great continent by our aim "set forward love." We invite all to share that aim and to work with these men of the twelve tribes especially ordained to that task.

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JAN 13 1953

Africa Is Continent of Light

By Bishop Newell S. Booth
Elisabethville, Belgian Congo

Long ago someone started calling Africa the dark continent and people now cannot break the habit. But actually it has the light shining on it.

It has the light of the sun shining upon it making it the sunniest continent of the whole globe.

It has the light of scientific research shining upon it as the world seeks to make maximum use of its great resources.

It has the light of political concern shining upon it as the United Nations and others informed realize it is the last great colonial area of the world.

It has the light of social interest shining upon it as multi-racial cultures grow from the tightest tensions known.

It has the light of business expectation shining upon it as our world becomes more and more conscious that it is tied into a common economical unit.

It has the light of Christ shining upon it as it features the most rapidly growing Christian church that is known in the world today.

And this year it has the light of mission study shining upon it as it becomes the theme of missionary study in the churches in the United States.

We do hope that the habit will be changed and the people will stop calling it the dark continent. Dark will be the continent only as the Christian church does not measure up to the limitless opportunity there is today to mold the life of new nations in formation and guide the relationships of races as they learn to live together. The church is missing that opportunity already in many ways. One great

branch is losing its position of leadership in South Africa. Everywhere we are failing to meet some of the tests of outgoing brotherhood.

But our biggest failures result from our biggest successes. We have inspired the villages to want ministers until their calls come more rapidly than we can answer them. We have taken more people into the church than we can train and guide into full participation. We have developed a concern for health greater than our medical service can meet. We have stirred people up to think in greater numbers than we can adequately counsel. We have made people hungry for education and yet our resources in schools and teachers are such that we have to turn away more than we have room to receive.

Funds and personnel are needed to focus the light that is shining upon Africa on these immediate problems. The land of Africa is giving widely of its mineral resources to meet world needs. This time of study about Africa should lead us to give of our resources -- rich in trained personnel and provided with more money than ever before -- to meet the needs of the peoples of Africa.

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MAY 22 1953

The African Christian Learns to Share

By Bishop Newell S. Booth
Elisabethville, Belgian Congo

Consideration for the affairs of others rather than absorption in our own concerns is an outstanding indication of maturity. That sign of growth was very evident at the meeting of our Africa Central Conference.

It was shown in dramatic power in the World Communion service. There the fellowship of the concerned was demonstrated. In our service itself, we represented a large part of the world. Missionaries from twenty states in America with others from two sections of Europe joined with representatives from eight great tribal divisions stretched across three thousand miles of Africa in a true comradeship and a real dedication. We had a sense of oneness with our fellow Christians of the twenty-eight hundred congregations of our five conferences, in most of which communion was also observed that same week, and also with the churches of Liberia which are under Bishop King who led us in our devotions.

There was the reality of a larger unity with all Christians in the world, who were breaking bread together, "advancing on their knees" toward the realization of the prayer of Jesus that all might be one. And we took upon us the command of Paul that we bear one another's burdens. It meant a lot to kneel side by side, to have at the altar with us those from the local districts just coming into Christian life -- some possessing so little and as yet knowing so little of Christ. Their devotion, however, was one with ours. Language and clothes and color may have been different, but the longing of the heart was the same. And concern about others was

the attitude of all.

Not only in ritual, but also in reports this concern was manifested. We heard of the work of the missionary societies in each conference. They were seeking to meet the needs of the people just beyond their borders. There was a great deal of home missionary activity to be reported. Regular apportionments for World Service were met, and even though small in amount they gave the people a sense of having a little part in all the Church is doing everywhere. Some gifts were sent to the needy afar as to the orphans in Belgium. Inter-conference and inter-denominational missions were advancing such as at Beira, Lourenco Marques, Natal and San Tomé. Plans were made at the sessions for the ultimate formation, by the Central Conference, of a Board of World Missions, so that the churches of Africa might participate in the exchange of Christian workers on a world basis.

The basic concern for others is to share with them the good news of Christ. So everywhere the program of our churches is evangelistic. At the session of the Central Conference at Katakombé horizons were lifted. We thought of others far from us as the communion service symbolized the joining in a special emphasis with all the branches of Methodism in the world, to commemorate a quarter-millennium since the birth of John Wesley and to prepare for particular attention to the experience of the warmed heart on the coming day of Pentecost.

We do not believe in forgetting the impelling necessity of witnessing for every individual Christian nor the constant emphasis on evangelism every month and every year. But we rejoice in the fellowship of marching together in a special concern for the whole world and we are lifted up and encouraged as we pray as one fold. We are fellow workers together with God and with our brothers.

Fundamental concern for the practical needs of the people of Africa was in the minds of the delegates as they proposed higher levels of education as well as campaigns to remove illiteracy. Also when they asked that more literature be made widely available, considered programs for the massing populations in the industrial areas and also for the enrichment of rural life by extension service through village

Christian centers. Membership of women as ministerial members of Conference was voted. The enlargement of medical service was called for to meet the still open sore of disease in Africa. Agricultural and industrial programs to lift the level of living were sought. Our own and our brother's need was the concern.

The delegates returned home feeling that the work of all was one work. They came to know each other better. They learned from each other as some from one country showed those from another how some need was met. "Stationitis" -- that overconcern for attention to the work on one's own mission station -- had a hard time living in the face of the common needs and problems which seemed to be much the same everywhere. We matured as we felt concern for others and realized that it all is our work -- not "my" work and "theirs," but our work to bring to bear upon the great needs of others the spiritual life and presence of the Christ who died that others might live. "Himself He could not save."

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Note to Editor: You have in your
files a photo or cut of Bishop Boeth

FEB 11 1954

The Parable of the Ruts

By Bishop Newell S. Booth
Elisabethville, Belgian Congo

I was stuck in the sand! And it was my own fault! Of course there was plenty of excuse for me. It was a sea of sand with terribly deep ruts plowed through it by trucks. Steep banks of the sliding stuff was thrown up on each side of the ruts. Between the ruts there was a high table of packed sand -- altogether too high for my low-slung car to straddle. Yes, I had plenty of excuse and I did almost make it. My momentum almost carried me through. But almost was not good enough and I was stuck -- really stuck. When I stopped I had slid up far on that high central ridge and the car was flat on the ground all the way under and actually one rear wheel kept on spinning after the car had stopped -- no traction under the tread.

But it was my fault. I had been through worse places just a while back. And going on I went through much more difficult places. I was stuck because I had my eyes on another bridge without approaches being built alongside the road for a new routing to avoid that low place where the rain piled in the sand. And so coming sharply around the corner I had no time to climb half way up on the side walls of those ruts of sand and put on more power and speed to carry me through. Before I realized it I was right down in the ruts. My momentum was gone, I was stopped, grounded all along the whole car.

That is a parable to me about the work of the Church these days. We have been through some pretty bad places in the past. And probably after we have learned our lesson of methods to use and momentum to maintain we shall go through

worse times in the future than we have at present. But if we do not look out we are going to be stuck now and it will be our own fault.

We have our eyes on the new technical developments that will build a bridge over a lot of the troubles of today, when we get in the approaches and reroute the road. But we forget that we must go through the old road still. Before we know it we shall be in those old ruts over our depth and our momentum will only carry us about through.

