

merissa, and so they discussed the question, but Gwalo knew that it was incorrect for him to speak at all, so his Aurika had to do all the talking, and say how the heart of his friend yearned for the girl. The father was quite agreeable, but told them that they had better go and see the girl's mother, and get her consent. The mother, too, was pleased with the match, and it only then remained for Gwalo's father and mother to see the girl's parents, and discuss how many sheep should be paid as a dowry. At last the sum of forty goats and one pig was agreed on, a day was fixed for the payment, and the wedding was all arranged.

But for a whole year after the payment of the dowry, although they were man and wife, Kwoma lived with her parents, and Gwalo lived with his; any other arrangement would have been unthought of. When a year had passed and Gwalo had his own huts built, he took his wife home with him, and for a little while they lived very happily. Then their little boy was born. They called him Kune, for the eldest boy is always called by that name, but his mother called him Ordol. They were both very proud of their baby, and Gwalo looked after him almost as much as his mother. But Kwoma did not get well. She was listless and tired. The task of carrying the water up the mountain side left her faint and exhausted, and at length she had to ask her sister to

bring the water, and her mother to grind the grain. They all did their best for her, and Gwalo even went so far as to bring in the firewood. He went to the Mission Station, too, five miles away, to ask for medicine. He did not, of course, know what kind of medicine to get, but he thought "stomach medicine" would be best.

But despite all their ignorant care of her, Kwoma got worse, and then all at once their efforts to cure her ceased. They now were sure she would die, and they told her so. As she grew weaker and weaker, they came into the hut, where she was lying with her head on her mother's knees, and wailed there, and told her and one another that they would never see her again. Naturally enough, the poor girl, diseased in her body and distressed in mind by the death wails, did not linger for many days. She died early one morning during the harvest season, and by mid-day the grave was ready. They carried her down to the spot, and lifted her into the grave, and placed her lying on her right side with her head resting on her arm. Then they put little Kune against her cold breast, and filled in the grave. There were a few smothered cries, a few spasmodic struggles of the infant, but they soon ceased, and Kwoma and her little baby were both gone to the land from whence one of them had so recently come. And Gwalo went back to his empty hut, and sat for a long time in silence. D. N. McDIARMID

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Jamnati's Eclipse of the Moon.

JAMNATI, the king of mountains, is the rocky peak upon which our eastern Wurunk neighbours perch their airy homes. There are some half-dozen towns, of which the largest and most precariously situated is Dogo, where this particular night was to be spent. The road leading here came up the other side of the mountain in a heart-breaking climb, then over a high shoulder, and finally around the main wall on ledges made only for the baboons to travel on; on one side the perpendicular cliff, rising hundreds

of feet to the very crest, and on the other, a sheer drop to uninviting looking rocks below.

It was, of course, the first time they had heard the Christian message. At sunset, two Mohammedan traders, one a Hausa and the other a Beri-beri, stood in front of the King's house, turned their faces toward Mecca and performed their evening devotions. But mine was the privilege of bringing, for the first time, the Gospel story. We did not have a large crowd, although previously I had gone with his Majesty,

climbing from ledge to ledge, to invite the people to the service. There were young men present, with boys and girls, probably seventy-five in all, but none of the old men of the tribe. However, these listened well and were more than interested in the pictures of the chart. They asked questions and expressed appreciation, and if the message had offered relief from the oppressions of the governmental head-chief, supposedly their bitterest enemy, it would have had splendid acceptance. And, knowing the sureness and effectiveness of that message, even going through two interpreters, one can be happy to believe that much of it will be kept.

interest in the subject was aroused. It was a cloud, they said, but the clouds had all disappeared and it began to look serious. My carriers, who, the evening before, had scoffed at the idea, came out to watch in silence. "It is not a time for laughing," said one finally, "the moon is really dying." Half the moon was now covered, and, in the gathering darkness, the great rock above us, the "Nyalbu Yamba," (Finger of God), seemed to be pointing to the mystery in the heavens.

Suddenly the stillness was shattered by the voice of the chief, who bellowed out something to a man on the rocks



ON JAMNATI.

