ADKINS, LILBURN E.
East Berlin, Conn.
March 21, 1930

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

Dear Mr. Tower:

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

Date of our marriage: June 12th. 1925

Children:
Richard Lilburn Adams born Dec. 1, 1926
Elizabeth Ruth Adams born Dec. 27, 1928

Sincerely yours,

R.E. Adams
Please meet the Adkins.

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

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

From the days when he began his High School work, Mr. Adkins felt the call to Africa, and this call continued thru the years in college and seminary, and during pastorate served in Indiana and Minnesota. Mrs. Adkins shared with him this desire to give themselves for service in Africa, and it was with the purpose of better fitting themselves for that service that in 1927 they stored most of their possessions in Xhosa, packed the remainder in a car and started for Hartford to enroll in the School of Missions. While attending school there they again served two charges: Kensington and East Berlin, from the latter place leaving in May for this the land of their dreams. They bring with them little Richard, a "Minnesotian" who will soon reach his fourth year, and his little sister, Betty Ruth, a "Connecticut Yankee".

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

Mrs. P. H. Keys.
THOSE SPIRITS.

Miss Lulu Tubbs, Rhodesia.

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

The people fear evil spirits because they believe harm will come upon them if they disobey or do not honor that he had often worked on such a day and it didn't always rain. It takes courage for a Christian to thus stand against his heathen relatives.

Livingstone on Sacrifice

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

Cattle or Devils.

When Goni was quite a young man he went away to work in the white man's town, as he wanted money to buy cattle which would later be traded for a wife. Many of his cattle died and he was very much troubled. His heathen friends who wanted some new cloth said to buy cloth as an offering to his great-grand-mother. This they declared would please the evil spirit of his ancestor and the cattle would live. But Goni went to the missionary, Mr Roberts, and asked what to do. He was told to buy none cattle and not to make offerings to the evil spirits. Trusting God for help, he obeyed his Christian friend and soon the disease was stopped and his cattle lived. This was the time he learned that stories about evil spirits were only lies. Since then he has seen that many other fears of the people are only terror of evil which the Christian need not have. Only two years ago he had a lovely pair of twins born into his home. The heathen relatives came and troubled him very much insisting that if he allowed both to live great trouble would come to his family. He fought the fears which they heaved..."
Missionary Dies of Injuries Suffered in Attack

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

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

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

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

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

Born in Kuttawa, Mr. Adkins was graduated from Asbury College, Wilmore, Ky., in 1922 with a bachelor of arts degree and from Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill., in 1925 with a bachelor of divinity degree. He received a master of arts degree from the Kennedy School of Missions, Hartford, Conn., in 1928.
Before entering missionary service in 1930, Mr. Adkins was the pastor of churches in the Minnesota and New York East Methodist Conferences. At the time of his death, he was a member of the Rhodesia Methodist Conference.

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

(February 15, 1961)
Soul Mining in Southern Rhodesia

By Rev. L. E. Adkins, Rhodesia

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

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

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

What Will a Man Give in Exchange?

Jesus tells us of a man who paid all in order to buy the field that had the hidden treasure. Of the many who came to the altar seeking redemption during one of our 1935 camp meetings a few brought various kinds of charms, some of which were little more than small ornaments. The hearts of those people could not be staked until they had turned such things over to the missionaries. At the last night's service, being a large gathering, these little trinkets were thrown into a large bonfire. An explanation was made that some people place so much faith in insignificant things that they become to them charms. Others wear them until pride rules in their hearts. In either case, it were better to part with all such things that would hinder in the winning of souls. The presence of God was very real in this service. For at least a half an hour, people from various parts of the grove were pulling off wire bracelets and ear rings and throwing them into the fire while songs of victory were wafted on the smoke-laden air. Those ornaments had little commercial value, but to the African youth, with so few valuable, their intrinsic worth was no small amount. Whether it was necessary that all of these be thrown to the flames, is another question, but we must note the evident fact that in the minds of those dear people no price was too great. They were willing to sell all for the hidden treasure.

Spiritual Prospectors Selling Shares

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

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

"Oh our Heavenly Father, hear us we ask thee:
Send teachers this way to the country that is in darkness.
"From different parts of the crystalis grove which formed ourAntemake, these trees and some weeping but all conscious of the presence of God. The song continued:
"But we, our Father have work to do:
We have brothers and friends. Send us to them."