Right now we have got to climb at least half way up out of those ruts to lift ourselves higher. What I mean is that we cannot let ourselves just follow where others have been and trust to our weight to carry us through. The center is too high. We cannot get through the rising self-consciousness of races and nations in Africa, for example, nor the growing ability to take responsibility and initiative of the individual African worker, in the ruts of handing out programs and telling them what to do that will "be good for them." At least half way out of those ruts we must climb to cooperative planning, common preparation and group-accepted projects. Projects handed down may fail and often have, but projects truly planned and accepted by the whole group are carried through.

And there must be more speed and more power. It is the speed that comes from more love, more self-forgetting, more sacrificial service in the demonstration of Christian concern. More power comes from fellowship and the true acceptance -- not merely lip service -- of the reality of brotherhood, of the strength of "dwelling among us, full of grace and truth." We need much more of grace in our living. We must have our activities really related to the truth of the present situation. It is the speed that comes from a gradual, steady acceleration of higher education making possible the better preparation of African workers. It is the power of accepted responsibility for new tasks by those African people who are developing in their ability for leadership. As it is made possible for them to take responsibility they must be ready to assure it.

It was in the sand that I was stuck. I can truthfully say that the Chris-

tian program here is not stuck. My conviction is that in Africa we have not only sense enough, but also are giving enough attention to the present road in spite of the temptations to give too much thought to what might be in the future, so that we are going through. And our speed is not lessened. We are maintaining that momentum which is necessary to carry us past the difficulties. We may slip into the ruts sometimes, but we get back up again. There may be a dragging sometimes -- even banging up the running gear -- but I think we are getting through.

But pray with us for strength in the arms and shoulders to keep that wheel pulled up out of the ruts and give us power enough to maintain momentum.

W. W. Reid
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NOV 3 1955

Our Twenty-five Years in Africa

By Bishop Newell S. Booth

Twenty-five years ago today we landed at Lobito on the West coast of Africa. In toward the interior there wound the recently opened railroad track. We travelled on the first passenger car to go all the way from the coast of Angola to the Congo border and even at that we had to stop and spend the week end half way. Fortunately we were traveling with an old-time missionary of the Plymouth Brethren and he knew that there was a mission station of the Congregational church right near the station where the train stopped.

So I spent my first birthday in Africa at the fine station of Chisamba and there heard some of the music for which that station and region were famous. (It's been interesting to see how that musical ability has spread. One of the men who was trained at Chisamba has been for years our musical director at Sandoa; and his nephew, while a student at Mulungwishi, composed some splendid hymns in the African style.)

My first sermon preached in the Congo was on the newness of life. It had been inspired as I had seen the soft green grass grow out of the arid scorched soil after the fires had burned across the plains which stretched on either side of the railroad as we went into the interior. That sermon was given at Sandoa. Our mission station there at that time was eight years old. It seemed as though my interpreter wasn't very much older than that. Of course he was, but it was quite a thing for even a boy of fourteen to interpret for the new missionary. Howard Brinton's father and mother were away from the station so he told the story of the newness of

life that we hoped to see in Christ as the God-given qualities spring forth even out of problems and difficulties, ignorance and superstition.

Just shortly after that I attended my first Annual Conference in Africa. If I had known then that my life was going to be given to attending conferences maybe I would have thought a little differently. That was the first one, but I have lost count of how many there have been since. There started that rich fellowship with African workers and missionary colleagues that is one of the most outstanding characteristics of missionary life in Africa.

That night all the folks were expecting the new missionary family to arrive and were talking about their delay. Of course we had plenty of reason to delay. We were driving an old Model-T Ford that had long since given up the ghost, but we coaxed it the 275 miles from Kanene to Kapanga. It was to blame for some of the delay, but also we had to remake two or three of those 108 bridges that used to be between Sandoa and Kapanga. But what I started to say was, that while they were waiting for this new family one of our Scandinavian missionaries to whom the final sound of —th was always difficult said, "I hope the Boot's will fit." Well, whether they fitted or not they certainly were taken into that family fellowship and even though in the three and half years to come we were the only missionaries on that station and sometimes would go months without seeing any white faces other than our own we still felt the reality of that fellowship. And above all we had the continuing friendship of our African workers at Kanene.

As I look back through the twenty-five years and also look ahead to the years that are coming I do feel that there is nothing more important than that fellowship. So many problems can be solved by it. Our big problems of relationship between the Africans and those who come from the outside are made possible of solution when on both sides fellowship in Christ is real. The problems of inter-relationship between our missionaries in the right little community of our mission stations are resolved when the depth of fellowship makes that stronger than differences of opinion or of methods. In the great problems the African people face

as the disrupting, disintegrating forces of modern industrialism and modern communication break up the communal life that they knew in the past, the stability of fellowship as Christians can provide them with the means for facing new days. Actually government itself is more the matter of fellowship than it is of rules. It is more of friendship between people than it is of observance of regulations.

Much is changed since that landing in Lobito twenty-five years ago. Lobito then was a few straggling and small houses at the end of a railroad line, but now is a thriving port. Elisabethville for which we were heading was a twenty-year-old young town and now is a city of more than 125,000 in the heart of a most important section of the mining industry of the world. Then our Congo Methodism in the two Conferences had a beginning of about sixteen years. Now it has come to the place where I have already ordained a son of an ordained minister and the two Conferences have met the full qualifications of the Discipline to be Annual Conferences and this year both will be electing their delegates to the General Conference.

And so it has been across Africa. Twenty-five years in the life of this continent has brought as many changes as many of the older parts of the world saw in centuries. Yet fundamentally the same motivation of Christian missions drives us on. That is the establishment of fellowship in Christ. Of course the particular methods and the details of working out that motivation change. Now we have African district superintendents. We have an African student working on his Master's degree at London University. We have young Africans preparing for service as physicians. Literally thousands of young men and women are teaching their young brothers and sisters in our schools. We have a church that in many places has met the full hundred per cent of self-support of its ministry and has undertaken the cooperative tasks of Conference and world Christianity. It is a thrill when we see such people bringing their gifts for their small part in the budget of the World Council of Churches through the Interdenominational Fund set up last quadrennium by our General Conference.

Yes, methods and details have changed, but for 2,500 years, not only 25, there can be no change in the great need to strengthen across all kinds of boundaries that divide, the fellowship we find when we are new creatures in Christ. -- 55 --

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JAN 26 1956

The Christmas Village

By Esma Rideout Booth
Elizabethville, Belgian Congo

Wandru walked away from the group of men around the fire in great disgust. Not old enough to go to work in the mines! How foolish! He was taller than his brother, and stronger than his father who was little and shriveled, but was going back for his fifth period of eighteen months. Right after Christmas the men would go and he would be left with the women and children and old men.

Outside the small village of grass roofed houses Wandru stopped and looked across the fields. Through the coconut palms he could see the blue of the Indian Ocean and the fishermen working with their nets.

"Stay and help your mother this year," his father said. "Next year will be time enough to go."

That was it. Someone must stay in the little village. Then let it be his brother who had already been to the mines once and who talked loudly, alternating complaints of the hard living with stories of the fun and excitement of the big city. Yet when the recruiting men had come to sign names he had been the first to see that his was written.

The drum was calling the people from the little clusters of houses to come to church. Wandru frowned. It was time to practice the Christmas play. Far and wide the village was known as the Christmas village. On Christmas morning the people would come to their village to see the story of the first Christmas played. Until today he had been looking forward to it with all his heart, but suddenly it seemed of no account.

