

MISSIONARY PAGE

THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER I EVER MET

By Myra Crowell Sanders

I must have seen her many times, before she came to work for us. But when you first go to Africa, to work among the Zulus, they all look the same. Just brown faces, and you can not tell one by name. After you have been there for a while though, you begin to pick out a face here and there and to put the proper label on.

We needed some one to work in our garden, so Jumima came. Where did she come from? Just a little hut about three miles from the Mission Station. I suppose she was about fifty years old, may-be more. It is hard to tell the age of a Zulu. Shabbily dressed but clean: the black head-dress on her graying head. But she was happy. I liked her face. It was not a beautiful face, but she had a good look, and so she was established in the garden, to hoe, to plant, to weed and to water.

Jumima wasn't lazy. I have had girls lie down in the shade and sleep most of the day. She could hoe more rows of mealies than a young girl. She did not care so much about the carrots and lettuce and tomatoes, but, oh, how she loved to plant corn and pumpkins and beans. If I did not tell her that I wanted a place to plant my beets and peas, I would find the whole garden planted in the things that she thought were important. The irrigating bothered her a bit, as she couldn't get the knack of regulating the flow in the furrows. But she did well indeed.

We became friends. I could speak very little Zulu. However, we carried on long conversations, she speaking Zulu and I a few Zulu words, much English, and many gestures. Gradually I learned Zulu, and I found out some of her history. She had been left an orphan, and had to care for a small brother. She worked for European farmers, and worked hard too. Her first husband was a witch-doctor. She had one daughter and three sons. After her husband died she became a Christian, and left the worship of ancestral spirits. Soon she married her husband's brother Aloni, who was a preacher. Jumima had no opportunity to attend school so could not read or write. Her husband taught her to memorize Scripture verses. He told her that he was getting old and that she must take his place when he was gone. They were happy, but he lived only about two short years and Jumima was a widow again.

She was not a garden woman only. She did not forget what Aloni had taught her nor what he had told her. Sunday after Sunday, dressed in her best, she went off over the hills. Her destination, Aloni's three preaching places. There she held a Sunday service for the people to whom he used to preach.

My heart has been thrilled as I have seen her stand in our church, and recite verse after verse of Matthew three, or Matthew five. Most of John three and John fourteen. They were dear to her, because they belonged to her. How her face would shine, as she preached a little sermon on the words she had recited.

She worked for us for about seven years. She was my body-guard when my husband was away. She slept in the kitchen, her weapon against any that might want to do us

harm, an axe. She had a sense of humour; she was sympathetic, she was kind, she was good.

Her wages went to buy food for her sons' wives, and her grandchildren. She walked the three miles from her home to the Mission Station each day. I can see her now, after a hard day's work, going home with a big load of wood upon her head.

We loved her. Our three children loved her. We love her still. If she wanted a raise, she would tell me that she began to work for me before I had any children. "And now, Nkosi-kazi, you have three children." I had only to ask her if she remembered our wedding day, she would smile and say, "inyama," the Zulu word for meat. She was remembering the feast we had for the natives.

I have been enriched by knowing this woman, of another race, whose skin is so black, but whose heart is so white. I hope to see her again soon. If I do not, I believe that when I reach heaven's gate, Jumima will be there smiling at me.

ROSAMOND DOW MEMORIAL FUND

At the time of the death of little Rosamond Dow, daughter of Clarence and Emma Dow, of Calais, Maine, many sympathetic friends sent flowers as a tribute of love and respect to Rosamond. After a certain number of floral pieces had been received, Brother and Sister Dow requested that other friends who wished to pay like tribute to Rosamond, please send them the money they planned to spend for flowers, and what was received would be given to missionary work. Two hundred dollars was received and this money has been made available to the Mission Board to establish a Memorial Fund to Rosamond's memory. The objective of the fund will be the building of a church in Africa which will be known as the "Rosamond Dow Memorial Church."

This project will be presented to our Junior Crusader and children's groups as their special interest. The juniors will be given opportunity to undertake the raising of the money needed for the memorial church. The estimated cost of the building is from \$500.00 to \$800.00 or \$900.00, so there will be the need of several hundred dollars besides the \$200.00 now available. We are sure that our boys and girls and the leaders of our junior groups will be glad to support this project.



ROSAMOND DOW

CHILDREN'S WORK IN SOUTH AFRICA

By Mary Campbell

Many and varied are the ways of learning about people of other lands as by geography, history, travel, stories of travellers, missionaries' stories, etc., but in spite of this fact, few people get a real concept of people in other lands without going and living among them.

Robert Burns knew man when he wrote: "A man's a man the world o'er." Whether in Africa or in Canada or wherever, "A man's a man..." So might we say "A child's a child."

When I looked down into a sea of black faces during that first D. V. B. S. season, my senses reeled. How could I get anything across to them! But I soon found out that those little black children had many similarities to white children. Among those faces were roguish faces, mischief makers, fighters, whiners and happy faces. When we got right down to brass tacks, few of them knew much about Jesus but many, if not most of them, were determined and really wanted to know that sins were forgiven.

As I travel around doing children's work and young people's work I find the same condition prevailing in the different places. When I went back overseas it was with much trepidation that I undertook to do children's work. But you know there was no difference between the black children and the white children except in the color of their skin. Among the white children were the same types as among the blacks and many many of them were very needy spiritually. So "A child's a child the world o'er."

Children's work in South Africa does entail travelling miles and miles over dreadful roads and living under conditions to which we are not accustomed and constantly digging into the pocketbook. Is it worth while? It is somewhat like teaching a school. After years of teaching, the teacher may see few results, but some young person will often come to her and thank her for persuading him to stay in school. That young fellow has gone on, taken degrees and made a name for himself in the community. So it is with D. V. B. S. work and S. S. work. After a time the leaders can point back to children who made their first start in such services. I think Shadrack and Manasia, two of our most promising young people, made their first start in S. S. at Altona.

Let us work and not be weary!

God bless you, children, and God bless you, leaders!

SO SEND I YOU

So send I you—to bind the bruised and broken,
O'er wandering souls to work, to weep, to wake;
To bear the burdens of a world a-weary,
So send I you—to suffer for My sake.

So send I you—to loneliness and longing,
With heart a-hungering for the loved and known
Forsaking home and kindred, friends, and dear ones
So send I you—to know My love alone.

So send I you—to leave your life's ambition,
To die to dear desire—self-will resign;
To labor long, and love where men revile you,
So send I you—to lose your life in Mine.

So send I you—to hearts made hard in hatred,
To eyes made blind because they will not see;
To spend, though it be blood, to spend and spare not,
So send I you—to taste of Calvary!—Selected

PLAN AND GIVE FOR A RECORD-BREAKING OFFERING FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS ON EASTER SUNDAY.

The King's Highway