I did not count but there must have been fifteen
or twenty who knelt there offering to carry their own food and travel the long, hilly journey in the search for souls.

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

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

To the Hardest Places

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

A few days ago, Elijah, one of my young pastor-teachers, came to my door and said that he would not stay there any longer he did not know what to think.

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

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

After being in school for several years at Mr. Mabomwe, the missionaries said that I must go to Old Umusha and be trained as a pastor teacher. My father did not understand about this new plan. He said to the missionaries, "Do not take my children away. You said that you would teach my people here and now you want to send them away from my land and I also came to see the missionary. He saw the first book and asked to buy it for..."
midway between Beira and Lourenço Marques, down the coast of East Africa, is the seldom-visited port of Inhambane with its palm-fringed harbor. Thirty miles inland one comes upon Kabini - the place of miracles.

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

At what the Kabini was a place remote from civilization, but it was a place of great possibilities - a perfect laboratory in which to develop a great work.

Emerging from the hot sand trail, the missionaries of twenty years ago, bound a fertile valley through which flowed a river fed by several milky mountain streams. Along the river under rose hills of grey limestone, and closing in about the rich valley were dense forests of palm, mango, jack, and other valuable hard-woods. How was the physical equipment.

And the human equipment was found in the heads of missionaries here well hidden in the thick bush. By day the natives flocked into the valley watching the new comers curiously and cautiously. By night with their rhythmic, monotonous beating of tom-toms, they shivered through the tribal dances that the spirits might be induced to provide new protection against these strange invaders.

The missionaries worked 1,210 acres of this rich valley, title of which was still evasive, the natives, who were the only inhabitants of the place, were so used to it, some others 2,000 acres of the land of the natives, which it was found to consist of oil, cotton, coconuts, etc., for the convenience of the Kabini Indians.

There is the missionary, he cultivated the great land with modern methods, being forced to use the land in this manner of the world; he also used good sense and practical crop rotation.

The evangelistic and educational missionary has transformed a wilde in order to turn the ignorant bush tribes into intelligent Christian Africans.
All of these things are being accomplished in the Central Training School at Kabini. The Training Department has a four-year course. The curriculum is provided by the Bombay Government, and at the end of the four years the students go on for government examinations. Those who pass receive a teacher's certificate.

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

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

all graduate the baccalaureate certificate for this Territory or re-

ceived.

Many of the theo.;: and students come to Kabini with their families. Self-support is a necessity for them. The lessons in self-support are taught to their leadership. So, the first year they are set to work. They are employed on the farms; taught to make bricks; to weave baskets; to tend hives; to build houses; and to do various other useful work. Their wives are taught to read and write; to sew; and to properly care for children. In short, all are taught that kind of domestic example and leadership that affect the family.

And the evangelist goes out to preach. He is at once the center of each type of life in the village. His preaching or teaching, the leading of the people of the work he does, a variety of work, has a significant place. He teaches the importance of cleanliness. He tells his little flock according to the methods taught him at Kabini, and gives the other villagers lessons in the business of agriculture. He is "esteemed teacher-village-worker." The work adds to wisdom and makes the village a better place.

And so we find it in the homes that village community of adults of the church. They are the faithful leaders of the village.

The meeting where we are all sent out, the meeting where we are all gathered, is at the famous mission education, school of missions; at the school of schools. The meeting where we are all gathered is at the famous school of missions. There we are with children - James, John, and

Elizabeth, and four.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Adams went to the Central Training
School at Kabini, and both are teaching out there, strong leaders of influence that touch the hearts and minds and souls of a needy
people. These threads are slowly and surely drawing these people out of superstition, witchcraft, and other degrading tribal customs.

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

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Besides his wife, Mr. Atkins is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Richard Baker of Michigan and Mrs. Elizabeth Ruth Oden, a missionary of the

Bishop Norvell S. Bailli (right), confers a
Herbert E. Love of the Board of Missions
sprinkled water on the body of the

Church Missionary Society of Anglicans in Kenya, and a son, Richard Libbaun Atkins.

Cuba Church "Alive" Despite Withdrawal

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

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