He turned slowly toward the village. After all he was the head shepherd, and would have to answer all kinds of questions if he did not show up. That was the trouble with his village; everyone was always going to church and there was little else to do. He would like to see everything and choose what he would do for himself.

But the practice was fun and for a while Wandru forgot his anger as he sang and acted the Christmas story. It was the story as it would have happened in his own tribe as the villagers gathered to rejoice over the new baby. The wives of the shepherds left their mortars and pounding sticks when they heard the great news and hurried with baskets of food to place them before the child. To these wise men, gold, frankincense, and myrrh were only words. Gifts of rice, peanuts, coconuts, a chicken; these were what would help the Holy Family.

But when the practice was over and the village quiet for the night the disquieting thought came back to Wandru and he lay awake a long time. Early in the morning he dressed in the best clothes he could find which included his brother's shirt and went out of the house. No one was in the yard except his mother who looked at him in surprise, but gave him some of the food left from the night before.

"I am going to the traders to buy my trousers," he explained to her.

"That is good," said his mother, "but do not stay long for it will not go well with the Christmas play if you are not here."

"I will be back," he promised. He walked down the path between the coconut palms. In his pocket he carried the money he had earned at fishing the last few weeks. There was not much since most of it had gone to the family for food, but he had saved enough to buy a pair of trousers at the traders.

It was pleasant on the path in the early morning. Wandru passed by little clusters of houses and waved to friends or stopped for a few minutes to chat, but by mid morning he was in the big village near the bay. He walked along the sandy shore and watched the sail boats. At the store Wandru looked from one thing to

another. In the end he would certainly buy the trousers for he needed them very much, but it was pleasant to spend his money in imagination over and over. It lasted longer that way. What fun it would be to take his sister a string of the red beads, and his mother would like one of the shiny pans. Some time he would buy a lantern and have light whenever he wanted it. The store was full of folks and there were many boys in the yard. He talked and laughed with them, meeting old friends and making new ones. In the afternoon he saw a young man from one of the other villages whom he had met before.

"Come with me," invited Mhuri. "I am going to see friends at the other end of the village. It is moonlight tonight and there will be games and dancing."

Wandru hesitated. He should buy his trousers and walk home in the cool of the afternoon. There would be moonlight in his own village too, but there would be little dancing. They would practice Christmas songs around the fire; there would be a few games and stories and then a quiet night. But only for a moment did Wandru think of practicing for the play before he followed his friend. Perhaps he was not old enough to go to the mines, but certainly now and then he should have an evening away from his own village. Mhuri's friends gave him food and he laughed and talked with the men. As soon as it was dark the fun began. At first Wandru watched and then he joined the others. The wine made from the palm was passed, but he refused it.

"Ah, it is good," said Mhuri. "It makes you dance better. Try it my friend." Wandru, remembering the many warnings that his father had given him, took only a swallow to be polite, but as the drums went on and the dance grew wilder he was hot and took longer and longer drinks. By midnight he was laughing with the rest and did not know or care whether he drank or not. When they could dance and drink no more he and Mhuri lay down on the porch of the house and slept.

When Wandru awoke it was late in the morning. His head and whole body ached. The village that was so full of merriment the night before was very quiet. Mhuri was nowhere to be seen. Only a woman here and there had roused herself to take care of the children.

"I will buy my trousers and go home," thought Wandru. He felt in his pocket and was not greatly surprised to find it empty. He turned both his pockets wrong side out. Well, if a man was fool enough to drink until he did not know what he was doing and to lie down in a drunken village, could he expect to find his money? Perhaps Mhuri who knew he had it had taken it, but if he ever saw him again he could not prove it. Perhaps it was one of the villagers. He looked around wondering if it would be any use to protest. There were shouts at one end of the street and a man came running followed by another. For a few minutes Wandru watched the fight. The blows and curses grew louder, and folks came from the houses. Wandru looking into one face after another decided against inquiring about his money. These men and women did not look like the people of his village. He went quickly, slipping behind one house after another and breathed more freely when he was on the path that led into the trees.

There was no use in going to the store again and Wandru walked toward home. The sun was hot and he was sick. He lay down and slept in the shade and then in the late afternoon he continued his walk. In a stream under the trees he took off his clothes and swam around until his body at least felt clean. His clothes were dirty and he looked at the long tear on the shoulder of his brother's shirt with apprehension. When did that happen?

His own village was cool and pleasant with the houses hidden among the palm trees. A song came out to him from the church. They were having the last practice of the Christmas play and he had not been there to help. He knew his part though and was here in time for Christmas.

"Silent night, Holy night,
All is calm, all is bright."

The words came strong and clear. If the pastor knew where he had been, would he want him to be in the play? He could not be a shepherd. How could he bring his gift to the Christ child?

But on Christmas morning Wandru sat with the other shepherds.

"You can't leave the play now," the pastor had said when he had gone to him. "Come and bring your gift." Wandru thought of the words that the pastor had spoken about the biggest gift one could bring. The Christmas story went on. The angels sang to the shepherds and they went to find the child. The shepherds told the village people who hurried to see this wonderful thing that had happened in their midst. The wise men came with their gifts. Then the pastor stood up to speak.

"This is the village where we have Christmas. There are many other villages around where people do not know that Christ is born. In all our country there are many who do not care about this day. In the city there are those who know, but do not worship. It will not matter to us whether he was born long ago in Bethlehem or not if he does not live in our village."

Wandru moved uneasily as he thought of the village where he had spent the night. But the preacher's voice was going on and he listened as he had never listened before. "To live in our village his spirit must live in our hearts and minds. Only in that way can he walk the paths of our country and live in the other villages. Let us bring our gifts, and not forget the greatest gift, our lives."

Wandru bowed his head. Wherever he went from now on from this little village where Christmas was celebrated Christ would go with him. In his heart Christ whose birth they were celebrating this day could walk the paths of the country and in his life would go to the mines of the city.

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150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N.Y.

7/16
JUL 1 1957

African Voices on the Radio

By Bishop Newell S. Footh
Elisabethville, Belgian Congo

It is an amazing thing that when I turn on the radio I hear African voices. Right now I am not thinking about the fact that a member of our Elisabethville Church was interviewed in New York recently; or that a labor leader for East Africa has spoken to the United States about the situation in his country; or that the voice of the Prime Minister of a new nation in West Africa circles the globe at the founding ceremonies of his country. What amazes me is to hear Africans talking to themselves.

I have just twirled the dial of the radio and listened in. In Elisabethville tonight, the language is Swahili, last night it was Luba and tomorrow it will be Bemba. Two days ago it was Ruund. Then I listened to Leopoldville to a lingua franca, Tshiluba. I flew across the whole continent, and over at Dar-es-salam they were using the East Coast version of Swahili down to Southern Rhodesia, I heard the news in Shona and back in Northern Rhodesia, Bemba was the medium. There were two other languages I did not recognize -- one probably a Nyasaland tongue and another was lost in the jokes of a play. And all of that I did in ten minutes! I know that another night Leopoldville will be talking in Kikongo and later in Lingala. Elisabethville uses other vernaculars and so do these other stations. Also Africans are talking to each other in English, French, Afrikaans and other European languages.