Who can say what will come from it?

Later, as we sat out on the ledge overlooking the valley a thousand feet below, now flooded with glorious light from the full moon, I spoke to the King about the coming eclipse, saying that it was scheduled for that evening. He was dubious about the possibility of anyone being previously informed on such a subject, and said that if it did happen the moon would not die. "I have seen it twice before," he said, "a little of it gets dark but we drive the shadow away and it soon gets light again." So we waited, my whole astronomical reputation at stake.

When the light first began to fade,

above us, and followed that with a tirade, as I later learned, against the elders of the tribe, who failed to come to listen to the white man's message. The voice above us took it up and passed it on, and we could hear it relayed far around the mountain, echoing and re-echoing among the rocks. In the silence that followed, even the laughter of children and the talking around the evening fires ceased, as all watched the fearful shadow covering completely the face of the moon.

When the last gleam flickered out, a wail went up from the whole mountainside as if it were the death cry from every

household. The moon was dead! They got out their drums and beat on them, they found horns and trumpets and whistles. In the next hour and a half, the time of the total eclipse, I think I listened to every note and tone of the human voice. It was useless to try to say that the moon would soon come back to life; yell they would and shriek they did. Even the presents brought in the form of numerous chickens raised their lamentations with the rest, and joined in the uproar.

When at last the light began to gleam again on the lower rim of the moon, the noise reached its highest pitch. Concentrated effort at last won. The mob gathered around us then would have drowned the voice of

thunders. As the light increased they became more and more confident and triumphant. And there was no hesitancy in admitting that it might be possible to predict the coming of even this rare event. The art of reading might be an asset, if for nothing more than the study of almanacs. Late into the night the laughing and chattering was kept up around the fires. And once again the moon swung high in the heavens, its light gleaming on the waters of the tiny stream that wound far below in the mists of the valley.

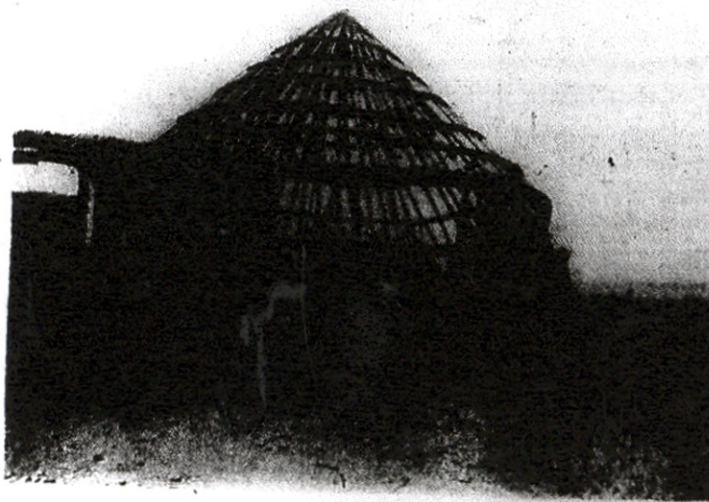
But I venture to say that the next white visitor on Jamnati will find a few old men in his audience.

IRA E. MCBRIDE.

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Lupwe.

II.



WE mount the cycle at the door of our hut in this beautiful bush station, and within half an hour we are in Takum. Here there are 3,000 people, most of them of the Jukun tribe, and not a few who have gone over to Mohammedanism. In the heart of the town is the compound of the "Big Chief," who is lord over the town as well as a district stretching out many miles and comprising another 10,000 natives. Scattered all about are a great number of sub-chiefs. The compound of this big chief is necessarily large to accommodate a great household. There are no less than fifty wives, to say nothing of

the children, the many workmen and close followers. A high mud wall is built all around his place and inside it is all partitioned off with grass matting. Without permission, no one may enter the inner court where the women are. The Chief himself is very friendly, talkative, and not at all strange to us. Indeed when he is in any trouble or perplexity, he seeks us out and comes for a quiet conversation, pours out his heart and

asks us to pray for him. Many a time have I been in the inner court bringing the Gospel Message to his wives. He comes to service very often, and is apparently interested. More than this we cannot say. When questioned a little time ago, he said he always prays when he eats food, and also said he kneels to pray when retiring. For this we are thankful, but we would long to see him break with many of the things that belong to heathen life and that to us seem gross sin. If truly converted this man would be a power among his people. This year he has taken down one of the large idols at the entrance of

When first seen this month, he was very low in condition, and unable to sit up. He has lately walked five or six miles on several occasions, and is doing very well.

