



third day as well, the whole to be re-enacted a week later in another village. All this time beer flows copiously. Young and old, men and women, boys and girls, drink freely. Quarrellings and fighting frequently ensue. Sticks are used, axe blows are struck, and knives are often employed.

Two or three weeks ago a patient died here. In one of these drunken fights he was stabbed in the back and his lung pierced. His murderer is in prison awaiting trial, but meantime the murdered man's brothers are threatening to square up by murdering some one of the murderer's relatives. These innocent unfortunates are in great fear. Some of our schoolboys are among the number. They know not when they shall be pounced upon and shot or stabbed.

Because of these horrible, heathenish practices, I write this plea for more earnest prayer. Naturally our school-

boys have been much attracted by these grand displays of the young men and by the "fun" of watching the slaughter of animals, to say nothing of the hope of getting a piece of meat occasionally. For months their minds have been surcharged with thoughts of these brutal festivals to the exclusion of all else. Progress in school work has been well-nigh impossible. The older boys attend these all-night revelries and hence are not able, and have no desire, to do aught but sleep.

Only a deep love for Christ can uproot and supplant the love of our boys and these people for such degrading sport. We beseech every friend of our work and every follower of Christ to pray earnestly, prevailingly and believingly that God would work a mighty work to glorify Himself among these Nubas. Our eyes are upon Him. We cannot change these people. He can. We know He will. "Call unto Me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things that thou knowest not."—*Jer. 33.3*. We look not at the enormous difficulties, but unto the sure promises of God. "Looking unto the promise of God, he wavered not through unbelief but waxed strong through faith, giving glory to God, and being fully assured that what He had promised He was able also to perform."—*Rom. 4.20*.

FRED H. WILSON.

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Wurkum Wonders.

ONE would think that Wurkum land would soon become accustomed to wonders. It has, no doubt, seen more of them in the past year than in the preceding century. It has become fairly accustomed to meeting people with white skin. A house with several rooms and but one wife, now brings forth questions only from distant visitors. The echoing thunder of the "Gi Bisa,"—Thing of Fire—has been demonstrated to be but a convenience for bringing down a fat guinea fowl or antelope. It has even been found unnecessary to drop one's load of peanuts and charge into the bush at the sight of

a bicycle in the path. Wonders—"Gi Nzumza," they are called here—things of the world.

And yet we who brought these things are now marvelling at the latest that this land has to show. Step outside on one of these warm "winter" nights. Under this glorious African moon the earth seems light as day, the spreading Ndel trees with their fresh new leaves, the rocks on the hillside, the little grass roofs of the town all show up clearly. From the latter comes the sound of singing and clapping of hands. School girls they are, Wurkum school girls, but the greater wonder of it is in the song,

"Tell me the old, old Story," sung in the Kunikulung. And we know that the old men are sitting around on nearby logs, the old men who have recently been objecting to the young men's desire for cloth. A leather breechcloth was always good enough for them. But how these kiddies do raise that chorus!

Some time ago we camped for the night in a little village called Jebjeb, out in the plain; camped there through necessity and not desire. A dilapidated grass roof without walls was the hotel, a cornstalk masterpiece the bed. But I took to it immediately because of a bad headache, and was aroused sometime later by something that sounded familiar. Voices in unison, but what is this? Sanda, our small house boy, who has come along as cook, was leading in the Lord's prayer, as he had learned it in Wurkum, and the other carriers and curious villagers were repeating it after him, line by line. We always have evening prayers when on trek, but who would have supposed that this little chap, just out of a pagan household, and in the face of these men, would so take the lead. "Gi Nzumza," truly, but more so, things of Heaven.

But consider this one. Up on a rocky ledge back of our compound lives old Yigum, one of the best known doctors, witch doctors, if you please, in the tribe. He has a wonderfully deep bass voice, and the first time we heard it in a midnightly seance we thought the leopards were upon us. Yigum is the one who in former days administered the poison ordeal. When a death occurred, all the men gathered in front of this little Juju house of his, and Yigum entered in to commune with the spirits. Four or five men would probably be pointed out as possible criminals. Then a poison concoction, made from an herb called "Nzhi"—fish—was

given to them to drink. Those who were innocent threw it up, of course, without any harm done, but he upon whom it took effect would be known as the "Ba Muso," he with the evil eye, and in this case the murderer, and he was immediately taken out and burned at the stake.

But deep as he may go into the things of darkness, old Yigum is a good friend to his white neighbours. And as good a doctor as he is, he recently had to give up and admit that he could not cure the sore that was eating into his small son's foot. Of course I was glad for his request that I come and see what white medicine would do.