There is a new focus for the people of Africa. It is that reiterated, persistent, persuasive voice from the radio station. It provides a link, telling the

events from one corner to the other region. It answers letters, gives information, provides world news, repeats directions, furnishes the old folk music and sometimes conducts church services. Earlier one had to travel to know what went on among the people afar. Now it is possible to sit at home and know all things.

But it is all tribal. Each station uses four or five different languages. On Tuesday at seven at a special place on the dial I can hear about my people. Other days and hours are for the others. I have nothing to do with them. The tribal "We -- They" protrudes. These are the words of my language about my people. So I will listen "next week at the same time, same place."

Each station does make an attempt to tie all together by using the European language of the country. But actually all that does is to emphasize the foreignness of the attempt for unity. So few can really follow what is said. Often they understand the words but when they pause to put them together to get meaning, the voice goes inexorably on. The next ideas are missed. The final result is a very partial and confused impression. Sometimes the confusion leads to complete misunderstanding. So frequently half understanding is misunderstanding.

So, still the Christian church is the main force for unity. It is the focus for the people of Africa. The fellowship of a follower of Christ reaches out to the next and to the next and tribal boundaries are over-leaped. Personal contacts reinforce deeper understanding. As I write this, Africans from a dozen tribes are meeting in the Congo Protestant Council with a common concern and a common love. The broadcasting of the Spirit of God through the lives of people is that "which holds the world -- and Africa -- together."

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The Greatest Need of Africa

By Bishop Newell S. Booth
Elisabethville, Belgian Congo

The greatest single need in Africa today is the strengthening of the educational facilities for the training of African persons for positions of outstanding service to their own people.

There is a great eagerness for education. Schools filled to overflowing. That eagerness needs to be channeled so that it becomes more than just wanting to get ever more and more years of school in order to receive a certificate assuring a higher paid job. It must become a readiness to serve ones own people to the best of one's ability.

There is understandable impatience among the school population and the parents. The stream of eager pupils gets thrust through a restricted and ever smaller channel. The restriction begins with the very lowest level. When the boys and girls finish the first section of the primary school, that is two years, there are not enough third grades for all who have passed and want to go on; some just have to be squeezed out. When the fifth year is finished, there are only a few places where they can get the rest of the studies needed to prepare for high school, and so it goes; the high school population is only a small fraction of the people who want and could profit by secondary education. The same is true of various professional and trade schools or the high school level or even below that level. And for university education, that is yet can be for only a limited few.

And yet the responsibilities that must be carried in the next decades by the people in Africa are tremendous. The African people must be trained for

those responsibilities. If it is truly to become an education for responsibility, it must be an education centered in the Christian ideal of service. There must be, along with the formation of skills and the acquiring of necessary knowledge, the development in character and the willingness to accept responsibility for making the life of others more abundant. So there is a very large place that must be filled by schools of the Christian church -- at every level. The number of educators who are available in our own Methodist program in the various countries of Africa where we are at work is very much below the number actually now needed to carry on the program which is already under way. The need is to bring up the personnel for those schools and then also to look forward to a real increase, particularly in the higher levels of educational work.

The world church would be very wise to pour in qualified personnel this next few years for the education for responsibility in Africa. Africa is taking an increased part in the life of the world. It is to the interest of all to see that that part be an intelligent one, a trained one, a responsible one, and also one with a background of Christian education.

This is a frank appeal for help from trained Christian educators from outside Africa to "come over and help us." Of course, the whole church can help to send them and give the wherewithal for them to carry on the work. I would like every reader of this message to consider just how he or she can help Africa to educate for responsibility. We would all be glad to show you how if you will write to us.

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OCT 14 1961

Report: Katanga

By Newell S. Booth and Kenneth S. Jones

(Editor's Note: This report of the violence in September between troops of the United Nations and Katanga was prepared by two astute Methodist observers in Elisabethville, capital of Katanga. Bishop Booth, as bishop of the Elisabethville Area, heads the Methodist work in Katanga. Mr. Jones is a missionary to the Congo, a minister and former journalist.)

You will rejoice with us at the news that during the recent struggle between the United Nations forces and those of Katanga no harm has befallen any Methodist missionary family or any African worker, although several have lived through some precarious moments. The breakdown of communications with the outside world has caused much anxiety in America concerning our well-being, but we give thanks to our Father in Heaven who has kept us all in His care.

Several missionaries have been at work in Katanga for a great number of years, and through their eyes a perspective is possible that may shed some light on the events of the past few months, and more especially, events of the days of conflict in September.

The Katanga province of the former Belgian Congo is so rich in mineral resources that 60 per cent of all revenues for the operation of the colonial administration was derived from this one province. That is to say, the Katanga bore more than half the cost of administering all six provinces of the former Belgian Congo. This mineral wealth created an industrial complex that resulted in a more highly developed civilization in Katanga than anywhere in the Congo, except Leopoldville.

When the government of the Republic of Congo under the late Patrice Lumumba

broke down into chaos and panic and at the same time began to show active interest in obtaining assistance of every kind from the Communist-bloc countries, leaders in Katanga became fearful of future developments.

President Moise Tshombe of the provincial government of Katanga, supported by the majority of his people and probably encouraged by European investors in his province, proclaimed the independence of Katanga from the Leopoldville regime and announced the creation of the independent state of Katanga. Soon his government issued Katanga currency, and letters were being mailed with bright new Katanga postage stamps.

Through all the past year, except for the few hours of the early revolt across all the Congo, there has been no violence or demonstrations against the European population. White and African residents have lived, worked and shared educational and recreational facilities on an integrated basis. As more and more Africans assumed important posts in the Katanga administration, they continued the trend of purchasing homes in every section of the city, until today there is no section of the city which could be called an exclusively white man's settlement.

The Tshombe government has been unable to get recognition as a sovereign state. Members of the United Nations have felt a loyalty to follow the Security Council resolution calling for the unification of the Congo and the ending of the Katanga "secession."

Meanwhile, the free world has seen Katanga continue an economy that flourishes, without interruption to normal business and industrial operations.

The build-up of the United Nations forces in Katanga, ostensibly to prevent the outbreak of civil war, had the immediate result of creating unrest and insecurity both among the African and European residents. United Nations insistence upon the removal of Belgian administrative technicians infuriated the Africans who knew that they needed guidance and the Europeans who were interested in the cooperative development of the country.

Feeling was heightened as United Nations forces were progressively withdrawn

from troubled areas of the Congo, and the number of troops on duty in peaceful Katanga became alarming. Of 20,000 United Nations troops in the Congo operation, 12,000 are on duty in Katanga where there had been no serious outbreaks of violence.

When early in the morning of September 13, the United Nations forces stormed and captured the main post office and telephone exchange building, occupied the airport and silenced the Katanga government radio station, full-scale warfare began between the units of the United Nations and the Katanga army. All communications with the outside world were cut by the U.N., and all commercial airline services to Elisabethville were cancelled.

United Nations vehicles circulating in the city were fired on by Katanga troops and by enraged European snipers as well, and the consequent spray of bullets made travelling on the city streets extremely dangerous. People were afraid to report to their jobs. Businessmen were unable to open their shops because of the danger and also for lack of clients. Business and industry were immediately paralyzed. All schools were closed.

Road blocks were established by United Nations and Katanga military units, everyone was suspect, and all vehicles were thoroughly searched for arms and ammunition. Our missionary cars did, however, continue to circulate, maintaining contact with our people.