Cong Agwang, an elderly man, of Mielek, was wounded in the sole of the foot by a Shilluk barbed fishing spear, five months ago, and on seeing him getting about on his knees, while I was passing through Mielek, I went over to him. He offered me a hut if I would come and stay to treat him for a few days. This offer was accepted, and Mielek has proved a handy place from which to reach half a dozen other villages. His wound is healed, and the foot responding to massage. He can now get about with a stick.

This, my first month in Dinkaland since I returned from furlough, has been full of opportunities to use the little medical knowledge I gained at Livingstone College, to help the Dinkas, and make me thankful for spending my furlough there.

A Cutting Dance.

REV. C. W. GUNTER writes from Bambur, Nigeria:—We have just had the big cutting dance at Bambur. Perhaps you remember how the left upper arm of most of our people is scarred. We saw how it is done. They make a great feast, that is, they make a lot of beer and a lot of people come together to drink it. At the last one they had 550 pots set out in one place; you may estimate the number of gallons of beer. Some 300 or more of the young men, with painted bodies and faces, with feathers in their hair, various cloths and ornaments hung on their belts, danced to their own singing and the beating of the drums. When they were tired they sat down until the beer was distributed. The dancers and spectators shared equally; as we refused they brought us a fowl. Those 550 pots disappeared in about half an hour, then the dancing was resumed. As the beer began to take effect, the dancing became more vigorous and the performance more varied. Here one would roll on the ground, another would go on all fours, another would twist his face and body in almost any

number of shapes, others would utter weird sounds; another would rush up, grab a spear, thrust it through his arm, and, having cut it free with a knife, would rush around the circle with the blood flowing freely while the crowd cheered. A little way off stood two little wooden images, representing male and female. Before these the dancers would fall in supplication for the power of the spirit to come upon them, while the crowd gave a deafening yell. It was the most savage thing I have yet seen in Africa.

A VERY happy social was held in Glasgow on 17th October. Leaders of groups, representatives of the S.U.M. in various Churches and Mission Halls, and people specially interested in the Mission, were invited, and gathered to the number of seventy. It was intended that during tea the guests should move about and chat, but the crowded state of the room made this impracticable, except for a few, so the Chairman asked the company to shake hands with all within reach.

Miss Drummond and Mr. Laurenson, Secretary and Treasurer respectively of the Glasgow Auxiliary, were hostess and host, and Mr. J. C. Blackater was in the chair.

Mr. and Mrs. Farrant spoke of the work in the Field. Miss Reid, who has recently been accepted for service in the S.U.M., told how God had led her to that point. Miss Vosloo, of the Dutch Reformed Church Mission, in Nigeria, a neighbouring Mission and off-shoot of the S.U.M., also spoke of work there. Mr. Laurenson, in reminiscent mood, told of his twenty years' association with the work. Miss Fisher, of Dalry, sang two very beautiful songs.

The Chairman introduced Miss Drummond to the company, and said how greatly the Committee valued the service she was rendering in taking up the secretarial work of the Auxiliary.

The Social inaugurated the winter's work, being preparatory to the Annual Meeting and the monthly prayer meetings. There was a very friendly

Notes from Far and Near.

Annual Meeting. WE invite the special attention of all our friends to the announcement on the previous page. We are fortunate in having for our Chairman Mr. J. W. Black, the President of the New Zealand Board, who is in this country at present on business connected with the Wembley Exhibition. Our Speakers are two experienced workers from Nigeria—Mr. Farrant, the Field Superintendent, and Mrs. Cooper, who will tell of the wonderful change that has taken place amongst the Yergum people. It is expected that the meeting will be over by 8-30, so that friends from a distance may get home in good time. Will all our friends in and around London make good note of the date and place of meeting—Thursday, May 1st, 7 p.m., Central Hall (small hall), Westminster, S.W. 1.