So get this scene re-enacted morning by morning. Old Yigum, sitting on a rock on one side, doing "medicine" for a man who complains that his wife is barren. He holds a leather thong, one end of which is looped around his big toe. This is threaded through the point of an antelope horn, stuffed with the bristles of the wild hog. As the string is jerked this magic brush flops from side to side, writing the verdict in the dust. So old Yigum sits there, solemnly jerking it and reading the answer in an endless line of unintelligible Wurkum. On the other side two of his boys sit, singing the Wurkum words of "Yes, Jesus loves me," and in between is the missionary, treating the foot of the third.

We were interested in asking a recent visitor what opinion was to be formed of our people here. "Never saw any lower down," was the reply. And this after fifteen years in the country. But with such encouraging things as these, we believe that these people are coming up out of darkness into the glorious light. And we know that you believe it too.

I. E. M.

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When you enter into the inner chamber, even before you begin to pray, ask yourself: "Do I really believe that God is here with me, and that the Lord Jesus will help me to pray, and that I may expect to spend a blessed time in communion with my God?" Jesus often taught His disciples how indispensable faith was to true prayer. He will teach us this lesson too.—*A. Murray.*

Did some gracious answer to prayer knock at your door yesterday? Tell it to others! Had you some heartening vision of grace? Share it with others!—*J. H. Jowett.*

The News-Letter of the S.U.M.

portions of the Sudan still unoccupied by missionary effort, with a view to ascertaining the share which the S.U.M. should take in meeting the need. When this information is available it is hoped that the statement of the men and means required may prove to be a challenge to a speedy forward movement to complete the occupation of the Field.

A Conference on the Sudan LAST month a Conference was held in the Offices of the S.U.M., in London, at which representatives from various Societies working in the Sudan were present. A statement was made by each regarding the work being done by his Society, and information was given regarding work of other Societies, not represented at the Conference, by the Secretary of the S.U.M. It was found that there was very little danger of overlapping in the plans for extension being made by each Society, and a result of the Conference was that even this slight danger was reduced. This is the second time a Conference for this purpose has been held at our Office, and on each occasion the gathering has proved very helpful and encouraging.

Rapid Progress in the Sudan THE rapid progress which has been made in the missionary occupation of the Sudan during the past five or six years was made apparent by the reports of the various Societies. If this present rate of progress is continued, the Field should be wholly occupied, so far as Mission stations are concerned, within the next five to ten years. This was felt to be a matter for great praise and thankfulness to God, and the Conference ended with a season of thanksgiving and of fellowship in prayer.

Choir VOLUNTEERS for the Choir at our Annual Meeting on April 29th next, in the Central Hall, Westminster, will be greatly welcomed. We remember with gratitude those who kindly helped in this way last year. This year we are expecting our number to be greatly increased. Names and addresses should be sent to the Deputation Secretary, at the London Office of the Mission.

The Day of Prayer WE have received a number of accounts of the Day of Special Prayer, held on Tuesday, 15th December last. These include details of meetings held in Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, United States and Canada, as well as in various parts of our own land. We believe that with the increasing help in prayer which is being given, these special days of prayer are not isolated events, but are outstanding items in sustained prayer effort.

Sailings MR. JAMES WILKIE sailed on 20th Jany. for Lagos, returning to his work at Tutung, in Nigeria, amongst the Boki-yum people. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Olsen and Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Fleming sailed on 27th January, returning from furlough to Kona Station and district, among the Kona-Jukun, Mumuye, Tsamba and other peoples.

A Curious Wurkum Custom FROM Bambur Monthly Report, Nigeria, in the Wurkum country:— During the month, every group of houses or village within three miles of the Mission compound was visited and services held in most of them. Banyam was visited on the 15th.

School attendance was very good with the exception of one week when the annual Wurkum celebration was held. This begins with several hours of absolute silence over the whole land suddenly broken at a signal from the top of Belassa mountain by wild shouting, whistling and drumming, this clamour being supposed to drive away the spirit of the smallpox. The days of drinking and dancing which follow are a despair to school. A number of the schoolboys were taken into the "Gubra" (the fetish enclosure, where the men make gashes in their arms), and now proudly exhibit slashed arms.

A Bible School in Nigeria FROM a Monthly Report of Lamurde Station, Nigeria, among the Bach-ama people:— A Bible School was held at Lamurde from Sept. 6th to 20th for our native Christians. Most of the Christians from the other stations came;