One week before the shooting started, the United Nations had offered protection to the Luba-Kasai people within the confines of the U.N. camp, with the promise of repatriation to the Kasai. Rumors of a war to come were rampant. More than 30,000 crowded into an area not equal to six city blocks, where there were no facilities for feeding, shelter or sanitary necessity.

Families huddled together under the stars at night, keeping one eye on their hastily gathered worldly possessions. Fortunately, this is still the dry season, and there is no danger of rain until late in October. Nevertheless, women have borne babies in the open air without adequate medical care, and the outbreak of epidemic is a constant threat. All this has been aggravated by the tragic death

of some women and children from stray bullets falling within the camp.

Missionaries, citizens' committees and Katanga government agencies have been seeking to discover ways of ministering to these unfortunate thousands, but anyone who approaches the camp is subject to violence.

These Luba-Kasai people who have come through the years to the Katanga are not to be confused--as they often are by journalists--with the Baluba-Katanga who have always been in Katanga and who themselves are divided between those loyal to and participating in the government of President Tshombe--and others who make up a part of the political opposition to that government.

The provisional cease-fire arranged between President Tshombe and United Nations representatives has made possible the opening of shops and resumption of work, and pedestrians are once more to be seen on the city's streets but the problem of the 30,000 homeless refugees cannot be solved by a cease-fire.

President Tshombe has sent urgent appeals to the Luba-Kasai people, asking them to return to their homes and jobs and assuring them of their personal safety, but verbal assurances will not suffice to quell their fears. He has also urged his people to receive them well on their return.

A program of repatriation to their native Kasai province would only deliver them to an area where starvation is already taking its toll and where there are no job opportunities in a predominantly rural village, agricultural region. Many have already refused repatriation by rail for fear of hostile attacks upon the train as it stops every few miles along the 100 mile journey. The United Nations does not have an air-lift capacity of such proportion as would be needed to repatriate 30,000 people.

During all this period of physical danger, emotional stress and personal insecurity, the Christian churches have held up to the people their oneness in Christ, the brotherhood that people of all tribes share through faith in the Redeemer. Daily prayer services have been held in all the churches and in many private homes, and we feel that a clear Christian witness is being made.

The mission of the Church is not to choose sides in temporal political affairs, but to illumine current events by the light of Christ's Gospel.

The Church of Jesus Christ has been at work in Katanga for more than 50 years, and it will, by the Grace of God, continue to minister to men and women of every race and tribe. Her present task in Katanga, as in her ministry to Christian friends in America, is to proclaim the truth of Christ.

* * * * *

(October 19, 1961)

FEB 3 1950

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Board of Missions and Church Extension
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150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N.Y.

Preaching Missions Deep in Africa

By Bishop Newell S. Booth

Preaching Missions in the "Advance for Christ and His Church" certainly have variety.

I could not help but think of the contrast between the one held in Wesley Church, Worcester, and the one to which I was speaking at Tunda last Sunday. We went out eighty-five miles from Quessua into a relatively untouched section of the Malange District. I stood under a tree and as I spoke I could look just across to the cattle roaming on the outer edge of the crowd. The women had the most original hair-dos, braided in all kinds of twists and plastered down with the oil of the castor bean and decorated with tassles, or beads, or even buttons sewed on and safety pins stuck in. Their bodies also glistened from the same oil. One little baby girl had it running down from her tight little braids as the sun warmed up the oil! The chief was there in his tight woven skull-cap and a cast-off Royal Air Force coat. Most of the men were away on contract labor.

The building used for a church was way too small to hold all who wanted to attend. So they sat on the ground as they listened to us. The pastor, St. Thomas Lopes, has been there only a few months, but already the people could sing song after song right through all four or five verses, and not a one had a hymn book. (We are still waiting to get a new edition printed.) But they could not have read if they had books! And they joined reverently in the Lord's Prayer after the testimonies and prayers of the Bible School students who had gone with us.

Such a congregation is also part of the Preaching Mission in the "Advance." Sometimes I wonder how one world can hold such different groups. Why must these of

God's children wait so long for the Gospel and have so little -- no books, few clothes, poor food, little comfort, inadequate housing, no school. And yet they were the favored ones of the trip for they had a pastor living with them. Seven times we stopped in villages on the way back. All of them asking for teachers, and there is no money to send them, nor workers trained to send. One chief waved his hands dramatically as he said, "We must have a pastor right down here," and he pointed to the ground between us. He was not content with Pastor Lopes miles away so that his visits could only be very infrequent. The children gathered around, mothers with little ones on their backs came closer, the men stood behind. They listened to the Bible School students sing and to us as we spoke. Then they knelt with us and repeating the Lord's Prayer by phrase after us they talked to the Father of Love of whom they had just heard. "And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold, them also I must bring." The burden of our message was that their Father wants them to be like Him and share His concern for righteousness.

And to them can be given the more abundant life if we but have the means and staff to channel God's love to them and help them become workers together with him. It is coming, as we saw in the two fine churches fifty miles back towards Quessua. The whole atmosphere was different. And the chapels which they have built in the center of their villages and the life that flows from them have had much to do with the change. And yet even there we find so much still to do. Many are still illiterate. There is much disease. Farming methods are primitive. But in spite of it all I have the temerity to tell the Bible students in my daily class in the Gospel of John: "I have accomplished the work thou hast given me to do" and "greater works than these shall ye do," and I guess I still believe them. Jesus has done his part, now it is up to us to do ours. That part is to train Africans so that they may take responsibility in these things.

Last Sunday we went to three churches in the other direction. The week before I gave a daily series on Our Faith at the six-day district conference here. The week previous I had gone out for a week-end conference of the Malange district. We are trying hard to advance with Christ and His Church out here. The folks are ready

to use the light they have. And as I work with these pastors and teachers I am convinced that they have a lot and can do a lot.

At the staff meeting we planned ways in which we could help them be prepared to do more. We talked about a literacy campaign with Dr. Lauhach; ways to arrange for a normal class; a short course for student teachers; a library and reading room for the African staff; an institute for all teachers of the schools for the beginning of the year; and courses like this one I have been giving in John as refresher studies for the men and women in service. I have been pleased with the response to this course. We invited the staff to join with the Bible School students. Every single one responded and we have had almost 100% attendance at all forty-seven hours of the course, with good participation in class, and a lot of outside preparation.

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JAN 5 1950

The Preaching Mission Penetrates Africa

By Bishop ~~Newell S. Booth~~
~~Elizabethville, Belgian Congo~~

Five days in the Dembos area of Portuguese Angola, Africa, is a thrilling experience....

We have just come down out of the hills after a series of mass meetings in the advance preaching mission. Ralph Dodge planned four sub-district conferences under the leadership of four of his ministers. We spent a day at each one. Those men have done a grand job in organizing everything. Most of the churches have missionary guest houses. We stayed overnight in some of them. At all of the places these African hosts served us splendid meals in the Portuguese style.

But there was something else which impressed us. It was that the Dembos prayed. (In the language of this country a chief is called a Dembo and the land takes its name from them.) At almost every service when I finished preaching it was a Dembo who was called upon to lead in prayer. Many of them are very fine members of the church. One is the lay leader of his sub-district. One time a good many years ago a contrary official came to him with a gun and a demijohn of wine. He said that he had heard this Dembos was a Protestant and refused to drink wine. He ordered the soldier to point the gun at the chief and told the chief to drink or die. The answer was "I would rather die." Three times the official repeated the order, but then he had to back down and leave. This Dembo of Mufuque enjoyed the meetings so much this time that after attending one in his own section he rode with us in the truck to attend another.