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The F.S.H. and the Empire Exhibition FOR several years now the senior girls at the Freed Slaves' Home have been taught weaving. Several have become very proficient and on a recent occasion when the Resident of Muri Province visited the school, he suggested sending a sample of weaving to the Empire Exhibition. Two good cloths in coloured yarns, with distinctive native patterns, were chosen and forwarded to the Exhibition Commissioner at Lagos, who accepted them for exhibition and paid the quoted cost price, fifteen shillings.

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New Station at Bambur. MR. GUINTER reports on the opening of the work at the new American Branch Station at Bambur:

"We arrived at Bambur on 20th December, 1923, and were given a hearty reception by the people.

Dr. Kumm was with us from the 24th to the 26th December. His visit was a great help at the opening of our work, and was greatly enjoyed by both whites and blacks.

We moved out on the building plot on 27th December and began preparations for building. Work was begun on the first building on 14th January and by the end of the month two large huts were completed and most of the mud work was done on the two-roomed dwelling. The people have been most willing to work and to help in every way they can.

Rev. and Mrs. M'Bride have given most of their time to language study and visiting. They have found the people very friendly everywhere they have gone. Nearly all the compounds within a radius of two miles have been visited and a number beyond.

The open-mindedness of the people and their desire for knowledge present to us a great opportunity for service as soon as we are able to minister in the language."

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News from Forum. MR. SUFFILL sends the following report: "This has been a happy, busy month at Forum. In every department of the work we have much for which to praise God.

Du has been regularly visited. Mr. Bristow stayed there a week during Dusu's illness. Mr. Bristow and I visited Vom several times to help in surgical operations.

It is a joy to think of these other towns being visited and having their yearly chance to hear the Gospel. Mr. Bristow was initiated into the itinerating here and enjoyed it immensely. We had a happy time together.

The Christians have commenced brick-making for a women and girls' class room. This work is to be done by themselves, entirely gratis.

The week of prayer was a time of much blessed fellowship and we are looking for great things as a result."

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"The Burum."

WE are greatly encouraged by the requests which have been sent in by friends for copies of the booklet, "The Burum," which we are prepared to send free for careful distribution. We can already trace

The New Work of the American Branch.

By the Rev. C. W. GUNTER, B.A.

“OUR new Field, the Wurkum district, is located in the N.E. corner of Muri Province, Nigeria, and is populated by some 40,000 hill pagans, speaking various languages and dialects, and a few Fulani and Hausawa in the towns on the plain.

The first station, which is now in the course of construction, is located at Bambur, 23 miles west of Lau, among the Wurkum people, which is the largest group of the district. They are very primitive, live in small villages on the hills or the edge of the plain, wear little or no clothing, and make a living by farming. In religion, they are animists.

On our arrival here on the 20th Dec. we were given a hearty reception. The people have taken hold and have assisted us in our building operations. They are very friendly when we visit them in their own homes, and they give a good hearing to the new Message we are bringing

to them. As yet we can only speak to them through an interpreter. It will be so much more satisfactory when we can bring the Message in their own tongue.

We are not here any too soon. Already the Moham-
medan teachers are settling in the larger villages and are beginning their propaganda. They can carry on their work without getting permission of the Government. We must first get permission to enter a district and then before we can open a Christian school we must get permission for this. Pray for these people that they may hear the Gospel and accept it and be saved from their sins and from the darkness of Islam. Pray that our lives may speak His



HILL PAGANS.

Message before we are able to do so with our lips. Pray that one young man of this tribe in training on one of our Mission stations may be led to give himself for service among his people.

“Faith is the grand principle of the divine life, from first to last. By faith we are justified, and by faith we live; by faith we stand, and by faith we walk. From the starting-post to the goal of the Christian course it is all by faith.

—C. H. McIntosh.