At every place there were at least three or four Dembos and many of

their village headmen. I really should have brought along the special Dembo hat, cane and leopard skin that the Great Dembo presented me when he hailed me as a Dembo at conference time.

The Dembos prayed! There is a lot of meaning in that. This real interest in the Gospel by these leaders in the life of the region is one of the main reasons for the rapid spread and firm establishment of the church in this part of Angola. They have given up their plural wives; they have done what chiefs in other parts of Africa have said was impossible and have abandoned the customs of the ancients in their work as chiefs and accepted the ways of Christianity. They still wear their strange assortment of various uniforms and old helmets and blankets and skins and draped clothes, but they kneel humbly as they enter the church and pause in prayer before they take their seats.

Action After Prayer

And they follow their prayers with actions. After Senhor Rodrigues, our Portuguese educational worker, spoke at one conference the leading Dembo got up and pledged that he and his people would do what was asked of them in building and equipping proper schools for their children. This time when I went to the Dembos I found a church, a parsonage and a guest house at the centers. Next time in every large village I expect to find in addition to these a school and a teachers' home. The Dembos have responded and they will carry it through.

There is a new faith in the community and in the place of the church that is heartening to see. There is a real opportunity in the Dembos to build communities of love around the church as a center. I hope we are going to be able to back these Dembos with facilities for training leadership, with equipment, and with adequate extension service which, even though they may be willing, are beyond their capacity to provide when the daily wage of the people is only about ten cents per day!

At the northernmost meeting we went ten miles off the road over a path for the car that the people had made in order to bring in their doctor and their

missionary. The village of Colwa is the nearest point in a great circuit cast out among steep hills and deep valleys. The minister in charge of the circuit came from his home thirty miles away. He came on foot with his wife and children, with his whole young people's choir of forty voices and a good delegation of his people. He was afraid the local church might not have enough chairs so his people carried chairs for the Bishop and the missionaries for thirty miles. I felt like David with the water from the wells of Bethlehem. The chair was almost too sacred with friendly courtesy to sit upon. All that walking, that carrying of chairs and of dishes, that attention to details of boiled water, sterilized goats' milk, de-boned chicken for lunch, were all indications of how much these African folk of the hills love their religion and the people like us who represent it to them....

Preaching in Luanda

When we came down out of the Dembos to Luanda there was quite a contrast with the modern city and paved streets with what we had just seen. There was also quite a contrast between the services of the Preaching Missions in the Luanda district. One series was in the cosmopolitan atmosphere of the city congregation with a score of African tribes and some Portuguese listening. There are rapid developments in the city that call for a lot of help, especially in getting a Christian Center started out where the people live. There is an eagerness about the people there that challenges a preacher. They can still get the message even if it does go through two "interrupters"....

But that alertness was nothing to what we found out in the district at Calomboloco. People were gathered from all over the sub-district in a colorful crowd under two intertwining trees with fascinating masses of aerial roots. There were two interesting firsts as far as language was concerned. For the first time I gave several sentences in Kimbundu and then Julio Joao Miguel, the pastor of that great circuit, translated directly from English into Kimbundu. It must have given him a thrill to do that for the first time in his own home town, with his father in the congregation. He has been studying English so that he can go to Canada next year as a delegate of the Evangelical Alliance to the Conference of the World

Council of Christian Education.

Last Sunday the Preaching Mission shifted to Quela in the Malange district. Quela is situated on a high bluff overlooking an ancient lake bed hundreds of square miles in area. From the bluffs and valley people had walked up to thirty miles to be there. The local congregation pushes out the sides of the church. This crowd packed it tighter than I have ever seen a building packed. The people have started a fund to build a new church. It should be big enough to seat five hundred. I wish I could promise them money for a roof. The congregation was big; the leading chief of the country was there and, being a sincere Christian, led in prayer (his son is a student in the Bible School); the singing was enthusiastic; all the pastors of the sub-district attended; it was grand to preach on "Our Faith".

A Home of Quality

But there was something more impressive than all that. It was the home of the pastor. I began to sense the quality of that home when I took the little daughter from her mother's arms and baptized her. We found out more of it when the pastor and his wife would not let us eat the lunch we had brought, but ushered us into their simple but spotless home to serve us, but we asked them to eat with us. Then the children took over the service. They were so efficient and attractive that I began to ask questions about these two who were serving us with delicious soup and roast chicken and rice. There were six children in all. The oldest one, Samuel, finished his primary education last year and is assistant teacher in his Dad's school now just hoping for a chance to go to a higher school. He may have the opportunity next year if Maria Helena, his thirteen-year-old sister passes the government exams. Then she can teach while he goes on. She is just as bright and pretty and helpful as you would see anywhere. I certainly would like to be able to offer scholarships so that both of them could prepare for service in the church. They have never studied anywhere except with their father in the school at Quela. He has been pastor there since the church was first opened in 1936 and has

built up such a fine school that even the government officials have sent their children to him -- and yet there is so little in the way of equipment. Just a devoted pastor and his wife and a thoroughly cooperative Christian home.

Just a few years ago Sr. Manuel was a little ragged boy from one of the poorest homes near Quessua, and Dona Abrigada was a girl in the "School of Love" there. These after results validate all the work done for their education.

On the way home we stopped at Kambo, the church of one of the local preachers who was with us at Quela. But we found out that his absence did not make a great deal of difference. His wife took charge. He is a mason and a carpenter and is away much of the time. Dona da Rosa called the people into the chapel, led the singing with a good voice, led in prayer and then translated for Mr. Klebsattel as he spoke to the people in Portuguese. Really she is the pastor. As we left she hurried from the house to give some money to Miss Cross to buy something for her two girls who are following their mother's example by studying in the "School of Love". And she said, "Da-lhes nossos cumprimentos." ("Give them greetings from us.") She is a real mother as well as a pastor.

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"We Hold Conference 'On the Top of the World!'"

By Bishop Newell S. Booth
Elisabethville, Belgian Congo

We are way up on top of the world in the Dembos.

This is the hill where in the olden times there dwelt the witches and the spirits. But now it has become a historic place. As far as I know this is the first time in Africa that an annual conference has met at any place other than a mission station. But here we are! At least fourteen of us missionaries are here. The rest will come tomorrow.

But what a day to get here! I have driven over 150 miles of the worst road I have ever travelled. I thought I had seen things that were pretty bad before. I have been in the Dembos before. We have slithered through the mud from Kapanga to Lubondai. I had crossed those roads from Kambini north to Mambone and on to Rhodesia. The roads in the Rhodesia reserves and up to Chikwiza are really something! I have ridden from Luanda over the road to Ambriz and up to Leopoldville. Back in '34 I took Dr. Hopkins over the road from Saurimo to Lalange and across no-man's-land from Quibokolo to Kibentele into the Congo. I have plowed through the sand out to the villages in Mocambique. I have twisted and skidded around the impossible curves and grades from Lusambo to Minga.

But none of them match the road over which I put the Ndeke yesterday. Only 150 miles, but it took me thirteen hours to make it. It is true that we stopped for a couple of services at Caxito and Xikabu, but that took only an hour and a half. And we paused about a half hour for lunch. But the other eleven hours we were pushing right along. Once for about 50 feet I got up to 25 miles an hour. I felt as

though I were speeding! We had done better than that the first 40 miles. We made that in two hours. Some of it was even paved. But the next hundred miles were something to dream about!

There were washed-out chasms down the middle of the road which we had to straddle, hoping that they would not branch or get too wide and that we would not slip into them. Some of them would almost do for garage pits under the car. Once when I was avoiding one such, I met a truck coming down the steep grade hugging the same bank I was on. But it was his side, so I had to take off at right angles right across the ditch to the other side of the road and do it quickly.

There were literally hundreds of rocks in the roads too high for the Ndeke to straddle. I had to avoid them all. When they were just properly placed you can imagine the snake tracks I made going back and forth across the road. Often they were on a grade which would never pass at a road-builders' convention. The makers of this road never heard of a maximum 9% grade!

Some of the patches were terrific. Three times I had to go so slowly to avoid rocks that I slowed too much to make the grade and had to back around down to try it again. There were times that we stood on our nose going down to little streams and then had to turn back up so sharply that there was not room for the length of the car. I had to stand on my tail and wriggle and scrape along. Then we would come up over such a sharp rise that the hood stood between the driver and the road. I would not dare to go on without seeing the rapidly falling-away road on the other side, for there were often big holes or high rocks.

Most of the time I had to ride the rough center ridges, for trucks had worn the ruts too deep. I was very conscious of the soft underside of the car, particularly where the gas tank hung low. I winced as though I scraped myself everytime I miscalculated.

At streams we had to get out and move rocks around, either to fill holes or remove dangerously high sharp points. And then going rocking through, we hoped we would make it. There were mud and water holes that we hoped were not too deep in the ruts nor too soft on the shoulders. There was a bridge whose supports were gone. We

unloaded and watched from underneath as each car went over. There were four of them in the party. The station wagon and carry-alls took much of the luggage and extra gas. I had five ladies -- about half a ton of us -- in my car. And all this through country of amazing beauty.

After such a day it was surely grand to get a good sleep. The African folks here have done marvels in getting ready for the Conference. They have built a large pipe house with a central living room and four bedrooms. They have insisted that the "Bishpoo" have one to himself! Then there is another house as big with grass walls as well as grass roof for a men's dormitory.

The folks served us a nice dinner last night of meat stew and then potatoes and chicken. They have built a grass and palm-branch dining room and separate serving kitchen. One of the ministers' wives is taking charge of the cooking and serving. She continued with the good job this morning at breakfast with fruit, porridge and coffee.

There are other houses for the visiting pastors! the crowds of people who are expected will put up very temporary shelters for themselves.

From every side you can look across to the peaks and valleys, tumbled together from a profligate hand in uncalculated beauty. On the hill itself these buildings and the massive church -- at least a hundred feet by thirty -- are built among palms, mangoes and citrus fruit trees. The benches in the church are made of springy palm-branches bound onto a framework of poles supported by forked sticks driven into the ground.

It was great to get a good sleep. My shoulders and arms are still sore though from the twisting and jerking from the wheel yesterday and from the constant shifting. Sometimes even in the night I seemed to be virtually lifting the car by the wheel and setting it over in a safer place, or pushing it ahead by the shift lever as we strained up one of those mile-long mountains.

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Many-Tongued Congo Welcomes Belgian Methodist Missionaries

By Bishop Newell S. Booth
Elizabethville, Belgian Congo

It was an ecumenical Methodist conference. There were just the members of the Southern Congo Provisional Annual Conference, and yet it was a gathering of the nations. I had finished the ordination service. I wanted to send forth a call for young men to chose the ministry as their life work. All nations shall flow to the hill of the Lord. I asked the ordained men to stand again. There were two Bembas from Rhodesia, a Laba and a Bemba from the Katanga, a Nsamba from Kanene, and three Lubans from Kabongo and Mwanza. And then Marc Nelis from Belgium.

A thrill had gone through the whole Conference when I announced his transfer from the Belgian Annual Conference. He and wife, Louise Baude Nelis, had reached Mulungwishi two and a half months ago. Already their alert enthusiasm, their consecrated friendliness, their trained ability, their deep Christian spirit, their abounding love for the African people had won them a warm place in the hearts of all at Mulungwishi. And during the preceding week, while seven full days had been devoted to the committee work of the Conference and to the appropriation of the power of the Holy Spirit, they had been taken into the hearts of the whole Conference.

Louise is a trained nurse. She has passed the course in tropical medicine in Belgium. She has already had her month's internship at Elisabethville. She is ready to start in with dispensary and maternity work. She and Marc have prepared plans for the buildings. The Methodist church in Belgium sent her out with hundreds of dollars worth of supplies and equipment for the dispensary. I have talked with Government

authorities, and we can probably expect help from them in establishment and budget.

Marc has already started teaching. He is very much now a part of the staff. He has written home to Belgium: "We have been at Mulungwishi only a few days, but that is enough to understand the urgent and multiple need of our black brothers. For the building of a native church there must be a corps of natives perfectly trained. There must be the conditions for healthy living.... There is so much to do, but our ministry now beginning fills us with joy, for it is our call."

On Pentecost Sunday at the Methodist Church on Champ-de-Mars in Bruxelles they were commissioned in a moving ceremony. A pastor of a sister Protestant Church said, "While the leader read the liturgy of consecration I could not prevent my spirit from embracing in a single glance the immense army of missionaries whom the prophetic word of John Wesley had hurled forth over the roads of the world.... At just that moment, so grand, when, kneeling, Mr. and Mrs. Nelis received the imposition of hands, the spirit of the love of Christ was placed with power across the majesty of the sacred act."

And that power was felt again as Marc knelt at Mulungwishi to receive his ordination as a minister of the church of Christ. He became a part of this ecumenical Methodist Conference. As I gave the call for new recruits I looked at the group before me. The tribes of the ordained men had not completed the list of African tribes. There was Joab Mulela from a tribe way down in Rhodesia. Ruunds and Chokwes from Kapanga and Sandoa, Mbundus from Angola, and also Ndembe, Luena, and Kasai were added to those above. In the missionary group there were Danes, Finlanders, English as well as the Belgians and Americans. All have been made one by the impact of the power of the Holy Spirit. There was diversity. I felt it when I came back to this Conference where I had worked. Even though I could speak to them in any one of four languages they use and could understand two others, yet I could find no one language that all could follow. Here, where I ought to be able to get away from the ubiquitous interpreter, I had to talk in two languages all week. And the ordination service had called for four languages. But all this only emphasizes the unity of the

spirit. As at Pentecost every man heard in his own language, but they were all together in one place with one accord.

I know that the Nelises could want no better welcome than that which they had when twelve young men came forward to stand with Marc and the other newly ordained men at the altar. Two of them were sons of the men who stood there. Elisha Chibala, one of these sons, made me wish that our own son was there, too. He and Elisha were playmates as youngsters at Kanene and as boys in Elisabethville. Now they were following the same call, for my son was ordained a deacon two months ago at the New England Conference.

The unity became symbol this evening. I stood before the altar of the new building of Springer Institute. I read the words "Take and eat", "Drink ye all of this". The eight new elders had distributed the element. The whole Conference as one person consecrated themselves to united service in the tasks to which they had been appointed that afternoon.

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Congo Government Works With Missionaries

By Bishop Newell S. Booth
Elisabethville, Belgian Congo

There is certainly a new appreciation of Protestant missions in Government circles in the Congo. I have had abundant evidence of it today. We have had an amazing series of conferences with various officials.

The assistant commissaire of the district had written to ask me to talk with him about the place of our Church in the life of the native community of Elisabethville. He is preparing a complete statement of that life for a Government publication for the general public. He had decided to give large place to the work of our Church. He started in by complimenting us effusively for the grand results we had achieved in developing stable and socially valuable character in our people. He said that a leading African, not a Christian, had commented to him on the excellence of the life of the Protestant group. The commissaire asked him to what he attributed this fact. The man said that they have a keen moral discipline and do not drink nor smoke. They economize also from that restriction of habits and all together develop a life that is quite enviable. The commissaire said that he himself knew that it was deeper than that. He continued that perhaps we had not been able to furnish our people as high a grade of instruction and so often our people had not from that fact received as high position, but that we had given more in real education and that our folks benefitted from that. The commissaire asked that one of our African men be suggested for membership on the official advisory committee. He is arranging to give us twice the amount of land we requested in the newly developing native city. For an hour he talked -- mostly congratulating us on our success in the vital work of a mission. I told him that we were convinced that whatever success we have was largely due to the insistence on the close integration of religion with every phase of life. He assured me that he agreed with that statement.

The provincial secretary of native affairs informed us that our plans for the hospital at Kapanga, which is to secure 50% of the cost from the Native Welfare Fund, had been approved by the medical department, the department of public works and the governor of the Province. He had secured the quick and complete favorable action. He also wrote down again definitely the indication that our Normal School at Mulungwishi should receive again next year and the following one help from the Welfare Fund for the building and equipment. He wrote on the paper: "Since the Fund has paid an amount for the start of the project in 1949 it is obligatory to include the amounts needed in 1950 and 1951." The sum received for 1949 is 720,000 francs for two of the six buildings planned.

The director of the lands and titles offices told us that he saw no reason why we should not receive a free grant of land at Mulungwishi to take in a ravine which we wish to dam for a fish pond, the rest of our students' village, and an athletic field. He got out maps and helped us plan our request for the land. He also thought that the Government would grant us a lot for an additional missionary residence in a choice part of Elisabethville.

The secretary at the semi-government real estate agency had a paper ready for me to sign granting us land alongside our property for an athletic field. He suggested that in view of our giving up an unsuitable site at Chituru in Jadotville that we should experience no difficulty in getting a new place where we wanted it. He said the granting of an extension of our lot in the native city in Jadotville had been held up only because of internal disagreements within various branches of the Government and that we could be assured that we would have the land in time. He also said that possibly the colony would shift its allocation of a lot in the European town in Elisabethville so that we could be granted as a free concession the lot we would like for a missionary residence. They have but recently granted a fine site in the rapidly growing center at Kolwezi for school and church, two lots in Elisabethville for a proposed chapel and guest house.

The head medical officer of the province was very encouraging about the possibility of securing aid from the Government for the erection of dispensaries at

Mulungwishi and Sandoa and then for Government accreditation of our nurses, which includes regular help in the budget. Also he reaffirmed, what had been questioned by a lower official, that there was provision for helping with the feeding of patients at Kanene. He also said that the department was ready to subsidize the baby clinic at Kapanga a good many thousand francs. And that we should request accreditation of our nurse there. He told me that it was not impossible that the Government might assign to us one of our Protestant boys -- a pastor's son -- who has been attending the Government medical school at Government expense. He has recently granted permission for a school at Kapanga for nurses' aids.

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The Bishop Goes Through the Arches

By Bishop Newell S. Booth
Africa

There are twenty-three of them. Twenty-three woven palm-branch arches had been placed by crippled hands to lead us into the very center of the Leper Camp at Gikuki. There we found the people all assembled before a palm-sheltered rude pulpit with woven mats spread below.

Those arches seemed to be a symbol to me, for these lepers had come into a more abundant life under the arches. I see the evidences of several arches and perhaps if one should count them all there might be the full twenty-three.

The first arch was that of loving consideration. Dr. Charles J. Stauffacher and his co-workers have through the years let the folks know that they love them and in that love of Christ gave them all the care that they possibly could.

A second arch was that of skillful medical attention. Suffering has been relieved and some cures effected; and all made more comfortable because of the accurate use of scientific knowledge.

Another arch was that of the centrality of religion. All that has been done has been done in the name of God; and the very deeply spiritual man who acts as pastor to these folks leads them not only into church membership but apparently also into real fellowship with God.

Another arch has been that of careful community planning. A group lives as nearly as possible as a normal community. The leaders of the village are there; gardens are growing around outside; numberless fruit trees and coconut palms are producing additional food.

The fifth arch is that of the development of the appreciation for beauty. The

grounds are well laid out; flowering shrubs as well as fruit trees are growing; many of the houses have attractive flowerbeds around. And on our visit we took part in an annual contest as we judged the results of the artistic decorations placed on the walls of the houses -- animals of all kinds were there, designs had been invented, a religious theme was presented in picture form.

Fine Christian African folk have dedicated their lives to the assistance of the lepers and to minister help in the dispensary there. From their appearance one is certain that they mingle love with the medicine.

A final arch is that of the joy in song. It was a great experience to hear those people sing. Their whole bodies expressed the songs. Toes and fingers were gone, real pain must have been present with many, wrinkled faces of the leonine type seemed almost to crack as they sang.

Through all these arches and many more these people had come into the centre of the Christian community. Great numbers of them had never heard the Christian story or song before they came; but now most of them are church members and all are living according to the regulations of a Christian group. They have found in exchange for the cry of "Unclean" the call of Christ "Come unto me", and more abundant life. They express it not only in their own living, but in thoughtful acts for others. That was what led them to cut and weave those palm arches to welcome their new bishop. That was what placed the shelter over the place where he was to speak to protect him and his companions from the threatening rain. The reality of their abundant life humbles others of us who have so much and yet complain. Their excited joy as they sang the songs of love and their great pleasure in the whole visit shone on their faces as they said good-bye and they ran along singing after the car.

Anyone who has made and continues to make such a village possible is thrice blest: blest in his own giving; blest in making possible the consecrated service of the doctor and nurses and assistants; blest in the lives of these people with destructive germs of leprosy in their bodies, but the joy of Christian fellowship in their hearts. Certainly all who give to this work are companions with the Christ who said, "I will. Be thou clean."

1/28/44

The first of these is the disease of typhoid fever which is carried by the typhoid bacillus, a rod-shaped bacterium which is present in the feces and urine of the infected person. This disease is particularly common in the tropics and is especially dangerous because of the high mortality rate. The second disease is cholera, which is caused by a vibrio bacterium that is found in contaminated water and food. Cholera is characterized by profuse watery diarrhea and vomiting, and it can be fatal if left untreated. The third disease is dysentery, which is caused by various types of bacteria and is characterized by bloody stools and abdominal pain. These diseases are all preventable by the use of proper sanitation and hygiene, but in many parts of the world, these conditions are still common. The lack of clean water and adequate sewage disposal systems in many developing countries is a major cause of these diseases. It is therefore essential that efforts be made to improve sanitation and hygiene in these areas to prevent the spread of these diseases.

But spiritual destruction brings much greater suffering than either this non-

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